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THE
Sword and the Trowel;
A RECORD
OF
COMBAT WITH SIN AND OF LABOUR FOR THE LORD.

EDITED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

1874.

"They which builded on the wall, and they that bare burdens, with those that laded, every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon. For the builders, every one had his sword girded by his side, and so builded. And he that sounded the trumpet

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P R E F A C E.

DEAR READER,

AS mariners across the sea of time we have ploughed our way through another league of the great deep, and registered another year. Our longitude and latitude have altered somewhat, and our bearings are different, we are so much nearer the land of the setting sun, with a course due west. The country from which we set out is so much the further behind, let us hope that we are less mindful of it. The brave country ahead is somewhat closer, "for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." We have encountered rough weather as our log will shew, and parted with portions of the cargo, which we were loath to throw overboard, but, blessed be God, our vessel's back was not broken on the mountain billows, neither did the tempest drive her on the rocks. We lost our reckoning and made a deviation from our course, much to our sorrow, but now we keep her stem towards port, and we know whither we are going. Now and then a land-bird alights on the rigging and sings us an anticipatory welcome, and we have gathered stray boughs and branches of trees which flourish only on the shore we seek, and this leads us to believe that we are nearer port than some might think; at any rate by the best nautical almanac we know that we are "not far from home." Our watches grow more solemn and yet more hopeful; we send a man to the masthead to look for land oftener than ever we did, and the vessel seems to feel the attraction of the shore even as a needle is agitated when the magnet is at hand. Comrades, what cheer? Is not the Lord of Hosts with us as our captain? Let us rejoice, and sing one of the songs of Zion, and salute the old year as we pass her on her voyage to eternity.

Dropping the metaphor, we salute our readers most cheerfully, while we thank them for bearing with us through another year: we have done our best, and never has it been more appreciated if kindly letters of thanks may be regarded as safe evidences. We have made mistakes in this magazine, as well as in our deeds and words, and there are those who have wanted to hang us up like Mordecai on a gallows of fifty cubits high, but we sit in the king's gate still, and probably shall do when those who make a man an offender for a word are forgotten. Our true friends have, however, remained as faithful and as kind as ever, believing in our sincere desire to vindicate truth and to walk uprightly among men, and therefore being content to differ from us when they

could not exactly agree. These, and they are legion, are the friends we desire, and it is a delight to serve them. Our post is no sinecure, for we do really edit this magazine, and also write with our own pen no small part of it, and this has to be done at times when flesh and blood, and brain, and nerve, all say, "we pray thee have us excused." To preach almost daily, study, write books, prepare college lectures, answer an enormous number of letters, manage an orphanage, and a hundred other things needs an industry which never lets the grass grow round its feet, and craves an indulgence which some are slow to grant. Will our readers go on bearing with us, and also kindly make some little effort to extend the circulation of the magazine, which is very cheering, but might be doubled, much to the advantage of the interests which it strives to promote?

Our College, Orphanage, and Colportage have been by divine Providence kept above all want through another year. To God be glory, and to the donors thanks. May they be rewarded by a sense of having done it unto the Lord. Such is our confidence in all that we have wrought hitherto.

We have finished and published the "Interpreter" during the year 1874, and it only remains to be placed in our friends' houses to aid them in family worship. We feel sure that if they knew it they would value it, for hundreds acknowledge that it has been very helpful to them.

Another volume of the "Treasury of David," Vol. IV., will also be issued at the close of the year, making two-thirds of our laborious work upon the Psalms. Hitherto the Lord hath helped us.

Our solemn testimony at the close of another year is that the Lord assuredly hears prayer, that faith in Him is always wisdom, and that He is a blessed God, and they are blessed who serve Him. Nothing quiets a troubled conscience like the atoning blood of Jesus, and nothing raises the mind from sadness like the comforts of the Holy Ghost; this also we know, for we have tasted and handled it. Reader, can you set your seal to these verities; if so, let us continue to tell the world so, till out of this unbelieving generation a remnant shall be gathered who shall praise the Lord.

Finally, may peace be with all the children of the God of peace.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "C. A. Spurgeon". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large initial "C" and a long, sweeping underline.

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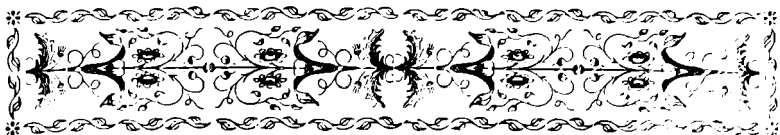
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SCALA SANTA.



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JANUARY, 1874.

Scala Santa.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.



WHILE travelling in Italy it was our good fortune to fall in with our esteemed friend, Dr. Jobson, a Wesleyan brother well known to fame as a preacher of the gospel, and known also to his numerous friends as an artist of no mean order. By his kindness we are able to present our readers with a view of the stairs on the north side of the Basilica of St. John Lateran, at Rome, which are superstitiously reputed to be the identical steps which our Saviour descended when he left the judgment hall of Pilate. No mention is made of steps in the gospels, but that is of small consequence to the Church of Rome, which recognises tradition as quite sufficient authority. There are twenty-eight marble steps of considerable breadth, and we are asked to believe that they were transported from Jerusalem to Rome by miraculous agency. We remember a cottage which was so dilapidated that, to our knowledge, the father gathered up the steps of the stairs, and sent his boy with them to the landlord, with the message, "Please, sir, father has sent you our stairs, and would be glad of a new set," but these marble slabs are in excellent repair and of great weight, and must have required a considerable amount of angelic engineering to remove them to their present site. However, for many a long year doubters concerning the authenticity of the holy stairs have been judged to be rank infidels, and have been considered worthy of the direst pains of perdition. Those who adored the Pope,

"And kiss'd—whatever he gave them to kiss,
"Tee, relic, embroidery, nought came amiss,"

were of course reverent kissers of the staircase, but that is not all, for so powerful was the superstitious esteem for these steps that persons of a better sort who renounced other follies yet clung to the virtues of the Scala Santa, and cling to them even now. "But," said one who had been convinced of the absurdity of worshipping the Virgin and the Bambino, "you cannot deny that the steps of the Scala Santa are very holy, and that it is well to pray upon them."

Two years ago we stood at the foot of the staircase, and saw persons of both sexes, and all ages and conditions, climbing up these stairs upon their knees. The marble is protected by planks of wood, which, it is said, have been three times worn away by the knees of penitents, and as often renewed. We could quite believe it, for the kneeling traffic before us was very great. It was a mournful spectacle to look up and see poor human nature so degraded as to be crawling up a staircase with the view of reaching heaven, and it was sadder still to stand at the top and look down upon the faces of the ascending devotees. Some of them appeared to be going through the performance with light hearts, but others were quite absorbed in their prayers and genuflections. In the wood of the bottom, middle, and uppermost steps there is an opening, through which the marble appears, and here each climber pauses and kisses the stone, because there our Lord is reported to have fallen, groaned, or fainted, we forget which. We were not permitted to walk up this blessed piece of deception, but we ascended by one of the parallel staircases which flank it on either hand, down which the penitents descend. At the top is a painting of the Saviour, in which he is represented at the age of twelve as five feet eight inches in height; this famous daub is ascribed to St. Luke, and held in the utmost veneration. The present Pope has expended large sums upon the buildings which enclose the Scala Santa, both in repairs and decorations. Last year, on our second visit, the Scala Santa were but very scantily furnished with worshippers; indeed, business seemed to be at a very low ebb in most of the churches, and we were led to hope that the trade in "the Roman row" of Vanity Fair was going to the dogs, as it deserved.

Now, it is one thing to read and write this description, but it was quite another matter to be present in body and see the whole affair in actual operation. One can be cool and prudent at a distance, for the abomination does not strike the mind so vividly; but to stand there and see those detestable priests looking on with an ill-concealed contempt for the crawling crowd of deluded men and women, looking, as Luther would say, "as if the poor laity stunk in their sacred noses," made our blood boil, and gave our language a flavour akin to David's fiercer psalms. Never did we more greatly marvel at the mercy of God, which holds back his thunderbolts from destroying those wretched shavelings who deceive the people. It was very wrong, no doubt, but a man must be even more perfect than John Wesley, or Pearsall Smith, if he can look upon such a scene without righteous indignation, intensified by a little mixture of human nature. We hope we did not imprecate vengeance upon anybody, Jesuit or Pope, but we do not feel quite sure about it. Happily for us we were at that time accosted by a gentleman, a member of the English Church,

who expressed himself very forcibly upon the humiliating scene before us. This furnished us with a diversion, for we said to him, "This is what your church is coming to; the baptismal regeneration of the Prayer Book is rotting her through and through, and breeding in her all the evils of Popery." He mildly expostulated, but added that after what he had seen of Romanism he did not wonder at honest men using the strongest possible language, and even going to an extreme in their protests. Our abhorrence of Popery and everything verging upon it rose to a white heat as we saw how it can lower an intelligent nation to the level of fetich worship, and associate the name of the ever-blessed Jesus with a grovelling idolatry. If our mild milk-and-water Protestants could see Popery with their own eyes, they might have less to say against Orange bigotry; and if those who play at ornate worship could see whither their symbolism tends, they would start back aghast, and adhere henceforth to the severest simplicity. Perhaps Luther would never have become a Reformer had it not been for his visit to Rome and his ascent of these very stairs. In the city where he expected to find the church of God in all its holiness, he found sin rampant beyond all precedent. "It is almost incredible," says he, "what infamous actions are committed at Rome; one would require to see it and hear it in order to believe it. It is an ordinary saying that if there is a hell, Rome is built upon it. It is an abyss from whence all sins proceed." Nor did he speak as an exaggerating enthusiast, for Machiavelli's witness was that the nearer you came to the capital of Christendom the less you found of the Christian spirit. "We Italians," said the great historian, "are chiefly indebted to the church and the priests for our having become a set of profane scoundrels." Undeceived as to the holiness of Popedom by his own actual observation in its chief city, Luther was in a fit state to be delivered from its thralldom, and the hand which set him free snapped his fetters for him upon the very stairs which we have described, and which our friend has depicted. The historian of the Reformation thus describes the sudden enlightenment of Luther's mind:—

"One day, among others, wishing to gain an indulgence which the Pope had promised to every one who should on his knees climb up what is called Pilate's Stair, the Saxon monk was humbly crawling up the steps, which he was told had been miraculously transported to Rome from Jerusalem. But while he was engaged in this meritorious act, he thought he heard a voice of thunder which cried at the bottom of his heart, as at Wittemberg and Bologna, '*The just shall live by faith.*' These words, which had already on two different occasions struck him like the voice of an angel of God, resounded loudly and incessantly within him. He rises up in amazement from the steps along which he was dragging his body. Horrified at himself, and ashamed to see how far superstition has abased him, he flies far from the scene of his folly.

"In regard to this mighty word there is something mysterious in the life of Luther. It proved a creating word both for the Reformer and for the Reformation. It was by it that God then said, 'Let light be, and light was.' It is often necessary that a truth, in order to produce its due effect on the mind, should be repeatedly presented to it. Luther

had carefully studied the Epistle to the Romans, and yet, though justification by faith is there taught, he had never seen it so clearly. Now he comprehended the righteousness which alone can stand in the presence of God; now he received from God himself, by the hand of Christ, that obedience which he freely imputes to the sinner as soon as he humbly turns his eye to the God-Man who was crucified. This is the decisive period in the internal life of Luther. The faith which saved him from the terrors of death became the soul of his theology, his fortress in all dangers, the stamina of his discourse, the stimulant of his love, the foundation of his peace, the spur of his labours, his consolation in life and in death.

"But this great doctrine of a salvation which emanates from God and not from man, was not only the power of God to save the soul of Luther, it also became the power of God to reform the Church; a powerful weapon which the apostles wielded, a weapon too long neglected, but at length brought forth in its primitive lustre from the arsenal of the mighty God. At the moment when Luther stood up in Rome, all moved, and thrilling with the words which Paul had addressed fifteen centuries before to the inhabitants of this metropolis, truth, till then a fettered captive within the church, rose up also, never again to fall.

"Here we must let Luther speak for himself. 'Although I was a holy and irreproachable monk, my conscience was full of trouble and anguish. I could not bear the words, 'Justice of God.' I loved not the just and holy God who punishes sinners. I was filled with secret rage against him, and hated him, because, not satisfied with terrifying us, his miserable creatures, already lost by original sin, with his law and the miseries of life, he still further increased our torment by the gospel. . . . But when, by the Spirit of God, I comprehended these words; when I learned how the sinner's justification proceeds from the pure mercy of the Lord by means of faith, then I felt myself revived like a new man, and entered at open doors into the very paradise of God. From that time, also, I beheld the precious sacred volume with new eyes. I went over all the Bible, and collected a great number of passages which taught me what the work of God was. And as I had previously, with all my heart, hated the words, 'Justice of God,' so from that time I began to esteem and love them, as words most sweet and most consoling. In truth, these words were to me the true gate of paradise.'"

As the Scala Santa thus became the place of salvation to the great reformer, so may our reference to them be made serviceable to those of our readers who have not yet found peace with God. The motive which leads men to crawl upon their knees up these famous stairs is the world-wide principle of self-salvation. *Do* is the popular gospel of unregenerate human nature: *It is all done* is the glad tidings of the grace of God. You, dear reader, are perhaps trying to be better in act, better in feeling, better in resolution, and this with the view of commending yourself to the favour of God. What is this but your Pilate's Stairs? You will find that all your efforts are labour in vain, for by the works of the law no man will ever be justified before God. The gospel does not promise eternal life to good works, or prayers,

or tears, or horrible feelings ; its one great utterance is, " He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." May the Holy Spirit with divine power force upon every self-righteous mind the conviction of its own ruin, and of the hopelessness of its own efforts, and so may the soul become willing to accept eternal life as the gift of God by Jesus Christ.

No Peace with Rome.

UP, Samson, from thy dalliance ! thou sleepest all too long,
The Popish harlot charmeth thee with witchery and song.
Up ! for thy strength is waning. Up ! ere thy locks be shorn,
And thine eyes both blinded, for Popish sport and scorn.
Up ! loyal Britons ! raise the cry in every English home,
Thy watchword, "*No surrender, and No Peace with Rome !*"

They come ! they come ! our ancient foes, like Egypt's frogs of old,
A plague and curse on all the land, and in the church's fold.
Our holy places languish, God's altars are defiled
By swarms of priestly locusts and Jesuits newly oiled,
And monks, and friars black and white, with "sisterhoods" of "guys,"
And very dirty saints, and nuns—those angels in disguise !

They come ! ill-omened birds of prey, in countless flocks they come,
Drummed out of Germany of late, and now spewed out of Rome ;
"Orders," and "Guilds," and "Brotherhoods," barefooted, lean, and
shorn,

All minions of the "holy" Pope, black traitors, duly sworn
To conquer English freedom, and fetter Britain's right,
And quench, in seas of martyr-blood, the Reformation's light.

So, now, brave Englishmen, prepare ! with gentle grace submit,
Fall down before the Pope, and kneel at turncoat Manning's feet.
They *only* ask to reign supreme ! and cry, "Give back our own ;
The Pope to govern England, and his serf on England's throne,
With Bonner for archbishop !" What less can they require ?
Queen Mary's days again, a carnival of blood and fire.

Up ! Britons, brave and loyal ! the threatening peril grows,
The Popish plot is ripening, the tide of treason flows :
Wave the old flag of freedom ! maintain your past renown !
Stand as your fathers stood, and guard the Bible and the crown.
Up ! Britons, up ! and raise the cry in every English home,
The watchword, "*No surrender, and No Peace with Rome !*"

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

The Beatitudes ;

EXPOUNDED IN A SERIES OF SENTENTIOUS HOMILIES.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain : and when he was set, his disciples came unto him : and he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit : for their's is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek : for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness : for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful : for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers : for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake : for their's is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad : for great is your reward in heaven : for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.”—Matthew v. 1—12.

Homily No. I.—Prefatory Remarks.

ONE enjoys a sermon all the better for knowing something of *the preacher*. It is natural that, like John in Patmos, we should turn to see the voice which spake with us. Turn hither then and learn that the Christ of God is the preacher of the Sermon on the Mount. He who delivered the Beatitudes was not only the prince of preachers, but he was beyond all others qualified to discourse upon *the subject* which he had chosen. Jesus the Saviour was best able to answer the question, “Who are the saved ?” Being himself the ever-blessed Son of God, and the channel of blessings, he was best able to inform us who are indeed the blessed of the Father. As Judge it will be his office to divide the blessed from the accursed at the last, and therefore it is most meet that in gospel majesty he should declare the principle of that judgment, that all men may be forewarned.

Do not fall into the mistake of supposing that the opening verses of the Sermon on the Mount set forth how we are to be saved, or you may cause your soul to stumble. You shall find fullest light upon that matter in other parts of our Lord's teaching, but here he discourses upon *who* are the saved ? or what are the marks and evidences of a work of grace in the soul ? Who should know the saved so well as the Saviour ? The shepherd best discerns his own sheep, and the Lord himself alone knoweth infallibly them that are his. We may regard the marks of the blessed ones here given as being the sure witness of truth, for they are given by him who cannot err, who cannot be deceived, and who, as their Redeemer, knows his own. The Beatitudes derive much of their weight from the wisdom and glory of him who pronounced them ; and, therefore, at the outset your attention is called thereto. Lange says that “man is the mouth of creation, and Jesus is the mouth of humanity” ; but we prefer in this place to think of Jesus as the mouth of deity, and to receive his every word as girt with infinite power.

The occasion of this sermon is noteworthy; it was delivered when our Lord is described as "seeing the multitudes." He waited until the congregation around him had reached its largest size, and was most impressed with his miracles, and then he took the tide at its flood, as every wise man should. The sight of a vast concourse of people ought always to move us to pity, for it represents a mass of ignorance, sorrow, sin, and necessity, far too great for us to estimate. The Saviour looked upon the people with an omniscient eye, which saw all their sad condition; he *saw* the multitudes in an emphatic sense, and his soul was stirred within him at the sight. His was not the transient tear of Xerxes when he thought on the death of his armed myriads, but it was practical sympathy with the hosts of mankind. No one cared for them, they were like sheep without a shepherd, or like shocks of wheat ready to shale out for want of harvest-men to gather them in. Jesus therefore hastened to the rescue. He noticed, no doubt, with pleasure, the eagerness of the crowd to hear, and this drew him on to speak. A writer quoted in the "*Catena Aurea*" has well said, "Every man in his own trade or profession rejoices when he sees an opportunity of exercising it; the carpenter if he sees a goodly tree desires to have it felled, that he may employ his skill on it; and even so the preacher when he sees a great congregation, his heart rejoices, and he is glad of the occasion to teach." If men become negligent of hearing, and our audience dwindles down to a handful, it will be a great distress to us if we have to remember that when the many were anxious to hear, we were not diligent to preach to them. He who will not reap when the fields are white to the harvest, will have only himself to blame if in other seasons he is unable to fill his arm with sheaves. Opportunities should be promptly used whenever the Lord puts them in our way. It is good fishing where there are plenty of fish, and when the birds flock around the fowler it is time for him to spread his nets.

The place from which these blessings were delivered is next worthy of notice. "Seeing the multitudes, he went up *into a mountain*." Whether or no the chosen mount was that which is now known as the Horns of Hattim is not a point which it falls in our way to contest; that he ascended an elevation is enough for our purpose. Of course this would be mainly because of the accommodation which the open hill-side would afford to the people, and the readiness with which, upon some jutting crag, the preacher might sit down, and be both heard and seen: but we believe the chosen place of meeting had also its instruction. Exalted doctrine might well be symbolised by an ascent to the mount; at any rate, let every minister feel that he should ascend in spirit when he is about to descend upon the lofty themes of the gospel. A doctrine which could not be hid, and which would produce a church comparable to a city set on a hill, fitly began to be proclaimed from a conspicuous place. A crypt or cavern would have been out of all character for a message which is to be published upon the housetops, and preached to every creature under heaven. Besides, mountains have always been associated with distinct eras in the history of the people of God; Mount Sinai is sacred to the law, and Mount Zion symbolical of the church. Calvary was also in due time to be

connected with redemption, and the Mount of Olives with the ascension of our risen Lord. It was meet, therefore, that the opening of the Redeemer's ministry should be connected with a mount such as "the hill of the beatitudes." It was from a mountain that God proclaimed the law, it is on a mountain that Jesus expounds it. Thank God, it was not a mount around which bounds had to be placed; it was not the mount which burned with fire, from which Israel retired in fear. It was, doubtless, a mount all carpeted with grass, and dainty with fair flowers, upon whose side the olive and fig flourished in abundance, save where the rocks pushed upward through the sod, and eagerly invited their Lord to honour them by making them his pulpit and throne. May I not add that Jesus was in deep sympathy with nature, and therefore delighted in an audience chamber whose floor was grass and whose roof was the blue sky? The open space was in keeping with his large heart, the breezes were akin to his free spirit, and the world around was full of symbols and parables, in accord with the truths he taught. Better than long-drawn aisle, or tier on tier of crowded gallery, was that grand hill-side meeting-place. Would God we oftener heard sermons amid soul-inspiring scenery! Surely preacher and hearer would be equally benefited by the change from the house made with hands to the God-made temple of nature.

There was instruction in *the posture* of the preacher. "*When he was set*" he commenced to speak. We do not think that either weariness or the length of the discourse suggested his sitting down. He frequently stood when he preached at considerable length. We incline to the belief that when he became a pleader with the sons of men he stood with uplifted hands, eloquent from head to foot, entreating, beseeching, and exhorting, with every member of his body, as well as every faculty of his mind; but now that he was, as it were, a judge awarding the blessings of the kingdom, or a king on his throne, separating his true subjects from aliens and foreigners, he sat down. As an authoritative teacher, he officially occupied the chair of doctrine, and spake *ex cathedra*, as men say, as a Solomon acting as the master of assemblies, or a Daniel come to judgment. He sat as a refiner, and his word was as a fire. His posture is not accounted for by the fact that it was the Oriental custom for the teacher to sit and the pupil to stand; for our Lord was something more than a didactic teacher, he was a preacher, a prophet, a pleader, and consequently he adopted other attitudes when fulfilling those offices; but on this occasion he sat in his place as Rabbi of the church, the authoritative legislator of the kingdom of heaven, the monarch in the midst of his people. Come hither, then, and listen to the king in Jeshurun, the divine lawgiver, delivering not the ten commands, but the seven, or, if you will, the nine beatitudes of his blessed kingdom.

It is then added, to indicate *the style* of his delivery, that he, "*opened his mouth,*" and certain cavillers of shallow wit have said, "How could he teach without opening his mouth?" to which the reply is that he very frequently taught, and taught much, without saying a word, since his whole life was teaching, and his miracles and deeds of love were the lessons of a master instructor. It is not superfluous to say "he opened his mouth and taught them," for he had taught

them often when his mouth was closed. Besides that, teachers are to be frequently met with who seldom open their mouths; they hiss the everlasting gospel through their teeth, or mumble it within their mouths, as if they had never been commanded to "cry aloud and spare not." Jesus Christ spoke like a man in earnest; he enunciated clearly and spake loudly. He lifted up his voice like a trumpet, and published salvation far and wide, like a man who had something to say which he desired his audience to hear and feel. Oh, that the very manner and voice of those who preach the gospel were such as to bespeak their zeal for God, and their love for souls! So should it be, but so it is not in all cases. When a man grows terribly in earnest while speaking, his mouth appears to be enlarged in sympathy with his heart: this characteristic has been observed in vehement political orators, and the messengers of God should blush if no such impeachment can be laid at their door.

"He opened his mouth and taught them,"—have we not here a further hint, that as he had from the earliest days opened the mouths of his holy prophets, so now he opens his own mouth to inaugurate a yet fuller revelation? If Moses spake, who made Moses' mouth? If David sang, who opened David's lips that he might show forth the praises of God? Who opened the mouths of the prophets? Was it not the Lord by his Spirit? Is it not therefore well said that now he opened his own mouth, and spake directly as the incarnate God to the children of men? Now, by his own inherent power and inspiration, he began to speak, not through the mouth of Isaiah, or of Jeremiah, but by his own mouth. Now was a spring of wisdom to be unsealed from which all generations should drink rejoicingly; now would the most majestic and yet most simple of all discourses be heard by mankind. The opening of the fount which flowed from the desert rock was not one-half so full of joy to men. Let our prayer be, "Lord, if thou hast opened thy mouth, do thou open our hearts;" for when the Redeemer's mouth is open with blessings, and our hearts are open with desires, a glorious filling with all the fulness of God will be the result, and then also shall our mouths be opened to show forth our Redeemer's praise.

Let us now consider the beatitudes themselves, trusting that by the help of God's Spirit we may perceive their wealth of holy meaning. No words in the compass of sacred writ are more precious or more freighted with solemn meaning.

The first word of our Lord's great standard sermon is "Blessed." You have not failed to notice that the last word of the Old Testament is "*curse*," and it is suggestive that the opening sermon of our Lord's ministry commences with the word "*blessed*." Nor did he begin in that manner and then change his strain immediately, for nine times did that charming word fall from his lips in rapid succession. It has been well said that Christ's teaching might be summed up in two words, "Believe" and "Blessed." Mark tells us that he preached, saying, "Repent ye, and believe the gospel;" and Matthew in this passage informs us that he came saying, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." All his teaching was meant to bless the sons of men; for "God sent

not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved."

"His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below."

His lips, like a honeycomb, drop sweetness, promises and blessings are the overflowings of his mouth. "Grace is poured *into* thy lips," said the psalmist, and consequently grace poured *from* his lips; he was blessed for ever, and he continued to distribute blessings throughout the whole of his life, till, "as he blessed them, he was taken up into heaven." The law had two mountains, Ebal and Gerizim, one for blessing and another for cursing, but the Lord Jesus blesses evermore and curses not.

The beatitudes before us, which relate to character, are seven; the eighth is a benediction upon the persons described in the seven beatitudes when their excellence has provoked the hostility of the wicked: and, therefore, it may be regarded as a confirming and summing up of the seven blessings which precede it. Setting that aside, then, as a summary, we regard the beatitudes as seven, and will speak of them as such. *The whole seven describe a perfect character, and make up a perfect benediction.* Each blessing is precious separately, ay, more precious than much fine gold, but we do well to regard them as a whole, for as a whole they were spoken, and in that point of view they are a wonderfully perfect chain of seven priceless links, put together with such consummate art as only our heavenly Bezaleel, the Lord Jesus, ever possessed. No such instruction in the art of blessedness can be found anywhere else. The learned have collected two hundred and eighty-eight different opinions of the ancients with regard to happiness, and there is not one which hits the mark; but our Lord has in a few telling sentences told us all about it without using a solitary redundant word, or allowing the slightest omission. The seven golden sentences are perfect as a whole, and each one occupies its appropriate place. Together they are a ladder of light, and each one is a step of purest sunshine.

Observe carefully, and you will see that *each one rises above those which precede it.* The first beatitude is by no means so elevated as the third, nor the third as the seventh. There is a great advance from the poor in spirit to the pure in heart and the peacemaker. I have said that they rise, but it would be quite as correct to say that *they descend*, for from the human point of view they do so; to mourn is a step below and yet above being poor in spirit, and the peacemaker, while the highest form of Christian, will find himself often called upon to take the lowest room for peace sake. "The seven beatitudes mark deepening *humiliation* and growing *exaltation.*" In proportion as men rise in the reception of the divine blessing they sink in their own esteem, and count it their honour to do the humblest works.

Not only do the beatitudes rise one above another, but *they spring out of each other*, as if each one depended upon all that went before. Each growth feeds a higher growth, and the seventh is the product of

all the other six. The two blessings which we shall have first to consider have this relation. "Blessed are they that mourn" grows out of "Blessed are the poor in spirit." Why do they mourn? They mourn because they are "poor in spirit." "Blessed are the meek" is a benediction which no man reaches till he has felt his spiritual poverty and mourned over it. "Blessed are the merciful" follows upon the blessing of the meek, because men do not acquire the forgiving, sympathetic, merciful spirit until they have been made meek by the experience of the first two benedictions. This same rising and outgrowth may be seen in the whole seven. The stones are laid one upon the other in fair colours, and polished after the similitude of a palace; they are the natural sequel and completion of each other, even as were the seven days of the world's first week.

Mark, also, in this ladder of light, that though each step is above the other, and each step springs out of the other, yet *each one is perfect in itself*, and contains within itself a priceless and complete blessing. The very lowest of the blessed, namely, the poor in spirit, have their peculiar benediction, and indeed it is one of such an order that it is used in the summing up of all the rest:—"Their's is the kingdom of heaven" is both the first and the eighth benediction. The highest characters, namely, the peacemakers, who are called the children of God, are not said to be more than blessed, they doubtless enjoy more of the blessedness, but they do not in the covenant provision possess more. Note, also, with delight, that the blessing is in every case in the present tense, a happiness to be now enjoyed and delighted in. It is not "Blessed *shall be*," but "Blessed *are*." There is not one step in the whole divine experience of the believer, not one link in the wonderful chain of grace, in which there is a withdrawal of the divine smile or an absence of real happiness. Blessed is the first moment of the Christian life on earth, and blessed is the last. Blessed is the spark which trembles in the flax, and blessed is the flame which ascends to heaven in a holy ecstasy. Blessed is the bruised reed, and blessed is that tree of the Lord, which is full of sap, the cedar of Lebanon, which the Lord hath planted. Blessed is the babe in grace, and blessed is the perfect man in Christ Jesus. As the Lord's mercy endureth for ever, even so shall our blessedness.

We must not fail to notice that in the seven beatitudes *the blessing of each one is appropriate to the character*. "Blessed are the poor in spirit" is appropriately connected with enrichment in the possession of a kingdom more glorious than all the thrones of earth. It is also most appropriate that those who mourn should be comforted; that the meek who renounce all self-aggrandisement should enjoy most of life, and so should inherit the earth. It is divinely fit that those who hunger and thirst after righteousness should be filled, and that those who show mercy to others should obtain it themselves. Who but the pure in heart should see the infinitely pure and holy God? And who but the peacemakers should be called the children of the God of peace?

Yet the careful eye perceives that *each benediction*, though appropriate, *is worded paradoxically*. Jeremy Taylor says, "They are so many paradoxes and impossibilities reduced to reason." This is clearly seen in the first beatitude, for the poor in spirit are said to possess a

kingdom, and is equally vivid in the collection as a whole, for it treats of happiness, and yet poverty leads the van, and persecution brings up the rear : poverty is the contrary of riches, and yet how rich are those who possess a kingdom ! and persecution is supposed to destroy enjoyment, and yet it is here made a subject of rejoicing. See the sacred art of him who spake as never man spake, he can at the same time make his words both simple and paradoxical, and thereby win our attention and instruct our intellects. Such a preacher deserves the most thoughtful of hearers.

The whole of the seven beatitudes composing this celestial ascent to the house of the Lord conduct believers to an elevated table land upon which they dwell alone, and are not reckoned among the people ; their holy separation from the world brings upon them persecution for righteousness' sake, but in this they do not lose their happiness, but rather have it increased to them, and confirmed by the double repetition of the benediction. The hatred of men does not deprive the saint of the love of God ; even revilers contribute to his blessedness. Who among us will be ashamed of the cross which must attend such a crown of lovingkindness and tender mercies ? Whatever the curses of man may involve, they are so small a drawback to the consciousness of being blessed in a sevenfold manner by the Lord, that they are not worthy to be compared with the grace which is already revealed in us.

Here we pause for this present, and shall, by God's help, consider one of the beatitudes in our next homily.

What to Read ?

A PAPER FOR YOUNG MEN.

BY B. W. CARR.

THE divine Lawgiver of antiquity has left on record that famous saying, "Man liveth not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." That word *inspired* is alone fitted to support our spiritual nature. But we have a mental and moral constitution as well as a physical organisation. And I think it must be obvious to every thoughtful person that we all have a necessity to feed our minds with knowledge as well as to supply our bodies with nourishment. In respect to both, it is a matter of deep importance that we should know the best market to resort to, that we should be able to discriminate between the wholesome and deleterious produce exposed to common view, and that we should carefully observe those rules prescribed by wisdom and experience in partaking of the bread-stuffs and luxurious fruits adapted to promote our health and strength. LITERATURE is the subject we have in our mind's eye—literature in the broad, general acceptation of the term. What thoughts does that one word "literature" suggest ? The world's great library of old books and new books, pamphlets and newspapers, periodicals and reviews, a plentiful supply on every conceivable topic, a host of volumes

and heaps of printed paper—poetry and prose, philosophy, speculative and practical, history and fiction, tomes upon tomes of the sacred, the profane, and the miscellaneous. In the midst of all I see *man*!—thinking man, panting for an atmosphere suited to his nature, hungering for substantial food to satisfy the cravings of his inner life, thirsting for congenial streams to slake his intense, feverish, ardent desire for knowledge. *Woman*! I catch a glimpse of her too; she is continually peering in. With hasty, hurried step, she enters the dingy room. With quick and piercing eye she scans those dusty shelves. Struck with a catching title, she will be first to seize the fresh book, to cut its folded leaves, and scan its motley page. So like our common mother Eve is she, of eager appetite for fruit of knowledge that is “pleasant to the eye and desirable to make one wise.” And then abroad she lightly trips, no bookworm, no recluse. What suits her not for the sunny fields, for the fertile garden, for the social intercourse of her fellow-creatures, and the dutiful fulfilment of her tender vocation, she rejects; and well she may. Therein she is right. But oh, it is bewildering to think of the number of books! They increase more rapidly than the readers. My friend “*Censor*” touches me on the shoulder, just to notice that all books and pamphlets are not literature. Parliamentary papers, law reports, political squibs, professional treatises, sectarian squabbles, and tradesmen’s advertisements, all come out on printed paper, without the slightest claim to take rank in the great domain of literature—that true literature which must be universal in its sympathy to obtain a peerage among the aristocracy of talent, which demands universal homage. As Wordsworth says—

“Books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good ;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our passions and our happiness will grow.”

If, then, the vast resources of literature be capable (as I suppose few would presume to question) of augmenting our pleasure, of raising our character, and of enlarging the sphere of our abilities, is it not obvious that in their use a grave personal responsibility rests upon us, that in their abuse there is an evil to be seriously dreaded, and that in the choice we make our moral welfare is very considerably at stake.

Not many of our young friends would like to confess that they considered their education completed on the day they left school; but we are afraid it would not be uncharitable to accuse them of acting on that presumption. Henceforward they adopt no settled plan, pursue no systematic course of study, and look back upon the discipline they were subject to in childhood as a trammel from which they have escaped, rather than cherish it as a habit which it is desirable for them to keep up. For our part, we remember nothing in our earthly pilgrimage more distinctly than the transition period when we were not quite certain whether we were a boy or a man. The twenty or thirty years that have intervened bear witness to a vast change in what we venture to call *the temper of society*. Our fathers thought us *green* at twenty, but we are disposed to pay court to our children, and to utilise their abilities when they are five years short of that advanced age. The

lines are fallen to them in pleasant places, so far as they escape the severity of training we had to endure, but the profit that will accrue to them is more than doubtful if they do not become a law unto themselves, and voluntarily observe the statutes they are not compulsorily bound to obey. Books were our best friends, and we do not know how to introduce our young friends to better acquaintance, if they are only choice and select in the company they keep. Ah, there is the rub! We can imagine ourselves standing in a library of wills and probates, conscious that the perusal of some of them might show our title to a large property, but uncertain and ignorant in which to look. Or we could picture ourselves sick and infirm in a library of medical works, aware that in some of them our symptoms are stated and the remedy prescribed, did we but know which book to select, or whither to turn our eyes. Can we not equally imagine that in the presence of a vast concourse of books there are some which might acquaint us with truths more precious to the soul than gold of Ophir; others which might correct the very worst points of our disposition; and those again which might inspire us with fresh views of life, and shape the whole tenor of our future career in this world; to say nothing of books more sacred, which can unfold to our hearts the hallowed mysteries of the world to come. A lecturer once said, "There are thoughts and passions existing only on silent, senseless paper, the perusal of which might make you raise your hands in astonishment, or split your sides with laughter, or weep tears of tender sympathy, till your very eyes were bloodshot. Bound up in mouldy sheepskin are words of magic power, which require nothing but eyes and hearts to make them converse with you." And yet in reading for the useful you may waste your time over the useless; while you seek light, the shades of darkness may envelope you; in making experiments upon health you may foster disease.

Let us stop a moment to take breath. Are there no tracts or pamphlets, lectures, or essays, which we can recommend you to inspect as suggestive of a good course of study? Well, we suppose there are. Thomas De Quincy published some "Letters to a young man whose education had been neglected," which it would be worth the while of other young men to peruse. If you can pick up an "Introduction to English Literature from Chaucer to Tennyson," by Henry Reed, it will repay your perusal. Dr. Arnold found in him a congenial spirit, and that is some recommendation to his talents. By all means lay out a shilling upon Robert Aris Willmott, for his "*Pleasures, Objects, and Advantages of Literature*" may whet your appetite; and if you perchance need an emetic, inquire at the Young Men's Christian Association if they can supply you with a copy of the lecture which the late Sir James Stephens gave them at Exeter Hall as a caveat to "*desultory reading*." With these tractates in one's hand, at a period of life when the disposition is supple, the imagination vivid, the memory retentive, and a purpose of life unfixed by circumstances and capable of resolute direction, one might point his compass to some purpose.

Our forefathers used to classify learning. Following Lord Bacon, they divided it into three parts, and identified them with three branches of the human intellect. *History*, which they allied to memory;

Poetry, which they accounted the daughter of imagination; and *Philosophy*, which they feigned to be the offspring of reason. Of science they made no account. It was excluded from the enchanted circle. The fashion of our age is to extol science at the expense of literature. Lord Carnarvon has just been giving an address to the members and friends of the Birkbeck Scientific and Literary Institution, complaining of the undue preference. He warns them against the danger of attempting to try every principle, impulse, and faith, by a rigidly scientific standard. No doubt the temptation is imminent. Religion, literature, and art are placed in the background, while chemistry and mechanism occupy the fore-front. Be it remembered, however, that the great and noble authors of antiquity had won their imperishable fame before the ingenious race, whose faculties took a practical turn, had made their appearance at the foot of Mount Parnassus. Then the Muses adjudged them unfitted, by their harsher crudition, connected as it was with squares, and cubes, and curves, to breathe the serene atmosphere of pure literature. The decision has been given, and we cannot afford to discuss its propriety. The construction of a steam-engine no more entitles a man to the laurel crown than the manufacture of patent boots. For "*Thomas Babington Macaulay*," statesman, poet, historian, the doors of Westminster Abbey are open, and his ashes may rest in peace nigh the spot where "*Rare Ben Jonson*" was laid. But for *George Stephenson* there is no room in Poet's Corner. It is useless to murmur. What need of jealousy on the part of those who in their life-time have been paid in gold, so long as their more gifted brethren, who sparkled like stars to light and cheer the world beneath, were content to labour on with secret satisfaction, but without sordid pay, till they should receive posthumous honour in the admiration and homage of grateful millions of their fellow-men? I am prone to think that this last reflection will serve to narrow, as well as to render conspicuous, the object I have in view. We do not aim to be the Mentors of those who aspire to a seat even in the Lower House of Representative Men, to whom literature is a charm and an idol; but we ask for the ear of many who covet the true blessing of good books for the inward light and peace which they are capable of diffusing through the mind. Taste is requisite—taste both natural and acquired—in order to possess a thorough relish for "*the sublime and the beautiful*." That taste should be indulged according to the present attainments and opportunities any one may possess; but to avoid and abjure every species of reading which tends to vitiate the finer susceptibilities of a cultivated nature is the paramount duty of a conscientious student. We want recreation as a perfect relief from business; yet we want at the same time a helpful stimulant to just those faculties of our nature which business does not call into play. And any one who would educate himself thoroughly must give, as far as he is able, a measure of cultivation to all the elementary faculties of our common nature. Were you to be constantly cramming your brain with facts, and never weighing them in the scales of judgment, you might become a walking dictionary, but no one would account your opinion worth asking. Or were you to be constantly arguing, without much acquaintance with

those facts that are the basis of reason, your logic would be always at fault, and everybody would vote you a bore. But were you to attend to both of these, and yet neglect altogether the imaginative, never indulge the flights of fancy, or follow the poet in his rapturous sallies into the spirit-world, you would be a dull, heavy fellow, whom no genial man would seek for a companion.

With diversity of culture, however, it is not a whit less important that you combine unity of object. Discursive reading is so gross a fallacy that I might almost call it a foolery. Let the errors of great men be accounted beacons to warn little men. Here and there some aspiring genius has essayed to carve his name on every pillar of the Pantheon. The author usually fails when he rambles from his true vocation. Old Samuel Johnson was grammarian, critic, and moralist, and these pursuits harmonised very well; but he saw no reason why he should not be a poet. If Milton emulated Homer, why should not Johnson rival Juvenal? He did not succeed, though I suppose he thought he did. If you ask the publishers and booksellers they will tell you that there is no demand for "London," a poem, by Dr. Johnson. On the contrary, the scholar who has singleness of purpose may call as many *savans* to his aid as possible, the more the better. Shakespeare had one design. It was to enrich and elevate the stage. But what an exact historian he was! how he practised the art of reasoning! His sketches of human nature are the most real and life-like. Yet what grotesque fancies he has! He revels in the fabulous and fantastic. He excels in the highest branches of poetry, and he equally excels in the pretty love ditty and pleasant song. All this might have exposed him to blame, instead of raising him to fame, had he been fairly chargeable with attempting too much. But as he grouped the whole round one centre, he produces a unique but ever varied charm. Were we talking *tête-à-tête* with any young man, we should say, "Choose your study, sir. Till you have done that, you are not a student, read as hard as you may. Construct the reservoir first, and then you can discreetly multiply the pipes you lay down to feed it."

Old books are the best books. This is more than an opinion, it is a truism. The proverb says, "With the ancients is wisdom." Your scientific man is constantly inquiring for new books and new editions of those volumes published by living authors. If you pick up a scientific work fifty years old, and ask his opinion of its merits, he will tell you that it had a good run in its day, but it has been exploded by new discoveries. That is all very well with science. But your literary man talks in quite a different strain. He does little more than glance at new books, while he reads and ponders, studies and digests, the old ones. He never dreams of the *Iliad* being superseded by anything the poet laureate can bring out. Montgomery's "Satan" never had a chance of competing with Milton's "Paradise Lost." The idea of Bulwer or Henry Taylor eclipsing the bard of Avon would be preposterous.

If you really wish to discipline your minds, to sharpen your wits, and to train your reasoning faculties, just begin this way. Read, not as a diversion, but read as a study, Lord Bacon's Essays, Locke on the Understanding, and Butler's Analogy. You will then have laid a

tolerably substantial groundwork. I have known young men, who in boyhood had missed the advantage of a liberal education, talk of beginning Latin, or beginning Greek, as a little speculation on their own account. They never did anything more than begin ; soon, indeed, afterwards they left off. Let your pretensions be moderate. If you aim at nothing higher than a sound acquaintance with English literature, your attainment of that object would be very creditable. Whatever department you resolve to explore, go as high up the stream as possible, and drink as near the fountain-head of learning as you can. It is a shame that the essayists who flourished in the early part of the eighteenth century should be overlooked. Addison may be accounted a prince among them.

Poetry you need considerable training to appreciate in its most elevated and elevating flights of pure imagination. Remember this, literature is a lifeless corpse without the living soul of poetry that animates every nerve of the historian, the critic, and the preacher. Would you make the acquaintance of Dryden, Thompson, and Cowper (to say nothing of Chaucer or Cowley), you must choose your opportunities, when you can resign yourself wholly up to them. Challenge nothing ; do not disturb yourself to make a remark upon their caprice ; just mount on their wings ; put implicit confidence in their guidance ; let them carry you wherever they like. It will be time enough when you have dropped down to earth again and feel the solid ground under your feet—it will be time enough then to reason over the journey you have made, and consider what has produced the deepest impression on your minds. By the bye, this bit of counsel I have transcribed from an old scrap-book of mine. How it found its way there I cannot recollect. If the words are my own, well and good ; if they are wholly or partly borrowed, I deliberately endorse them. It is a good plan to read poetry, especially blank verse, out aloud. The rhythm will then be agreeable and impressive. I like Mr. Willmott's story: "William Pitt had a nation's cares weighing heavily upon him to distract his brain, while the roar of contending factions added no little to the wear and tear of office ; yet he would often make his escape and indulge in absolute retirement with some favourite author. A visitor called on him one day, and found him reading Milton aloud with strong emphasis, and so deeply engaged in 'Paradise' as to have forgotten the presence of any other people in the world, except Adam and Eve."

There is an obvious advantage in basing your studies upon the old standard works. Reading confers no benefit upon you if it fail to exercise a powerful influence on your character. If the authors with whom you become familiar are such as all intelligent men defer to, then the sentiments and sympathies you imbibe are cosmopolitan. They fit and adapt you for any good society anywhere ; but if the rill of knowledge and bigotry at which you slake your thirst be small and obscure, then it is only within a narrow circle of very peculiar people that you may ever dare to open your lips.

Before we finish this chit-chat with our young friends, there are a few remarks which may aid such of them as have followed us thus far. Those who live in the metropolis, or in any of our leading provincial towns, will readily find access to large libraries on easy terms. Let

them avail themselves of the privilege. Still there are some few books they will find it expedient to buy. Fortunately for them, the standard works are the least expensive. The late Mr. Charles Knight published a small series, entitled, "Sketches of the History of Literature and Learning in England, with specimens of the principal writers," which it would be desirable to purchase. The six volumes can be procured for about as many shillings. They will acquaint you with the character of our most worthy authors, and help you to survey the catalogue at any library with an intelligent eye.

No remarks we have made are intended to disparage modern writers. We only advise you, as our Mentors advised us, that your tastes should be formed by the old ones. Justly to criticise the men of the present, we must have an extensive acquaintance with those of the past. It is the exclusiveness against which we inveigh—the ignorant exclusiveness with which so many people are wont to catch at new books as new lights. There is a moral evil connected with this habit. Authors, like men in general, are ruled by circumstances. When they all belong to one generation, they are all cast in one mould, so they all imbibe common prejudices, and they all inherit common partialities. True it is, the men of bygone times reflected in like manner the habits of thought and action peculiar to their day; yet were that their sole title to notice, their works would not be likely to come across us. The volumes that survive the wreck are those that belong to all time; and the descriptions they furnish of nature are as permanent as the creation, and as constantly revived as the seasons. The portraits they give of man exhibit him as he was, and as he is, undraped and undisguised. Those are the best books beyond dispute which weather the storm, and float gallantly on the ocean, generation after generation, while the smaller craft are sinking beneath the waves every day.

There lie beyond us, however, higher interests, upon which we must muse with awe; and a destiny for which we must prepare with seriousness, if we would face it with cheerfulness. Read whatever else we may, there is one book which it were folly to slight, and fatal to neglect. As George Withers quaintly says,—

For many books I care not, and my store
Might now suffice me, though I had no more
Than God's two testaments, and then withal
That mighty volume which "The World" we call.
For these well looked on, well in mind preserved,
The present age's passages observed,
My private actions seriously o'erviewed,
My thoughts recalled, and what of them ensued,
Are "Books," which better far instruct me can,
Than all the other paper works of man.
And some of these I may be reading, too,
Where'er I come, or whatsoe'er I do.

Camp Meetings,

AND

“DAYS OF POWER IN THE FOREST TEMPLE.”

BY PASTOR J. L. KEYS, OF STREATHAM.

SOME fourteen or fifteen years ago we met with a book from the New World, which greatly interested us, a book with which not a few of our readers are acquainted—“The Backwoods’ Preacher, an Autobiography of Peter Cartwright.” We have read many queer biographies of godly but eccentric preachers since then, and it requires not a little in the way of odd sayings and doings of really earnest soul-winners to shock us now; but in our earlier days, having been brought up with quiet-going Baptists of “the most straitest sect of our religion”—godly Puritans in life and doctrine, we were shocked indeed when we read the sayings and doings of “Old Pete,” as some of his admirers familiarly called him. And then he was such an out-and-out hater of baptism and Baptists, and had such outrageous stories to tell of his encounters with preachers of that sect, whom he invariably depicted as Antinomians in practice and pigmies in argument, he himself always coming off more than conqueror in contests with them, and proclaiming his triumph with a blast from his own trumpet. He and his fellow-labourers were good at trumpet-blowing, as our readers will hear by-and-by, for at the Camp Meetings in which he so much gloried the people were mostly summoned to their various exercises with a fanfare upon a big trumpet or horn. We have said that we were shocked by many of the stories told by the strange old man of his own adventures; but we were amused too, for ludicrous incidents abound in his autobiography, and even the recitals of solemn services and the accounts of the salvation of sinners are interspersed with details so incongruous as to provoke roars of laughter, and, we fear, are sadly calculated to give cause for the scoffer’s wit and the scorner’s blasphemy. But we digress. Our readers who are not acquainted with “Old Pete” can readily judge for themselves of the truthfulness of our estimate of his eccentricities, an enterprising firm* having lately reprinted the book in a cheap form. We were reminded of our old acquaintance by the appearance of a book, the title of which forms part of the heading of this article, namely, “Days of Power in the Forest Temple.” A book on Camp Meetings! With a preface by a bishop! We thought—but we will not say just all we thought, lest the gentle reader should think that, like Topsy, we’re “berry wicked.” Well, put it thus: we expected some holy mirth; and the pious author will, no doubt, be pleased to learn that a wicked reviewer has been disappointed in the character of his book, but has, nevertheless, experienced a sensation of another order; not of questionable hilarity, but of gratitude to God, that, whatever diversity of opinion there may be as to the doctrinal views

* Messrs. Isbister and Co., Ludgate Hill.

and peculiar aims of many whose labours are therein recorded, sinners have been saved, and saints stirred up, by the National Camp Meeting Revival.

This work of four hundred and fifty pages, with the exception of part of the introductory chapter, is entirely devoted to the history of *The National Association for the Promotion of Holiness*; in other words, the resuscitation of the almost forgotten doctrine, propounded by the great founder of Methodism, of ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION, or what has been called in past days, PERFECTIONISM. As is well known, at the present moment this doctrine is being brought into great prominence in some quarters, and the discussion of it is even now occupying considerable space in certain of our denominational periodicals. The disputants seem, to on-lookers, to be fighting over again the old battles of Wesley, Toplady, and others of former days; their tone and temper somewhat changed, and we think greatly for the better; but now, as then, creating very much difficulty by a lack of a distinct apprehension of the legitimate effects of the opposite doctrines of free-will and free-grace upon the hearts and lives of believers in Christ. Some fancy that they have made a wonderful discovery, and found out a new doctrine, when they realise the blessed effects of the assurance of full and free salvation through faith in Christ, while others of us wonder how it is that these same brethren have been so long in the dark about a doctrine as old as the dispensation itself.

It is not for us to discuss this matter, however, for two reasons good and sufficient—to ourselves, at any rate: first, that it is not the matter in hand, and, secondly, that we do not feel good enough to do it, our perfection is so very partial, if we may be pardoned the solecism; it is very like old Pete's, as illustrated in the following little episode related by Mr. Milburn:—

“The bishop presiding at our conference was the victim of a heart-disease. Over his head the sword of Damocles hung ever suspended by a hair; the death's head was never absent from his banquet, and the dread of sudden death had discoloured all his ideas of life. He was the morbid and sworn foe to everything like gaiety, and while not sour or sullen, yet his piety was weighty and lugubrious. It may well be imagined that such a chairman had trouble to keep in order a man like Peter Cartwright, with whom humour and drollery are as natural as to breathe. Brother Cartwright had the floor one day, and, by his irresistible fun, set the Conference in a roar. ‘Stop, Brother Cartwright!’ said the bishop; ‘I cannot allow such sin to be committed among Methodist preachers when I have the charge of them. I read in the Bible, “Be angry, and sin not;” but I nowhere see, “Laugh, and sin not.” Let us bow down and confess our offence. Brother Cartwright, lead in prayer.’ The backwoods preacher kneeled, and repeated the Lord's Prayer, and then rising, said, ‘Look here, Mr. Bishop: when I dig potatoes, I dig potatoes; when I hoe corn, I hoe corn; when I pray, I pray; and when I attend to business, I want to attend to business. I wish you did too, and I don't want you to take such swap judgment on me again.’

“‘Brother,’ said the bishop, in an admonitory tone, ‘do you think you are growing in grace?’ ‘Yes, bishop, I think I am—in spots!’”

What, it may be asked, has the revival of the controversy upon *entire sanctification* to do with Camp Meetings? Much, every way, since these gatherings are the means chosen by the so-called "friends of holiness" for the spread of their theological creed.

The book before us opens with an "Introduction" by Gilbert Haven, a bishop of the Methodist Church, in sentences full of poetic beauty and holy pathos, wherein he says, "If the groves were God's first temples, so are they his last. There he was worshipped; there is he worshipped still." Then, touching upon the invasion of the forest temple by the tempter, the divine prohibition of worship in the groves and "under every green tree," because Jehovah's worship had been set aside for the worship of idols, the author passes on to the time when again the multitudes were gathered by the river's brink and on the hill-sides, by the Baptist, and the Baptist's Lord, by Philip amid the wooded ravines of the Mediterranean mountain slopes, by Paul at the Philippian river-place of prayer. Then, with a passing allusion to monasteries, recluses, and religious houses of the Middle Ages, as examples of worship in the "forest temple," the good bishop says:—"Methodism, among its other revivals of lost religious arts, has brought again into prominence these forest services. . . . The gatherings which this book commemorates have a churchly speciality. They are designed to summon the church herself to a reconsecration. They say of her, as Christ said to his disciples, 'Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while.' The world may follow, as it followed Christ and his disciples when he issued that order; if it follows, it may also be fed, as were they, with miraculous food; but the primal object is not the feeding of the multitudes, but the replenishing of the church with grace. To this end these forest meetings have been held. They have united and uplifted the church; they have recalled the wandering, and awakened the slumbering Christian. They have set many a saintly one in more saintliness, and drawn many a worldly one from fatal surroundings. It has not entrenched on the chief work of the Camp Meeting, whether of the narrow neighbourhood or the wider district, which is the calling of sinners to repentance. This is, and must be, the final cause why this forest service should be held. As long as sinners are steeped in worldliness, so long will special means be needed to arouse them. This earliest and most attractive method should never be abandoned. Nor should it ever fail of making this work its chief mission. The church goes a-fishing in these green waters, fishing for lost sinners; and she should labour earnestly, at all such opportunities, for the only result that will meet the approval of her Master, the net full of saved souls."

In the first chapter of "Days of Power," from which we have culled the foregoing sentences of Bishop Haven's preface, the author is led to consider the spiritual condition of the Methodist churches of America, from the fact that, at the period of which he is writing, the Centenary of American Methodism had just been celebrated all over the land in their various places of worship and in the homes of the people, by "congratulations, songs of praise, and acts of consecration, befitting the grand occasion." Truly, the Lord had done great things for this division of the army of the living God. The "little one" has become, not "a thousand," but a vastly greater host, for the statistics showed

that with "terms of church-membership which are among the most stringent known in Protestant Christendom," the aggregate was 1,628,388 members; and it was carefully calculated that the aggregate population under the influence of its two leading churches was about seven million souls, more than one-fifth of the population of the nation. Mingling with the devout acknowledgments of a million of Methodist hearts it was nevertheless felt by many that they should "rejoice *with trembling*," seeing that the large amount of prosperity in the past, the greatness of their material appliances and their temporal resources, were calculated to foster denominational vanity, and tempt many to exclaim, "*Is not this great Methodism that we have builded?*" The "cry of the period" was undoubtedly for SPIRITUAL POWER, not only among the Methodists, but by all branches of the one church of Christ in the land. Our author then passes in review the various causes which had operated to produce a decay of spiritual vigour in his particular denomination, classifying them under six heads, the last being "*the general neglect of Camp Meetings*, they being in general disrepute, and well-nigh divested of saving influence."

Three questions very naturally arise here, What was the character of Camp Meetings in the earlier days of their institution? What were the causes which led to the neglect of such gatherings? And, further, Is the revival of the system desirable or practicable? The answers to the two latter inquiries are before us in Mr. Hughes's work. As to the first question, we shall now endeavour to bring together such particulars from the few sources of information within our reach as may throw some light upon the subject.

In Peter Cartwright's Biography there is the earliest mention we have been able to discover of a Camp Meeting, for such it was, although the term had not then been adopted. He thus describes the gathering:—

"Somewhere between 1800 and 1801, in the upper part of Kentucky, at a memorable place called 'Cane Ridge,' there was appointed a sacramental meeting by some of the Presbyterian ministers, at which meeting, seemingly unexpected by ministers or people, the mighty power of God was displayed in a very extraordinary manner; many were moved to tears, and cried aloud for mercy. The meeting was protracted for weeks. Ministers of almost all denominations flocked in from far and near. The meeting was kept up by night and by day. Thousands heard of the mighty work, and came on foot, on horseback, in carriages, and waggons. It is supposed that there were in attendance at times during the meeting from twelve to twenty-five thousand people. Hundreds fell prostrate under the mighty power of God, as men slain in battle. Stands were erected in the woods, from which preachers of different churches proclaimed repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and it was supposed by eye and ear witnesses that between one and two thousand souls were happily and powerfully converted to God during the meeting. It was not unusual for one, two, three, and four to seven preachers to be addressing the listening thousands at the same time from the different stands erected for the purpose. The heavenly fire spread in almost every direction. It was said by truthful witnesses, that at times more

than one thousand persons broke out into loud shouting all at once, and that the shouts could be heard for miles round. From this Camp Meeting, for so it ought to be called, the news spread through all the churches, and through all the land, and it excited great wonder and surprise; but it kindled a religious flame which spread all over Kentucky, and through many other States. And I may here be permitted to say, that this was the *first Camp Meeting* ever held in the United States, and here our Camp Meetings took their rise."

At the time the above meetings were held, Cartwright was not converted. He was in his sixteenth year, and resided with his parents in Kentucky State. Only a few months after the above events he was deeply convinced of sin. His mother, who was a godly woman, tried to point him to the Lamb of God; the class-leader and local preacher were sent for, but their prayers and exhortations left him still in deep distress of soul, and it was not until three months afterwards that he found peace and joy in believing. This took place at a similar meeting to the one we have described, and is thus related by himself:—

"In the spring of this year, 1801, Mr. M'Grady, a minister of the Presbyterian Church, who had a congregation and meeting-house, as we then called them, about three miles north of my father's house, appointed a sacramental meeting in his congregation, and invited the Methodist preachers to attend with them, and especially John Page, who was a powerful gospel minister, and was very popular among the Presbyterians. Accordingly he came and preached with great power and success. There were no Camp Meetings in regular form at this time; but as there was a great waking up among the churches, from the revival that had broken out at Cane Ridge, before mentioned, many flocked to these sacramental meetings. The church could not hold a tenth part of the congregation. Accordingly the officers of the church erected a stand in a contiguous shady grove, and prepared seats for a large congregation. The people crowded to this meeting from far and near. They came in their large waggons, with victuals mostly prepared. The women slept in the waggons, the men under them. Many stayed on the ground night and day for a number of nights and days together. Others were provided for among the neighbours around. The power of God was wonderfully displayed; scores of sinners fell under the preaching, like men slain in a mighty battle; Christians shouted aloud for joy.

"To this meeting I repaired, a guilty, wretched sinner. On the Saturday evening of said meeting, I went, with weeping multitudes, and bowed before the stand, and earnestly prayed for mercy. In the midst of a solemn struggle of soul, an impression was made on my mind, as though a voice said to me, 'Thy sins are all forgiven thee.' Divine light flashed all round me, unspeakable joy sprung up in my soul. I rose to my feet, opened my eyes, and it really seemed as if I were in heaven; the trees, the leaves on them, and everything seemed, and I really thought were, praising God. My mother raised the shout, my Christian friends crowded around me, and joined me in praising God; and though I have been since then in many instances unfaithful, yet I have never, for one moment, doubted that the Lord did, then and there, forgive my sins and give me religion."

This revival lasted for some years, and out of it arose the permanent institution of the Camp Meeting. At first the Presbyterians and the Methodists were united in the movement, and in concert made preparations for the gatherings, erecting their camps with logs, or framing them, and covering them with clap-boards or shingles. They would also erect a shed sufficiently large to protect five thousand people from wind and rain, build a large stand for the preachers and leaders, and here they would collect together the people from forty to fifty miles round, and even further than that. As many as twenty or thirty ministers of all denominations would gather to take part in these services, which would sometimes be prolonged for three or four weeks together; "and I will venture to assert," says Cartwright, "that many happy thousands were awakened and converted to God." After a time, however, owing to unhappy differences which it is needless here to detail, the conduct of these services remained almost entirely in the hands of the Methodists, and became incorporated with the regular work of their various circuits, some of which were so vast that hundreds of miles had to be travelled by the preachers—in one part of the country *six hundred miles* was the extent of the preacher's circuit; the opportunities of hearing the gospel under such circumstances, in a country very sparsely populated, caused these special gatherings to be highly valued and largely attended.

Thus far we have tried to ascertain the characteristics of the earliest Camp Meetings of America, and with an extract from the graphic pen of the author of the "Narrative of a Mission to Nova Scotia," we shall dismiss this part of our subject. The following is his description of one of these gatherings:—

"The tents are generally pitched in the form of a crescent, in the centre of which is an elevated stand for the preachers, round which, in all directions, are placed rows of planks for the people to sit upon while they hear the word. Among the trees, which spread their tops over this forest church, are hung the lamps, which burn all night, and give light to the various exercises of religion, which occupy the solemn midnight hours. It was nearly eleven o'clock at night when I first arrived on the border of the camp. I left my boat at the edge of the wood, one mile from the scene; and when I opened upon the campground, my curiosity was converted into astonishment, to behold the pendant lamps among the trees; the tents half encircling a large space; four thousand people in the centre of this, listening with profound attention to the preacher, whose stentorian voice and animated manner carried the vibration of each word to a great distance through the deeply umbrageous wood, where, save the twinkling lamps of the camp, brooding darkness spread a tenfold gloom. All excited my astonishment, and forcibly brought before my view the Hebrews in the wilderness. The meetings generally begin on Monday morning, and on the Friday morning following break up. The daily exercises are carried forward in the following manner: in the morning at five o'clock the horn sounds through the camp, either for preaching or for prayer; this, with similar exercises, or a little intermission, brings on the breakfast hour, eight o'clock; at ten, the horn sounds for public preaching, after which, until noon, the interval is filled up with little groups of praying

persons, who scatter themselves up and down the camp, both in the tents and under the trees. After dinner the horn sounds at two o'clock; this is for preaching. I should have observed that a female or two is generally left in each tent, to prepare materials for dinner, which is always cold meats, pies, tarts, tea, etc., the use of ardent spirits being forbidden. A fire is kept burning in different parts of the camp, where the water is boiled. After the afternoon preaching, things take nearly the same course as in the morning, only the praying groups are upon a larger scale, and more scope is given to animated exhortations and loud prayers. Some who exercise on these occasions soon lose their voices, and, at the end of a Camp Meeting, many of both preachers and people can only speak in a whisper. At six o'clock in the evening the horn summons to preaching, after which, though in no regulated form, all the above means continue until evening; yea, and during whatever part of the night you awake, the wilderness is vocal with praise."

From all we can gather, it appears that from the year 1801, or within a year or two of that date, these Camp Meetings multiplied wherever Methodism obtained a footing in the New World, and again and again are we told that from these battle-fields the war-cry echoed through the woods—"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," and many were the slain of the Lord. The Spirit of God was invoked to breathe upon the slain, "and behold, a shaking, and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army." And yet the millennium has not come; and the knowledge of the Lord has not yet covered the face of that great continent. The onward tramp of God's host was not a march of victory, for other forces were in the field; and, after long years of service in the camp, some of the foremost of the veterans were heard lamenting that the Camp Meetings were almost given up, not because the foe was vanquished, but because the Prince of Darkness had outwitted the servants of Christ, and converted the battle-field into Vanity Fair, and the holy days of the Christian warrior into the holidays of the worldling. There were dark shadows as well as bright sunshine on the pictures we have described. In our next paper we shall look at the landscape as painted from another point of view, and shall then understand the reasons why this peculiar institution became inefficient, and fell into disrepute.

(To be continued.)

The Minister's Ordinary Conversation.

A COLLEGE LECTURE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

OUR subject is to be the minister's common conversation when he mingles with men in general, and is supposed to be quite at his ease. How shall he order his speech among his fellow-men? First and foremost, let me say, let him give himself no ministerial airs, but avoid everything which is stilted, official, fussy, and pretentious. "The Son of Man" is a noble title; it was given to Ezekiel, and to a greater than he: let not the ambassador of heaven be other than a son of man. In

fact, let him remember that the more simple and unaffected he is, the more closely will he resemble that child-man, the holy child Jesus. There is such a thing as trying to be too much a minister, and becoming too little a man; though the more of a true man you are, the more truly will you be what a servant of the Lord should be. Schoolmasters and ministers have generally an appearance peculiarly their own; in the wrong sense, they "are not as other men are." They are too often speckled birds, looking as if they were not at home among the birds of their native country; but awkward and peculiar. When I have seen a flamingo gravely stalking along, an owl blinking in the shade, or a stork demurely lost in thought, I have been irresistibly led to remember some of my dignified brethren of the teaching and preaching fraternity, who are so marvellously proper at all times that they are just a shade amusing. This very respectable, stilted, dignified, important, self-restrained manner is easily acquired; but is it worth acquiring?

Theodore Hook once stepped up to a gentleman who was parading the street with great pomposity, and said to him, "Sir, are you not a person of great importance?" and one has felt half inclined to do the same with certain brethren of the cloth. I know brethren who, from head to foot, in garb, tone, manner, necktie, and boots, are so utterly *parsonic* that no particle of manhood is visible. One young sprig of divinity must needs go through the streets in a gown, and another of the High Church order has recorded it in the newspapers with much complacency that he traversed Switzerland and Italy, wearing in all places his biretta; few boys would have been so proud of a fool's cap. None of us are likely to go as far as that in our apparel; but we may do the like by our mannerism. Some men appear to have a white cravat twisted round their souls, their manhood is throttled with that starched rag. Certain brethren maintain an air of superiority which they think impressive, but which is simply offensive, and eminently opposed to their pretensions as followers of the lowly Jesus. The proud Duke of Somerset intimated his commands to his servants by signs, not condescending to speak to such base beings; his children never sat down in his presence, and when he slept in the afternoon one of his daughters stood on each side of him during his august slumbers. When proud Somersets get into the ministry, they affect dignity in other ways almost equally absurd. "Stand by, I am holier than thou," is written across their foreheads.

A well-known minister was once rebuked by a sublime brother for his indulgence in a certain luxury, and the expense was made a great argument. "Well, well," he replied, "there may be something in that; but remember, I do not spend half so much upon my weakness as you do in starch." That is the article I am deprecating, that dreadful ministerial starch. If you have indulged in it, I would earnestly advise you to "go and wash in Jordan seven times," and get it out of you, every particle of it. I am persuaded that one reason why our working-men so universally keep clear of ministers is because they abhor their artificial and unmanly ways. If they saw us, in the pulpit and out of it, acting like real men, and speaking naturally, like honest men, they would come around us. Baxter's remark still holds good: "The want of a familiar tone and expression is a great fault in most of our

deliveries, and that which we should be very careful to amend." The vice of the ministry is that ministers will *parsonificate* the gospel. We must have humanity along with our divinity if we would win the masses. Everybody can see through affectations, and people are not likely to be taken in by them. Fling away your stilts, brethren, and walk on your feet; doff your ecclesiasticism, and array yourselves in truth.

Still, a minister, wherever he is, is a minister, and should recollect that he is on duty. A policeman or a soldier may be off duty, but a minister never is. Even in our recreations we should still pursue the great object of our lives; for we are called to be diligent "in season and out of season." There is no position in which we may be placed but the Lord may come with the question, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" and we ought to be able at once to answer, "I have something to do for thee even here, and I am trying to do it." The bow, of course, must be at times unstrung, or else it will lose its elasticity; but there is no need to cut the string. I am speaking at this time of the minister in times of relaxation; and I say that even then he should conduct himself as the ambassador of God, and seize opportunities of doing good: this will not mar his rest, but sanctify it. A minister should be like a certain chamber which I saw at Beaulieu, in the New Forest, in which a cobweb is never seen. It is a large lumber-room, and is never swept; yet no spider ever defiles it with the emblems of neglect. It is roofed with chestnut, and for some reason, I know not what, spiders will not come near that wood by the year together. The same thing was mentioned to me in the corridors of Winchester School: I was told, "No spiders ever come here." Our minds should be equally clear of idle habits.

On our public rests for porters in the City of London you may read the words, "Rest, but do not loiter;" and they contain advice worthy of our attention. I do not call the *dolce far niente* laziness; there is a sweet doing of nothing which is just the finest medicine in the world for a jaded mind. When the mind gets fatigued and out of order, to rest it is no more idleness than sleep is idleness; and no man is called lazy for sleeping the proper time. It is far better to be industriously asleep than lazily awake. Be ready to do good, then, in your resting times and in your leisure hours; and so be really a minister, and there will be no need for you to proclaim that you are so.

The Christian minister out of the pulpit should be a sociable man. He is not sent into the world to be a hermit, or a monk of La Trappe. It is not his vocation to stand on a pillar all day, above his fellow-men, like that hair-brained Simon Stylites of olden time. You are not to warble from the top of a tree, like an invisible nightingale; but to be a man among men, saying to them, "I also am as you are in all that relates to man." Salt is of no use in the box; it must be rubbed into the meat; and our personal influence must penetrate and season society. Keep aloof from others, and how can you benefit them? Our Master went to a wedding, and ate bread with publicans and sinners, and yet was far more pure than those sanctimonious Pharisees, whose glory was that they were separate from their fellow-men. Some ministers need to be told that they are of the same species as their hearers. It is a remarkable fact, but we may as well state it, that bishops, canons,

archdeacons, prebendaries, rural deans, rectors, vicars, and even archbishops, are only men after all; and God has not railed off a holy corner of the earth to serve as a chancel for them, to abide therein by themselves.

It would not be amiss if there could be a revival of holy talk in the churchyard and the meeting-yard. I like to see the big yew-trees outside our ancient churches with seats all round them. They seem to say: "Sit down here, neighbour, and talk upon the sermon; here comes the pastor; he will join us, and we shall have a pleasant, holy chat." It is not every preacher one would care to talk with; but there are some whom one would give a fortune to converse with for an hour. I love a minister whose face invites me to make him my friend—a man upon whose doorstep you read, "*Salve*," "*Welcome*;" and feel that there is no need of that Pompeian warning, "*Cave Canem*," "*Beware of the dog*." Give me the man around whom the children come, like flies around a honey-pot: they are first-class judges of a good man. When Solomon was tried by the Queen of Sheba, as to his wisdom, the rabbis tell us that she brought some artificial flowers with her, beautifully made and delicately scented, so as to be fac-similes of real flowers. She asked Solomon to discover which were artificial and which were real. The wise man bade his servants open the window, and when the bees came in they flew at once to the natural flowers, and cared nothing for the artificial. So you will find that children have their instincts, and discover very speedily who is their friend, and depend upon it the children's friend is one who will be worth knowing. Have a good word to say to each and every member of the family—the big boys, and the young ladies, and the little girls, and everybody. No one knows what a smile and a hearty sentence may do. A man who is to do much with men must love them, and feel at home with them. An individual who has no geniality about him had better be an undertaker, and bury the dead, for he will never succeed in influencing the living. I have met somewhere with the observation that to be a popular preacher one must have bowels. I fear that the observation was meant as a mild criticism upon the bulk to which certain brethren have attained; but there is truth in it. A man must have a great heart if he would have a great congregation. His heart should be as capacious as those noble harbours along our coast, which contain sea-room for a fleet. When a man has a large, loving heart, men go to him as ships to a haven, and feel at peace when they have anchored under the lee of his friendship. Such a man is hearty in private as well as in public; his blood is not cold and fishy, but he is warm as your own fireside. No pride and selfishness chill you when you approach him; he has his doors all open to receive you, and you are at home with him at once. Such men I would persuade you to be, every one of you.

The Christian minister should also be very cheerful. I don't believe in going about like certain monks whom I saw in Rome, who salute each other in sepulchral tones, and convey the pleasant information, "Brother, we must die;" to which lively salutation each lively brother of the order replies, "Yes, brother, we must die." I was glad to be assured upon such good authority that all these lazy fellows are going to die; upon the whole, it is about the best thing they can do; but,

till that event occurs, they might use some more comfortable form of salutation.

No doubt there are some people who will be impressed by the very solemn appearance of ministers. I have heard of one who felt convinced that there must be something in the Roman Catholic religion, from the extremely starved and pinched appearance of a certain ecclesiastic. "Look," said he, "how the man is worn to a skeleton by his daily fastings and nightly vigils! How he must mortify his flesh!" Now, the probabilities are that the emaciated priest was labouring under some internal disease, which he would have been heartily glad to be rid of, and it was not conquest of appetite, but failure in digestion, which had so reduced him; or, possibly, a troubled conscience, which made him fret himself down to the light weights. Certainly, I have never met with a text which gives prominence of bone as an evidence of grace. If so, "The Living Skeleton" should have been exhibited, not merely as a natural curiosity, but as the standard of virtue. Some of the biggest rogues in the world have been as mortified in appearance as if they had lived on locusts and wild honey. It is a very vulgar error to suppose that a melancholy countenance is the index of a gracious heart. I commend cheerfulness to all who would win souls; not levity and frothiness, but a genial, happy spirit. There are more flies* caught with honey than with vinegar, and there will be more souls led to heaven by a man who wears heaven in his face, than by one who bears Tartarus in his looks.

Young ministers, and, indeed, all others, when they are in company, should take care not to engross all the conversation. They are quite qualified to do so, no doubt; I mean from their capacity to instruct, and readiness of utterance; but they must remember that people do not care to be perpetually instructed; they like to take a turn in the conversation themselves. Nothing pleases some people so much as to let them talk, and it may be for their good to let them be pleased. I spent an hour one evening with a person who did me the honour to say that he found me a very charming companion, and most instructive in conversation, yet I do not hesitate to confess that I said scarcely anything at all, but allowed him to have the talk to himself. By exercising patience I gained his good opinion, and an opportunity to address him on other occasions. A man has no more right at table to talk all than to eat all. We are not to think ourselves Sir Oracle, before whom no dog must open his mouth. No; let all the company contribute of their stores, and they will think all the better of the godly words with which you try to season the discourse.

There are some companies into which you will go, especially when you are first settled, where everybody will be awed by the majesty of your presence, and people will be invited because the new minister is to be there. Such a position reminds me of the choicest statuary in the Vatican. A little room is screened off, a curtain is drawn, and lo! before you stands the great Apollo! If it be your trying lot to be the Apollo of the little party, put an end to the nonsense. If I were the Apollo, I should like to step right off the pedestal and shake hands all round, and you had better do the same; for sooner or later the fuss they make about you will come to an end, and the wisest course is to

end it yourself. Hero-worship is a kind of idolatry, and must not be encouraged. Heroes do well when they, like the apostles at Lystra, are horrified at the honours done to them, and run in among the people crying, "Sirs, why do ye these things? We also are men of like passions with you." Ministers will not have to do it long; for their foolish admirers are very apt to turn round upon them, and if they do not stone them nearly to death, they will go as far as they dare in unkindness and contempt.

While I say, "Do not talk all, and assume an importance which is mere imposture;" still, do not be a dummy. People will form their estimate of you and your ministry by what they see of you in private as well as by your public deliverances. Many young men have ruined themselves in the pulpit by being indiscreet in the parlour, and have lost all hope of doing good by their stupidity or frivolity in company. Don't be an inanimate log. At Antwerp Fair, among many curiosities advertised by huge paintings and big drums, I observed a booth containing "a great wonder," to be seen for a penny a head; it was a *petrified man*. I did not expend the amount required for admission, for I had seen so many petrified men for nothing, both in and out of the pulpit—lifeless, careless, destitute of common sense, and altogether inert, though occupied with the weightiest business which man could undertake.

Try to turn the conversation to profitable use. Be sociable and cheerful and all that, but labour to accomplish something. Why should you sow the wind, or plough a rock? Consider yourself, after all, as being very much responsible for the conversation which goes on where you are; for such is the esteem in which you will usually be held, that you will be the helmsman of the conversation. Therefore, steer it into a good channel. Do this without roughness or force. Keep the points of the line in good order, and the train will run on to your rails without a jerk. Be ready to seize opportunities adroitly, and lead on imperceptibly in the desired track. If your heart is in it and your wits are awake, this will be easy enough, especially if you breathe a prayer for guidance.

I shall never forget the manner in which a thirsty individual once begged of me upon Clapham Common. I saw him with a very large truck, in which he was carrying an extremely small parcel, and I wondered why he had not put the parcel into his pocket, and left the machine at home. I said, "It looks odd to see so large a truck for such a small load." He stopped, and looking me seriously in the face, he said, "Yes, sir, it is a very odd thing; but, do you know, I have met with an odder thing than that this very day. I've been about, working and sweating all this 'ere blessed day, and till now I havn't met a single gentleman that looked as if he'd give me a pint of beer, till I saw you." I considered that turn of the conversation very neatly managed, and we, with a far better subject upon our minds, ought to be equally able to introduce the topic upon which our heart is set. There was an ease in the man's manner which I envied, for I did not find it quite so simple a matter to introduce my own topic to his notice; yet if I had been thinking as much about how I could do him good as he had upon how to obtain a drink, I feel sure I should have succeeded in reaching my

point. If by any means we may save some, we must, like our Lord, talk at table to good purpose—yes, and on the margin of the well, and by the road, and on the sea-shore, and in the house, and in the field. To be a holy talker for Jesus might be almost as fruitful an office as to be a faithful preacher. Aim at excellence in both exercises, and if the Holy Spirit's aid be called in, you will attain your desire.

Here, perhaps, I may insert a canon, which nevertheless I believe to be quite needless, in reference to each one of the honourable brethren whom I am now addressing. Do not frequent rich men's tables to gain their countenance, and never make yourself a sort of general hanger-on at tea-parties and entertainments. Who are you, that you should be dancing attendance upon this wealthy man and the other, when the Lord's poor, his sick people, and his wandering sheep require you? To sacrifice the study to the parlour is criminal. To be a tout for your church, and waylay people at their homes to draw them to fill your pews, is a degradation to which no man should submit. To see ministers of different sects fluttering round a wealthy man, like vultures round a dead camel, is sickening. Deliciously sarcastic was that famous letter "from an old and beloved minister to his dear son" upon his entrance into the ministry, the following extract from which hits our present point. It is said to have been copied from the *Smellfungus Gazette*, but I suspect our friend Paxton Hood knows all about its authorship:—"Keep also a watchful eye on all likely persons, especially wealthy or influential, who may come to your town; call upon them, and attempt to win them over by the devotions of the drawing-room to your cause. Thus you may most efficiently serve the Master's interests. People need looking after, and the result of a long experience goes to confirm my conviction, long cherished, that the power of the pulpit is trifling compared with the power of the parlour. We must imitate and sanctify, by the word of God and of prayer, the exercises of the Jesuits. They succeeded not by the pulpit so much as by the parlour. In the parlour you can whisper—you can meet people on all the little personal private ideas. The pulpit is a very unpleasant place; of course it is the great power of God, and so on, but it is the parlour that tells, and a minister has not the same chance of success if he be a good preacher as if he is a perfect gentleman; nor in cultivated society has any man a legitimate prospect of success if he is not, whatever he may be, a gentleman. I have always admired Lord Shaftesbury's character of St. Paul in his 'Characteristics'—that he was a fine gentleman. And I would say to you, be a gentleman. Not that I need to say so, but am persuaded that only in this way can we hope for the conversion of our growing, wealthy middle classes. We must show that our religion is the religion of good sense and good taste; that we disapprove of strong excitements and strong stimulants; and oh, my dear boy, if you would be useful, often in your closet make it a matter of earnest prayer that you may be proper. If I were asked what is your first duty, *be proper*; and your second, *be proper*; and your third, *be proper*."

In all probability, sensible conversation will sometimes drift into controversy, and here many a good man runs upon a snag. The sensible minister will be particularly gentle in argument. He, above all men, should not make the mistake of fancying that there is force in temper,

and power in speaking angrily. A heathen who stood in a crowd in Calcutta, listening to a missionary disputing with a Brahmin, said he knew which was right though he did not understand the language—he knew that he was in the wrong who lost his temper first. For the most part, that is a very accurate way of judging. Try to avoid debating with people. State your opinion and let them state theirs. If you see that a stick is crooked, and you want people to see how crooked it is, lay a straight rod down beside it; that will be quite enough. But if you are drawn into controversy, use very hard arguments and very soft words. Frequently you cannot convince a man by tugging at his reason, but you can persuade him by winning his affections. The other day I had the misery to need a pair of new boots, and though I bade the fellow make them as large as canoes, I had to labour fearfully to get them on. With a pair of boot-hooks I toiled like the men on board the vessel with Jonah, but all in vain. Just then my friend put in my way a little French chalk, and the work was done in a moment. Wonderfully coaxing was that French chalk. Gentlemen, always carry a little French chalk with you into society, a neat packet of Christian persuasiveness, and you will soon discover the virtues of it.

And lastly, with all his amiability, *the minister should be firm for his principles, and bold to avow and defend them in all companies.* When a fair opportunity occurs, or he has managed to create one, let him not be slow to make use of it. Strong in his principles, earnest in his tone, and affectionate in heart, let him speak out like a man and thank God for the privilege. There need be no reticence—there should be none. The maddest romances of Spiritualists, the wildest dreams of Utopian reformers, the silliest chit-chat of the town, and the vainest nonsense of the frivolous world, demand a hearing and get it. And shall not Christ be heard? Shall his message of love remain untold, for fear we should be charged with intrusion on account of cant? Is religion to be tabooed—the best and noblest of all themes forbidden? If this be the rule of any society, we will not comply with it. If we cannot break it down, we will leave the society to itself, as men desert a house smitten with leprosy. We cannot consent to be gagged. There is no reason why we should be. We will go to no place where we cannot take our Master with us. While others take liberty to sin, we shall not renounce our liberty to rebuke and warn them.

Wisely used, our common conversation may be a potent means for good. Trains of thought may be started by a single sentence which may lead to the conversion of persons whom our sermons have never reached. The method of button-holing people, or bringing the truth before them faithfully, has been greatly successful: but this is another subject, and can hardly come under the head of Common Conversation, but we will close by saying that it is to be hoped that we shall never, in our ordinary talk, any more than in the pulpit, be looked upon as nice sort of persons, whose business it is to make things agreeable all round, and who never by any possibility cause uneasiness to any one, however ungodly their lives may be. Such persons go in and out among the families of their hearers, and make merry with them, when they ought to be mourning over them. They sit down at their table,

and feast at their ease, when they ought to be warning them to flee from the wrath to come. They are like that American alarm I have heard of, which was warranted not to wake you if you did not wish it to do so.

Be it ours to sow beside all waters, and at the last great day to hear of glad results from the bread which we cast upon the waters in odd times and occasions, as well as of that good seed which we cast into the furrows of our public ministry.

Models of Prayer.

WE have been interested in looking through the Scriptures for the purpose of comparing the prayers therein recorded with those which we hear from time to time in public, and we are astonished to see how they differ in point, expression, directness, and, above all, in length, from those heard in these days in the Christian pulpit. It is not exaggeration to say that we have listened to a single prayer longer than the whole ten that we find in the Bible put together. The first is in Genesis xxiv. 12—14, and contains one hundred and ten words, and it is not more than one minute in length. The next is Exodus xxxiii. 12—15, and contains one hundred and eleven words, and is not over a minute long. The third is in Joshua vii. 7—9, and contains ninety words. The fourth is in 2 Kings xix. 15—19, the prayer of Hezekiah; it is composed of one hundred and thirty-four words, and two minutes would be ample time to repeat it. Another is found in Nehemiah i. 5—11, and is about two minutes in length; another is in Ezra ix. 6—15, and is about three minutes long; another is in 1 Kings viii. 23—61, an important dedicatory prayer, offered by Solomon himself, at the dedication of the temple, and it did not occupy more than six minutes; while that of Daniel, ix. 11—19, was probably four minutes long. In the New Testament, the prayer of our Saviour (John xvii.) is well known; it is contained in twenty-six verses, and is five minutes long; while *the* model prayer—the Lord's Prayer—is far briefer still. Now here are ten prayers, from those who certainly knew how to pray, and they are all less than thirty-five minutes long, or an average of three minutes each; and yet we sometimes hear men pray thirty and forty minutes, and after wandering all over the moral universe, and wearying their fellow-worshippers with vain repetitions, utterly fail of the prime object of all public prayer, to lift up the hearts of men to commune with heaven. It must be an extraordinary occasion, equal at least to the dedication of the Jewish temple in Jerusalem—an occasion that none of us shall ever see—to justify a prayer more than five minutes long. There are few "Oh's" and "Ah's" in these models; their authors do not often say, "O Lord, Lord," but tenderly, filially, directly, quietly, simply, they ask the blessing they desire, as though they were children who knew that they were addressing One who was more willing to give them good gifts than they were to ask them at his hand.—*Gospel Banner*.

Notices of Books.

[At this season of the year books pour in upon us; and, in order to oblige the publishers, we give a larger number of notices than usual, not, however, as we believe, to the injury of our readers, for we have tried to make the brief reviews as interesting as any other matter is likely to have been. Amid many engagements, it is not without hard labour that we have been able to examine with care so many works.]

The Interpreter, or, Scripture for Family Worship: being Selected Passages of the Word of God for every Morning and Evening throughout the Year, accompanied by a Running Comment and Suitable Hymns. Arranged and Annotated by C. H. SPURGEON. London: Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings.

WE have now published thirteen parts, and have completed the Old Testament. We should be very glad if many of our readers would commence to take it in as the new year begins. If we are spared, we shall complete it in eight more numbers. Among many pleasing reviews, none has given us more pleasure than the following, from Dr. Morison's *Evangelical Repository*:—"We have begun to use it at our own fireside, and can pronounce it to be an invaluable aid at the family altar." Now, differing as we do so decidedly from Dr. Morison upon some points of doctrine, it is noble of him to write in so kindly a manner, and we appreciate the act.

John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack. Price One Penny. Passmore and Alabaster.

A FRIEND sends us five shillings for the *Orphanage*, with the remark, "One line of the Almanack is worth the money," and another sends £20, with no other note than "Much obliged to you, John Ploughman." These are such pleasing reviews, that John Ploughman is greatly gratified with them, and hopes other critics will imitate their style.

Christmas Carols and New Year's Songs. By BENJAMIN GOUGH. Haughton and Co., and Book Society, Paternoster Row. Sixpence.

MR. GOUGH's Carols are sweet and tuneful, suitable to the festive occasion, yet full of holy meaning, as they should be. They deserve to be sung in every household.

The Baptist Almanack for 1874. Robert Banks, Raquet Court, Fleet Street.

A VERY useful compendium of information, of such a kind as a Baptist needs if he would be acquainted with his denomination. It will be especially valuable to residents in London.

THE yearly volumes of *The Band of Hope Review* and *The Family Friend* (S. W. Partridge and Co.), *Old Jonathan* (W. H. and L. Collingridge), *The Friendly Visitor*, *Children's Friend*, and *The Infant's Magazine* (Seeley, Jackson, and Haliday, and S. W. Partridge), are, each in its way, excellent. These magazines deserve to be encouraged by all who seek the benefit of their race. We cannot but heartily rejoice that the poison of polluted literature has in these monthly issues the very best of antidotes. We wish them all success. All bright with coloured covers, and cheap as possible, the annual volumes are just the things to give away for New Year's presents. For eighteenpence a delightful book is to be had, which to the minds of the youngsters is perfectly gorgeous in colour, and inexhaustible in interest.

Laurence Gilmore, Peasant and Pastor. By the late Rev. A. WILLIAMS, of Whalsay, Shetland. Oliphant and Co., Edinburgh.

A GOOD story of a herdboy who became a minister. It is a story which puzzles us to review, for it ought to be interesting, and has in it all the materials of an attractive book, but somehow or other it is not pleasant reading. The book is attractively got up.

John Colton; or, the Successful Factory Lad. A new Temperance Tale of Lancashire Life. By C. DUXBURY. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

A TALE with seven morals all connected with total abstinence. We have no doubt it will find delighted readers, though it certainly does not fascinate us.

Of children's books we have before us a considerable store. *Uncle Ned's Stories of the Tropics* (Religious Tract Society) is "something like a book," as our Bob would say. Illustrated magnificently, and full of lively stories, it must be very popular with boys. *Babes in the Basket* and *Ben's Boyhood* are two of Partridge and Co's very beautiful productions. Both in type, illustrations, and matter, Messrs. Partridge run the Tract Society very hard, and are most worthy rivals. *Frank, the Record of a Happy Life*, is from the press of Morgan and Scott, and is more spiritual than the preceding books. It is likely to be very useful, if boys can be induced to read it. Elder youths should peruse it prayerfully, and it is likely to prove a great blessing to them. *Florrie Ross, or the Voice of the Snowdrops*. By Mary Onley. (Kent and Co.) A very nice book, but why put such a hideous scratch for a frontispiece? A little girl is saying, "Look, Murphy, are not these pretty?" and our reply on behalf of Murphy is, "No, they are dreadfully ugly, and so are you, and so am I." Pull out the frontispiece, and the book is commendable. *Willie's Sunday Chats with Mamma*. By Rev. Matthew Brown. (Partridge and Co.) Very good, but we fear a little heavy. Mamma could throw in a few lively pieces while reading it to Willie, and she would find it a great help in the Sabbath evening lesson. *Ballads for Boys and Girls*, and *Nuts and Crackers for Christmas*. (Sunday School Union.) These are two genuine juvenile Christmas books, costing, we suppose, about a shilling each. *Nuts and Crackers* should be a general favourite with lovers of riddles.

The Genius of the Gospel: a Homiletical Commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew. By DAVID THOMAS, D.D. Dickinson and Higham.

WE do not wonder that this valuable volume has reached the seventh thousand. We might differ from many of its statements, and criticise its style of expression, but we could not speak too highly of the suggestive and instructive character of the work. No collection of Biblical comments will be complete without this.

Brief Memorials of the late Rev. Thomas Toye, Belfast. By his Widow. McCormick, 61, Donegal Street, Belfast.

MR. TOYE was a famous winner of souls. Celebrated in his day for holy ardour, mixed with a dash of eccentricity, he was a man widely known and heartily beloved. His widow has lovingly done her work, but she is evidently a novice at book-writing. Such a life deserves a biographer of the most skillful and accomplished character, and we trust that Mrs. Toye's affectionate tribute may be but the precursor of a fuller memoir. There must have been enough of incident and of racy speech in connection with Mr. Toye to have made him a choice subject for the pen of a ready writer.

Lyrics of Ancient Palestine, poetical and pictorial. Illustrations of Old Testament History. Religious Tract Society.

PENCIL and pen have vied with each other to produce a volume worthy of the land of prophets and seers. The poetic selections are exquisite, and the engravings all that could be desired; the work is an elegant luxury, and will adorn any drawing-room table or ladies' boudoir.

John Bunyan: an Autobiography. With illustrations engraved by Whymper. Religious Tract Society.

A SPLENDID book as a work of art, and incomparable for matter, being "Grace Abounding," and other personal narratives of the great allegorist. This deserves to be the favourite Christmas book of the season, and to be largely purchased all the year round.

The Divine Glory of Christ. By the Rev. CHARLES J. BROWN, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

WE are right glad to see another and enlarged edition of this most gracious little book. Dr. Charles Brown's ministry is a peculiarly edifying one, and here we have a cluster of its ripe fruits. The devout reader will not only find confirmation of the doctrine of our Lord's divinity, but will be helped to behold as in a glass the beauty of the great King.

Recollections of my Own Life and Times.

By THOMAS JACKSON, Wesleyan Conference Office.

It was our lot to be chained by the foot all day in bed, and we beguiled the weary hours by reading every line of this volume. We were amused, entertained, and instructed, but not spiritually edified. Our estimate of Thomas Jackson is a very high one: we reverence his grey hairs, his holy character, and his great attainments. We reckon it among the pleasurable memories of our life that we once enjoyed private personal intercourse with him for some hours, and received many tokens of friendship at his hands. We therefore appeal from Thomas Jackson's "*Recollections*" to our own recollections. In this book Thomas Jackson gives very little clue to his inner life, yet he was a deeply spiritual man. Here he appears as a rigid Methodist, and nothing more; but he was really a large-hearted, generous being. From his "*Recollections*" he would seem to have been a pugilistic Arminian; but in conversation with us he was so little controversial that he even expressed pleasure at our Calvinism, because he knew that it would keep us evangelical; and whatever its error might be, it was infinitely better than the shifting sand of "modern thought." We get in this book the man's old clothes rather than the man, until you come to his last days, and then others exhibit to you the real Thomas Jackson, the saint, the father in Christ, the veteran in the Lord's army. We suppose that the practical character of Thomas Jackson's mind, and his unaffected modesty combined to keep back his recording his inner soul, or else the perpetual labours of his life thrust the work of introspection into the background. Somebody else ought to write this good man's life; he was far better qualified to write of John Goodwin than of himself. He has not done himself justice; the very points in which we expected most are altogether overlooked. We marked with our pencil a few of many incidents which will be new to our readers.

"In a winter's evening, when my father occupied his arm-chair, and his children formed a circle round the fire, I have known him relate some ghost-

story, till our hair has stood on end, and every face indicated unutterable terror. He would then, with a smiling countenance, tell us that we might all go, one by one, but without a candle, into the chamber where the apples were kept, and appropriate to ourselves as many as we chose, knowing that not one of us durst venture into the dark, tempting as was the offer, and strong as were the cravings of the appetite for the pleasant fruit. He then laughed at our childish fears, but he could not allay them by any forms of ridicule that he could devise, so deep is the conviction in the human mind that there is a spiritual world, closely bordering upon that in which we live."

"Like other aged men, Mr. Taylor took pleasure in relating the particulars of his early history, and especially of his life as a Methodist preacher, including his intercourse with Mr. Wesley and Mr. Fletcher; his adventures in Scotland, where he spent some years; and the events which he witnessed in the various Circuits where he had laboured. Among other things, he told me that one day Mr. Wesley was walking up a hill with several of his preachers, when he was getting out of breath, which he was unwilling to confess. Then stopping suddenly, he said, 'I am surprised, brethren, at your want of taste. You are pressing up the hill, regardless of the beautiful prospect that is behind you.' Having directed their attention to the different objects in the plain below, he called upon them to sing,—

'Ye mountains and vales, in praises
abound;
Ye hills and ye dales, continue the
sound;
Break forth into singing, ye trees of
the wood;
For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to
God.'

While they sang he recovered his breath; and then the aged man was able to keep pace with his more vigorous companions."

"The Rev. Thomas Stanley was an upright, sensible, and devout man; his voice was not strong, nor was his speech fluent; but he preached the truth with clearness and fidelity, and his sermons possessed one peculiarity, which many

hearers regard as an excellence—they were always brief. To me he was a sincere and constant friend. His wit was ready, and when it was necessary he could administer an effective rebuke to insolence and folly. A man in Leeds, whose name I forbear to mention, was expelled from the Society for bad conduct, and yet used to force his way into the love-feasts and other private meetings, to the great annoyance of the people. One Saturday evening, when Mr. Stanley had just pronounced the blessing at the close of the band-meeting, the intruder exclaimed, 'Mr. Stanley, I accuse you before these people of having taken away my character!' 'Have I taken away your character?' responded Mr. Stanley. 'You have, sir,' rejoined the man. 'I am glad to hear it,' answered Mr. Stanley; 'it is the best thing that could ever have been done for you. I hope the next character you get will be a benefit to you. I am sure the last would not.' The man knew not what to say. The people smiled and retired. He told me that once, when he was preaching at Sheerness, a sailor was in the congregation, and feeling that the sermon did not proceed with due rapidity, exclaimed, 'Come, sir, crowd a little more sail there!' Mr. Stanley, who was not ignorant of nautical terms, promptly answered, 'I will, as soon as I have weathered this point.'"

A Day with Christ. By Rev. SAMUEL COX. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

Mr. Cox has attained a high position as an expositor, and we set much store by anything which he writes. This book embodies an excellent idea well wrought out. The day chosen is that in which our Lord raised the daughter of Jairus and healed the woman who touched the hem of his garment, and Mr. Cox has handled the many interesting details most admirably. We must, however, enter our protest against his calling the woman who was healed by the name of *Veronica*. Legends and traditions have quite sufficient honour paid to them when they are simply mentioned, and then passed over; but to entitle a chapter in a Scriptural exposition "The Healing of Veronica" is too much of a very doubtful thing. No woman who

possessed the faith which glorified the Lord Jesus so greatly would have been so weak-minded as to erect a statue to his memory, especially in an age when such a work of art would have been universally regarded as connected with idolatry. No other disciple of Jesus appears to have thought of obtaining a portrait, or setting up a bust of the Redeemer. The whole story, despite the authority of Eusebius, has a savour about it not all sweet to the nostrils of truth. Let Papists keep Veronica and her pocket-handkerchief to themselves; we prefer the gospels without the adornment of tradition. If Mr. Cox introduces one of these tales, Mr. Box may palm another upon us, and so on *ad nauseam*; we think it best to bar the door against the whole company of holy fictions.

Born Again; or, the Soul's Renewal.

By ARTHUR PHELPS, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

SOUND and judicious teaching upon one of the weightiest, and at the same time most difficult of subjects. Right glad are we that our American friends are contributing to our literature so much that is purely evangelical and yet deeply thoughtful and learned. Dr. Phelps writes for the studious and meditative, and such will find meat such as their soul loveth in this little volume. Works upon regeneration are few, we thank the author of "The Still Hour" for increasing their number so worthily.

The Early Heroes of the Temperance Reformation. By WILLIAM LOGAN. Houlston and Sons.

INTERESTING to total abstainers as a record of the labours of their pioneers. The author has made the most of his materials, which are not so overburdened with incident as to make the work too romantic. We do not think that young people are likely to become so absorbed in it as to read it in bed, and put the house in peril of fire from their candle, nor will many early birds be up before the sun, and lose their necessary sleep through being too much engrossed with its pages. It is a safe book, and will neither set the Thames nor the Clyde on fire.

City Sparrows, and who fed them. By RUTH LYNN. Religious Tract Society.

ANOTHER delicious story, after the manner of "Jessica's First Prayer." The bare announcement is enough to secure purchasers innumerable. Since that first child-story, so rich in pathos and grotesque in scenery, many pens have sketched ragged boys and girls with more or less success; and as we hope that in every case the result will be to excite sympathy for the poor little Arabs, we welcome every story. The present is a touching, godly tale, and will find many readers.

The New Handbook of Illustration; or, Treasury of Themes, Meditations, Anecdotes, Analogies, etc. Elliot Stock.

THIS is intended to be a companion to "The New Cyclopædia of Illustrative Anecdote," formerly issued by the same publisher. We consider it to be a great improvement upon the former volume, and likely to be of much service to ministers and Sunday-school teachers. We wonder why these cyclopædias fight so very shy of the doctrines of grace. We ought, perhaps, rather to be thankful for what they give us than for what they omit; but we should have been glad to see a textual index. The present is a handsome volume, and would make a suitable Christmas present for a minister. We hope several of our readers will treat their pastors to a copy, and they will have a reward in the improved sermons which they may expect to hear.

Bright Beads on a Dark String; or, Visits to the Haunts of Vice; being a narrative founded on personal adventure amongst the criminal class. By ARTHUR MURSELL. Longley, Faringdon Street.

STRANGE adventures, truly, and such as could only happen to an Arthur Mursell, who is at once one of the ablest and most remarkable of ministers, the only one of his kind, nature having broken the mould in which his mind was cast. "Bright Beads on a Dark String" is a touching, witty, semi-humorous, pathetic story, the worst point about it being that there is so very little of it.

Protestant Hymns and Songs for the Million. By BENJAMIN GOUGH. Haughton & Co. Price Sixpence.

WELL sung, Mr. Gough! Good, healthy rhymes are yours! Let the boys and girls learn them by heart, and sing them up and down the streets. Here are a few specimen verses, taken from a "Song for Ritualists." We hope the rogues will enjoy it.

What are ye but base traitors!

Minions of the Pope,
Mumming Bible-haters,
Clad in stole and cope!
Jesuits, Monks, and Friars,
In the Church's pale,
Perjurers and liars!
Idol-priests of Baal!

Bound at ordination,
By a solemn oath,
To your God and Nation,
And now false to both!
Sworn the Pope to banish,
And the Romish crew,
Now your oaths all vanish—
Vanish like the dew!

Sworn against "Confession,"
"Blasphemous deceit,"
Saintly intercession,
Purgatorial cheat!
Sworn to rive asunder,
The old Popish chain,
Now each lying wonder
Bringing back again!

Incense, vestments, tapers,
Bowings, crossings, bells,
Pantomimic capers,
Dark Monastic cells,
Everlasting masses,
Morning, noon, and night;
Monks who dress like asses,
Nuns in black and white!

Hypocrites, mendacious,
Eat the Church's bread,
Yet with hands audacious,
Smite the Church's Head!
Sap her deep foundation,
Rase her ancient wall;
Shout in acclamation
As her ramparts fall!

Out! your sleek grimaces,
Popish fraud begat,
Renegades—two faces
Wear beneath one hat!
This Protestant trepanning
Leads to axe and rope.
Be honest! Dr. Manning
Will show you to the Pope.

Light and Shadow. By L. L. McL. B. Partridge and Co.

WELL-MEANT rhymes: we have seen worse and better.

The Gospel Mystery of Sanctification. By WALTER MARSHALL. James Taylor, Edinburgh; and Hamilton, Adams, and Co., London.

THIS work treats of a subject peculiarly interesting at this hour, when the doctrine of perfection, so much debated of old, is again advocated vehemently. This edition is printed in large type, suited even to the aged. No commendation on our part will be needed after the reader has glanced his eye over the two following opinions. William Cowper, the poet, wrote to his cousin, "I think Marshall one of the best writers, and the most spiritual expositor of Scripture I ever read. I never met with a man who understood the plan of salvation better, or was more happy in explaining it." Dr. Chalmers says of Marshall on Sanctification, "He is at present my daily companion, nor do I know an author who sets forth the gospel in a way so suited to promote the conjoint interests of peace and holiness." James Hervey wrote, "Were I to be banished to a desert island, possessed only of two books besides my Bible, this should be one of the two, perhaps the first that I should choose."

Selections from the Poems of Charlotte Elliott. Author of "Just as I am."

With a Memoir by her Sister. Religious Tract Society.

THESE poems need no commendation. Several hymns by Miss Elliott have become the language of the universal church in her sacred song, and thereby the name of the poetess has been placed in the list of those whom we love rather than criticise. The memoir is a deeply spiritual record of a quiet and holy life. A photographic portrait makes the work complete. The Religious Tract Society has done well to issue the volume.

Essays by John Foster. Religious Tract Society.

EVERY educated man finds it indispensable to be acquainted with John Foster's essays. We are very grateful to the Tract Society for issuing such a capital edition. It is clearly and carefully printed, and can be read without injuring the eyes by the smallness of the type or the closeness of the lines. It is, in fact, a standard library edition.

A Book of Marvels, Incidents Original and Selected, Illustrative of Primitive Methodism, &c. By the Rev. W. ANTLIFF, D.D. E. Stock.

FROM the disgraceful manner in which many of the pages of our copy are printed, one would suppose ink to be very dear. If a book is worth printing, it is worth printing well. Economy in ink is the worst possible economy. Dr. Antliff is unfortunate in being so badly represented by his printer. The volume is a marvellous mixture of things good, bad, and indifferent. The facts which concern Primitive Methodism are deeply interesting, but a little judicious omission would have been a great improvement. We thought far better of the Primitives, and still do think better of them, than this book alone would have led us to do. They might almost say, "Save us from our friend." Many incidents may be funny, grotesque, and romantic, and yet it may not be to edification to tell them; the sooner they are forgotten the better. The good Doctor has collected with the most praiseworthy industry, but his heap wanted sifting. Joe Millers so venerable that our grandfathers' grandfathers thought them stale, ought not to be put down as marvels, except for their longevity; had they been left out, no one would have been a whit the loser. So far in dispraise. On the other side, we are bound to say, that this volume will cause great amusement where it is read. It is full of incident, and is never dull, and perhaps gives a better glimpse into the inside of the Primitive family than could be obtained elsewhere. That community deserves all honour for its zealous and self-denying labours, and Dr. Antliff, who is labouring to raise the scale of ministerial education among his brethren, is worthy of our warmest admiration and sympathy for his efforts in that direction.

Earnest Exhortations on the most important Subjects. By the Rev. F. BOURDILLON, M.A., Rector of Woolbeding, Sussex. Religious Tract Soc.

VERY good, simple papers, suitable for tracts. The doctrines are sound, and the appeals to the heart are earnest. The book is printed in a fine large type.

The Philosophy of the Cross. By the Rev. ROBERT MCCHEYNE EDGAR, M.A., Dublin. Hodder and Stoughton.

Nor the gospel adulterated with speculations, or coagulated into metaphysics, but an instructive arrangement of the influences of the cross. The headings of the chapters may suggest discourses to our preaching friends, and therefore we transcribe them. "The Apparent Inadequacy of the Cross (1 Cor. i. 18); the Attractive Power of Christ's Cross (John xii. 32); the Cross the Instrument of Self-knowledge (Luke ii. 34, 35); the Cross the Instrument of Conviction of Sin (Acts ii. 23); the Cross affording an Atoning Sacrifice (Isa. liii. 10, 11); the Cross a Revelation of the Divine Love (Rom. v. 8); the Cross Revealing the Fatherhood of God (John viii. 28, 29); the Direct Effects of the Cross of Christ (John xix. 19); the Cross Defeating the Devil (Heb. ii. 14, 15); the Cross the Instrument of Regeneration (John iii. 14, 15); the Cross the Instrument of Repentance (Zech. xii. 10); the Cross the Instrument of Unselfishness (2 Cor. v. 15); the Cross the Instrument of Self-sacrifice (1 John iii. 16); the Cross the Instrument of Mortification (Rom. vi. 6, 7); the Cross the Instrument of Unworldliness (Gal. vi. 14); the Cross the Instrument of Contentment (Heb. xii. 3, 4); the Cross

the Instrument of Sanctification (John xvii. 19); the Cross the Instrument of Christian Zeal (Titus ii. 14); the Cross the Instrument of the Communion of Saints (1 Cor. x. 16, 17); the Cross and the Union of Christendom (Eph. ii. 14, 17); the Cross the Guarantee of all Covenant Blessings (Rom. viii. 32); the Cross still Studied in Heaven (Rev. v. 12)."

It is a good book, and deserves to be widely circulated. It might have been better, but we are grateful for it as it is.

The Highway of Holiness. By the Rev. C. GRAHAM. John F. Shaw and Co., 48, Paternoster Row.

EVERY attempt to raise the church to a higher standard of faith and holiness has our hearty concurrence. Such is the object of this book. It reveals a tree planted in the heart of every true believer that bears all manner of fruit. It is very scriptural and devout, somewhat desultory in style and arrangement, and apparently too much occupied with impressions as they rise experimentally, to attend to literary requirements. We sincerely hope that the author's earnest prayer may be fulfilled,—that a gracious God may use the truths which it contains to uplift its readers into greater nearness to himself.

Notes.

Instead of a number of short paragraphs, we will give a little of our experience during the last three weeks at the Tabernacle. Our life is as full of toils, troubles, joys, and difficulties as ever it can hold, and is crowded with incidents.

MONDAY, DEC. 1.—At five o'clock there was tea in one of the larger vestries, and nearly all the elders were present, with the two pastors. The occasion was a very happy one, for we were met to pray for two beloved young brethren who had given themselves up to the Lord for service among the heathen. One of these is Mr. Brown, the son of our late well-beloved elder, Mr. Charles Brown, who fell asleep in Jesus a few months ago, the other was a student from the College, our distant kinsman, Mr. Robert Spurgeon. Both of these brethren are choice men in spirit and character, and have the love and respect of all who know them. It was very delightful to hear the fervent prayers of our three oldest brethren for these young soldiers of the cross, and the earnest "amens" of all the assembled officers. Our two friends told us, in plain unaffected terms, how they had been led to think of mission work. The pastors and elders gave them each one of Bagster's best Bibles, to be carried in their pockets as a love-token, and then we all adjourned into the Tabernacle to the public prayer-meeting. Dr. Underhill had come from the Missionary Society, and he gave us a most interesting address in reference to India; but the interest of the meeting centred in a speech by Mr. Brown, the young missionary. It was beautiful for simple faith and unassuming confidence in God; the tone was

manly and determined, yet humble and devout. Mr. Robert Spurgeon did not speak, for he is to take his turn at Stepney Tabernacle, seeing our beloved brother Archibald Brown is his pastor. Our heart was very glad. Long have we prayed for missionaries to spring from the church and college, and now the beginning of the answer is come. We have two brethren in Spain; Mr. Groombridge is in China, and another is studying at the Medical Mission in Edinburgh for foreign service. Blessed be God for this. Oh that we could see hundreds going forth, and had ways and means of helping them!

THURSDAY, DEC. 4.—Mrs. Brown, the excellent mother of the young missionary, came to tell us that her son had sailed. It increased our joy in God to see how willing she was to part with one who since her husband's death has seemed so necessary to her and the whole of the family. We congratulated her upon having such a son. We saw that the spirit had battled with nature and had won the victory. We shall have more sons offering themselves as living sacrifices when we have more such mothers.

FRIDAY, DEC. 5.—Meeting of the Trustees at the Orphanage. We were not well enough to be there, but quite able to understand the result of the monthly settlement of accounts. During the week a friend gave us £50. Mr. Chown, of Bradford, kindly sent £125, the result of a collection generously voted to us, and with other sums we had more than £700 in hand. The time had, however, come for new suits for the orphans, and other matters incident to the season, and to our dismay the report of the secretary was, "*All bills paid, but only £3 left.*" This was a very sweeping business, but we saw that it was even so. Prayer went to work at once, and not without results. Will the reader, however, picture himself with more than 220 boys to feed and £3 in hand! He may say, "The Lord will provide," but would he feel that truth if he were in our straits? From the date above mentioned we have lived on, but it has been very much in the style known as from hand to mouth. Day by day has the manna fallen, not much more than a day's supply at a time, but still enough to carry us on. It is very sweet to see how the Lord provides. A friend in Sweden sent us help, and another from Belgium; both unknown to us. A young man sends 6s. 6d., being threepence per week of his first wages, adding, "May it please the Lord to put it into the hearts of many to support you in your great undertaking." A brother with a large family offers some potatoes and turnips, and remarks that since he has given to the Orphanage he has been much the gainer by improved crops. A donor, who is accustomed to store weekly for the Lord, speaks of the plan as greatly beneficial. One who sends a considerable donation says, "I never write a cheque for you without feeling very sorry that I cannot make it ten times as much." As it is now pretty generally known that our expenses, exclusive of our income from property, amount to £10 a day, two or three gentlemen have sent us each a day's supply; and while the ink is yet in our pen we are pleasantly interrupted by the postman with two cheques of £10 each from Cardiff. Having soon to start for the south of France, we should be grateful to our heavenly Father if he would enable us to go away with some little store left on hand for the trustees to pay their way with in our absence; the more especially because the College and other objects are in almost as much need as the Orphanage. Nevertheless, the Lord will provide in his own way: we are quite sure of that. To our many helpers our gratitude abounds. Among them are many from Scotland, who speak of reading our sermons to their own comfort and edification. We thank all, both rich and poor, in the name of the orphan's God. At this moment our income and outgoings are about equally balanced, and we still have little or no reserve. So let it be if so the Lord wills. Never have we before been so long a time with the meal so near the bottom of the barrel; but there is, no doubt, wisdom in it, and when the design is answered our exchequer will be replenished.

This day two other students expressed their desire to become missionaries to the heathen. When they are more advanced in their studies, I hope they will prove to be suitable men; I think they are of the right spirit.

MONDAY, DEC. 8.—To-day two students took leave of us; they are crossing over to America to preach the word as the Lord may open doors for them. They are right worthy brethren, and our prayers attend them. On the same day we had an interesting episode. A certain brother in Christ, Francisco Tudury de la Torre, from Minorca, called at the Tabernacle last Wednesday. He could only speak Spanish and some little French, and no one upon the spot could comprehend him. The gentleman, however, managed to make it understood that he wished to see Mr.

Spurgeon, and in writing was told to come at 6 p.m. At six in the morning a very tall Spanish gentleman might be dimly seen, amid a dense fog, walking up and down in front of the Tabernacle, which he found to be as fast closed as a fortress. Alas, the good brother had mistaken six to mean early morning instead of six in the evening. At nine the College opened, and the Spanish brother made his appeal for some one to speak to him. Now it so happened that there is in the College a Portuguese or Brazilian student named Senhor Santos, who at once saluted the Don, and correspondence was opened. This led to my seeing Don Francisco in the afternoon of December 8, in company with Senhor Santos, Mr. Bull, the grandson of the Bull of Newport Pagnall, and Mr. Daniels, a member of the Tabernacle, who has learned Spanish solely with the view of preaching to Spanish sailors. A very delightful conversation we had, and the upshot was that we arranged that our brother Don Francisco should be baptised on Thursday, for for that purpose had he journeyed from Minorca, and that we would give him some help towards erecting a chapel in the island of Minorca, where he has for some years been labouring as an evangelist. His letters of recommendation were ample, his personal consecration is indisputable, and his views of truth are clear. He deserves the help of all believers in his earnest endeavours to bless his countrymen.

The prayer-meeting was very interesting, for this interview led us to ask Mr. Daniels to give some account of his work among the Spanish sailors in the docks, which he did in a most interesting manner, and at one time sang a verse or two of a Spanish hymn. This called up the Don and the Senhor, and all three together sang the praises of Jesus in the language of the Peninsula. Our Spanish brother gave an address, and Mr. Daniels interpreted. Mr. Daniels has been working in concert with Mr. George Lawrence, who is now at Barcelona, and Mr. Heffell, a city missionary, of whom we hope to know more ere long. The plan of our brethren is to hold up Testaments, handsomely bound, and ask in Spanish if they may come on board the vessel to give them away. Permission is generally granted, and so the brethren gain access to the mariners. After Mr. Daniels had finished his address we begged him to give us some notes of the Spanish work, and here is the paper which he gave us. We are delighted to insert it as sent to us:—

SPANISH MISSIONS.—“While for years past efforts have been put forth for the spiritual enlightenment of many nations, Spain had well nigh been forgotten. Nor was this without reason, for until the recent revolution the report of the benighted land was always summed up in significant words: ‘Closely shut up.’ Yet were there some whose hearts the Lord had touched, and some useful work was done by the Spanish Evangelisation Society of Edinburgh, as also by other means. Tourists were supplied with Testaments, portions, and tracts, to distribute quietly whenever opportunity offered. Many thousand copies of God’s Word were sent into Spain in boxes hidden under the coals of the railway locomotives going through from France. Many were the willing hands put out to help this work, and one Catholic Irish engine driver, pitying the state of the priests and people, rendered very signal service. Another plan resorted to while the cloud of persecution hung over the land, was to convey a large number of tracts folded up and stamped as Spanish book-post parcels; thereby passing the frontiers without challenge, and scattering far and wide the precious seed. Only the great day will unfold all the results, but such result were then actually seen as to make the holy fathers of Mother Church remarkably uneasy, and the Matamoras Alhama persecution, with other gentle reminders of Catholic infallibility, followed; but the end came. Isabel ceased to reign, and the gospel was free. Space will not allow us to speak of all the measures taken by earnest labourers in this portion of the vineyard, but the fruit of one undertaking has especially commended itself to our notice. The mission of Mr. George Lawrence, of Gracia, Barcelona, took its rise from a Bible stall, and has in the space of a few years established seven schools in which religious and secular instruction is given, four services, and one Sunday-school. In the latter gathering some 300 children are found, while the total number of adults and little ones amount to 1,500. A purely gospel magazine, ‘El Evangelista,’ is published monthly. The whole of this work has grown without the aid of any society or paid collectors, but in answer to earnest prayers and simple faith. The writer’s attention was drawn by providence to this valuable agency of the Lord, and, through the means of some addresses given at chapel and schools, funds have been sent out, and picture cards, electrotypes, a printing press, etc., forwarded to Mr. Lawrence. We are now about to publish in Spanish a few of Pastor Spurgeon’s gems, Mr. Bishop’s

Tracts for Children, etc., as the nucleus of a child's library. The necessity of this will be seen when the fact is made known, that for the teeming hundreds who attend our services, etc., only *one* specimen of soul-saving literature for the young is in print. We leave this portion of our labour to the prayerful consideration of our fellow disciples, and turn to the subject of

"*The mission work amongst Spanish seamen in London.* Throughout the London, St. Catharine's, West India, and Victoria Docks, vessels from Spain, various parts of the Mediterranean, South America, &c., are found largely manned by Spaniards, who in early life had not the slightest religious training, and whose faith was limited to images, pictures, and the most darkened form of prayer. The Master, not unmindful of these debased and neglected souls, anointed brethren to visit, read to, and pray with the sailors. Through the means of these labours the clouds of ignorance and superstition have, we trust, often yielded to the rays of the Holy Spirit. It is often invidious to mention names, but justice compels us to speak of the indefatigable efforts of Mr. Hoffell, through whose unremitting labours hundreds of these foreign seamen have become interested in divine things. It should be mentioned that a Protestant service in Spanish is held in the rooms called 'La Iglesia de San Pablo,' in Wellclose Square. Senhor Santos, a young Brazilian (at present a student in Mr. Spurgeon's College), and another member of the Tabernacle Church, have been moved to take part in this branch of Christian service: the harvest is very great and the labourers always few. In visiting the vessels, opposition is now very rarely encountered, officers and crews very generally being anxious to receive the Bibles, Testaments, and other books sent by the Lord. Reading and expositions of the Scriptures to willing listeners follow, and sometimes, to our great joy, earnest prayer is offered in the cabins amid reverent silence. How richly are we then repaid for any exposure to inclement weather, or risk of limb and life while passing from ship to ship. A feeling of unutterable happiness often fills our heart, which we feel sure is not in our soul alone. The great High Priest has lighted fire in the living censers, which shall send up eternal incense in praise and glory to the Father of all. Asking an English officer on board the 'Caspio' as to whether any effects of our teaching were evident, he replied, 'Your books are always read whenever the poor fellows can get time; several have much taken to religion, and there is one who is no sooner ashore in Seville than he is off to Don Juan Cabrera's chapel, and takes as many of his companions as possible with him.' Reference has been made to the distribution of Holy Writ. Through the munificence of the Trinitarian Bible Society every facility for supplying all Spanish and Portuguese vessels is offered; nor should the importance of this privilege be forgotten, as the Scriptures are carefully preserved, being taken into Spain and the Colonies. Some idea may be formed of the influence of the Word from incidents which came under our notice. A mariner asked us for a Bible; having seen the blessed effect of its study upon a relative years before, he desired to be likewise benefited. While the Peninsula is distracted with intestine strife, it is consoling to reflect that we are applying the only balm for troubled nations, and therefore we will continue to wear this gentle yoke, praying the Lord to come quickly and end all ignorance, sin, and sorrow, with an eternal 'Peace, be still.' Any contribution in aid of the seamen's work will be welcome, but help in the *publication of the children's books is urgently needed*, and will be received by Mr. Blackshaw, Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, S.E."

DEC. 11.—Don Francisco was baptised, and our brother Mr. Daniels interpreted his confession of faith. We hope to send him home rejoicing, if friends will help. This same evening a gentleman from Montreal came into the vestry to tell us of the happy death of a sister who had been a member of our church. He told us that a train ran off the line while he was travelling upon the Grand Trunk, and that two of the carriages telescoped into one another, smashing scores of persons and leaving others badly injured. Among those who were nearly killed was the sister in membership with us. She was taken out from the *débris*, and, with her two dead children, laid down in a fallow field by the roadside, upon such odds and ends of cushions and coats as could be got together. Our informant said, "I noticed how calm and quiet the poor soul was, and I said to her, 'Arn't you a Christian?' 'Yes,' said she, 'I belonged to Mr. Spurgeon's church, but I have been some time out here, and have not lived as near to Jesus as I ought to have done. Still, the Lord Jesus is my rock, and all is well.'" She remained quite quiet, while another woman, a Catholic, who was laid by her side, continued to shriek, call upon

	£	s.	d.
Alice	0	0	1
A Stirling Reader of Sermons	0	10	0
Mrs. Senpel	1	0	0
Mrs. Miller	1	0	0
Children of the Sunday-school, Darvel	0	5	0
Mr. W. Paterson	0	3	6
Mr. E. Taylor	1	1	0
H. H.	0	7	6
Odd Farthings and Halfpence taken at the Metropolitan Store	0	8	3
Mr. A. Lamberton	5	0	0
Mrs. Knott	0	5	0
John Ploughman's Almanack	0	5	0
A Stranger	0	2	6
M. D.	0	2	6
A Widow's Mite	0	1	0
Mr. Priestley	5	0	0
Sermon Readers, Inverness	1	10	0
A Sermon Reader, Edinburgh	1	0	0
A Sincere Well Wisher	1	0	0
Mrs. Wallace	0	10	0
Miss Boyd	0	10	0
Hambrook	0	10	0
A Poor Mother	0	1	0
Mrs. Taylor	0	2	6
Mr. A. Liddle	0	10	0
Collected by G. H., Shields	2	7	6
E. T. W.	0	6	6
Moiety of Collection at Sion Chapel, Bradford, after Sermons by C. H. Spurgeon	125	0	0
Mr. J. Henderson	1	0	0
Mr. E. Davis	0	10	0
Two Teachers at U. P. Mission School, Crossgate	0	10	0
Mr. A. M. Macarthur	0	5	0
Matthew xxv. 40	2	0	0
Mr. J. Henderson	0	2	6
A Sincere Unknown Friend	0	2	0
A Constant Reader	0	1	0
D. C.	0	1	0
Mr. A. Colvins	5	0	0
Yorkshire	1	0	0
Romans vi. 7 and 8	1	0	0
Mr. R. J. Wilkinson	5	0	0
Mr. J. Walker	1	0	0
Miss M. Grant	1	0	0
Mr. W. Carter, Sen	2	2	0
Mr. R. S. Faulkner	10	0	0
A. B.	2	0	0
Legacy, per Miss Birt	20	0	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Mr. W. Booth	1	0	0
Miss H. Howell	0	5	0
Mr. J. Ridgway	5	0	0
Dr. Mills	1	0	0
E. Chambers	0	2	6
Mrs. Gooding (Box)	1	3	3
Mrs. Gooding	1	0	3
C. C.	0	2	6
Collected at College Wharf Saw Mills, Lambeth, per Mr. R. Klieckman	0	11	8
Mrs. Clark	0	0	11
Mr. C. H. Price	1	0	0
Miss Walbran	5	0	0
Chesterfield	0	1	0
M. T. S., a Grateful Reader of Sermons	1	0	0
Mr. R. Hindle	1	0	0
Mr. E. Morgan	1	0	0
Mr. W. Paine	1	0	0
Mr. J. Johnstone	2	0	0
A Reader, Gateshead	0	5	0
A Cobbler	1	0	0
Mrs. Turner	2	0	0
A Friend, Deptford	1	0	0
J. K.	5	0	0
Aberdeen	10	0	0
Mr. N. P. Sharman	10	0	0
W. M.	20	0	0
A Reader of Sermons, Inverness	1	0	0
A Constant Reader	0	1	0

	£	s.	d.
H. H.	0	2	6
Mr. W. Cremer	2	0	0
Rev. T. W. Medhurst's Bible Class	3	0	0
A Member of the Church of England	0	2	0
J. S. B.	0	5	0
Mr. G. J. Cockburn	5	0	0
Mr. J. Rettie	2	0	0
"For One Day," per Rev. A. G. Brown	10	0	0
Mrs. Turnbull	1	0	0
Miss R. Underwood	0	13	0
Miss Fitzgerald	0	5	0
Miss S. Muir	1	17	1
Mr. Pasfield	0	10	0
Mrs. Rutherford	0	6	6
Collection at Pence, per Rev. J. Collins	6	11	0
Mrs. Evans, Sale of Bazaar Goods	1	5	0
Mr. A. Pearson	1	1	0
Contribution, per Mr. T. Byford	59	6	7
Mr. Rawlings	0	10	0
Mr. E. B. Sargeant	0	10	0
Miss B. Thora	0	10	0
Mrs. Holloway and Friend	0	8	0
A Mite	1	0	0
Mrs. Shiels	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Brown	2	0	0
Mr. H. Aikman	1	0	0
Miss Pickworth	2	2	0
Stenhousemuir	0	5	0
A Friend	0	2	0
A. C. Corsham	0	1	6
A Humble Servant	0	2	0
Miss Katie Turnbull	0	3	3
Australia	1	0	0
Mr. J. Gillfllan	2	0	0
Children of Sabbath School, Coalburn	1	0	0
Mr. J. Laidlaw	1	0	0
Four Little Children	0	3	0
A Presbyterian	1	0	0
Mrs. Bent	0	5	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	1	13	9
<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>			
Mr. B. Bishop	1	1	0
Per Mrs. Withers:—			
Messrs. Helass and Co.	1	1	0
Mr. J. Boorne	0	10	0
Mr. J. H. Fuller	0	5	0
Mr. J. Withers (quarterly)	0	5	0
Mrs. Blackman	0	1	1
		2	2
Mrs. Pash, per Mrs. Evans	0	10	0
Mr. A. Pash	1	1	0
Mrs. Evans	0	5	0
The Baroness De Rothschild	2	2	0
Mr. Hands	2	10	0
	£547	13	7

For Christmas Dinner at the Orphanage.

	£	s.	d.
C. C. D.	0	10	0
J. S. M.	0	10	0
Mr. Payne	0	10	0
Mr. W. Smellie	2	2	0
Mr. Sturges	0	10	0
Miss Gatehouse	0	5	0
Mr. Aldridge	0	3	0
A. B. C.	0	2	0
Aberdeen	5	0	0
Mr. Joiner	1	1	0
Mr. J. Harper	1	0	0
A Sermon Reader, Gateacre	1	1	0
A. B. C.	0	6	8
A Sister in Christ	0	10	0
M. D. S.	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Finlay	1	0	0
Nursery Money Box	0	9	6
	£15	10	2

List of Presents for the Orphanage.—PROVISIONS:—3 Half Boxes Valentias, Mr. Fisher; Small Tin of Biscuits, Anon.; a Sheep, Mrs. Webster, per Mr. Conway; 120 Eggs, Janet Ward; Sack of Flour, Mr. Russell; 2 Sacks of Flour, a Friend, per Mr. Belsham; 13 Sacks of Potatoes, Mr. Cannon. CLOTHING:—10 Cotton Shirts, T. H. H.; Flannel ditto, Young Ladies' Working Association, Brixton Hall.

FOR SALE ROOM:—A Bracelet and Two Parcels of Goods, Friends at Newbury, per Mr. C. Gladdish.

FOR BOYS' CHRISTMAS TREAT:—Some Fruit for Pudding, Mr. J. T. Daintree; Toys for Christmas Tree, Mr. Zimmerman; some Chinese Toys, H. W. Goode and Co.

Donations per Mr. Charlesworth:—Mr. Hawthorn, 14s; Girls of the Practising School, Stockwell, 13s 4d; Two Sermon Readers, Kircaldy, 5s; Friends at Newbury, per Mr. Gladdish, £3 1s 6d; Mr. and Mrs. Chambers, per Mr. Vickery, £1; Mr. Verrell, 5s; Ninety-three Coins in Pillar Box, 7s 7d; Donation in ditto, acknowledged in *Christian World*, 10s. Boys' Collecting Cards:—H. Nicole, 10s 10d; E. Daniels, 1s 8d; Anon., 5s 5d. By sale of Seven Yards of Cloth, at 2s 6d per Yard, 17s 6d; Tailor's Cuttings, 19s 1d; Bones, loss amount charged for Linen Rags, 9s 6d.—Total, £10 0s 5d.

For Boys' Christmas Treat:—Mrs. Virtue, 10s; Mr. and Mrs. N., 10s; Mr. Gladdish, 5s; Mr. —, 5s.—Total, £1 10s.

College Buildings.

Statement of Receipts from November 20th to December 19th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Mrs. M. Kennedy	0	5	0	Miss E. Keble	0	2	6
Mr. J. Campbell	1	0	0	E. C.	0	4	0
J. J.	0	2	6	Mr. Powell	0	5	0
S. G.	0	5	0	Miss Gosling	0	1	6
C. S.	5	0	0	Mrs. Hamilton	0	2	6
Mrs. Allan	5	0	0					2	0	6
A Sermon Reader, Liverpool	1	0	0	Per Rev. H. A. Fletcher, Whitehaven:—						
Mrs. Virtue	5	0	0	Mr. Stalker	0	4	0
An Old Reader	0	5	0	Mr. Bent	1	0	0
D. C., Thurso	1	0	0	Mr. Jackson	0	10	0
A. H. M.	0	5	0	Mr. Adair	0	10	0
A Friend, Worthing	1	0	0	Mr. Walton	0	1	6
H. H.	0	7	6	Mr. R. Bone	0	2	0
Mr. H. G. Fisher	2	0	0	Mr. W. Bone, Jun.	1	0	0
Mrs. Moncrieff	3	0	0	Mr. Weild	0	2	0
Mr. T. Gregory	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Robertson	0	10	0
Mr. T. R. Phillips	25	0	0	Mrs. Franklin	0	2	6
Mr. Tapscott	1	1	0	Mrs. Bramley	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. James, per Messrs. Passmore and Co.	0	10	0	Mrs. Wilkinson	1	0	0
Katie	0	5	0	Mrs. R. Wilkinson	0	10	0
Mr. Nicholson	0	2	6	Mrs. Stalker	0	1	0
Mr. J. Johnstone	1	0	0	Mrs. Litt	0	5	0
A Sermon Reader	0	2	6	Mrs. Graves	0	2	0
A Friend, per Messrs. Passmore and Co.	1	0	0					0	2	6
Mrs. Evans	0	5	0	Per Rev. H. W. Simmonds, Syston:—						
Mr. J. Sprague	1	0	0	Collected by Miss Burchall	0	10	0
Miss Fitzgerald	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Simmonds	0	19	6
Per W. Julian, Cheltenham:—											1	9	6
Mrs. Lewis	0	5	0	Per Rev. A. J. Hamilton, Upper Stratton (additional)	0	15	0
Mr. Potter	0	5	0	Per Rev. E. J. Silvertown, Nottingham...	10	0	0
Mr. Webb	0	10	0	Rev. J. C. Mukish, Canada	1	0	0
Miss Watkins	0	1	0							
A Friend	0	1	6							
Miss Green	0	2	6					£78	8	6

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
<i>Subscriptions—</i>				Miss Burls	2	0	0
Miss Hadfield, for Isle of Wight District	10	0	0	Mr. Priestley	5	0	0
Mr. A. L. Brander	0	10	0	H. H.	0	5	0
Part of Collection at Metropolitan Tabernacle	10	0	0	Miss Gatehouse	0	2	6
Sheppey District, per Miss Whitehead...	5	0	0	A Friend	1	0	0
Mr. Scott	0	5	0	Mr. N. P. Sharmar	5	6	0
E. B.	25	0	0	Australia	1	0	0
<i>Donations—</i>								
A Friend	0	5	0					

A donation acknowledged in September from J. V. Toone, Esq., £5, should have been "Wilts and East Somerset Association."



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

FEBRUARY, 1874.

The Present Position of Calvinism in England.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

NO two men would or could give the same description of a battle. Their points of view would differ: their estimates of forces, and their emotions would be very divergent; and even their eyes would not be precisely the same instruments of observation. The four evangelists, though inspired, differ in their accounts of the same event. Equally accurate narratives may vary; in theory this may seem impossible, but it is matter of fact. To form a correct idea of the condition of religious thought would be far more difficult than to conceive the progress of a battle, or to record the doings of a great teacher. and a thousand persons might arrive at a thousand different conclusions, and yet be equally honest in their endeavour to be correct. We have said all this by way of guarding ourselves from seeming to impeach the truthfulness of the gentleman from whose opinion we are about to dissent. He sees from his point and we from ours; he has not our eyes, nor can we borrow his; the mists of Birmingham are slightly different from those of London, and the surroundings of the Birmingham School Board are not those of the Tabernacle; hence we can easily account for differing observations being equally conscientious.

Mr. Dale, in his admirable article published on Christmas-day in the *Daily Telegraph*, gives it as his opinion that Calvinism would be almost obsolete among Baptists were it not still maintained by the powerful influence of Mr. Spurgeon. The statement is most flattering to our vanity, but if we believed it, our intense sorrow for the low estate of

Calvinism would effectually quench the faintest approach to self-congratulation. It is because we think it to be a gross misstatement that we feel at all at ease in reflecting upon it. Our own judgment is the very reverse of that of Mr. Dale; and so far as the Baptists are concerned, we believe our information is likely to be at least as good as our friend's. So far as the whole range of Nonconformity is concerned, his information is very deficient, though upon the condition of his own denomination he is an unquestionable authority. He has done us the honour to call our teaching Calvinism, and we accept the name as eminently descriptive, though not perfectly so. We have no disposition to quarrel either for or against the title, and are content to be called Calvinistic, though in truth we are other things beside. Assuming our doctrine to be Calvinism, we are persuaded that the Calvinism which it is our delight to preach, so far from being an obsolete theory, is growingly operative upon the minds of a large section of Christian people.

Exaggerated Calvinism has its adherents in the Baptist body, and it has a small following among Mr. Dale's brethren of the Independent order, but it might with much truth be described as on the wane. Its leading ministers have fallen of late like leaves in autumn, and their successors are not forthcoming. Our friends are in an evil case; their own periodicals bewail their low estate, and ask, "By whom shall Jacob arise, for he is small?" We believe that these brethren, whatever their failings may have been, have done good service in keeping much precious truth stirring among the churches; and we should therefore rejoice to see them renew their youth, with more loving hearts and candid minds. They have been far too much despised and slighted. They ought not to be driven into isolation, but their alliance should be sought by their other Baptist brethren, and Christian intercourse would lead to mutual advantage. As far as we have had an opportunity of judging, the bands of exclusiveness are not so strong as they once were, and a more liberal spirit is asserting itself among them. It was not, however, to this ultra kind of Calvinism that Mr. Dale referred, for it has never been maintained by us, though we would ten thousand times rather embrace it in its most rigorous form, than fall into the any-thing-arianism of modern thought. Even the stern spirit of our high doctrine friends we would prefer to that of the new theology. We used to think that Hyper-Calvinists were sometimes rather acid, but since we have met with religious liberalism we count all things sweet in comparison with the proud, contemptuous airs of large-hearted bigots for liberality. Some articles of a certain free-thinking *Christian* paper, in their supreme contempt for "*the simple gospel*," exceed anything ever before manifested in that line; the art of sneering could no further go; they display a scorn which would be less intolerable if it could be regarded as the fruit of strong convictions. A strong, hard-shelled Calvinist holds his own tenaciously, because he believes that there are truths in the world worth holding, but your "cultured thinker" abhors in his magnificent soul all who will not make ducks and drakes of gospel doctrine after his own fashion.

But to return to our subject. Calvinism such as was taught by Owen, Charnock, Bunyan, Newton, Whitfield, Romaine, and men of

that class, is no more obsolete than is the law of gravitation, neither are its friends at all inclined to bewail its influence as dying out. Among the ministers of the Baptist denomination, there was never greater attachment to evangelical principles than at this moment, and those principles are more or less flavoured with the Calvinism now under discussion. Brethren whom we have known and loved for years, but who gave very great prominence to the angles of truth which look towards Arminianism, have of late years, to our knowledge, looked with a more genial eye upon the doctrines which face the opposite quarter of the compass. *They* might not admit that they are more Calvinistic, neither would we care for the term, but they certainly give more prominence to the grace of God, the work of the Holy Spirit, and the Godward side of salvation. What our Calvinism regards as sound views of truth are in the ascendant; without being ostentatious about it, the brethren are orthodox as a general rule, even when weighed in the scales of this reputedly "obsolete theory." Our intercourse among Baptist ministers is very free and easy, and considerably extensive, but we use no charity whatever when we gladly record the fact that we meet with very little with which we are not agreed. Occasionally they facetiously charge us with being as much an Arminian in some of our discourses as even the General Baptists could be, to which we reply with equal good will, that we are glad to see that they also can be as high in doctrine as the highest of us when the text requires it; and we wind up with the mutual acknowledgment that the truth of God is wider than either of the two great systems, and that there is some truth in both of them. If such Calvinism as this, and it is the Calvinism of Calvin, and the only one which we maintain, is really growing obsolete, we must henceforth doubt our ears and disbelieve the statements of the best of our brethren. If the sermons now preached in Baptist pulpits could all be printed, they would be found to contain vastly more of what we call Calvinism than they did twenty years ago. The party names and terms are less used, for which we are devoutly thankful, but the essence and spirit of that side of truth, which has for brevity's sake been called Calvinistic, are more powerful among us now than they ever were at any previous part of the century. We have in this matter a right to judge, because the question relates to that Calvinism which is "maintained by the powerful influence of Mr. Spurgeon," and therefore no man is more likely to know than Mr. Spurgeon himself. He is by no means a very sanguine soul, nor one given to flatter, and if he is found content with the progress of the Calvinism which he is said to maintain, the business cannot be in a very bankrupt condition.

Furthermore, it is well known to all who care to observe that the General Baptist churches entertain a very different feeling towards Calvinism from that which they have exhibited in former times when they saw it under harsher aspects. Exaggerated and distorted, it awoke the ire of the valiant leaders in their camp; exhibited in Scriptural proportions, it does not arouse their indignation, and in many instances commands their respect. It is a matter of fact that General Baptist churches, contain in them a considerable proportion of lovers of the doctrines of grace, and if a minister be but thoroughly in earnest in seeking the salvation of sinners, he will be none the less

loved by *General* brethren for preaching a full gospel as well as a free one. It may be said that we have gone down to these brethren quite as much as they have come up to us, and this is very possible; if truth lies in the valley between the two camps, or if it comprehends both, it is well for us to follow it wherever it goes. We have certainly not thrown away the Five Points, but we may have gained other five, and far be it from us to deny it; but this does not in the slightest degree affect the statement of our Birmingham friend, for it still remains a fact that the "Calvinism," or whatever it is, which is maintained by us, does not make us enemies among the General Baptists, but is read by thousands of them regularly, and ensures for us a warm place in their hearts, as many letters, donations, and kindly actions abundantly prove. Whatever it may be which we maintain, and we do not demur to Mr. Dale's description of it as Calvinism, for it contains a great deal of Calvinism, we are sure that far more of it is read and endorsed among General Baptists than at any other period in history.

It is also within our knowledge that *the Calvinism which it is our privilege to maintain* has a far larger influence among Methodists of all classes than a stranger might imagine. There are, of course, large numbers of sturdy Arminians who would feel it an insult to be suspected of the most mitigated Calvinism, but there are numbers of others of a different mind. We have often said that if you want a free grace sermon now-a-days, you will be as likely to get it in a Wesleyan chapel as anywhere. Many of their preachers only differ from us in the terms they employ; or if they do differ in theory, their objections lie rather against certain angular statements than against the general spirit of our doctrinal system. We have a delightful circle of friends among Wesleyans, and for the most part they appear to us to be in experience, and in the fundamentals of their creed as nearly like ourselves as an Israelite is to a Jew. In the pulpits of Methodists we are to be found continually preaching just the same doctrine as we do at the Tabernacle, and we receive no protests, but a great deal more of loving regard than we feel that we deserve. Our heart has often been melted by the warm-hearted congratulations of Wesleyan friends who have gloried in the gospel which we have proclaimed. The Baptists and the Wesleyans are natural allies, because both of us believe something, which is more than can be said of all Nonconformists. We equally hold by the atonement, the fall of man, regeneration by the Spirit of God, and justification by faith, and we do not leave these points to be moot questions among us; hence we are both driven and drawn into closer contact, and the result is at present, and will be still more so in the future, that we learn of one another. We catch the Wesleyan fire, and they do not close their eyes to our light. All haters of Ritualism and Rationalism are bound to come closer together, and they are evidently doing so. We are by no means dreaming, or living in a fool's paradise; we feel sure of the truth of our assertion, and one fact none can doubt, namely, that of the weekly circulation of our sermons, which contain this dreadful Calvinism, a very considerable part is found among Methodists of various kinds.

The theory, which "would be almost obsolete," is exercising such a degree of influence that we do not feel at all depressed. It is true that

it does not command the praises of the superfine pens of literary men, and it is as well it does not, for as a rule, they know less of real religion than any other class in society; but it has the love of the devout, experienced, established Christians of most of our churches. A generation wise in its own conceit may prefer a mingle-mangle of philosophical scepticism and metaphysics to the plain word of God, and the young ministers of a certain denomination may pander to this taste; but the bulk of Dissenters are still faithful to the old creed, and are restive under the new order of things. Murmurs deep, if not loud, come to us from many quarters; the sheep look up and are not fed, for "thought" is given to them instead of truth. Those who labour to smother "Calvinism" will find that it dies hard, and, it may be, they will come, after many defeats, to perceive the certain fact that it will outlive its opponents. Its funeral oration has been pronounced many times before now, but the performance has been premature. It will live when the present phase of religious misbelief has gone down to eternal execration amid the groans of those whom it has undone. To-day it may be sneered at; nevertheless, it is but yesterday that it numbered among its adherents the ablest men of the age; and to-morrow, it may be, when once again there shall be giants in theology, it will come to the front, and ask in vain for its adversaries. Calvinism, pure and simple, is but one form of Evangelism; it is not perfect, for it lacks some of the balancing truths of the system which arose as a remonstrance against its mistakes, but still it contains within it so large a measure of divinely immortal truth that it will never die. "Modern thought" is but the thistle-down upon the hill-side; the wind shall carry it away, but the primeval mount of "Calvinism," which is none other than Pauline or Christian doctrine, shall stand fast for aye.

Camp Meetings ;

AND

"DAYS OF POWER IN THE FOREST TEMPLE."

BY PASTOR J. L. KEYS, OF STREATHAM.

(SECOND PAPER.)

IN the remarkable autobiography of Lorenzo Dow, who was one of the originators of the Methodist Camp Meetings, there are two tractates written by this singular man, one "On Camp Meetings," the other, "A Defence of Camp Meetings." One sentence in the former is an instance of the ingenuity sometimes displayed by preachers in wrenching a few words of Scripture out of their connection to prove their point. Lorenzo having ransacked the Bible for passages to prove the divine appointment of Camp Meetings, finds in the then widespread opposition to them, by professor and profane, a conclusive argument for their scripturalness; our readers will appreciate his logic:—"Just before the consummation of all things, when Satan is loosed, a

'falling away takes place, the wicked compass the *camp of the saints*,' which could never happen if they had no camp."

These words (Rev. xx. 9) having been thus used by such an authority on the subject, we feel quite at liberty to employ them, "by way of accommodation," as our text at this time.

"They compassed the camp of the saints about." It will plainly appear, by reference to the passage before us, that no allusion is here made to the professing church. Nevertheless, in our consideration of the causes which contributed to the disuse of Camp Meetings, we must not omit to mention the determined opposition of many of the leaders of Methodism, and the dislike of the lovers of "the proprieties" to the wild fire which characterised much of the revival of the time, and even to the zeal which shamed their sloth. The truth in our text will, however, be best illustrated by the fact that the openly profane were the greatest enemies of the "Camp of the Saints," as the following incidents, from among *many* of the same kind, will abundantly prove. "The Backwoods' Preacher" must here be permitted to tell his own story.

"Our last quarterly meeting was a Camp Meeting. We had a great many tents, and a large turn out for a new country, and perhaps there never was a greater collection of *rabble and rowdies*. They came drunk, and armed with dirks, clubs, knives, and horsewhips, and swore they would break up the meeting. After interrupting us very much on Saturday night, they collected early on Sunday morning, determined on a general riot. At eight o'clock I was appointed to preach. About the time I was half through my discourse, two very fine dressed young men marched into the congregation with loaded whips, and hats on, and rose up and stood in the midst of the ladies, and began to laugh and talk. They were near the stand, and I requested them to desist, and get off the seats; but they cursed me, and told me to mind my own business, and said they would not get down. I stopped trying to preach, and called for a magistrate. There were two at hand, but I saw they were both afraid. I ordered them to take these men into custody, but they said they could not do it. I told them, as I left the stand, to command me to take them, and I would do it at the risk of my life." Cartwright made a dash at one of the ringleaders, who aimed a blow at him with a whip. Cartwright threw him down, and threatened "to pound his chest well if he didn't keep quiet." A rescue was attempted, in which a drunken magistrate took part. Cartwright delivered his prisoner to "a friend of order," and when the justice made a stroke at him he parried it, threw him down, and "jumped on him." There was, in short, a general *mêlée*; "the friends of order" rushed by hundreds on the mob; thirty were taken prisoners, and placed under guard in a tent till the following Monday, when they were then marched off, tried, convicted, and fined. In the meantime, however, order having been restored, an attempt was made to resume the preaching on the Sunday, but no preachers were to be found willing to hold forth. "Seeing we had fallen on evil times," says Peter, "my spirit was stirred within me. I said to the elder, 'I feel a clear conscience, for under the necessity of the circumstances we have done right; and now I ask you to let me preach.' 'Do,' said the elder, 'for there is no other man on

the ground can do it.' The encampment was lighted up, the trumpet blown, I rose in the stand and required every soul to leave the tents and come down into the congregation. There was a general rush to the stand. I requested the brethren, if ever they prayed in all their lives, to pray now. My voice was strong and clear, and my preaching was more of an exhortation and encouragement than anything else. My text was, 'The gates of hell shall not prevail.' In about thirty minutes the power of God fell in every direction, right and left, front and rear. It was supposed that not less than three hundred fell like dead men in mighty battle, and there was no need of calling mourners, for they were strewed all over the camp ground; loud wailings went up to heaven from sinners, and a general shout from Christians, so that the noise was heard afar off. Our meeting lasted all night, and Monday, and Monday night, and when we closed on Tuesday there were two hundred who had professed religion, and about that number joined the church."

On another occasion, at a large Camp Meeting, he adopted very different tactics in dealing with the rowdies. Knowing that a gang was present, bent on mischief, and learning who were the ringleaders—two brothers, "sons of fine members of the Methodist Episcopal Church"—he went to one of the brothers, and told him he wanted his help in keeping order, saying, "These rowdies are all afraid of you; and if you will help me, you shall be captain, and choose your own men." "He said he did not want to engage in that way; but if I would not bind him up too close, but let him have a little fun, a way off, he would then promise me that we should have good order in the encampment through the meeting."

"There came into the congregation a young, awkward fellow, that would trespass on our rules by seating himself all the time among the ladies. It was very fashionable at that time for the gentlemen to roach their hair; and this young man had a mighty bushy roached head of hair. I took him out several times from among the women, but he would soon be back again. I told J. P. I wished he would attend to this young man. 'Very well,' said he; and immediately sent off and got a pair of scissors, and planted his company about half a mile off; then sent for this young fellow, under the pretence of giving him something to drink. When they got him out there, two of them, one on each side, stepped up to him with drawn dirks, and told him they did not mean to hurt him if he would be quiet; but if he resisted or halloed he was a dead man. They said they only wanted to roach his hair, and put him in the newest Nashville fashion. The fellow was scared almost to death, but made no resistance whatever. Then one with the scissors commenced cutting his hair, and it was haggled all over at a masterly rate. When they were done shearing him they let him go, and he came straight to the camp-ground. Just as he entered it, I met him; he was pale as a cloth. He took off his hat, and said, 'See here, Mr. Cartwright, what them rowdies have done!' I had very hard work to keep down my risibilities; but I told him he had better say nothing about it; for if he did they might serve him worse. He soon disappeared, and interrupted us no more during the meeting."

These are not exceptional stories; the former scene was often

repeated. The rowdies would frequently lay their plans with the determination of breaking up the assemblies. They would have their waggons and tents for whisky shops and groggeries, and there were plenty of fellows of the baser sort to vend eatables, tobacco, and cigars. Every precaution was taken by the leaders to preserve order, by securing the services of constables, and sometimes a magistrate, or a sheriff or two, but on more than one occasion these worthies fraternised with the roughs rather than with the quiet and orderly part of the assembly; and on one occasion Cartwright *took a magistrate into custody*, and had him tried and fined. On a subsequent occasion, he having seized a very violent fellow, "jerked him over the waggon-bed, in which he was standing, among his whisky-barrels, and, as he fell, jumped on him," then informed him that if he did not surrender he would hurt him; the deputy-sheriff came up, and ordered Cartwright to let his prisoner go, threatening to knock him over, if he did not do so. "I told him," says Peter, "if he struck to make a sure lick; for the next was mine. An officer then commanded me to take this deputy-sheriff, and I did so. They marched him off with thirteen of the mob and the whisky-seller, and had them tried and fined. Doubtless there were many then as now, who would gravely question the propriety of Peter's conduct in taking the law into his own hands, whereas by the divine law it was enjoined that members of the church militant should be 'no strikers,' but this true successor of the apostles did not always realise the immediate presence of his Lord, and, like his great namesake, he used arguments which made the ears of his Master's foes to tingle, such as the Master himself would have forbidden; but we may well pardon any misguided zeal in the modern instances, as the Saviour did in the case of his early disciple; for our Peter himself confessed that although a believer in the theory of entire sanctification, he, at the time of these occurrences, was only sanctified '*in spots*.'"

We must now leave this part of our subject, as we can find no record of Camp Meetings later than 1841, at which the riot just described took place. In 1844, the subject of slavery greatly agitated the Methodist Episcopal Church, and "the great secession" took place. We think it may be assumed that from this period there was a general falling off in Camp Meetings, which some years later elicited the following lament from Peter Cartwright:—"I am sorry to say that the Methodist Episcopal Church of late years, since they have become numerous and wealthy, have almost let Camp Meetings die out. I am very certain that the most successful part of my ministry has been on the camp ground. There the Word of God has reached the hearts of thousands that otherwise, in all probability, never would have been reached by the ordinary means of grace. Their practicability and usefulness have, to some extent, been tested this year, 1856, in my district, Pleasant Plains; and I greatly desire to see a revival of Camp Meetings in the Methodist Episcopal Church before I go hence and am no more, or before I leave the walls of Zion. Come, my Methodist brethren, you can well afford to spend one week in each year, in each circuit or station, on the tented field. But there must be a general rally; it will be but a small burden if there is a general turn out; but if a few only tent, it will be burdensome, and will finally destroy Camp Meetings altogether."

With the changed circumstances of the country, the large growth of cities, the greatly increased facilities for travelling, and the higher respect for law and authority, during the last thirty years, a corresponding change took place in the character of Camp Meetings. When they were held, the difficulties to be overcome no longer arose from the rowdy element, but from a more refined species of worldliness; the opposition was not avowed, nay, the very idea of opposition would have been scouted. Public opinion had altered, but the enemy of all good works had merely modified his tactics to meet the different circumstances of the case, he had transformed himself into an angel of light; but his success was no less marked than when his myrmidons were most pronounced in their determination to stop the work of God. "Camp Meetings had become, to a large extent, places of recreation and pleasant social intercourse. Families secured their tenting-ground, put up swings for their children, arranged for the favourite croquet-game, and, in short, prepared for a week or ten days' relaxation in the grove. All this was very agreeable in its social and recreative features; but giving it the name of a Camp Meeting was a misnomer: and then the spirit of speculation was rife. Perhaps some weak society had a debt on their church or parsonage, or found it difficult to support a minister and pay other expenses; and they resolved to hold a Camp Meeting to help them out of their dilemma. Hence, the letting of privileges to keep boarding-tents, or stands for the sale of confectionery and tobacco, to the highest bidders. Unconverted men and nominal professors of religion were quick to avail themselves of the opportunities afforded to make money, and were not scrupulous oftentimes as to the means. The law of the Sabbath was shamefully violated at some of these meetings. On that holy day the country for miles around was in an uproar. Ice-cream and other unnecessary things were freely sold on that as on other days of the week; and the scene bore close analogy to Bunyan's picture of Vanity Fair. Ministers, too, were carried away by the current. They were to be seen at the tent-door, or in the grove, smoking cigars, and engaged in jocose conversation; and this, perhaps, while a handful of devoted men and women were struggling to conduct a prayer-meeting in front of the stand, with earth and hell arrayed against them. It is needless to say that conversions were rare on those occasions, and the work of sanctification small indeed. Here and there were honourable examples of Camp Meetings being run on different principles, and where a good degree of saving work was accomplished, but they were exceptions."

While many, in view of this state of things, were asking the question, "Whether Camp Meetings had not better be wholly abandoned?" there were others who saw in the institution a means of promoting the revival of doctrine and practice, the neglect of which they deplored. Believing that "the doctrine of ENTIRE HOLINESS was the great peculiarity of Methodism, and that it was her divinely ordered province to spread it throughout the land," they gave marked prominence to it in their ministrations, and sought the sympathy and co-operation of kindred minds in "reviving their peculiar work in the recollection of their people," and thus "marshalling them for noble advances."

We must here let the author of "Days of Power" give in his own words the account of the rise and progress of the "National Camp Meeting movement," reminding our readers that we are not discussing the doctrines enunciated, but merely giving a general history of the peculiar institution itself.

In 1867 a meeting of "ministers and laymen favourable to holding a Camp Meeting, the special object of which shall be the promotion of the work of entire sanctification," was convened by circular in the Methodist Book Room, Philadelphia. The call was very explicit. It was not to be an open question. The desirability and practicability had already been settled in the study of Rev. J. S. Inskip, New York. The meeting was simply to determine time and place, and make arrangements.

We can only afford space for a few sentences from the record of the day's proceedings at "The First Council." To irreverent ears they will sound rather spread-eagley, but such must bear in mind that the people whose national emblem is the eagle, are capable of higher flights of language than those whose escutcheon can only boast a sleepy old lion. The preliminary meeting is thus described:—

"Hallowed memories cluster around the council-chamber at 1018, Arch-street, Philadelphia. The morning of Thursday, June 13, 1867, will never be forgotten. It was an auspicious morning. A holy atmosphere seemed to pervade the room. The rustle of angels' wings was almost perceptible to mortal ear. The presence of the triune God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—was distinctly apprehended. Every face was bright; every spirit was joyous. Never did good men grasp each other more warmly by the hand. Who composed that assembly? Brother Osborn was there, ready to stand in his lot, and never more satisfied than that this was of God. The time-honoured Dr. Roberts occupied his place, his countenance glowing with delight. . . . Rev. J. S. Inskip shouted aloud the praises of God as he grasped each fraternal hand: he was full-nerved for the battle. The presiding elder, Rev. W. E. Bellard, genial, kind-spirited, determined, was in the company. The beloved disciple—our now ascended brother, Rev. A. Cookman—with his saintly face and dignified mien, was ready to be consecrated on this altar. . . . There was also mingling in that convocation a tall form, with a thoughtful countenance and martial bearing, looking as if he could lead valiant troops into action: that was Rev. Ruliff V. Lawrence, now ascended, like the beloved Cookman, to 'the palace of angels and of God.' After describing, in a similar style, an earnest prayer, the writer says, "A solemn awe rested upon the whole company. A divine hush was upon every spirit. The wealth of eternity was in every bosom," &c., &c., &c.

VINELAND, thirty miles below Philadelphia, was the scene of the first *Holiness Camp Meeting*. It is a town with a population of about ten thousand, "characterised by intelligence, culture, and social refinement." No place for the sale of intoxicating liquors is allowed within its precincts. It has, in the strongest form, a Prohibitory Law. The encampment was located in a city park, so called, embracing about forty acres. A large bower was constructed, covered over with branches of trees, and a very large tent was also

erected, and every arrangement made for the comfort and convenience of the assembled thousands. The entire programme is not given, for the writer has seen fit to describe the proceedings at this and the subsequent meetings, year after year, under different topical chapters, and we must follow his plan for brevity's sake, merely giving here a few sentences from the description of the *Dedicatory Service* as a sample of the high-flown style in which the entire work is written. "The morning had come. It was a morning to which thousands had looked with profoundest interest. In every part of the land, in unnumbered Christian homes, VINELAND was in devout minds; and on its behalf many prayers were ascending to heaven. It was a clear, beautiful morning. A bright July sun was shining upon the encampment. Recent rains had fallen opportunely. A genial atmosphere pervaded the forest temple. The encompassing tokens were full of promise. The people were summoned to gather around the consecrated stand. It was a thrilling hour. . . . Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, and Friends, sat side by side, and awaited the first note with almost breathless interest. Every heart was beating in holy unison. They waited in solemn stillness. Angels on poised pinions were just above the worshippers. At length Rev. J. S. Inskip stepped forward, according to appointment. A divine commission was on his brow. The sound of his Master's footsteps was behind him. The light of heaven was in his eye; his countenance was full of joy; his tread was firm; his voice clear and strong. He struck the key-note, which sent its vibrations into the depths of every soul. THE BATTLE HYMN, now for ever memorable in camp meeting history, was sung.

'There is a fountain filled with blood,' &c.

The voices of holy men and women caught it up, and rolled it grandly upon the July air. It swept through the park like a tide of heavenly melody. It really seemed as though the celestial orchestra was joining in the glad song. From that moment 'The blood, the blood, the blood of the Lamb,' became the rallying cry, and to this standard the hosts of God's elect, of every name, have been steadily crowding to their places at the front, to join in the mightiest conflict with sin and hell that the world has ever seen."

We are willing to believe that our good taste, or rather the want of it, is at fault in our failure to enjoy this style of stating the simple fact that a good earnest brother gave out a well-known hymn; but we trust we may at least be pardoned for observing that we are glad the "Acts of the Apostles" was not written by so eloquent a brother, otherwise a fourpenny Testament, or even a five shilling one, would have been for ever an impossibility. We must not digress, however, but continue our extracts from the records before us.

The Vineland meetings lasted more than a week, and were so great a success that arrangements were made for a similar gathering at Mannheim the following year, 1868. At this meeting "three hundred ministers, and, on one particular day, twenty-five thousand persons were present, and yet the most perfect order prevailed." In 1869, Round Lake, New York, was selected, a very lovely spot. On the

shore of the lake is a thickly shaded grove, "and there is an abundant supply of spring water distributed through the avenues in pipes." In the interval between the Round Lake meeting and the next annual campaign funds were collected for the purchase of a monster tent, to be the property of the Association, that the meetings might not suffer through unfavourable weather. This tent, or "The Tabernacle," as it was named, was ninety feet wide and one hundred and thirty feet long, and would accommodate three thousand persons; its cost was between four and five hundred pounds. In 1870, so great was the interest taken in the previous meetings, that *three* meetings were held at different places. In 1871 one of the meetings was held, "by special invitation, at the hospitable residence of R. Pearsall Smith, of Philadelphia, a brother beloved in this holy warfare." In 1872, "a grand programme was marked out for this year. Many were startled by the announcement of *six national Camp Meetings*." This is the latest period to which the accounts before us are brought down; we therefore proceed to extract from each of the different chapters a few items, and leave our readers to judge of the present aspect of the revived Camp Meeting movement in America.

POWER IN THE FOREST PULPIT.—Under this head we have outlines of very many of the discourses. These have, by a strict adherence to the object of the Association, always been on the one theme of holiness; and the following are some of the utterances taken from the whole range of the meetings, "at which," says our author, "no new theory was to be advanced, but simply a reiteration of the old Bible doctrine, as taught by Mr. Wesley and others."

Rev. J. Inskip, "proceeding to consider the way of entering upon this exalted state, repudiated strongly the growth theory, faith being the sole condition. In defining the faith by which we are entirely sanctified, he inquired, What are we to believe? and took occasion to expose certain prevailing errors. We are not, as some say, to believe that we are sanctified. Nothing can be more absurd than to say that we must believe that we are, in order that we may be sanctified."

In another sermon the same preacher "defined entire sanctification to be the acceptance, this moment, of Jesus as a full and perfect Saviour. The advantages of this spiritual condition were twofold. First, purity, the soul being made whiter than snow. Second, regular and continuous growth, growth in the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ."

Rev. J. S. Parker, at the same meeting, said, "When the work of entire purity was wrought, the uprisings of carnality were no longer felt, and the graces existed without alloy."

Rev. Dr. Reilly, on "Growth in Grace," "showed that all carnality must be removed from the nature in order to a true and rapid growth in grace. He concluded with a thrilling relation of his own experience of the blessing."

We are not favoured with an outline of any address by Mr. R. Pearsall Smith, but another well-known name appears in this connection, that of Dr. Boardman, "in whose hands the last public service at Des Plaines was placed. The terms used [in his discourse] differed somewhat from those commonly employed by Methodists,

but it was the same blessed doctrine of full salvation." So much for the doctrine which formed the staple of the discourses delivered. A long chapter is next devoted to a detail of the results of such preaching, under the head of "*sanctifying power in the forest temple*," in which it is stated that the leaders "have especially aimed to prevent persons who have *forfeited their justification by unfaithfulness*, and who need to do their first works over again, from mistaking *restored justification* for entire sanctification." The italics are our own. We are informed that one feature has been "the realisation of sanctifying power by many of God's ministers." As to the vast auditories, hundreds, or perhaps we ought to say thousands, are said to have obtained the like blessing, which they openly declared at love-feasts, or at special periods of the meetings reserved for *testimony*. The expressions of very many, however show that their experience was very much more orthodox than the theology to which they thought they were so much indebted, for it is very evident their language was that of those who have just realised their interest in Christ, their justification by faith, and the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

At the services especially directed to the work of conversion, among which especial attention was paid to the *young*, great results were achieved, and we are told that large numbers were savingly converted. We devoutly hope that the increase of spiritual life in the churches there, and the great day itself, may show that the thousands then received a justification they did not afterwards *forfeit*, but that being really justified freely by his grace they proved the truth of the eternal word: "Whom he justified, them he also sanctified; and whom he sanctified, them he also glorified." To those who believe in a forfeitable justification we would commend the study of this golden chain, and also the injunction, "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder." Far be it from our thoughts even to say one word that would tend to depreciate the work of earnest servants of our Master, much as we may differ from them in our views, not of minor points only, but on questions of gravest import. We can object heartily to style, and mode, and doctrine, and yet more heartily rejoice that Christ is preached; "yea, we therein do rejoice, and will rejoice."

After our previous article was in print, a good brother who was present at some of the meetings has put into our hands copies of the "Advocate of Holiness," the organ of the National Camp Meeting Association, from which we learn that during the year 1873 the meetings have been carried on with even more vigour, and with greater spiritual results, than in preceding years. One untoward event, however, had nearly marred the success of the meetings held at Baltimore. During a terrific storm "the Tabernacle" was blown down, and became a complete wreck. It had travelled not less than twenty-five thousand miles, and become much worn, and the friends were anxiously debating about the necessity of procuring another tent, "when the Lord put an end to all inquiries by putting an end to the Tabernacle. The good people of Baltimore claimed the privilege of furnishing a new one, and raised the money on the spot to do it." "It is estimated," says the writer, "that at the Baltimore meetings more than four hundred souls were converted, and a still larger number sanctified."

We have thus far tried to show the character of Camp Meetings, the causes of their decay, and the efforts at this day being made for their restoration and wider usefulness. Their practicability *in America* is abundantly proved by recent facts. Of their desirability, not to say necessity, our author well remarks: "No matter how much churches may be multiplied, there will always be masses of people that cannot be reached by ordinary instrumentalities. They will not go to the churches, but they will go to the forest temple, prompted by curiosity or the desire of recreation; and although the motive leading them to the enclosure may be faulty, once there, the truth may pierce their guilty spirits, and their salvation be effected."

In conclusion, more than a passing remark might be thought to be necessary upon the Camp Meetings of our esteemed brethren the Primitive Methodists, more especially as the stirring accounts of the earliest American Camp Meetings which appeared in Methodist magazines, and the labours of Lorenzo Dow in this country, exercised so great an influence upon the founders of the denomination. While admitting to the full the great moral and spiritual results of the open-air gatherings of our Primitive friends "from the first day until now," we have not been able to discover in the History of the Connexion by Mr. Petty any record of a camping-out, in the American sense of the term. In this little island, of which an American is reported to have said that his enjoyment of its natural beauties was greatly marred by his perpetual fear, lest, when he took a walk before breakfast, he might fall off its edge, there can be few localities where remaining night after night in waggons or under canvas would be necessary. Even were it necessary, would it be practicable? How many squires or lords of the manor would welcome to their domain, or even to their neighbourhood, a camp of the "friends of holiness"? Have not they, and oftentimes the "parsons" too, even within the past few years, driven our brethren from the common and the village-green?

Our public parks are free to the votaries of folly, the Sabbath-breaking *beau-monde*, and the "Sunday bands"; these latter, forsooth, have become institutions, by express sanction of the powers that be; while the preachers of righteousness are banished from "the people's parks." May the Lord hasten the day of which he hath spoken by the prophet, saying, "My tabernacle shall be with them: and the heathen shall know that I the Lord do sanctify Israel, when my sanctuary shall be in the midst of them for evermore."

Toplady's Last Moments on Earth.

THE dying hours of this truly excellent servant of the most high God were indeed grand and impressive above measure. The few favoured persons who were permitted to witness his last moments committed to writing much of what passed between them. While in conversation with a Christian gentleman not long before his dissolution, he frequently disclaimed, with abhorrence, the least dependence on his own righteousness as any cause of his justification before God,

saying that he rejoiced only in the free, complete, and eternal salvation of God's elect by Jesus Christ, through the sanctification of the Holy Spirit. His friend's account of the intercourse and conversation is as follows :—"A remarkable jealousy was apparent in his conduct, for fear of receiving any part of that honour which is due to Christ alone. He desired to be nothing, that Jesus might be all and in all. His feelings were so very tender on this subject, that I once undesignedly put him almost in an agony by remarking the great loss which the church of Christ would sustain by his death at this particular juncture. The utmost distress was immediately visible in his countenance, and he exclaimed to this purpose—'What, by my death? No! By my death? No! Jesus Christ is able, and will by proper instruments defend his own truth; and with regard to what little I have been enabled to do in this way, not unto me, but unto his own name, and that only, be the glory.' Conversing on the subject of election, he said—'God's everlasting love to his chosen people—his eternal, particular, most free, and immutable choice of them in Christ Jesus—was without the least respect to any work or works of righteousness wrought, or to be wrought, or that ever should be wrought, in them or by them; for God's election does not depend upon our sanctification, but our sanctification depends upon God's election and appointment of us to everlasting life.' At another time he was so affected with a sense of God's everlasting love to his soul, that he could not refrain from bursting into tears. The more impaired was his bodily strength, the more vigorous, lively, and rejoicing his mind seemed to be. From the whole tenor of his conversation during our interviews, he appeared not merely placid and serene, but he evidently possessed the fullest assurance and the most triumphant faith. He repeatedly told me that he had not had the least shadow of a doubt respecting his eternal salvation for near two years past. It is no wonder, therefore, that he so earnestly longed to be dissolved and to be with Christ. His soul seemed to be constantly panting heavenward, and his desires increased the nearer his dissolution approached. A short time before his death, at his request, I felt his pulse, and he desired to know what I thought of it. I told him that his heart and arteries evidently beat, almost every day, weaker and weaker. He replied immediately, with the sweetest smile upon his countenance, 'Why, that is a good sign that my death is fast approaching; and, blessed be God, I can add that my heart beats every day stronger and stronger for glory.' A few days preceding his dissolution I found him sitting up in his own chair, and scarcely able to move or speak. I addressed him very softly, and asked him if his consolations continued to abound as they had hitherto done. He quickly replied, 'Oh, my dear sir, it is impossible to describe how good God is to me. Since I have been sitting in this chair this afternoon—glory be to his name!—I have enjoyed such a season, such sweet communion with God, and such delightful manifestations of his presence with and love to my soul, that it is impossible for any word or language to express them. I have had peace and joy unutterable, and I fear not but that God's consolation and support will continue.' But he immediately recollected himself, and added, 'What have I said? God may, to be sure, as a Sovereign, hide his

face and smiles from me. However, I believe he will not; and if he should, yet still will I trust in him. I know I am safe and secure, for his love and covenant are everlasting.' To another friend, who in conversation with him upon the subject of his principles, had asked him whether any doubt remained upon his mind as to the truth of them, he answered—'Doubt, sir, doubt? Pray use not that word when speaking of me. I cannot endure the term; at least while God continues to shine upon my soul in the gracious manner he does now. Not,' added he, 'but that I am sensible that while in the body, if left of him, I am capable, through the power of temptation, of calling in question every truth of the gospel. But that is so far from being the case, that the comforts and manifestations of his love are so abundant as to render my state and condition the most desirable in the world. I would not exchange my condition with any one upon earth. And with respect to my principles; those blessed truths, which I have been enabled in my poor measure to maintain, appear to me more than ever most gloriously indubitable. My own existence is not, to my apprehension, a greater certainty.' The same friend calling upon him a day or two before his death, he said, with hands clasped and eyes lifted up and starting with tears of the most evident joy—'Oh, my dear sir, I cannot tell you the comforts I feel in my soul; they are past expression. The consolations of God to such an unworthy wretch are so abundant, that he leaves me nothing to pray for but a continuance of them. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul. My prayers are all converted into praise. Nevertheless I do not forget that I am still in the body, and liable to all those distressing fears which are incident to human nature when under temptation and without any sensible divine support. But so long as the presence of God continues with me in the degree I now enjoy it, I cannot but think that such a desponding frame is impossible.' All this he spake with an emphasis the most ardent that can be conceived. Speaking to another particular friend upon the subject of his 'Dying Avowal,' he expressed himself thus, 'My dear friend, those great and glorious truths, which the Lord in rich mercy has given me to believe, and which he has enabled me (though very feebly) to stand forth in the defence of, are not (as those, who believe not or oppose them, say) dry doctrines or mere speculative points. No. But being brought into practical and heartfelt experience, they are the very joy and support of my soul; and the consolations flowing from them carry me far above the things of time and sense.' Soon afterwards he added, 'So far as I know my own heart, I have no desire but to be entirely passive, to live, to die, to be, to do, to suffer, whatever is God's blessed will concerning me; being perfectly satisfied that, as he ever has, so he ever will do that which is best concerning me, and that he deals out in number, weight, and measure, whatsoever will conduce most to his own glory and to the good of his people.' Another of his friends mentioning likewise the report that was spread abroad of his recanting his former principles, he said with some vehemence and emotion, 'I recant my former principles! God forbid that I should be so vile an apostate.' To which he presently added, with great apparent humility, 'And yet that apostate I should soon be if I were left to myself.' To the same friend,

conversing upon the subject of his sickness, he said, 'Sickness is no affliction ; pain no curse ; death itself no dissolution.' All his conversation, as he approached nearer and nearer to his decease, seemed more and more happy and heavenly. He frequently called himself the happiest man in the world. 'Oh ! (says he) how this soul of mine longs to be gone ! Like a bird imprisoned in a cage, it longs to take its flight. Oh that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away to the realms of bliss, and be at rest for ever ! Oh that some guardian angel might be commissioned, for I long to be absent from this body, and to be with my Lord for ever.' Being asked by a friend if he always enjoyed such manifestations, he answered, 'I cannot say there are no intermissions ; for if there were not, my consolations would be more and greater than I could possibly bear ; but when they abate, they leave such an abiding sense of God's goodness, and of the certainty of my being fixed upon the eternal rock, Christ Jesus, that my soul is still filled with peace and joy.' At another time, and indeed for many days together, he cried out, 'Oh, what a day of sunshine has this been to me ! I have not words to express it. It is unutterable. Oh, my friends, how good is God ! almost without interruption his presence has been with me.' And then repeating several passages of Scripture, he added, 'What a great thing it is to rejoice in death !' Speaking of Christ, he said, 'His love is unutterable !' He was happy in declaring that the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, the thirty-third and the six following verses, were the joy and comfort of his soul. Upon that portion of Scripture he often descanted with great delight, and would be frequently ejaculating, 'Lord Jesus ! why tarriest thou so long ?' He sometimes said, 'I find, as the bottles of heaven empty they are filled again ;' meaning, probably, the continual comforts of grace, which he abundantly enjoyed. When he drew near his end, he said, waking from a slumber, 'Oh, what delights ! Who can fathom the joys of the third heaven ?' And a little before his departure, he was blessing and praising God for continuing to him his understanding in clearness ; 'But (added he in a rapture) for what is most of all, his abiding presence, and the shining of his love upon my soul. The sky is clear ; there is no cloud. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly !' Within the hour of his death he called his friends and his servant, and asked them if they could give him up. Upon their answering in the affirmative, since it pleased the Lord to be so gracious to him, he replied, 'Oh, what a blessing it is you are made willing to give me up into the hands of my dear Redeemer, and to part with me : it will not belong before God takes me ; for no mortal can live (bursting while he said it into tears of joy) after the glories which God has manifested to my soul.' Soon after this, he closed his eyes, and found—as Milton finely expresses it—

. 'A death-like sleep—
A gentle wafting to immortal life,'

on Tuesday, August 11th, 1778, in the 38th year of his age."

"Forsaken for a Moment."

BY MRS. HUNT MORGAN.

MANY years ago, before the network of railway-lines had spread its tracery over England, making a long journey, even in winter, a thing of slight consequence, William Flint dismounted from his tired horse in the court-yard of an hotel at Salisbury, and leaving the animal to the care of the hostler, ascended to the warm, cheerful parlour, to wait until his own room should be ready.

He had been invited to Salisbury by the deacons of a church whose pastor was then absent, and, weary as he was with his day's travelling, he yet felt full of eager pleasure in thinking of the morrow's duties. For preaching "the unsearchable riches of Christ" was the very passion of this man's existence, and he was well known for his fiery eloquence and deep investigations into "the hidden wisdom." So he sat, physically resting; but mentally every energy of his soul was pantingly girding itself with new power to speak once more for the Master whom he served. God had highly honoured him already by owning his ministry in the conversion of souls precious in his sight, and it might be that the coming day was to be one of fresh victory over Satan, of liberty for another captive, hitherto "sold under sin."

So he mused and hoped, and ere he slept that night, earnest pleadings with God had ascended for the coveted blessing.

The Sabbath morning rose clearly calm in its rich beauty, and the appointed hour for public worship found the house of the Lord thronged with an expectant audience. Strangers were there that morning to hear the preacher of whom fame spoke so well. The intellectual anticipated a mental treat from one of such acknowledged ability, the curious went because it was something new, while earnest followers of Jesus hoped to have their faith strengthened by the words of a man who was known to be one of those whose life is genuine "walking with God."

The preliminary parts of the service were gone through, and Mr. Flint rose to announce the text. He turned the leaves of the large pulpit Bible with a hesitating hand, and fluttered them to and fro as if in doubt where to pause. His hand then passed confusedly over his forehead, and an uneasy sensation began to pervade the congregation.

He had totally, as by a sudden blankening of his mind, forgotten what he had intended to say that morning. Even the text was wholly obliterated from his memory. The cold drops rose on his brow, as he again hastily turned over the leaves of the Bible in search of some familiar verse on which he might say a few extempore words. In vain. A complete and unaccountable panic had seized on all his faculties. The old promises of Scripture which had for years been so precious to his soul, and on any of which he could have freely spoken, were closed to him now. The terrible thought rushed into his mind that on account of some unknown sin the Lord had for ever rejected him from further ministrations in the Holy Name. He sank back on the narrow pulpit seat in a blank desolation of heart beyond all power of

description, burying his ghastly face in his hands, to hide it from the astonished looks directed towards him on all sides.

A deacon, to cover the pastor's strange confusion, rose and gave out a hymn. At the close of the singing, a deep cry of prayerful anguish arose from the bitterly tried servant of God. The first words of that thrilling address to infinite mercy fell on the awe-struck congregation as an echo from the darkness of Calvary:—

"My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?"

He could speak to his Father out of the depths of his distress, but to him only, and after pouring out his agony in importunate pleadings, never to be forgotten by the hearers, he pronounced the benediction and left the chapel.

Going to his hotel, he called for his horse and rode wildly out of the city, resolving never to return to a place where he had been so forsaken and disgraced.

Four years passed away. Mr. Flint had preached all through those years as in former times. No strange confusion had ever again subjected him to mortification, and he began to regard the episode at Salisbury as something to be left with the Great Disposer. He could assign no reason for the singular occurrence. That God had not forsaken him he was assured by the blessing which had followed his subsequent labours; and the pang of that one failure was almost forgotten, when a letter from one of the Salisbury deacons revived it in all its acuteness.

The letter contained a request that Mr. Flint would again visit the city for the purpose of occupying the same pulpit from which he had so disastrously hurried four years ago. At first he thought he must decline; then some secret impulse seemed to urge a compliance with the request. He said to himself that surely the former visit must have been forgotten, and so wrote an acceptance of the invitation.

He was not allowed to go to an hotel on this occasion, but was entertained by one of the influential members of the church. He had scarcely entered the drawing-room, when the lady of the house came forward, and after a few words of more than formal welcome, asked in tones of deep emotion,—

"Do you remember your visit to Salisbury, four years ago?"

The very thing he had hoped was forgotten thus thrust itself on him in the first moments of his arrival, from the lips of his hostess, the very first person to whom he had spoken.

He replied, with humble sorrow, "I have indeed cause to remember that most unhappy day."

"And I," rejoined the lady, "shall have cause to remember it with thankfulness throughout eternity."

Mr. Flint looked at her with a face of eager inquiry, and she continued: "I went to the chapel that morning wrapped in sorrow on account of heavy trials which had recently bowed my whole being to the earth, and I felt no comfort nor expected any. I nursed my grief in sullen endurance, for I knew not the sorrow-bearer. To the opening services I gave no attention, but when your unexpected and evident confusion drew all eyes towards you, I too looked, and felt a dull, feeble sort of pity for what I knew must be your feelings of mortification. But when you

began your subsequent prayer with those words, 'My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?' then my heart was touched to the quick. I knew then that in your affliction you were not alone, you had your God, and you claimed him as yours even in the very midst of your difficulty. I too was afflicted, but I could not utter that child-cry to the Father, 'My God!' I felt that he was not mine. But that one cry of yours was the means of arousing me to seek Jesus, and, blessed be his name, I have found him; so that your coming was not in vain, since through your means I have learned to say, 'My God!'

Mr. Flint had listened to this account with full eyes and a throbbing heart.

"Henceforth," he said, humbly and solemnly, "let the Lord do with me as he pleaseth. Let me preach or be silent, let me be all or nothing, so that he but use me in his work, and save souls in his own way, not in mine!"

The Work of God through Dr. Barnardo;

OR,

CHRONICLES OF THE LONDON JUVENILE MISSION.

NEVER, probably, had boys generally such desirable opportunities of rising in the world as now; a remark applying to well-to-do lads as well as to those in lowly spheres. There is something grateful in the reflection that no poor wanderer in London can say he has no friend to help him to secure knowledge, and to better his condition. Why should a boy be utterly friendless? Because he is ignorant, ragged, and has not where to sleep at nights? Such misfortunes are a passport to the favour of those kind friends who find their pleasure in doing good, and in restoring waifs to society.

Having lately embraced an opportunity of inspecting the Home for Working and Destitute Lads situated in one of the most needy districts at the East End, we purpose giving some account of the operations of a mission which, planned, inaugurated, and superintended by Dr. Barnardo, is probably second to no other agency in England as regards general efficiency and success. While there is no lack of energy, there is no waste of force; wisdom goes hand in hand with zeal.

The Home is established in Stepney-causeway, a narrow, smoke-grimed street connecting the Commercial-road with Ratcliffe, and hence the base of operations is well selected. We had previously been introduced to Dr. Barnardo at the house of an eminent publishing firm in Paternoster-row, and, after this meeting, we were naturally desirous of knowing more about the now celebrated boys' friend, and his philanthropic undertakings. A man who can design and establish an agency for rescuing London outcasts, and for starting them respectably in life, must be one whose friendship is worth cultivating, and one about whom the outside world may desire to know something. The genius for Christian enterprise and fine humane instincts of such a man raise him above the majority even of those who are successful Christian

pioneers. Dr. Barnardo is a gentleman whose countenance and manners mark him out as being just the kind of man whose aid a needy juvenile would eagerly wish to secure. Himself young, energetic, and of that genial-mindedness so fascinating to youth, the Doctor is completely fitted for his peculiar work, and gloriously has he succeeded in it.

Having introduced the boys' friend to the reader, we may at once start eastward on a general tour of inspection. It is not every Londoner who happens to be quite familiar with the locality of Stepney-causeway, and its tributaries, and hence our friends, the managers of the institution, who have stationed themselves on what is to many *terra incognita*, consider a special card of instructions to be necessary, and accordingly this is issued. We are told "How to get to the Home," and have a choice of conveyance between train, omnibus, or tramway; but being more completely familiar with the intricacies of London bye-ways than mere novices, the site is reached without difficulty. The Home is found diffusing its blessings among a poverty-stricken populace, like a lighthouse set upon the rocks where wrecks are most frequent, or a refuge on an Alpine pass where travellers most abound, and dangers are most thickly strewn.

We have now arrived at Nos. 18 and 20, Stepney-causeway. Passing the folding-doors, we enter a comfortable entrance-hall, the domain of a young, one-armed doorkeeper, who politely receives inquisitive visitors, and allows them a place by his fire. There are seats, and but little other furniture, though the coloured glass lamp and "the shadows from the fitful firelight" suffice to make the interior a comfortable contrast to the gloom reigning without. Dr. Barnardo not having yet arrived, his representative invites us into an inner office, where the accounts of this industrial hive are kept. There are plentiful signs of letter-writing, book-keeping, and invoice-making, commercial work which will be understood when it is remembered that the Home is a trading concern of growing magnitude and importance. Above stairs there are numbers of little artisans at work—tailors, brushmakers, and bootmakers—the trade now carried on representing several thousands sterling annually. The institutional clerk who thrives in this counting-house is obligingly communicative with his tongue as well as commendably active with his pen, and so contributes his information with tact and good-will.

Now the quick step of Dr. Barnardo is heard, who is the general or the superintending genius of this entire institution, as will be quickly inferred from the accumulated questions and applications to which he is required to give attention. These inquiries are of various kinds, relating to trade, or to individual suffering and sorrow. See there, for example. There stands a boy who declares he has "tramped" from Plymouth, in consequence of having been thrown out of employment by a strike among the workpeople. There is an air of truth about the story which ensures his being believed. He is homeless and destitute, and not an impostor. That poor fellow can be no London sharper, since his features still retain the expression of the good-natured, not over-bright Devonshire peasant. His look of rustic inexperience is rather out of keeping with what we are usually accustomed to encounter

in Stepney-causeway; let us hope that starting afresh in the right direction, as he seems disposed to do, he may yet see better days.

The Home for Working and Destitute Lads is the head-quarters of the East London Juvenile Mission, an organisation of considerable magnitude, which also extends its influence to adults, four houses at Hope-place, World's-end, Stepney, being used as a mission-hall and schoolrooms. The premises in Stepney-causeway are emphatically what their name implies, a Home for working as well as destitute boys. In Carr-street, Limehouse, two houses are used as a laundry and work-rooms. At Rhodewell-wharf, hard by, the wood-chopping brigade flourishes, two thousand pounds representing the value of material in stock. In Salmon's-lane, Limehouse, are the Ragged-schools, while in North-street is the Tract and Pure Literature Depot. The most extraordinary house, however, is the Edinburgh Castle, or British Workman, of which we shall say something by-and-by. It will now devolve upon us to walk over the Home, and then as succinctly as possible to explain the origin of this green spot in the metropolitan wilderness.

The Home as it now stands is not more than three years old, though the labours of Dr. Barnardo among the poor of London commenced in 1867. The whole mission has risen very rapidly, and is now, and has ever been, free from debt. So scrupulously careful is the doctor to obey the scriptural injunction, *owe no man anything*, that the workmen engaged in altering the building into its present shape were several times discharged for want of funds, and taken on again when money replenished the coffers of the institution.

Leaving our seat by the office fire, we walk through the various departments of the establishment, every room being as cleanly kept as the decks and cabins of any ship in her Majesty's navy. The upper story is the sleeping quarters of those boys who are yet in the earliest stage of reformation, fresh importations from the gutter. These must not be lifted up too suddenly, or their expectations will be raised too high. Hence, while each is apportioned a separate bed, the lads who sleep here have not yet sufficiently advanced to command what some regard as the commonplace, every-day comfort of sheets and their usual concomitants. Each lies on an iron bedstead, with a hammock instead of a mattress, and is content to wrap himself in a coarse, warm, horse-cloth kind of blanket. Each row of little bedsteads has one of a superior kind for the accommodation of a monitor; and monitors, as persons who have already attained to something worthy in life, and as partially independent artisans, have feather beds, pillows and sheets, in accordance with the latest suggestions of civilisation. Beneath every bedstead stands an iron clothes-basket, and at the head is a bracket for holding a Bible. In the lower story the furnishing arrangements are very similar, the chief difference being that the beds are of a slightly superior description. A boy who sleeps in the lower story has conquered some difficulties, has risen, and is rising in life. He still attends school, but he also occupies a place in one of the workshops, where he earns not less than five shillings weekly. Thus, under an admirable management, no boy is either pampered or pauperised; on the contrary, all are prompted to work for what others have won.

Other boys enjoy privileges which all may win by industry and good conduct. All the inmates have daily before their eyes the examples of those in the wake of whose advancement they are expected to follow. The motto all must honour is *LABOR OMNIA VINCIT*.

From the dormitories we adjourn to the workshops. The tailors occupy one room, and the bootmakers another; but most interesting are the brushmakers, who constitute a larger department. It is gratifying to see busy lads cheerfully submitting to competent industrial tuition, and to remark that the brushes and boots produced are not inferior to the best town-made goods, as any may prove to their satisfaction who choose to encourage the mission by ordering articles from the Home. While casual visitors look on admiringly, they may imagine themselves to be standing in the well-ordered workshop of a wholesale manufacturer: they will only with difficulty realise that all these lads have been rescued from vice, poverty, and crime; that only a few months, and in many instances only a few weeks ago, they were wandering about London without aim or purpose.

There are not wanting, among the lads, countenances adorned with regularly formed, handsome features, and bespeaking a quick intelligence. The portraits of three well-favoured youths adorned the walls of the Royal Academy during a recent exhibition. Another pleasing feature of the Home is the unmistakable bond of cordial friendship which unites Dr. Barnardo to his young constituents. He does not move about among them with any official air, but ties of real love unite him to the youthful hearts placed under his charge. He is free alike from the affectation of dignity and from undue familiarity. The Doctor has a friend's salute for every lad whose eyes meet his own, and each little artisan responds with a smile, or speaks unrestrainedly. Never were a philanthropist and his charge more thoroughly in each other's confidence, and coming years will certainly foster the gratitude now existing in each young heart—gratitude to that overruling Providence which sent a helping hand when no friend was in sight, and when life's sole outlook was a starless night of despair.

We pass from the industrial department to the schoolroom, which is equally to our mind. May these poor little fellows live to appreciate the knowledge now imparted to them. It must be remembered that as the average stay of each scholar in the Home is less than a year, the educational term is exceedingly brief; but yet, judging from appearances, the boys turn their time to good account, as if aware of their advantages and disadvantages. Some enter the house with no school knowledge whatever, though with ample stores of knowledge of another kind, which it were well for them if they could forget. At the best, the little learning possessed by the more advanced, unless in exceptional cases, is only such as a ragged school usually supplies. Notwithstanding, there is work done here which would not bring discredit on a high-class academy. Take up the writing-books, and the penmanship in many of them will call forth encomiums, while the exercises in mental arithmetic, with a rehearsal of which we were entertained, would do credit to any ordinary commercial school. As he walked about, the Doctor appeared to be quite familiar with each boy's temperament and abilities. One youngster is pointed out, and we learn confidentially

that he has brains! Brains, has he? Well, to be sure, the physique of the head might strike an anatomist, after a careful inspection, as being of a vulgar caste; but look again; the brow is intellectually formed, and the adroitness characterising the boy's answers to some intricate exercises in mental arithmetic show an uncommon expertness in calculation. Standing close by the last-named genius is another lad, who has lately lost an eye, a stone having been thrown at him through a window. Though he has not been an inmate of the Home more than a few days, he is already old in experience. He can relate particulars of a career of wild adventure and reckless crime such as we should not expect often to find paralleled in one so young. Poor boy! With one eye entirely gone, and with the remaining organ weakened until it aches with use, his case is indeed deplorable; but his misfortunes, like those of many others of his class, had their spring in the drinking habits of those who should have been his protectors. The wonder is not that the boy lost an eye, but rather that life itself was preserved. And yet how complete has been this child's training! He has had careful and skilful schoolmasters. Just for curiosity's sake, look at his hands. They are small, well-formed, soft, and he has been trained to twist them into any form at pleasure. The hands alone would tell you, even if the fact were denied, that the urchin is a graduate of a thieves' university. A turning-point occurred in his life when that unknown hand aimed the eye-destroying stone, for the boy is now on the road to something better than he had ever known before.

Many unpalatable truths force themselves upon the labourers in a children's mission among the destitute. Many of those whom we in London call gutter children are the offspring of parents who are apparently the irreclaimable slaves of a sottish selfishness; for you vainly seek to reach their hearts by Christian kindness, or to excite their fears by judicial threats. Every trait which imparts dignity to humanity, indeed everything that has no kinship with the powers of darkness, seems to have been long ago obliterated from their nature by the enemy who has entered in and taken possession of their being. Look yonder, and what do you see? Separated from the other boys, motionless, listless, and not required to engage himself with any kind of exercises, is seated a singular-looking child, not clothed in the comfortable uniform of the school, but still retaining his native rags. As you inspect this juvenile phenomenon, with an involuntary shudder of disgust, your look of inquiry silently asks for an explanation. That child has been reduced into a condition of semi-idiotcy by want, exposure, and a father's brutality. The guilty man, who is still living, is a drunken profligate; he is in regular work, by which he earns a guinea a week. Until recently, father and son lived together in a squalid room, and nightly, on coming home intoxicated, the man would beat the little fellow most savagely with a strap, prior to turning him naked into the street! The child would then sit, terrified and cowering, on the door-step, shivering in the chill night air, until such time as he supposed his father had settled down into quietness, and then he would creep back to the heap of rags, serving for a bed, and lie down to awake to new miseries in the morning. Whether or not such a victim can be lastingly benefited, or whether reason has been extinguished by the

fiendish hand of an unnatural parent, has yet to be proved, the admission of the case being so recent. The indignant reader will say that a man guilty of such crimes should be severely punished. But there are obstacles in the way of justice. Because the law is not strong enough to grasp such wretches, and to remove them once for all from the social arena, not one of the people who supplied our information dare think of entering a law court to testify against the criminal. They would be risking their lives by doing so! What? the reader may exclaim, relieve a miscreant of his son, and allow him a more ample opportunity of pandering to vicious propensities! Nay, the man is not encouraged in iniquitous indulgence by having his son removed. When the boy lived at home, he did not have sixpence a week expended upon him, so that the father will have no more money than formerly to squander upon himself. It is, indeed, shocking to discover how like to devils men may become through self-indulgence. The boy sitting there, solitary and motionless, appears to have had all that is human beaten and kicked out of him, his habits being so nearly those of an animal that new clothes cannot be given him until an improvement in behaviour takes place. Yet there is hope! The leaden-looking features actually brightened at the mention of "new clothes," and he seemed also to dimly comprehend the conditions laid down. May the forlorn outcast be speedily brought to reason and to God.

We made ourselves familiar with all that can be shown at the Home, and left nothing of interest uninspected, from the sleeping wards down to the great kitchen. This, therefore, is the place for explaining how Dr. Barnardo's various agencies had their origin.

The narrative is a straightforward story sufficiently singular to excite popular interest. As the river may have a very little spring, and one that seems to be inadequate to account for its subsequent volume, so this East End Juvenile Mission was suggested by one boy's experience. Dr. Barnardo is not slow at taking hints, and a hint most fruitful in results came to him from a lad in a ragged class. During some years our friend endeavoured, not in vain, to fathom the depths of juvenile ignorance and wretchedness in London, and he might have still held the delusion that he knew all the truth had not a homeless child unconsciously corrected his notions, and turned his thoughts into a new channel.

During three years previous to the adventure in question, Dr. Barnardo laboured among the dens of Stepney as a ragged-school teacher in his own way. Bible in hand he sought out the most needy waifs and strays, conquered difficulties, and perfectly acquainted himself, as he supposed, with the every-day woes and wants of the indigent classes. He was destined to become further enlightened in an effective, because striking manner.

This is how it happened. One winter evening the Doctor was engaged with his accustomed work in teaching; he had dismissed the classes, and was ready to close the doors for that night, when he noticed one loitering in the room, and evincing an evident unwillingness to depart. The loiterer was a youth with rather a knowing expression on his features, and he seemed to possess a desire after knowledge not always seen in one of his character and condition. But why did he

linger? It was time for closing the doors; he must go home; it was growing late, and mother would certainly be anxious. Though not deaf to these representations, the Arab parried his teacher's arguments, and craved permission, in urgent tones, to remain in that warm room. As if discerning something in the pleader's eyes, or hearing something in the tones of his voice more affecting than usual, the teacher's manner became less peremptory towards the boy. He continued to be kindly urgent, however. His little friend would be better at home, and it would be well not to frighten friends and relatives. But what is it the waif says? He has no mother to expect him! Where does he live then? Nowhere! What an improbable story! Surely the youngster must be an adept at deceit; he must be making attempts to excite pity by retailing lies. At any rate the case was worthy of being inquired into.

The teacher had hitherto flattered himself that he knew the depths of London ignorance and depravity; one more fully informed stood there, who would be able to convict an educated gentleman of misjudgment before the dawn of morning. That boy had not gathered his knowledge from books; he had not gone to this place and to that to pick up superficial facts to garnish fancy pictures of "life." His knowledge was the result of a dread experience. That keen-witted lad, lingering there in rags, old beyond his years, with the expression of a suffering man on his hunger-pinched boyish features, was familiar with the subject he spoke about as he was familiar with no other kind of knowledge. Happening to have no home himself, he would, if teacher wished, enlighten him concerning numbers of others whose only nightly shelter was the sky. During the preceding night he had lain in a cart at Whitechapel; but as the wind was biting cold, he should like to lie in that warm room until morning. He would be careful not to do any injury.

That story, then, was no subterfuge; there was truth in it. Sad thoughts entered the teacher's mind as he reflected on the case, and realised for the first time that the object before him was no more than a sample of many others who roamed about the streets in a state of similar destitution. Were there really others like that lad, without either home or friends, without even a hovel to sleep in? Ay, there were indeed; there were more than could well be counted, so the lad said. Now, wishing, from purely philanthropic motives, to become more perfectly acquainted with the mysteries of boy-life in London, the teacher then and there proposed and concluded a bargain with the knowing and communicative Arab. In return for certain valued considerations—hot coffee and its usual accompaniments, and a warm place to lie down in—the said wanderer would agree to point out the sleeping-places of others who had no home.

The outcast, who was thus unwittingly rendering the metropolitan boy-world an immense service by the information he was communicating, accompanied his new-found friend home; and when cheered anew into talkativeness by the hospitality dispensed, he detailed fresh particulars of his individual history. Never having seen his father, he could still remember that his mother was a weakly, ailing body, who, when she died, left him no home but the streets. Reduced to straits, he became

the *employé* of one "Swearing Dick," a lighterman, the principal wages received being represented by kicks and general ill-treatment. Running away from the barge, the streets were all before him where to choose, and the police his watchful guardians and tormentors. It was after a long course of ill-fortune in the winter weather that he found his way into the ragged-school.

After listening to this story, the teacher put new thoughts into Jem's mind. Something was said to him about a home, where Jem would be provided with work, schooling, and enough of wholesome food. Then Jem must remember that there was another world to think about. Yes, to be sure there was—Jem had heard about that place; that place was heaven, was it not? Well, under certain conditions he should like to go there, the conditions being that heaven should be free from the presence of policemen and "Swearing Dick." When the gospel was more fully explained to him, Jem seemed quite pleased, asking such questions as could only come from simple but inquisitive ignorance. He greatly wondered why the police did not interfere at the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, while he pronounced the Jews to have been more cruel than even his old foe the lighterman. His views became clearer as he was further instructed in the sacred story, and was helped by loving earnest prayer.

The projected nocturnal ramble now loomed in the foreground. The hour of midnight had already chimed. As if the warmth and refreshment had animated him with new life, Jem was still cheerful and talkative, a fortunate circumstance, when his companion was anxious to extend his knowledge of life, and of life's hardships in their severer forms.

The teacher and his guide, equipped for their nocturnal adventure, directed their course towards the City. Leaving the broad highway of Whitechapel, they turned down Houndsditch, and when within a few yards of Bishopsgate Church, they turned again down an alley, and there, when not more than a stone's throw from the now desolate Devonshire-square Chapel, they reached the not-very-well-known Exchange of the rag-world—a world in itself, though hidden from the eyes of respectable London. Rag-fair is a world retaining peculiar customs. To hear its noise and to see its bustle, one needs to visit the ground during the Sabbath forenoon, but at one a.m., when our amateur social explorer stood upon the pavement of Petticoat-lane, the place was pervaded by an ominous stillness. The frouzy, ill-looking, cramped-up little shops are at such an untimely hour barred and bolted, it being the business of the natives to tempt thieves by day in a very different manner from those who tempt them to enter at night by leaving their doors and windows with insecure fastenings. Is it to such an uninviting territory that the homeless slink away to escape the policeman's scrutiny, and to find hole or corner for shelter? Though somewhat incredulous, the teacher nevertheless follows Jem, who, taking a circuitous route, now arrives at the outside of the Exchange, and then climbs on to the dome-shaped roof of the same, there to discover—what? *Asleep in the chill night air, without covering of any kind between them and the clouds, lay eleven boys insufficiently clad in a few rags.* Jem's account, then, was true; there were more than he could count who had no better

bed-chamber than a roof or a door-step! Poor Jem! he probably little understood the horror and amazement which sat on his companion's face. It would seem quite natural to Jem for a boy to "sleep out" if he happened not to have threepence wherewith to pass him to a lodging. The lad volunteered to discover other similar retreats; but one may become so heart-sick and appalled by a single genuine sample of misery, as to refuse to see more. It was so with our venturesome ragged-school teacher. He had at one glance taken in as much as flesh and blood could bear; and he had seen enough to occasion his forming the resolution that he would devote life and energy to the work of benefiting homeless boys. That resolution has been faithfully acted upon. Dr. Barnardo has had grace given him to persevere in his noble course, though tempting paths are open to a man of his education and ability. Hence hundreds of lads whose homes were the hard streets, and whose sleeping-places even dogs might shun, have, since the date of that night excursion, been enabled to rise from suffering, and to escape the outcast's lot.

The above details belong to the commencement of Dr. Barnardo's work. Sitting before the office fire at the Home in Stepney, and knowing something of the proportions to which that work has now attained, we are tempted to make calculations regarding the future. To what boundary will the operations of this mission ultimately extend? The Doctor, who occupies a chair on the opposite side of the fire, is agreeably communicative, and has besides a novel experience to talk about. Since the date of his first midnight excursion into the precincts of Rag-fair, he has seen more of low life in the metropolis, under its more saddening and repulsive phases, than perhaps any other living philanthropist. So well known is he now among those whom he seeks to reach, that he can walk about localities with impunity where the licentious riot, and where crime holds sovereign sway. Not that this has always been the case; our friend had to pay the penalties of a rough apprenticeship, having been subjected to violent treatment on more than one occasion. Though he may have bought his experience dear, if he cared to reckon up what the total costs, it is yet a valuable experience. His eyes and ears are now so well disciplined that instinctively, as it were, he detects a true or a false tongue, while hands trained for thieving cannot escape his scrutiny.

Concerning the Home for Working and Destitute Lads, we were glad to learn that the first subscription received towards providing this boon to the poor came from a servant-girl, and consisted of twenty-four farthings! There was also an adventure besides the one in Rag-fair, which probably urged on our friend to lay the foundations of this institution. He was once called upon to visit a lad prostrated by fever, one who paid seven out of the eight shillings he earned weekly for board and lodging. Destitute of comfort, and covered with filth, the boy's only chance of recovery depended, humanly speaking, on his immediate removal to an hospital. There were, however, difficulties in the way. Mrs. Landlady, fearing contagion less than loss of rent, refused to allow her tenant to go away in his clothes, and thus the patient was necessarily removed wrapped in a coat which Dr. Barnardo took from his own back for the purpose!

Here we may also tell the story of the sad fate of "Little Carrots." "Carrots" was a roving Arab, who was found dead in a barrel in the street, one fine spring morning not long ago. Shortly before, this unfortunate child stood among more than seventy others who emerged from beneath a tarpauling near the river-side, and he then begged very earnestly to be allowed to accompany five others to the Home at Stepney. Because every bed was occupied, "Carrots" could not be taken in. During four years of his life, or from the age of seven to that of eleven, "Carrots" battled with the world without any friend besides God; but while striving to live honestly, his little hands were not always equal to doing more than provide food alone. It was not every night that he could afford to indulge in a lodging. It is true "Carrots" had a mother, a kind of female fiend, who robbed her child of whatever he possessed, whenever she chanced to catch him. Circumstances were so entirely against "Little Carrots" that he could not continue the struggle for life, and so quietly died, to reproach those who neglected him far more poignantly by his hunger-pinched face as it appeared in death than ever he had done by any complaints in life. There was at least one satisfactory thing about this occurrence: a group of sincere mourners gathered around the little sufferer's bier. A kind-hearted policeman carried the corpse into a neighbouring tavern, and many who had shared his cruel hardships were found shedding tears over his lifeless form.

(To be continued.)

Self Culture.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

BY B. W. CARR.

OUR article in last month's number on "What to Read?" was principally intended for young men. We are not surprised to hear that it attracted the attention of young women. When we attended the lectures at Exeter Hall many years ago, given under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, we were gratified by noticing a preponderance of ladies. It demonstrated to us the interest they took in the literary subjects handled by the lecturers. This, of course, was merely our opinion. We do not venture to assert it as a fact, lest the Dean and Canons of St. Paul's Cathedral should throw down the gauntlet, and essay to vindicate the exclusion of young women from the week-evening addresses delivered under its dome. The education of girls however is so distinctly a feature of the age, that our eyes cannot be shut to its importance or our columns closed against its discussion. We look upon it as a problem not yet solved, but merely in its initiatory stage. The talents of women and their capacity to acquire the higher branches of knowledge are indisputable, notwithstanding any phrenological measurement of their heads, or any *avoirdupois* estimate of their brains. Their zeal in the study of the sciences is earnest and

conscientious. Nor are they indifferent to the course of discovery, though they are wont to set forth with the wings of an angel rather than with the staff of a pilgrim. Their judgment is seldom in default, because it hardly ever falters or hesitates. Let no one suppose that these preliminary remarks are unimportant. Given the renowned three R's of our old friend Sir William Curtis—reading, (w)riting, and (a)rithmetic—together with a few etceteras, and you have the entire groundwork of education. The incalculable remainder, an unknown quantity, must be determined by genius, taste, or resolute application. If one of our girls sings prettily, we forthwith send her to take lessons of a professor; if another plays the piano skilfully, we seek out for her the most efficient instructor in the sacred art of music; and so always we take natural ability to be an incentive to earnest study, and never allow it to be a valid excuse for negligence.

The susceptibilities of our friends may render it necessary for us to declare that we have no wish to meddle with the much vexed question of "women's rights." The equality of women we are neither disposed to querulously contest or tacitly admit. We have our private opinion on the subject. It is not fair, therefore, to ask us to express our sentiments in public. We confided them in the proper quarter long ago to one who knows that we look up to her as our superior in all matters of wisdom and counsel. But we speak with strict reserve. For in all conscience we can affirm that we never asked her to take the front place when there was a battle to fight or a burden to bear. Shame on us if the rights we concede were the key to the wrongs we perpetrate. It is not our intention, at any rate just now, to advise hard reading with the view of obtaining a high diploma.

The mental culture we especially recommend to young women is such as, without any professional bias, shall directly tend to give force and freshness to their moral character. How can we persuade them that in the simple appellation of "woman" there is more dignity and grace than in any flattering epithets which heartless sycophants can lavish on those they have never learned to love? A visit to our museums of sculpture, or our national picture galleries might unfold to our young friends models of grace and goodness, chiselled in marble or depicted on canvas, which would teach them that the charm of beauty owes nothing to the adornment of dress or the observance of trivial fashions. The Greek slave can command more admiration in the purity of nature she reflects than the Court beauties of Madam Tussaud moulded in wax, and robed in gorgeous attire. In the latter there is a lack of soul. They inspire us with no sentiment. To be a girl of the period, a young lady, dressing in the prettiest style of the times, observing the etiquette of a genteel little clique, talking innocent slang in lively tones, is a vain and paltry whim. But to be a woman conscious of the sanctities, the suavities, and the sympathies of her true nature is a chaste and noble ambition worthy to be fostered. By all means, we say, let such an ambition be nursed with tender care, let it be fed with wholesome food, and should it at any time flag or droop, let it be forthwith recruited with some healthful stimulant.

The last term which our girls pass within the walls of the academy

or college opens up to them a critical period of life. They are then about to pass two or three years on the vestibule of womanhood. If their parents are in moderately easy circumstances they will have a considerable portion of time on hand. Many of the industries that occupied their grandmothers in their youthful days have grown obsolete; but wider liberties and choicer opportunities than it has been the privilege of any generation in this country to enjoy have fallen to the lot of our daughters. We should like to see them make a judicious use of their grateful leisure. Not that we could endure to lay a restriction upon them which might possibly diminish their pleasures, check their gambols, or stifle their merry glee. Their health and their happiness we watch with almost equal anxiety. Would it not promote both if they themselves, of their own free accord, tasked themselves with so many hours of positive duty as should make the rest of the day a free uncontrolled recreation? Perhaps it might be better to suggest a little outline—it is merely meant as a suggestion, to be varied according to circumstances, but it is sincerely intended to be revised and resolved upon, and in its amended form adhered to as a law of the Medes and Persians, after it has been once enacted. We wish study to be systematic but not severe, to be diversified but not desultory, to be cheerful but not frivolous.

Four hours, then, we will propose, by way of illustration, that you should devote to the furtherance of your solid education—solid, we say, because we look upon music and painting as a light repast. Of these four hours, two might be judiciously taken from the morning and two from the afternoon. Within the limits of our own family we prohibit evening application, because we have a dainty fondness for rosy cheeks.

- I. *Hora prima*—(young ladies may translate this into six, seven, eight, or nine o'clock, a.m., as they like); that first hour of the day must be held sacred to devotion, or we tremble for the hours that succeed.
- II. *Hora secunda*—which may be the following hour, had better be given up to poetry, an exercise which ought to be performed when the senses are bright.
- III. *Hora tertia*—This afternoon pursuit might be of an historical kind.
- IV. *Hora quarta*—we should divide between natural and technical science—the bewitching study of animal instincts and human industries.

These subdivisions of time essentially belong to our principle, because we think that girls are quick, and profit by succession rather than by continuity of thought; but we should be quite as well pleased to reduce the hours to half-hours in deference to mothers, who reign as queens by divine right in every well-regulated household.

I. Our first hour let us arrange at once. Be it remembered, we do not define the number of minutes that this hour shall comprise. Why should we? When our Lord Jesus, by the well at Sychar, said, "Woman, the hour cometh and now is," &c., the hour of which he spoke might have been the multiple of years; and when he told his disciples, "Of that day and that hour knoweth no man," perchance the hour may mean the minutest speck of time. At any rate, the interval

allotted to your devotion should be a hallowed seclusion, into which no one intrudes. Let your Bible be always open, but let your eyes be often closed.

"Oh, lost to virtue! lost to manly thought!
 Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
 Who think it solitude to be alone!
 Communion sweet, communion large and high—
 Our reason, guardian angel, and our God,
 Then nearest these, when others most remote,
 And all ere long shall be remote but these."

For the *moral* advantages to be derived from systematically detaching a portion of your time from the world, we may refer you to a little book which has enjoyed a high popularity for nearly a hundred years. The good physician who wrote it prescribes, in the former part, voluntary retirement as the finest tonic for the soul; and in the latter part, he describes monastic seclusion as the deadliest poison to the mind. Young ladies may perhaps think the title unattractive—"Zimmerman on Solitude." But we can assure them that the sombre haze of the sentiment is redeemed by the charming variety of anecdotes with which it is embellished. In the formation of character, we hold it to be a matter of supreme importance that a young woman should feel her own individuality. This self-consciousness only comes to one in the sanctity of private meditation. When a girl is a mere reflex of her girlish associates, copying their vain conceits, and borrowing their paltry affectations, she cannot possibly merit esteem, or acquire any genuine worth. But let her choose her companions for the choicest hour of every day from those noble authors whose genius and learning, talents and virtues, have won them imperishable renown; she will not only enrich her memory out of the stores they have gathered, but she will develop faculties of her own that she was not previously conscious of possessing, and presently she will diffuse an influence far more gratifying to the conscience than honeyed compliments can be to the ear.

It is the *religious* aspect, however, of this habit of withdrawing to the secret chamber which is the most inviting. Where else can you consider your ways so impartially, confess your sins so unreservedly, or encounter the temptations that beset your path so resolutely? These are not matters that can be neglected without serious detriment, nor can they be allowed to accumulate for a whole week without lamentable prejudice to one's spiritual welfare. We will forbear to speak of the higher exercises and experiences that belong to such a sacred privacy. Prayer, praise, and a fellowship sublime, await those who, like Daniel, shut the door and open the window, that their soul may breathe a pure atmosphere. Never let us forget that the heart requires frequent cleansing, on which the incense is kept constantly burning. If you believe in Jesus you may look for the promise of the Holy Spirit; not once or twice, now or again; but to-day and to-morrow—yea, and oft as the wonted hour of calm retreat comes round. No fresh instruction or further counsels will you need. A crucifix would be a hindrance, and we doubt if any book of devotion would be a help. Did we make an exception, it would be in favour of psalms and hymns and spiritual

songs. In these you may find the best thoughts of the best men at their best moments. Though not inspired, they are so near akin to inspiration that an inspired pen has commended them to make melody in our hearts to the Lord. Nor are they open to the objection of those manufactured prayers for manifold occasions, specially prepared for all manner of contingencies, though utterly unsuited for any particular individuals.

Obviously, however, for the most sacred hour of the day you should take the most select reading. It is only by meditation you can digest the truths you collate for the nourishment of your souls. Keep this purpose in view. "The bee," as Seneca tells us, "wanders and sips at various flowers, but she hath a cell in which to dispose of every drop of honey she gathers."

II. Let us now bend our thoughts, if not our steps, to the groves, and spend an hour with the muses. It was a maxim of ancient sages that in the economy of life we should make a pleasure of business and a business of pleasure. Pray keep this in mind whenever you seek the solace of poetry, or its strange, weird, mystic enchantments. If you forego the pains of studying the mingled strains of nature and art in such compositions, you must be content to deny yourselves the freedom of this peerless guild of literature. There may be young ladies who think they have no taste for such studies. Of course they are mistaken. It is not the taste but the culture that they lack. We have heard of a Scotchman who could not see a joke; and we are told that many of our fellow-countrymen are colour-blind. We give some credit to these impeachments. But we would sooner believe that a kitten had no disposition to play with shadows than that a damsel never sports with fancies. Ladies for the most part are highly gifted with the faculty of imagination. The pity is that they so often turn it to poor account. A fraction of the time wasted on sensational novels, which enervate the heart, if judiciously devoted to our English classics, would refine the feelings, ennoble the understanding, and, by calling into operation the neglected powers of the mind, sensibly elevate the character.

In the short compass of an unpretending essay like this we could not be expected to discuss the merits of all the famous bards from Chaucer to Tennyson, far less need we draw invidious comparisons between Milton and Byron, the saint of majestic rhythm and the Satan of clever rhyme; or between Watts, whose hymns, after exerting a sacred spell over our childhood, have filled a large place in the worship of our riper years, and Robbie Burns, whose merry play and tender pathos, unravelled in lively lovely songs, twine themselves round our memory. Those are not matters we care to talk about now. We are bent on making a positive engagement with all young ladies whomsoever, who wish to be engaging, to give audience to and to take lessons of the poets, even though they refrain *their practice*, and let the piano stand mute while they give heed to "the divining rod of the poet's pen, which trembles towards the inner founts of feeling."

Pray how would you have us begin? says some ingenious little maiden, whose radiant eye tells us that we are not courting her attention in vain. What answer can we give you? Poetry, like sugar.

can be distilled from an almost endless variety of substances. Beet-root is a vegetable far from inviting to the eye, but it yields a saccharine luscious to the taste. So a rainy day is cheerless enough to look out upon, but the skill of Henry Longfellow has extracted from it a truly pleasant melody.

"The day is cold and dark and dreary ;
It rains and the wind is never weary ;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
And at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

"My life is cold and dark and dreary ;
It rains and the wind is never weary ;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

"Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining,
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

We have quoted this as a *nicnac*. If, however, you have any tenacity of purpose, if "on reason you can build resolve," we will venture to suggest as an elementary study "Cowper's Poems." We know of no poet who gained a more speedy reputation, or retains a more lasting popularity. Simple and graceful in his style, there is a freshness of thought, and there is a fervour of purpose in all his writings, which bear constant evidence that he consecrated his natural genius to a holy end. Get a good, legible edition, like that edited by George Gilfillan. Make it your own. Then read the larger poems, such as "The Table Talk," and "The Task." Have a dictionary by your side, in case there are words of which you do not know the meaning ; and a sheet of paper, to note the allusions that you do not understand. After you have compassed the whole piece, begin to study it piecemeal. Ruminates each passage as he must have done who wrote it. Ponder the words as well as the sense. By so doing you will improve your own diction, familiarise yourselves with the choicest phrases, and acquire a discrimination in the use of your mother tongue. You should peruse a poem as you would promenade a garden. When you have leisurely strolled through it, you may rest a while and notice how it is laid out ; and after you have contemplated the general effect, you may inspect any particular flowers that chain your attention or attract you by their loveliness.

After you have done "Cowper" conscientiously, you will require no coaxing to make the circuit of the year with "Thomson." And not till after you have enjoyed all "*The Seasons*" will your soul be prepared to appreciate that glorious hymn, in which, as Gilfillan says, "He seems to have collected the essence of their beauty in a cloud of fragrance."

At whatever point you enter the domain of literature, wide fields of research will be certain to open up. Fresh inquiries as to objects of nature and circumstances of history are sure to arise. This is

especially true of the epic poem. Though the story it recites must have an interest of its own, and the importance of the subject, the dignity of the utterance, and the instructiveness of the design are always kept prominently in view, yet these are not the only features of this species of composition. A variety of character, and a multiplicity of incidents, wittingly introduced and skilfully interwoven into the body of the work, supply a succession of new features, in all of which the poet disdains to gossip or to sermonise. He presumes that you have, or else that you will acquire, intelligence enough to understand his meaning. Very justly has it been said that he is no mean scholar who can follow Milton through all the allusions and digressions of his "Paradise Lost." It is quite possible, too, that in another direction curiosity may be stirred. Ladies are not incapable of philosophy. On the contrary, they are peculiarly apt to ask the reason of things. What relation is there between writing and feeling? How comes it to pass that the selection of words, the structure of sentences, and the choice of metre, can quicken the senses and stimulate the passions? You breathe the stillness of the atmosphere, or listen to the murmur of the stream; you are enchanted by the loveliness of the landscape, or awed by the majesty of the mountain; you are appalled by the thunder, or terrified by the earthquake;—while you are doing nothing whatever but spelling over the pages of a book. Whence this charming dream? So it comes to pass that you seize with avidity a small volume that aforetime you would have thought thoroughly distasteful—"Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful"—the very last book we should ever have thought you would have fancied, and you are taking to it with a positive relish.

Nor are we exclusively indebted to our respected friends in Paternoster Row for the publication of glowing thoughts and gilded words in comely volumes. Where'er we take our trips abroad, we are prone to visit the haunt and home of song. Let the poet's magic wand touch any spot on earth it becomes semi-sacred, and forthwith crowds of pilgrims hurry to the scene. Have you ever made an excursion up the Rhine? You know how much of its charm is due to the legendry which has gathered round its banks:—

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine."

Your eye is constantly lighting upon a change of scenery, all interwoven with the ancient poetic lore of Germany, and Frankish legends of St. George, stories of phantom ships, death dances, and the like. Yonder is Rodolph's castle! See there the Giant's tower! There, again, St. Udulrich's chapel! And you hear about Goethe, child of nature, who knew how to paint in joyous colours every object he saw. Yet I know not but the dream is better than the vision. Your reveries are, perhaps, disturbed by a prosy Scotchman, who says,

"Strip the Rhine of its fantastic legendry, and the Clyde is a finer river;" or by a Kentish man, who considers "that the vines look like stunted currant trees, and are not half so beautiful as the hop-poles in his mother-county." The lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland abound in picturesque scenery. We owe it to no rude antiquity, but to the delicate refinement of the generation which has just passed away, that their praise has been deeply mused and sweetly sung. Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth have made them more beautiful than they used to be; or if this sounds extravagant, we will try to improve our expression while we retain the sentiment. God made them beautiful; and poets have distilled the pure essence of beauty-out of the raw material.

The idea we are trying to work out is too delicate for prose to convey. We remember reading with exquisite pleasure a passionate reverie on the power of imagination in a little gem of a poem, by the late Alexander Smith, in *Good Words*. The number that contained it was issued, we think, just ten years ago. We have not the volume for 1864 at hand for reference; but as we transcribed the verses and committed them to memory at the time, we hope there is no offence to anybody if we venture to repeat them entire:—

- "I lay in my bedroom at Peebles,
With the window curtains drawn,
While there stole over hills of pasture and pine
The *unresplendent* dawn.
- "And in the deep silence, I listened,
With a pleased half-waking heed,
To the sound that ran through the ancient town—
The shallow brawling Tweed.
- "For the sound was a realisation
Of dream: and I felt like one
Who first sees the Alps or the pyramids,
World-old, in the setting sun;
- "First crossing the purple Campagna
Beholds the wonderful dome
Which a thought of Michael Angelo hung
In the golden air of Rome.
- And all through the summer morning
I felt it a joy indeed,
To whisper again and again to myself,
This is the voice of the Tweed.
- "Of Melrose, Neidpath, and Dryburgh,
Norham Castle, brown and bare,
The merry sun shining on merry Carlisle,
And the bush aboon Traquair.
- "*I had dreamed, but more of the river,
That shining mile on mile,
Flowed through my imagination,
As through Egypt flows the Nile.*
- "Was it absolute truth, or dreaming,
Which the wakeful day disowns,
That I heard something more in the stream as it ran
Than water breaking on stones?

- "Now the hoofs of a flying moss-trooper,
 Now a blood-hound's bay half caught—
 The distant blast of a hunting horn—
 The burr of Walter Scott.
- "Who knows? But of this I am certain,
 That but for the ballads and wails
 That make passionate dead things, stocks and stones;
 Make piteous woods and dales;
- "The Tweed were as poor as the Amazon,
 That, for all the years it has rolled,
 Can tell but how fair was the morning red,
 How sweet the evening gold."

Ladies, we bid you adieu for the present; sincerely do we hope that we have suggested a pleasing study for your second hour.

(To be continued.)

The Store-Keeper.

BY THE LATE E. CRANFIELD.

OFTEN have I met with Sunday-school teachers whose minds have been very much cast down on account of the apparent fruitlessness of their labours. They have sown the seed of instruction with care, and have watered it with their prayers, and even their tears; but still, as far as their knowledge has extended, they have laboured in vain, and spent their strength for nought. The enemy of souls, ever watchful for the halting of the Christian soldier, has then come in with his suggestions, and endeavoured to persuade them that they were unqualified for the enterprise, and that it would be better for them to resign their post, and to give place to a more able and successful warrior. Instead of simply trusting in the promises, they have been unduly anxious about the fulfilment of them, forgetting that, though God's word stands as firm as the everlasting hills, yet he will perform it only in his own time, and in his own way.

We had a teacher in our school whose mind was much depressed by these harassing feelings. She was a woman of unquestionable piety, and, in my humble opinion, was well qualified for her work. None of her fellow-labourers were more regular in their attendance; none more serious, affectionate, and kind. Her heart's desire and prayer to God for her children was that they might be saved; but her desires, to all appearance, remained unsatisfied, her prayers unanswered. Fifteen years of persevering labour had been performed, when the hand of affliction suddenly seized her, and drew her aside from the active scenes of life into the retirement of the sick chamber. Here she was visited by an elder of her church, before whom she unfolded the sorrows of her heart. He endeavoured to console her by repeating a verse of a hymn—

"Give to the winds thy fears,
 Hope and be undismayed;
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
 God shall lift up thy head."

"It is," he continued, "with the spiritual kingdom as with the vegetable,—the seed takes root out of sight, and often remains long buried before its fruitfulness appears. The work of grace through your instructions may have commenced in some youthful hearts and be now progressing, although it may be at present hidden from your eyes. This is not only probable but certain."

"Certain!" replied the teacher, with surprise; "how can you say it is certain?" "Perhaps," he replied, "I know more about this matter than you may imagine. Do you remember having a scholar in your class, several years ago, named Matilda W——?" "Yes," she answered; "I recollect her quite well. She left the school to go into the country." "That is quite correct," said the deacon, "and you wrote her a letter on her birthday." "Perhaps I did, I know I was in the habit of doing so occasionally." "The letter was read and preserved with the greatest care; and now listen to a short detail of some of the wonders which God has performed through your instrumentality:—

"Matilda, when about fifteen years of age, left her parents and went to reside with her uncle in a town some thirty miles distant. He was a good moral man, honest and upright in his dealings, but one who had no particular relish for religion, and who did not even trouble himself about the form of godliness, further than by occasionally going to church on the Sabbath. In your letter to Matilda you solemnly urged her never to forsake the house of God; and this advice she resolved by his help to follow. She was allowed by her uncle to do nearly as she pleased on the Sabbath. He looked upon that day merely as a day of rest for the body, and thought that all persons ought then to be allowed to enjoy themselves in the best manner they were able, provided they did not interfere with the enjoyments of others. Of whatever inconsistencies the uncle may have been guilty, it is certain that no one could accuse him of acting contrary to his convictions with regard to the day of rest; for after dinner, no man more enjoyed his lounge, his newspaper, his pipe, and his nap. It would have been something extraordinary, indeed, that could have induced the uncle to give up these quiet Sunday afternoon enjoyments; and yet, to the astonishment of many, this something did happen. Matilda, after much perseverance, had persuaded her uncle to accompany her one morning to a place of worship where she had been in the habit of attending. This was the turning-point in his history. The sermon proved a message of God to his soul. It led him to serious reflections, to a knowledge of himself as a sinner, to Christ for pardon, and, finally, to a determination to cast in his lot among the people of God. On the same day the uncle and niece were received as members into the same church; the latter declaring that she was first brought to the Saviour through the instruction of her Sunday-school teacher.

"Such is the first part of my story; the second, I doubt not, you will feel to be equally interesting.

"Within a few yards of the house where Matilda resided, there lived a person who kept a general store, to which the former often repaired for various articles that were needed. This store-keeper was an active middle-aged man, full of energy; but, alas! his energies were all employed in the service of the god of this world. Self-interest was the ruling principle which governed all his actions; and provided he was safe, he cared but little who was in danger. If a bank happened to fail in which he was not interested, it was only what we must expect in these days of speculation, and some one must speculate or we should not progress; but if any one indebted to him offered to compound with his creditors, he was the most obstinate of them all in coming to terms, and the loudest in condemning the roguery of the transaction. There was one, however, whom the store-keeper loved besides himself, and for whose interests he was willing to make any sacrifice. That person was his daughter—his only child. She was about the same age as Matilda, and very much resembled her in form, feature, and disposition; and between these two females a close and abiding friendship was formed. Your old scholar was not long in discovering that her companion, though amiable in her manners, was destitute of the 'one thing needful,' and this to her was a source of much grief and anxiety. But there was one thing in your letter which greatly encouraged her. You told her that if at any time her mind were affected with any trouble, and she would make that trouble a subject of prayer, God would assuredly hear and answer her. This advice she followed, and implored her heavenly Father that

utterance might be given her to open her mouth boldly, and speak to her friend upon the all-important subject of her soul's salvation.

"One Sunday afternoon the store-keeper went out on a visit, and Matilda was invited to take tea with her friend, and keep her company during her father's absence. She thought this would be a favourable opportunity for unburdening her heart. But, alas! when that opportunity arrived, she felt her lips sealed, and was wholly at a loss what to say. For some time she sat silent and thoughtful. 'What is the matter, dear?' asked her companion. 'I never saw you look so grave.' At these words Matilda burst into tears, and throwing her arms round the neck of her friend, she buried her head in her bosom and sobbed aloud. 'Dearest Matilda,' said her friend, 'you alarm me. What is the cause of your grief?' 'You are the cause,' answered the weeping girl. 'I?' inquired the other; 'what have I done to trouble you?' 'Do not be alarmed,' she replied; 'it is nothing you have done that causes me sorrow, but rather what you have not done. Oh, my precious friend! it grieves me to think that I am pursuing my way to Zion without the joy of having you for my companion on the journey. What would I give for the privilege of taking you with me! I cannot bear the thought of leaving you behind.' Matilda then explained the lost condition of man by nature, and the only way of salvation by Jesus Christ; and her entreaties were so earnest that her tender-hearted friend was completely overpowered, and they wept on each other's neck for a long time.

"From that period the store-keeper's daughter began to seek the things which are above, and, instructed by Matilda, she daily advanced in the knowledge of gospel truth. The two friends often met and employed an hour in conversation and prayer; and it soon became evident that Matilda's journey was not a solitary one, but that the friend whom she loved was walking with her hand-in-hand to the heavenly Jerusalem.

"If I were to pause," continued the elder, "you would have abundant inducement to take your harp from the willow, and to sing the Lord's song, though in a strange land; but my story is not completed. The letter which you wrote to your scholar was lent to her companion to read. Having perused it, she placed it upon the mantle-shelf with the intention of returning it the following day. In the meantime the store-keeper, having closed his shop for the night, sat down, according to his usual custom, to enjoy his pipe and his glass. While he was thus occupied, the folded epistle attracted his attention, and curiosity prompted him to examine its contents. He read it through and laid it aside. But there was one sentence in it which riveted his thoughts. It was this: 'Did you ever go upon your knees, and with the publican in the parable, say, in the sincerity of your heart, God be merciful to me a sinner?' 'What necessity,' thought he, 'is there for this? Can Lydia be a sinner?' If she is, then who is not one?' And then the question proposed itself to him, 'Am I a sinner? No, certainly. I thank God I am not as other men are: I have always acted honestly and uprightly, and no one has any charge to bring against me.' Still, however, he did not seem to be quite at ease. 'Am I not a sinner?' was a question that continued to press itself upon his conscience. At length he took down the Bible and turned to the parable, and there he read the exact words which had just passed through his mind: 'God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are.' He had often read these words before, but he seemed now as if he had read them for the first time. He sat and meditated until a late hour, and before his eyes were closed in sleep the angels were rejoicing over a sinner crying for the first time in his life for mercy and pardon.

"And now, my dear friend, you will perhaps wonder how I became acquainted with these facts. Let me, then, in a few words unravel the mystery. In consequence of the death of a near relation, the store-keeper came to London to take possession of a little property. He subsequently took up his abode here, joined the church of which you are a member, and a short time since was appointed an elder. That elder now comes to visit you in your affliction, and to cheer your heart by declaring what God, through your instrumentality, has

done for his soul. It was only a few days since that I ascertained the fact that I was your son in the gospel of Christ; and the providence which has brought me into contact with my spiritual parent is as astonishing to me as it must be pleasing and encouraging to you."

Fellow-teachers, do you mourn over your want of success? Exercise your pen. The employment will be as beneficial to yourselves as to your scholars. Your letters, for the most part, will be valued and preserved with care; others besides those to whom you write will probably peruse them. Your branches will shoot beyond the wall which has bounded your hopes, and many will taste the fruit thereof who shall be your joy and crown of rejoicing in the day of Jesus Christ.

"Only in the Lord."

H EAVEN save you, young man of the church, from linking your fortunes to those of a gay and godless woman; for she will be shackles to your feet, palsy to your hands, a thorn to your side, and a dagger to your heart. The same caution is needful to our Christian young women. In the present demoralised condition of society, they cannot be too careful. A true husband will be to a wife what the sturdy forest oak is to the tender, dependent vine—a support. He will encourage every holy desire and pious longing of her soul, and thereby assist her to perform what in the love of God she believes is the mission of her life.

But the loneliness of the unmarried state is not the worst desolation. Better, ten thousand times better, for a Christian woman to bear life's battle alone than to bind herself to a scoffer, miser, drunkard, gambler, or any one whose spirit and life are not in sympathy with her own, and whose influence would quench the ardour of her devotion to that Being to whom she has publicly vowed eternal fidelity.—*Western Recorder*.

A Swarm of Flies.

FLY from self, and fly from sin,
 Fly the world's tumultuous din;
 Fly its pleasures, fly its cares,
 Fly its friendship, fly its snares.
 Fly the sinner's hast'ning doom,
 Fly and 'scape the wrath to come.
 Fly to Jesus, he's the road,
 Fly through him alone to God.
 Fly to mercy's gracious seat,
 Fly, 'tis sorrow's last retreat;
 Fly to Christ in deepest grief,
 Fly, and you shall find relief.
 Fly and let your wings be love,
 Fly and stretch your flight above;
 Fly while life and grace are giv'n,
 Fly from hell and fly to heaven.

From the Moravian Almanack.

Notices of Books.

Practical Christianity Illustrated. Sermons by WM. BIRCH, jun. The profit to be given to the Cornbrook Orphan Home. Ireland and Co., Manchester.

Our friend Wm. Birch, jun., is a true philanthropist, a man of ten thousand, full of love to his race, and anxious for the good of all. These sermons, preached in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, prove him to be a true genius, possessed of great originality and power. No man is more free from affectation, cant, or reverence for respectability. He hits out at the vices of the rich right straight from the shoulder, and is not deficient in good, manly counsel to the poor. Theologically he sometimes goes off at a tangent, but he manages to pull himself up again; he naturally sees truth rather *manward* than *Godward*, and this prevents his being at all times orthodoxically balanced; but the man's heart is as true to the gospel as the needle to its pole, and his practice is more truly gospel-like than most of the Christian living which comes under our eye. We are sorry to see that the orphan houses at Cornbrook are not adequately supported. What is Manchester at? Mr. Birch ought never to stand in need of a penny, either for his orphans or a new meeting-house, which he needs so badly. He is worth any hundred ordinary workers, and is exactly such a man as great cities need to link rich and poor together—a man of intelligence, position, and sincere godliness, democratic at heart, and hence able to sway the masses and lead them on to that which is pure, elevating, and holy. May success attend all the labours of Mr. Birch, of Manchester!

The Moravian Almanack. Terry, Stone-man, and Co., 6, Hatton Garden.

FOR sixpence this almanack supplies a complete handbook to the Moravian body. Those who are interested in knowing what various denominations are doing, will find it well worth their while to purchase it. The Moravians number 3,250 members in Great Britain, which is only three-fourths of the single church at the Tabernacle.

Picture Hymn Cards. Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

THESE are tastefully got up, and will be much appreciated in Sabbath-schools where tickets and prizes are given. The pictures are nicely varied and well executed. The three sheets sent us contain sixty different cards.

Heart and Voice: Instrumental Music in Christian Worship not divinely authorised. By JAMES GLASGOW, D.D. Belfast, C. Aitchinson; Edinburgh, Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

THIS is a very clear and logical demonstration that instrumental music is out of place in the public worship of God. We heartily agree with Dr. Glasgow, and should like to see all the pipes of the organs in our Nonconformist places of worship either ripped open, or compactly filled with concrete. The human voice is so transcendently superior to all that wind or strings can accomplish, that it is a shame to degrade its harmonies by association with blowing and scraping. It is not better music which we get from organs and viols, but inferior sounds, which unsophisticated ears judge to be harsh and meaningless when compared with a melodious human voice. That the great Lord cares to be praised by bellows we very gravely question; we cannot see any connection between the glory of God and sounds produced by machinery. One broken note from a grateful heart must have more real acceptable praise in it than all the wind which ever swept through whistling pipes. Instrumental music, with its flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of noise-makers, was no doubt well suited to the worship of the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up, and harps and trumpets served well the infant estate of the church under the law, but in the gospel's spiritual domain these may well be let go with all the other beggarly elements. We fear, however, that Dr. Glasgow and ourselves are as yet in a small minority, and are likely to be laughed at as *old fogies*. Be it so; we shall survive it.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Augustus Toplady. By W. WINTERS. F. Davis, 1, Chapter House Court.

AN interesting shilling's worth. Toplady was one of the best of men. Greater bitterness than he showed to Mr. Wesley it would be hard to find, except in his antagonist; equal sweetness as to love to Jesus and devotion to the cause of the gospel can be found nowhere, unless it be in the men whom he lived and died denouncing. Being almost, if not altogether, of Toplady's mind in matters of doctrine, we none the less deprecate the mode of warfare which led him to speak of John Wesley as "an old Fox tarr'd and feathered," although it would not be difficult to show that the rancour of the other side had much to do with the unlovely irritation. Toplady will be better known as the author of "Rock of Ages," than by any other memorial, and in many a hymn-book that glorious hymn will stand side by side with Charles Wesley's "Jesus, lover of my soul," until Christ himself shall come. We have taken from Mr. Winter's book the account of Toplady's last hours, which our readers will find elsewhere. Mr. Gladstone's Latin version of "Rock of Ages" strikes us as so singularly happy that we subjoin it. It is an amusing circumstance that this Latin version has led to the insertion of the hymn in a Roman Catholic hymn-book, as *From the Latin*.

JESUS, PRO ME PERFORATUS.

Jesus, pro me perforatus,
 Condar intra Tuum latus.
 Tu per lympham profluentem,
 T'n per sanguinem tepentem,
 In peccata mi redunda,
 Tolle culpam, sordes munda.
 Coram Te, nec justus forem,
 Quamvis totâ vi laborem,
 Nec si fide nunquam cesso,
 Fletu stillans indefesso,
 Tibi soli tantum munus;
 Salva me, Salvator unus!
 Nil in manu mecum fero,
 Sed me versus crucem gero;
 Vestimenta nudus oro,
 Opem debilis imploro;
 Fontem Christi quero immundus,
 Nisi laves, moribundus.
 Dum hos artus vita regit;
 Quando nox sepulchro tegit;
 Mortuos cum stare jubes,
 Sedens Juxta inter nubes;
 Jesus, pro me perforatus,
 Condar intra Tuum latus.

"Points;" or, *Suggestive Passages, Incidents, and Illustrations, from the Writings of T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.* London: Hodder & Stoughton.

A VERY good title, for Mr. Talmage is all points. He speaks always to his point, and points his points point-blank at the heart and conscience. He is more orthodox and reliable than Beecher, who changes colour after the fashion of the chameleon; but he has very much of Beecher's genius, dash, and originality. We are not sure that the "points" in the collection before us are the very best which might have been gathered out of Mr. Talmage's numerous sermons; but if they serve to introduce fresh readers to his discourses they will be useful. Every popular man has to be hashed and minced in this manner, and the public appear to like the stew; we wish, however, that the cooks would take a little more trouble, and produce something better out of the materials before them. The present selector evidently took his pencil in hand, marked pieces as he read, had them printed, stuck something down in the index as a title for each scrap, and, *presto*, the work was done. A little pains in arrangement and index would have made the book of use to students, and secured for it a better sale.

Byeways of Two Cities. By the Author of "The Romance of the Streets." Hodder and Stoughton.

OUR readers are so well acquainted with the matter and style of our friend Mr. Pike, that there is no occasion for us to say how much we appreciate him. He has a deep sympathy with every work which promises to be beneficial to the poor and ignorant, and we believe his papers have done very much to stimulate Christian zeal in that direction. Much of this volume has already appeared in *The Sword and the Trowel*, and this we trust will increase rather than diminish the sale. We notice that copious extracts from the chapter upon the Taverns of Paddington is printed in the *London City Mission Magazine* for January.

Quiet Words for Quiet Moments. Consisting of Meditations, Texts, and Poetry. William Macintosh.

VERY quiet, quietude itself.

Carrie's Enemy; and other Tales. Sunday School Union.

THE Sunday School Union issues shilling packets of very pretty little books, four to the packet. These are really very cheap and attractive.

Branches running over the Wall; or, Incidents illustrative of the Collateral Benefits of Sunday School Operations.
By the late R. E. CRANFIELD. Sunday School Union.

A DEEPLY interesting series of brief, well-told narratives. We knew the writer, he was a choice spirit, and his talk of Rowland Hill, and the good times of old, was full of holy cheerfulness. Perhaps this makes us think all the better of his papers, but we do not consider that this is the case, for, whoever wrote them, they are first-class. Seldom have we met with a little book more stimulating and comforting to workers. It is of sterling value, and if popularity went by merit, it would be in the front rank. We have given a paper in this month's magazine as a specimen.

Woman's Sphere. Co-operative House-keeping. By Mrs. C. F. PIERCE. Cheap Edition. Sixpence. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

It will not do at any price, till we grow a race of women without tongues, and men without eyes. Sarah and Hagar tried co-operative housekeeping, and it did not answer; Abraham and Lot kept it up as long as human nature could endure it, but it came to an end at last. Poor families whose yards open into each other, and have but one co-operative pump, and a co-operative washhouse, are generally at war; and our friend who lives in lodgings where there is a co-operative umbrella-stand, declares that his fourth alpaca has just disappeared, and he means in future to prey upon his fellow-lodgers. Co-operative housekeeping suits bees, because every one of them carries a sting about him; but dear, stingless ladies, we pray you do not venture upon it, or there will be even less honey in the world than now, and probably more wasps.

The Fourfold Union Commentary on the Holy Bible. In two volumes. To which is added a Biblical Cyclopædia and Atlas. W. Wesley, Fleet Street.

THIS is a remarkably useful combination of commentaries, for it contains the gist of Henry and Scott, and the parallel passages in full, together with the copious critical and explanatory commentary of Jamieson, Fausset, and Dr. David Brown, and a large amount of other learned information. For a student who wants a great deal in small space, and for little money, this is a boon indeed. We believe the cost is only three guineas, and the work may be called a Biblical library in itself. The amount of labour expended in its production must have been enormous. We hope Mr. Wesley will get back the money he has laid out, but he must sell a large number to do so.

The Condition of Membership in the Christian Church viewed in Connection with the Class-Meeting System in the Methodist Body. By T. HUGHES. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE should be sorry to see the class-meeting system cast into the shade, but there certainly can be no Scriptural authority for making attendance at class a condition of membership. It is incumbent upon all Christians to use such means as are needful for edification, and we believe that some persons ought not to be received as church members, except upon the condition that they, as disciples, attend upon the teaching provided by the church for the young and half-instructed; but to make a cast iron rule for all is a stretch of authority for which we can imagine no apology. We are sure that no congregation of Baptists would ever submit to the class-system of Methodists; our people are both too good and too bad to be so readily controlled; they are too fond of freedom, and perhaps too little amenable to discipline. To the Methodist the question discussed by Mr. Hughes is very important, and we counsel calm consideration, candid judgment, deliberate action, and profound regard both for Scripture and the consciences of good men.

Home Mission Work: its Duties, Difficulties, and Encouragements. By the Rev. T. COCHRANE, of the Pleasance Territorial Church, Edinburgh. Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

A PRACTICAL little book, being based not upon a fine-spun theory, but upon actual experiences and matters of fact. Wildernesses may be made to blossom as the rose, the gospel is the power of God unto salvation; there is no impossibility in the attempt to raise the most degraded districts to the light and purity of the grace of God. Oh that in London a thousand Christian workers would see what such men as Mr. Cochrane have been enabled to do, and go and do likewise!

Tom and his Grandfather; a history of the Darcalf Family, showing, from historical and other sources, the Social, Political, and Religious Evils resulting from State-Churchism. By SAMUEL TOMKINS. Elliot Stock.

A WELL-INTENTIONED story. We like the moral of it amazingly, but we do not possess fortitude sufficient to read it through. Samuel Tomkins, as an author, is a man who would lead the van among martyrs, should persecuting times ever return; he is so thoroughly dry that we are sure he would burn gloriously.

The Hive: a Storehouse of Material for Working Sunday-School Teachers. Vol. VI. Elliot Stock.

ARE there Sunday-school teachers who do not work? Let us hope not. Drones are not invited to this "Hive," and we cannot conscientiously recommend it to them; but we believe that workers will greatly appreciate it, and seldom be disappointed in their search after suggestive topics for their classes.

The Four Gospels and the One Christ. By G. B. JOHNSON. Sunday School Union, 56, Old Bailey.

THE title is an impossibility. Four narratives of the same gospel there may be, but not four gospels; and much less if there be but one Christ. A fourfold narrative of the life of the One Christ is here shown to be more instructive and better authenticated than a single narrative, however complete that one narrative might be. The different aspects of these narratives are ably shown to correspond with the characters and positions of the different writers, and coincidences somewhat after the manner of Paley are pointed out, but with more spirit and life. There is much that is suggestive. New veins of thought are opened for others to pursue. A list of quotations from the Old Testament, both direct and indirect, is given; also a harmony in which the four narratives are reduced to one consecutive history, and a classification also of miracles and parables. We should have liked the book more if the one great design of the life of Christ, as preparative to his death, had been kept more in view. The one Christ lived that he might die for our sins, according to the Scriptures.

New Facts upon all Subjects. By the author of "Enquire Within." Haughton and Co.

HERE are facts and directions useful to the housekeeper, the manufacturer, the farmer, the artist, or the engineer. The compiler who issues these works has a remarkable faculty for gathering up odds and ends of information and making them into handy books. Every kind of subject comes under notice, whether it be tattooing or toothache, singing fish or stammering, Vesuvius or violins.

Notes.

WE are unable to continue the Homilies upon the Beatitudes on account of extra work caused by our continental journey.

Thanks to the generosity of many dear friends, our Orphans had a merry Christmas indeed. In no baronial hall or palace was there greater joy than among our fatherless lads. Yet, perhaps, the day after was happier still, for then the mo-

thers came, and this was double joy. Those mothers, it will be seen, brought in a very handsome sum upon cards for the Orphanage.

It was our prayer before going away that the Lord would send us some little store in hand to last while we were away, so that we might have no temptation to worry about finances while seeking rest.

Our prayer has been heard in some measure, and funds are coming in. Never had we so many tokens of love from our friends as just now. We thank them all, and take courage.

Our Watchnight Service at the close of the year was crowded. The service was graphically described in the *Daily News*, and the paragraph has gone the round of the papers. The account was more interesting than true, for the remark as to the devil's causing the people to drag the tune, and sing slowly, was an interpolation by the reporter. Some such observation, differently worded, may have been made by us at some other time, but certainly not during that night, as every one present can testify. The temptation to be smart is very powerful with reporters when Spurgeon is the subject. It was a good service, and good results came of it. Had the reporter gone outside after midnight, and heard the melodious singing of hundreds of our people in the area fronting the Tabernacle, he might have said that in the calm of midnight the music had a charming effect, and held great numbers spell-bound to the spot. We never listened to anything more sweet. Far away the harmony could be heard, and thus the year was ushered in with the glad songs of Zion.

On Tuesday, Jan. 6, we addressed a crowded assembly in the London Tavern, in connection with the Lombard Street daily prayer-meeting. It was good to be there, for the life and spirit of the brethren were all that could be wished. Here the *Daily Telegraph*, which always deals fairly with us, obtained a most inaccurate report, as may be seen by comparing it with the far more correct report of the *Christian World*. We never thought or said that the votaries of Romish superstition were serving Christ, but we did say we hoped that the servants of error would not be allowed to excel the disciples of truth in their zeal and self-sacrifice. We did not praise the crusades, but preached a spiritual crusade upon heathenism and sin. We are sure that the reporter did not intend to misrepresent us, but he certainly did so. Our rule has been not to correct reports or answer charges made in newspapers, since we should have nothing else to do; but in our own magazine we may correct an error, and we do so in this case because the *Freeman*, which is an old and worthy friend, was careless enough to insert the *Telegraph* paragraph without revision.

In the evening of the same day we addressed a full meeting at the St. James's

Hall. We trust that many felt stirred up to pray for a great revival of religion.

It is delightful to hear of the Lord's work in Newcastle and in Edinburgh. May the Lord prosper our brethren Moody and Sankey more and more.

Our annual church meeting showed that 359 had been added to the church in the Tabernacle during the last twelve months; of these 131 have gone to aid other churches, and 39 have died in the Lord. Our nett increase was by this and other causes reduced to 30; but so long as souls are saved we had sooner send them to other places than retain them, for our church is large enough already.

During the year the following brethren have gone forth from the College to spheres of labour:—

Mr. Henderson to *Victoria Chapel, Wandsworth Road*; Mr. Testro to *Lechlade*; Mr. C. H. Thomas to *Warwick*; Mr. Duncan to *Frome*; Mr. J. Palmer to *Chenies, near Rickmansworth*; Mr. Spufford to *Boxingdon*; Mr. Burt to *Ipswich*; Mr. Dobson to *Deal*; Mr. Downen, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Coker, and Mr. Ostler, to *America*; Mr. Pilling to *Potter's Bar*; Mr. Robinson to *Wimbledon*; Mr. Rolls to *Bushey*; Mr. Cross to *Belfast*; Mr. Marsden to *Mansfield*; Mr. Raymond to *St. Neots*; Mr. Wilkins to *Maidenhead*; Mr. Elliot to *East Isley*; Mr. Kemp to *Burce, Suffolk*; Mr. Hutchison to *Shipston-on-Stour*; Mr. Comfort to *Brabourne*; Mr. J. W. Thomas to *Boxmoor*; Mr. Mason to *Attleborough*; Mr. Almy to *Hucknall Torkard*; Mr. R. Spurgeon to *India*; Mr. J. C. Roger to *Sunderland*; Mr. Levi Palmer to *Woodstock*.

May the Lord bless all these labourers!

The weekly offerings at the Tabernacle amounted during the year 1873 to £1,873—all the willing gifts of a willing people to the Redeemer's cause.

The College Buildings are promising well. They are massive and commodious. A considerable sum of money will yet be needed to completely pay for them, and we dare not and will not incur a debt.

January 13, the London Baptist Association held its annual meetings at the Tabernacle, and grand meetings they were. The day was a Sabbath, a festival of brotherly love, and a feast of Tabernacles. All the brethren are desiring a revival. We cannot be satisfied without it. May the Lord send it all over the world. Our beloved brother, J. A. Spurgeon, completed his term of office, and was succeeded by Mr. D. Jones, B.A., of Brixton.

We have written a penny pamphlet entitled "A Few Words upon the Work of the London Baptist Association"; this contains a drawing of the chapels erected by the Association, and can be had of our publishers.

Our brethren in Christ will be wise if at this time they use special diligence in their churches, for there is a sound of abundance of rain, and the Lord will surely bless his people if they be not found too slothful to go up and possess the land. Now that the tide is rising, the Lord's prudent servants should take advantage of it. Oh, for universal pleading for a revival! then would it come indeed and of a truth.

The following notes on the Colportage are from the pen of W. Cordon Jones, the secretary of our growing Colportage Association. We rejoice that the work grows, it is one of the best in existence; the Lord prosper it more and more.

"If we would realise the fearful prevalence and virulence of the varied diseases which 'flesh is heir to,' and learn to value aright the mitigating power and curative skill of the modern physician, we must visit the hospital. So, also, if we would learn the secret of successful warfare, it is necessary that we should go to the battle-field and watch narrowly the tactics of the combatants. It is even so with the malady of sin, and the great conflict in which the church is engaged. We must examine closely the operations of Christian workers if we are to understand aright the gigantic evil of sin, and the secret of successfully coping with it. Among the many agencies at work, there is one comparatively little known, though wondrously efficient and successful wherever fairly tried: I allude to Christian Colportage. I have recently visited several districts in the Midland Counties where colporteurs are at work, and from personal observation I am prepared to assert that it would be difficult to originate another agency so well adapted to grapple with the power of sin, whether in the living man, or concealed like a venomous serpent in the printed page. After holding several public meetings, I found myself among the miners of Derbyshire. As the colporteur labouring here was just about to start for a neighbouring market four or five miles distant, I determined to accompany him. He pushes along a vehicle of considerable size, after the perambulator fashion, filled with Bibles and good books. The curtains of night were drawing around us, but we scarcely needed lamps.

Our road was illumined by the glare from several smelting furnaces. Strange and weird was the effect as the lurid flames darted their forked tongues towards the sombre sky; now revealing a miniature railroad leading to the mines, and then flashing upon a large sheet of water which skirted the road. At last we arrive in the town, and our colporteur having spread out his stock of books on a stall, and hung up his lamp, the work begins in earnest. We fairly challenge the enemy in his own camp. A man came up, took up a Bible, and began to turn over the leaves; his object, however, we soon found, was not to buy, but to cavil. He demurred to a statement printed on the book carriage that the broad road 'leads to misery.' After addressing a few appropriate remarks to him, during which a crowd gathered round the stall, the colporteur turned the occasion to practical account by addressing the objector upon the need of a new birth by the Holy Spirit, and urged him to 'flee from the wrath to come,' to Jesus, the sinner's Friend. A few warm-hearted Primitives encouraged the agent with now and then a hearty 'Amen,' or 'Glory be to God.' He now took up the little book, 'Come to Jesus,' and read a little, and then exhorted the bystanders to seek salvation. Immediately a number of hands were extended, and soon his stock of that book was sold. He then took up one good book after another, for which he found a ready sale. Tracts were freely distributed. Who can estimate the amount of good thus accomplished? Evil seed is being scattered by Satan's press broadcast: here is an efficient method of sowing the good seed which is the 'power of God,' and shall conquer. This agent has sold books and Bibles to the amount of nearly £150 in eight months, besides visiting hundreds of families and conducting varied religious services. Several souls have been converted during this time. Our society has now twenty-four districts—several have only recently been started, but the most cheering accounts reach us continually from all our agents. Scotland has over two hundred, and Ireland fifty. Will not the Christian public enable us to thrust out more of these earnest labourers into the vineyard?

"It is a very cheap agency, only £40 a year being required for a district to possess a colporteur. Employers of labour will find this a work second to none in getting access to their *employés* and doing them good.

"Wealthy Christians, being unable from

any cause to labour for Christ personally, can thus obtain an agent who will, as far as practicable, visit every house in the district. One subscriber, who is an invalid, gives us £40 a year for this purpose.

"Pastors of churches may utilise colportage for the extension of their work, and several county unions and associations already employ this efficient home missionary with the most satisfactory results.

The committee appeal earnestly for extended help, so that they may occupy new ground during the new year.

"Subscriptions will be thankfully received by the general secretary, Mr. W. Cordon Jones, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, London, S.E."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle,
by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—January 1st,
nineteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from December 20th, 1873, to January 19th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Goslin	0	10	0
First Fruits	0	10	0
H. E.	1	0	0
Mr. A. Ashworth	0	5	0
The Evening Classes	16	0	0
Miss Firmin	0	1	0
Miss Evans	0	1	0
Mrs. Glennan	2	10	0
A Thankoffering, Mrs. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Mr. B. Vickery	2	0	0
Mr. and Miss Bowley	0	15	0
Mr. E. King	0	10	0
Mr. W. Bamford	0	5	0
Mr. W. Tucknott	1	10	0
A Reader in the North	0	5	0
Mr. W. Thomas	10	0	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	5	5	0
Mrs. Howard	5	0	0
Mrs. Hodge	1	0	0
Mrs. Haggett	1	5	0
Mr. W. Thomas	0	12	6
Miss Maxwell	0	12	0
F. L., per Mr. Haynes	50	0	0
Mr. W. J. Haynes	10	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. A. Smae	0	10	0
Legacy, late R. Black	174	15	0
E. C., per Mr. J. T. Duna	1	0	0
Mr. Ledingham	0	10	0
Mr. Cox	0	3	0
Mr. Townsend	0	5	0
Mr. W. Pedley	2	2	0
The late Mrs. Conder	3	3	0
Mr. W. Ewing	1	0	0
Mr. C. Smith	2	0	0
A. E. Y.	1	0	0
Mr. G. Morgan	1	0	0
Mr. J. Churchill	5	5	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	3	3	0
Mr. E. Townshend	1	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	2	0	0
H.	0	5	0
Mrs. Harris	0	5	0
A Few Friends, Craig	0	12	6
A Northumberland Friend	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. R. Scott	1 0 0
X. Y. Z.	0 5 0
A Friend, per Mr. Fulks	2 0 0
A New Year's Offering	0 10 0
Mr. B. Bell	1 0 0
Mrs. Callam	5 0 0
Mr. Wyles, per Mr. Alway	1 0 0
G. L. E.	0 5 0
Mr. J. Thomas	2 10 0
A Widow's Mite	0 2 6
Mr. and Mrs. Miller	1 0 0
Mr. H. Kinvig	0 5 0
C. B. and A. C.	0 2 0
C. S. F.	0 5 0
Mr. S. Cozens	0 5 0
A Friend	0 1 0
Mr. G. Elder and Friend	1 0 0
Miss Rodwell, per Mr. J. T. Dunn	0 5 0
A Friend in Scotland	20 0 0
A Thankoffering, J. L.	1 1 0
A Friend	1 0 0
G. G.	1 1 0
Mr. and Mrs. R. A. James	10 0 0
Mr. Sievwright	1 0 0
Mrs. Hagger	0 5 0
Mr. E. W. Davies	10 0 0
Mr. Bowker's Class	14 0 0
Mr. J. Cullander	7 0 0
Mr. J. S. Cumming	0 10 0
Miss Walker	0 15 10
Mr. W. Casson	1 0 0
Mr. J. Brewer	5 5 0
Mrs. Bydell	0 4 2
Miss Winslow	0 14 0
Miss Lovegrove	0 6 11
The United Christian Brothers Benefit Society	0 5 8
Weekly Offerings at Tab., Dec. 21	60	4	6
" " " 23	60	4	6
" " " Jan. 4	32	2	3
" " " " 11	30	2	9
" " " " 18	20	11	1
	£620	4	2

Stockwell Organage.

Statement of Receipts from December 20th, 1873, to January 19th, 1874.

					£	s.	d.
Miss K. Bloodworth	1	7	0
Miss Goslin	0	10	0
First Fruits	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Hands	5	0	0
Mrs. Garstang	5	0	0
First Communion, Surbiton Hill Chapel	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. H. Smith's Box	2	6	6	An Orphan	0	1	0
J. G.	0	5	0	A Friend at Dartford, per Pastor A.	8	0	0
Mr. W. Ronald	0	15	0	Sturge	0	2	0
Sunday School, Charles Street, Ken-				Mr. C. E. Moody	20	0	0
nington, per Mr. Hayward	1	1	0	H. A. N.	0	5	0
Rev. W. T. Rosevear	1	0	0	G. L. B.	1	0	0
Miss K. Turnbull	0	5	0	Mrs. Brassington	1	4	0
Children's Pence	0	2	6	Contents of Box, Baptist Chapel, Wark-	3	0	0
Mr. H. Randle	0	2	6	worth	1	0	0
M. G.	0	5	0	Miss Martha Curling	1	0	0
Mr. D. Mathias	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Sangster	0	5	0
Mr. W. Forster	2	2	0	Mr. Daniels	1	12	6
Darlington	0	6	4	79, High Street, Cheltenham	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Chillingworth	0	10	0	The Misses Panter	2	10	0
Mr. J. O. Cooper and Family	3	14	6	Mr. J. Thomas	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Cooper	5	0	0	Keighley	1	0	0
Mrs. Adams	0	10	0	H. G. T. P.	0	10	0
Mrs. Robinson, South Australia	1	0	0	Bromsgrove	0	2	6
Machine Stitching	0	2	6	A Widow's Mite	0	2	6
A. E. Y.	1	0	0	A. G. P.	0	2	6
Mr. A. Balfour	0	10	0	Baptist Church, Swaffham	0	2	6
Mrs. R. Robottom	1	0	0	T. B.	0	10	0
Mr. Garratt	0	5	0	Mrs. Fielding	0	2	0
Mr. J. Nixon	0	5	0	A Thankoffering	1	0	0
				Mrs. Hubbard	0	10	0
E. C., Woolwich, per Mr. J. T. Dunn	1	10	0	G. C. S.	0	10	0
Money Box	0	10	0	Mr. Charles Cheestham	0	5	0
Per Mr. G. Shepherd	1	0	0	Mr. H. Brain	0	3	0
Mrs. Davies	0	15	0	A Country Minister	2	5	0
Mr. J. Edwards	100	0	0	Mr. W. H. Snell and Friends	5	0	0
Sermon Reader	0	11	0	Mr. P. H. Guthridge, junior	1	0	0
John Ploughman's Almanack	0	2	6	Baptist Church, Long Preston	1	0	0
A Sermon Reader	1	0	0	Mr. G. Elder and Friend	0	3	6
Mr. J. Davidson	1	0	0	D. Wallis	0	4	0
A few Readers, per Mr. Yates	0	8	6	W. A. M.	0	2	6
Per Mr. Olding	0	2	6	Mrs. Sims	0	2	6
Mr. W. Cooke	0	10	0	John Ploughman	1	18	10
Mr. E. J. Everett	10	0	0	Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	0	3	0
Mrs. M. Barker	0	10	0	A Friend, per Mr. Horsepool	0	5	0
Sabbath Children's Meeting, per Mr.				W. H. S. M.	1	12	3
Marnix	0	15	0	S. L.	0	10	0
Mr. G. Morgan	1	0	0	Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Tunbridge Wells	0	0	6	Proceeds of Concert, per Mr. J. Field,	1	0	0
Mr. W. Whitmee	1	1	0	Ecton	0	12	6
Mrs. Sambourne	5	0	0	Mrs. Becciff's Bible Class	4	0	0
Mr. John Churchill	5	5	0	Mr. J. Slater	1	11	6
Mr. W. H. Roberts	2	0	0	B. Arthur and Friends at Coate, Oxon	0	12	0
R. S.	20	0	0	Miss Maxwell	1	14	0
A Friend (Clones)	1	0	0	Friends, per Mr. G. Loader	0	10	0
Chesterman	0	5	0	Mrs. Armitage	0	17	8
E. Sargent	0	5	0	Mrs. Cruickshank's Bible Class	0	10	0
M. R. B.	0	10	0	Mr. Chessher	10	0	0
J. H.	0	3	0	Mr. Rickett	5	0	0
H.	0	4	2	M. D.	1	0	0
Every Little Helps	0	5	0	Miss Hagger	0	2	0
Mrs. Harris	0	10	0	Mr. H. Rankin	1	0	0
Mrs. Mozes	0	5	0	Mr. Parkhouse	2	0	6
A Friend	0	12	6	Mrs. Jago	1	0	0
A Few Friends, Craig	1	5	5	Mr. W. Ranford	10	0	0
Richmond Sunday School, Liverpool	0	7	0	Mr. E. W. Davies	2	2	0
J. S., Regent's Park	0	7	0	Mr. C. Hunting	1	15	0
Miss Spencer and her Sister	0	15	0	Sabbath School, per Rev. D. Cameron,	0	11	9
Mr. G. Grosse	2	2	0	Lochee	2	0	0
Mr. John How	0	5	0	Mrs. Robertshaw	2	0	0
Children's Offering, per R. Evans	0	3	0	Mr. J. Gatward	1	0	0
Forres	0	5	0	Mr. J. Buckland	1	0	0
Olara	0	0	6	Miss L. Tanton	1	0	0
Little Rupert	0	4	6	Mr. T. Hume	1	0	0
Friends in Birse	0	3	6	Mr. D. Laycock	3	3	0
Collected by Mr. Grant	0	10	0	Tho Misses Roberts	5	0	0
Mrs. Barratt	0	5	0	R. A.	1	1	0
A Young Ploughman, Tweedside	0	10	0	J. M.	1	1	6
Mona	1	0	0	Sunday School, per Rev. J. Smith,	0	12	0
A New Year's Offering	5	0	0	Haddenham	2	2	0
Mr. B. Bell	5	0	0	Mrs. Dods and Friends	10	0	0
Proceeds of Lecture, per Mr. Cracknell	10	0	0	G. G.	0	15	0
Mr. W. K. Rowe	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. R. A. James	0	5	0
Mr. Farley	5	0	0	Mr. Seiwright			
Esperance	2	0	0	Small but free			
Mr. T. Romang	0	5	0				
A Friend							

	£	s.	d.
Mr. C. E. Moody	0	2	0
Ditto, Box	0	4	7
A Sermon Reader, North of Aberdeen	0	10	0
Mr. T. J. Bristow	0	5	0
Mr. H. C. Thompson	1	3	2
W. J. B.	1	1	0
Mrs. Taylor	0	2	0
The United Christian Brothers Benefit Society	2	14	8
Camden Road Sunday School	1	5	8
Trinity Sunday School	0	5	6
Mr. Speller	0	7	8
<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>			
Mr. E. Walker	1	1	0
Mrs. Walker	1	1	0
Mr. Pinkstone's Class	1	1	0
Mr. Watts	2	0	0
Mr. E. Longhurst	1	0	0
Mr. J. Ford	0	5	0
Mr. J. B. Mead	10	0	0
Mrs. Lillycrop	1	1	0
Messrs. Meadow and Co.	5	0	0
Per F. R. T.:			
Mrs. Nelson	0	5	0
Mr. May	0	5	0
Mrs. Adrian	0	5	0
Rev. F. Tucker	0	5	0
Mrs. Taylor	0	5	0
Miss Taylor	0	5	0
In Remembrance	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Brown	0	5	0
Mr. Bremner	0	5	0
Mrs. G. Dix	0	5	0
	2	10	0
	£367	12	8

Further Contributions for Orphanage Christmas Dinner:—

	£	s.	d.
Miss Watts	0	10	0
Mr. Pottinger	1	0	0
J. J.	0	5	0
Mary and Nellie Spurrier	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Family of Mr. T. W. Jesper	0	10	0
R. E. and J. Sears	0	10	0
C. T.	0	5	0
M. G.	0	5	0
Thomas B., Oakham	1	0	0
Mrs. Tyrer	1	0	0
Mr. R. Lane	1	0	0
A Friend to the Little Ones	1	0	0
J. M.	1	0	0
Mrs. T.	10	0	0
A Wiltshire Baptist	0	4	0
Billy the Pedlar	0	10	0
Mr. Bigg	1	1	0
A. L.	0	5	0
Tottie, Sam, and Gussie Goldston	0	12	6
G.	1	1	0
Mrs. Kirtland	0	5	0
Miss Lewis	0	5	0
Mr. and Miss Smith	1	10	0
A few Friends	0	10	0
Mrs. Dunsford	0	5	0
Miss Fells	0	5	0
Mr. J. Baker and Friends	0	11	6
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
M. B.	1	0	0
Wilfred Hine	0	10	6
Alfred Hine	0	10	6
Per Mr. Lang:—			
Mr. Surie	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Lang	1	0	0
Mrs. Plaisto	0	10	0
	3	10	0
G. F.	0	2	0
Mrs. Frearson	0	2	6
Annie Milner	0	2	0
A Working Man and his Wife	0	2	6
Mr. B. Tice	0	2	0
Mattie and Lottie	0	2	0
E. Smith	0	1	0
B. T.	0	5	0
Southampton	0	2	0
Mrs. Rouse	0	10	0
	£33	7	0

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards:— Alexander A. J., 5s 5d; Abbey Jonathan, £1; Austin, 3s 3d; Baker J. W., 6s; Brooker H., 3s; Brownlie William, 2s; Bourne A. C., 5s 10d; Bligh F. G., 5s; Bailey B., 5s; Boraston J. M., 2s 6d; Bray Ernest, £1 10; Brick E., 1s 2d; Brazen-dale J. C., 2s; Blakelock G., 4d; Bowers A., 10s; Colley A., £1; Cockerton T. W., 2s; Coles George, £1 2s; Cox Charles, 2s 6d; Corke H. L., 10s; Coleman J., £1; Campbell C. W., 17s; Chapman M. P., 2s 8d; Cockerton A. W., 2s 3d; Crisp, 12s 1d; Dawson Thomas, 3s; Dean G. F., 12s; Dixon R., £1; Digby Charles, 2s; Daniels J. E., 5s 7d; Day A. H., £1; Deavin E., £1 9s 4d; Dalby W. C., £1; Davies C. H. S. and W., £1 1s; Dean G. E., 4s; Ehlers R. A., 3s 3d; Emmett G., 2s 6d; Evans J., 3s; Ellis George, 13s; Eves G. B., £1; Fourness E. R., 5s; Fleming G., 3s; Farley J. G., 2s 6d; Fanner William, 12s; Fairchild H. W., 1s 0d; French E., 2s 4d; Gatten James, 2s 6d; Graham H., 15s 5d; Glassborough F., 4s 6d; Heath A. J., 2s; Hodge James, £1; Herrieffe Thomas, 11s; Hearn C., 1s 10d; Hitchcock S. T., 1s 6d; Hart E. A., 11s 0d; Hobson W., (collected by Master Baseley) £1; Harper A. H., 3s 6d; Horley B., 8s; Harris H. E., 2s 6d; Hockheimer W., 5s; Jones C., 6s 6d; James E., 8s 5d; Jones A. C., 4s 5d; Johnson G., 3s 6d; Laker A. W., 6s; Lee E. A., 2s 6d; Ladds W. T., 5s 7d; Mee C. M., 4s; Marsh H. J., 2s 2d; Morley H., 1s 10d; McKenzie W. T., 8s 1d; Mallett John, 5s 7d; Machin F. W., £1; Nicole E. H., 7s 4d; Okill W. J., 3s; Osman C. J., 4s; Osborn D. C., £1; Phipps H., 2s 9d; Parker G. S., 5s; Plant E. H., 10s 8d; Passingham J. C., £1; Paice Frederick, 3s 6d; Perry Frank, 5s; Pavey Samuel, 1s 8d; Phillips Benjamin, 2s 2d; Ratcliff G., 6s 2d; Randall 3s 6d; Rogers William, 8s 3d; Robinson H., 10s 6d; Raynor W., 10s 7d; Snook Joseph, 4s 4d; Smith H., 6s 6d; Smith R., 1s; Semark H. B. and C. A., £2 14s 1d; Saunders D. W., 4s 4d; Secats W., 4s 3d; Stynes R. E., 5s 0d; Smith Harry, 2s; Simmonds J. H., 3s 2d; Stuart C. (collected by "Little Mary") £1; Simms B., £1; Simpson J., 2s 6d; Sewell William, 1s 8d; Spanwick G., 2s 9d; Stotesbury, 1s 9d; Simmonds G., 8s 3d; Tiddy E. G., 10s; Thornton H. O., 3s; Tatum E., 2s; Tanner T. S., 2s; Thompson P. C., 2s; White A. J., 8s; Wheeler A. H., 3s 6d; Walton Harry, 10s 6d; Wood W., 5s 6d; Wooder G. J., £1; Wiles William, 18s; White R. W., 3s; Wells W., 3s 6d; Wingell S., 3s; White W. E., 7s 5d; Wheeler William, 7s; Wood J. M., £1; Williams G., 3s; Wrout F., 1s 4d; Walters H., 4s 8d; Tickets for Tea, £1 19s.—Total, £33 1s 2d.

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THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MARCH, 1874.

The Need of Decision for the Truth.

A COLLEGE ADDRESS, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

SOME things are true and some things are false. I regard that as an axiom; but there are many persons who evidently do not believe it. The current principle of the present age seems to be, "Some things are either true or false, according to the point of view from which you look at them. Black is white, and white is black according to circumstances; and it does not particularly matter which you call it. Truth of course is true, but it would be rude to say that the opposite is a lie; we must not be bigoted, but remember the motto, 'So many men, so many minds.' " Our forefathers were particular about maintaining landmarks; they had strong notions about fixed points of revealed doctrine, and were very tenacious of what they believed to be scriptural; their fields were protected by hedges and ditches, but their sons have grubbed up the hedges, filled up the ditches, laid all level, and played at leap-frog with the boundary stones. The school of modern thought laughs at the ridiculous positiveness of Reformers and Puritans; it is advancing in glorious liberality, and before long will publish a grand alliance between heaven and hell, or, rather, an amalgamation of the two establishments upon terms of mutual concession, allowing falsehood and truth to lie side by side, like the lion with the lamb. Still, for all that, my firm old fashioned belief is that some doctrines are true, and that statements which are diametrically opposite to them are not true,—that when "No" is the fact, "Yes" is out of court, and that when "Yes" can be justified, "No" must be abandoned. I believe that the gentleman who has for so long a time perplexed our courts is either Sir Roger Tichborne or

somebody else ; I am not yet able to conceive of his being the true heir and an impostor at the same time. Yet in religious matters the fashionable standpoint is somewhere in that latitude.

We have a faith to preach, my brethren, and we are sent forth with a message from God. We are not left to fabricate the message as we go along. We are not sent forth by our Master with this kind of general commission—"As you shall think in your heart and invent in your head as you march on, so preach. Keep abreast of the times. Whatever the people want to hear, tell them that, and they shall be saved." Verily, we read not so. There is something definite in the Bible. It is not quite a lump of wax to be shaped at our will, or a roll of cloth to be cut according to the prevailing fashion. Your great thinkers evidently look upon the Scriptures as a box of letters for them to play with, and make what they like of, or a wizard's bottle, out of which they may pour anything they choose from atheism up to spiritualism. I am too old-fashioned to fall down and worship this theory. There is something told me in the Bible—told me for certain—not put before me with a "but" and a "perhaps," and an "if," and a "may be," and fifty thousand suspicions behind it, so that really the long and the short of it is, that it may not be so at all; but revealed to me as infallible fact, which must be believed, the opposite of which is deadly error, and comes from the father of lies.

Believing, therefore, that there is such a thing as truth, and such a thing as falsehood, that there are truths in the Bible, and that the gospel consists in something definite which is to be believed by men, it becomes us to be decided as to what we teach, and to teach it in a decided manner. We have to deal with men who will be either lost or saved, and they certainly will not be saved by erroneous doctrine. We have to deal with God, whose servants we are, and he will not be honoured by our delivering falsehoods; neither will he give us a reward, and say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast mangled the gospel as judiciously as any man that ever lived before thee." We stand in a very solemn position, and ours should be the spirit of old Micaiah, who said, "As the Lord my God liveth, before whom I stand, whatsoever the Lord saith unto me that will I speak." Neither less nor more than God's word are we called to state, but that we are bound to declare in a spirit which lets the sons of men know that, whatever they may think of it, we believe God, and are not to be shaken in our confidence in him.

In what ought we to be positive, brethren? Well, there are gentlemen alive who imagine that there are no fixed principles to go upon. "Perhaps a few doctrines," said one to me, "perhaps a few doctrines may be considered as established. It is, perhaps, ascertained that there is a God; but one ought not to dogmatise upon his personality: a great deal may be said for pantheism." Such men creep into the ministry, but they are generally cunning enough to conceal the breadth of their minds beneath Christian phraseology, thus acting in consistency with their principles, for their fundamental rule is that truth is of no consequence.

As for us—as for me, at any rate—I am certain that there is a God, and I mean to preach it as a man does who is absolutely sure. He is

the Maker of heaven and earth, the Master of providence, and the Lord of grace: let his name be blessed for ever and ever! We will have no questions and debates as to him.

We are equally certain that the book which is called "the Bible" is his word, and is inspired; not inspired in the sense in which Shakspeare, and Milton, and Dryden may be inspired, but in an infinitely higher sense; so that, provided we have the exact text, we regard the words themselves as infallible. We believe that everything stated in the book that comes to us from God is to be accepted by us as his sure testimony, and nothing less than that. God forbid we should be ensnared by those various interpretations of the *modus* of inspiration, which amount to little more than frittering it away. The book is a divine production; it is perfect, and is the last court of appeal—"the judge which ends the strife." I would as soon dream of blaspheming my Maker as of questioning the infallibility of his word.

We are also sure concerning the doctrine of the blessed Trinity. We cannot explain how the Father, Son, and Spirit can be each one distinct and perfect in himself, and yet that these three are one, so that there is but one God; yet we do verily believe it, and mean to preach it, notwithstanding Unitarian, Socinian, Sabellian, or any other error. We shall hold that fast evermore, by the grace of God.

And, brethren, there will be no uncertain sound from us as to the doctrine of atonement. We cannot leave the blood out of our ministry, or the life of it will be gone; for we may say of our ministry, "The blood is the life thereof." The proper substitution of Christ, the vicarious sacrifice of Christ, on the behalf of his people, that they might live through him. This we must publish till we die.

Neither can we waver in our mind for a moment concerning the great and glorious Spirit of God—the fact of his existence, his personality, and the power of his workings; the necessity of his influences, the certainty that no man is regenerated except by him; that we are born again by the Spirit of God, and that the Spirit dwells in believers, and is the author of all good in them, their sanctifier and preserver, without whom they can do no good thing whatsoever. We shall not at all hesitate as to preaching that truth.

The absolute necessity of the new birth is also a certainty. We come down with demonstration when we touch that point. We shall never poison our people with the notion that a moral reformation will suffice, but we will over and over again say to them, "Ye must be born again." We have not got into the condition of the Scotch minister, who when old John Macdonald preached to his congregation a sermon to sinners remarked, "Well, Mr. Macdonald, that was a very good sermon which you have preached, but it is very much out of place, for I do not know one single unregenerate person in my congregation." Poor soul, he was in all probability unregenerated himself. No, we dare not flatter our hearers, but we must continue to tell them that they are born sinners, and must be born saints, or they will never see the face of God with acceptance.

The tremendous evil of sin—we shall not hesitate about that. We shall speak on that matter both sorrowfully and positively; and, though some very wise men raise difficult questions about hell, we shall not

fail to declare the terrors of the Lord, and the fact that the Lord has said, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal."

Neither will we ever give an uncertain sound as to the glorious truth that salvation is all of grace. If ever we ourselves are saved, we know that sovereign grace alone has done it, and we feel it must be the same with others. We will publish "Grace! grace! grace!" with all our might, living and dying.

We shall be very decided, also, as to justification by faith; for salvation is "Not of works, lest any man should boast." "Life in a look at the Crucified One" will be our message. Trust in the Redeemer will be that saving grace which we will pray the Lord to implant in all our hearers' hearts.

And everything else which we believe to be true in the Scriptures we shall preach with decision. If there be questions which may be regarded as moot, or comparatively unimportant, we shall speak with such a measure of decision about them as may be comely. But points which cannot be moot, which are essential and fundamental, will be declared by us without any stammering, without any enquiring of the people, "What would you wish us to say?" Yes, and without the apology, "Those are my views, but other people's views may be correct." We ought to preach the gospel, not as *our views* at all, but as the mind of God—the testimony of Jehovah concerning his own Son, and in reference to salvation for lost men. If we had been entrusted with the making of the gospel, we might have altered it to suit the taste of this modest century, but never having been employed to originate the good news, but merely to repeat it, we dare not stir beyond the record. What we have been taught of God we teach. If we do not do this, we are not fit for our position. If I have a servant in my house, and I send a message by her to the door, and she amends it, on her own authority, she may take away the very soul of the message by so doing, and she will be responsible for what she has done. She will not long remain in my employ, for I need a servant who will repeat what I say, as nearly as possible, word for word; and if she does so, I am responsible for the message, she is not. If any one should be angry with her on account of what she said, they would be very unjust; their quarrellies with me, and not with the person whom I employ to act as mouth for me. He that hath God's Word, let him speak it faithfully, and he will have no need to answer gainsayers, except with a "Thus saith the Lord." This, then, is the matter concerning which we are decided.

How are we to show this decision? We need not be careful to answer this question, our decision will show itself in its own way. If we really believe a truth, we shall be decided about it. Certainly we are not to show our decision by that obstinate, furious, wolfish bigotry which cuts off every other body from the chance and hope of salvation and the possibility of being regenerate or even decently honest if they happen to differ from us about the colour of a scale of the great leviathan. Some individuals appear to be naturally cut on the cross; they are manufactured to be rasps, and rasp they will. Sooner than not quarrel with you they would raise a question upon the colour of invisibility, or the weight of a non-existent substance. They are up in arms with you, not because of the

importance of the question under discussion, but because of the far greater importance of their being always the Pope of the party. Don't go about the world with your fist doubled up for fighting, carrying a theological revolver in the leg of your trousers. There is no sense in being a sort of doctrinal game-cock, to be carried about to show your spirit, or a terrier of orthodoxy, ready to tackle heterodox rats by the score. Practise the *suaviter in modo*, as well as the *fortiter in re*. Be prepared to fight, and always have your sword buckled on your thigh, but wear a scabbard; there can be no sense in waving your weapon about before everybody's eyes to provoke conflict, after the manner of our beloved friends of the Emerald Isle, who are said to take their coats off at Donnybrook Fair, and drag them along the ground, crying out, while they flourish their shillelubs, "Will any gentleman be so good as to tread on the tail of my coat?" There are theologians of such warm, generous blood, that they are never at peace till they are fully engaged in war.

If you really believe the gospel, you will be decided for it in more sensible ways. Your very tone will betray your sincerity; you will speak like a man who has something to say, which he knows to be true. Have you ever watched a rogue when he is about to tell a falsehood? Have you noticed the way in which he has mouthed it? It takes a long time to be able to tell a lie well, for the facial organs were not originally constituted and adapted for the complacent delivery of falsehood. When a man knows he is telling you the truth, everything about him corroborates his sincerity. Any accomplished cross-examining lawyer knows within a little whether a witness is genuine or a deceiver. Truth has her own air and manner, her own tone and emphasis. Yonder is a blundering, ignorant country fellow in the witness box; the counsel tries to bamboozle and confuse him, if possible, but all the while he feels that he is an honest witness, and he says to himself, "I should like to shake this fellow's evidence, for it will greatly damage my side of the question." There ought to be always that same air of truth about the Christian minister; only as he is not only bearing witness to the truth, but wants other people to feel that truth and own the power of it, he ought to have more decision in his tone than a mere witness who is stating facts which may be believed or not without any serious consequences following either way. Luther was the man for decision. Nobody doubted that he believed what he spoke. He spoke with thunder, for there was lightning in his faith. The man preached all over, for his entire nature believed. You felt, "Well, he may be mad, or he may be altogether mistaken, but he assuredly believes what he says. He is the incarnation of faith; his heart is running over at his lips."

If we would show decision for the truth, we must not only do so by our tone and manner, but by our daily actions. A man's life is always more forcible than his speech; when men take stock of him they reckon his deeds as pounds and his words as pence. If his life and his doctrines disagree, the mass of lookers-on accept his practice and reject his preaching. A man may know a great deal about truth, and yet be a very damaging witness on its behalf, because he is no credit to it. The quack who in the classic story cried up an infallible cure for

colds, coughing and sneezing between every sentence of his panegyric, may serve as the image and symbol of an unholy minister. The Satyr in Æsop's fable was indignant with the man who blew hot and cold with the same mouth, and well he might be. I can conceive no surer method of prejudicing men against the truth than by sounding her praises through the lips of men of suspicious character. When the devil turned preacher in our Lord's day, the Master bade him hold his peace; he did not care for Satanic praises. It is very ridiculous to hear good truth from a bad man; it is like flour in a coal-sack. When I was last in one of our Scottish towns I heard of an idiot at the asylum, who thought himself a great historic character. With much solemnity the poor fellow put himself into an impressive attitude and exclaimed, "I'm Sir William Wallace! Gie me a bit of bacca." The descent from Sir William Wallace to a piece of tobacco was too absurd for gravity; yet it was neither so absurd nor so sad as to see a professed ambassador of the cross covetous, worldly, passionate, or sluggish. How strange it would be to hear a man say, "I am a servant of the Most High God, and I will go wherever I can get the most salary. I am called to labour for the glory of Jesus only, and I will go nowhere unless the church is of most respectable standing. For me to live is Christ, but I cannot do it under five hundred pounds per annum."

Brother, if the truth be in thee it will flow out of thine entire being as the perfume streams from every bough of the sandal-wood tree; it will drive thee onward as the trade-wind speeds the ships, filling all their sails; it will consume thy whole nature with its energy as the forest fire burns up all the trees of the wood. Truth has not fully given thee her friendship till all thy doings are marked with her seal.

We must show our decision for the truth by the sacrifices we are ready to make. This is, indeed, the most efficient as well as the most trying method. We must be ready to give up anything and everything for the sake of the principles which we have espoused, and must be ready to offend our best supporters, to alienate our warmest friends, sooner than belie our consciences. We must be ready to be beggars in purse, and offscourings in reputation, rather than act treacherously. We can die, but we cannot deny the truth. The cost is already counted, and we are determined to buy the truth at any price, and sell it at no price. Too little of this spirit is abroad now-a-days. Men have a saving faith, and save their own persons from trouble; they have great discernment, and know on which side their bread is buttered; they are large-hearted, and are all things to all men, if by any means they may save a sum. There are plenty of curs about, who would follow at the heel of any man who would keep them in meat. They are among the first to bark at decision, and call it obstinate dogmatism, and ignorant bigotry. Their condemnatory verdict causes us no distress; it is what we expected.

Above all we must show our zeal for the truth by continually, in season and out of season, endeavouring to maintain it in the tenderest and most loving manner, but still very earnestly and firmly. We must not talk to our congregations as if we were half asleep. Our preaching must not be articulate snoring. There must be power, life, energy,

vigour. We must throw our whole selves into it, and show that the zeal of God's house has eaten us up.

How are we to manifest our decision? Certainly not by harping on one string and repeating over and over again the same truths with the declaration that we believe them. Such a course of action could only suggest itself to the incompetent. The barrel-organ grinder is not a pattern of decision, he may have persistency, but that is not the same thing as consistency. I could indicate certain brethren who have learned about four or five doctrines, and they grind them over and over again with everlasting monotony. I am always glad when they grind their tunes in some street far removed from my abode. To weary with perpetual repetition is not the way to manifest our firmness in the faith. My brethren, you will strengthen your decision by the recollection of the importance of these truths to your own souls. Are your sins forgiven? Have you a hope of heaven? How do the solemnities of eternity affect you? Certainly you are not saved apart from these things, and therefore you must hold them, for you feel you are a lost man if they be not true. You know that you have to die, and being conscious that these things alone can sustain you in the last article, you hold them with all your might. You cannot give them up. How can a man resign a truth which he feels to be vitally important to his own soul? He daily feels—"I have to live on it, I have to die on it, I am wretched now, and lost for ever apart from it, and therefore by the help of God I cannot relinquish it."

Your own experience from day to day will sustain you, beloved brethren. I hope you have realised already and will experience much more the power of the truth which you preach. I believe the doctrine of election, because I am quite sure that if God had not chosen me I should never have chosen him; and I am sure he chose me before I was born, or else he never would have chosen me afterwards; and he must have elected me for reasons unknown to me, for I never could find any reason in myself why he should have looked upon me with special love. So I am forced to accept that doctrine. I am bound to the doctrine of the depravity of the human heart, because I find myself depraved in heart, and have daily proofs that there dwelleth in my flesh no good thing. I cannot help holding that there must be an atonement before there can be pardon, because my conscience demands it, and my peace depends upon it. The little court within my own heart is not satisfied unless some retribution be exacted for dishonour done to God. They tell us sometimes that such and such statements are not true; but when we are able to reply that we have tried them and proved them, what answer is there to such reasoning? A man propounds the wonderful discovery that honey is not sweet. "But I had some for breakfast, and I found it very sweet," say you, and your reply is conclusive. He tells you that salt is poisonous, but you point to your own health, and declare that you have eaten salt these forty years. He says that to eat bread is a mistake—a vulgar error, an antiquated absurdity; but at each meal you make his protest the subject for a merry laugh. If you are daily and habitually experienced in the truth of God's word, I am not afraid of your being shaken in mind in reference to it. Those young fellows who never felt conviction of sin, but

obtained their religion as they get their bath in the morning, by jumping into it—these will as readily leap out of it as they leaped in. Those who feel neither the joys nor yet the depressions of spirit which indicate spiritual life, are torpid, and their palsied hand has no firm grip of truth. Mere skimmers of the word, who, like swallows, touch the water with their wings, are the first to fly from one land to another as personal considerations guide them. They believe this, and then believe that, for, in truth, they believe nothing intensely. If you have ever been dragged through the mire and clay of soul-despair, if you have been turned upside down, and wiped out like a dish as to all your own strength and pride, and have then been filled with the joy and peace of God, through Jesus Christ, I will trust you among fifty thousand infidels. Whenever I hear the sceptic's stale attacks upon the word of God, I smile within myself, and think, "Why, you simpleton! how can you urge such trifling objections? I have felt, in the contentions of my own unbelief, ten times greater difficulties." We who have contended with horses are not to be wearied by footmen. Gordon Cumming and other lion-killers are not to be scared by wild cats, nor will those who have stood foot to foot with Satan resign the field to pretentious sceptics, or any other of the evil one's inferior servants.

If, my brethren, we have fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ, we cannot be made to doubt the fundamentals of the gospel; neither can we be undecided. A glimpse of the thorn-crowned head and pierced hands and feet is the sure cure for "modern thought" and all its vagaries. Get into the "Rock of Ages, cleft for you," and you will abhor the quicksand. That eminent American preacher, the seraphic Summerfield, when he lay a-dying, turned round to a friend in the room, and said, "I have taken a look into eternity. Oh, if I could come back and preach again, how differently would I preach from what I have done before!" Take a look into eternity, brethren, if you want to be decided. Remember how Atheist met Christian and Hopeful on the road to the New Jerusalem, and said, "There is no celestial country. I have gone a long way, and could not find it." Then Christian said to Hopeful, "Did we not see it from the top of Mount Clear, when we were with the shepherds?" There was an answer! So when men have said, "There is no Christ—there is no truth in religion," we have replied to them, "Have we not sat under his shadow with great delight? Was not his fruit sweet unto our taste? Go with your scepticisms to those who do not know whom they have believed. We have tasted and handled the good word of life. What we have seen and heard, that we do testify; and whether men receive our testimony or not, we cannot but speak it, for we speak what we do know, and testify what we have seen." That, my brethren, is the sure way to be decided.

And now, lastly, why should we at this particular age be decided and bold? We should be so because this age is a doubting age. It swarms with doubters as Egypt of old with frogs. You rub against them everywhere. Everybody is doubting everything, not merely in religion but in politics and in social economics, in everything indeed. It is the era of progress, and I suppose it must be the age, therefore, of unloosening, in order that the whole body politic may move on a little further. Well, brethren, as the age is doubting, it is wise for us to

put our foot down and stand still where we are sure we have truth beneath us. Perhaps, if it were an age of bigotry, and men would not learn, we might be more inclined to listen to new teachers; but now the Conservative side must be ours, or rather the Radical side, which is the truly Conservative side. We must go back to the radix, or root of truth, and stand sternly by that which God has revealed, and so meet the wavering of the age. Our eloquent neighbour, Mr. Arthur Mursell, has well hit off the present age:—

“Have we gone too far in saying that modern thought has grown impatient with the Bible, the gospel, and the cross? Let us see. What part of the Bible has it not assailed? The Pentateuch it has long ago swept from the canon as unauthentic. What we read about the creation and the flood is branded as fable. And the laws about the landmarks, from which Solomon was not ashamed to quote our text, are buried or laid upon the shelf. Different men assail different portions of the book, and various systems level their batteries of prejudice at various points; until by some the Scripture is torn all to pieces, and cast to the four winds of heaven, and by even the most forbearing of the cultured Vandals of what is called modern thought, it is condensed into a thin pamphlet of morality, instead of the tome of teaching through which we have eternal life. There is hardly a prophet but has been *reviewed* by the wiseacres of the day in precisely the same spirit as they would review a work from Mudie's library. The Temanite and the Shuhite never misconstrued the baited Job with half the prejudice of the acknowledged intellects of our time. Isaiah, instead of being sawn asunder, is quartered and hacked in pieces. The weeping prophet is drowned in his own tears. Ezekiel is ground to atoms amidst his wheels. Daniel is devoured bodily by the learned lions. And Jonah is swallowed by the deep monsters with a more inexorable voracity than the fish, for they never cast him up again. The histories and events of the great chronicle are rudely contradicted and gainsaid, because some schoolmaster with a slate and pencil cannot bring his sums right. And every miracle which the might of the Lord wrought for the favour of his people, or the frustration of their foes, is pooh-poohed as an absurdity, because the professors cannot do the like with their enchantments. A few of what are called miracles may be credible, because our leaders think they can do them themselves. A few natural phenomena, which some doctor can show to a company of martinets in a dark room, or with a table-full of apparatus, will account for the miracle of the Red Sea. An aeronaut goes up in a balloon, and then comes down again, and quite explains away the pillar of fire and of cloud, and trifles of that kind. And so our great men are satisfied when they think that their toy wand has swallowed up the wand of Aaron; but when Aaron's wand threatens to swallow up theirs, they say that part is not authentic, and that miracle never occurred.

“Nor does the New Testament fare any better than the Old at the hands of these invaders. There is no toll of deference levied on their homage as they pass across the line. They recognise no voice of warning with the cry, ‘Take thy shoes from off thy feet, because the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.’ The mind which halts

in its career of spiritual rapine on any reverential pretext, is denounced as ignorant or slavish. To hesitate to stamp the hoof upon a lily or a spring flower is the sentimental folly of a child, and the vanguard of the thought of the age has only pity and a sneer for such a feeling, as it stalks upon its boasted march of progress. We are told that the legends of our nurseries are obsolete, and that broader views are gaining ground with thoughtful minds. We are unwilling to believe it. The truth is that a few, a very few, thoughtful men, whose thinking consists in negation from first to last, and whose minds are tortured with a chronic twist or curve, which turns them into intellectual notes of interrogation, have laid the basis of this system; these few honest doubters have been joined by a larger band who are simply restless; and these again by men who are inimical to the spirit and the truths of Scripture, and together they have formed a coterie, and called themselves the leaders of the thought of the age. They have a following, it is true; but of whom does it consist? Of the mere satellites of fashion. Of the wealth, the pedantry, and the stupidity of our large populations. A string of carriages is seen "setting down" and "taking up" at the door where an advanced professor is to lecture, and because the milliner is advertised from floor to ceiling in the lecture-room, these views are said to be gaining ground. But in an age of fashion like this, who ever suspects these minions of the mode of having any views at all? It becomes respectable to follow a certain name for a time, and so the vainlings go to follow the name and to display the dress. But as to views, one would no more suspect such people of having any views than they would dream of charging more than a tenth part of the crowds who go to the Royal Academy's exhibition with understanding the laws of perspective. It is the thing to do: and so every one who has a dress to show and a lounge to air, goes to show it, and all who would be in the fashion (and who would not?) are bound to advance with the times. And hence we find the times advancing over the sacred precincts of the New Testament, as though it were the floor of St. Alban's, or of a professor's lecture-room; and ladies drag their trains, and dandies set their dress-boots upon the authenticity of this, or the authority of that, or the inspiration of the other. People who never heard of Strauss, of Bauer, or of Tübingen, are quite prepared to say that our Saviour was but a well-meaning man, who had a great many faults, and made a great many mistakes; that his miracles, as recorded in the New Testament, were in part imaginary, and in part accountable by natural theories; that the raising of Lazarus never occurred, since the Gospel of John is a forgery from first to last; that the atonement is a doctrine to be scouted as bloody and unrighteous; that Paul was a fanatic who wrote unthinkingly, and that much of what bears his name was never written by him at all. Thus is the Bible rubbed through the tribulum of criticism from Genesis to Revelation, until, in the faith of the age in which we live, as represented by its so-called leaders, there are but a few inspired fragments here and there remaining."

Moreover, after all, this is not an earnestly doubting age; we live among a careless, frivolous race. If the doubters were honest there would be more infidel places of concourse than there are; but infidelity as an organised community does not prosper. Infidelity in London, open

and avowed, has come down to one old corrugated iron shed opposite St. Luke's. I believe that is the present position of it. "The Hall of Science," is it not called? Its literature was carried on for a long time in half a shop in Fleet Street, that was all it could manage to support, and I don't know whether even that half-shop is used now. It is a poor, doting, drivelling thing. In Tom Paine's time it bullied like a vigorous blasphemer, but it was outspoken, and, in its own way, downright and earnest in its outspokenness. It commanded in former days some names which one might mention with a measure of respect; Hume, to wit, and Bolingbroke, and Voltaire were great in talent, if not in character. But where now will you find a Hobbes or a Gibbon? The doubters now are simply doubters because they do not care about truth at all. They are indifferent altogether. Modern scepticism is playing and toying with truth; and it takes to "modern thought" as an amusement, as ladies take to croquet or archery. This is nothing less than an age of millinery and dolls and comedy. Even good people do not believe out and out as their fathers used to do. Some even among Nonconformists are shamefully lax in their convictions; they have few masterly convictions such as would lead them to the stake, or even to imprisonment. Molluscs have taken the place of men, and men are turned to jelly-fishes. Far from us be the desire to imitate them.

Moreover it is an age which is very impressible, and therefore I should like to see you very decided, that you may impress it. The wonderful progress made in England by the High Church movement shows that earnestness is power. The Ritualists believe something, and that fact has given them influence. To me their distinctive creed is intolerable nonsense, and their proceedings are childish foolery; but they have dared to go against the mob, and have turned the mob round to their side. Bravely did they battle, let us say it to their honour, when their churches became the scenes of riot and disorder, and there was raised the terrible howl of "No Popery" by the lower orders, they boldly confronted the foe and never winced. They went against the whole current of what was thought to be the deep-seated feeling of England in favour of Protestantism, and with scarcely a bishop to patronise them, and but few loaves and fishes of patronage, they have increased from a mere handful to become the dominant and most vital party in the Church of England, and to our intense surprise and horror they have brought people to receive again the Popery which we thought dead and buried. If anybody had told me twenty years ago that the witch of Endor would become Queen of England, I should as soon have believed it as that we should now have such a High Church development; but the fact is, the men were earnest and decided, and held what they believed most firmly, and did not hesitate to push their cause. The age, therefore, can be impressed; it will receive what is taught by zealous men, whether it be truth or falsehood. It may be objected that falsehood will be received the more readily; that is just possible, but anything will be accepted by men, if you will but preach it with tremendous energy and living earnestness. If they will not receive it into their hearts in a spiritual sense, yet at any rate there will be a mental assent and consent, very much in proportion to the energy with which you proclaim

it : ay, and God will bless our decision too, so that when the mind is gained by our earnestness, and the attention is won by our zeal, the heart itself will be opened by the Spirit of God.

We must be decided. What have Dissenters been doing to a great extent lately but trying to be fine ? How many of our ministers are labouring to be grand orators or intellectual thinkers ? That is not the thing. Our young ministers have been dazzled by that, and have gone off to bray like wild asses under the notion that they would then be reputed to have come from Jerusalem or to have been reared in Germany. The world has found them out. There is nothing now I believe that genuine Christians despise more than the foolish affectation of intellectualism. You will hear a good old deacon say, "Mr. So-and-so, whom we had here, was a very clever man, and preached wonderful sermons, but the cause has gone down through it. We can hardly support the minister, and we mean next time to have one of the old fashioned ministers back again who believe in something and preach it. There will be no addition to our church else." Will you go out and tell people that you believe you can say something, but you hardly know what ; you are not quite sure that what you preach is correct, but the trust-deed requires you to say it, and therefore you say it ? Why, you may cause fools and idiots to be pleased with you, and you will be sure to propagate infidelity, but you cannot do more. When a prophet comes forward he must speak as from the Lord, and if he cannot do that, let him go back to his bed. It is quite certain, dear friends, that now or never we must be decided, because the age is manifestly drifting. You cannot watch for twelve months without seeing how it is going down the tide ; the anchors are pulled up, and the vessel is floating to destruction. It is drifting now, as near as I can tell you, south-east, and is nearing Cape Vatican, and if it drives much further in that direction it will be on the rocks of the Roman reef. We must get aboard her, and connect her with the glorious steam-tug of gospel truth, and drag her back. I should be glad if I could take her round by Cape Calvin, right up into the Bay of Calvary, and anchor her in the fair haven which is close over by the cross. God grant us grace to do it. We must have a strong hand, and have our steam well up, and defy the current ; and so by God's grace we shall both save this age and the generations yet to come.

The Coming Revival.

An Address delivered at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, at the Annual Meeting of the London Baptist Association.

BY PASTOR ARCHIBALD G. BROWN, EAST LONDON TABERNACLE.

FAITH'S ears can hear the sound of an abundance of rain, though at present the water-floods keep at a distance. The music of the waters has attracted the attention of thousands in the grimy, coal-coated cities of the north. Newcastle has shaken herself in the dust, if not from it, and put on her beautiful garments, and already gives

promise of lighting brighter fires in the churches of England than ever her coals have made to blaze on British hearths.

Sunderland, the Joppa of the North, has yielded herself to the gracious influences of the revival spirit. Thronging multitudes, in which the swarthy, open-faced, hard-handed sailor has been conspicuous, have poured into her houses of prayer. Already many a coasting collier is carrying southward the precious freight of a saved, God-honouring crew, whilst deep in the mines below the sea level the wondrous works of God have become the subject of the miners' talk.

Edinburgh's heart has been moved, and Scotland's metropolis is instinct with a new life. The natural reserve and cold caution of the Scottish character have been powerless to check the rolling tide of religious enthusiasm. It has carried it, as well as everything else, upon its flood. Noonday or midnight, it matters not which, the sanctuaries have but to be opened to be filled. The circles of this blessed whirlpool, which sucks not down, but lifts up, are widening. Town after town is capitulating to the besieging forces of the King of kings, whilst country districts are feeling the power of the Holy Ghost. We want the great metropolis to feel this influence also.

Thus far the full power of blessing seems to have avoided London. Certainly as a denomination we have more cause for humiliation than joyous song. If statistics mean anything (and, pardon the Irishism, if they do not, they mean something most serious, viz. lack of veracity in those who furnish them), then those just published by this Association call for serious self-examination. While one cannot but admire the self-conquered candour which at the cost of all personal feeling frankly records a decrease, rather than hide beneath the ready cover of making no returns at all, it is impossible not to regret that there is cause for its exercise. The net increase of the London Baptist Association for 1873 of 911 is painfully small when the number of agencies employed to produce it is remembered. What is it that London's needs unconsciously sigh for? Is it not an outpouring of the Spirit? What is it that this Association needs if it is to be of any more power than a belt of sand? Is it not a revival in each of the associated churches? Better than any additional organisation—better than the introduction of any new features of confederacy would be the developing into intenser life of those already possessed. We have the fields, we have the seed, we have the ploughs, we have the men, we have the wells but, like Bengal, we want the rain for the harvest. For want of it "Judah mourneth, and the gates thereof languish, they are black unto the ground, and the cry of Jerusalem is gone up." For want of it the little ones in our schools come to the pits and find no water, they return with their vessels empty. For want of it the ground is chapped, the ploughmen are ashamed and cover their heads. For want of it the anxious new-born souls are little cared for; yea, the hind calves in the field, and forsakes its young, because there is no grass. Is this so? Then let us cry in the words of the prophet, "Do not abhor us, for thy name's sake; do not disgrace the throne of thy glory; remember, break not thy covenant with us. Are there any among the vanities of the Gentiles that can cause rain? or can the heavens give showers? Art not thou he, O Lord our God? Therefore we will wait

upon thee, for thou hast made all these things." Let God but answer this prayer, and all is well. Let the rain of his blessing but descend, and the fields shall be ploughed by ploughmen who sing in the furrows. The little ones, children of the Lord's nobles, shall carry their vessels of cold water to thirsty parents, after having slaked the thirst of their own little throats, and the church shall fold her flocks of young converts in green pastures.

But though all would rejoice in such results, there are some who fear the means of their obtainment. The word revival has to some "unknown terrors." It has become associated in their minds with a communistic spirit. They seem to see the "Hotel de propriety," the "Ministère de decorum," and the "Palais de respectability," all ablaze. They fear lest the word "revival," like *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, should be the epitaph on calcined churches and chaotic ruins. We who are present believe such fears to be perfectly groundless. The very word "revival" is its own guarantee of maintained order. Not so much destruction as repair of existing breaches is the work of revival. Not so much the forced introduction of new forms of life as a healthy stimulus to existing life is intended by the word. A revival is simply old age smoothing out its wrinkles and receiving again the dew of its youth. It is not the cutting down and carrying away of an ancient forest, but it is the healthful condition of life in which every tree in the vast acreage has the sap of previous years rising in its limbs, and clothing them with rustling leaves wherein the songsters may make their home. A revival of mercantile prosperity, or Stock Exchange activity, means no new currency forced on the nation, or unheard of foreign scrip placed upon the market; no, it means a healthier, quicker, more regular flow of gold from hand to hand, and *old-established stocks being priced at a higher value*. So with the subject of our desire. It is not a *new-vival*, but a *revival* we want. A quicker flow of the life current already existing, and a higher value placed on such old stocks as the Word of God, the preaching of the gospel, and the gatherings at the prayer-meetings. Let a revival come, and these old stocks which are so often at a discount, will stand a long way above par. Everything spiritual will be at a premium. I willingly grant that in many revivals there have been faults which have proved causes for shame and sorrow; but they were not the revival, they were the fungi which grew out of some rottenness or other connected with it. They were excrescences which the revival itself would fling off if long enough maintained. Like the leprosy thrown out upon the skin instead of lurking in the system, though impure in themselves, these evils prove the returning health of the entire body. A scab on the skin, but health in the bones, is better far than a clean face and inward rottenness. Judge not a revival by that which the truly revived condemn and deplore. A bride must not be denounced because a stupid fellow with a hob-nailed dirty boot treads on her bridal dress and soils it. Kick him if you like, but pity her, for she feels the injury more than you do. There can be no great movement in the waters of the church without the sediment being stirred up, and for a time discolouring the whole, and God knows there is sediment enough in all our churches: but let us remember there would be none the less if it

had been left undisturbed. The cloud of dust and withered leaves following in the wake of an express train may half choke you, but they are not of the train's making, they only rise as the witness to its speed; beside which, it is only those who are not in the train, but critics of its pace who are inconvenienced. The occupants of the carriages leave the dust behind them while they glide along like the wind.

Let me here say I distinguish between revival and revivalism. The revival is divine, the "ism" is a human addition. The revival is the man himself "in native worth and loveliness," the ism is the gaudy sash, the tin stars and sarcenet ribbons which a foolish love of display puts on him. These things, however, generally belong to a revival's commencement: let it live long enough, and it will put away these childish things. Any way, a decked out man, though he may give birth to a smile of pity, is infinitely better than a corpse in its spotlessly neat winding sheet. The foam on the crest of the green billow does not destroy its might or hinder its rolling, roaring course; it will be flung on the shore in time, and only children will care to play with it. It is worth while to run the risk of the "ism" to enjoy the mighty power of the revival.

Doubtless the revival spirit will introduce many things into our churches which some may term *innovations*. This is a gloriously big word to frighten children with, or alarm conservative religionists. Only whisper concerning some contemplated action for God, "It is an innovation," and you create in the hearts of some as great a terror as if you had declared it to be a live ichthyosaurus. An innovation? It is to some as full of terror as the announcement would be, if made to a group of old ladies in the Zoological Gardens, that the lion had escaped from his cage, and was coming at full speed in their direction. Up goes every one of their parasols. So act many when the Lion of Judah breaks through the iron cage of dull propriety.

An innovation? Oh, it is a wonderful word to conjure with. It may mean so much, or so little, or nothing; then it sounds, properly accented, so full of terrors, and, above all, numbers don't know what it means and therefore they are sure to warn everybody against it. But, after all, what is an innovation? Is it anything so necessarily bad that a revival likely to introduce it must not be desired? Looked at calmly, it is often found to be a most gentle and inoffensive creature. Its name is the worst thing about it. I have no doubt that were the winter a clerical brother he would consider the spring with its buttercups an innovation on his *régime* of ice and snow. No doubt the owl and bat have similar feelings towards the sunbeams which will force their way through the darkness. Perhaps they screech an owlish, battish synonym for "What an innovation!" If they do, their discordant notes are soon drowned in the chorus of praise which rises from all the forest dwellers who are children of the light. So with the innovations of a truly God-sent revival. None need fear them. They may at first be counted rather singular, but they will soon be reckoned singular improvements. They will startle, but captivate, like the first field of wild flowers seen after a long winter spent in London streets. There will doubtless be some innovations in the prayer-meetings. From being the sole

property of some half-dozen most respectable but rather humdrum patriarchs, they will become "Mutuals," in which all members will participate in the profits. Young converts as well as experienced saints will take part in them. Likely enough the prayers will be cut down to half their former length, and twice the number will engage in prayer. "A great innovation," growls one crusty old brother, and he stays away. "A blessed improvement," say a hundred, and they come. The singing, too, will very probably be innovated. It will be more frequent, more lively, and more general; in fact, it will be reformed from a musical performance into melodious worship. The innovations, too, will find their way into the church-meetings; for instead of an hour and a half being spent in warm debate whether the chapel-keeper shall have two or three brooms in the course of the year, the whole time will be given up to hearing the testimony of saved ones coming before the church for fellowship, until at last it is decided that the chapel-keeper can get all the brooms the deacons consider needful without a direct vote of the church. It leaves him, if not to look after, yet to sweep under the tables, whilst it gives itself to prayer. Oh! what blessed things church-meetings are in a revival, when hour after hour the beautiful variety of the Spirit's work in converting men is illustrated in scores of different instances; but, on the other hand, what meeting can be more devoid of interest, or more devoutly dreaded than the church-meeting, which is held for no other earthly reason (there are no heavenly ones) than that it happens to be the first or second Tuesday in the month? There being no spiritual business before the meeting, all the little brethren vent their big crotchets, and the big brethren parade their little plans, and the pastor goes home, sick at heart, dizzy in brain, with all his energies for sermon preparation numbed. Oh, for more revival innovations! Call them what you like, only let us have their realities.

Is there any reason, brethren, why the joyous experience I have tried to picture should not be ours? It seems to me (I may be mistaken, but I think I am not) that but little is required to bring it about. Already there are found in different parts of the metropolis scattered patches of fire. It needs but a breeze to carry the sparks on its wings, and drop them on the intervening spaces, and isolated fires shall merge into a general conflagration. Long has a furnace seven times heated blazed away in this noble sanctuary. In the south-east our brother Wigner finds his supply of baptising dresses unequal to the demand, and has to call to his brother in the east to help. In the west our brother Lewis, of Bayswater, tells of a new and most gracious work which has recently broken out among the young, and in the east there was only on Saturday evening last a united prayer-meeting, of nearly 3000 persons, in our Tabernacle, prior to a very general exchange of pulpits, which took place on Sunday, when every ministering brother devoted both morning and evening sermons to pleading with the unsaved. Cannot these fires be linked together? Cannot there on one Lord's-day be an universal exchange of pulpits among Baptist ministers throughout the whole of London—a magnificent general campaign for Christ, heralded by three or four monster prayer-meetings? Surely God is now, if ever, saying, "Prove me now." The windows of heaven are already unlatched, one

united push of prayer and they shall rattle back in their sashes, and no place alone or all united shall be able to hold the blessing. The Father, with a smile of sweet encouragement, says, "Try it." The Son, our blessed Jesus, telling us of his fulness and reminding us of his promises, says, "Try it." The Holy Ghost, with all his love of revealing Christ, and by all his saving power, says, "Try it." The church, by her languishing and sorrow, sighs, "Try it;" and a guilty, miserable, perishing world shrieks with despairing voice, "Try it;" while a busy, restless, ever working superstition challenges, "Try it." Shall we turn a deaf ear to this sixfold appeal, or, moved by the cries, and roused to holy daring by the challenge, shall we hurl ourselves into the breach, and carry heaven itself by storm? Not only is there much land to be possessed, but we are well able to go up and take it. Shall we strike tents and be off, and in the name of our God proclaim a crusade? Surely "Yes," for the Captain calls, the silver trumpets blow, the breeze expands the drooping folds of our ancient banner, and vaunting Goliath is only waiting for the sling and the stone to measure his length on the ground. Then "up," Christians, "up," for God demands it of you. "Up," Christians, "up," for Christ pioneers the march. "Up," Christians, "up," for the Holy Ghost in the pillar of cloud is lifting Himself from the tabernacle, and moving on with majestic speed. Now, if ever, is the time to catch the words which leaped from Moses' lips when the ark of God moved onwards, and shout them till the nation echoes—"Rise up, Lord, and let thine enemies be scattered; and let them that hate thee flee before thee."

The Work of God through Dr. Barnardo :

OR,

CHRONICLES OF THE LONDON JUVENILE MISSION.

(SECOND PAPER.)

HAVING now learned all about the circumstances associated with the origin of the Home in Stepney-causeway, we reluctantly vacate our chair beside the office fire and go forth to visit another station of this great mission—a kind of workmen's club, refreshment house, and preaching station all in one. In St. Paul's-road, Limehouse, occupying an eligible commanding site, stands a public-house of considerable pretensions. Though THE EDINBURGH CASTLE may be a noted site in the annals of "the trade," it would ill serve our purpose to give full particulars of its history. Finding their lot cast in the midst of a thickly-populated "gin-drinking neighbourhood," former proprietors of the house must have found themselves among associations entirely congenial to their taste as publicans of enterprise. There were not wanting any of the appliances for transacting an extensive trade. There was a showy gin-palace kind of bar, while in the rear there were suites of rooms suitable for any company likely to be attracted. A conspicuous side-entrance opened into pleasure-gardens,

where, during summer evenings, hundreds might congregate to drink and "enjoy" themselves. Besides all other conveniences, there was a theatre, sufficiently large to accommodate an imposing assembly. It is true, sin might in the meantime be committed, souls might even be destroyed; but such things belong to quite another reckoning! While there was money to be amassed, what worldly-wise pushing landlord would refuse to turn the opportunity to full account? If the landlords ever suffered from any inward misgivings, means were found for effectively suppressing the upbraidings of conscience. How many fortunes have been made by proprietors of the Edinburgh Castle does not transpire; nor are we informed how many customers have had their fortunes "unmade" within the same precincts. Let it suffice to say that the founder of the Boys' Home long kept his eye on this citadel of immorality, and vainly, as it seemed, deplored the existence of such a fortress of evil. The place was indeed a castle, as impregnable in one sense as its celebrated northern namesake, for the powers of evil strongly entrenched themselves within its walls to counteract the efforts made by the evangelists to improve the youth of the neighbourhood and to lead them to God. In the theatre, one of the lowest of the low, sights were seen and language was heard calculated to contaminate all who entered. The establishment was, in a word, a school of vice and drunkenness.

A turn in the tide was about to occur, a crisis destined to be hastened, if not directly brought about, by the magnates who govern large breweries and distilleries, powers before whom even considerable publicans are expected to bend the knee. The landlord of the Edinburgh Castle was not altogether his own master, was not so large a capitalist but that he could be brought under pressure by the great beer-kings and gin-princes whose names and occupations are published over London by means of gilded capital letters, worthy of the men and of their trade. Did it happen upon a fortunate day that Mr. Landlord lost the fair esteem of those whose condescension was sufficiently seen in their taking his money? We cannot tell the cause of offence, but that Mr. Landlord did grieve those potentates is an historical fact; another historical fact is that he speedily paid the price of his temerity. His general procedure as a tradesman was unsatisfactory, and he must be superseded by a more accommodating agent. The beer-kings and gin-princes commanded ready means for effecting their purpose. The Edinburgh Castle being heavily mortgaged, payment was demanded, and to satisfy the claim the lease was sold. To oblige the publican to sell, so that another should enter into possession of his house, was the design of the capitalists, but these gentlemen never suspected that the great establishment was saleable beyond the circle of "the trade." Who, without the circle of "the trade," other than a madman, would offer money for such a bargain?

The Edinburgh Castle for sale? The very announcement must have caused our Doctor's ears to tingle! Then a certain ambitious design engaged his thoughts—why not make a bold move, buy the entire concern, and transform a plague-spot into a green oasis to bless the wide moral desert of Limehouse and Stepney? Why not? Simply because there were no funds in hand, and the price of the house

was four thousand two hundred pounds! No money? But others had money, which would be forthcoming to further such an undertaking as this. Should an endeavour be made in this grand enterprise? Ay, that it should. Dr. Barnardo tried, and, surprising to relate, collected the amount required in three weeks, arranged to purchase the premises, and signed the deed of transfer only a few minutes before a music-hall proprietor entered the room prepared to offer five hundred pounds over and above the sum for which the premises were already sold! In what kind of terms the beer-kings and gin-princes denounced this singular piece of diplomacy we were not sufficiently fortunate to hear explained. They obtained their money, and if that did not satisfy them they were powerless to interfere with the arrangements. Henceforth the Edinburgh Castle was to retain its original name, and was under that designation to be exalted into a mission station.

The above will explain why, on a dark cold evening in November, we left the office fire in Stepney-causeway for the purpose of walking as far as St. Paul's-road, Limehouse, calling on our way at the Pure Literature Depot, also established in connection with this movement. The Edinburgh Castle would strike a casual customer not in the secret as being a novel kind of public-house. The characteristics of a tavern bar are preserved intact, the brewer's sign-board is left standing, but instead of notices concerning beer and gin, and sensational announcements over the theatre entrance to the effect that Monsieur Sherrin, Herr Zinker, and Mademoiselle Bosanquet are engaged "For three nights only," the advertisements are of a different kind. Over the side gateway are flaming gas characters, shedding a cheerful refulgence across the street, and telling passers by that "God is Love." Looked at by daylight the brewer's sign-board is found to be inscribed with a similar motto; and while window-blind notices tell that "Hot Coffee," and "To-day's Papers," may be had or seen within, the handsomely-gilded and plate-glass fitted bar is surmounted with the text, "WINE IS A MOCKER, STRONG DRINK IS RAGING, AND WHOSEVER IS DECEIVED THEREBY IS NOT WISE." Passing into the interior, apartments are there provided into which all comers may retire to partake of refreshment, and to be entertained with an abundance of literary fare furnished by a multitude of periodicals and newspapers.

The time of our visit to this unique establishment happened to be Monday, the appointed evening of the week when Dr. Barnardo may be consulted on any matter or grievance by people living hereabout; for a Christian church assembles in the quondam theatre, a company of more than four hundred members. The smaller apartments behind what was once the stage now serve as a convenient suite of vestries; and while some welcome refreshment is served us from the bar, the Doctor, as the recognised pastor, occupies a separate room, where first one and then another enter to ask for advice, or to profit by religious conversation. One of the most remarkable visitors of the evening was a blind boy whom we previously noticed at the Home. The poor fellow's features appeared as if illumined with joy while he made application for permission to join himself with the company of God's people. Many pointed questions were put to him as to the reasons prompting his

wishes, and the ready answers given showed that he had arrived at clear views of gospel truth since the date of his being taken from the streets.

The large hall of the Edinburgh Castle is now thrown open nightly seven nights a week, the attractions being prayer-meetings, sermons, and lectures. It was our privilege to hear a gentleman deliver one of J. B. Gough's orations, seventy minutes in length, without once deigning to consult either note or book. This speech was, moreover, given with an oratorical flourish and power of mimicry such as would have delighted the teetotal champion himself when in the prime of his vigour twenty years ago. As large a proportion as ninety per cent., or even more, of the congregation meeting in the hall are voluntary abstainers from intoxicating drinks, no pledge being required of them, and no pressure used. The greatness of the spiritual and moral influence centring in the Edinburgh Castle since its singular "change of management," may be inferred from the fact that no less than half a dozen taverns in the neighbourhood have recently closed their doors, their customers having gone. Thanks, then, to the action of the beer-kings and gin-princes; but who, after hearing this testimony, will say that public-houses do not encourage and foster one another?

We now come back again to the beginning of this East End Juvenile Mission. From early life Dr. Barnardo's bent of mind has been towards that most effective kind of philanthropy which seeks to rescue the youth of great cities. If certain geniuses of past days have been poets and historians by birth, here was one who was formed from infancy for a ragged-school teacher. While taking careful observations of life, our friend thought he discovered reason to be dissatisfied with the procedure of the majority of teachers. Those teachers appeared to think their task accomplished when woe-begone juveniles brought in from the street were changed into cleanly and orderly boys and girls. The Doctor thought that the conversion of their classes should be the principal aim of all teachers, and that all should work brightened with the hope enjoyed by those who expect great results to spring from their labours. He accustomed himself never to regard any individual child as irreclaimable, however ignorant and unruly he might be, although he had observed teachers swayed by other feelings as they separated from themselves one black sheep, and then another, as renegades, incorrigible, and hopeless. It did not seem to the Doctor to be becoming in a mere human agent to limit divine might.

Holding these views, our friend made a beginning in Stepney during the year 1867. A hired room was opened nightly, the only assistant, as yet, being a man who was a recent convert. There were serious difficulties in the way of progress. All who know what wild natures East End urchins are when first brought in from their native territory, the gutter and the cellar, will not be surprised to learn that notice to vacate one room after another successively was handed in, the nightly display of juvenile ruffianism being unendurable by the tenants of the cottages; nor can the poor people be heavily censured if they retained any desire for peace and domestic enjoyment. The boys were so rough and unruly that the most skilful disciplinarian might have despaired of bringing them into subjection. They even appeared to be ungrateful

for the attention paid them, for their teacher became a target whereat they aimed filthy missiles, and he was greeted by defiant shouts and yells, the disturbance at times culminating in a fight among the assembled youths. This, however, being but the beginning, did not continue. Seeing how their benefactor stood erect among them, with a courage greater than their ingratitude, the lads capitulated to the conquering power of love. The work grew until seven hundred scholars would come together of an evening, and until constables on duty around the school bore witness to the visible improvement in the order of the streets. The Mission extended its borders. Sewing classes, clothing-clubs, and other agencies were added to the original school, and half a dozen paid assistants were engaged, besides forty voluntary helpers. The work showed a disposition to grow rapidly, one industry after another, brush making, boot and shoe manufacturing, and wood-chopping being added to the general programme. At this conjuncture the necessity was first felt of exercising some sort of parental vigilance over reclaimed boys who had attained to positions in which they could earn their own livelihood; a Home for *working* boys, as well as a Refuge for the destitute, was required, and must be provided. Boys who had never realised any domestic joys must be made to know their meaning by tasting their sweetness, and so learn that there were social enjoyments to be found elsewhere than at penny gaffs, or at tap-room fires. The proposed Home was provided, and at present about one hundred and sixty lads are in possession, the weekly cost of each inmate, inclusive of board, lodging, education, and learning a trade, not exceeding six shillings. It will not be supposed that an institution like this, uniting under one roof so many branches of industry and learning, was reared without a great exercise of patience and perseverance. The founder refused to contract any kind of debt, even for the sake of poor boys, and hence the workmen employed in making the necessary alterations were discharged more than once when funds were exhausted; but, completed and opened in September, 1870, the buildings now form a social oasis amid the squalor of Stepney-causeway. After this measure of success, the hands which reared the Boys' Home are about establishing a similar institution for girls, the honorary superintendence of which will be handed over to Mrs. Barnardo. We saw a couple of beautifully formed little creatures who are to be among the first inmates of the new house. Rescue the girls during childhood from the streets, and introduce them into those respectable life courses now opening up for women everywhere, and the master social curse of our day will be checked at the fountain-head.

In connection with this Juvenile Mission undertaken by Dr. Barnardo, many striking histories, alike instructive to working evangelists and sympathising on-lookers, rise to the surface. Many of these narratives, picked up in the street, have been issued in separate tracts and leaflets, to effect a good purpose by attracting public attention to the woes of London waifs and strays. It is proper that the public should learn something about these children. That, knowing little Jem Jervis, who lingered in the ragged-school-room one cold windy night, and then after a sumptuous meal of coffee and bread and butter, conducted his entertainer to the roof of the Rag Exchange, had

a novel story to relate, a narrative quite becoming a little adventurer who indirectly had a share in establishing the Home. Jem little suspected the influence he was exercising, as when warmed with unlooked-for refreshment he told his tale, enlivened with strokes of native wit such as popular speakers might covet. The manner of his "sleeping out," his differences with the police, and his running away with a gleeful "hooray," from that rascally lighterman who ill-used him were each and all remembered, and under the exciting influence of hot coffee, were related with becoming gusto.

Little Jem Jervis was simply a friendless waif; but from his experience let it not be thought that every subject coming under the influence of the Stepney philanthropists has a similar tale of neglect to narrate. Not a few lads in London who require a helping hand are the offspring of virtuous parents, who have been reduced by unavoidable misfortune. Two well-favoured little fellows, one of whom is lame, come under this description. The father was a steady, industrious, working bootmaker, the proceeds from whose unceasing toil barely sufficed to support a wife and seven children, to all of whom the man was affectionately attached. Troublous days dawned upon this humble household when the mother fell sick—the life struggle being hard and beyond her strength to bear—and died. The heart-broken husband, who had nothing to fall back upon in the savings-bank, bore up with what strength he himself retained, though terribly shaken. Feeling that he must not relax his efforts to provide for the family, he attended the shop where he obtained work, but was quite overcome by weakness and emotion in the presence of his employers. He felt he could work no more, that he must go home to die! Entering his own poor room, with a bitter cry of anguish bespeaking a broken heart, he clasped the corpse of her who had been his best earthly friend, and within a few hours the husband lay dead beside the form of the wife he had dearly loved! Such is the episode which explains how little Tommy and his lame brother came to want a helping hand to start them in the world.

There was another Tommie who had the mettle of genuine heroism in his nature. Tommie and the Doctor first became acquainted on a wintry morning as the boy was awakened in a cart, then serving him for a sleeping chamber. On satisfying himself that the intruder so suddenly appearing was no agent of the police nor of the School Board, Tommie became obligingly communicative, and with great willingness accompanied his unknown friend to Stepney-causeway, there to partake of a warm breakfast and to tell a life-history. Some time previously Tommie lost his mother by death, and when his father contracted another alliance, Tommie decamped from home, because wholly disapproving of the new domestic arrangements. He now earned a precarious livelihood by selling newspapers, but meeting with an accident, he was compelled to lie by in an hospital, and during his absence from duty another boy stepped into the newspaper trading vacancy. Many hard and bitter days now passed over the child's head. Sitting there by the Home fire in the early morning, he spoke about what he had endured as well as of the temptations he had escaped. If poor and ragged, he was at least honest. He had been locked up in a police-cell

for sleeping on door-steps, but never for any greater offence. He had persistently refused to join a thieves' company when invited to do so, though starvation, sore feet, and the pain of wandering hopelessly over London might have been pleaded as excuses for his heeding the tempter. Nor was this all. Tommie once endured a master temptation, and in God's mercy came off completely victorious. One day, after having tasted no food during some forty-eight hours, he was sauntering along Whitechapel, when, in a fit of desperation, he stretched forth his hand to seize a "faggot" from a stall. Why did he not steal and eat? Certain Bible words, learned in a ragged-school class, rushed into his mind, and proved stronger than the pangs of hunger. Tommie actually ran away, lest nature's cravings should overcome his principles. At length a sickly faintness stole over him, and perhaps he would have sat down to die had not a passing stranger ministered to his relief. Tommie was indeed a conqueror. There was real heroism in what he did, and already he began to taste the reward. In spite of his rags, wan face, and shrunk, hunger-pinched limbs, he could stand erect, look his friend in the face, and speak a truth of which a true English boy is justly proud—I am not a thief, sir!

Observers of the ways of the poor know that there are many exceptionally good mothers as well as disgustingly bad ones in the poorest walks of life. Numbers of lads who come under Dr. Barnardo's care will, in after life, have reason to bless the memory of parents who did the best they were able to do for their children, and perhaps shortened their own days by overwork and self-denial endured for the sake of their little ones.

A woman of this high character, who had reached the last stage of life's severe struggle, stood one morning at the door of the Stepney Home, awaiting the arrival of the superintendent. The last hope for her child was based on the Home in Stepney-causeway. Pale and thin, enduring the hardship of want, she was a successful pleader, and then, thinking herself of little consequence, she uncomplainingly retired to the workhouse—the last sad stage of many a hard-working life.

A painful acquaintance with the appalling suffering of the destitute, as endured in mid-winter, may even unnerve a man. Dr. Barnardo tells how, when the Mission funds have been exhausted, he has literally shrunk from obeying a summons to read the Scriptures to the poor, and he has lacked nerve to go in consequence of sheer inability to bear the sight of fireless grates and foodless cupboards at an inclement season. If such philanthropists as our friend at Stepney could but command the money which the injudicious unthinkingly throw to strolling beggars, how would real charity thrive, the hands of the best friends of the poor be strengthened, and undeserving impostors be discouraged!

Even the middle classes are concerned in this work of reclamation, because now and again a lad respectably connected is picked up and restored to his sorrowing friends. The son of a clergyman, who is also an able writer, was recently restored to his family circle, from which for a very slight reason he had mysteriously decamped.

It has been Dr. Barnardo's custom to go forth through the streets to

seek the perishing, and compel them, in the gospel sense, to come into the Home and be saved bodily as well as spiritually. It would naturally be supposed that every child of misfortune encountered on the cold, inhospitable streets, exposed to every pain that want and exposure to the weather can inflict, would rejoice in escaping such suffering on any terms ; but this is not always the case. Boys thrown upon the streets become accustomed to what they regard as a life of roving freedom ; and anything resembling steady, straightforward industry is distasteful to them. They accept life as it comes, not only without complaining, but they are even exhilarated at times, as may be seen by their appreciation when "a run of luck" falls to their share ; and, while "luck" is their one and only divinity, they are not addicted to grumbling when fortune does not attend them.

A lad of the roving, independent caste, was once encountered by Dr. Barnardo and his Arab guide while the two were abroad exploring the environs of Whitechapel. The time was midnight ; and "luck" was so far smiling upon the newly-found youngster that he had appropriated a barrel for a bedroom. He accosted his late "pal," the Doctor's companion, with looks and tones betokening both commiseration and condescension. The occupant of the barrel was free, though he might not know whence the morrow's food would come, while the other had no better rendezvous than a home or a refuge. Highly did the hero of the cask appear to prize his advantages. Would he not turn over a new leaf, reform, and be industrious ? Well, to tell the truth he preferred retaining his personal freedom ; but if in the coming winter time he should experience a harder run for life than usual, he would at least think about the matter, turn it over in his mind, and he might possibly entertain the gentleman's offer ! Yet even in the face of such facts we may not hastily accuse these boys of ingratitude. Educated persons do not always judge correctly of one another's motives ; how much less may we expect infallibility in this respect from untaught, wandering, London Arabs. It is not according to their nature to dissociate the solicitude strangers appear to entertain for them from sinister, or interested motives. The policeman is their dreaded foe, and to their sore dismay School Board agents have lately appeared on the scene. Life is a hard struggle when accepted on these terms, so that when a better friend than either policeman or School Board gentleman comes to light, it is not surprising that street youngsters harbour suspicion until the truth is fully ascertained. In a great measure the truth about Dr. Barnardo's motives has long ago been learned by the poor of London ; for, as a recognised boys' friend, the Doctor is, perhaps, better known among the denizens of metropolitan slums than any other philanthropist in his walk of life. Into the repulsive recesses of the vilest lodging-houses he has penetrated at dead of night, and from rooms, or rather dens, reeking with filth, and swarming with vermin, has selected youthful woe-begone subjects, eager to forsake their way of life for courses of industry, and for the home comforts which industry ensures. Even the nooks and crannies of the river side have furnished the Home with human material. In those damp, gloomy streets the night police recognise the rays of the explorer's lamp and the sound of his well-known step as he

approaches with a kindly salutation. The Thames police acknowledge that he is a greater adept than the magistrate in the art of transforming wrong-doers into good and thrifty citizens.

Many sad histories may be picked up at night by the river side. There, within sound of the splashings of the thick black water, you are out of the region of lodging-houses, but not of lodging-places. You must not expect to find the lads you seek in holes and corners only slightly hidden from public view. You will remember that the public employs policemen to search all such retreats for the purpose of arousing and driving from their lairs the unfortunates who, wild-beast like, huddle themselves up therein and fall asleep instead of providing themselves with proper bed-rooms. Extreme juvenile indigence is not "green." Arabs of the Jem Jervis type soon learn to outmatch the vigilance of Z 99. Hence it would appear that one who adopts Dr. Barnardo's profession must be more subtle than the police; for many of the waifs and strays who have passed through the Stepney Home have come forth from hiding places unknown to Z 99, from places passed over by him as above suspicion.

One night, when the streets and wharfs bordering around a certain spot on the Middlesex side of the Thames were found to be unusually free from "water-babies," "mudlarks," and other minor divisions of the London boy genus, our friend, who was out "on tramp," might have dismissed his attendant, extinguished his light, and have retired home to bed without laying hands on one candidate to fill six vacancies, occurring at the Home, but for a happy idea. Looking down towards the river bank, he descried an unladen barge, and he thought it might be just possible that the interior was metamorphosed into a lodging-house by the missing boys. Away they went to board the vessel, and on holding a lamp over the dark, damp hold, there were the persons they sought, heaped one upon another to secure all the warmth that was to be had. There they were surely enough, a pile of rags and misery. Probably there was not one "green" boy among them; for had they gone beyond the City bounds they could not have been more securely shielded from the scrutiny of Z 99. On arousing the sleepers, six of the number were selected and led forth willing captives to Stepney-causeway. A ray of hope indeed broke in upon them when the bull's-eye lantern suddenly revealed their secret retreat. It may have been the first ray of hope they ever knew, while the words of the friend who found them may have been the first expressions of encouragement to which they had listened.

To perambulate London streets during the hours between midnight and six A.M. is a sure and speedy method, though a sufficiently novel one, as some will think, of becoming correctly acquainted with the wants and woes about which all know too little, and none too much. Whithersoever one may turn, the same tale of poverty, and of poverty's attendant pains, is heard, while the phases so differ that something new is ever occurring. The lad who is discovered cowering and shivering behind a board placed against a wall may be, as one such has turned out to be, the son of a drinking father, who has driven his son into the street by way of diversion. Go further, and it may be that other lads, huddling closely together beneath a barrow, are real subjects of indigence, some of

whom eagerly catch at that magical word "Home," while others, as lovers of "liberty," prefer present suffering to any comforts the helping hand can offer. This temper may be a strange infatuation, but then it is the infatuation of juvenile prejudice and ignorance.

While the majority of poor street boys are only too glad to be admitted into the Home, some refuse to leave their native walks, and others, from various causes, require some amount of coaxing before they consent to enter on new courses. In the brushmakers' room we particularly noticed a handsome, intelligent-looking lad, very busy and very cheerful. The Doctor and this boy recognised each other in a genial manner, just as the rescued and the rescuer might be expected to do. Motherless, and the son of an inveterate drunkard, this lad, until quite a recent date, was accustomed to nothing better than a life of street wandering, and had no higher aim in life than that of drawing sundry coppers from the pockets of casual passengers. A photograph of "Jem," as he appeared in those days, is shown—those dark, despairing days; but one might defy an expert to recognise in the picture the "Jem" of to-day. Appearing in his native rags, unwashed, and with eyes inflamed from exposure to the weather, the boy of the one portrait would be taken for any ordinary Arab; he certainly would not be identified with the pleasant-featured industrious artisan we watched making brushes at the Home. Once despair was seen in his gait, and in the ominous shake of the head, when he was asked if he would lead a different course, and was heard in the tones of his thick quavering voice as he faltered, "Dunno." Here, then, is a moral transformation, as wonderful a change as that of a leopard changing his spots, and the Ethiopian his skin. Life has attractions now, the future has hope, and "Jem" promises to do credit to his friends.

The series of striking photographs published by Dr. Barnardo enables those who choose to procure them to understand the nature of the work in progress far better than mere verbal descriptions. The past and the present condition of the lads is forcibly portrayed by the photographer's art, and the result is a series of transformation scenes both unique and affecting. The same subjects are placed before us under different circumstances. In the one we see a boy "sleeping out" on the stones; in the counterpart the same person appears as he is in the Home "tucked up for the night." Here sits one in the street—"Please Sir, I've got no work to do;" and there he is again in a comfortable uniform and happy face—"But I'm in work now, you know." There is a group as they appeared when "on the streets," and there they are as they look at present. The series includes sixty of these instructive and entertaining scenes, which all persons who are interested in the good work should procure. Present hope contrasts with former despair, and present comfort with former indigence, in a very striking manner.

Among the photographs there is one called "A Touching Appeal"—"Please'm, do you take in poor little girls?" While looking on this and the counterpart we perceive what sort of necessity exists for the proposed Home for neglected and destitute girls. The portrait is that of a young creature, bonnetless, and in tattered garments, quite in keeping with her question. In the counterpart the same child appears

decently clothed, broom in hand, a personification of a contented maid-of-all-work. Only reach these female waifs as they may be reached, and rescue them as they may be rescued, and you effectively sweep the streets of their defilement by the great Social Evil. It would seem that the majority of the fallen belong to the ranks of humble life, and many of them confess that their ruinous course was ensured by the immoral associations to which they were exposed at school more than by mere misfortune. Workhouses and parochial schools, it is feared, are too often seminaries of vice; and if the morals of the inmates were more carefully watched, salvation from bodily ruin, in the instance of many a young creature, would be the result. Success, then, to the proposed Girls' Home. The little homeless girls of London have a first claim on a Christian's regard.

Dr. Barnardo knows something about the trials and anguish endured by those who pass a brief life of shame upon the streets. He has helped to rescue some of them. He has seen sights such as make the heart bleed—the consumptive girl of tender age wasting away, and the stern-natured matron, in virtuous pride, refusing to acknowledge her erring child as her daughter. If it be lovely to see the humble prizing virtue as a treasure, it is also terrible to see the mother steeling her heart against a daughter on account of sin. It is not possible to say who suffers most poignantly, the sinned against or the sinning.

Dr. Barnardo once encountered a girl of sixteen, in the Hackney-road, and on his speaking kindly to her, she seemed to recognise a sincere friend. Though of tender age, she had well-nigh run the length of a career of shame, the seeds of a fatal disease being already sown in her constitution. Not very long before she had left her friends, and too proud to call her by their untarnished name, those friends persisted in reckoning her as among the dead. Anxious to be of service to the already death-stricken girl, the Doctor took down her address, and shortly after she was taken in a cab to her mother's lodging. Before she knew that her child waited in the street, the woman replied with the grief and indignation of a broken heart; that she had no children, not one was left; all were either dead or worse than dead! What could a stranger do but half sympathise with the unyielding pride of womanly virtue? But he had a mission to accomplish as delicate as it was momentous. Was there no chord in the mother's heart to be touched, none that would reveal a mother's strength as well as her weakness? She overflowed with indignant shame; she was ready to invoke curses on the heads of those who had brought dishonour on her family, until the daughter was mentioned by name, and then, what a change! The mother's heart conquered the woman's pride; and in an instant, as if an unseen power had transformed her into another being, both heart and arms were opened to receive the sinner! Erring Lizzie laid herself down in her mother's bed to die; but not before she was enabled to touch the hem of Christ's garment, by him to be made perfectly whole. Soon the mother joined her daughter in that land wherein nothing that defleth can ever enter.

Such is, in brief, a description of the work undertaken by Dr. Barnardo, from whom, as being still a young man, the church may expect yet greater things. Grace was given to our young friend to perceive the real nature and danger of the situation. He sees

that if London is to be saved, special attention must be given to her waifs and strays. He has acted according to this faith. He undertook the task of correctly informing himself upon the daily life-trials of poor children, and now few are so competent to speak of those children's needs as he is. He has done nothing by halves; he has thoroughly carried out his idea. From out-of-the-way corners, from pestiferous lodging-houses, and from places even more unlikely, lads have been rescued from ruin, to be introduced for the first time to the manners and customs of civilisation. If such agents of Christ sometimes stand aside to regard with tears and dismay the work they are engaged in, who can refuse to sympathise with them? Yet they do not faint. Do you ask them if they expect to succeed in their endeavours, they will tell you that they are succeeding. Do you ask them if they expect to defeat ignorance and crime, they reply that they have no faith in their own power: God alone, when he shall see fit to put forth his might, can conquer the appalling evils which, nevertheless, his servants do their utmost to remove. Believing Christianity to be the sovereign cure for all earthly evils, they expect the power of Christ to be seen in an awakening of the people to a sense of his power and love. Still working on, they are never without encouragement. Every day startling events stimulate them to increased efforts—to-day it may be the poor shoemaker's lying down to die with a wail of despair by the side of her he loved; to-morrow it may be news that a little fellow has been "found dead" in the street! There must be something more than subscription lists to sustain an agency like this. There must be faith, unwavering faith in God, and to this Dr. Barnardo believes he is attaining, or has already attained. There must also be a cheerful, grateful acceptance of the aid which the God of the children sends, whether the help come in money offerings or in the personal assistance of those who are willing to sacrifice themselves in this high service.

It may be added, in conclusion, that Dr. Barnardo has mastered the science of economy. But while the vast agency he has originated is in a large measure self-supporting, he can find a ready use for any funds with which he may be entrusted; and when, on the average, fifteen pounds will suffice to educate and discipline, during an entire year, a lad picked up from the street, who would withhold the money? Shall the really destitute children of this great empire continue to die from want and exposure? Surely a better day is coming. Those who have money to give, and what is better, hearts to part with it, will not, we trust, henceforth overlook the East End Juvenile Mission, the controlling genius of which, in an almost literal sense, is lifting the beggar from the dunghill that he may set him among princes.

The Beatitudes ;

EXPOUNDED IN A SERIES OF SENTENTIOUS HOMILIES.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

HOMILY THE SECOND.—THE FIRST BEATITUDE.

BEARING in mind the object of our Saviour's discourse, which was to describe the saved, and not to declare the plan of salvation, we now come to consider the first of the Beatitudes.

“Blessed are the poor in spirit : for their's is the kingdom of heaven.”

A ladder, if it is to be of any use, must have its first step near the ground, or feeble climbers will never be able to mount. It would have been a grievous discouragement to struggling faith if the first blessing had been given to the pure in heart ; to that excellence the young beginner makes no claim, while to poverty of spirit he can reach without going beyond his line. Had the Saviour said, “Blessed are the rich in grace,” he would have spoken a great truth, but very few of us could have derived consolation therefrom. Our divine instructor begins at the beginning, with the very A B C of experience, and so enables the babes in grace to learn of him ; had he commenced with higher attainments he must have left the little ones behind. A gigantic step at the bottom of these sacred stairs would have effectually prevented many from essaying to ascend, but tempted by the lowly step, which bears the inscription “Blessed are the poor in spirit,” thousands are encouraged to attempt the heavenly way.

It is worthy of grateful note that this gospel blessing reaches down to the exact spot where the law leaves us when it has done for us the very best within its power or design. The utmost the law can accomplish for our fallen humanity is to lay bare our spiritual poverty, and convince us of it. It cannot by any possibility enrich a man, its greatest service is to tear away from him his fancied wealth of self-righteousness, show him his overwhelming indebtedness to God, and bow him to the earth in self-despair. Like Moses, it leads away from Goshen, conducts into the wilderness, and brings to the verge of an impassable stream, but it can do no more : Joshua Jesus is needed to divide the Jordan and conduct into the promised land. The law rends the goodly Babylonish garment of our imaginary merits into ten pieces, and proves our wedge of gold to be mere dross, and thus it leaves us, “naked, and poor, and miserable.” To this point Jesus descends, his full line of blessing comes up to the verge of destruction, rescues the lost, and enriches the poor. The gospel is as full as it is free.

“Great God, the treasures of thy grace

Are everlasting mines ;

Deep as our helpless miseries are,

And boundless as our sins.”

This first beatitude, though thus placed at a suitably low point, where it may be reached by those who are in the earliest stages of grace, is

however none the less rich in blessing. The same word is used in the same sense at the beginning as at the end of the chain of beatitudes—the poor in spirit are as truly and emphatically blessed as the meek, or the peacemakers. No hint is given as to lower degree, or inferior measure, but on the contrary the very highest benison, which is used in the tenth verse as the gathering up of all the seven beatitudes, is ascribed to the first and lowest order of the blessed—"their's is the kingdom of heaven." What more is said even of the coheirs with prophets and martyrs? What more indeed could be said than this? The poor in spirit are lifted from the dunghill and set not among hired servants in the field, but among princes in the kingdom. Blessed is that soul poverty of which the Lord himself utters such good things. He sets much store by that which the world holds in small esteem, for his judgment is the reverse of the foolish verdict of the proud. As Watson well observes, "How poor are they that think themselves rich! How rich are they that see themselves to be poor. I call it the *jewel of poverty*. There be some paradoxes in religion which the world cannot understand; for a man to become a fool that he may be wise, to save his life by losing it, and to be made rich by being poor. Yet this poverty is to be striven for more than riches; under these rags is hid cloth of gold, and out of this carcase cometh honey."

The cause for placing this beatitude first is found in the fact that it is first as matter of experience; it is essential to the succeeding characters, underlies each one of them, and is the soil in which alone they can be produced. No man ever mourns before God until he is poor in spirit, neither does he become meek towards others till he has humble views of himself: hungering and thirsting after righteousness are not possible to those who have high views of their own excellence, and mercy to those who offend is a grace too difficult for those who are unconscious of their own spiritual need. Poverty in spirit is the porch of the temple of blessedness. As a wise man never thinks of building up the walls of his house till he has first digged out the foundation, so no person skilful in divine things will hope to see any of the higher virtues where poverty of spirit is absent. Till we are emptied of self we cannot be filled with God; stripping must be wrought upon us before we can be clothed with the righteousness which is from heaven. Christ is never precious till we are poor in spirit, we must see our own wants before we can perceive his wealth; pride blinds the eyes, and sincere humility must open them, or the beauties of Jesus will be for ever hidden from us. The strait gate is not wide enough to allow that man to enter who is great in his own esteem: it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a man conceited of his own spiritual riches to enter into the kingdom of heaven. Hence it is clear that the character described in connection with the first beatitude is essential to the production of those which follow after, and unless a man possesses it he may look in vain for favour at the hands of the Lord. The proud are cursed, their pride alone secures them the curse and shuts them out from divine regard: "The proud he knoweth afar off." The lowly in heart are blessed, for to them and to their prayers Jehovah ever has a tender regard.

It is worthy of double mention that this first blessing is given rather

to the absence than to the presence of praiseworthy qualities; it is a blessing not upon the man who is distinguished for this virtue or remarkable for that excellence, but upon him whose chief characteristic is that he confesses his own sad deficiencies. This is intentional, in order that grace may be all the more manifestly seen to be grace indeed, casting its eye first, not upon purity but poverty, not upon shewers of mercy but needers of mercy, not upon those who are called the children of God, but upon those who cry "I am not worthy to be called thy son." God wants nothing of us except our wants, and these furnish him with room to display his bounty when he supplies them freely. It is from the worse and not from the better side of fallen man that the Lord wins glory for himself. Not what I have, but what I have not, is the first point of contact between my soul and God. The good may bring their goodness, but he declares "there is none righteous, no, not one;" the pious may offer their ceremonies, but he taketh no delight in all their oblations; the wise may present their inventions, but he counts their wisdom to be folly; but when the poor in spirit come to him with their utter destitution and distress he accepts them at once, yea, he bows the heavens to bless them, and opens the storehouses of the covenant to satisfy them. As the surgeon seeks for the sick, and as the alms-giver looks after the poor, even so the Saviour seeks out such as need him, and upon them he exercises his divine office. Let every needy sinner drink comfort from his well.

Nor ought we to forget that this lowest note upon the octave of beatitude, this keynote of the whole music, gives forth a certain sound as to the spirituality of the Christian dispensation. Its first blessing is allotted to a characteristic not of the outer but of the inner man, to a state of soul and not to a posture of body, to the poor in spirit and not to the exact in ritual. That word *spirit* is one of the watchwords of the gospel dispensation. Garments, genuflections, rituals, oblations, and the like are ignored, and the Lord's eye of favour rests only upon hearts broken and spirits humbled before him. Even mental endowments are left in the cold shade, and the spirit is made to lead the van; the soul, the true man, is regarded, and all beside left as of comparatively little worth. This teaches us to mind above all things those matters which concern our spirits. We must not be satisfied with external religion. If in any ordinance our spirit does not come into contact with the great Father of spirits, we must not rest satisfied. Everything about our religion which is not heart-work must be unsatisfactory to us. As men cannot live upon the chaff and the bran, but need the flour of the wheat, so do we need something more than the form of godliness and the letter of truth, we require the secret meaning, the ingrafting of the word into the spirit, the bringing of the truth of God into the inmost soul: all short of this is short of the blessing. The highest grade of outward religiousness is unblest, but the very lowest form of spiritual grace is endowed with the kingdom of heaven. Better to be spiritual, even though our highest attainment is to be poor in spirit, than to remain carnal, even though in that carnality we should vaunt of perfection in the flesh. The least in grace is higher than the greatest in nature. Poverty of spirit in the publican was better than fulness of external excellence in the Pharisee. As the

weakest and poorest man is nobler than the strongest of all the beasts of the field, so is the meanest spiritual man more precious in the sight of the Lord than the most eminent of the self-sufficient children of men. The smallest diamond is worth more than the largest pebble, the lowest degree of grace excels the loftiest attainment of nature. What sayest thou to this, beloved reader? Are you spiritual? At least are you enough so to be poor in spirit? Does there exist for you a spiritual realm, or are you locked up in the narrow region of things seen and heard? If the Holy Spirit has broken a door for thee into the spiritual and unseen, then thou art blessed, even though thine only perception as yet be the painful discovery that thou art poor in spirit. Jesus on the mount blesses thee, and blessed thou art.

Drawing still nearer to our text we observe that the person described *has discovered a fact*, he has ascertained his own spiritual poverty, and *by a fact he is comforted*; for he possesses the kingdom of heaven.

The fact which he has ascertained is an *old* truth, the man always was spiritually poor. From his birth he was a pauper, and at his best estate he is only a mendicant. "Naked, and poor, and miserable" is a fair summary of man's condition by nature. He lies covered with sores at the gates of mercy, having nothing of his own but sin, unable to dig and unwilling to beg, and therefore perishing in a penury of the direst kind. This truth is also *universal*, for all men are by nature thus poor. In a clan, or a family, there will usually be at least one person of substance, and in the poorest nation there will be some few possessors of wealth; but, alas for our humanity! its whole store of excellence is spent and its riches are utterly gone. Among us all there remains no remnant of good; the oil is spent in the cruse, and the meal is exhausted from the barrel, and a famine is upon us, direr than that which desolated Samaria of old. We owe ten thousand talents, and have nothing wherewithal to pay, even so much as a single penny of goodness we cannot find in all the treasures of the nations. This fact is deeply *humiliating*. A man may have no money, and yet it may involve no fault, and therefore no shame; our estate of poverty has this sting in it, that it is moral and spiritual, and sinks us in blame and sin. To be poor in holiness, truth, faith, and love to God is disgraceful to us. Often does the poor man hide his face as one greatly ashamed; far more cause have we to do so who have spent our living riotously, wasted our Father's substance, and brought ourselves to want and dishonour. Descriptions of our state which describe us as miserable are not complete unless they also declare us to be guilty; true, we are objects of pity, but much more of censure. A poor man may be none the less worthy of esteem because of the meanness of his apparel, and the scantiness of his provision; but spiritual poverty means fault, blameworthiness, shame, and sin. He who is poor in spirit is therefore a humbled man, and is on the way to be numbered with those that mourn, of whom the second benediction says that "they shall be comforted."

The fact discovered by the blessed one in the text is but *little known*; the mass of mankind are utterly ignorant upon the matter. Though the truth as to man's lost condition is daily taught in our streets, yet few understand it; they are not anxious to know the meaning of

a statement so uncomfortable, so alarming: and the bulk of those who are aware of the doctrine, and acknowledge that it is scriptural, yet do not believe it, but put it out of their thoughts and practically ignore it. "We see" is the universal boast of the world's blind men. So far from being destitute, the sons of men are in their own esteem so richly endowed that they thank God that they are not as other men. No slavery is so degrading as that which makes a man content with his servility; the poverty which never aspires, but is content in its rags and filth, is poverty of the deepest dye, and such is the spiritual condition of mankind. Wherever the truth as to our condition is truly known, it has been *spiritually revealed*; we may say of all who know their soul-poverty, "Blessed art thou, Simon, son of Jonas, for flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto thee." To be spiritually poor is the condition of all men; to be poor in spirit, or to know our spiritual poverty, is an attainment specially granted to the called and chosen. An omnipotent hand created us out of nothing, and the like omnipotence is needed to bring us back to feel that we are nothing. We can never be saved unless we are made alive by infinite power, nor can we be made alive at all unless that selfsame power shall first slay us. It is amazing how much is needed to strip a man and lay him in his true place. One would think that so penniless a beggar must be aware of his penury, but he is not, and never will be, unless the Eternal God shall convince him of it. Our imaginary goodness is more hard to conquer than our actual sin. Man can sooner be cured of his sicknesses than be made to forego his boasts of health. Human weakness is a small obstacle to salvation compared with human strength; there lies the work and the difficulty. Hence it is a sign of grace to know one's need of grace. He has some light in his soul who knows and feels that he is in darkness. The Lord himself has wrought a work of grace upon the spirit which is poor and needy, and trembles at his word: and it is such a work that it bears within it the promise, yea, the assurance of salvation: for the poor in spirit already possess the kingdom of heaven, and none have that but those who have eternal life.

One thing is certainly true of the man whose spirit knows its own poverty, he is in possession of one truth at least; whereas before he breathed the atmosphere of falsehood, and knew nothing which he ought to know. However painful the result of poverty of spirit may be, it is the result of truth; and a foundation of truth being laid, other truth will be added, and the man will abide in the truth. All that others think they know concerning their own spiritual excellence is but a lie, and to be rich in lies is to be awfully poor. Carnal security, natural merit, and self-confidence, however much of false peace they may produce, are only forms of falsehood, deceiving the soul; but when a man finds out that he is by nature and practice "lost," he is no longer utterly a pauper as to truth, he possesses one precious thing at any rate, one coin minted by truth is in his hand. For my own part, my constant prayer is that I may know the worst of my case, whatever the knowledge may cost me. I know that an accurate estimate of my own heart can never be otherwise than lowering to my self-esteem; but God forbid that I should be spared the humiliation which springs from the truth. The sweet apples of self-esteem are deadly poison; who would wish to be

destroyed thereby? The bitter fruits of self-knowledge are always healthful, especially if washed down with the waters of repentance, and sweetened with a draught from the wells of salvation; he who loves his own soul will not despise them. Blessed, according to our text, is the poor cast-down one who knows his lost condition, and is suitably impressed thereby; he is but a beginner in wisdom's school, yet he is a disciple, and his Master encourages him with a benediction, yea, he pronounces him one of those to whom the kingdom of heaven is given.

The position into which a clear knowledge of this one truth has brought the soul is one peculiarly advantageous for obtaining every gospel blessing. Poverty of spirit empties a man, and so makes him ready to be filled; it exposes his wounds to the oil and wine of the good Physician; it lays the guilty sinner at the gate of mercy, among those dying ones around the pool of Bethesda to whom Jesus is wont to come. Such a man opens his mouth, and the Lord fills it; he hungers, and the Lord satisfies him with good things. Above all other evils we have most cause to dread our own fulness; the greatest unfitness for Christ is our own imaginary fitness. When we are utterly undone, we are near to being enriched with the riches of grace. Out of ourselves is next door to being in Christ. Where we end mercy begins, or rather mercy has begun, and already done much for us when we are at the end of our merit, our power, our wisdom, and our hope. The deeper the destitution the better:—

“’Tis perfect poverty alone
That sets the soul at large;
While we can call one mite our own
We get no full discharge.”

Should the heart be distressed because it cannot even sufficiently feel its own need, so much the better; the poverty of spirit is just so much the greater, and the appeal to free grace all the more powerful. If the want of a broken heart be felt, we may come to Jesus for a broken heart, if we cannot come *with* a broken heart. If no kind or degree of good be perceptible, this also is but a clear proof of utter poverty, and in that condition we may dare to believe in the Lord Jesus. Though we are nothing, Christ is all. All that we need to begin with we must find in him, just as surely as we must look for our ultimate perfecting to the selfsame source. A man may be so misled as to make a merit out of his sense of sin, and may dream of coming to Jesus clothed in a fitness of despair and unbelief; this is, however, the very reverse of the conduct of one who is poor in spirit, for he is poor in feelings as well as in everything else, and dares no more commend himself on account of his humblings and despairings than on account of his sins themselves. He thinks himself to be a hardhearted sinner as he acknowledges the deep repentance which his offences call for; he fears that he is a stranger to that sacred quickening which makes the conscience tender, and he dreads lest he should in any measure be a hypocrite in the desires which he perceives to be in his soul; in fact he does not dare to think himself to be any other than poor, grievously poor, in whatever light he may be viewed in his relation to God and the righteous law. He

nears of the humiliations of true penitents, and wishes he had them ; he reads the descriptions of repentance given in the word of God, and prays that he may realise them, but he sees nothing in himself upon which he can put his finger and say, "This at least is good. In me there dwells at least some one good thing." He is poor in spirit, and from him all boasting is cut off, once for all. It is better to be in this condition than falsely to account one's self a saint, and sit in the chief places of the synagogue ; yea, it is so sweetly safe a position to occupy, that he who is fullest of faith in God, and joy in the Holy Ghost, finds it add to his peace to retain a full consciousness of the poverty of his natural state, and to let it run parallel with his persuasion of security and blessedness in Christ Jesus. Lord, keep me low, empty me more and more, lay me in the dust, let me be dead and buried as to all that is of self ; then shall Jesus live in me and reign in me, and be truly my all in all.

It may seem to some to be a small matter to be poor in spirit ; let such remember that our Lord so places this gracious condition of heart that it is the foundation-stone of the celestial ascent of beatitudes, and who can deny that the steps which rise from it are beyond measure sublime ? It is something inexpressibly desirable to be poor in spirit if this be the road to purity of heart, and to the godlike character of the peacemaker. Who would not lay his head on Jacob's stone to enjoy Jacob's dream ? Who would scorn the staff with which in poverty he crossed the Jordan if he might but see the kingdom of heaven opened as the patriarch did ? Welcome the poverty of Israel if it be a part of the conditions upon which we shall receive the blessing of Israel's God. Instead of despising the poor in spirit we shall do well to regard them as possessing the dawn of spiritual life, the germ of all the graces, the initiative of perfection, the evidence of blessedness.

Having spoken thus much upon the character as being formed by the knowledge of a fact, we have now to note that *it is by a fact that they are cheered and rendered blessed*, "for their's is the kingdom of heaven." It is not a promise as to the future, but a declaration as to the present, not their's *shall be*, but "their's *is* the kingdom of heaven." This truth is clearly revealed in many Scriptures by necessary inference ; for first, *the King* of the heavenly kingdom is constantly represented as reigning over the poor. David says in the seventy-second Psalm, "He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy." "He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy." As his virgin mother sang, "He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree ; he hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away." Those who enlist beneath the banner of the Son of David are like those who of old came to the Son of Jesse in the cave of Adullam, "Every one that was in debt, and every one that was in distress, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him, and he became a captain over them." "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." His title was "a friend of publicans and sinners." "Though he was rich, he for our sakes became poor," and it is meet that the poor should be gathered unto him. Since Jesus has chosen the poor in spirit to be his subjects, and said, "Fear not

little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom," we see how true it is that they are blessed.

The rule of the kingdom is such as only the poor in spirit will endure. To them it is an easy yoke from which they have no wish to be released; to give God all the glory is no burden to them, to cease from self is no hard command. The place of lowliness suits them, the service of humiliation they count an honour; they can say with the Psalmist (Psalm cxxxi.), "Surely I have behaved and quieted myself, as a child that is weaned of his mother: my soul is even as a weaned child." Self-denial and humility, which are main duties of Christ's kingdom, are easy only to those who are poor in spirit. A humble mind loves humble duties, and is willing to kiss the least flower which grows in the valley of humiliation, but to others a fair show in the flesh is a great attraction, and self-exaltation the main object of life. "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of God," is an iron rule which shuts out all but the poor in spirit, but at the same time it is a gate of pearl which admits all who are of that character.

The privileges of the kingdom are such as only the spiritually poor will value, to others they are as pearls cast before swine. The self-righteous care nothing for pardon, though it cost the Redeemer his life's blood; they have no care for regeneration, though it be the greatest work of the Holy Spirit; and they set no store by sanctification, though it is the Father himself who has made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. Evidently the blessings of the covenant were meant for the poor, there is not one of them which would be valued by the Pharisee. A robe of righteousness implies our nakedness; manna from heaven implies the lack of earthly bread. Salvation is vanity if men are in no danger, and mercy a mockery if they be not sinful. The charter of the church is written upon the supposition that it is formed of the poor and needy, and is without meaning if it be not so. Poverty of spirit opens the eyes to see the preciousness of covenant blessings. As an old Puritan says, "He that is poor in spirit is a Christ-admirer; he hath high thoughts of Christ, he sets a high value and appreciation upon Christ; he hides himself in Christ's wounds; he bathes himself in his blood; he wraps himself in his robe; he sees a spiritual dearth and famine at home, but he looks out to Christ and cries, 'Lord shew me thyself, and it sufficeth.'" Now, inasmuch as the Lord has made nothing in vain, since we find that the privileges of the Gospel kingdom are only suitable to the poor in spirit, we may rest assured that for such they were prepared and to such they belong.

Moreover it is clear that only those who are poor in spirit do actually reign as kings unto God. The crown of this kingdom will not fit every head, in fact it fits the brow of none but the poor in spirit. No proud man reigns, he is the slave of his boastings, the serf of his own loftiness. The ambitious worldly grasps after a kingdom, but he does not possess one, the humble in heart are content, and in that contentment they are made to reign. High spirits have no rest, only the lowly heart has peace. To know one's self is the way to self-conquest, and self-conquest is the grandest of all victories. The world looks out for a lofty, ambitious, stern, self-sufficient man, and says he bears him-

self like a king; and yet in very truth the real kings among their fellows are meek and lowly like the Lord of all, and in their unconsciousness of self lies the secret of their power. The kings among mankind, the happiest, the most powerful, the most honourable, will one day be seen to be, not the Alexanders, Cæsars, and Napoleons, but the men akin to him who washed the disciples' feet, those who in quietness lived for God and their fellow-men, unostentatious because conscious of their failures, unselfish because self was held in low esteem, humble and devout because their own spiritual poverty drove them out of themselves, and led them to rest alone upon the Lord. The time shall come when glitter and gewgaw will go for what they are worth, and then shall the poor in spirit be seen to have had the kingdom.

The dominion awarded by this beatitude to the poor in spirit is no common one, it is the kingdom of heaven, a heavenly dominion, far excelling anything which can be obtained this side the stars. An ungodly world may reckon the poor in spirit to be contemptible, but God writes them down among his peers and princes, and his judgment is true and far more to be esteemed than the opinions of men or angels. Only as we are poor in spirit have we any evidence that heaven is ours, but having that mark of blessedness all things are ours, whether things present or things to come. To the poor in spirit belong all the security, honour and happiness which the gospel kingdom is calculated to give upon earth; even here below they may eat of its dainties without question, and revel in its delights without fear. Their's also are the things not seen as yet, reserved for future revelation, their's the second advent, their's the glory, their's the fifth great monarchy, their's the resurrection, their's the beatific vision, their's the eternal ecstasy. "Poor in spirit:" the words sound as if they described the owners of nothing, and yet they describe the inheritors of all things. Happy poverty! Millionaires sink into insignificance, the treasures of the Indies evaporate in smoke, while to the poor in spirit remains a boundless, endless, faultless kingdom, which renders them blessed in the esteem of him who is God over all, blessed for ever. And all this is for the present life in which they mourn and need to be comforted, hunger and thirst, and need to be filled; all this is for them while yet they are persecuted for righteousness' sake; what then must be their blessedness when they shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father, and in them shall be fulfilled the promise of their Master and Lord, "to him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne"?

A Few Words Upon Objections to Revivals.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IT may be regarded as a sign of the times when such a newspaper as the *Times* is found discussing the pros and cons of religious revivals; for although its more immediate object of criticism was the so-called "Mission" of the Anglican Church, yet in reality its sweeping remarks applied to the whole question of revivals. Some of the observations in the leading article, and in

the letters which it elicited, are such as most men among us would heartily endorse. It is undoubtedly most mischievous to endeavour to promote religion by external means, forsaking the use of "human words from human hearts," spoken in calm earnestness; it is unutterably evil to supplant the preacher by the priest, and to play upon the fears of superstition, instead of appealing to the motives and the understanding. None can too strongly denounce these things, and we are right glad that all reasonable men should inveigh against them; whether they see the beauty of spiritual truth or no, we are glad that they can discern and detest the loathsome features of priestcraft. It is also true that it will never do to rely upon special efforts, and to relax the regular laborious endeavour of constant perseverance. To prefer an occasional fever to the healthy warmth of abiding health is most absurd. No ten days' mission or fortnight of revival services can make up for the lack of a continuous mission and the earnestness of all the year round. The tendency to look for occasional great gains instead of expecting daily increase must not be suffered to grow, or it will soon impoverish the church. Whitfield and Wesley lived in one continuous revival, and cannot be cited as instances of spasmodic action. The *Times* is right when it claims their example as an instance of the abiding power of the true preacher, and as the very antipodes of the Ritualistic method of excitement.

Something also may be urged against the late hours which some of these Missioners, and also some revivalists have kept up. Every father of a family will agree with the remark that young people are best at home at ten o'clock. Still it is remarkable that the world should raise such a hubbub about late hours at religious services, and should itself keep such bad hours at its theatres and balls. Nobody has written to the papers to complain that his daughters staid at an evening party after ten o'clock, or that his son came home at a little before eleven from the opera. There is a deal of cant in the irreligious world, and its hypocrisies are innumerable. That once in a while a meeting should be protracted beyond the hour allowed by prudence is not so great a sin after all: it may be best to avoid it in every case, but should peculiar zeal and a special season of blessing lead a minister and his congregation into the error, we are not aware of any law, human or divine, which they will have violated.

The main objection urged by writers not unfriendly to religion is the excitement engendered. To them it appears that the great and solemn truths of religion demand the calmest and most deliberate consideration, and should be far removed from the heated atmosphere of excitement. Far be it from us to deny that the matter of religion does require the most serious thought and quiet meditation; without these the profession of conversion ought never to be made, and if made will not long be sustained, but this is not all the truth. In politics a man should calmly weigh the merits of a question, is it therefore urged that the politician may not seek to create enthusiasm for his party, and that the introduction of zeal into the business is a mischievous mistake? We have never heard either Liberal or Conservative argue in this manner. Men grow eager in the pursuit of wealth, and the pulse beats fast when great transactions are quivering in the balance; the world does not blame them for this, for it thinks the object of their pursuit worthy of intense effort: but if a man grows earnest in seeking the salvation of his soul, he is censured for being too excited, and if he weeps for his sins, or rejoices when he has obtained pardon for them, he is set down at once as being under the influence of fanatics and his confinement in Bedlam is confidently predicted. A physician who risks his life in the philanthropic endeavour to discover a new anodyne for human suffering is rightly judged to be a hero, yet he who proclaims with all his heart and soul the grandest of all panaceas for man's worst ills is a raving fanatic, and is held up to contempt. Is this holding the balance with an even hand?

Will any rational man maintain that excitement ceases to be legitimate according to the importance of the subject in hand? If it were so it would be-

reasonable to be vehement in the cause of the parish beadle, and indifferent to the welfare of our native country; and then also it would evidently be wise to rush to the cannon's mouth for the bubble reputation, and to let the immortal soul sink down to hell through sheer neglect. But assuredly nothing in the nature of things, nothing in the realm of common sense, and certainly nothing in Holy Scripture can be urged against the legitimate use of excitement in religion. It is to the largest degree a business of the heart; we say to the largest degree because we do not deny that it is a matter of the understanding, the memory, and all the other faculties of the mind: and surely if the heart preponderates there must be a measure of excitement. A man with a soul so dead as not to be moved by the sacred name of "mother" is creation's blot; shall we say less of him whose soul stirs not at the mention of the name of Saviour and Redeemer? To save his country from invasion every man worthy of the name of Englishman would burn with passion to repel the foe, are we to be less stirred with inward tempest at the sight of the desolating vices which are ruining our fellow-citizens by millions? Is a soldier to feel the martial ardour and a Christian never to be fervent for his Lord?

The fact is that enthusiasm is only to be justified by the importance of its object. Minds excited by inferior aims have been fitly compared to "ocean into tempest tossed, to waft a feather or to drown a fly." If the sea of the soul be agitated, what should agitate it like eternity, sin, heaven, hell, and judgment? If the heart glow and burn, what should fire it like the love of Jesus? If humanity and benevolence ever sway the good, and move them as the trees of the wood are moved by the wind, what should be a stronger motive force than the desire to save souls from the wrath to come? If the subjects treated of by the Christian religion be real, they do not merely excuse but demand excitement. Good men need not trouble themselves to make apologies for having that which it would be inexcusable in them to be without. Christians, instead of excusing themselves for occasional outbursts of enthusiasm, had far better confess their sin in not having been always enthusiastic.

These few thoughts have suggested themselves to us, and we have penned them hurriedly as a sort of addenda to the very valuable address of Mr. Archibald Brown, which appears in the earlier pages of the present number of the *Sword and the Trowel*.

We deprecate most solemnly the excesses of certain revivalists; we lament the foolish rant and false doctrine which have poisoned former movements in certain quarters; but our solemn conviction is that the present gracious visitation which many parts of England and Scotland are enjoying is of the Lord, and should be hailed with delight by all gracious men. God speed it, we say, and make all the world to feel its power to the confusion of the hosts of evil and to the exaltation of the Son of God.

Notices of Books.

Gems of Song, with Music. Compiled by MR. GEORGE THOMAS CONGREVE. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

A MOST successful compilation of Hymns, well set to tunes with the Tonic Sol-fa notation. We presume that it can also be had in the usual musical form, as well as in this one. We cannot too warmly commend this work to all engaged in teaching the young. It is a first-class and very cheap book.

Cruden's Concordance, revised and condensed. By G. K. HANNAY. Bell and Daldy, Covent Garden.

HANDY to carry about when travelling, otherwise we do not see the need of a condensed Cruden, or of condensed gold. Mr. Hannay thinks he has improved both upon Cruden and Brown; perhaps he has done so as to the latter, but for our part Alexander Cruden is quite good enough for us, as the best of everything generally is.

The Physiology of the Sects. Samuel Tinsley, Southampton Street.

A SERIES of short, sketchy, good-humoured articles upon all sorts of religionists. The writer does not know much about his subjects, but he sets down nought in malice, and writes very pleasantly. His description of the Baptists shows that he knows a few members of our community, and likes them well. We hope he will yet know them better, and comprehend the great truths for which they contend. The following extract is amusing:—"Although strict in their religious observances, and critical in soundness of doctrine, the Baptists are by no means an ascetic sect. Nay, they are rather genial than otherwise. In preaching, many of them are given to quips and cranks, fond of amusing anecdotes and dramatic bits of illustration. Some of these are slightly *outré* in their application, but then, why should the devil have all the humorous things as well as all the good tunes to himself? In one respect Mr. Spurgeon, though serious enough in some things, may be called the leading comic man of the persuasion. He can use a pleasantness 'to point a moral and adorn a tale;' a jest to bring home a text; a merry anecdote to enforce a point; and sometimes a rather broad allusion to illustrate a doctrine. He is not, of course, the father of all the jokes set down to him, but enough are authentic to place him in the foremost rank of pulpit eccentrics. This element of religious hilarity prevents the Baptists from being a sour sect. You do not see many long and lugubrious countenances at their meetings. They are serious, but not morose; sober-minded, but not over solemn; thoughtful-looking, but not melancholy. They do not turn the world into a vale of tears and a wilderness of lamentation. Life has its joys and pleasures for them, as well as its burdens and sorrows. Their congregations are, for the most part, pleasant assemblies of men and women with hearts in their bodies, and not gatherings of devotees, bloodless, passionless, inhuman, moving about like ghosts in a world filled with living, acting, striving, struggling, but yet not quite desolate and hopeless, men and women. Earnest in respect of their own particular dogma,

they are not intolerantly bigoted, foolishly superstitious, or intrusively dogmatic. These days in their history belong to the past, when they were persecuted, imprisoned, stocked, and pilloried. Better times have produced better things, and more genial summers sweeter fruit. Even those who smile at their peculiarities, oppose their doctrine, disagree with their system, and dislike their church government, find them excellent citizens, pleasant acquaintances, genial companions, welcome visitors, social and kindly in their intercourse, earnest in their good works, and sincere in their friendships. Few of the sects have, on the whole, more admirable and agreeable characteristics than the Baptists. Long may they continue so, and long may we live to think them so."

Oxford and Cambridge; their Colleges, Memories, and Associations. By the Rev. F. ARNOLD, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

THIS is one of the finest books of the season, both for excellence of authorship and artistic beauty. It is a magnificent *article de luxe*. We recommend it as a book for the drawing-room table and the lady's boudoir, or as a handsome present to a person of taste. We promise ourselves a thorough reading of this volume, and then we will accord it a further notice; meanwhile we heartily approve of the action of the Tract Society in publishing for the rich as well as for the poor, works salted with the gospel; the rich need them even more than the poor, for it is hard to win their attention to the simple gospel of the Cross.

The Bards of the Bible. By GEORGE GILFILLAN. Sixth Edition. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

A FINE edition of a very wonderful book. When Mr. Gilfillan writes upon poetry and poetical topics, he always makes his pages attractive, and this work is remarkably so. "Too luscious," was the verdict of a critic of our acquaintance; "spread-eagle" was the laconic description of another; "on the whole a fascinating and instructive criticism upon the inspired poets" was our own private summing up, and we see no reason to alter it.

Mission to Africa. By HENRY ROE. F. H. Hurd, 131, Fleet Street, E.C.

WE have no doubt that the author is a better man than his book, which we rate very low as a literary production. The style is affected and most unnatural. We thank God for missionary brethren of all denominations, and wish them all a blessing, but we think that better records than this are needed to impress our churches favourably with the nature and value of the work, and the self-sacrifice essential to its true success.

Sketches in the Vineyard. By WILLIAM SMITH. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

A HODGE-PODGE of matter and statement, which has much truth in it, and yet the result is not a fair exposition of our dissenting church government and work. The book purports, under a thin disguise of acting, to expose our practical weaknesses, and supply the remedy. That much information is needed in some quarters we frankly admit, but the customs of our churches are, after all, we believe, sound, and Scriptural, and leavened in their execution with much good common sense. The author deems that a building applying the conveniences of a literary institution and a club, combined alike for the young and old, though mainly for the former, would remedy the evils of our system. Well, there is room for what he suggests, and we wish God speed to much of his plan, but it will do as an addition, not as a substitute for what is now usually found in our churches. We have always at our Tabernacle much of what he aims at, and we shall have more, though we shall stop short of the restaurant part of the scheme. We wish that more use could be made of our chapels, schools, and vestries. The more meetings in the place the better. To open the buildings only once in the week between Sundays is to court a small audience at that solitary service. Our advice is, use your chapels and rooms as often as possible. Make it a custom to go to the chapel on frequent occasions, and so get to feel at home in it. Drive out the chill and damp both from the walls and the people by constant warm meetings in the chapel through the week.

Biblical Commentaries on the Old Testament. By KEIL AND DELITZSCH. *The Prophecies of Jeremiah.* By Dr. KIEL. T. and T. Clark, 38, George Street, Edinburgh.

WE welcome all Messrs. Clark's issue of Commentaries, not because they are all equally to our taste, but because to scholars they are all useful. Jeremiah needs expounding, and but few have ventured to explain his prophecies. Dr. Keil has a high repute among biblical students, and it is enough to announce his careful work to secure for it a large constituency of readers among the best educated divines and students.

Lectures on Preaching. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. Second series. T. Nelson and Sons.

MR. BEECHER is great upon most things, but especially upon the subject of successful preaching. He is not troubled with any excess of spirituality or unction; common sense and smartness are far more his predominating characteristics, and using these he seldom opens his mouth without saying something good. No young man can read these familiar chats, and pieces of experimental advice, without being the wiser for it, unless he happens to swallow all without discrimination, in which case he had better have let them alone.

The Road to Destruction: an Allegory.

By a Traveller for some years on the Broad Way. Elliot Stock.

If you eat honey you cannot taste the sugar in your tea; if you read John Bunyan you cannot enjoy any other allegory. There is only one sun, and when you look upon it you never think of mentioning candles in the same hour.

The Loving Hand of Jesus. A Narrative for the Young. By J. L. M. V. James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners Street.

A GRACIOUS little book by a French lady who teaches in a London Ragged School. It is very simple and unaffected, touchingly so. We suppose it to be mainly her own biography, and her conversion from Popery is very sweetly told. The book is likely to be useful, and this we are sure is what Louise aims at. God grant her the desire of her heart!

The Heavens and the Earth: a popular Handbook of Astronomy. By THOMAS MILNER, M.A. With Revision and Additions by E. DUNKIN, F.R.A.S., of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. Religious Tract Society.

MOST justly is this called a *popular* handbook, for its style is exactly suited to attract readers, and its matter is so clearly and simply put that the merest tyro can understand it. We can hardly conceive of a work containing more information for the general public, or more readable by the many. How much should we rejoice if we could see our young ladies studying such works instead of wasting their time over rubbishing novels.

The Teacher's Assistant and Bible-Class Magazine for 1873. Vol. I. George Lamb, Sutton Street.

OUR Primitive Methodist friends have here provided for them a very excellent assistant in Sabbath-school work. The comments upon the lessons are full of pith and suggestiveness. If well studied, they would make teachers real teachers, which a great many are not. We fear that the Sunday-school teaching in many churches is almost as badly done, as a rule, as the preaching, and it could not be much worse. Those who diligently use such helps as these will have something to tell the children, and then the youngsters will be sure to be attentive, and show their appreciation of their teacher.

The Personal Reign of Christ during the Millennium Proved to be Impossible. By JAMES C. L. CARSON, M.D. Houlston and Sons.

IT will require several Dr. Carsons (to convince us upon this point, though he is certainly one of the most forcible reasoners in the circle of our acquaintance. We fear we are very like the good man who said he was open to conviction, but he would like to see the man who could convince him. Mr. Carson can easily rout us upon a point which is not our *forte*, but we still believe that the personal reign of Christ during the Millennium is quite possible; indeed, we wonder how the brave doctor can go in to prove anything *impossible* which is not also immoral, so long as the Lord is omnipotent.

Daily Meditations. By the Rev. GEORGE BOWEN, of Bombay. With Introductory Notice by Dr. W. HANNA. Edmonston and Douglas, Edinburgh.

AN excellent book, with many striking thoughts and suggestive passages, but either it was hurriedly composed, or else the author died before he had revised it. There is a want of finish, and sometimes even of suitability to the text, in many of the portions. Having ourselves done something in this direction, we are none the less, but all the more, ready to admire the excellences of other men's labours, and, despite the fault which we indicate, it is a book by which many will be profited.

Notes.

WE have spent the last month in Mentone, and have tried to find rest for our jaded mind. Suffering much from rheumatic pains, we have not been able to give much attention to the doings of the church or of the world, and hence our notes must be very scanty.

The result of the general elections is what might have been expected, and need not be deplored. Whenever the Liberals return to power it will be as real Liberals, prepared to grant at least a portion of those concessions which are due to Nonconformists. As Christians we take small interest in party politics, and were it not for the religious questions involved we should not concern ourselves to any great extent with the doings of the polling booths. The work of the revival of vital godliness among us is of infinitely more importance than the battles of Whigs and Tories, and Christian people will do well to settle themselves down to their true work and calling. Our duties as citizens can be well and thoroughly discharged without our degenerating into political partizans. The ultimate liberation of Nonconformists will be achieved not by their political activity, but by their growth in spiritual power, and so in numbers and in influence. Whitfield and Wesley by the preach-

ing of the gospel increased the number of godly Nonconformists, and so incidentally did more towards their obtaining their civil rights than will ever be accomplished by politico-religious electioneering. Our duty is to vote for no man, be he Liberal or Conservative, who will not in some degree advance the liberation of religion from State patronage and control; and by keeping to this impolitic but honest rule we shall one day prevail, for God is with the right. This done as occasion offers, we may leave the politicians of the age to decide between Gladstone and Disraeli, Derby and Argylo. There is a deep philosophy in the Redeemer's words, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you."

During our absence we have been greatly cheered by the tidings of a notable revival which has broken out in our church. Earnest brethren at home have in the strength of God laboured the more zealously because of their pastor's absence, and the results have been astonishing and delightful. Special prayer-meetings have been crowded, and we hear of six hundred young people coming together at one time to services intended peculiarly for them. Conversions among young and old have been joyfully reported to us both by the church officers and by the relatives of the converts. There is evidently much joy in the church, and we, far away from the place of assembly, have yet heard the report thereof, and our heart is glad.

I heartily thank my many generous friends for so kindly sustaining the Orphanage, College, and Colportage. The Lord reward them.

Our friends may like to see how the pastor of the Tabernacle corresponded with his people while he was away from them, and therefore we have added specimens of the letters written home from abroad.

To the Young Friends who meet at the Monday Six o'clock Meeting.

"Dear Young Friends,—I have your welfare continually upon my heart, and therefore thought I would pen a few sentences to you. I have been greatly encouraged by the prayerful attention and deep feeling which I saw last Monday in many of you. It filled me with great hope concerning you. I see that you desire to have your sins forgiven, and to escape from the wrath of God, and I am therefore rejoiced; but I pray God that the signs of grace may not end with these mere beginnings and desires. Buds are beautiful, but we cannot be satisfied with them; they are only good because blossoms often become fruit. Mere blooms on the trees and no fruit would be a mockery of expectation. May it not be so with you. I am writing in my chamber in Paris at midnight. I could not sleep till I had said to you, *put your whole trust in Jesus at once*. All that you want of merit he will give you; all that you need of help in the heavenly life he will bestow. Only believe *him*. You who are saved be sure to wrestle with God for the salvation of other young people, and try to make our new meeting a great means for good. You who are unawakened, we pray continually for you, for you are sleeping over hell's mouth; I can see your danger though you do not. It is therefore time for you to awake out of sleep. I send my earnest love to you all, praying that we may meet on earth in much happiness, and then at last in heaven for ever.

"Jan. 16, Paris.

"Your Anxious Friend," "C. H. SPURGEON."

For Monday Evening Meeting.

"Mentone, Jan. 23.

"My Dear Young Friends,—I am delighted to hear that you came together in such large numbers last Monday in my absence, for I hope it shows a real and deep anxiety among the seekers to find the Saviour, and among the saved ones to plead for others. You do not need the voice of any one man to secure your attention, the word of the Lord Jesus, by whomsoever spoken, is life and power. It is to him that you must turn all your thoughts. Sin has separated between you and your God, and Christ alone can bring you back to your Heavenly Father. Be sure that you remember what it cost him to prepare the way of reconciliation; nothing but his blood could have done it, and he gave it freely, bowing his head to death upon the tree. It must have been no light matter which cost the Redeemer such a sacrifice; I beseech you, do not make light of it. Hate the sin which caused him so much agony, and yield to the love which sustained him under it. I hear that in London you have had fogs and rain, here it is all flowers and summer, and the difference reminds me of the change which faith makes in the soul. While we are unbelievers we dread the wrath of God and walk in gloom; but when we believe, we have peace with God, and enjoy his favour, and the spring of an eternal summer has com-

menced. May the Spirit of God, like the soft south wind, breathe on your hearts and make your hearts bloom with desires, blossom with hopes, and bring forth fruits of repentance. From Jesus he proceeds and to Jesus he leads the soul. Look to him. Oh, look to him! To him alone, to him simply, to him at once.

"Your Anxious Friend,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

To the Monday Meeting.

"Mentone, Feb. 5.

"Dear Young Friends,—I am greatly cheered to hear that you gather in such numbers, and shall be yet more glad when I hear or see that hearts are won for Jesus, and that with your mouths you make confession of him. I look with so much hope upon you that it would be a bitter disappointment if I did not hear that some of you are saved in the Lord.

"I have just limped up a high hill into the cemetery here, and there I saw a text which struck me. *'But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him.'* Noah was her rest, as Jesus must be yours. Just notice that it is added, *'he put forth his hand, and took her, and pulled her in unto him into the ark.'* She was too weak to get in, but his kind hand *'pulled her in unto him.'* Dear young friends, I pray the Lord Jesus to grasp those of you who are weary and weak, and pull you in. His promises are pulls, his invitations, and those of the kind friends who address you, are so many pulls. Yield yourselves unto them, and be pulled in *unto him*. No rest is there, east, west, north or south, for your soul's foot, save in the ark of sovereign grace, but there is rest there. As the dove turned her eye to the ark, and then her wing, so turn your desires and prayers to Jesus, and as she dropped into Noah's hand, so fall into the hand which was pierced that sinners might live.

"I pray for each one of you, and have entreated the Great High Priest to bear each one of your names before his Father's face upon his own breastplate.

"May the Lord save, sanctify, and preserve every one of us till the great day of his appearing.

"Your loving Pastor,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

To the Young People.

"Mentone, Feb. 12.

"Dear Young Friends,—I am full of delight at hearing of what the Lord is doing among you in saving souls, but will any of you be missed by the gracious visitation? Will the sacred rain leave some of you dry as the mountains of Gilboa? Is Jesus passing by, and will you not cry to him? Is his grace felt by your brother, your sister, and your mother, and not by you? Unhappy soul which shall manage to elude the happy influences which are now abroad among us. Surely such an one must be dexterous in resisting the Holy Spirit, and desperately resolved to perish. What reason can be urged for such a course? What excuse for such suicide? Let those who are saved pray much for others who remain hardened.

"I am rejoiced that those of you who have found Jesus are not ashamed to own him. Why should you be? Only make sure that you are really converted. Don't put up with shams. Seek the real thing. Lay hold, not on temporary hope, but on *eternal life*. True faith always has repentance for its twin brother, love for its child, and holiness for its crown. If you have looked to Jesus for life, be sure that you next look to him for the pattern of life, so that you may walk as he also walked.

"As young Christians you will be greatly tempted, pray then to be securely kept, that you may never dishonour your Lord. We shall soon meet, if the Lord will, and till then my love be with you all. Amen.

"Yours heartily,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

To my beloved Church and Congregation.

"Mentone, Feb. 12.

"Beloved Friends,—By the time this letter is read to you I shall, if the Lord will, be on my way back to you, and my prayer is that I may return in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace. Very greatly have I been cheered by hearing of your prayers for me, and still more by the news of the good and great work which the Lord is doing in your midst. It is good news indeed. How grateful I am that dear brethren among you at home have been so highly honoured that God has worked by them so abundantly. I rejoice in their joy. The tidings of conversions in the families of the members are peculiarly refreshing. God grant that not one family may be unblest.

"I am myself greatly better, and very thankful that it is so, for I long to be an

eyewitness and a partaker in the revival work. Oh, that it might go on till not one hour shall remain unsaved.

"Beloved friends, join all of you heartily in the work, and let none in any way damp it by unloving, unholy, or careless walking. The clouds of blessing will blow away from us if worldliness be allowed to prevail. Sin in the church will be the death of revival, or else the revival will be the death of sin. Let no one among us besmear himself with the blood of souls by a careless conversation in such solemn times as these. May the Holy Ghost quicken us all into newness and fulness of life. God bless you all. "So prays yours in Jesus.

"C. H. SPURGEON."

Our beloved deacon, Mr. W. Olney, sends us the following cheering words respecting the special meetings just brought to a close:—

"During the last month a series of special services have been held at the Tabernacle, for the revival of religion among us, and these have been attended with very great blessing. God has graciously poured out his Holy Spirit on the congregation and on the families of the members of the church, and very many of these have been brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. The revival began by a sermon from Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, on Prevailing Prayer, from Gen. xxxii. 28: showing us that if we desired to pray successfully, our prayers must have as their characteristics, humility, thankfulness, confidence in God's promises, earnestness, importunity, and individuality, each of us asking as if alone with God. This sermon was preached on Sunday, Feb. 1, and in the afternoon a special prayer-meeting was held in the Tabernacle, which was very largely attended, and at the evening service, when the Lord's Supper was administered, a special appeal was made to all the members of the church for hearty co-operation and earnest prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. On that Sabbath the following address to the congregation, written by Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, was put into every pew in the Tabernacle, and the following list of meetings arranged for:—

"Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, S.E., February 1st, 1874.

"Dearly Beloved Friends,—That our God has richly blessed us as a Church we most devoutly recognise, and for it we thank him this day. But we are, I think, upon the verge of another outpouring, richer than our experience has ever known, and in order to prepare for this I wish you to join in a week of special services to stir up each other to a higher life before God in Christ Jesus, and a richer enjoyment of our blessings in the gospel. Make a point of attending the services, and lay out your week's plans for this purpose. We are all anxious, I know, for the salvation of sinners, and we believe there is a harvest waiting to be reaped, if we put in the sickle and toil faithfully in prayer and the preaching of the truth by lip and life. Let us unite as the heart of man for this good work for the Lord, and we shall have our desire granted to us. Make special prayer for some persons of your own kindred or acquaintance; tell them of it, and use direct efforts to bring them to immediate decision for Jesus. The whole land is stirred with longings and expectations. God help us to go up and possess it for the Lord. Begin at home, and expand your desires and exertions through the neighbourhoods where you reside. Let each man build over against his own house, and we shall speedily girdle this neighbourhood with loving words and deeds, and hold it in a sacred circle of affection as an heritage for our Lord. May we ask and receive, seek and find, knock and have it opened unto us, ever prays

"Your loving Pastor,

"JAMES A. SPURGEON."

"Monday, February 2nd.—Prayer-meeting in the Lecture Hall, 7 to 8 in the morning, 4 to 6 in the afternoon. For young persons, 6 to 7 in the evening. The usual prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle at 7 o'clock will be made special for a blessing on the engagements of the week. Addresses by Pastors J. A. Spurgeon and W. Stott.

"Tuesday, February 3rd.—A meeting in the Lecture Hall at 7 o'clock in the evening for those members of the congregation who are as yet undecided, but are seeking the Lord. Addresses by Pastors W. Cuff and W. H. Burton.

"Wednesday, February 4.—A meeting in the Lecture Hall at 7 in the evening for the young persons of the congregation, and those who attend any of our classes, to urge upon them the necessity of immediate decision for Christ. Addresses by Pastor C. B. Sawday, J. E. Tressidor, Esq., and the leader of the "Jubilee Singers" (if possible).

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
S. H. ...	0	2	6	R. L. ...	1	0	0
J. R. ...	50	0	0	Mr. James Stewart ...	0	2	0
J. P. J. ...	0	5	0	Mr. Leaver ...	0	10	0
J. J. ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Gordon ...	3	3	0
A Strict Baptist ...	2	10	0	Mr. Probin, per F. K. T. ...	2	2	0
Mr. R. Cory ...	50	0	0	Mrs. Cassin ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Bell... ..	0	5	0	Mr. D. Keels ...	0	5	0
A. F. ...	1	0	0	Mrs. E. Kempster ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. N. Bacon ...	4	10	0	Miss Cowen ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Donaldson ...	20	0	0	Mr. J. R. Waugh ...	1	0	0
Mrs. and Miss Grace ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Ford ...	1	10	0
A Scotch Friend ...	0	14	0	Mrs. Barnes ...	1	1	0
A Friend, per Mr. Nicol ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Snell ...	1	0	0
The Pell Street Sunday School ...	0	10	0	Mr. James Tod ...	0	10	0
O. T. D. S. ...	0	2	6	Mr. J. Brockie ...	1	0	0
A Friend ...	0	2	6	Mr. J. Richards ...	0	5	0
M. H. ...	0	2	0	Mrs. Jessie Miller ...	0	5	0
Jane Wans ...	0	5	0	Mr. Swaith ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Bell ...	0	5	0	Mr. G. Carse ...	1	0	0
Miss Strugnell ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Clark ...	0	10	0
D. J. ...	0	5	0	Mr. Hollis ...	1	0	0
M. A. Candler ...	0	5	0	Friends at Newbury, per Mr. C. Glad-			
Miss Nicholas ...	0	2	6	dish ...	1	10	0
A Sermon Reader ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. White ...	1	0	0
Mr. A. Wilson ...	2	0	0	Mrs. Hinton ...	2	0	0
Mr. J. Cone... ..	1	0	0	Mrs. Salmon ...	0	5	0
Florence Cooper ...	0	10	0	N. and Wife ...	1	0	0
C. E. and M. C. ...	0	10	0	Mrs. M. E. Herbert ...	0	15	0
Miss Annie R. King ...	0	2	0	D. E. T. ...	2	10	0
Mrs. Macpherson ...	1	0	0	Mr. L. Guthrie ...	1	0	0
Proceeds of United Tea-Meeting of Bap-				Mr. J. Hector ...	2	0	0
tists and Wesleyan Sunday School				Miss Clinch, per Rev. C. L. Gordon ...	0	10	0
Teachers, Heston ...	0	11	6	A Few Friends, per Mr. Noble ...	0	8	0
Moniaive ...	0	10	0	Mrs. H. Graham ...	1	0	0
Mrs. George ...	5	0	0	Mrs. Battrum ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Fitzgerald ...	3	0	0	Mr. H. Clark ...	1	1	0
Joseph B— ...	0	5	0	Mr. A. Searle ...	1	0	0
Two Sermon Readers, Lanarkshire ...	0	10	0	Mr. G. Shepherd ...	5	0	0
A. B. ...	0	5	0	Misses Martha and Betty Lord ...	1	0	0
J. C. ...	5	0	0	Mrs. Cooper ...	0	2	4
H. E. ...	0	2	6	Mr. George Osborn ...	5	0	0
Mr. T. Lewis ...	0	2	0	Mrs. Fitzgerald ...	0	10	0
W. ...	0	5	0	Mr. Clifford ...	0	8	0
Mr. Justice ...	1	0	0	Mr. Bridges' Class, Victoria Park Sun-			
Miss Justice ...	0	5	0	day School ...	0	5	0
Scholars of Halbeach Sunday School ...	0	5	0	Per Miss Talbot ...	0	8	0
Mr. Wigney ...	0	10	0	Friends, per Rev. R. Sampson ...	0	13	0
W. G. ...	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. D. Mc— ...	5	0	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates ...	1	14	5	Friends, per Mr. J. Brown ...	5	0	6
Mrs. H. Howell ...	0	5	0	A Sermon Reader, Eton ...	2	0	0
Miss P. George ...	0	4	0	Annual Subscriptions:—			
A Memento of God's Goodness ...	10	0	0	A Friend, per Sillah ...	1	1	0
Miss E. D. Hubbard ...	0	5	0	Mr. Fidge ...	2	2	0
Miss Alice Hubbard ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Ridge ...	1	1	0
Odd Farthings and Half-pence taken at				Dr. A. Cummings, Air ...	2	2	0
the Metropolitan Store ...	0	6	10	Mr. J. E. Jones ...	1	1	0
Dryn-y-mor ...	1	0	0	Per F. R. T.:—			
Mrs. Goodson ...	0	2	6	Mr. Probin ...	0	5	0
A Friend ...	0	2	0	Mrs. Probin ...	0	5	0
Collected by Miss A. M. Brown:—				Mr. T. Higgins ...	0	5	0
Rev. E. Lauderdale ...	0	10	6	Mr. S. Fawcress ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Dobson, Junior ...	0	10	6	Mr. H. Keen ...	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Dyer ...	0	10	0	D. B. ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Gidley ...	0	9	6				
Mr. G. Smith ...	0	5	0				
Mrs. R. Marshall ...	0	4	0				
Mrs. T. Oates ...	0	4	0				
Mr. R. Emerson ...	0	4	0				
Mrs. Osmond ...	0	2	0				
Mr. Jackson ...	0	2	6				
Mrs. Brown ...	0	5	0				
Miss A. M. Brown ...	0	5	0				
	3	12	0				
Mr. W. Finlayson ...	0	5	0				
Mrs. C. Tinker ...	1	10	0				
Children of Elythorne and Ashley Sun-							
day School ...	2	0	0				
Mr. and Mrs. Spanton ...	1	0	0				
J. H. W. ...	2	0	0				
In Memory of a Beloved Wife ...	1	10	0				
Legacy, late Mrs. Whitney ...	5	0	0				

List of Presents for the Orphanage.—*Provisions*:—100 lbs. Mutton, 30 Bunches of Turnips, J. O. Goslin; 240 Buns, Carter and Son, Leicester; 120 Eggs, Janet Ward, omitted from Christmas List; Box of Currants and Box of Valentines, Mr. Llewellyn.

Clothing:—Fourteen Woollen Comforters, Anon.; 9 Flannel ditto, Anon.; 24 Cotton Shirts, 6 Flannel ditto, Miss Price; 43 Flannel ditto, Young Ladies' Working Association, per Rev. J. T. Wigner; 4 Boys' Vests, Mr. Mann; Repairs to 8 pairs of Boys' Boots, Mr. Smith.

Books, &c.—250 Almanacks, Alabaster and Passmore; 250 Hymn Books, "Times of Refreshing," Mr. J. Morley.

For Sale Room, &c.:—Sundry Articles and 20 Pocket Knives, a Friend; Parcel containing Antimacassar, 16 pairs of Socks, and 36 Cotton Shirts, Anon.

Boys' Collecting Cards.—Jacobs, £1; Rees, £1; Stratford, 8s; Edmunds, 5s; Mrs. Dawbarn, donation, 5s.—Total, £2 18s.

WANTED.—Books, Magazines, and Periodicals for Boys' Library.

College Buildings.

Statement of Receipts from January 20th to February 19th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. C. Ely	1	0	0	R. L.	1	0	0
Mr. C. C. Irvine	1	0	0	Mr. A. Stewart	0	2	6
Mr. A. Wilson	1	0	0	Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Moniaive	0	5	0	W. A. B.	1	1	0
Mr. J. P. Bacon	20	0	0	Mrs. Hinton	1	0	0
A. Mother	0	10	0	Mr. James Fidel	0	10	0
W. G.	0	5	0	Miss Winslow	5	5	0
In Offering Box	0	5	0				
J. H. W.	5	0	0				
In Memory of a Beloved Wife	1	0	0				
					£40	3	6

Further Contributions Received by H. Rylands Brown towards College Buildings.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Per Rev. G. W. Oldring, Burnley	4	0	0	Mrs. D. Lemmon	5	0	0
Per Rev. John Crouch, Victoria Place, Paisley	6	1	6	Geo. Whitelaw, Esq.	2	0	0
Per W. G. Hailstone, Brixham:—				Mr. and Mrs. Bunning	1	0	0
Mrs. Sibly	0	5	0	Chas. Andrews, Esq.	5	0	0
W. G. Hailstone	0	15	0	Robert Gillespie	1	0	0
				Silas Harding, Esq., of Devon-park	25	0	0
Rev. J. Field, Newton Abbott	1	0	0	Joshua Vines, Esq.	6	10	0
Rev. J. Dodwell, Middleton Cheney	1	0	0	Gideon Rutherford, Esq., of Quambatook	100	0	0
Per Rev. David Honour, Dequford	1	12	0	Alex. Reid, Esq.	0	10	0
Per Rev. R. Williamson, Waltham Abbey:—							
Collection at Paradise Road Chapel	3	9	5	Rev. C. Pates	1	0	0
Mr. William Webster, Junior	1	0	0	Rev. G. Hearson	2	2	0
Emily Webster	0	10	0	Per Mr. J. L. Keys:—			
Joseph Upton	0	5	0	Mr. C. Underwood	0	16	0
R. Williamson	0	5	7	Mr. C. G. McCarthy	0	5	0
				Rev. H. Moore	4	10	0
Per Rev. W. C. Bunning, Geelong, Australia:—				Mr. Mason, per Rev. J. A. Brown	0	10	0
Mrs. A. Rutherford	3	0	0				
					£172	0	6

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
G. C.	0	10	0	Sheerness Baptist Church, per Rev. J. R. Hadler	0	10	10½
Mr. A. Wilson	2	0	0	Cheddar District, per R. Clark, Esq.	10	0	0
J. H.	0	5	0	Portsmouth District, per Rev. J. B. Burt	7	10	0
In Memory of a Beloved Wife	1	0	0	Morchard Bishop District	8	15	0
R. L.	0	10	0	An Ex-Colporteur	0	5	0
Mr. G. Osborn	5	0	0	Mr. J. King (annual)	2	0	0
Mr. Greenwood	10	0	0	Mr. H. O. Meyers	0	10	0
Messrs. Hill and Rogers, per Mr. T. H. Cook	5	0	0				
Brymbo District, per Mr. S. Jones	10	0	0				
H. M.	10	0	0				
North Stafford Baptist Union, per W. C. Pratt, Esq.	10	0	0				
					£83	15	10½



REV. GEORGE ROGERS.



THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

APRIL, 1874.

Rev. George Rogers,

PRINCIPAL OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

WE presume that the accompanying portrait of Mr. Rogers, the Tutor of our College, will not be unacceptable to most of our readers. For many years he has been our valued coadjutor, and there is no man living who more thoroughly deserves the respectful love of all who are connected with our church and its work. The principal incidents of his life, we believe, have been overruled to guide him to his present position, and to qualify him for it. This we know to be his own conviction, and that he attributes all the good which others may have received through him to the grace of God which has been bestowed upon him, and has wrought him for the selfsame thing. Never did we hear him utter a sentence savouring of self-glorification, on the contrary he is the most modest and unassuming of men, a pattern to us all for the quietness in which he possesses his soul.

He was born at Ardleigh Hall, in the county of Essex, hard by the spot where the zealous Puritan who was called Roaring Rogers, from his earnestness, exercised a mighty ministry. He had religious impressions at an early age, and was trained up in circumstances favourable to their life and growth. His desire for the Christian ministry was also manifested at an early period, and an education was given him in harmony with that design. His parents were of the Independent denomination, to which the whole family, thirteen in number, resolutely adhered, at a period when Nonconformity was in less repute than at the present time. This may account for the fact that, when at the age of sixteen an exhibition to Cambridge of a gratuitous education

there was offered to the hopeful George, it was on principle declined. After that date, Mr. Rogers was for two years under the private tuition of a minister of considerable classical attainments in Northamptonshire, from whence he entered a college at Rotherham, in Yorkshire. His ministry was commenced in Manchester, where he founded what has since become a flourishing interest. He then became assistant to Mr. Clayton, senior, at the Weigh House, upon whose retirement to Upminster, in Essex, he became the minister of a congregation at that place. His next remove was to Camberwell, where he founded the church and congregation at Albany chapel, of which he remained the pastor for thirty-six years. It was towards the close of this period, when he was nearly sixty years of age, that he was brought under our notice, and that in connection with him the foundation of our College was laid. How much of joy and delight we have had in working with him eternity alone will reveal.

Mr. Rogers, from the time he left the college at Rotherham, not only persevered in his first studies, but added many others to them, seeking and intermeddling with all wisdom. Had he foreseen his present position he could not have conducted his studies more directly to that end. He was a fine instance of the result of a precept which we have heard him press upon our students, namely, "do not be so anxious to find a position as to be fitted for a position when it presents itself." The Biblical and historical investigation required for his work on the Apocalypse, his unpublished commentaries, and numerous contributions to periodical literature, were eminently preparative for future service. From this course he was not to be diverted by the offer of secular or ecclesiastical preferment. Neither did he suffer the disappointment of a considerable fortune which was left him, but alienated through the document not being duly signed, to interfere with the pursuit of his studies or of his ministerial duties, but was rather reanimated by it, in the hope that spiritual blessings would be more largely bestowed upon himself and his household.

Amidst all the changes that have been going on in theological views during his lifetime, and particularly in his own denomination, Mr. Rogers has faithfully adhered to the old evangelical truth; he has been a Puritan from his childhood, and is a Puritan still. He has a well-defined creed, and is not ashamed to own it. In all points, except upon the matter of baptism, we are heartily agreed, and in spirit and temper he is a man with whom our communion is perfect. Though he will be seventy-five years of age next month, his eyes are not dim, nor his natural force abated. He preserves the joyousness and geniality of his youth, and exhibits a measure of dry wit and sanctified humour sufficient to make the severest study a pleasure to his young disciples. "Long may the veteran live among us" is not only our prayer but that of the hundreds whom he has trained and is training to fight the Lord's battles. The greatest issues are bound up with this most precious life. In his continued health and vigour, as in the whole course of his life, we are assured that our friend's only feeling is that the grace of God has been exceeding abundant; and our own feeling is one of adoring gratitude that our venerable friend has been spared to us so long, and kept so faithful to his trust.

C. H. S.

The Awakening in the North.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

THE comparison of human life to an ocean is nowhere more appropriate than in reference to its religious character. The ups and downs of spirit life are as much facts of experience, natural and inevitable, as are the variations and the vicissitudes of the business of the world. The many and minute fluctuations of inner life, and the tremulous agitations of individual conscience, are distinctly traceable in the gentle ripple of a settled Christian calm, or in the more turbulent surgings of sectaries and schisms. Various are the degrees to which the analogy might be drawn, till at length we might describe the consciousness of a whole religious community as stirred to its very depths, and heaving and swelling in gigantic billows with common sympathies and emotions. The Reformation was a mighty commotion of that kind. "Then the channels of waters were seen, and the foundations of the world were discovered, at thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils."

Keeping to the figure, we assume at the outset that the state of religion in the individual or in the community at any moment of its history is the normal result of certain established laws. Given such and such conditions, and you may expect such results. While heartily repudiating the irreverent fanaticism of a got-up revival as spasmodic and spurious, we may not overlook the fact that a fixed law regulates the deeper and mightier tides of a true religious revolution. We say *fixed* because it is conjointly established by nature and warranted by Scripture. Historically we find the impassioned feelings of an over-pent society breaking forth in various degrees of intensity on account of the presence of two elements. First there must be a point of interest so intense and powerful as to be in itself capable of stirring the community to its depths, and secondly there must be a powerful spiritual current working with full sympathetic influence upon the members of this community, that it may find issue in a common emotion. This is the ultimate *rationale* of any great religious movement among men.

At the commencement of the recent awakening these conditions were fully supplied. For weeks before the American evangelists came to their harvest the fields were ripening. The throne of grace was besieged by the united prayers of the people of God. The interest was one and the sympathy was unbroken. The religious community of Edinburgh was burdened with one thought and stirred with one desire. On human grounds alone, and speaking naturally, need we wonder at the result? For what are prayer and the concord of Christian hearts in petitioning the Father of their being? What, indeed, but the scriptural and divinely established modes by which the blessing shall be procured? "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven" is as much a law of the spiritual kingdom of God as sympathy is of the natural. Natural impulse may accomplish much in creating an excitement, but an effectual stirring among the dry bones of our whitewashed organisations is not accomplished by what,

according to a Free Church professor, is wholly due to mesmeric influence. The inward working of the grace of God in individual conversions at a time of true revival is of so marked a character, and takes so many an unlooked-for turn, as to be an undeniable and unchallengeable reality. And as for the conditions specified, to what did they in the first place owe their origin? Whence came the spirit of prayer upon the people, and their unity of aim and interest? Inevitably we are pressed back to the recognition of that mighty creative influence which, as it brooded over the dark face of the waters in the beginning of time, has ever since moved upon the deeps of the spirit life of man, and, uncommanded and unconditioned, bloweth still where and how it listeth.

Leaving general principles, we notice some of the special features of the "time of refreshing" which has come for the northern half of our land, and which, let us trust, will spread widely and rapidly southwards. Our experience of it has been mostly confined to Edinburgh, though we have witnessed its operation in Newcastle and in various country towns of Scotland. In the Scottish capital the energy of the movement appeared for a time to be concentrated, but from this centre it has extended in every direction. Here the sights have been of a kind so thrilling as to send us many a time home to our closet, there to express by tears of silent gratitude and joy what we could not have uttered in words. The slight faith which we had in revival work has been put to shame, and as our net is breaking and our ship sinking with the freight of souls which have been brought in within the past two months, we find the words of Peter unconsciously rising to our lips, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." We had almost forgotten the presence of Jesus of Nazareth in his church, and now that he has sat down in our company, and as of old taught the people out of the ship in their own language, we have a new and an unmistakable sense of his being in very deed in the company—a feeling of his nearness, indescribable to those who have not experienced it as we have lately done. Jesus is all but seen among us. His voice has been heard above the rest in our assemblies. It were almost possible to touch him, and the cures of the leprosy of sin which he has effected are a testimony to the fact. We lay stress upon this divine visitation of the Master, for its realisation, together with their honouring so emphatically as they do the Holy Spirit, appears to be the secret of our American brethren's success. Upon this ground is to be accounted for the absence of those excesses which are usual at such times, and the deep solemnity and earnestness which have pervaded the whole movement as its most notable characteristic. To this too is to be ascribed the truce which has been proclaimed between differing denominations. The divine unity of the body has been thoroughly recognised because the Divine Head has been truly exalted. The co-operation of "the members" has been unique. Old things in more respects than one have passed away, and to an on-looker it would appear as though all things were to become new in the future Church of Scotland. Indeed so much is this the case that the proposed union of the Free and United Presbyterian churches which had become a bugbear to many, now appears from our more advanced point of view as if it had only been postponed in order to a settlement upon a truer and broader basis of unity. What man

could not do according to his puny conception of conciliation God may have left over in order to show his own more excellent way. It is at least a wonder-working power which has ended so shortly all doctrinal differences and sectarian feuds, and has exhibited, for the time at least, to the people of Scotland their true-hearted pastors lovingly united in the one cause, the leaders of the various divisions going humbly arm-in-arm to the same platform, and those who had long striven who should be the greatest sitting at the feet of the one Master. Doubtless this has had more than a little to do with the remarkable hold which the work has taken of the people. A united ministry will not fail to produce a co-operating church. That the whole body of the people have been stirred will be questioned by no one who knows anything of the placidity of "the modern Athens," or of the reserved and almost frigid fashions of its classic inhabitants, when he contrasts therewith the arousing and bestirring engendered by this sacred agitation. The immense masses of people which have congregated together attest the interest that has been excited. The innumerable requests for special prayer that have been forwarded, sometimes enough to have occupied the best part of a day in reading; the streams of unthought-of influences which have been discovered; the multitudes that have received a conscious blessing, to some the first sense of the reality of religion, and to others the inflaming of their desires for the salvation of sinners; the families which have been wholly born again; the social circles which have been re-modelled; the friendships which have been consolidated by the common possession of heavenly joys; the yearnings for a share in the spoil which have been manifestly more or less created in all; and, in short, the divine blessing and leavening with grace of all classes and spheres of life and labour, prove the truth of the common verdict of all the ministers who have actively engaged in the work, that these have been the brightest days of their whole ministry. Even apart from the new converts which have been added to the church by hundreds, there has been experienced a most true and thorough revival of religion.

Regarding the men who have, in the divine hand, been the instruments of this awakening, we demur to the sentiment that they are to be considered weak, further than that they are human. On the contrary, the two stirring Americans are indeed choice vessels; and leaving out of our account the mighty operation of the grace of God, we would ascribe this entire "turning the world upside down" to the *will* of one man, backed by his coadjutor's steadfast co-operation. Mr. Moody has the resolute faith of a true apostle. The motto of his life appears to be that Messianic challenge in Is. l. 7—9: "I have set my face like a flint: I know that I shall not be ashamed." An Edinburgh Doctor of Divinity writes thus: "It is vain to try to stop these men. They will work and they will speak, whoever shall say nay. . . . They are modest, teachable, self-distrustful, but withal resolute men, who will listen to and learn from the poorest, but who will not be turned aside from what they know to be duty by any, whether great or mean." To this add in Mr. Moody the qualifications of a good preacher, a masterly knowledge of human nature, the precision and practical wisdom of a business man, personality in effort and emotion, a father's

affection, and a scholarly grasp of Scripture truth, the absence of one-sidedness, a fund of anecdote, and a burning zeal. Two illustrations present themselves as explaining two apparently opposite sides in his character. In the catastrophe which happened to the unfortunate vessel, the *Ville de Havre*, a lady member of his congregation in Chicago had lost two children. Mr. Moody was fondly attached to these little ones, and besides often asking prayers on behalf of the bereaved, he found time in the heat of the movement, and in the bustle of attending to a multiplicity of things connected with it, to run to Liverpool in order to bid farewell to that mourning mother on her lonely journey home. Such is the tenderheartedness of the man. On the other hand, his firmness in the expression of what he believes to be God's truth, is as remarkable. Never shall we forget his illustration of Matt. vi. 15, in the case of an unforgiving spirit. A lady was in anxiety about her soul, and none could help her. Coming to Mr. Moody, the riddle was at length read by his asking her, could she forgive everybody. Her reply that she could forgive all but one person was met by the stern answer, "Then you cannot be forgiven." "Then I never will." "Then you cannot be saved." "Then I won't be saved." And so firmly did this demon spirit hold her, that it drove her mad.

Taking a chief place in the Christian mission to the army during the American war, it was there that Mr. Moody acquired those rare gifts of sympathy, sagacity, and simplicity which characterise his preaching, and without which its style would be barely tolerable to correct ears. From want of grammar and from colloquial abruptness, as well as from its Americanisms, it is not in itself prepossessing; but it exercises the most perfect control over an audience, however great, and by means of an infinity of striking illustrations, it rises at times to heights of natural impassioned eloquence. Mr. Moody's *forte* confessedly consists in a certain kingly authority, by which every man about him is made to do his duty, and is set to work; a sovereignty which every one under its sway admits could only have been acquired by sitting long at the feet of divine wisdom.

Mr. Sankey is no less great in love than Mr. Moody is in faith. His singing is indeed no professional profanation. Praise is written on his face, and is poured forth from his heart. This sweet singer gives a heavenliness to God's messages of peace which sweetly draws the weary spirits of men into the arms of their Father and Friend, and constrains them to lay down their burdens and be at rest. Over and over, when asking in the inquiry room, "When did you find peace?" we have received for answer, "It was just that beautiful hymn Mr. Sankey sang." Many have been the serpent-forms of vice which have been charmed by the voice of this sweet singer. A revival must almost necessarily be accompanied by a fresh attuning of the old music of the ever new song, and a time of intensified religious earnestness is invariably led off by a new hymnology. But the present reveals a new feature. Praise has been abundant at the beginning instead of at the end of the work. It has to a greater extent than formerly been recognised as a concomitant of prayer, and has taken a prominent part in the services. The Precentor, called in the Psalms of David "the chief musician," was probably David's right-hand man: Mr. Sankey is

Mr. Moody's right hand. The influence of the Christian ditties sung by Mr. Sankey goes further than their mere use in worship. Their artless music has captivated the public heart, and they are now popular melodies, whistled by errand boys, hummed over by men of business, and sung in drawing-room companies. Gutter children are often heard in assembled knots joining their testimony in the streets to that of admirers in higher circles. Who can help reflecting on the coming of the kingdom when it is introduced as a kingdom of joyous song and of universal praise?

We would that we could place our readers in the scene of the blessing. The variety of the meetings which have been held, besides their number, amounting to as many as five or six in a day, is astonishing. Apart from promiscuous gatherings of people, there have been meetings for particular classes. Of these we may mention the meeting on a Sunday morning for young men, at which one present rose to beg that a second might be held, and when those were asked to rise who were willing to meet the many difficulties which stood in the way, and who would promise to work for its success, the whole company of about 3,000 rose to a man to declare their willingness—a noble sight. The students of Edinburgh met on Sunday evening, and a number of professors in the University were on the platform. Hundreds of young men were excluded because the place of meeting was so crowded. It was a witness to the power of vital truth when so plain a man could command so learned an audience. *Men's* meetings held in the Corn Exchange were a great success. It was from one of these, consisting of 5,000 or 6,000 men, standing densely packed together, that a body of 600 ran up, at the close, to the Assembly Hall, threw themselves on their knees, and gave themselves to God apparently *en masse*. One who witnessed the sight has truly said of them, "They ran to be saved." Meetings were held for cabmen at midnight, for mothers in the daytime, for young women, for children, for Christians, for ministers and office-bearers; and when it is remembered that in most instances the building allotted for the service was found inadequate, and one, two, or even three additional edifices were opened in the neighbourhood for the accommodation of the thronging multitudes, an idea of the dimensions of the work may, perhaps, be formed. But apart from this eager crowding there has been no agitation observable. The stream has been exceedingly deep, and the surface has therefore appeared placid. No extravagance or turbulence of any kind has been witnessed, nevertheless the anxiety has been manifestly extreme, and the corners of the quadrangle of the New College Buildings, where those unable to gain admission to the surrounding halls have congregated for preaching, prayer, or conversation, have witnessed scenes of many pressing into the kingdom of heaven. One or two meetings have lasted all day, and the felicities of heaven seemed to have already begun in them. The watch meeting on the New Year's eve was a memorable service. The intense feeling of a vast assembly during the hours which divide two years and we had almost said two eternities, was sustained and deepened by a wisely arranged programme. The order was that *the utmost irregularity be observed*. Prayers were offered, vocal and silent, speakers spoke as they were moved, and the solemn stillness was frequently

broken but only to increase its depth and interest by Mr. Sankey and the Jubilee Singers pouring out their hearts in notes of praise. The most thrilling of all our gatherings was the farewell of the evangelists to their new-born children in Christ. The latter were admitted by ticket, to obtain which they must apply in person, and profess to have been born again under the preaching of the Americans. There were about 1,400 tickets issued in this way. The Assembly Hall of the Free Church was filled with young converts, and those who had led them Philip-like or Andrew-like to Jesus. As we sang together the mighty love of him who is mighty to save, we seemed to catch some faint echo of the triumphant song of that innumerable company to which now we felt we belonged, for we also were redeemed by the blood of the Lamb. That the whole remarkable awakening is of divine origin is evinced by the results of that meeting. There was evidently no respect of persons. University men, and soldiers from the castle, boys and girls, office-bearers in Christian churches and divinity students, servants and factory girls, the sons of noblemen and the vagrants of the highways alike received the heavenly blessing.

Let us take a few instances of this mighty operation of the Spirit of God. The first inquiry room for the anxious was instituted in a neighbouring church, and we entered it with a profound sense of our solemn position. Seated beside a poor woman who is in mourning and shedding bitter tears, we inquire the cause of her grief. She has come to this meeting, and has heard of a child "sweeping through the gates," a story told by Mr. Moody, and a song sung to it by Mr. Sankey. Two months previously a dear child had entered the happy land. It never had occurred to her that she might go to it, although it never would return to her. This is the desire which we read in the sobs and choking utterances of her broken heart,—how shall she get to the child in heaven? Gently we endeavour to show her that a place among the angels would be hers if she would acquiesce in God's way of redemption. That night she took him at his word, and bright were her glistening tears, as she felt that both her child and herself were safe in the arms of Jesus. In the same room we find a servant girl in a seeking state. "God forgive my sins" is her only prayer, and this she continues to repeat inconsolably. We tell her of salvation by the cross *here and now*. It is accepted. Her face tells the tale of her heart. Jesus has entered her soul, and her countenance is sunlit with his presence. We question the reality of such a change, but a curtesy from a girl a few nights after makes us inquire, whose is this bright countenance and why this quiet forwardness? A few moments' thought and we recognise the formerly harrassed one, but the change is so great that we had forgotten her. Still sceptical, we question her. "You appear glad to-night?" "I am *so* glad." "Why?" "There are two whom I love yonder coming to Jesus." "Are you confident of your own salvation?" "Oh, yes! I found great peace the other night, and I am just trusting Jesus; and it is such a change in my life—it is all changed now that I know I am safe—and I am just trusting Jesus for it all." Our attention is called away to speak to another. It is a respectable servant girl, but a very different case to the last. For two or three nights she has had no comfort; friends have talked, but in vain. Reminded of

the blind leading the blind we set about the task. The girl apparently knew the plan of salvation well. To every "line upon line" we adduced she replied it was clear enough, and yet, to our perplexity, persisted in saying, "I canna understand it;" and then would follow a paroxysm of grief and a flood of tears. We sent her home at a late hour with a heavy heart. Next night we promptly asked her, after a great many had spoken in vain with her, would she trust the merits of Christ or no as her only hope? The question surprised her, and she replied that she would. It was not a full committal of herself to him; and the next day we were not surprised to learn from her master that at family worship she had broken down again, and had been in darkness and sorrow ever since. Our yearning heart found comfort only in the acknowledgment that God is greater than the heart and knoweth all things. Her nights were sleepless and her agony was extreme. Two nights after we found her among the converts praying for the anxious. "When did the Lord find you?" we asked. "It was when Mr. Moody was preaching about a dream a clergyman had, and I thought it was me." When or how mattered not. God, who will give his glory to none other, had done the gracious work from beginning to end, and great was the calm on that troubled life now that he had himself said "Peace." At one service it appeared as though an entire school of blind children was brought from darkness into marvellous light. It was clear that the glorious transition had taken place in the case of not a few with whom we spoke. Though dark as regards the world's light, they saw all the more powerfully the bright shining of the Sun of Righteousness, who had himself appeared to them and risen on their darkened sky with healing in his wings. The Spirit's operation is more rapid on some occasions than on others. We went through ten or a dozen anxious seekers who found peace in about so many minutes, till we reached the last, and here we found it hard work to speak in any way to the sinner of fifty summers. Of the others we only say that they sang that night with the mirth of their new-born love, but of this remaining one we can say nothing.

Some cases of the transforming of vile and hardened sinners into bright and shining lights have also come to hand; of sceptics not a few have renounced the folly of men for the wisdom of God; some of the most self-righteous and presumptuous have laid down their arms, and are walking humbly with their God.

On one occasion, when conversing with more than a dozen men at once, we explained the plan of salvation, but apparently in vain. They were an intelligent class of men, and of superior intellect. One had been a student of divinity, others were sceptics. At length one arose and avowed himself an infidel no more, in these terms—"Gentlemen, I tell you what it is. I have been listening to the voices and opinions of men long enough, but this is too serious a matter to be trifled with. The eternity of my soul is at stake. I shall listen to men no more. After all, it matters nothing what *they* say. *What God says is the thing for me.* I shall take him at his word, and give myself to Christ." This opened the way for the rest, and after a few minutes of the most earnest talk they every one resolved for God but two, one of whom we know to be still anxious for salvation, and with the other

we walked and spoke till midnight, and after much anguish of soul, and in great mental darkness, he promised to rest on the "sure word." We have not seen him since. There were more than one whose faces shone that night, and whose gushing utterances bespoke the abundant joy of their hearts. Indeed, changed countenances are not at all uncommon, though we hesitate to detail them, as, being the exceptions, and not the rule, they are apt to mislead those who are yearning for similar evidences of inwrought conversion. We have seen marked changes of expression, but the suddenness of the change, and the marked brightening of the countenance, are not essential to the reality of conversion. One of the most unlikely cases which we have witnessed was of another kind. A cabman of a most hardened and determined, not to say offensive and self-righteous disposition, was one night brought under deep conviction of sin. But to bend his will to any higher power was apparently out of the question. What could we say? We intentionally left him to the reflection that *he would be lost*. It was no wonder that he spent a sleepless night. The next day was as full of agony as the night. Would that we could learn the reality of the eternal future as did this man in that night and day. The day following he came to the noon prayer-meeting, and stood among two thousand people beseeching them to pray for him. His will being broken, he found peace through the peace-speaking blood. We have often met him since. He has become a bright Christian. Mr. Moody once told us of the effects of a changed face. It was thus. There was a man in the meeting one day who wholly disbelieved in the fact of conversion. His eye caught sight of a woman's face as it was becoming overcast with clouds of darkness and distress. He watched it as the meeting went on. In a moment it changed, lighted as by the wing of some passing angel. It was an indubitable change, and so strongly did it affect the idle on-looker that there and then it made him long for its repetition in his own case. He waited till the inquiry-meeting. The Lord found him. Next night he brought his wife to make her a sharer of his joy. She is added to the saved ones, and before us is a third whom they have brought, an anxious soul with the strivings of the same Spirit within her breast. Who can tell where such a contagion will end?

Children are readily brought to the Saviour's feet. There was one who, after having the gospel explained to her, said, holding up her little hands in an ecstasy of wonderment, "Is that all?" A little fellow ran up to a prominent minister in the movement crying, "Oh, mon, I found Christ last night." Dr. Cairns, of Berwick, too, was vividly described as sitting side by side with a ragged urchin who was in bitterness, trying to lead him as a bosom companion to the Saviour.

Brethren, the Lord is at hand! He waits to give. He but withholds the blessing of his hand till it be asked. Ask and ye shall receive. Plead for the perishing.

Sinner, the Lord is waiting for thee. He waits to be gracious to thee. He is passing through the land. Go to him; give yourself over to him. "Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord."

Self Culture.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG WOMEN, BY B. W. CARR.

(Continued from page 85.)

IN the discipline of gaols the prisoners are marched out every day to tramp the court-yard for health and exercise, and in the management of schools young ladies are required to go through their daily routine of lessons and practice. We suspect that there is monotony alike in both. The fresh air in the one case, and the sweet study in the other case, need a sense of freedom to make them enjoyable.

“Oh, give me liberty!

For were e'en Paradise my prison,

Still I should long to leap the crystal walls.”

We have already suggested a means of realising and utilising the little degree of freedom that is newly opened to you. The still hour which you can call your own, shut out from the world, and sacred in its seclusion, may give you a dawning idea of liberty, “the liberty,” as Milton would have it, “to know, to think, to believe, and to utter freely, according to conscience; which is to be prized above all other liberties.”

For the rest, what shall we say? Dare we presume that the foundation has been well and truly laid in the school, the academy, or the college, where our girls have been trained, so that nothing remains but to continue the course happily inaugurated? We are afraid we could not. Dark suspicions flit across our brain at times, and the eaves' droppings we hear are not always pleasant. But the other day we read in the *Leisure Hour* an extract from a story of Mrs. Forest Grant. Should it be accounted a breach of etiquette to take a quotation second hand, the apology shall take precedence of the offence. The description Mrs. Grant gives of education in a large fashionable boarding school, if just, is painful, and if verified, deserves to be widely circulated. The education, she says, “consisted in a little superficial general knowledge, a few half-acquired accomplishments, and a boundless acquaintance with vanities, follies, and even vices of a kind little dreamed of, I feel sure, by those who placed them there. I have,” she adds, “had more extensive opportunity than many others of witnessing the pernicious effects of such rearing, the evil habits never after relinquished, the secret wickedness instilled into the girlish minds by careless, unprincipled, subordinate teachers, and depraved schoolfellows.” Is it so? This complaint is pointed, positive, and even passionate enough, surely, to draw attention. It is, however, with the mental rather than the moral part of this heavy stricture we are concerned at present, for the young ladies of our acquaintance, if they have any serious faults, skilfully conceal them from us; but we cannot shut our eyes to their deficiencies. Whatever they may have learnt from paid professional teachers, they seem to understand nothing of the varied uses to which knowledge should be applied. They cannot convert the raw material of the facts drilled into their memory to any useful manufacture. They know not how to weave them into the fabric of their daily life. When

they bid farewell to the class-room, they need (and it is an indispensable necessity), mother or counsellor, not to bring them out and display their accomplishments, but to initiate them gently and patiently into the duties and aspirations that pertain to the sphere of society which looms before them. Failing this, they will kiss the shadows that flit across their path, while they miss the noble ends which should stir every nerve of womanhood. Who is to tell them? Are they to pick up information as they can, like waifs and strays? What true idea can young girls have of the age in which their lives are cast? Yet, unequipped with aught but their trousseau, they may soon be summoned to take an important place in the social sphere.

We will not attempt to delineate in a word the leading features of the age, or to label them with a phrase. In comparison with the days of our childhood it presents some strange contrasts. Men a little past their meridian (such to wit as had just entered their teens when Her Most Gracious Majesty ascended the throne) have witnessed a material and moral revolution, which has introduced new conditions of society. The steam engine and the electric telegraph, as the practical results of science, may, perhaps, have been the principal instruments in working it out. Gigantic enterprises and industries have been put in force. Princely fortunes have been amassed. Manufacturers and merchants, contractors and agents, warehousemen and traders have lifted up their heads. From the harvest of their gains they have been mostly lavish on their households and sometimes liberal to the public. But enter the abodes and associate with the families of the thriving and prosperous, which it has thus been the work of a generation to raise from insignificance to affluence, and the opposite consequence to the male and female members will soon become palpable. On the one part a higher pressure of business has devolved on the men; their energies are strained far beyond anything their plodding fathers ever knew. On the other part the women breathe a scented air of ease and luxury which enervates their nature. They are relieved from the economical anxieties that were wont to stimulate and discipline the mind; and they are relegated to a fresh class of anxieties. Their heart palpitates with a sickly desire to emulate and surpass their neighbours. Fashions and frivolities fret them till they are consumed with care. In both cases the temptation is identical.

The two phases of a common prosperity must, if not counteracted, meet in a mutual degeneracy. *Fathers and brothers*, weary and jaded, feel they have had already work and worry enough during the busy day. In the repose they seek after sunset, the merrier the company, the livelier the music, the lighter the dissipation, the more readily they are ensnared. *Mothers and daughters*, after fritting away the morning hours, and making complimentary visits in the afternoon, have prepared themselves for the evening's recreation merely by adjusting their toilet. So destitute often are they of intelligent and elevating resources, that the piano must do duty for the voice of song, and cards or dancing must take the place which ought to be filled with rational conversation. This is lamentable enough in the world, but should it gain a footing in circles to which church influence can reach, it merits sterner censure. We have no wish to throw an air of melancholy over the evening circle, to pale the hue of mirth, or to still the notes of an instrumental

or vocal harmony. Music, which is indispensable to all refined society, might with much advantage be assigned a wider area. It is not sufficiently planned, preconcerted, and prepared for to enhance the *fellowship* of family groups and friendly gatherings. Less of the overture to an opera, and more of the quartette, the glee, the madrigal, and even the hymn in which all should join, would be an improvement. A solo more sparingly interspersed through the programme would then be a treat. Why object, we may be asked, to the prevailing habits when they are agreeable to all parties concerned? Because we think this common consent aggravates the evil. It is far easier to rebuke the faults which society condemns than those which society condones. Change of occupation is a relief needed by every individual who is absorbed in professional or commercial pursuits. If some "honourable gentlemen" seek it in sensual diversions, there are other "right honourable gentlemen" who find it in the fine arts and the *belles lettres*. But let all young women know that in pandering to a man's whims, they never gain his esteem or secure his friendship. At least we have never heard of a shrewd man for whom a frothy woman was a good match, nor have we yet seen the union of genius and folly in a happy marriage. Mr. Plimsoll startled the country some months ago with his complaints of the unseaworthy condition in which merchant vessels leave our ports. Over ships carrying passengers or Government stores the Legislature exercised a careful supervision, but of private merchantmen they took no account. We have come to much the same pass with respect to education. Acts of Parliament and appointments of School Boards are directed to secure elementary tuition for children of both sexes, while the means and modes of self culture are treated with comparative indifference, and left full often to the recklessness of private speculation or personal misadventure.

This last remark we find upon further consideration needs to be qualified. At least, only within certain limits does it hold good. In one department, that of technical education, the South Kensington Museum and its collateral branches have offered facilities which it would be ungrateful to overlook. Our immediate design, however, is to press for more culture with a simple view to higher character. Let young ladies, in their innocence of the besetting temptations of the times, draw their manners and morals from society as they find it, and they will be exposed to the gibe of the satirist as "girls of the period." But if they emulate a more classic, indeed, a more sacred model, they will learn humbly to estimate themselves at their sterling worth: their praise, like their virtue, being such as in any age or in any country would command its legitimate appreciation.

It behoves both maidens and matrons to remember that the syllabus of education in modern establishments, while extending the courses of study, has omitted various items of instruction, to which a distinct prominence was formerly given. A zeal to pass examinations and obtain certificates in some of the higher departments of proficiency has led to the rudiments being slurred over. Might we venture an opinion, we should counsel those who have gained their honours to start afresh with the first principles and begin again, as if they knew nothing perfectly of all they have ever learnt. To spare the susceptibilities of our

friends, let us call the exercises we advise "*histrionics*." Whether the word be well chosen or not is of no matter, if the thing we have in view be acceptable. The natural proclivities of girls might forestall their aptitude in the art of reading, the skill of writing, and the grace of conversation, were it not that these branches of education were slighted as thoroughly insignificant. In the spirit of kindness we would entreat them to cultivate their powers that they may display their charms.

"Gather the rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And that same flower which blooms to-day,
To-morrow shall be dying."

Were the care bestowed on rearing exotics expended on the natural products of our own soil, how ample would be the remuneration! Deft be your hands and supple your fingers, and apt may ye always be to give an expressive touch to the pianoforte; but better far that you had never learnt your scales than that your tongues lacked the power to read a chapter of the Bible with due emphasis and delicate feeling. May ye never be put to the blush if invited to entertain a family party with an extract from Macaulay's elegant prose, or a few cantos from Tennyson's "*Idylls of the King*." To spell correctly is a proper acquirement, but to read tastefully is a positive accomplishment.

As for writing—letter-writing—this in its lowest type is a mania of domestic servants; in its higher branches it bespeaks good taste and good training. Nor ought it to be forgotten that in its loftiest strains we find a department of literature which largely contributes to history. Few and far apart are the occasions on which a valid excuse could be offered by any lady for a slovenly letter. To write "in haste" or try to "save the post" is the essence of vulgarity. A halfpenny post-card will suffice for trivialities. A shilling telegram need not be grudged for an instant and urgent communication. But a letter supposes some thought and deliberation, and by young people might be written and rewritten once or twice, nay, six or seven times, to clothe their correspondence in clear, simple, well chosen English words, and to purge it of all unmeaning expletives and vicious exaggerations.

Conversation, however, makes the chief demand upon those who would prove their own attainments, and improve the circle they are associated with. To talk much is dangerous, but to talk well is charming. To this end rude habit must be renounced, while pure nature is studied, until classic correctness becomes perfectly natural. Ruby lips will not sanctify ribald slang. Nor will the folly of *brothers* in speaking of their father as *the governor*, and describing any generosity of his as *awfully kind*, excuse the audacity of *sisters* in adopting similar wanton expressions. Such parlance is not pretty, it is far from feminine, and it cannot be lasting. To converse properly and profitably requires much general information, and no little measure of discretion. Christian women should specially bear in mind that by its fit use they may benefit their fellow creatures, commend the gospel, and honour the Saviour. No ordinary means of usefulness is so commonly within their reach, but no accomplishment of any kind demands so much diligent care, sweetness of temper, delicacy of taste,

perception of other people's character, or judicious choice of opportunity. Yet it must be freely confessed that in every effort to succeed there is imminent peril of giving offence. "Be swift to hear and slow to speak" is the inspired rule. It is the adage of a living philosopher that "silence is golden." We doubt if it be possible for any person of either sex to talk pleasantly who has never learned to listen patiently. There is all the more need to press this observation, because we just now refer to social intercourse as an art rather than as a faculty. Genius is always modest; but studies we undertake with a distinct purpose we have a propensity to display with unseemly profusion. We are not astonished that a wealthy amateur who played the violin with exquisite harmony, and followed it up with unwearying constancy, to relieve his family from the unwelcome infliction, was obliged to build himself a sound-proof room at the top of his house. If the best music and the choicest minstrelsy are apt to pall on the ear, how much more the talker who beats everybody else out of the field! The beauty of an encyclopædia does not merely consist in its competence to instruct us upon any subject, but it has a choicer claim upon our esteem, inasmuch as we are not expected or required to read it all through. We pay the voluminous publication an ample compliment when we consult it upon the subject of which we wish to be informed. So our reservoir cannot be too large or too constantly replenished if only it be so constructed as to protect us from a deluge. For household purposes it is well to have a large cistern and a small tap. An aptitude to draw others out in conversation rather than to take the lead is worth cultivating for its manifold uses. How often do the good intentions of those who would press sacred truths and religious duties upon their less serious friends, fail for lack of prudence! If you lecture a man, he will resent it; if you argue with him, he will either strive for mastery, or else parry your home thrusts with sarcasm. The more extensive your acquaintance with the whole realm of literature, the happier (other things being equal) will your choice of incident or metaphor be.

"But conversation, choose what theme we may,
And chiefly when religion leads the way,
Should flow like waters after summer showers,
Not as if raised by mere mechanic powers."

A few reflections upon the study of history may be considered indispeusable here. The most inviting of all studies, it is not unfrequently repudiated as the least attractive, just because we are apt to view it through the medium of those books in which dates are recorded and facts condensed. Need we tell young ladies that they have no reason to be deterred from such a course of reading by such a prejudice? We know no less inviting page in "Haydn's Dictionary of Dates" than that which chronicles "the executions which have taken place in this country during the present century." But we suppose the hideous details of those tragedies that led on to each instance of *sus. per col.* were devoured with an avidity which evidenced the proletarian curiosity of the readers. Certainly we should no more think of dooming our fair novitiates to a lesson of one hour per diem from "Magna's Questions," than of sentencing them to "Gibbon's Rise and Fall" for six

months' hard labour, or to "Hume and Smollett" for three years' penal servitude. No volumes can be more interesting than the biographies of those men out of whose lives history is manufactured. The pictures are always lifelike. The people do not figure as ghosts, the scenes as phantoms, and the places as dilapidations around which the ivy twines. On the contrary, there is a perpetual freshness in the pages that record conversations, edit letters, and solve enigmas which sorely tantalised cotemporaries. The eye-witness of a battle may see little else than the smoke; politics are a riddle till a policy is disclosed; and so all that makes history is wrapped in mystery till the intent and the event are set side by side. Oh, girls, would not your grandmothers have sat up all night to read the story of Princess Charlotte as you have now the opportunity of reading it? And is not there a treat in reserve for your granddaughters which it will probably never be your lot to enjoy, when the court and the closet of Queen Victoria shall be thrown open to the peering gaze of the curious? By means of the lives of eminent individuals you may thread your way through the most interesting and intricate annals of your country. And there is no lack of selection. The statesman or the soldier, the man of letters or the man of fashion may be your companion. This much, too, we think may be said without fear of contradiction: while no woman ever is more companionable for all the volumes of fiction she may devour, every one who makes the acquaintance of the persons who once shone with lustre among their fellow-creatures, accumulates a fund of incident and anecdote which makes them pleasant and agreeable in any society.

It would, however, be difficult for us to fix any limit to the accomplishments which any young lady might prescribe for herself when she seriously takes her education into her own hands. Her love of nature leads her to natural history; she likes to know the instincts of the birds whose songs she loves so well. The seaside, to which she has a great partiality, prompts her to inquire into the common objects that stud the beach. Nor can she overlook the factories that produce the fabrics in which it is her especial delight to be attired. But she is no *blue stocking*: she does but use her mother-wit with a wise discretion, and we need scarcely say that she devotes no more time to useful subjects than many an idle lass wastes on senseless vanities.

Let young ladies choose suitable friends in age and tastes, and their instincts will guide them in a right direction, nor will they fail of "*those thousand decencies that daily flow from all their words and actions.*" Yet, whatever schemes you cherish, be cheerful; whatever duty you discharge, let it be a delight; whatever studies you undertake, let them be an inspiration of joy.

"There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime:
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lanes and wrangling mart,
And ply their daily task with busier feet
Because their hearts some holy strain repeat."

Two Sights which I shall never forget.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

I ENTERED the town of Mentone just as the sun was going down, and I was struck by the number of persons who were congregated upon the beach, and along the road which skirts the sea. They were all gazing intently at a boat which was moving slowly, although rowed by several men. Evidently they were dragging a dead weight behind the boat, and one which needed to be tenderly towed along. Upon making inquiry, we learned that the corpse of a sailor had just been met with, and they were bringing it on shore for burial. This information did not tempt us to remain a spectator, but hastened us into our hotel, wondering at the morbid curiosity which could be attracted by corruption, and find a desirable sensation in gazing upon a putrid corpse. From our window we saw a coffin carried down to the shore, and felt greatly relieved with the hope that now the poor drowned one would be quietly and decently laid asleep in the lap of mother earth.

As this occurred, as we have before said, just as we entered the place where we hoped to rest and recruit our health, it made a deep impression upon us. We are not in the least degree superstitious, and do not regard events as omens one way or another, but the incident was a sad one, and we were pensive, and therefore it cast a natural gloom over us, and at the same time engraved itself upon our memory. Unknown victim of the sea, thou hast a memorial in our heart!

The reflections which rushed upon our mind we have committed to paper, and here they are. Is not the church of God like that boat, and is she not incumbered by a mass of dead professors of religion who draw upon her strength, impede her progress, and spread around her an ill savour? Yes, it is even so, and our heart is heavy because we see it under our own eye every day. Persons have united themselves with the church who have neither part nor lot in vital godliness; they lend no assistance, they can lend none, for they have no spiritual strength, but they are a drag upon our energies, for we have to keep them in something like decent motion, and must carry them with us till they are laid in the grave. The case is worse in reality than our picture represents, for the dead are in the boat with the living, and are thus able to cause greater grief of heart to the true saints of God. We are blamed for the actions of all our fellow-members; their offensive worldliness both annoys us and renders us unsavoury to others. It is a terrible thing to see one-half of a church praying and the other half trifling. We cannot soon forget our horror at hearing that while the Holy Ghost was visiting a church with revival, there were members in that very church who were engaged till far into the morning in worldly amusements. We did not believe our own ears; we should as soon have thought of hearing that the apostles sang profane songs at the moment of the Pentecost. It was not that the season was untimely, we care little for that, but the act itself betrayed a taste which is not consistent with true religion. Of course, the world

laid this to the door of the church, and really devout people had to suffer for the sins of others, and God's Holy Spirit was grieved by such offences, which he saw, though the godly ones saw it not. The sincere and humble followers of Jesus in that church would hardly have believed such conduct possible had it come under their own eyes, and those who had the sorrow of knowing it to be true felt a depression of heart worse than any bodily sickness could inflict. If the church were unmixed and pure her growth would be far more rapid, for the tares which we cannot uproot weaken the wheat among which they live. The tone of spirituality is lowered throughout the whole body by the worldliness of the few. Sin outside the church is comparatively little harmful to her; she sees it and battles with it, but when the traitor is within her own gates the mischief which it works is terrible. Troy could not be taken by open assault, but the crafty scheme of the wooden horse filled with armed men worked the will of the Greeks; once dragged within the walls, the warriors concealed within were able to open the city gates, and the foes soon swarmed in every street, and Troy fell to rise no more. Almighty watchfulness will avert such ruin from the church of God, but apart from the divine keeping the danger is quite as imminent.

We wish that every church member would recognise the fact that he either helps or hinders the church to which he belongs. He becomes a part of the *impedimenta* of the army, rendering its march the more laborious, unless he adds to her actual fighting force. He who prays, labours, and lives consistently with his profession, is an accession to her real power; he may be an obscure individual, endowed with but one talent, and most at home in the rear rank, and yet he may be of the utmost value to the whole host, and when the war is over he will share in the rewards of victory which will fall to the lot of the armies of the living God. On the other hand, if he be prayerless, idle, and worldly, no matter how rich, how well educated, or how respected he may be, he is a dead weight, a mere piece of baggage, a cause of non-success, an Achan in the camp of Israel. Which, dear reader, are you at this moment?

The second memorable sight which now rises before us was seen from the garden of that right worthy and renowned physician, Dr. Bennett, to whom Mentone owes its present prosperity. Looking out to sea beyond a headland, we saw, when the doctor had pointed it out to us, a circle of commotion in the waters, as if a stream were boiling and bubbling from the bottom of the ocean. It was a spring of fresh water rising from the depths of the sea to the surface. There is a similar spring off the coast of Spezzia, which sends up an immense volume of sweet water, despite the overlying floods of brine. Such a phenomenon may appear to be impossible, but there it was before our own eyes, and at any time the traveller may see it for himself—a fountain of fresh water in the midst of the salt sea!

Have we not here a suggestive image of the power of divine grace? Coming down from the inexhaustible reservoir in which all fulness dwells, which is placed in the highest heavens, the blessed stream of grace has a forceful current which seeks to rise towards its own level, and therefore it wells up with matchless energy. It may be that the

possessor of this inward spring has a thousand memories of sin, acquired habits of evil, and a dense mass of ignorance and prejudice overwhelming him; yet the new life must and will reveal itself; it forces its way, it rises to the surface, it clears an area for its own energies, it will not be choked up or repressed. Or the illustration may refer to true religion in a neighbourhood where everything is opposed to it, or in an age when the spirit of the many is in deadly hostility to it. Did not Christianity rise up like a spring from the dark floor of some lone ocean cave, far down below the bottom of the mountains? Did it not appear certain that the floods of heathenism would utterly swallow up a power so insignificant? How could it rise to the surface of human history? It might bubble on where obscure inferior creatures would be its sole observers, but the great sea would utterly ignore its existence, its sweet waters would not even alleviate the saltiness of the brine. But what is the truth of the matter? Our holy faith burst through Judaism, philosophy and idolatry, came into public notice, blessed the nations, and claimed for itself an ever widening sphere. Its fountain has risen through the ocean's salt waves, and rises still, yea, it is transforming the waters and healing them; and through its influence there shall come a day in which there shall be no sea of sin and sorrow, for this "fount of every blessing" shall have made of it a reservoir of the water of life.

A good man placed in a London court, or any of the slums of a huge city, labours under terrible disadvantages. All around him sin and ignorance abound. His religion is no sooner perceived than it is ridiculed, he becomes the butt of drunken jokes, the theme of riotous songs. Will he yield the point and cease from the fear of the Lord? He will if he be a hypocrite; on the other hand, if he be indeed a partaker of the living water which Jesus gives, it will be in him a well of water, springing up, and despite all opposition it must and will flow forth. At first in patience he will possess his soul and hold his own, by and by he will win respect and silence slander, next he will influence a few less evil than their neighbours, and in the end his vital godliness will subdue all things unto itself. One of the most cheering results of our ministry is the consistency of the extremely poor, whose testimony is borne in places which it is almost unsafe to traverse at night. Their honesty, sobriety, and simple faith are sermons to the poor around them, which are not forgotten. Men are astonished when they see godliness under such circumstances, their attention is aroused, their wonder is excited, and in the presence of the strange sight they confess that this is the finger of God. The unconquerable energy of faith and love are the abiding miracles of the church, by which the candid are convinced and gainsayers are silenced.

Just now, what with ritualism and rationalism it might have been feared that gospel life was smothered in Great Britain. The outbreak of the revival in many parts of the land has effectually banished all the fears of believers, and in a great measure stayed the boastings of sceptics. The living water is welling up. Behold it yonder in Scotland troubling the once calm surface of society! See how it boils and bubbles up in Edinburgh and Glasgow! It makes the sea to boil like a pot! It pierces the overwhelming mass of sin, it clears its own

channel, it rejoices to bless the sons of men. Spring up, O well! Sing ye unto it!

Dear reader, is there life of this order in you, or are you dead in sin? Look on this picture and on that: we have put before you death and life; which is most like your own condition? If compelled to condemn yourself, remember there is one near at hand of whom it is written, "In him was life, and the life was the light of men."

The Ritualism of Nonconformity.

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

THE Ritualistic practices of a large and powerful section of the Established Church have provoked the indignant hostility of the Evangelical party of the same communion, who accuse them of acting contrary to the rules of the church. But while the Book of Common Prayer remains the standard of appeal, its elasticity is such that each party may claim its sanction for the peculiar doctrines which they hold and teach, and the form of worship they adopt. The Sacramentalists have as great a right to maintain an ornate ritual as the Evangelicals have to adopt a service which their opponents pronounce bald. In the present condition of affairs it is impossible to decide the controversy for the angry disputants, and were it not that the Establishment owes its existence to an Act of Parliament passed by the popular vote, and, moreover, claims to embrace every citizen in the realm, we should have no desire to interfere. Viewing the parties as mere parties, striving for power, we should be content to leave them to the fate of the Kilkenny cats, and rejoice when only the *tails* remained as the record of the unseemly strife. But it is impossible to remain quiet without incurring grave moral responsibility, since we are involved with the rest of our fellow-citizens in the doings of this *national* church. We must, therefore, use every legitimate influence to relieve the nation of a system which is fatal to the peace of the community, and inimical to the interests of Christianity. We have been too tolerant of the abuse of those monopolies which our forefathers conceded by Act of Parliament; and, as reform is impossible, we must cancel those monopolies, and thus terminate the wrongs under which we are made to suffer. The patronage, endowment, and control of the church of Christ by a Parliament which may be pagan or infidel, is a grievance which every disciple of Christ feels, and every honest citizen should refuse to maintain. The Establishment, like the deadly upas, has flung its shadow over the entire nation, and its withering influence has been injurious to true spiritual life; but the axe is laid to the root of the tree, and, despite the pathetic plea of those whose interests have grown up beneath its noxious shade—

"Woodman, spare that tree
Touch not a single bough;
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now,"

the well-aimed blows of freedom's champions will hurl it to the ground, and its fall shall redound to the glory of God. This is the ultimate issue of our Nonconformity, and we dare not rest until our prophecy shall become historic fact, and the church shall be free.

While conceding to all men the liberty to worship God according to the dictates of conscience, enlightened by the word of God, we are constrained to urge a kindly remonstrance when we have reason to believe that they are not acting under such influence. As the Episcopalians have surrendered their freedom by subscription to the legal formularies of their church, remonstrance is vain as far as they are concerned. But many of our Nonconformist friends, who are under no such yoke, are in danger of allowing their liberty to approach licence, and to them we venture to propose a few questions with the view of eliciting the fact that the spirit of Ritualism which they deplore in the State Church animates several of their cherished customs. We are free to admit that in some instances these customs are maintained without due regard to their significance, and that the imputation of priestly assumption will be met with an emphatic denial; still, this does not weaken our argument, for we contend that it is highly impolitic to lend our sanction to anything which savours of priestcraft. A jealous regard for the glory of God and the freedom of conscience necessitates our abstinence from practices which may in themselves be lawful if it can be shown that they are not expedient. The protest which we are called upon to utter against sacerdotalism must not be weakened by compromise, or by partial indulgence in the same evil. The watchword "No truce with Rome," means, also, no friendship with Rome's allies; and the cry of "No Popery" can only be consistently urged when its ritualistic germs have been uprooted from the the soil of our Nonconformity.

1. I would ask, in the first place, Is not the Lord's Supper deprived of its apostolic simplicity, and a mysterious importance attached to it, when the minister is separated from the people by a communion rail? Is not this essentially ritualistic? There can be no doubt that the rail is a relic of the Romish church, and is a symbol suggestive of priestly position and power. While the members of churches allow themselves to be excluded from the charmed circle, they are mere recipients, and not communicants, in the truest sense of the word, and the doctrine of the equality of believers is practically ignored. The minister who is thus separated from the people occupies a position which our Lord never claimed, for he sat at the table with the twelve, and so familiar was his intercourse with them that one of them leaned on his breast at supper. To receive the elements from the hand of a minister, who is railed off from the people, or from a priest bedecked with the sacerdotal vestments of the Romish church, is the same in principle. In each case priestly functions are conceded to the celebrant. That considerable importance is attached to the position of the minister is proved by the fact that lay members are seldom permitted to occupy it; and, in most cases, when a church is without a settled pastor they will forego the privilege of the Lord's Supper for a time, unless the services of a recognised minister can be secured. That our Wesleyan brethren still maintain the humiliating custom of compelling the

worshipper to kneel outside the communion rail to receive the elements is a sufficient proof of our assertion, that some Nonconformists are not clear of the charge of sacerdotalism. One of the purposes intended by the Lord's Supper is to assert and illustrate the "oneness of the body of Christ," and any ritual which obscures this doctrine is fraught with danger to Christian liberty. The table should be placed in such a position that the worshippers may surround it, and thus assert their equality in Christ while enjoying the social feast. To avoid anything like disorder, or unseemly conduct, it is desirable that the pastor should preside, but this concession should lend no sanction to the assumption of priestly prerogative.

2. Are not the vestments worn by many Nonconformist ministers an indication that they claim to be an exclusive body, charged with the performance of certain functions which they alone are competent to discharge? Hotel waiters and undertakers may don a white tie without exciting any special remark; the custom has no significance with them; but a minister wears it not merely as a badge of distinction, but as a symbol of personal sanctity and priestly office. Had not the white cravat been used as a badge of clerical office, our Nonconformist ministers would never have assumed it. We are glad to note, however, that many of them have now given up this priestly rag, and we trust it will soon fall into general disuse. The plea that the people will not be able to distinguish ministers from laymen is an idle one, for it is now a matter of speculation when an individual appears in a white cravat whether he is a minister, a waiter, or an undertaker; and it not unfrequently happens that a shabby preacher is put down as belonging to one of the other persuasions. There are some ministers of our acquaintance whose coat and vest are of the true episcopal cut; perhaps they are doomed to wear them to atone for the incompetence of their laundress, but the probability is that they "magnify their office" in this way. We have come to regard this dress as an assertion of sacerdotal claims, and as an official badge to distinguish clerics from the (so-called) laity. The Geneva gown, with cassock and bands, has no advantage to justify its use, and is only admissible as a badge of academical distinction; and even then its adoption by Nonconformists is a doubtful expedient, from the fact of its association with the corrupt religion of the Romish Church. Those who have no fellowship or sympathy with her abominations should be satisfied with the costume of an ordinary English gentleman. There is nothing so mysterious in the ministerial office as to require a symbolic dress to give it expression, and every true minister will scorn to work upon the fears of the illiterate, or to command their reverence by its assumption.

3. Does not the rigid exclusion of the laity from any part in the conduct of the public services of many churches on the Lord's-day suggest the minister's claim to be the only ordained person competent to their performance? In many churches there are men possessed of gifts in prayer and exhortation equal, and in some cases superior to those of their minister, but they are ignored in his presence, and generally during his absence also. The pulpit must be occupied by an accredited minister, and no mere layman, however gifted, must obtrude

within its sacred bounds. Competence is thus sacrificed to status, and power to reputation. The familiar phrases, "Divine service is performed," and "So-and-so officiated to-day," betray the fact that ordinary worshippers concede to the minister the prerogative of a priest. He is regarded as presenting to God the sacrifice of the people's worship; and to such an extent are they influenced by this belief that a large proportion would not enter the place of worship at all if it were known beforehand that brother Jones, the worthy deacon, would give expression to their "prayers and supplications," and address to them "the word of exhortation." Why should not a minister call around him men who have received a divine gift, the exercise of which is essential to "the edification of the body of Christ"? This could be done without detriment to the pastoral office, and probably to the advantage of the pastor himself. While urging this, we disavow all sympathy with that system under which the pastoral office is ignored. "Obey them which have the rule over you, and submit yourselves," is the divine command to the whole brotherhood of Christ.

Although marriage is now a civil contract, the custom obtains generally for the minister to preside at its celebration. The Church of Rome regards it as a sacrament, if her priests sanction the bond, and this accounts for the origin of the desire for a minister to perform the ceremony. On several occasions we have been requested to rush to a neighbouring chapel in time to administer the legal formulæ before the fatal hour of twelve, because the minister chosen had failed to keep his engagement, and the bridal pair would not consent to be married without a minister. In many cases weak-minded Dissenters elect to be married according to the rites of the Established Church, in order to secure the services of a regular priest. In this way the people themselves are responsible for supporting the sacerdotal claims of the clergy and maintaining the ritualism of Dissent. We, of course, admit the desirability of marriage being "sanctified by the Word of God and prayer," but we strongly oppose the assumption that the presence of a minister is a *sine quâ non*.

In our judgment, the minister is no more competent to administer the ordinance of baptism than any godly member of the church, and to concede the claim that he is so, ascribes to him a power to which he has no especial right. We do not urge this to weaken the legitimate influence of a truly gifted pastor, but to point out the fact that the spirit of ritualism still animates the custom which our churches sanction, a custom fraught with danger to our Christian liberty. All honour to the men whom God has called to the ministry, and upon whom the gift of the Holy Ghost has been bestowed; let them guard their office with a holy jealousy; but let us not tolerate an assumption of power by which they claim to have "dominion over our faith."

4. Is it not of the nature of ritualism to regard a place of worship as a sacred building, from which fact a certain importance is attached to worship therein, which it would not otherwise possess? Do not our ministers lend their sanction to this belief when they sacrifice the utility of a building to its ecclesiastical character, and call it the "house of God"? "The place of assembly," or "meeting house," is a far more appropriate name than either "church" or "chapel."

Beautiful architecture and artistic decorations tend to divert the thoughts of the worshipper from the one object of worship, and often prevent the soul from rising on the wings of faith to the "place where God's honour dwelleth." The present dispensation takes its character from the fact that God has set aside those sanctities of time, of person, and of place, which were the prominent features of the old. We have no hallowed days but the Lord's-day, no sacred priest but Jesus, and no holy place but heaven. To rise to the height of true spiritual worship we must "look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." Music, and painting, and sculpture are not essential to true devotion, but too often engross the soul and degrade the worshipper into a mere sensuous devotee. The writer of the beautiful hymn, "Nearer to Thee," expresses our thought of worship in the following lines:—

"And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the skies,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I rise;
Still, all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee."

"Boldness to enter into the veil" is a privilege to which many are strangers—the decorous observance of ceremonials being their chief concern. It is to be feared that multitudes of so-called worshippers never rise to the apprehension of God as the object of worship, and fail to realise the priestly ministry of the Lord Jesus Christ.

We have been present at the service in splendid cathedrals and elaborate churches without experiencing the thrill of a holy emotion, and we have enjoyed hallowed seasons of true worship in conventicles, innocent of ornament or beauty, and have often been lifted heavenwards by a simple service in a humble cottage. "Ye are God's house," believers, and he recognises no other. The place of worship is "where two or three are gathered in the name of Jesus," the gathering in his name being the only condition which commands his presence. In the apostolic days separate buildings for worship were unknown, if we except the Jewish Synagogue, hence we read of the "church in the house." Nowadays the order is reversed, and people speak of "going out to church." Why? Because they have been taught to believe that an appointed, if not a consecrated place, and an ordained minister are essential to the acceptance of their worship. All this is of the nature of ritualism; freedom is surrendered to usurped authority, and the conscience is degraded by the arts of priestcraft. "I speak as unto wise men; judge ye what I say."

[Our friend Mr. Charlesworth has written with characteristic warmth of heart upon a subject which needs ventilation. He has not exhausted the subject, nor perhaps written upon it with exactness enough to screen him from criticism, but his paper will serve as a first shot to commence the battle. Mr. Charlesworth is best acquainted with Congregational churches, and others of that fashion, hence much of what he has written will not apply to Baptists: but we also have quite enough of this Ritualism in other forms, and we purpose in a future

paper to bare our sword against it. There is good reason for asking concerning many practices—Are these scriptural or are they only traditions of the fathers? A little ritualism in one generation may develop into downright Popery in a few years, therefore it is well to take these things as they arise, and crush them in the bud. So far as we are personally concerned, our abomination of priestcraft is so intense that we would rather be called “*demon*” than “*priest*.”—ED.]

The Welsh Calvinistic Methodists.

BY PASTOR J. L. KEYS, OF STREATHAM.

A VERY slight acquaintance with periodical religious literature, or perhaps we should have said the religious news of the day, will convince the most desponding that there is “no small stir among the soldiers” of the cross, and that the cheery sounds of “the advance” are becoming general among the armies of the living God, while here and there can be heard the shout of “Victory! victory! through the blood of the Lamb!” Notably is it so in the north of England and in Scotland. In our gatherings for prayer, and in special meetings for conference at various places in this wide world of London, brethren have cheered our hearts with the good tidings that, the Knight-errant of Dundee notwithstanding, “to the righteous there ariseth light in the darkness,” and from the heavens God bows his ear and heareth the prayers of his people, and sends down answers of peace. Souls are being won to Jesus, and his own servants are quickened in their love to him. Troubled ones, coming to the vast assemblies for prayer with special requests, go away with happy hearts, their burdens gone, or remain to express their thankfulness to God, and to desire the help of his people in the utterance of thanksgiving to him who has signally heard their cry, and delivered them out of all their troubles. Here, too, in the south, and more especially in our great city, we hear “the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees,” and many are obeying the voice which says, “Thou shalt bestir thyself.” Among the many the leaders of our own beloved denomination are astir, crying unto the Lord for power from on high. As they hear the voice of rejoicing from the north, they are asking themselves,—

“Shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?”

Yes, blessed be God, we are entering upon a season of revival, and anything which may in the least degree help on this blessed work, and strengthen the hands of the labourers, should not be withheld.

These were our cogitations as we perused a deeply interesting account of a revival, the effects of which have been very fruitful and very enduring, because it was begun in the Spirit, and was carried on with apostolic zeal and loyal adherence to apostolic precedent and direction; we refer to the revival in Wales in the middle of the last century, which resulted in the formation and organisation of the Welsh

Calvinistic Methodist Church. There are many circumstances in the history of this branch of the one church of the living God which invest it with more than ordinary interest to those who anxiously watch the signs of true revival. The vitality of the Calvinistic Methodist body is evidenced by the fact that during the twenty years ending in 1870 thirty-four thousand persons were added to its membership, making up the number of communicants to nearly one hundred thousand. The doctrinal basis of its creed is the Westminster Confession of Faith, hence the first part of the name chosen for the society by its founders is "Calvinistic." The second word, "Methodist," designates its form of church polity; and the fact that a title which has become a synonym for Arminianism should be associated with a creed the very antipodes of that system, is in itself sufficient to secure for the history of Calvinistic Methodism an attentive study.

A History of Welsh Methodism was collected with great labour, and written in the language of the principality, by the late Rev. John Hughes, of Liverpool, and published in three large octavo volumes. We are thankful, however, that some at least of the interesting facts contained therein have been disinterred from among the vast heaps of w's, double l's, and double d's, and made understandable by English readers by the Rev. William Williams, from whose work* we now proceed to extract such portions as we hope will prove interesting to the readers of this magazine.

The early history of this great awakening is made up of the life-stories of a few faithful men of God, possessed, yea, eaten up with a passion for preaching Christ and winning souls; their last thought was the causing of any schism, their one desire was to make the church of their fathers a praise in the earth.

The first of these true Reformers was HOWELL HARRIS, a native of Talgarth, in the county of Brecon, South Wales. On the Lord's-day preceding Easter, 1735, this young man, then about twenty-one years of age, was at the usual service in the parish church: the officiating clergyman (whose name is not mentioned) gave notice of his intention to celebrate the Lord's Supper on the following Lord's-day, and seeing his people negligent to come to the Holy Communion, he read the "Exhortation," which has been appointed to be read under such circumstances. Not satisfied with going through the usual routine, however, he in the earnestness of his soul enlarged upon the form before him, telling his hearers, among other things, that "if they were not fit to take the Lord's Supper, they were not fit to die." His words greatly affected young Harris, who resolved to place himself among the communicants on the coming Sabbath. "He began forthwith to prepare himself for the holy rite. On his way home he called upon a neighbour, with whom he had a quarrel, and made peace with him. During the week he kept himself from his usual sins, and from such vanities as he considered to be inconsistent with a religious life. The following Sabbath came, and he appeared at church, feeling thoroughly satisfied with himself,

* *Welsh Calvinistic Methodism, a Historical Sketch.* By the Rev. William Williams. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1872.

and with the life which he had led for a whole week. But while kneeling and repeating after the clergyman the words of confession, there suddenly flashed upon his mind the conviction that he was speaking falsehood in the presence of God." It was not (as he had been parrot-like declaring) "grievous to him to remember his sins," nor did he feel them to be any burden at all. The sudden terror which fell upon him had well nigh compelled him to turn away from the table, when there came to his aid the remembrance that he had sincerely resolved to amend his ways, and so, trusting in himself still, he for the first time in his life partook of the Lord's Supper.

For several weeks he was the subject of deep and agonising conviction, but at length he was led by the Holy Spirit to look from himself and his own doings to the Lord Jesus Christ, and his spirit found peace in believing. When he came to the Lord's Supper on the following Whit Sunday, the confession which in his mouth had been false seven weeks before, was now true. He saw that in and of himself he was a lost sinner, but he rejoiced in Christ as an all-sufficient Saviour.

The following November his friends sent him to Oxford "to cure him of his fanaticism." But it was of no avail. There he found pleasure in nothing but private prayer and the public means of grace. The immorality and ungodliness which he daily witnessed vexed his soul, and at the close of the term he left for home, fully resolved not to return to Oxford.

Upon his return he began to go about from house to house to warn and exhort his neighbours, not only in his native place, but likewise in the surrounding parishes. He thus began to preach without the remotest idea that he was doing anything of the kind. He opened a day-school at the neighbouring village of Trevecca, and availed himself of that opportunity to speak to the children and young people who came together to be taught. At the same time he met with a man who went about the villages holding classes to teach psalm-singing, and Harris followed him about from place to place, that he might talk of the things of the kingdom to the young folks who assembled on these occasions. By-and-by people began to gather in great numbers at the houses which he visited to hear him speak. Family gatherings became congregations, and these congregations became so large that there was not a place in the neighbourhood sufficiently commodious to contain them. His speaking was accompanied with great power, for God gave testimony to the word of his grace. Many confessed their sins, earnestly prayed for forgiveness, made peace with each other, and forsook their wicked ways. Family worship was established in many houses, the churches of the neighbourhood were crowded, and great numbers sought admission to the Lord's Table. Thus began that mighty preaching that roused Wales from the sleep of ages, and thus commenced the great Welsh Methodist revival.

All unknown to Howell Harris, the Lord was preparing the hearts of others in different parts of the Principality to become his fellow-labourers in a work whose extent would have taxed his strongest faith to realise, or even expect. In the little village of Llangeitho, about forty miles, as the crow flies, from Talgarth, and separated from it by ranges of wild, trackless mountains, Daniel Rowlands, the

younger son of the former vicar of the parish, was the officiating clergyman, being curate to his brother, who held the living at this time. Daniel had been permitted to take orders one year before the usual age, in consideration of his superior scholarship. From the beginning he was a man of mark. He excelled in reading the lessons, *and in athletic sports*. He spent a part of the Sunday morning in the former exercise, and the greater part of the same afternoon in the latter. He did both well; the great difference was that the latter had most of his heart. He had an idea, however, of becoming a popular preacher. There was a man in the neighbourhood who stole the people from the church. This was Philip Pugh, pastor of the Independent Church at Llwynypod, one of the very few dissenting ministers who were able to gather a considerable congregation. Rowlands wanted to know the secret of the Dissenter's popularity, and in thinking the matter over, he came to the conclusion that it was because he *thundered*. Thought he, "I will thunder too, and see the effect;" and he did so most awfully. He chose for his texts such passages as the following: "The wicked shall be turned into hell," "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment," "For the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?" His sermons were in character with his alarming texts; he spoke of the sinner's miserable condition, of death, of judgment, and everlasting torments, with such eloquence and power that the church soon became crowded with attentive and awe-struck listeners; and it has been said that above a hundred of the congregation were under deep impressions before the preacher himself began to think seriously at all.

But the time came for him to be brought to a personal knowledge of the truths which he so effectively preached. The Rev. Griffith Jones, the founder of the "Circulating Charity Schools," which proved such a blessing to Wales by enabling the people to read the Word of God, was in the habit of making occasional excursions to various parts of the Principality to visit his schools, and to preach in their behalf in such churches as were open to him. "Wherever he preached, great crowds came together to hear, for he was a mighty preacher as well as a great educationalist." Mr. Rowlands went to hear this man of God preach in a neighbouring parish to his own, and his presence was perceived by the preacher. The young man's clerical garb, and more particularly his contemptuous and scornful look as he stood in the crowd facing the preacher attracted his attention, and he lifted up his heart in prayer in his behalf, entreating that that service might be the means of converting his heart to God, and that he might make him the instrument of saving many souls. That prayer was abundantly answered, for Daniel Rowlands went home "a new creature." Hitherto he had *talked about* "the terrors of the Lord;" now he *knew* them, and felt them in the depths of his own heart, and he "thundered" with far more earnestness, and therefore with greater effect. The multitudes who heard him "trembled in his presence, and shouted and shrieked as if they felt themselves to be on the very verge of perdition." There was "the great and strong wind," and the "earthquake," and the "fire," but the Lord was not in the wind, or the earthquake, or the fire; the "still small voice" was needed, speaking peace through Jesus Christ;

the preacher took the people to Sinai, and left them there, he had not yet learned the power of Calvary.

The serious lack in Rowlands' preaching was observed by his good Nonconformist neighbour, Mr. Pugh, and he taught him the way of God more perfectly. His advice will sound strange to our readers, and few, if any, could be found to endorse it in its entirety, but the case was a very exceptional one, and possibly the young preacher was not so competent a judge of his own position, spiritually, as was the more experienced and discriminating counsellor, who doubtless had a deep knowledge of the workings of divine grace in the human heart, and a God-given intuition as to the existence of saving faith in his young friend. He thus advised him: "Preach the gospel to the people, my dear sir; apply the balm that is in Gilead to their wounded spirits, and show them their need of faith in the crucified Redeemer." "I fear," said the young minister, "that I do not really possess that faith myself." "Preach it," was the reply. "Preach it until you feel it. It will come without fail. If you go on preaching the law after this fashion, you will kill half the population, for you thunder those awful curses in such a terrible manner that it is impossible for any man to stand before you."

This advice was signally blessed of God, and a marvellous change in the tone of Rowlands' ministry was the result. "It became as remarkable for its sweetness as it had been for its terrors, and as effectual to comfort as it had been to alarm. When he proclaimed free forgiveness through the sufferings and death of the Saviour, sinners ready to perish felt that there was hope even for them. In realising that hope they rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory, and great numbers expressed their ecstatic joy in shouts of praise. The deep wailings and despairing sighs and groans of a few weeks past were now replaced by glad shouts of "Hallelujah!" "Gogoniant" (glory!) "Diolch iddo byth" (thanks unto him for ever). Mention is made of one notable Sabbath morning at Llangeitho, when there came a great tide, carrying all before it. Mr. Rowlands was reading the Litany, and as he read on, his own soul was filled with strong emotion. When he came to the words, "By thine agony and bloody sweat; by thy cross and passion; by thy precious death and burial; by thy glorious resurrection and ascension; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost," an overwhelming feeling passed through the great multitude. Many fell on the floor of the church, while others shouted through their tears the appointed response, "Good Lord, deliver us." On one Sabbath morning Mr. Rowlands was preaching, and the people hung on his lips so that they were all unconscious of the flight of time, until a ray of light coming in through the western window of the church made them aware of the fact that the sun was about to set. Such was the beginning of the Methodist revival at Llangeitho.

There was yet another beginning, which does not seem to have had any connection with either of the wondrous events which we have just narrated. The Rev. Griffith Jones, already mentioned, besides all his other labours, devoted a part of his time to the instruction of youth. There was among his pupils a Mr. Howell Davies, a young man of good parts, and of a serious turn of mind. Mr. Jones's ministry was blessed to his

conversion, and he resolved to devote himself to the ministry of the gospel, and was accordingly ordained to the curacy of Llysyfran, in Pembrokeshire. On the Sabbath on which he was ordained, Mr. Jones desired the congregation at Llanddower church to unite with him in earnest prayer for the young friend who was that day entering upon the work of the ministry. It soon appeared that these prayers were heard in heaven. Mr. Davis's ministry was with great power, and multitudes came to hear him, and were blessed; but there were influential parishioners who could not endure that which was spoken, and by their means he was dismissed from Llysyfran. After this he travelled throughout the country, preaching in churches or out of them, as opportunity offered, and the Lord blessed his ministry to the salvation of a great many souls. When he administered the Lord's Supper, it often happened that the churches were too small to contain half the communicants. On those occasions great crowds stood outside waiting their turn, and the church had to be filled two or three times before all had partaken. The reader will not consider this at all strange when we have added that these sanctuaries were comparatively small, and that Mr. Davies had at one time more than 2,000 communicants in the county of Pembroke.

Thus, by means of these three young men, Howell Harris, Daniel Rowlands, and Howell Davies, was the great work of revival commenced in Wales. In three different counties there flowed simultaneously three distinct streams of the water of life, the confluence of which formed that mighty river which watered the whole of the Principality, and made it blossom as the garden of the Lord. Are there not three other men to be found? Or thirty, if need be? Will not these lines awaken in some youthful bosom the sacred ambition to be greatly useful? May we not say to the young minister whose career is just beginning, "The Lord hath need of thee. Seek the special anointing, and when thou hast it, go forth and move the people as the Lord thy God shall help thee." Happy, indeed, would the writer of this paper be if in any one case his words should suggest unusual consecration, and lead on to a superior zeal.

A marked contrast is observable between the character of the work of these reformers and that of the labours of the "professional revivalists" of the past twelve or fourteen years, who roamed far and wide, and were generally advertised by their friends as converted colliers, converted pugilists, converted costers, or converted something else; these were converted ministers, or, if you will, *converted clergymen*. They were notable instances of that prevenient grace of which the apostle Paul was an exemplification, as he himself tells us in his letter to the Galatians (i. 15), where he affirms that God had designs of love towards him, preparing him for his service, before he had called him out of the dead world into spiritual life. The education of these men, and their previous callings, qualified them for becoming the founders of Christian societies, and also for attracting to themselves others suitable for leadership. Like their contemporaries in England, the Wesleys, although they went everywhere preaching the Word, they were eminently conservative and methodical, and the work in both cases has been lasting.

Those who were converted by the instrumentality of these men were not led to think that little or no attention need be given to church order and discipline, and that the happiest spot on the map ecclesiastical was a spiritual No-man's-land; what they had learned to repeat as a mere form of words, they now really did believe and feel when they declared "I believe . . . in the communion of saints," and they banded themselves in holy fellowship. One of the earliest accessions to the ranks, or rather to the staff of officers, was William Williams, a young medical student, who was converted under the ministry of Howell Harris. He relinquished his medical studies, and resolved to devote himself to the "cure of souls," and become a dispenser to the Great Physician. Like the younger Wesley, he became the sacred poet of his denomination. "Very often in those days was the smouldering fire, which had been kindled by the sermon, fanned into a flame by a hymn of W. Williams's, which was sung at the close. It is not too much to say," continues our author, "that his Welsh hymns have never been approached by the productions of any other writer in the language. They form the great majority in each selection used by the various denominations. Our readers may be able to judge of the value of this eulogium from the fact that among the *English* hymns which Mr. Williams wrote are those choice pieces beginning "Guide me, O thou Great Jehovah," and "O'er the gloomy hills of darkness." We have already exceeded the limits of our paper, and therefore reserve the sequel till the next number.

(To be continued.)

Annie; or, A Lamb in Jesus' Fold.*

BY EDWARD BARTLETT, OF THE TABERNACLE ALMSHOUSE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

ANNIE H— lived in a small room in one of the crowded neighbourhoods of London with a stepfather and her mother. She was only ten years of age at the time of our narrative. At this tender age she was brought to feel her need of a Saviour through the instrumentality of her Sunday-school teacher. She was a remarkable proof of the truth of God's word, wherein he hath said, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings have I ordained strength."

Her stepfather in his earlier life had been a soldier, and had fought in many a battle, but at this time was pensioned off, and was then engaged in an iron foundry in Southwark. While lifting a heavy piece of iron he ruptured a blood vessel, and in consequence it brought him to the borders of the grave.

One Sabbath afternoon dear little Annie came to me and entreated me to go and see her dying stepfather, to which entreaty I immediately responded. When I entered the room I found, sitting in a chair by the side of a bed, a tall, gaunt-looking figure of one who had once been a strong, stalwart man, but who now was completely doubled, and nothing but skin and bone. As I approached him he tried to raise his body, but being too weak he was obliged to remain in the position in which I had found him. "My friend," said I, "You appear to be very weak." "Yes, indeed I am, sir, and I feel I soon

* The substance of this story has been translated into Spanish. Teachers should read it to their classes.—C. H. S.

must die." "It's a solemn thing to die," said I. "Yes, sir, it is, and I feel it to be so." "But do you fear to die?" "Oh, no." "Have you, then, a hope in Christ Jesus as your Saviour, and do you believe he died for you, that you, through his death, might inherit eternal life, and that your sins are all washed away by the blood of Christ?" He answered, "I do." "But why do you believe that Christ died for *you*?" "Because he died that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, and I do believe in him. I trust him with all my heart." "But if God should call you from time into eternity before the light of another day, do you believe that you would go to be with Jesus?" "Yes, sir, I do." "Then you are trusting to Jesus, and Jesus alone, for your salvation?" "Yes, sir, no other trust have I but Jesus for my salvation." "Then you can say from your heart,

"On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand"?

"Indeed I can, and I bless God that he has provided such a rock on which my soul can rest."

Having given in his own words, as near as I can remember, the conversation I had with him, I now proceed to narrate the interesting circumstances connected with this man's conversion. They will, I hope, be encouraging to Sabbath-school teachers, and also to scholars who have found Jesus to be precious to their souls.

In one of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's Sabbath-schools little Annie was brought to love the Saviour. On Sabbath afternoons she might have been seen listening with all possible attention to every word which fell from her teacher's lips. She stored up those precious truths of God's word in which from time to time her teacher instructed her, and by God's grace she was brought to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

As soon as she found Jesus to be precious to her soul, it was her immediate desire that others should taste of the preciousness of Jesus as their Saviour, and accordingly she commenced at home by every Sabbath evening sitting down and talking to her parents of what she had heard from her teacher during the day of the love of Jesus to poor perishing sinners. God blessed her labours in this way by making her the means in God's hands of leading her father to the Saviour. He said, pointing to his little daughter, who was standing in the room all the time I was speaking to him, "That dear child standing yonder has been the means of pointing me to the Saviour, and I shall have to thank God throughout eternity that she ever entered your Sabbath-school, Mr. B——, to learn about Jesus. Often during my illness has she stood by my bedside, reading God's word to me, or speaking to me of the love of Jesus, and often has she lifted her heart to God in earnest prayer that her father might be brought to love the Saviour. God has heard and answered those prayers, and now I am rejoicing in Christ as my Saviour."

Whenever I missed this dear child from the Sabbath-school during her father's illness, I always felt assured that she had stayed away for the express purpose of talking and reading to him. Upon making inquiries of her mother I found it to be so. Upon one occasion as she stood weeping by her father's bedside, feeling that she would not have him long, she said to him, "Ah, my dear father, you are like the poor prodigal who sinned against his father, and who was obliged to return to him again." At these words the father burst into a flood of tears, and acknowledged that he had been a prodigal, but now he had returned to his Father, and should soon go to dwell with him for ever. A few more weeks passed over this poor man's head (nay, not poor, but rich through Christ his Saviour), and he fell asleep in Jesus.

Thus ended the life of a man who had passed the age of sixty, and one who during the greater portion of his life had loved rather the things of the world than the things of God, although never a profligate or an intemperate man.

This child was not only blessed to her father, but also to her mother; and I

believe that by the grace of God she has been led to seek an interest in Christ through her instrumentality.

Having finished her mission at home, she then went forth into the courts and alleys in the neighbourhood in which she lived, and called together in little groups the ragged and dirty children whom she found playing about, to talk and read to them of the love of the Saviour, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." And thus she pointed them to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world.

Who can tell but in heaven we shall meet some of those poor little street Arabs, who first learned to lip the Saviour's name by her instrumentality?

Sabbath-school teacher, this interesting fact, I think, ought to encourage us to press forward in our glorious work, and be doubly in earnest, that we may be the means of leading our children to the feet of Jesus, and encouraging them to carry home what they hear at the Sabbath-school, that they may be the means, in the hands of God, of leading their parents to seek an interest in Christ, as did this little Annie. I say again that we ought to be doubly in earnest, especially at the present time, when we see around us, in the so-called Church of England, Popery of the most insidious and vilest kind. With what are they planting their garden of upas trees? Why, with little plants (children), so that the next generation may become a vast forest, which, if God does not interfere, will, by its poisonous swamps, destroy many immortal souls. Some months since a certain Ritualistic priest, not far from where this was written, visited my special Sunday evening service for the young. He stayed the whole service through, and since then I have heard that similar services are held with inquirers' meetings and prayer-meetings, so that we find they are following in the footsteps of Dissenters, as to outward form, but with all the deadly poison of priestcraft. Up, then, dear fellow-teachers, and let us battle manfully against all this error, and let us go into the highways and hedges and compel these little ones to come in, that they may become green bay trees to flourish in the garden of God's kingdom, and that they may hear of a Saviour's love, without all the finery and tawdry of priestcraft, which has only a tendency to turn the youthful mind away from God to the pageantry and carnal amusements of this world, rather than to the consideration of their immortal souls' welfare. Many boys and girls have told me that they would almost as soon go to see, for amusement, the performances in a Ritualistic church as they would go to a theatre. While the youthful mind is in this stage, let us, with all the powers God has given us, try to lift up a crucified Saviour before their eyes, and in every way ignore anything that has a tendency to idolatry or priestcraft.

A Caveat against Self-righteousness.

BY THOMAS BROOKS.

TRUSTING in our own duties, and resting on our own righteousness, and not on Christ's solely, is a close, secret, spiritual, dangerous, and unperceivable sin, which the nature of man is exceedingly prone unto, Isa. lviii. 1—3; Zech. vii. 6, 6. The Pharisees were mightily given up to trust in their own righteousness, to rest on their own righteousness, and to boast and glory in their own righteousness, Matt. xxiii., Luke xviii.; and this proved their mortal disease, their damning sin. Trusting in their own righteousness had so besotted and benumbed them, that they had no mind, no heart to open the gates of their souls, that the King of glory might enter in. This was that which undid the Jews, Rom. x. 3, "For they being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have

not submitted themselves to the righteousness of God." It is observable, the apostle useth an emphatical word of a Jew, Rom. ii. 17, "Thou restest in the law, or, thou art secure in the law, thou art secure because of some admirable privilege and signal testimony of God's love. This was Bernard's temptation, when being assisted in duty he could stroke his own head with *Bene fecisti, Bernarde*. O Bernard, this was gallantly done, now cheer up thyself.* It was the saying of a precious saint, that he was more afraid of his duties than of his sins, for the one made him often proud, and the other made him always humble.† It was good counsel Luther gave, *Cavendum est non solum a peccatis, sed a bonis operibus*, we must take heed not only of our sins, but of our good works. Duties can never have too much diligence used about them, nor too little confidence placed in them. They are good helps, but bad saviours. It is necessary we do them, but it is dangerous to rely upon them. If the devil cannot dissuade us from performing religious duties, then his next work will be to persuade us all he can to rely upon them, to make saviours of them, because this will as much gratify Satan, and as certainly ruin our souls, as if we had wholly neglected them. O man! thine own righteousness rested in, will as certainly and eternally undo thee as the greatest and foulest enormities. This soul-sickness is that spiritual idolatry that will undo thee, for thou makest thyself a saviour, and thy duties a saviour, and sayest of thy duties as they did of the golden calf, "These are the gods that brought thee out of the land of Egypt." Open wickedness, open idolatry, slays her thousands, but secret idolatry, a secret resting upon duties, slays her ten thousands. Multitudes bleed inwardly by this disease, and die for ever. Open profaneness is the broad dirty way that leads to hell, but religious duties rested in are as sure a way, though a cleaner way to hell. Profane persons and formal professors shall meet at last in one hell. Ah, Christians! don't make religious duties your money, lest you and your money perish together. The phoenix gathers sweet odoriferous sticks in Arabia together, and then blows them with her wings and burns with them; so do many shining professors burn themselves with their own duties and services. You know in Noah's flood, all that were not in the ark, though they climbed up the tallest trees, and the highest mountains and hills, yet were drowned: so let men climb up to the highest duties, yet if they be not housed in Christ, and in his righteousness, they will be as certainly damned as the men in the old world were certainly drowned. Adam and all his posterity was to be saved by doing; "Do this and live." And hence it is natural to all the sons and daughters of Adam to rest on duties, and to look for life and happiness in a way of doing; but if salvation were to be had by doing, what need of a Saviour? Well, remember this once for all, such as rest on duties, such as rest on their own righteousness, or on anything on this side Christ, such shall find them as weak as the Assyrian or as Jareb. They cannot heal them, they cannot cure them of their wounds. "When Ephraim saw his sickness, and Judah saw his wound, then went Ephraim to the Assyrian, and sent to king Jareb, yet could he not heal him, nor cure him of his wound," Hosea v. 13. Duties are to Satan as the ark of God was to the Philistines; he trembles to see a soul diligent in the use of them, and yet not daring to rely on them but on Christ; but when he can draw poor souls to confide in their duties, and to rest on their duties, then he has his design, then he claps his hands for joy, then he cries out, Ah! ah! so would I have it. There is no sin that doth so formally and immediately oppose Christ, and reject Christ, and provoke Christ, as this of resting upon self-righteousness; and therefore above all pray against this, and

* Look, as there is nothing more pleasing to Christ than the renouncing of all confidence in our own duties and righteousness; so there is nothing more provoking to Christ than the setting up of our own duties and righteousness. This is a secret cancer that kills thousands.

† John Foxe the Martyrologist.

watch against this, and weep over this. There is no man in his wits that hath a precious lading, that will dare to adventure it in a cracked and broken vessel; so there is no Christian in his wits that will dare to adventure the everlasting safety of his soul upon the leaking vessels and bottoms of his own holiness or services. O sirs! your duties cannot satisfy the justice of God; they cannot satisfy the law of God; your present duties cannot satisfy for your former sins and rents that be behind. A man that pays his rent honestly every year, does not thereby satisfy for the old rent not paid in ten or twenty years before. Thy new obedience, O Christian, is too weak to satisfy for old debts, and therefore roll thyself on Christ, and Christ alone, for life and for salvation. Bellarmine could say after all his disputes for relying on works, on saints and angels.* "The safest way is to rely on Jesus Christ." Now let all these things work you to renounce your own righteousness, and to take sanctuary alone in the pure, perfect, and most glorious righteousness of Jesus Christ, and in the free grace of God. Paul is called by one [Augustine] the best child of grace in the world; for whatsoever he was, or had, or did, he ascribeth all to free grace, Eph. iii. 8; he was the chiefest of the apostles, and yet less than the least of all saints; he was very eminent in grace, and yet what he was, he was by grace. "By the grace of God I am what I am," 1 Cor. xv. 10. He lived, "yet not he, but Christ lived in him," Gal. ii. 20. He "laboured more abundantly than they all, yet not he, but the grace of God which was with him," 1 Cor. xv. 10. He was able to do all things, but still "through Christ that strengthened him," Philip. iv. 13. O that these things might work you to be more in love with free grace than ever, and to be more in love with the righteousness of Christ than ever, and to be more in love with the covenant of grace than ever.

Selfishness Rebuked.

A CLERGYMAN who lived in a New Jersey village which was not supplied with water-works was the fortunate possessor of a well of good water. Some of the wells in the neighbourhood were not so good as his; and by common consent and long custom, many neighbours came into his lot and drew water at his well. It cost him nothing, except the trampling down of a little grass over which the people trod. But he got tired of accommodating the public, and nailed up his back gate, affixing to it a sign warning all people against drawing water from his well. He had a perfect right to do so; no reasonable person could dispute the legal correctness of his position.

But a day or two afterwards, when the neighbours (members of his congregation) began to say he had done a small thing, he was startled to find on his gate a notice, erected by some critical unbeliever, and reading thus:—

"COME TO JESUS,"

BUT

DON'T DRAW WATER

AT MY WELL.

* The authority for this is the great cardinal's own treatise on "Justification," lib. v. cap. vii. After defending the Romish as against the Protestant evangelical, he made this remarkable concession: "*Propter incertitudinem proprię justitię et periculum inanis glorię, tutissimum esse in sola misericordia Dei et benignitate fiduciam suam reponere.*"

The good man saw his mistake. He had not meant to be mean ; but he had done an illiberal thing. If he was calling his neighbours to drink of the water of life, was it the right thing to forbid them to fill their buckets at his well ? He tore down the bars, and threw open his gate, and let the people come and take his well water freely. And he felt that the good will of his neighbours was more than a compensation for the annoyance.

No one liveth to himself, and we are "*members one of another.*" Churlish people may save pennies, and miserly ones may enjoy a lean sort of happiness over their board. But they know nothing of the joys of the "Eden" into which the ruggedness of this sinful world is changed by the "little acts of kindness, little deeds of love" which are as precious to the receivers as if they cost great effort and untold sums of gold.

TALLIEUR.

Notices of Books.

The Pilgrim's Progress for Twopence. Book Society, 28, Paternoster Row.

AFTER a gallant attempt to publish the "Pilgrim" for a penny, which led to a very large circulation, and, as we suspect, a pecuniary loss, the Society is now trying twopence. Is not that cheap enough, in all conscience ? Next to the Bible comes Bunyan's Allegory, and it is well to keep it in constant circulation.

Words to "Song Life." By PHILIP PHILLIPS. Sunday School Union.

WE are astonished and delighted at the vast variety of new hymns and tunes which are brought out. In our young time our songs were bounded on the one hand by "How doth the little busy bee"—secular and profound, and "Here we suffer grief and pain"—spiritual and inspiring. Young people of 1874 have a great advantage over those of forty years ago in all matters which appertain to the cheerfulness and interest of religion, and we heartily rejoice that it is so.

The Weaver of Naumburg ; or, a City Saved by Children. From the German. Religious Tract Society.

CERTAIN to be popular. One of the most touching stories we have ever read. It concerns the Hussite war in Bohemia, and brings before the mind's eye the days of Ziska's terrible drum, and the vengeance of the Taborites for the murder of John Huss. Though written for children their mothers will read it and feel the dew on their eyes.

Fix your Standard High. By J. T. OAKLEY. R. Tilling, Warner Street, Dover Road, London.

A GOOD address by a Sunday-school superintendent.

The Mother's Treasury. Vol. X. Book Society.

A VERY practical, common-sense, godly magazine, full of pieces of permanent interest, attractively illustrated. The very thing for a present to working men's wives.

By a Way they Knew Not : being Memorials of Blind Fanny Winton. By MARTHA RIGDEN. Book Society.

A BIOGRAPHY after the manner of the "Dairyman's Daughter." It is so good in its spirit and teaching that we forbear to criticise its literary merits. It is hard to make the few incidents of a blind cottager's life into a very interesting narrative ; to make it the vehicle of conveying important truth is an easier task, and has been successfully performed by Mrs. Rigden.

Sketch of the Character and Life of Agnes Elizabeth Jones. By JESSIE COOMBS. Book Society.

A PRETTY little book externally, and withal well written. It contains the life of an earnest, practical Christian, who devoted herself to nursing, and learned that almost sacred business under Pastor Fliedner, at Kaiserworth, and in our own St. Thomas's Hospital. Our criticism upon it is much the same as upon the last book.

Considerations for the Clergy: being Sketches of Man and his Relations.
By a RECUSANT. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

IF this book had given us a correct description of every subject upon which it treats, we should scarcely have needed any other. We have dissertations upon minerals, vegetables, animals, and men. In man we have all these kingdoms combined, to which a spiritual nature is added in those who become truly religious. All the doctrines of revealed religion then pass under review, so that the considerations for the clergy are amply diversified, and one study may become a recreation from another. We fear that some of the clergy do not need these considerations, because they have had too many of them already, and we are quite sure that all would be better without them. Our author tells us that predestination and the freedom of the will are contraries, and as the latter is known by us to be true, the former is not true: this is one consideration for the benefit of the clergy. Foreknowledge they are informed there may be of human volitions, and both predestination and election in consequence of those volitions, but how the certainty of volitions implied in foreknowledge comports with their freedom, and what need there is of electing to salvation those whom God foresaw would elect themselves, is left unexplained; as another of the "considerations for the clergy." All men, we are told, have the general influences of the Spirit of God, and his special influence for salvation is given to those who comply with the suggestions of his special influence to repentance and prayer. This also is an assertion for the benefit of the clergy. The two moral principles which contend for mastery in the soul of man are self-gratification and disinterested love; the former is the principle of evil, and the latter is the highest moral excellence in God himself. Where that moral excellence was, before there were other beings to whom God could show disinterested love, and how the redeemed lose all interest in their own redemption, are further considerations for the clergy. In the conflict between these two principles in the souls of the regenerate, the evil principle in some cases may prevail, so

that the last state of that man is worse than the first: this, too, is amongst the considerations for the clergy. Our Recusant author goes on to tell us that propitiation through the blood of Christ, and righteousness through his obedience unto death, are given on condition of having sought and obtained the special influence of the Spirit for regeneration, but men may be saved without belief or knowledge of the way by which their salvation is effected. The Bible reveals the science of salvation, but there may be salvation without that scientific knowledge, as there may be successful agriculture without the science of agriculture being known. This, we presume, is for the special benefit of the clergy in rural districts. The most solemn suggestion here proposed for clerical consideration is that the Trinity of persons in the Godhead is a mistake, that there are two persons only, the Father and the Son, that the Father existed before the Son, and the Spirit is an emanation from the Father and the Son. When the Son speaks of himself as one with the Father, and equal with the Father, the meaning is that they have one and the same principle of disinterested love. Whoever this Recusant may be, we hope the clergy will feel that they can do quite as well without him as he can without them.

Prayer of a Broken Heart: an Exposition of the Fifty-first Psalm.
By ROBERT S. CANDLISH, D.D. Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh.

THE whole book of Psalms is the language of the heart. It is the language of either penitence or praise; a region of lofty hills and deep valleys; the one could not be without the other either in nature or grace, and the height of the one is in proportion to the depth of the other. It is pleasing to see men of great minds sympathising with the prayer of a broken heart. It is the kind of experimental piety which is much needed to elevate and correct the theological teaching of modern times. The fifty-first Psalm has ever found a response in the hearts of good men, which cannot fail to be deepened by the careful perusal of this little volume. The author has gone home, and his book remains to beckon us to follow him.

Reaping in due Season. Book Society
28, Paternoster Row.

A BRIEF history of the conversion of an invalid. We could give illustrations by the hundred of the same kind, but are glad to see this, as it may help some timid, doubtful one into the way of peace. The comfort administered was sound and scriptural, and the little book will be of use to cottage visitors to leave with sick and anxious ones.

God's Jewels; or a Mineralogical Illustration of Scripture. By THOMAS A. G. BALFOUR, M.D. Nisbet and Co.

A BOOK upon jewels, and a jewel of a book. We hardly know of an instance in which such a thorough knowledge of gems has been found united with the illustrative faculty. Mr. Balfour is also as sound in his theology as he is profound in his mineralogy. The work is small, but contains more precious material for thought than will often be found in volumes of ten times the size. We must make one extract to give some idea of the book; it is a short chapter upon believers being called *jewels*, because the sovereignty of God is alike manifested in both kinds of gems—the natural and the spiritual.

"The sovereignty of God is a theme of peculiar solemnity. No doctrine is more thoroughly calculated to stain the pride of all glory, and hence it is one against which the proud heart of man naturally rebels; but if there is truth in the Bible, then this must be accepted as a solemn fact revealed to us by God, that 'He doeth all things according to the counsel of his own will,' and that no man or angel has a right to question his high prerogative by saying to him at any time, 'What doest thou?' for 'He giveth account of none of his matters,' as 'Secret things belong unto the Lord our God.' Now it is interesting, in connection with the enforcing, defending, and illustrating this doctrine, to find that the apostle draws one of his arguments from the mineral world. 'Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?' (Rom. ix. 21.) And just so must the creation of the universe and everything in it be referred ulti-

mately to the sovereign will of God, for how else can we account for the fact, that while one portion of carbon is chosen and transformed into the pure, transparent, sparkling, and much-coveted diamond, another is left in its base original form, as lamp-black or charcoal, or some of the other conditions under which carbon exists, which are shunned as polluting to the touch. And as regards the two ingredients of clay, over which the potter has power, viz., alumina and silica, we may ask the question—Why should we find that the same *alumina* is in one instance crystallised into the magnificent sapphire, the costly ruby, the lovely Oriental amethyst, and the no less precious Oriental topaz, which are prized by all, and fitted to shed a lustre on even an imperial brow; while in another it is left in the form of the dark, repulsive emery, whose highest sphere is to be found in the kitchen of the noble, or in the workshop of the mechanic? Once more, why should the same *silica* be found in the lovely forms of transparent and colourless rock crystal, purple amethyst, etc., etc., which are collected and preserved with care; while at another time it is left in the degraded position of despised and neglected sand? Why should certain qualities be bestowed on the one which are denied to the other? Why should the one be thus made an object of special attraction, and be found sparkling with uncommon lustre on the brow of royalty, while the other is avoided as a source of annoyance, or is put out of the way as a positive nuisance? Our only answer is to refer it to the sovereign will of God. 'Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus?' (Rom. ix. 20.) Now we are the clay, and God our potter, and we are all the work of his hands. (Isaiah lxiv. 8.)

"So as regards believers. They were chosen for nothing in themselves, 'for the children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil, that the purpose of God according to election might stand, not of works, but of him that calleth.' (Rom. ix. 11.) 'I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy.'

(Rom. ix. 15.) And so with the children of Israel, Deut. vii. 7, 8—'The Lord did not set his love upon you, nor choose you, because ye were more in number than any people; for ye were the fewest of all people; but because the Lord loved you,' etc. So also with believers in every age. 'Of his own will begat he us.' (James i. 18.) 'All that the Father giveth me shall come to me,' etc. (John vi. 37.) It would be easy to multiply passages and to adduce illustrations in proof of this high doctrine, but I forbear, and shall only add, that, instead of 'kicking against the pricks,' our highest wisdom is humbly to receive what God has revealed, and to 'give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name;' and to rest assured that the Judge of all the earth will do right. (Gen. xviii. 25.) We must, moreover, never forget that the gracious promises of mercy to the guiltiest sinner who comes in the name of Jesus, are as much a part of his revelation as the doctrine of his sovereignty is, and that consequently there is nothing incompatible between the two revealed truths, for 'He cannot deny himself.'" (2 Tim. ii. 13.)

The Martyr of Brentwood; or, Three Hundred Years Ago. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. Partridge and Co.

But it, read it, scatter it, till your soul burns with love of truth and hate of Popery, and this nation once more comes back to its senses, and abhors the accursed thing. We thank Mr. Kingston heartily, and would like to see such books in every Englishman's house for his children to read, till England becomes once more in very truth a Protestant land. The little book is most attractive, telling, and invigorating.

Violet Russell, Carry your Parcel, The Forge on the Heath.

THREE story books for the young, published by the Book Society. They are of average ability, and inculcate excellent morals. Many children would be delighted with them, but books of the kind are now so numerous that we fear the thing is overdone, and that the minds of children, as well as those of adults, are in danger of being drenched with fiction.

The Interpreter. No. 16. Passmore and Alabaster.

We have now reached the sixteenth part of *The Interpreter*, and hope soon to finish it, as only five more parts will be needed. Parents will thus have Scripture and simple comment for two services of family devotion for a year, or sufficient for two years if the family can only be called together once in the day. From those who are using our work we have continual thanks, but for some reason or other we have not so many subscribers as we expected: we suppose our friends are waiting to buy the volume as a whole. We would remind those who cannot afford a large amount at once that they can take in the numbers for one shilling the month, and both begin and leave off whenever they please.

The Evidence of Prophecy. By the REV. ALEXANDER KEITH, D.D. The Religious Tract Society.

"If the prophecies have been fulfilled, the Scripture must be the word of God; and if the Scripture is the word of God, Christianity must be true." This is the strongest ground that can be taken against the infidel and the sceptic. Even miracles are less convincing, inasmuch as they depend upon past testimony only, and are limited both in time and space; whereas the testimony in behalf of prophecies is more extended, and more interwoven with the substance of past revelations; and the evidences of their fulfilment are to be found in all well-authenticated histories of subsequent ages, and are continually being substantiated by new discoveries in our own times, and the series of new evidences will go on to the end of the world. It is wonderful on this account that the labourers in this part of the vineyard should have been comparatively few. Mr. Keith is well known as one of the foremost in this class of writers. He writes for the million, for which popular work he is well adapted, on account of the clearness and correctness of his statements, and the noble simplicity of his style. The present volume is an abridgment of the original work, with the view to a larger circulation, and for the encouragement of this branch of Christian literature.

God the Guardian of the Poor, and the Bank of Faith. By the late WILLIAM HUNTINGTON, S.S. Gadsby, 18, Bouverie Street. Price 3d. paper, cloth, 5d.

If it were only for its homely Saxon this remarkable record deserves a reading, but as the autobiography of a very singular and gifted preacher it will abundantly repay the reader, even if he does not admire the man. The book is a marvel of cheapness in its present form, and one may buy it, peruse it, and pass it on without feeling any serious deficit in his pocket.

Brief Notes on Literature and Dogma. By HENRY DUNN. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THIS work is purely controversial, and as with neither of the parties we are fully agreed we have not much interest in the strife. Mr. Dunn has more reverence for inspired truth, and more religious earnestness, both in his spirit and belief, and our sympathies therefore are on his side; but when religious errors are removed, we like to see clear and full gospel truths put in their place. It is gospel light that dispels the darkness, and there is no gospel light but that which is entirely its own.

The Temple Rebuilt. By FREDERICK R. ABBE. Noyes, Holmes, and Co., Boston.

IN this busy, practical, matter-of-fact age, poetry stands no chance, unless it be either pre-eminently poetic, or strong and decided in its theme. This book is what it professes to be, "A Poem of Christian Faith." It deserves to be styled "A Poem," but much more, "A Poem of Christian Faith." Religious poetry abounds, but we seldom hear of a theological poem. We have here no sickly sentimentalism, but a sound theological creed. It is not a religious tale, more sensational in its accidents than in its first principles, but religion itself in its own immortal vigour. It is a bush burning with fire and not consumed; and we would rather see poetry burning less bright in the midst of imperishable truths, than a more brilliant flame in the midst of more perishable themes. May many turn aside to see this great sight!

Lending unto the Lord; or Three Days in the Life of Christian Furchtegott Gellert, Poet and Professor in Leipsic University. By Baron CONWAY and J. RUSSELL ENDEAN. Kerby and Endean, 190, Oxford Street.

A GOOD book, and withal an odd one, adorned with the queerest, homeliest woodcuts possible. The story brought the water into our eyes as we read it. The good Professor Gellert gives a poor woman all the money he possesses, being thirty thalers, and in the recompensing providence of God within three days he receives wood for his stove, money for his empty purse, and a horse for his riding. If his poetry was no better than that which is here given we think a great deal more of his heart than his head. The book ought to sell by thousands, that is to say if the price is as reasonable as we hope it is, but of that we can say nothing, for the price is not mentioned in our copy. The fact that the Lord accepts gifts to the poor as loans to himself is very prettily worked out, and the narrative is calculated to foster that spirit of benevolence which is the glory of Christianity.

God, the Soul, and a Future State. By THOMAS COOPER. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

MR. COOPER writes as he lectures, and his style is so clear and enlivening that it is equally adapted to both purposes. He is always instructive, and makes strong appeals both to the judgment and feelings. He is never too diffuse, or merely rhetorical. The reader must be under the influence of strong prejudices who is not convinced by his reasoning, and who cannot sympathise with his spirit and design. The object of this volume is twofold—to illustrate and enforce the argument for the Being and Attributes of God from design in creation, and to confirm the argument from the constitution of man's nature for existence in a future state. These subjects are so treated that they not only become real truths to those who have doubted them, but felt truths to those who have never had any mental doubts respecting them. We know of no class of readers that would not be benefited by the perusal of this volume.

The Mystery of the Burning Bush, and other Sermons. By T. W. MORRIS, Ipswich. Elliot Stock.

WE thought we were about to read an interesting treatise upon the Burning Bush, and lo, we found ourselves in possession of a volume of sermons. Very earnestly do we deprecate this most deceptive way of naming books; it has been sanctioned by great names, but it is none the better for that; it is essentially misleading, ought never to have been adopted, and should be discontinued forthwith. Whenever we meet with it we mean to assail it. Mr. Morris is not, however, the inventor of this method of nicknaming books, and we should be sorry that our remarks should turn aside a single reader from

the sermons themselves, which are excellent. Mr. Morris is one of the most useful of our provincial pastors, his utterances are thoughtful in matter, and elegant in style, and although not marked by any striking originality, they possess a measure of freshness and life which will prevent their passing into the common limbo of all ordinary sermons. We prophesy that they will be purchased by many clergymen, and given to their flocks as their portion of meat in due season. Our sermons have been thus honoured, and these are both safer, from being less likely to have their authorship detected, and more suitable, because free from those dreadful outré expressions of ours which are so calculated to shock very decorous people.

Notes.

WE have to rejoice before the Lord because of his abundant grace to us at the Tabernacle, for the word is with power, and sinners are made to feel its might. As soon as the pastor returned the church-officers invited those to meet him who had found the Lord during his absence. One hundred and eight persons, to whom tickets had been given, came to tea. Some of the converts narrated their call by grace, among them being a sister who had been a Roman Catholic, and had dropped into the Tabernacle out of curiosity, but was found out by sovereign grace and led to believe in Jesus. The clearness of their knowledge, and their holy courage, were most conspicuous in all those who were present, and we have every reason to believe that nearly all will be found such as the church can receive. The pastors and elders have at this moment their hands full with the pleasing but most responsible work of personally conversing with each one and investigating their cases by visiting their homes. To these must be added about as many more who have professed to be converted, and have, therefore, desired to be baptised, and have come forward since the Pastor's return. Every day fresh instances of saving grace are before us, and on all sides there is unusual tenderness and anxiety about divine things. May the name of the Lord be magnified!

The meetings for young people have been exceedingly well attended. It is most pleasing to see the number of children who listen with deep attention, and are as

devout as the eldest believer. Prayers and addresses by young men and youths are peculiarly suitable on these occasions, and have the best effect upon those assembled. From these meetings we expect hundreds of conversions, and we shall surely see them. We now begin at six on Mondays in the Tabernacle, and keeping the first hour for the young we allow the meeting without a pause to glide into the general prayer-meeting at seven.

Of enquirers' meetings *en masse* we have had two, of which we can speak with great confidence, for we know that they were owned of God; but we have suspended them for a while, lest they should become a matter of routine, and in the meantime hold similar meetings at the close of other gatherings; as, for instance, after the Thursday lecture. Enquirers are apt to look for a great deal of personal attention and humouring, and they must not have it when it is seen to be a sort of sweetmeat to them, comforting them while in unbelief. Faith is the way to obtain peace, and while they remain in unbelief all the promises in the Bible will fail to console them, and all the loving words of a whole church would be lost upon them. Immediate trust in the Lord Jesus is the demand of the gospel, and it is dangerous to allow the anxious to look to meetings and conversations as a means of gaining what is even now to be had by an act of faith.

Many churches in London are enjoying times of refreshing, and our earnest hope

is that the blessing will cover the whole land.

The members of the Tabernacle who banded together to maintain a preaching station in St. Ann's Hall, Brixton, have succeeded well, and have now emigrated to an iron chapel lately occupied by Mr. W. Carter, in the Wynne Road, Brixton, where they hope to found a new church under the pastorate of Mr. Edwards.

Our friend Mr. Leach has become the minister of the church in Berkely Road, Chalk Farm. We lost his valuable aid in connection with this magazine by reason of other engagements, but he will always occupy a high place in our esteem. The church needs much help, for the debt upon the chapel is very heavy.

The College annual meeting was a glorious season. Friends welcomed the returning Pastor very heartily, and were kind enough to find in his lecture upon the New Forest much of interest. The College enjoys its share of the present blessing, and is enriched thereby. The funds are at this time much lower than they have been for a long time previously, and we beg to call the attention of the Lord's stewards to the fact. The annual conference will be held on the 13th of April and four following days. We beg the prayers of the churches that the Spirit of God may rest upon that large gathering of ministers educated at our College. May the season overflow with benedictions. The reports of increase in the churches during the past twelve months are most encouraging.

The Orphanage is now complete and full. Places are needed for boys who are ready to go out. Employers will do well to apply to Mr. Charlesworth, Head Master, Orphanage, Stockwell. Our barrel has some meal in it, indeed we have about thirty days' supply. Friends will please remember that we need £10 every time the sun rises to keep our young charge in food and raiment.

The College buildings are roofed in, and will be ready for occupation at Midsummer. Our total scheme will need

£3000 more to perfect it, and we should like to see it finished off in a style worthy of the cause, and of those great principles which we seek to propagate. For this amount we are looking up to our divine Treasurer, and we doubt not he will move his servants to send it.

The Jubilee Singers had a marvellous success at the Tabernacle; the house was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the strange, sweet, weird music of the singers charmed the whole company. We are glad to hear that they have earned during their tour £10,000 clear of all expenses, and so the University for the coloured people will be built and paid for. May it send out an army of preachers and teachers for poor Africa. Mr. Moffat was present at the singing, and it was grand to see him come forward, and with deep excitement speak of "Dear Africa." He looked like a patriarch and apostle in one.

It may interest our readers to know that John Ploughman's Talk has now attained the enormous circulation of two hundred thousand, and still more editions will be called for. John thinks "the more the merrier."

The recognition service of Mr. J. Raymond, from the Pastors' College, as pastor of the East Street Baptist Church, St. Neots, was held on Friday, the 20th of February, on which occasion the Rev. J. Perkins presided. Mr. Rogers delivered the charge to the minister, and Mr. Millard, of Huntingdon, to the church. Mr. Stuttard, Independent minister, of St. Neots, and Mr. R. Middleton, of Canton, also took part in the services. In May, of 1872, Mr. Raymond, during an early part of his college course, commenced preaching at St. Neots. Since that period under his ministry a new chapel has been erected at the cost of £1,000. The whole cost has been met with the exception of £140. Much good has been done, and the church and congregation are still in a flourishing state.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by J. A. Spurgeon:—Feb. 26, twenty-two.

By earnest request we add others of the letters written from Mentone by the Pastor.

To the Boys of Stockwell Orphanage.

"Mentone, Saturday Evening, January 24th, 1874.

"Dear Boys,—I have been much impressed by hearing that death has been to the Orphanage. I wonder who will be the next! Are you all prepared if he should shoot another arrow into one of the houses and lay another low? Dear boys, would you go to heaven if you were now at once to die? Wait a bit, and let each one answer for himself. You know you must be born again, you must repent of sin, you must believe in Jesus. How is it with you? If you are not saved you are in great danger, fearful danger! Be warned, I pray you! I cannot bear to think of

one boy going from the Orphanage to hell, that would be terrible indeed. But to rise to heaven, to be with Jesus for ever! Why, this makes it worth while even to die a hundred deaths. I hope my dear friend Mr. Charlesworth, and all the teachers, and matrons, and nurses are well, and I send them all my kindest regards. I often think about you all. I want to see you all happy here and hereafter. May you grow up to be honourable Christian men, and if God should take any of you away, may we all meet in heaven. Will you pray a special prayer just now that the death of one boy may bring all of you to Jesus to find eternal life? Be diligent in school, be very kind in the houses. Don't cause us pain, but give us all joy, for we all love you and desire your good. Mr. Charlesworth will, on my behalf, give you a couple of oranges all round, and I will pay him when I come home.

"Your loving friend,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

For Mrs. Bartlett's Class.

"Mentone, Saturday Evening.

"Beloved Friends,—I write to salute you all, and especially your beloved mother in the gospel, my dear friend Mrs. Bartlett. I hope you are enjoying times of power such as have been so usual with the class. The Lord's own daughters among you, each one a princess, not in her own right, but by marriage to King Jesus will, I trust, be living in the enjoyment of their high privileges. Why do the children of a king go mourning all their days? Yours it is to wear a girdle of joy, for the joy of the Lord is your strength. See to it that your lives are consistent with your high calling, for it ill becomes the daughters of Zion to bemean themselves like the children of earth, 'Let your conversation be such as becometh the gospel of Christ.' Be earnest for the souls of others, and support by your prayers the earnest effort of your beloved leader, Mrs. Bartlett.

"To those of you who are unsaved I have this word—*how long halt ye between two opinions?* Years roll on, and each one spent in alienation from God swells your dreadful account. Have you not sinned enough? Have you not run risks enough that you must still imperil your souls? An hour even of the toothache is too much, but what is that compared with the disease of sin and the anger of God? Yet these you bear as if they were mere trifles. Will the hour of decision never come, or will you linger till you perish in your sin? Remember Lot's wife, she is a monument of salt, take a little of that salt and season your thoughts with it. Your graves are yawning for you, hell also enlargeth itself. Flee from the wrath to come. Start up like those who have been asleep upon the brink of death, and strive to enter in at the strait gate.

"Yours lovingly for Christ's sake,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

To the College.

"Mentone, Saturday Evening.

"Beloved Brethren,—In my absence I never cease to remember you, because I have you all in my heart, as the hope of the church, and the future benefactors of the world. I trust every man is conscientiously labouring at his studies, never wasting an hour. Your time for study is so short, and so much will be required and expected of you, that I beseech you quit yourselves like men. Every moment with you is worth a Jew's eye, and its profiting will be a hundred-fold in the future. We have to cope with no mean adversaries. Our antagonists are well armed and well trained. Our trust is in the Lord alone, and we go forth armed only with a sling and a stone, but we must practise slinging, till we can throw to a hair's breadth and not miss. It was no unpractised hand which smote so small a target as Goliath's brow. Do not let the devil make fools of you by suggesting that because the Lord works you may be idle. I do not believe it of the least among you.

"Brethren, for our Lord's sake, maintain a high degree of spirituality; may the Holy Spirit enable you so to do. Live in God that you may live for God. Let the church see that her students are her picked men. I rely upon you in my absence to help in all meetings for prayer or revival to the utmost of your ability. Nothing would give me greater joy than to hear that in my absence the Lord was moving some of you to make up for my lack of service.

"I am much better. 'Here everlasting spring abides,' and though flowers wither, there are always fresh ones to fill their places. The balmy summer air is as oil to my bones.

"I send my sincere love to you all, and especially to your honoured tutors, and the venerable Principal, to whom be long life, and the same to you all. My dear brother will be to you all that I could have been, and you will pray for him, and also for your loving friend,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

To the Classes of Messrs Perkins and Bowker.

"Mentone, Feb. 5.

"Beloved Brethren,—Peace be to you and the dear friends who conduct your meetings. I am hoping to see a great revival of religion throughout our church and all its agencies, and I want your two classes not only to partake in it, but to lead the way in promoting it. 'I write unto you, young men, for ye are strong,' the influence which a choice band of young believers may have upon our church and congregation and the outlying neighbourhood is exceedingly great. Being yourselves soundly instructed in the faith you are to aid in building up others, and especially in quarrying new stones from the pit of nature. The Spirit of God will rest upon you in answer to prayer, and then you will become vessels fit for the Master's use. This you cannot be without personal holiness and individual consecration, let not these be lacking among you, and then you will not be barren or unprofitable. Begin by doubling your own numbers, which I believe would be done if you laid it to heart, and resolved each one to introduce at the least one new comer. Make each meeting full of life, power, prayer, love and zeal. I confess I am sorry that the catechism is not still the text-book, for I believe it is a good ground-work, and keeps you near the most important subjects. Discussions upon the new theories of the day drive away the Spirit of God; the old wine is the best.

"Your leaders are men of experience, and have my fullest confidence, and, what is more, my most sincere love. Always support them and back them up; and then let your motto be '*advance*.' Push into the unconquered regions. There ought to be more work done close at home around the Tabernacle. The time for outdoor services will soon be upon us; see what you can do beyond what is yet done. Sunday schools in many places are pining for want of teachers, and ragged schools still more so. Where there is a gap fill it.

"The Lord be with you. Please pray for me, that I may return strengthened in spirit, and soul, and body.

"With Christian love, yours very heartily,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from February 19th to March 19th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. M. Tutton	5	0	0	Mr. Evans	0	10	6
W. S.	0	1	0	Mrs. Bagster	1	0	0
Mr. W. C. Sutherland	0	10	0	Mr. J. Early	0	10	0
<i>Barrington</i>	8	0	0	Collection at Sloane Square Chapel	7	8	0
The Misses Dransfield	4	4	0	Mrs. Sedcole	0	9	4
Mrs. Barnes	1	1	0	M. A. Taylor	0	3	0
J. G. D.	0	10	0	Miss H. MacLeod	2	0	0
A Working Man	0	5	0	A. B.	0	5	0
Mr. D. G. Patterson	0	5	0	Friends at Kingswood and Wotton-			
Mr. J. Smith	10	0	0	under-Edge, per Mrs. Griffiths	2	7	0
Mr. H. Eastman	1	0	0	Mr. J. Griffiths	12	13	0
H. M.	2	0	0	Mrs. Isabella Gray	1	0	0
Miss Bullock	1	1	0	Mrs. Hare	0	5	0
Mr. E. Ingle	6	7	0	Weekly Offerings at Tab., Feb. 22	38	1	6
A Thursday Night Hearer	5	0	0	" " " March 1	30	2	9
A Thankoffering	0	8	0	" " " " 8	32	2	3
Mrs. Corke	0	2	6	" " " " 15	36	0	6
Reader of "The Sword and the Trowel,"							
J. H.	0	5	0				
Mrs. Maskell	1	0	0				
Mrs. Knight... ..	0	16	11				
					£206	14	3

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 19th to March 19th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Odd Farthings and Halfpence taken at				Mr. S. Bradley	0	2	6
the Metropolitan Store	0	9	6	Mr. M. Tutton	5	0	0
Mr. James Mills	5	0	0	W. S.	0	1	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Children of Free Church Sabbath School,				Mr. B. T. Jennings	0 3 0
Enzio	0 11 8	Mr. Leaver	0 3 0
Mrs. Lofthouse	0 5 0	Collected by Mrs. Salisbury and Mrs.
T. P. C.	0 12 0	Sibery, at Brockley Road Chapel	1 5 0
Mr. J. F. Yeats	1 0 0	A Friend	5 0 0
Mr. E. E. Gowing	3 0 0	W. S. W.	0 5 0
Miss Parker's Bible Class, per Rev. D.	M. P.	0 5 0
Asquith	1 0 0	M. A. W.	2 0 0
Mrs. Evans	0 5 0	Mr. R. Ryman	5 0 0
A Friend from Sale of Rubbish	18 0 6	Miss M. Ryman	5 0 0
A Friend	0 5 0	Miss E. Ryman	5 0 0
Mr. G. Ross	0 5 0	H. and W.	0 12 0
Jim and Maggie	0 5 0	A Thankoffering, per C. H. S.	1 0 0
Miss Jeffrey	0 2 6	A. B.	0 10 0
Mrs. Thursby	0 10 0	Friends at Kingswood and Wotton-
Mr. E. Midgley	0 10 0	under-Edge, per Mrs. Griffiths	12 19 6
Mrs. Hassell	5 0 0	Mr. J. Griffiths	2 0 6
J. G. D.	0 10 0	J. P.	5 0 0
A Working Man	0 5 0	Collected by Mrs. Legge	1 6 6
Glenshee	0 5 0	A Friend, per Isabella Gray	0 10 0
Mr. James Bain	0 10 0	Mr. and Mrs. Grange	2 0 0
H. C.	1 0 0	Mrs. Fulkis	0 10 0
A Working Man's Wife	0 1 6	A Friend, Banff	0 5 0
Drem	0 5 0	Mr. J. F. Yeats	5 5 0
Mr. G. Sheppard	0 1 0	Annual Subscriptions:—
Wimbleton	0 10 0	Miss Webster	1 1 0
H. M.	2 0 0	Mr. D. Heelas	1 1 0
Brough	1 0 0	Mrs. Rouse	1 1 0
Mr. P. Pedley	1 0 0	Per F. R. T.:—
Mrs. Hague	1 0 0	Miss Townes	0 5 0
Mrs. Booth	1 0 0	Miss Humphrey	0 5 0
John, Baxter and Annie Booth	0 3 0				0 10 0
A Widow, per Mrs. Ward	1 0 0	Per Mrs. Withers:—
A Thursday Night Hearer	5 0 0	Mr. J. Huntley (annually)	2 0 0
Mr. P. Lamont	0 10 0	Mr. J. O. Cooper	1 0 0
Mr. J. Reed	1 10 0	Mr. W. Moore	1 1 0
Mary Ann	1 0 0	Mr. R. Oakshott	0 5 0
Mr. John Glog	5 0 0	Mr. J. Withers (quarterly)	0 5 0
Miss Boyd	1 0 0	Mrs. Blackman	0 1 1
A Few Sermon Readers at Glen	2 2 0				4 12 1
Proceeds of Lecture at Willingham, per				£152 2 2
Rev. W. Jackson	2 2 0				
E. G.	0 2 0				
Mrs. Wells and Sister	0 10 0				
A Friend, J. D.	2 0 0				
Collected by a Servant	0 12 0				
Mr. T. Sargent	0 7 6				
A Sermon Reader, Enfield	0 3 0				
A Young Lad's First Earnings	0 2 0				
Mrs. Corke	0 2 6				
A Friend	0 10 0				
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	0 14 10				
Miss Charlotte King	1 0 0				
Mr. Maskell	1 0 0				
Bazaar Goods, per Mrs. Phillips	1 0 0				
Mr. T. Threlfall	1 0 0				
Mr. Barelli, per F. R. T.	1 0 0				
Sunday School, Bushey, per Rev. W.				
Rolls	3 7 0				
Mr. J. Early	0 10 0				
Mrs. Baker	0 12 0				
W. J. B.	1 0 0				
Infant Class, Chipping Norton, per Mr.				
E. Burbridge	0 12 7				
Mr. Wake	0 10 0				
Mr. F. Bliss	0 5 0				

Special Contributions for Completion of recent Enlargement.

	£	s.	d.
Messrs. Rogers	10 0 0
Mr. Duncan	50 0 0
Per Mr. Murrell:—			
Mr. Huntley	10 0 0
Mr. Rickett	10 0 0
E. B.	20 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. Krell	10 0 0
Mr. Murrell	10 0 0
Mr. Passmore	10 0 0
Mr. R. Evans	5 0 0
Mr. Mead	5 0 0
Mr. Mitcalf	5 0 0
Mr. Mills	5 0 0
			*90 0 0
			£150 0 0

* Making, with £10 acknowledged last month, a total of £160.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—Provisions:—Sack of Flour, per S. E. R.; 58lbs. Bacon, E. D. O.; a Pig, J. Burrill; Ton Potatoes, T. M.; 4 Pots Jam and a Mince Pie, Anon.; Box Valencia, ditto Currants, Mr. Llewellyn.

Clothing, &c.:—3 pairs Boys' Boots, Mr. Smith; 50 Flannel Shirts, The Misses Dransfield; Parcel of Old Clothing, H. E. E.; 3 Point Lace Collars, C. H.

Books, &c.:—One Year's Numbers of "Sunday at Home," Mr. Lesty; 15 Library Books, The Misses Watts.

Donations, &c.:—Mr. Copping, 8s; Morley Mea, 2s 3d; Girls of the Stockwell Training College Practising Schools, per Miss Potter, Feb. and March, £1 0s 7d; W. J. Evans, 2s; Mrs. Jacobs, 5s; Offering at First Communion of the Tunbridge Wells Baptist Church, £1 10s; Proceeds of a Recitation, 7s 2d; Mr. W. Harrison, £2 2s; Mr. Pigott, £1; Mr. C. Ruck, £2 2s. Donations after Rev. A. Murrell's Lecture at Regent's Park Chapel:—Mr. Beeton, £1; Mrs. Bell, £1; Anon., 10s; Mrs. Healey, £1 1s; Mr. White, 5s; Mr. Ellis, 2s; Anon., 3s; Ditto, 1s; The Chairman, Colonel Griffin, £5; Mr. Hawthorn, £1.—Total, £119 1s.

College Buildings.

Statement of Receipts from February 20th to March 19th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. S. Fairey	1	1	0	T. H.	0	5	0
Mr. C. Thompson	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Hudson	0	5	0
H. M.	1	0	0	A Friend, Banff	0	5	0
Mr. W. Carter	0	10	6	Rev. T. King	50	0	0
W. M.	10	0	0	A Friend, per Mr. King	5	0	0
Mr. D. McPherson	4	0	0				
Oxolde, Cambridge	0	12	6				
R. S. A.	1	0	0				
					£74	10	0

Further Contributions Received by H. Rylands Brown towards College Buildings.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Per Rev. T. D. Cameron, "A Working Man in Lochee"	1	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Bailey	0	5	0
Per Rev. Eli E. Walter, Liverpool:—				Madlle. Deoubois	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. Eli E. Walter	2	0	0	Rev. Tenjet	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. W. J. Cumings	0	4	6	Miss Johnson	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Edwards	0	12	6	Mr. H. Moore	0	2	6
" " Tomkins	1	9	0	Mrs. S. Cooper	0	2	6
" " Clarke	1	9	0	Mrs. Johnson	0	2	6
" " Johns	3	0	0	A Friend	0	2	6
" " Bain	0	14	6	Mrs. Bunting	0	2	0
" Miss Woolhard	1	5	6	Mrs. Newman	0	2	0
" Mr. J. Evans	0	13	6	Mrs. Johnson	0	2	0
				Mrs. J. Salisbury	0	2	0
				Lillie and Charlie	0	4	0
	11	8	6	Per Rev. R. T. Lewis, Hantslope:—			
Less P. O. O.	0	1	3	R. T. Lewis	0	5	0
				Mr. M. Merry	0	2	0
Per Rev. G. T. Edgley, New Swindon (collection)	5	5	0	Mr. D. Merry	0	1	0
Per G. Alway, Mr. H. Alway	1	1	0	Mr. T. Peach	0	1	0
Per Rev. C. T. Johnson, Coalville:—				Mr. E. Woodland	0	1	0
Rev. C. T. Johnson	1	0	0	Mr. S. Adams	0	1	0
Young Men's Bible Class	1	1	0	Mr. J. Lane	0	2	6
Per Mrs. Johnson, collected in pence	0	13	6	Mrs. Smith	0	1	6
Mr. C. Stankey	0	15	0				
Mr. Porter	0	10	0	Per Rev. Mr. Dunnington, Newhaven:—			
Mrs. J. Smith	0	10	0	Half Proceeds Service of Song, per Mr. W. J. Mayers	2	10	0
Profits of College Tea Meeting	0	10	0	Mr. O. Evans	2	2	6
A. E. Johnson	0	5	0				
					£45	15	9

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Subscriptions:—				H. Olney, Esq.	1	1	0
Shepperton District	5	0	0	Horatio Marshall, Esq.	5	0	0
Burney District, per Rev. G. W. Olding	17	10	0	Mr. Heelas	1	1	0
Miss Hadfield, for Isle of Wight District	10	0	0	Mrs. Mackrell	0	6	0
Elders' Bible Class, Metropolitan Tabernacle	5	0	0	A. B.	0	6	0
W. M. Grose, Esq., for Stoke-on-Trent District	16	13	4	Donations:—			
J. Wilson, Esq.	0	10	0	Mr. Marshall	0	5	0
A. Wilson, Esq.	0	10	0	Mrs. Hinton	0	5	0
Mr. Nisbet	0	10	0	J. H.	0	2	6
T. P. B.	0	10	0	W. S.	0	1	0
Mr. T. Cameron	0	5	0				
T. H. Olney, Esq.	1	1	0				
					£65	16	10

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.



THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MAY, 1874.

The Value of Bible and Tract Distribution.



OBJECTIONS rain thickly on every work for God. That worldlings should oppose is but natural, but it is surprising that even Christian folk should be so cautious and wise in pointing out the faults and failings of every holy effort. Revivals, we are told, are too exciting. Why make ye this ado? Personal dealing is obtrusive. Am I my brother's keeper? Free distribution of the Word of God is wasteful, and scattering tracts broadcast is almost useless, besides being decidedly offensive. Whatever is done for Christ is not done as it ought to be, and when one inquires the correct *modus operandi* it is found to be so orderly, so considerate, so prudent, so lukewarm, as almost to amount to doing nothing at all.

Well is it that workers for the Lord are not easily turned aside from the labours of love which they believe are laid upon them. Of the inestimable value of true revivals we have a heart-assuring evidence in the present glorious work in Britain. Of the importance of personal dealing with souls religious annals testify unmistakably, and of the usefulness of a wide circulation of the word of God and a free distribution of gospel tracts ever and anon we hear of striking corroboration.

A most remarkable example of the value of free distribution of the word of God has recently reached my ears. A well-known evangelical minister of Christ lately made a tour in Canada. Arriving at an out-of-the-way village, he found a lively assembly of French Christians, who were walking in the love of God and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost. They had their church and school-house, and, moreover, a college for the training of the young. At their head was a venerable

minister of ninety, his white hair flowing over his shoulders, quite a patriarch in appearance. Surprised to find a flourishing church in such a place, the visitor inquired by what instrumentality such a work had been brought about. The aged pastor went to his closet and produced a small French Testament, literally worn out.

"This," said he, "was the commencement of the work. More than half a century ago, a lady passing through this place presented me with this little Testament. I was a Roman Catholic, but the perusal of this book, so freely given to me, was the means, through the Holy Spirit's enlightenment, of my regeneration. I was the first convert. I lent it to others, thence followed another conversion, and another, until our number has reached three hundred. For years the priest persecuted me, and at length offered a large sum of money if I would give up the Bible, but when he found all his efforts unavailing he desisted; and now we are a happy united community, with our church, our schools, and our college."

Here then is an instance of the importance of giving away the Word of God, and gospel tracts. Owing to the gift of a small Testament, costing a few pence, one soul was snatched as a brand from the burning, and other converts were gathered in, resulting in a precious work of grace in a remote quarter of Canada.

CHEYNE BRADY.

The Friends of the Blind in South London.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

PROBABLY in this age of societies, and of philanthropic machinery in general, there are no agencies existing more effective for real good than those which are instituted, watched over, and sustained by private individuals. The church has no workers more deserving of our encouragement and gratitude than those volunteer evangelists, who, without being chargeable to any, yet assail the kingdom of darkness with no mean success. They select their own ground, and while, perhaps, they begin by encountering opposition, they ere long win the confidence and even the affection of the people for whom they labour. We have nothing to urge against societies as such, and especially have we nothing but good to speak in behalf of that most admirable one the London City Mission, which has done more in communicating blessings to the poor than could be told on paper. Nevertheless, we feel the profoundest respect for any, who through love to the Lord Jesus, as well as solicitude for their fellow-men, can labour singlehanded among the most neglected classes. There is an encouragement such as earth cannot give, as they go forward with a noble indifference to their own comfort, resting in the Lord alone. Two of the best known of these hard working men are Dr. Barnardo, who has chosen Stepney and Limehouse as his empire, and Mr. Orsman, of Golden Lane; but there are others who bear names less familiar to the ears of the outside world, stars of smaller magnitude, but true lightbearers notwithstanding. The success of these in the service of

Christ is often found to be no less remarkable than that of their more popular brethren, and therefore we are glad to give them honourable mention.

On a sunny Sabbath afternoon not very long ago, I called at the house numbered 38, in Kennington Road, Lambeth, having heard that a novel kind of mission was there in operation—a mission to the blind poor of the district, the controlling genius of which is a working house-painter. The time was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and the superintendent happened to be standing at the doorway of the passage leading to "the hall," speaking to a man about the claims of the gospel, and on hearing this it at once became evident that I had found my destination. The house is not as yet exclusively occupied as a mission station, but serving the ordinary purposes of trade during the week, it becomes a meeting place for its afflicted visitors on the Sabbath. The limited funds will not allow of more extended operations at present. Entering and walking along the passage, I at once discovered that I had called two hours before the sightless assembly would come together. A number of Sabbath-school children were in occupation, while in another department ample supplies of tea and bread-and-butter were being prepared for expected guests.

Again entering "the hall," about half-past five, the sight I had come to see at once presented itself. It was a novel spectacle, inspiring emotions both of satisfaction and of pain; for some forty persons, whose ages ranged from the years of childhood to those of feeble old age, were regaling themselves with tea and the usual accompaniments, and, notwithstanding their peculiar affliction, gave unmistakable signs of enjoying the occasion. Mr. Hampton, the working painter, was regarded by the guests as their host, as master of the ceremonies, and as a final court of appeal in any differences of opinion which might occur. Welcome guests seldom find a more genial entertainer; and while partaking of the refreshment which he offered his friends, he was far too considerate to occupy a seat, but walked hither and thither with a slice in one hand and a mug in the other, the picture of anxiety lest any should lack attention. At the desk another gentleman, called over a roll of names of those persons who properly belong to the fraternity, and who receive threepence a week for a guide to conduct them to this place of worship—*e.g.*, "Mr. Toffles?" "Here!" "Mrs. Smith?" "HERE!" "Mr. Sweeting?" "Here!" and so on, the replies in most instances being given in a key betokening strong lungs, but as the names chosen are fictitious, no invidious comparisons are made.

The feast was a provision for which poor blind persons were alone eligible, and this is put down in the programme of the institution as "a substantial tea." There was no stint. Good plain bread-and-butter, and half-pint mugs of tea were provided *ad libitum*. This humble repast is now a part of the regular weekly routine, and is consequently looked for by the afflicted people as a preliminary pleasure to the service of prayer and preaching which follows. To take a hurried inventory of the company is to realise in one's own mind how grateful the tea and food must be to the poor people immediately concerned. Our deepest sympathy is awakened, seeing that all kinds of blindness

are represented. Of course there are some who have never seen ; some have their eyelids closed, while others have their sightless organs so far preserved that you almost imagine they are watching your movements, till you look again, and in their keen sense of touch, as their hands move cautiously hither and thither, and in their indifference to what is happening around them, you read that they are blind indeed, and proportionately helpless. In the midst of such a scene we learn the value of our Creator's priceless endowment, sight, and by looking upon others' deprivations we realise the blessedness of our own more favoured lot.

The object of the mission is to reach those blind persons who are in the depths of poverty. In order to get these together their guides must be paid for, and as they cannot do this themselves it is most fitting that the small fee should be made one of the expenses of the mission. If the guide-money be looked upon as a difficulty and expense, it has at least this advantage, that it brings the guide also under the influence of the gospel, and that personage is generally as needy as the blind friend whom he conducts to the service. The tea is also a needful attraction, and no doubt many have come to hear of Jesus who would not have done so had it not been for the hope of a good meal. Poor souls, standing all the week-days in the streets, with cheap goods to sell, or playing music, or turning mangles, or making baskets, or vegetating in the workhouse, a comfortable tea is a vast pleasure to them, and they value the kindness which supplies it. No people are more likely to receive what is spoken than those who are already favourably impressed towards their teachers by their generous care of them. It is true it would be wrong to attract people in general to religious worship by loaves and fishes, but this is a special case, where poverty and affliction create an exception and call for special treatment. From the abodes of destitution these poor blind ones are gathered, and if at first they come in order to have their hunger relieved they soon learn to love the service for a higher reason, and would gladly come even where there no tea at all. If they could do without the guide-money they would gladly do so, and would cheerfully contribute to help others, but their poverty is extreme, and indeed it is that very poverty which has made them the clients of the South London Mission. Other blind people can go with their friends to their own churches and chapels, and need not be separated from the general community, but in this case there are reasons growing out of their poverty which make the present effort as needful as it is Christlike.

The promoters of this little mission to the poor blind of South London seek to reach persons of all ages, and whether the young or the aged most deserve our sympathy and succour it were difficult to determine. Adults who are afflicted with blindness are properly objects of commiseration, for particular reasons ; but the kind heart bleeds at the sight of little children of tender age who do not remember to have ever seen the light, and such were found in "the hall," at 38, Kennington Road. The little ones naturally congregated together at one end of the room, and with their mugs of tea and plates of bread-and-butter before them, their features were lit up with childish satis-

faction. It is really wonderful to behold how a little of the bread that perisheth, when it accompanies Christianity, can lighten heavy affliction. Indeed, it is a part of our religion itself to help those who are naturally incapacitated for helping themselves, and this is finely exemplified in the self-denying action of Mr. Hampton, whose solicitude for the blind of his neighbourhood prompts him to devote the whole of his leisure time to their welfare. One who can thus gather the poor together to instruct them in the oracles of the living God well testifies his gratitude for grace received by himself.

Such a man is James Hampton, the founder and superintendent of the South London Mission to the Blind. He is a man of small pretensions, claiming to be nothing more in the world than a poor working painter; but he belongs to the honourable class who support their households by honest labour, and freely devote their spare hours to the work of God. That our friend was directed to his present undertaking by an overruling Providence none will doubt who know the peculiar circumstances of his case. It was his happy lot to find peace with God through attending the public ministry of Mr. Spurgeon at the Metropolitan Tabernacle; and, to show his grateful appreciation of blessings received, he opened his own house as a preaching station. Among the persons who made a part of the motley congregation there came several who were blind, and of the poorer sort. Many thoughts suggested themselves in his mind, and through seeing the forlorn condition of a few, his attention was directed to the many who, without any certain means of obtaining a livelihood, spend much of their time wearily upon the inhospitable streets. These people appeared to be especially without that spiritual instruction so necessary to all; but on being sought out and invited to attend the services now instituted for their benefit they gladly came. The accommodation became too narrow, and consequently "the hall" in Kennington Road was occupied at a weekly rental of seven and sixpence. Then it was, as one informs us, that "a little band of Christian working men formed themselves into a committee to hold up the hands of dear Brother Hampton." The mission has grown, and still shows a disposition to increase, so that, were funds forthcoming, eighty instead of forty, poor blind persons might be entertained each Sabbath afternoon at the "substantial tea." It should be remembered that the work does not end in "the hall," the limited area of which is oftentimes quite inadequate to accommodate those who come to hear the word. The indigent blind, who are peculiarly liable to find themselves plunged into deep distress, are visited at their several homes, and besides receiving the consolations of the gospel, have their temporal wants relieved so far as funds will allow. There is also a sick and provident club attached to the mission.

While moving about the little hall in the Kennington Road, as the mugs of tea and plates of bread-and-butter are being rapidly emptied, one is tempted to ask what was the first cause of these people's misfortunes—how did they become blind? I heard of one who while walking the street was deprived of sight in an instant through being struck in the face by the tail ladder of a hay cart which happened to swing round towards the pathway. There is another, by trade an

iron-moulder, who was blinded by hot metal splashing into his eyes, to the sore grief and privation of his wife and three children, who by the accident lost their former standing in the world. Yonder, moreover, is a widow who became blind soon after her husband's death, and she has several children unprovided for. Another subject is a hammerman, nearly eighty years of age, who has been blind for thirteen years, and who is dependent for support upon the labours of his aged wife. In one instance at least a man and his wife both suffer from the like affliction of loss of sight, and find their life path one of bitter hardship.

Such are a few samples of the people among whom our volunteer evangelist labours with a devotedness worthy of his faith, and that the fruits of his toilsome seed-sowing should already begin to appear is what might naturally be expected. Several genuine conversions have occurred from time to time, and some of those who have been thus affectionately compelled "to come in" have died in Christ triumphantly, and have thus given back to their instructors a better reward than could be represented by any earthly wealth or honour. That benefactors of the blind like Mr. Hampton and his friends should be hindered in their operations by want of funds is a matter of regret rather than of surprise. They have gone about their work in a modest manner, amounting almost to stealthiness; and, having made so little noise in the world, the public, which would have gladly rendered assistance, has not as yet even heard of them. Better days are coming. Now that a deserved publicity is given to the operations of a valuable little mission, we shall be glad to hear that a generous public has become its patron.

[Mr. Hampton has long been known to us as a singularly persevering worker. He is only a common house-painter, but for a long time he paid all the charges of his little mission, and received no help, except from our pocket. We always believed that he would work his small effort into something extensive, and we think so still. A few friends at the Tabernacle are the main subscribers to the slender funds, and his good friends who form his committee, mostly working men like himself, do their very best, but still the work is confined to a small range from want of funds. We have so very much to do, that we cannot take it up or find more money, and yet it is so good a work in all ways that it ought to be carried on upon a large scale. A small chapel is needed, and means for gathering together at least a hundred every Lord's-day. This number would be within the power of Mr. Hampton and his friends, and could be looked after efficiently.]

One evening we gave our blind friends a tea at the Tabernacle, and they were about the happiest tea party we ever invited. We felt a far greater happiness in thus spending our loose cash than if we had invited our rich friends. The gratitude expressed was very fervent. Our company, too, was select; there were characters there, men whose tales were worth hearing, and would make you both laugh and cry. Lovers of sensations should hear the true stories of blind men who have begged in the streets or supported a miserable existence by practising tricks in public-houses; they would have no need to read novels if they would listen to the vivid recitals of the poor blind. If any Christian man

desires to gather interesting facts and learn what the grace of God can do, let him talk with poor believers, raised up from the lowest ranks of society, these can tell him what life is, both on its black and bright side, and none can do this better than the destitute blind.

Our young men frequently preach to Mr. Hampton's gatherings, and very amusing are their stories of the dogs at service. Perhaps one dog has his foot trodden upon and snaps; another is moved to howl at some disputed point in the preacher's theology; and a third thinks it must be time that his blind master should be on the move. We heard some joke from one of the preachers about saints being canine-ised while yet alive, but the young dog who thus misbehaved himself received our most solemn warning upon the crimes of punning and pocket-picking, which the learned Dr. Johnson has shown to have a mysterious connection with each other. There can be no doubt that the merriest of people are to be found among the blind, and our young friend had caught the contagion.

Mr. Hampton is often at his wit's end for his weekly money. We are always glad to see him, but we shall be glad to dispense with the pleasure if some other source of supply will open. He never comes to his pastor unless he is very hard driven, for he knows our burdens; and if others who have less to do would help him, he would never come to us at all, except for our regular annual donation. Already the society owes Mr. Hampton a considerable sum, but perhaps this little word from Mr. Pike may bring out his work into the light, and float it into deeper waters. Good has been done, great good, and we rejoice in it. It is pleasing to see that blind company clustering around our pulpit at the Tabernacle on certain Sabbath evenings, and to hear the poor souls as they add their hearty *amens* to our prayers. Some of them can see a great deal more than the many bright-eyed sinners who gaze on *us*, but do not look to our Lord.—C. H. SPURGEON.]

Wandering from the Subject.

BRAMWELL was a plain preacher in the States, and to some extent an uncultivated preacher; but he was full of faith and zeal, and his ministry was attended with marvellous power. He was preaching in a little village on one occasion, and the German minister, Trubner, was induced to go and hear him. Trubner was a very cultivated scholar, and a profound critic; and when some of Bramwell's friends saw him there they said, "Alas! alas! for poor Bramwell, how Trubner will criticise him!" Precious little did Bramwell care for him, or for all the philosophers under the sun. He preached, and set before his audience the everlasting gospel of Jesus Christ, and when Trubner went out of the church one of his friends said to him, "How did you like him? Don't you think he wanders a good deal in his preaching?" "Oh, yes," said the old Lutheran, "he do wander most delightfully from de subject to de heart."—*From the "Teacher's Cabinet."*

A Glorious Sisterhood.

(Extracted from "*Facta non Verba.*" By the Author of "*Contrasts.*")

WE will now cast a short glance over the aggregate of the labours of a few earnest Protestant ladies; and I submit that the most devoted admirer of conventual life must perceive that there is no convent which, since the first establishment of these institutions, has ever performed a greater amount of labour, or whose exertions, if we are to judge the tree by its fruits, have received more plainly and emphatically the divine blessing.

Through the exertions of Miss Rye, aided at the commencement of her labours by her friend Miss Lewin, 178 governesses have not only been assisted to emigrate, but honourable situations have been found for them in the colonies; 1,500 female servants have also been provided with good situations in Australia and New Zealand. During Miss Rye's exertions in these colonies, she made three voyages to Australia and New Zealand. Afterwards she collected from the streets and parish workhouses no fewer than 1,200 "gutter children"—nineteenth girls—whom she has taken to Canada and placed in good and respectable families, where they are brought up as honourable members of society. To accomplish this she has crossed the Atlantic no fewer than twelve times.

For the emigration of boys, Miss Annie Macpherson has crossed the Atlantic ten times, taking with her no fewer than 1,800 of the wild street arabs of the East-end of the metropolis. These she has not only placed in respectable families in Canada (chiefly farmers') but has established an agency there of unpaid co-operators, who watch that the boys are well taken care of, and in case they lose their situations by any accidental cause of their own or their employers, immediately find them other occupation. It will thus be seen that no fewer than 3,000 children have been taken by these noble-minded women from the gutters and back slums of London, and placed in comfortable and respectable homes in the new country.

Miss Mary Merryweather, after working considerable reformation and improvement in the factory schools at Halstead, has superintended the education and training, as well as the direction, of no fewer than 323 nurses, each in her way as efficient as a first-class Sister of Charity, three of whom are already at the head of other training institutions, having many pupils under them, and nine others have been placed in situations of great trust. Apart from this fact, the nursing of several first-class hospitals is under her management, as well as the poorer and most squalid districts of Liverpool.

Still more surprising is the result of Miss Johanna Chandler's labours. From first taking under her charge a poor paralysed carpenter, she has by degrees worked her way on, assisted as she went by friends who gathered round her, with the greater earnestness as her labours increased. Not only has she established a hospital which, if not without parallel in the world, has certainly, from the peculiar diseases it receives, no superior, but she has also established and organised a Convalescent Hospital, now doing an immense amount of good. She

has, moreover, collected funds to establish forty-eight annuities for incurable paralytics and epileptics, and money is now, happily in her case, flowing in with such liberality as to give hopes that the number of annuities will soon be vastly increased.

Miss Gilbert has established and superintended an Institution by which, with its different co-operating agencies in the country, nearly one thousand blind people have in great part placed in their hands the means of supplying themselves by their own labour with the necessities of life, the remainder being supplemented with subscriptions obtained through her agency and that of her friends.

Through the exertions of the Quakeress, Mrs. Hilton, a crèche has been established in the poorest parts of Ratcliff, which, without counting many other advantages, is the means of maintaining in food, cleanliness, and health more than one hundred infants.

Miss Mary Carpenter has not only been the originator and organiser of one of the best Reformatory Schools for Boys in England, but has at the present time one hundred and twenty children in her Ragged School, who, through her own exertions and the co-operation of friends, are found in food and taught industrial labour. In the same locality she has established an excellent Workmen's Club and Reading-rooms. Besides a dwelling-house for working boys at the most dangerous period of their existence, where they are well lodged and fed, Miss Carpenter has also established an Industrial School for one hundred boys, unsurpassed for the excellence of its management by any in England, as well as an admirable Reformatory for Girls. These are all under her personal control.

Mrs. Harrison (Adeline Cooper) has erected through her indefatigable exertions a magnificent model lodging-house, containing 234 inmates. She has also established a Working Men's Club of 250 members, conducted on temperance principles, and the "One Tun" Ragged School, with 200 children; altogether between 700 and 1,000 individuals being connected with this one institution, who, while many of them lead a life of great poverty and privation, maintain as honourable a reputation for integrity and good conduct as any class in society.

Miss Sarah Robinson's labours and success have scarcely been less wonderful than the others. She has not only done immense good among the wives and families of the soldiers, assisted in reclaiming many of the miserable women who haunt the camp, but has induced 1,435 soldiers to take the temperance pledge, and is at present occupied in erecting a magnificent Soldiers' Institute at Portsmouth, where the men and their wives returning from foreign service may be sheltered from the sharks who would otherwise prey upon them; while Mary Whately has in Egypt converted in her schools many Moslem children to the Christian religion, and instructed many hundreds more, male and female, in the usages of civilised society, thereby preparing the ground for the good seed which afterwards, with God's blessing, may be cast upon it.

I will now submit to the reader the following question. Had those ladies, the brief sketch of whose lives and labours I have given, been the inmates of a convent, no matter how well organised, and under a set of rules drawn up by even the most liberal-minded priests, could the

result of their labours have been greater, or have conferred more honour on the country of which they are natives, or the religion which they profess? Would the poor sightless girl, Miss Gilbert, who, without any figure of speech, has taught the blind to lead the blind, and neither fall into the ditch, have done more good had she been a nun, more or less secluded? Had the others I have named chosen St. Mary Alacoque as their model instead of Dorcas, the "woman full of good works and almsdeeds which she did," their devotion could hardly have conferred greater benefits on mankind, and would certainly have been less intelligible.

Nor should it be supposed that in the names mentioned I have selected those whose labours were the most honourable, or who would be likely to give the greatest strength to the thread of my arguments, for that would be doing many others a very great injustice. I have, on the contrary, taken them without any special purpose of the kind, simply as they presented themselves to my notice. Should the reader doubt this assertion, the following few facts will tend to prove its truth. Admirable as have been the labours of Miss Sarah Robinson in the army, they are not more honourable, or do greater credit to Protestantism, than those of Miss Weston in the navy, nor is the good she has effected more distinguishable. Like Miss Robinson, she holds that the great ruling power of evil in the navy is the same as in the army—the demon of drunkenness. And holding that the power of gentleness is the great woman's province, Miss Weston adopted gentle remonstrance and persuasion with our sailors; and although there still remains an immense amount of evil, she has at the same time indisputably effected a vast amount of good. I have not under my hand the number of sailors who have by her persuasion signed the pledge, but they amount, I am informed, to some thousands; and if occasionally relapses unfortunately take place among them, they are few indeed when compared with those who still remain true to the pledge they have taken. Possibly one of the principal causes of the fidelity with which the sailor who has taken the pledge still keeps it, even amidst the immense amount of temptation thrown in his way, may be attributed to the correspondence Miss Weston keeps up with those who have joined the temperance movement through her instigation. Speaking of the number of ships with the crews of which she corresponds, she says:—"Of this number, 112 are at the moment at which I write 'in commission;' and as her Majesty's navy consists of about 222 commissioned vessels, it will be seen at a glance that my present field of work comprises *one-half* of our active navy. On board some of the larger ships I have as many as 250 Christian men on my list. The total number on my books stands at present between 1,000 and 2,000 names."

Another lady's name might be quoted whose life has been as useful to society as those I have already mentioned, although in a different sphere of action. This lady has exerted herself with immense benefit to the city of Shrewsbury in the cause of temperance. The amount of good she has effected appears almost incredible, when it is considered as the work of one woman, with a band of courageous helpers whom she has gathered around her. There is scarcely a drunkard's family in

the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury which she has not visited, or on whom she has not conferred some benefit, either morally or physically.

Again, the efforts of Mrs. Meredith would form an example quite equal to any I have quoted. Her mission has been to collect, under the authority of the Government, the female ticket-of-leave convicts, and to supply them with respectable occupation.* Many hundreds, through her means and that of her associates, have been prevented from again falling into a career of crime and sin. Even some of the offshoots from her excellent institution are most interesting in themselves. One is an asylum for the children of female convicts, established by the Hon. Miss Cavendish, situated near Addlestone, in Surrey. This institution is a perfect gem in its way. A number of cottages have been erected, in each of which some twelve children are placed under the charge of a matron, where they are carefully brought up, and the predisposed tendency to wrong, so often distinguishable in the children of the female drunkard, is by constant care and attention eradicated.

The labours, also, of Mrs. Hinde Smith, of Leeds, are as great and beneficial as any I have mentioned. In London, again, Miss Octavia Hill has done much in reforming the dwellings of the poor; and, in point of benevolence of motive and common shrewd sense, her labours cannot be surpassed in England. Through the agency of some friends, who supplied her with the means, she has entered, with her life in her hand, into the most filthy and squalid dens in the metropolis—such, in fact, as might possibly make an inspector of nuisances or a sanitary officer hesitate before entering. She has not only instituted, in the minds of the wretched inmates, the advantages of cleanliness, but by the means placed at her disposal she has expended upon their dwellings sufficient sums to put them in good and tenantable repair, fitting them up with every sanitary precaution and means of cleanliness. After having purchased the premises, she demanded from the tenants a moderate sum in increase of rent, sufficient to counterbalance the expense in improvements, thereby inducing habits of providence and self-dependence. The success which has attended her efforts proves, in an indisputable manner, that even the most depressed and degraded may be taught these advantages for their own benefit.

Again, the name of Miss Louisa Twining, with her school for girls, might also be brought forward as well worthy of all honour. In fact, there is hardly a town in England in which some Protestant lady may not be found exerting herself in a good cause, and with as much beneficial effect as any I have mentioned.

Although the instances I have quoted have been those from the middle class in society, unaided, at the commencement certainly, by any powerful friends or patrons, those in the class of society below them are as many, even when proportionate numbers are taken into

* It is stated that Mrs. Meredith and her lady co-operators have found respectable and remunerative occupation for more than five hundred female ticket-of-leave convicts. The labours of Mrs. Godfrey Armytage, and her lady friends, in aid of the discharged female prisoners in the West Riding Industrial Home have been equally surprising. Had either of these ladies been the reverend mother of a convent, and her friends nuns, could they have done more to benefit their unfortunate *protégées*?

consideration. One I could mention, a quiet-looking little Scotchwoman, who some years since, through the death of a relative, inherited a yearly income barely sufficient for the most moderate necessities of life, gave up all other employment, without any priestly advice or instigation from those above her, and dedicated the whole of her life to assisting the liberated female prisoner to find respectable employment, thus giving her the means of quitting the society of her old associates and commencing life anew. At the early hour in the morning when female prisoners are liberated from the different metropolitan gaols in which they have been incarcerated, this little woman is to be seen standing at the gate, and addressing them as they come out, neutralising frequently, to a considerable extent, the baneful effects and persuasions of the released prisoner's associates, male and female, who are standing by to lead her back to her evil ways. The different modes of action adopted by her and her opponents are well worthy of consideration. While the little Scotchwoman attempts, by all the persuasive language at her command, to induce them to come with her to some Home, either Mrs. Meredith's, or some smaller asylum or refuge supported or conducted by other ladies, the devil's advocate urges them to follow him. The struggle is a difficult one for the Scotchwoman, for while her arguments are indisputably stronger than those of her opponents, they, on their side, have an ally of tremendous strength—the gin-shop, which is invariably brought under the notice of the poor released prisoners doubting which way to go, and which too frequently turns the balance. To go at any length into the labours of the good Samaritans who are to be found in the lower class of society, would be to intrude too much on the patience of the reader. Again, it would be difficult for me to know where to stop, for on bringing to mind the different instances of kindness the poor exhibit to one another, each successive one brings before me another equally beautiful, or more so; and thus I might be induced to carry my examples to an inconvenient length.

Forward.

PRESSED on all sides by the enemy, the Austrian General Melas sent a messenger to Suwarrow, asking whither he should "retire." Suwarrow wrote with a pencil, "Forward."

That pencil wrote a word immortal—a word which, in the memory and admiration of mankind, shall outlive a thousand boastful records on storied marble—a word which no lapse of ages can rase out.

That word is on the heart, too, of every living Christian. "Forward" in the way of life, let what will require to be sacrificed and left behind. "Forward" where duty calls, be the front of opposition never so appalling, the peril of defeat never so imminent, to the eye of carnal reason. "Forward" wherever the footsteps of Jesus are seen to guide his followers. "Forward," still "forward," until the joy and glory of his presence have been reached. Can such a soldier of the cross be overcome? With infinitely higher grounds of confidence than any cause belonging to this life affords, we answer—Never! never!

How Old are the Baptists ?

BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIS, MANCHESTER.

A YOUNG friend of mine was told the other day by a minister of the Church of England that the Baptists were but three hundred years old. If this be correct we frankly yield the palm of seniority to the church to which that good man belongs, which as we all know was established in 1547, under the constitution drawn up by Cranmer in the reign of Edward VI., and possesses, therefore, an historical claim to an antiquity of three hundred and twenty-seven years. If it date its existence from Henry's Act of Royal Supremacy in 1534 it will be thirteen years older. Still, as we ought not to be beholden to others for information so intimately concerning our own affairs, we will endeavour to answer the question for ourselves by tracing back our pedigree.

Our existence in the present century is not likely to be questioned. We need only point in evidence to our twenty-two thousand churches with their one million eight hundred thousand members, about a quarter of a million of whom reside in Great Britain ; to the £150,000 we expend every year in our various societies, exclusive of the cost of the maintenance of public worship in our churches ; and to such names (not to mention living men) as Knibb, Judson, John Foster, Robert Hall, which are not unknown outside the limits of our own denomination. Has all this organisation sprung up like a mushroom in a night, or did we exist in the eighteenth century ?

In the end of the eighteenth century the pioneer movement for foreign missions was commenced. Carey, Fuller, Pearce, and other God-inspired men organised the Baptist Missionary Society, which has since been followed by so many noble kindred organisations. Soon afterwards the Baptist Home Mission was formed for evangelising the dark places of our own land. Were we in existence before this time ?

In the seventeenth century Kiffen was sixty-one years pastor of the Baptist church in Devonshire Square, London ; much persecuted in the way of fines and imprisonment by the dominant Episcopalian church. Vavasor Powell, an apostolic name well known in Wales, was immured in English prisons for several years till he died in his cell. Keach, pastor of the Baptist church in Southwark (the same which now worships in the Metropolitan Tabernacle), was pilloried for writing in support of believers' baptism. Delaune, a scholar and a Baptist, for writing his masterly "Plea for the Nonconformists," was thrown into Newgate and left there till he died. "I am sorry to say," Defoe observes, "he is one of near eight thousand Protestant Dissenters that perished in prison in the reign of that merciful prince, King Charles II., and that merely for dissenting from the church on points which they could give such reasons for as the 'Plea' assigns ; and for no other cause were stifled, I had almost said murdered, in jails for their religion." It is hardly needful to mention John Bunyan as another example of firm adherence to Baptist principles, nor his incarceration in Bedford jail as an additional instance of the persecution to which the

maintenance of those principles subjected men in the seventeenth century. Had we any existence before that time?

The church at Hill Cliffe, in Cheshire, on the banks of the Mersey, existed in the sixteenth century; its earliest certain date is 1523; it is said to have been already an old church then. Leonard Bouwens, in Holland, baptised during his lifetime upwards of ten thousand persons: his countryman, Menno Simon, introduced multitudes into the churches. Between the Eifel mountains on the Rhine and Moravia, not less than fifty Baptist churches existed at this period, some of them having six hundred members. The Baptist church has been unfairly identified with the monstrosities perpetrated at Munster, in Westphalia, in 1534; the truth being that certain persons who held Baptist sentiments fell into absurd millennarian theories, from which their brethren were free. These fanatics, who for the time seized upon the city of Munster, were, virtually, armed Mormonites. They indulged in a plurality of wives, expected Christ to reign for a thousand years, and imagined themselves commissioned to take forcible possession of the earth in his name. Motley calls them "furious lunatics who deserved the madhouse rather than the scaffold." They entail no stigma on the Baptist churches; they stand or fall alone. This was a century of persecution: Sebastian Franck records that within a few years two thousand Baptists had testified their faith by imprisonment and martyrdom. At Salzburg eighteen persons were burnt in one day. A maiden of sixteen was carried in the arms of the executioner to the horse trough, thrust under water, and there held till life was extinct. Such scenes mark the existence of the Baptist church in the sixteenth century.

In the fifteenth century great numbers of the Lollards, the disciples of Wycliffe, held the doctrine of believers' baptism. Wycliffe himself had not professed it, though he denied that infant salvation hinged on infant baptism. He held that the value of a sacrament must depend on the mind of the recipient, and not on the external act of the priest. This doctrine needed little improvement, and accordingly many of the Lollards pursued their great master's teaching to its legitimate conclusion. Historians expressly affirm that they refused to baptise their infant children, for which obstinacy they were made to smart. Were there any who held believers' baptism previously to this?

In the fourteenth century these doctrines were professed by the Waldenses of Bohemia. Some indeed retained infant baptism; the majority rejected it, and among them the practice of believers' baptism prevailed. They suffered in the fires at Prague. In this century also the Council of London employed itself in the condemnation of Baptist heretics.

In the thirteenth century the Waldenses bear the lamp amid the surrounding gloom. Many treatises written against them in that century are still extant. We discern no uniformity in these free churches: a small number retained infant baptism; some in their recoil from superstition entirely rejected both ordinances; the larger part held believers' baptism.

A Waldensian confession of the twelfth century is thus expressed. "We consider the sacraments as the signs of holy things. We regard

it as proper and necessary that believers use the symbols when it can be done. Notwithstanding which, we maintain that believers may be saved without these signs when they have neither place nor opportunity of observing them. We acknowledge no sacraments as of divine appointment but baptism and the Lord's Supper." This confession needs no comment. In this century the Council of Toulouse and the two Councils of Lateran condemned those heretics who denied infant baptism because of the absence of faith in the child. Henry of Lausanne, an ex-monk, preached like an apostle in Switzerland and France with astonishing success, baptising believers. He died in prison about the middle of the century. Peter of Bruys laboured in the south of France, and was martyred in 1124. "Baptism," said he, "performed in infancy is no baptism, since it lacks the essential ingredient, faith in Christ." Was believers' baptism held previously to this ?

In the eleventh century Berengar, a famous teacher, taught thus at Tours : "Christ requires of thee that in the faith that God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son as a propitiation for our sins, thou shouldst submit to outward baptism to represent how thou oughtest to follow Christ in his death and in his resurrection." "As far as it is in their power, they overturn the baptism of little children;" so said the Bishop of Liege of Berengar and his pupil Bruno. Berengar died in 1088, and it is said that in the next century there were 800,000 persons who professed his doctrines.

In the tenth century, the darkest age, there existed a numerous body of scriptural believers, the Paulicians of Thrace. They had their rise three centuries before, and were named from their adherence to the teachings of the apostle Paul. Unanimously casting off baptismal regeneration and transubstantiation, they were divided into two parties, whereof one rejected outward ordinances entirely, as the Quakers do, the other held the ordinances as pertaining to believers.

In the ninth century lived Sergius, a great Paulician preacher. When a young man he had been asked by a Christian woman why he did not read the gospels and epistles. "It is not lawful," said he "but for the priests." She enlightened and interested him; he read, believed, devoted himself to Christ, and preached for thirty years in Western Asia. In the fourteen years from 832 to 846, 100,000 Paulicians were put to death, and Sergius was one of the victims in this great holocaust.

The eighth century. The sect of the Paulicians, which in this century was numbered by hundreds of thousands, was the candlestick from which the light of truth beamed across the surrounding darkness. We have already given sufficient account of their belief.

To the seventh century belongs the story of Constantine, the founder of the Paulicians. In 653 he entertained, at his house in Armenia, a stranger, who had in his possession a copy of the gospels and epistles. This treasure the stranger left with the host in return for his hospitality: Constantine found in these books, as in a casket, the pearl of great price; he became a Christian, and preached for twenty-seven years with vast success the truths he had received, living a noble life, which was, as usual in those days, crowned with martyrdom. The officer who executed the warrant for his apprehension was converted

and became his successor. Were there any who practised believers' baptism before this time?

In the sixth century we meet with the Novatians, whose founder had lived three centuries before. They separated on the ground of church purity, holding that the church should consist of godly persons. They were Puritans. They baptised all who joined their churches on profession of faith, treating any former baptism in those corrupt times as null and void.

Boniface, the bishop of Rome, wrote in the fifth century to Augustine of Hippo in much perplexity respecting the application of the baptismal service to infants. It had been composed for believers. Boniface wondered how the sponsor could justly reply on behalf of the infant, "I believe," when not only was the babe unable to believe, but no one could tell whether it would believe when it should become able. The good bishop was in the same difficulty with the school boy whose clergyman examined him in the catechism. Question: "What is required of persons to be baptised?" Answer: "Repentance, whereby they forsake sin; and faith, whereby they stedfastly believe the promises of God." Question: "Why, then, are infants baptised, when by reason of their tender age they cannot perform them?" Said the boy, "Why, indeed?"

In the fourth century the Donatists had their rise. Like the Novatians they separated on the ground that the church should consist of godly persons, and baptised or re-baptised on profession of faith all who joined their churches.

The third is the century of Novatian. He had been baptised during a dangerous illness, by having water poured on him as he lay in bed. This hydropathic treatment resulted in his complete recovery. He was afterwards nominated to the bishopric of Rome, but his strict views of church purity being well known, his clinic baptism was made a pretext for opposing his election. Many seceded and elected him their pastor, thus constituting the Novatian church. The Novatians and Donatists being dissenters suffered accordingly; the prisons were crammed with them, and many were put to death. Infant baptism began in the middle of this century, being established at the Council of Carthage in Africa, the darkest part of the church at that time. Its first practisers had the consistency to administer to infants the Lord's Supper as well as baptism. Tertullian indignantly protested against the spread of the error.

In the second century the practice of the church regarding baptism is sufficiently clear from the account given by Justin in his *Apology*. "As many as are persuaded and believe what we teach is true and undertake to conform their lives to our doctrine, are instructed to fast and pray, and intreat from God the forgiveness of their sins, we fasting and praying with them. They are then conducted by us to a place where there is water, and are regenerated in the same manner as we ourselves were regenerated, for they are washed in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit." This use of the word "regeneration," though objectionable to our minds, is probably no more than an allusion to Titus iii. 5, and it does not obscure the testimony respecting the belief in those days as to the subjects and mode of baptism.

In the first century the practice of the apostles as described in the New Testament is clear. They baptised those who professed faith in Christ. The jailor and his rejoicing, believing household, Lydia with the "brethren" of her household (Acts xvi. 40), Stephanas and his household, "the firstfruits of Achaia unto Christ," "addicting themselves to the ministry of the saints," were all baptised. The eunuch on profession of faith, even Simon, on a like profession, though it afterwards appeared to be a mistaken one, and the believers at Pentecost, were baptised; nor do we read of a single case of baptism in which there is not evidence of faith preceding. Thus careful were the apostles to observe their Master's rule, "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved."

The Baptist church is as old, therefore, as Christianity; and the practice of believers' baptism has been held in unbroken continuity from apostolic times. There was more than a witticism in the speech of a certain good man who said he had not been able to discover any traces of other denominations in the Bible; he did not read of Peter the Primitive Methodist, nor of John the Presbyterian, nor of Thomas the Independent, nor of James the Episcopalian, nor of Matthew the Wesleyan; but he did read of John the Baptist.

The Welsh Calvinistic Methodists.

BY PASTOR J. L. KEYS, OF STREATHAM.

(Continued from page 181.)

THE apostolic men who were called of God to the work of Reformation in the Principality, an outline of whose earlier labours we attempted in a former paper, little dreamed that after-generations would regard them as the "Founders of Methodism," or that the church they loved, and to whose doctrines and discipline they thought themselves most loyal, would brand them as dangerous schismatics. They, like their Divine Master, "cared for the sheep" committed to their charge, and seeing that the hirelings around them were either supine or superstitious, and cared not for their flocks, they broke through or overleaped the barriers of parochial limitation, and though their angry neighbours, who cared more for the fleece than for the flock, awoke and howled as they saw their charge led by others into the green pastures of divine truth, they held on their way. Like the shepherd king they could say, "By thee have I run through a troop, and by my God have I leaped over a wall." If they ever heard the voice which speaks to all who are found in unholy alliance, "Come ye out from among them and be ye separate," their early prejudices and education were for a time loud enough to drown the voice of conscience, and to keep them in what they then thought to be the true church, corrupt as they knew her to be. Nevertheless, he who had bidden them come out from her midst, while father-like he pitied his children, remembering that they were dust, and would therefore cleave to the dust, found other means to sever the union. The determined hostility

of the clergy and of the ungodly, both in the church and outside of it, effected by degrees this end, the Lord making the wicked his rod to scourge his servants out of the world's church, and to drive them close together in the fellowship of suffering for the reproach of Christ.

If "they who will live godly must suffer persecution," what must be the lot of those who, by the grace of God, not only will live godly themselves, but will spend and be spent to turn others to righteousness? The answer in the case of these servants of the Lord was most emphatic, as the following samples of the treatment they received will abundantly show.

"Howell Harris had to endure more personal abuse than any of his brethren, and probably the mob took more liberty with him, because, unlike the other leading men in South Wales, he was not an ordained clergyman. On one occasion, having barely escaped with his life from the hands of a mob in Monmouthshire, he made in the direction of his home. About two o'clock in the morning, and almost fainting from loss of blood, he was able to reach a farmhouse occupied by a Mr. Walter Rumsey. He knocked at the door, and feebly asked for admittance. Mrs. Rumsey heard and recognised the voice, and at once let him in. He presented a sad picture. His clothes were torn, his face covered with blood, his body bruised, and his head cut in no less than thirteen places. Mr. and Mrs. Rumsey were zealous friends of the cause for the sake of which he had thus severely suffered, and all that the tenderest love could devise was done in his behalf, but he was obliged to remain under their hospitable roof for a week before his strength was sufficiently recovered to enable him to leave."

We shall give a few extracts, in his own words, from an Autobiography published in 1791 :—

"My life being now in danger in several places by the mob, especially in February, 1739, when they found I could not be prosecuted as a rioter, because it did not appear that I disturbed the peace, yet in Montgomeryshire a knight, a clergyman, and two justices, whilst I was discoursing, came, attended by a constable, with the mob, and took cognisance of me and such as met together to hear my exhortation in a place unlicensed; then they began to charge me with a breach of the Conventicle Act. I told the magistrate that I was a Conformist, and for that reason not subject to the penalties of that statute. Then they said that they would consult the best lawyers in order to know if there was a law to be enforced against me, and if there was that I might expect to suffer its utmost extremity. My persecutors thus continued to threaten me until Session came on, at which time a lawyer was consulted, and the case was dropped.

"After my dismissal I went to Merionethshire, where I trust the Lord blessed the seed sown to some. In my return from thence I came by Dinas Mawddwy, and discoursed there, and at the request of a friend I went on to Machynlleth; but at my first entrance there I found none were disposed to receive me. However, I proposed to preach the gospel to such as met in the street, being placed in an open window or door in an upper room, but I was obliged to desist by the noise of the multitude, who continued hallooing, threatening, swearing, and flinging stones, or anything they could lay their hands on; and

especially by an attorney's coming up to me with such rage and fury in his looks, and his mouth so full of the language of hell as if his name was *Legion*, and with him a gentleman and a clergyman in the same spirit and language to head the mob. One of them discharged a pistol at me. I received no hurt, but was obliged to go among them into the street, not expecting that I should escape alive, seeing every circumstance threatened me with death. But my hour was not yet come ; though they used me ill, yet I was miraculously preserved." On another journey Harris and a fellow-labourer were set upon by the mob with the utmost rage and fury ; he thus describes the scene:—"They tore both my coat-sleeves, one quite off, and took away my peruke, I being now in the rain. *Oh, sweet bareheadedness under the reproach of Christ!* Having little silence, I discoursed on, but soon they hallooed again and pelted me with apples and dirt, flinging stones in the utmost rage about me. I had one blow on my forehead, which caused a rising, with little blood. Many friends would have me give over in the tumult, but I could not be free to do that till the storm would be over, and God be glorified over Satan." The suffering of his companion, Mr. Seward, were even greater than his own, for on this same journey he received a furious blow on his right eye, which caused him much anguish ; and as it affected his left, he was obliged to be led by the hand blindfold for some days, till at last he became totally blind of it. Peter Williams, too, came in for his share of persecution for righteousness' sake. On one occasion his assailants amused themselves by leading his horse to the neighbouring marsh, compelling it to leap the numerous dykes which abound there, expecting the rare fun of seeing the preacher tumbling off. His clever horsemanship disappointing them, they hit upon another expedient, and tried to make him drunk, dragging him into a public-house, and trying to force him to drink ; but he disposed of the beer in quite an unexpected fashion, pouring it into his boots ; this seems an odd expedient at first sight, but doubtless he had the wit not to pour it on the ground for them to see, but slyly took it away in his extemporised leather bottles. These were the "roughs" who thus maltreated God's servants, but the "upper ten" were not a whit behind the vulgar crowd in their ingenuity of malice. Sir Watkin had Williams arrested at Wrexham, and brought into his presence, and after examining him committed him to the dog-kennel, where he had to remain for the night. "In the morning he was set at liberty, and hastened to a friend's house. The constables who had by authority arrested him on the previous day thought to do a little business on their own account, and so followed him. His host, guessing their purpose, took charge of his watch, and well he did ; for these worthies searched him, and appropriated all the money they could find upon him, which amounted to three shillings and sixpence. Our readers will not be shocked when we say that he took snuff. The constables took possession of his snuff-box, but at his earnest entreaty were kind enough to return it. Possibly they would not have returned it unopened if they had only known that besides containing a quantity of the sweet-scented dust, it contained half-a-guinea."

No more cruel persecutors of these servants of God were to be found

than some of the clergy. One of these, says our author, was a "tyrant out-and-out," the Rev. John Owen, the Chancellor of Bangor. In his neighbourhood there lived a poor but honest mechanic, who, having a knowledge of music, lead the parish choir. The Spirit of God led him to reflect upon the mockery in which he and his companions were engaged; he read his Bible, went to hear the word preached, and at length found peace and rest to his troubled conscience through the blood of Christ. He soon began publicly to exhort his neighbours to flee from the wrath to come; and immediately the aforementioned rector and some of his magisterial accomplices had the poor man, a widower, torn away from his motherless little ones, and together with "a whole batch of his Methodist neighbours, sent on board a man of war, where he sickened and died, far away from the helpless orphans from whom he had been so ruthlessly torn."

The preachers and exhorters were not alone in the honour put upon them by being made "to bear in their bodies the marks of the Lord Jesus," as they would often style their afflictions. Those who received them into their houses were often made partakers of their sufferings, and not a few were ejected from their farms, workshops, and cottages, and rendered houseless and penniless for the sympathy and succour they extended to the preachers of the word, but they suffered cheerfully the spoiling of their goods for Christ's sake and the gospel's. One Margaret Hughes, a widow, who held a farm, opened her house for Methodist services. "She was served with notice to quit, and upon the expiration thereof was turned out with all her goods and chattels, and having no home to go to, she was obliged to take up her abode under a temporary shelter thrown up in a corner of a common. It was a wretched home, which could not protect her or her little household from either wind or rain; but she bore it bravely for the sake of Christ. And even here she did what she could. Her poor habitation was made a house for God, and the services which had been excluded with her from the comfortable home from which she had been so mercilessly expelled, were continued under her roof of twigs and branches."

In the inspired page we find it written that a woman, because of her love to her Lord, obtained the gracious commendation, "Verily I say unto you, whosoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her." In the page of the history of Welsh Methodism, too, are to be found the names of holy women, whose zeal and self-sacrifice will never be forgotten. One of these was "a poor woman named Lowri Williams, who with her husband lived at a fulling-mill, called Pandy Chwillog, near Pwllhei. The husband was not a decidedly religious man, but he encouraged Methodistical services by attending them with his wife, and for that reason they were turned out of their home, but Providence led them to another Pandy, in the parish of Maentwrog, Merionethshire. Here they were at a great distance from the religious means which the wife so greatly loved. The two nearest places at which they were held were Brynenggan on one side, and Bala on the other, and the former of these was at a distance of fifteen and the latter eighteen miles. By dint of

much labour Lowri Williams succeeded in getting preachers now and again from great distances to hold services at her own house. Their ministry and her good conversation were blessed to the conversion of a number of people. A society was formed in the place, numbering eight members, who continued for a time to be called 'The Noah's Ark Family.' This was a small beginning, but the increase was truly marvellous. The earnest prayers and persevering zeal of this humble woman were the means of establishing in the north-western portion of Merionethshire no less than *eighteen churches*, and those, before she was called to her rest, had so increased as to number together about *a thousand communicants*. It is not strange, therefore, that to this day she is designated 'Lowri Williams the apostle.' There were places in a neighbouring wood where she spent much time alone, wrestling with God, and it is said that there were red paths leading from her house to those Peniels, where many a time she prevailed and carried away with her a blessing for her own soul and for her perishing neighbours. *She would not let any living man alone.* As sure as any one talked with Lowri Williams he would have to listen to something about his own soul and about him who came to seek and to save that which was lost, and often were her words a blessing to those to whom they were spoken. On one occasion a young man who was on his way to one of the merry-makings, which were then so frequent in Wales, called at her house to inquire for the safe place to cross a neighbouring stream. She accompanied him out and gave the necessary directions. Just as she was turning back she asked him, 'Now, my young man, are you in the habit of inquiring the way to everlasting life sometimes on the Sabbath?' 'No, never,' was the reply; 'I do not care at all about such things.' 'Then,' said she, 'come here to my house at such a time, and there will be a man showing the way to heaven.' 'Not I, indeed,' said the young man, and away he went to his amusement. But Lowri Williams had spoken, and her words did not usually fall to the ground. She had prayed, and her prayers were not often left unanswered. The words cleaved to the young man's conscience, and he found himself constrained to go to her house at the appointed time to hear about the way to heaven. From that time he became a traveller in that way, and God made him an eminently useful one. Griffith Ellis, for that was the young man's name, joined the company of eight in the little church, and so made them one too many to be called 'The Noah's Ark Family' any longer. He proved a great blessing to his district, and travelled frequently and far to procure preachers to proclaim the everlasting gospel to his perishing neighbours. His lofty piety and holy conversation made him the terror of all the sinners in the neighbourhood, and even the clergyman of his parish, much as he loved cock-fighting, would never venture to meet him with a cock under his arm. It mattered nothing whom else he would come across, he would walk along bearing his game bird without the least shame or fear, but if he caught a glimpse of Griffith Ellis coming to meet him, one of two things would surely happen—either the reverend gentleman would turn round and walk hastily away, or the captive bird would be set at liberty."

Another remarkable instance of great results arising from the faithfulness of a small number, and these too, as in the previous instance,

of the "weaker sex," is thus recorded. "The Rev. W. Davies, of Neath, had been invited to preach at a small chapel at a considerable distance from home, where, on his arrival, he found three unmarried sisters, somewhat advanced in life, occupying together an adjoining house, and in very humble circumstances. In this house he was entertained, and humble enough was his fare. A few people came together to hear the sermon, and Mr. Davies preached with great pleasure to himself and to his audience. After the service he inquired of the sister who attended on him what was the number of the church. 'There are only we three,' was the reply. 'We are trying between us to keep up the cause. One of us cleans and opens the chapel; another attends to the preachers' horses; while I have the honour of attending on the preachers themselves. We hold a Society in the chapel once a week, and leave the door open to any who may wish to join us.' When Mr. Davies was about to leave she tendered him sixpence for his services. At first he declined to receive it; but she pressed him, saying, that it had been dedicated from their small means unto the Lord, and that they were very sorry that their deep poverty made it impossible for them to devote more to the same purpose. After some years Mr. Davies visited the place again, and found the church increased to *one hundred and eighty members.*"

With one other mode of self-sacrificing service for the church of Christ, one altogether out of the usual catalogue of Christian labour, but evidencing a zeal for the spread of the gospel and determination to win souls to the Saviour, not second to the labours of those who in season and out of season preached the Word, we shall leave this part of our subject. In the earlier stages of the movement, when the ministers and exhorters were very few, the word of the Lord was indeed precious, and very eager were the godly few to hear the voice of a servant of the Lord, not merely for their own edification, but that the ungodly around might be brought in. But how to get at these preachers many leagues apart, with no public conveyances, in a wild and mountainous country, was the difficulty. Nevertheless, when ordinary Christians would have contented themselves with praying and waiting, and withal seeing many lions in the way, these poor people, determined that the apostolic men, whose help they prayed for, should hear a voice saying, "Come over and help us;" so they went and spake in their ears their earnest entreaties, lions or no lions. Some worked hard, saved a few shillings from their scanty earnings, and then trudged off for days or weeks till they had secured promises of gospel service from one or more gifted to preach the Word. In the north, where the Methodist movement had not spread, as it had done in the south, this was especially the case. In one place in the north it became the custom among the few humble believers to make a collection to enable one of their number to go south, to a periodical gathering where there would be a number of preachers, and beg of some of them to take a tour through portions of the north. This duty was undertaken by one Catherine Owen, the wife of a humble exhorter. "With the small sum of twenty-five shillings in her pocket this woman would start on her pilgrimage of upwards of *a hundred miles* of rough roads and bleak mountains. She made that journey *seven times*, and on several occasions

returned jubilant, having not only heard Rowlands, and enjoyed the delightful feasts of Llangeitho, but having likewise secured promises of visits to the north from as many as fifteen preachers."

Such were the men and women of those days; such their zeal for the cause of Christ, their self-sacrifice and entire consecration to his interests. The result was such as might have been expected. The Word of the Lord grew and multiplied, and in almost every district throughout Wales great multitudes were converted to the faith.

The necessary limits of our paper preclude the possibility of even referring to the events which led to the development of this great work into a well-organised denomination. Mr. Williams' book gives a lucid account of these and kindred matters; such as the formation of a kind of communistic society, or religious colony, by the eccentric Howell Harris at Trevecca, where afterwards a college was founded by the aid of the Countess of Huntingdon, which college was the foundation of the present honoured institution at Cheshunt. We have merely selected such incidents as we thought calculated to encourage workers for Christ to be instant in season and out of season; the persecuted to believe that nothing has happened to them but such as is common to the favourites of heaven; the humblest and poorest of the saints to be assured that in the most obscure situation there is some mode of service for them which may in its issues bless thousands of souls; and all to desire such a thirst for souls that it may be said of each, "HE COULD LET NO LIVING MAN ALONE."

"Forward."

BEING THE ADDRESS DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON, AT THE COLLEGE
CONFERENCE, ON TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 14, 1874.

BRETHREN, the substance of my address this morning will be found in the words of God to his servant Moses, "*Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward.*" "Forward" is the watch-word of our Conference, let it ring through your ranks. Onward, ye elect of God! victory is before you, your very safety lies in that direction. To retreat is to perish. You have most of you read the story of the boy in an American village who climbed the wall of the famous Natural Bridge, and cut his name in the rock above the initials of his fellows, and then became suddenly aware of the impossibility of descending. Voices shouted, "Do not look down, try and reach the top." His only hope was to go right up, up, up, till he landed on the top. Upward was terrible, but downward was destruction. Now, we, dear brethren, are all of us in a like condition. By the help of God we have cut our way to positions of usefulness, and to descend is death. To us forward means upward; and therefore forward and upward let us go. While we prayed this morning we committed ourselves beyond all recall. We did that most heartily when we first preached the gospel, and publicly declared, "I am my Lord's, and he is mine." We put our hand to the plough: thank God, we have not looked back yet,

and we must never do so. The only way open to us is to plough right on to the end of the furrow, and never think of leaving the field till the Master shall call us home. But this morning you committed yourselves again to the Lord's work; you did not deliberate, and consult with flesh and blood, but you plunged right in, renouncing all for Jesus, and except ye be reprobates ye have enlisted for life in the service of Jesus. You are the branded servants of Christ, bearing in your bodies his mark. You have now no liberty to serve another, you are the sworn soldiers of the Crucified. Forward is your only way; you are shut up to it. You have no armour for your backs, and whatever dangers lie in front there are ten thousand times as many behind. It is onward, or nothing; nay, onward or dishonour; onward, or death.

We were compared last night, in the eloquent address of our friend Mr. Gange, to the little army of Sir Garnet Wolseley marching to Coomassie; and the parallel was very beautifully worked out in all respects. Fellow-soldiers! we are few, and we have a desperate fight in the bush before us, therefore it is needful that every man should be made the most of, and nerved to his highest point of strength. It is desirable that you should be the picked men of the church, yea, of the entire universe, for such the age demands, therefore it is as to yourselves that I am most concerned that you should go forward. You must go forward in personal attainments, growing in gifts and in grace, in fitness for the work of God, and conformity to the image of Jesus. The points I shall speak upon begin at the bottom, and ascend.

1. First, dear brethren, I think it necessary to say to myself and to you that we must go forward *in our mental acquirements*. It will never do for us to continually present ourselves to God at our worst. We are not worth his having at our best; but at any rate let not the offering be maimed and blemished by our idleness. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart" is, perhaps, more easy to comply with than to love him with all our mind; yet we must give him our mind as well as our affections, and that mind should be well furnished, that we may not offer him an empty casket. Our ministry demands mind. I shall not insist upon "the enlightenment of the age," still it is quite certain that there is a great educational advance among all classes, and that there will be much more of it. The time is passed when ungrammatical speech will suffice for a preacher. Even in a country village, where, according to tradition, "nobody knows nothing," the schoolmaster is now abroad, and want of education will hinder usefulness more than it once did, for, when the speaker wishes his audience to remember the gospel, they on the other hand will remember his ungrammatical expressions, and will repeat them as a theme of jest, when we could have wished they had rehearsed the gospel of Jesus Christ one to another in solemn earnest. Dear brethren, we must cultivate ourselves to the highest possible point, and do this first by gathering in knowledge that we may fill the barn, then by acquiring discrimination that we may winnow the heap, and lastly by a firm retentiveness of mind, which lays up the winnowed grain in the store-house. The three points may not be equally important, but they are necessary to a complete man.

We must, I say, make great efforts to *acquire* information, especially of a Biblical kind. We must not confine ourselves to one topic of study, or we shall not exercise our whole mental manhood. God made the world for man, and made man with a mind intended to occupy and use all the world; he is the tenant, and nature is for a while his house; why should he shut himself out of any of its rooms? Why refuse to taste any of the cleansed meats the great Father has put upon the table? Still, our main business is to study the Scriptures. The smith's main business is to shoe horses; let him see that he knows how to do it, for should he be able to belt an angel with a girdle of gold he will fail as a smith if he cannot make and fix a horse-shoe. It is a small matter that you should be able to write the most brilliant poetry, as possibly you could, unless you can preach a good and telling sermon, which will have the effect of comforting saints and convincing sinners. Study the Bible, dear brethren, through and through, with all helps that you can possibly obtain: remember that the appliances now within the reach of ordinary Christians are much more extensive than they were in our father's days, and therefore you must be greater Biblical scholars if you would keep in front of your hearers. Inter-meddle with all knowledge, but above all things meditate day and night in the law of the Lord.

Be well instructed in theology, and do not regard the sneers of those who rail at it because they are ignorant of it. Many preachers are not theologians, and hence the mistakes which they make. It cannot do any hurt to the most lively evangelist to be also a sound theologian, and it may often be the means of saving him from gross blunders. Now-a-days we hear men tear a single sentence of Scripture from its connection, and cry "Eureka! Eureka!" as if they had found a new truth; and yet they have not discovered a diamond, but a piece of broken glass. Had they been able to compare spiritual things with spiritual, had they understood the analogy of the faith, and had they been acquainted with the holy learning of the great Bible students of ages past, they would not have been quite so fast in vaunting their marvellous knowledge. Let us be thoroughly well acquainted with the great doctrines of the Word of God, and let us be mighty in expounding Scripture. I am sure that no preaching will last so long, or build up a church so well, as the expository. To renounce altogether the hortatory discourse for the expository would be running to a preposterous extreme; but I cannot too earnestly assure you that if your ministries are to be lastingly useful you must be expositors. For this you must understand the Word yourselves, and be able so to comment upon it that the people may be built up by the Word. Be masters of your Bibles, brethren; whatever other works you have not searched, be at home with the writings of the prophets and apostles. "Let the word of God dwell in you richly." Having given that the precedence, neglect no field of knowledge. The presence of Jesus on the earth has sanctified the realms of nature, and what he has cleansed call not you common. All that your Father has made is yours, and you should learn from it. You may read a naturalist's journal, or a traveller's voyage, and find profit in it. Yes, and even an old herbal, or a manual of alchemy may, like Samson's dead lion, yield you

honey. There are pearls in oyster shells, and fruits on thorny boughs. The paths of true science, especially natural history and botany, drop fatness. Geology, so far as it is fact, and not fiction, is full of treasures. History—wonderful are the visions which it makes to pass before you—is eminently instructive; indeed, every portion of God's dominion in nature teems with precious teachings. Intermeddle with all knowledge, according as you have the time, the opportunity, and the peculiar faculty; and do not hesitate to do so because of any apprehension that you will educate yourselves up to too high a point. When grace abounds, learning will not puff you up, or injure your simplicity in the gospel. Serve God with such education as you have, and thank him for blowing through you if you are a ram's horn, but if there be a possibility of your becoming a silver trumpet, choose it rather.

I have said that we must learn always to *discriminate*, and at this particular time this point needs insisting on. Many run after novelties, charmed with every new thing; learn to judge between truth and its counterfeits, and you will not be led astray. Others adhere like limpets to old teachings, and yet these may only be ancient errors: prove all things, and hold fast that which is good. The use of the sieve, and the winnowing fan, is much to be commended. Dear brethren, a man who has asked of the Lord to give him clear eyes by which he shall see the truth and discern its bearings, and who, by reason of the constant exercise of his faculties, has obtained an accurate judgment, is one fit to be a leader of the Lord's host, but all are not such. It is painful to observe how many embrace anything if it be but earnestly brought before them. They swallow the medicine of every spiritual quack who has enough of brazen assurance to appear to be sincere. Be not children in understanding, test that which claims your faith. Ask the Holy Spirit to give you the faculty of discerning, so shall you conduct your flocks far from poisonous meadows, and lead them into safe pasturage.

But then, if you have the power to acquire knowledge, and also to discriminate, seek next for ability to *retain* and hold firmly what you have learned. Alas, in these times certain men glory in being weather-cocks, they hold fast nothing, they have, in fact, nothing worth the holding. They believed yesterday, but not that which they believe to-day, nor that which they will believe to-morrow; and he would be a greater prophet than Isaiah who should be able to tell what they will believe when next the moon doth fill her horns, for they are constantly changing, and seem to be born under that said moon, and to partake of her changing moods. These men may be as honest as they claim to be, but of what use are they? Like good trees oftentimes transplanted, they may be of a noble nature, but they bring forth nothing; their strength goes out in rooting and re-rooting, they have no sap to spare for fruit. Be sure you have the truth, and then be sure you hold it. Be ready for fresh truth, if it be truth, but be very chary how you subscribe to the belief that a better light has been found than that of the sun. Those who hawk new truth about the street, as the boys do a new edition of the evening paper, are usually no better than they should be. The fair maid of truth does not paint her cheeks and tie her head like Jezebel, following every new philosophic fashion; she is content with her own native

beauty, and in her aspect she is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. When men change often they generally need to be changed in the most emphatic sense. Our "modern thought" gentry are doing incalculable mischief to the souls of men, and resemble Nero fiddling upon the top of a tower, with Rome burning at his feet. Souls are being damned, and yet these men are spinning theories. Hell gapes wide, and with her open mouth swallows up myriads, and those who should spread the tidings of salvation are "pursuing fresh lines of thought." Highly cultured soul-murderers will find their boasted "culture" to be no excuse in the day of judgment. For God's sake, let us know how men are to be saved and get to the work; to be for ever deliberating as to the proper mode of making bread while a nation dies of famine is detestable trifling. It is time we knew what to teach, or else renounced our office. "For ever learning and never coming to the truth" is the motto of the worst rather than the best of men. I saw in Rome a statue of a boy extracting a thorn from his foot; I went my way, and returned in a year's time, and there sat the selfsame boy, extracting the intruder still. Is this to be our model? "I shape my creed every week" was the confession of one of these divines to me. Whereunto shall I liken such unsettled ones? Are they not like those birds which frequent the Golden Horn, and are to be seen from Constantinople, of which it is said that they are always on the wing, and never rest? No one ever saw them alight on the water or on the land, they are for ever poised in mid-air. The natives call them "lost souls," seeking rest and finding none. And, methinks, men who have no personal rest in the truth, if they are not unsaved themselves, are, at least, very unlikely to save others. He who has no assured truth to tell must not wonder if his hearers set small store by him. We must know the truth, understand it, and hold it with firm grip, or we cannot be of service amongst the sons of men. Brethren, I charge you, seek to know, and, knowing, to discriminate; having discriminated, I charge you "hold fast that which is good." Keep in full operation the processes of filling the barn, winnowing the grain, and storing it in granaries, so shall you mentally "Go forward."

2. We need to go forward in *oratorical qualifications*. I am beginning at the bottom, but even this is important, for it is a pity that even the feet of this image should be of clay. Nothing is trifling which can be of any service to our grand design. Only for want of a nail the horse lost its shoe, and so became unfit for the battle; that shoe was only a trifling rim of iron which smote the ground, and yet the neck clothed with thunder was of no avail when the shoe was gone. A man may be irretrievably ruined for spiritual usefulness, not because he fails either in character or spirit, but because he breaks down mentally or oratorically, and, therefore, I have begun with these points, and again remark that we must improve in utterance. It is not every one of us who can speak as some can do, and even these men cannot speak up to their own ideal. If there be any brother here who thinks he can preach as well as he should, I would advise him to leave off altogether. If he did so he would be acting as wisely as the great painter who broke his palette, and, turning to his wife, said, "My painting days are over, for I have satisfied myself, and therefore I am

sure my power is gone." Whatever other perfection may be reachable, I am certain that he who thinks he has gained perfection in oratory mistakes volubility for eloquence, and verbiage for argument. Whatever you may know, you cannot be truly efficient ministers if you are not "apt to teach." You know ministers who have mistaken their calling, and evidently have no gifts for it: make sure that none think the same of you. There are brethren in the ministry whose speech is intolerable; either they dun you to death, or else they send you to sleep. No chlorel can ever equal their discourse in sleep-giving properties. No human being, unless gifted with infinite patience, could long endure to listen to them, and nature does well to give the victim deliverance through sleep. I heard one say the other day that a certain preacher had no more gifts for the ministry than an oyster, and in my own judgment this was a slander on the oyster, for that worthy bivalve shows great discretion in his openings, and knows when to close. If some men were sentenced to hear their own sermons it would be a righteous judgment upon them, but they would soon cry out with Cain, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." Let us not fall under the same condemnation.

Brethren, we should cultivate a *clear* style. When a man does not make me understand what he means, it is because he does not himself know what he means. An average hearer, who is unable to follow the course of thought of the preacher, ought not to worry himself, but to blame the preacher, whose business it is to make the matter clear. If you look down into a well, if it be empty it will appear to be very deep, but if there be water in it you will see its brightness. I believe that many "deep" preachers are simply so because they are like dry wells with nothing whatever in them, except decaying leaves, a few stones, and perhaps a dead cat or two. If there be living water in your preaching it may be very deep, but the light of the truth will give clearness to it. At any rate labour to be plain, so that the truths you teach may be easily received by your hearers.

We must cultivate a *cogent* as well as a clear style; we must be forceful. Some imagine that this consists in speaking loudly, but I can assure them they are in error. Nonsense does not improve by being bellowed. God does not require us to shout as if we were speaking to three millions when we are only addressing three hundred. Let us be forcible by reason of the excellence of our matter, and the energy of spirit which we throw into the delivery of it. In a word, let our speaking be *natural* and living. I hope we have forsworn the tricks of professional orators, the strain for effect, the studied climax, the pre-arranged pause, the theatric strut, the mouthing of words, and I know not what besides, which you may see in certain pompous divines who still survive upon the face of the earth. May such become extinct animals ere long, and may a living, natural, simple way of talking out the gospel be learned by us all; for I am persuaded that such a style is one which God is likely to bless.

Among many other things, we must cultivate *persuasiveness*. Some of our brethren have great influence over men, and yet others with greater gifts are devoid of it; these last do not appear to get near to the people, they cannot grip them and make them feel. There are

preachers who in their sermons seem to take their hearers one by one by the button-hole, and drive the truth right into their souls, while others generalise so much, and are so cold withal, that one would think they were speaking of dwellers in some remote planet, whose affairs did not much concern them. Learn the art of pleading with men. You will do this well if you often see the Lord. If I remember rightly, the old classic story tells us that, when a soldier was about to kill Darius, his son, who had been dumb from his childhood, suddenly cried out in surprise, "Know you not that he is the king?" His silent tongue was unloosed by love to his father, and well may ours find earnest speech when the Lord is seen by us crucified for sin. If there be any speech in us, this will rouse it. The knowledge of the terrors of the Lord should also bestir us to persuade men. We cannot do other than plead with them to be reconciled to God. Brethren, mark those who woo sinners to Jesus, find out their secret, and never rest till you obtain the same power. If you find them very simple and homely yet if you see them really useful, say to yourself, "That will do for me;" but if on the other hand you listen to a preacher who is much admired, and on inquiry find that no souls are savingly converted, say to yourself, "This is not the thing for me, for I am not seeking to be great, but to be really useful."

Let your oratory, therefore, constantly improve in clearness, cogency, naturalness, and persuasiveness. Try, dear brethren, to get such a style of speaking that you *suit yourselves to your audiences*. Much lies in that. The preacher who should address an educated congregation in the language which he would use in speaking to a company of costermongers would prove himself a fool: and on the other hand he who goes down amongst miners and colliers, with technical theological terms and drawing-room phrases, acts like an idiot. The confusion of tongues at Babel was more thorough than we imagine. It did not merely give different languages to great nations, but it made the speech of each class to vary from that of others. A fellow of Billingsgate cannot understand a fellow of Brazenose. Now as the costermonger cannot learn the language of the college, let the college learn the language of the costermonger. "We use the language of the market," said Whitfield, and this was much to his honour; yet when he stood in the drawing-room of the Countess of Huntingdon, and his speech entranced the infidel noblemen whom she brought to hear him, he adopted another style. His language was equally plain in each case, because it was equally familiar to the audience: he did not use the *ipsissima verba*, else his language would have lost its plainness in the one case or the other, and would either have been slang to the nobility or Greek to the crowd. In our modes of speech we should aim at being "all things to all men." He is the greatest master of oratory who is able to address any class of people in a manner suitable to their condition, and likely to touch their hearts.

Brethren, let none excel us in power of speech: let none surpass us in the mastery of our mother-tongue. Beloved fellow-soldiers, our tongues are the swords which God has given us to use for him, even as it is said of our Lord, "Out of his mouth went a two-edged sword." Let these swords be sharp. Cultivate your powers of speech, and

be amongst the foremost in the land for utterance. I do not exhort you to this because you are remarkably deficient; far from it, for everybody says to me, "We know the college men by their plain, bold speech." This leads me to believe that you have the gift largely in you, and I beseech you to take pains to perfect it.

3. Brethren, we must be even more earnest to go forward in *moral qualities*. Let the points I shall mention here come home to those who shall require them, but I assure you I have no special persons among you in my mind's eye. We desire to rise to the highest style of ministry, and if so, even if we obtain the mental and oratorical qualifications, we shall fail, unless we also possess high moral qualities.

There are evils which we must shake off, as Paul shook the viper from his hand, and there are virtues which we must gain at any cost:

Self-indulgence has slain its thousands. Let us tremble lest we perish by the hands of this Delilah. Let us have every passion and habit under due restraint: if we are not masters of ourselves we are not fit to be leaders in the church.

We must put away all notion of self-importance. God will not bless the man who thinks himself great. To glory even in the work of God the Holy Spirit in yourself, is to tread dangerously near to self-adulation. "Let another praise thee, and not thine own lips," and be very glad when that other has sense enough to hold his tongue.

We must also have our tempers well under restraint. A vigorous temper is not altogether an evil. Men who are as easy as an old shoe are generally of as little worth. I would not say to you, "Dear brethren, have a temper," but I do say, "If you have it, control it carefully." I thank God when I see a minister have temper enough to be indignant at wrong, and to be firm for the right; still, temper is an edged tool, and often cuts the man who handles it. "Gentle, easy to be entreated," preferring to bear evil rather than inflict it, this is to be our spirit. If any brother here naturally boils over too soon, let him mind that when he does do so, he scalds nobody but the devil, and then let him boil away.

We must conquer—some of us especially—our tendency to levity. A great distinction exists between holy cheerfulness, which is a virtue, and that general levity, which is a vice. There is a levity which has not enough heart to laugh, but trifles with everything; it is flippant, hollow, unreal. A hearty laugh is no more levity than a hearty cry. I speak of that religious veneering which is pretentious, but thin, superficial, insincere about the weightiest matters. Godliness is no jest, nor is it a mere form. Beware of being actors. Never give earnest men the impression that you do not mean what you say, and are mere professionals. To be burning at the lip and freezing at the soul is a mark of reprobation. God deliver us from being superfine and superficial: may we never be the butterflies of the garden of God.

At the same time, we should avoid everything like the ferocity of bigotry. There are religious people about, who, I have no doubt, were born of a woman, but appear to have been suckled by a wolf. I have done them no dishonour: were not Romulus and Remus, the founders of the city of Rome, so fed? Some warlike men of this order have had power to found dynasties of thought; but human kindness and

brotherly love consort better with the kingdom of Christ. We are not to be always going about the world searching out heresies, like terrier dogs sniffing for rats, and to be always so confident of one's own infallibility, that we erect ecclesiastical stakes at which to roast all who differ from us, not, 'tis true, with fagots of wood, but with those coals of juniper, which consist of strong prejudice and cruel suspicion.

In addition to all this, there are mannerisms, and moods, and ways which I cannot now describe, against which we must struggle, for little faults may often be the source of failure, and to get rid of them may be the secret of success. Count nothing little which makes you even a little more useful; cleanse out from the temple of your soul the seats of them that sell doves as well as the traffickers in sheep and oxen.

And, dear brethren, we must acquire certain moral faculties and habits, as well as put aside their opposites. He will never do much for God who has not integrity of spirit. If we be guided by policy, if there be any mode of action for us but that which is straightforward, we shall make shipwreck before long. Resolve, dear brethren, that you can be poor, that you can be despised, that you can lose life itself, but that you cannot do a crooked thing. For you, let the only policy be honesty.

May you also possess the grand moral characteristic of courage. By this we do not mean impertinence, impudence, or self-conceit; but real courage to do and say calmly the right thing, and to go straight on at all hazards, though there should be none to give you a good word. I am astonished at the number of Christians who are afraid to speak the truth to their brethren. I thank God I can say this, there is no member of my church, no officer of the church, and no man in the world to whom I am afraid to say before his face what I would say behind his back. Under God I owe my position in my own church to the absence of all policy, and the habit of saying what I mean. The plan of making things pleasant all round is a perilous as well as a wicked one. If you say one thing to one man, and another to another, they will one day compare notes and find you out, and then you will be despised. The man of two faces will sooner or later be the object of contempt, and justly so. Now, above all things, avoid that. If you have anything that you feel you ought to say about a man, let the measure of what you say be this—"How much dare I say to his face?" We must not allow ourselves a word more in censure of any man living. If that be your rule, your courage will save you from a thousand difficulties, and win you lasting respect.

Having the integrity and the courage, dear brethren, may you be gifted with an indomitable zeal. Zeal—what is it? How shall I describe it? Possess it, and you will know what it is. Be consumed with love for Christ, and let the flame burn continuously, not flaming up at public meetings and dying out in the routine work of every day. We need indomitable perseverance, dogged zeal, and a combination of sacred obstinacy, self-denial, holy gentleness, and invincible courage.

Excel also in one power, which is both mental and moral, namely, the power of concentrating all your forces upon the work to which you are called. Collect your thoughts, rally all your faculties, mass your energies, focus your capacities. Turn all the springs of your soul into

one channel, causing it to flow onward in an undivided stream. Some men lack this quality. They scatter themselves and fail. Mass your battalions, and hurl them upon the enemy. Do not try to be great at this and great at that—to be “everything by turns, and nothing long,” but suffer your entire nature to be led in captivity by Jesus Christ, and lay everything at his dear feet who bled and died for you.

4. Above all these, we need *spiritual qualifications*, graces which must be wrought in us by the Lord himself. This is the main matter, I am sure. Other things are precious, but this is priceless; we must be rich towards God.

We need to know ourselves. The preacher should be great in the science of the heart, the philosophy of inward experience. There are two schools of experience, and neither is content to learn from the other; let us be content, however, to learn from both. The one school speaks of the child of God as one who knows the deep depravity of his heart, who understands the loathsomeness of his nature, and daily feels that in his flesh there dwelleth no good thing. “That man has not the life of God in his soul,” say they, “who does not know and feel this, and feel it by bitter and painful experience from day to day.” It is in vain to talk to them about liberty, and joy in the Holy Ghost; they will not have it. Let us learn from these one-sided brethren. They know much that should be known, and woe to that minister who ignores their set of truths. Martin Luther used to say that temptation is the best teacher for a minister. There is truth on that side of the question. Another school of believers dwell much upon the glorious work of the Spirit of God, and rightly and blessedly so. They believe in the Spirit of God as a cleansing power, sweeping the Augean stable of the soul, and making it into a temple for God. But frequently they talk as if they had ceased to sin, or to be annoyed by temptation, they glory as if the battle were already fought, and the victory won. Let us learn from these brethren. All the truth they can teach us let us know. Let us become familiar with the hill-tops and the glory that shines thereon, the Hermons and the Tabors, where we may be transfigured with our Lord. Do not be afraid of ever growing too holy. Do not be afraid of being too full of the Holy Spirit. I would have you wise on all sides, and able to deal with man both in his conflicts and in his joys, as one familiar with both. Know where Adam left you; know where the Spirit of God has placed you. Do not know either of these so exclusively as to forget the other. I believe that if any men are likely to cry, “O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?” it will always be the ministers, because we need to be tempted in all points, so that we may be able to comfort others. In a railway carriage last week I saw a poor man with his leg placed upon the seat. An official happening to see him in this posture, remarked, “Those cushions were not made for you to put your dirty boots on.” As soon as the guard was gone the man put up his leg again, and said to me, “He never broke his leg in two places, I am sure, or he would not be so sharp with me.” When I have heard brethren who have lived at ease, enjoying good incomes, condemning others who are much tried, because they could not rejoice in their fashion, I have

felt that they knew nothing of the broken bones which others have to carry throughout the whole of their pilgrimage.

Brethren, know man, in Christ and out of Christ. Study him at his best, and study him at his worst ; know his anatomy, his secrets, and his passions. You cannot do this by books ; you must have personal spiritual experience ; God alone can give you that.

Among spiritual acquirements, it is beyond all other things needful to know him who is the sure remedy for all human diseases. Know Jesus. Sit at his feet. Consider his nature, his work, his sufferings, his glory. Rejoice in his presence : commune with him from day to day. To know Christ is to understand the most excellent of sciences. You cannot fail to be wise if you commune with wisdom ; you cannot miss of strength if you have fellowship with the mighty Son of God. I saw the other day in a grotto a little fern, which grew where its leaves continually glistened and danced in the spray of a fountain. It was always green, and neither summer's drought nor winter's cold affected it. So let us for ever abide under the sweet influence of Jesus' love. Dwell in God, brethren ; not sometimes go to him, but abide in him. They say in Italy that where the sun does not enter the physician must. Where Jesus does not shine the soul is sick. Bask in his beams and you shall be vigorous in the service of the Lord. Last Sunday night I had a text which mastered me :—"No man knoweth the Son but the Father." I told the people that poor sinners who had gone to Jesus and trusted him, thought they knew him, but that they knew only a little of him. Saints of sixty years' experience, who have walked with him every day, think they know him ; but they are only beginners yet. The perfect spirits before the throne, who have been for five thousand years perpetually adoring him, perhaps think they know him, but they do not to the full. "No man knoweth the Son but the Father." He is so glorious, that only the infinite God has full knowledge of him, therefore there will be no limit to our study, or narrowness in our line of thought, if we make our Lord the great object of all our thoughts.

Brethren, as the outcome of this, if we are to be strong men, we must be conformed to our Lord. Oh, to be like him ! Blessed be that cross on which we shall suffer, if we suffer for being made like unto the Lord Jesus. If we obtain conformity to Christ, we shall have a wondrous unction upon our ministry, and without that, what is a ministry worth ?

In a word, we must labour for holiness of character. What is holiness ? Is it not wholeness of character ? a balanced condition in which there is neither lack nor redundancy. It is not morality, that is a cold lifeless statue : holiness is life. You must have holiness ; and, dear brethren, if you should fail in mental qualifications (as I hope you will not), and if you should have a slender measure of the oratorical faculty (as I trust you will not), yet, depend upon it, a holy life is, in itself, a wonderful power, and will make up for many deficiencies ; it is, in fact, the best sermon the best man can deliver. Let us resolve that all the purity which can be had we will have, that all the sanctity which can be reached we will obtain, and that all the likeness to Christ that is possible in this world of sin shall certainly be in us through

the work of the Spirit of God. The Lord lift us all as a college, right up to a higher platform, and he shall have the glory !

5. Still I have not done, dear brethren. I have to say to you, go forward in *actual work*, for, after all, we shall be known by what we have done. Like the apostles, I hope our memorial will be our *acts*. There are good brethren in the world who are impractical. The grand doctrine of the second advent makes them stand with open mouths, peering into the skies, so that I am ready to say, "Ye men of Plymouth, why stand ye here gazing up into heaven?" The fact that Jesus Christ is to come is not a reason for star-gazing, but for working in the power of the Holy Ghost. Be not so taken up with speculations as to prefer a Bible reading over a dark passage in the Revelation to teaching in a ragged-school or discoursing to the poor concerning Jesus. We must have done with day dreams, and get to work. I believe in eggs, but we must get chickens out of them. I do not mind how big your egg is; it may be an ostrich's egg if you like, but if there is nothing in it, pray clear away the shells. If something comes of it, God bless your speculations, and even if you should go a little further than I think it wise to venture, still, if you are more useful, God be praised for it. We want facts—deeds done, souls saved. It is all very well to write essays, but what souls have you saved from going down to hell? Your excellent management of your school interests me, but how many children have been brought into the church by it? We are glad to hear of those special meetings, but how many have really been born to God in them? Are saints edified? Are sinners converted? To swing to and fro on a five-barred gate is no progress, yet some seem to think so. I see them in perpetual Elysium, humming over to themselves and their friends, "We are very comfortable." God save us from living in comfort while sinners are sinking into hell. In travelling along the mountain roads in Switzerland you will continually see marks of the boring-rod; and in every minister's life there should be traces of stern labour. Brethren, do something; do something; do something. While committees waste their time over resolutions, do something. While Societies and Unions are making constitutions, let us win souls. Too often we discuss, and discuss, and discuss, and Satan laughs in his sleeve. It is time we had done planning and sought something to plan. I pray you, be men of action all of you. Get to work and quit yourselves like men. Old Suwarrow's idea of war is mine: "Forward and strike! No theory! Attack! Form column! Charge bayonets! Plunge into the centre of the enemy." Our one aim is to save sinners, and this we are not to talk about but to do in the power of God.

6. Lastly, and here I am going to deliver a message which weighs upon me, go forward in the matter of *the choice of your sphere of action*. I plead this day for those who cannot plead for themselves, namely, the great outlying masses of the heathen world. Our existing pulpits are tolerably well supplied, but we need men who will build on new foundations. Who will do this? Are we, as a company of faithful men, clear in our consciences about the heathen? Millions have never heard the name of Jesus. Hundreds of millions have seen a missionary only once in their lives, and know nothing of our King. Shall we let them perish? Can we go to our beds and sleep while

China, India, Japan, and other nations are being damned? Are we clear of their blood? Have they no claim upon us? We ought to put it on this footing—not “Can I prove that I *ought* to go?” but “Can I prove that I *ought not* to go?” When a man can prove honestly that he ought not to go then he is clear, but not else. What answer do you give, my brethren? I put it to you man by man. I am not raising a question among you which I have not honestly put to myself. I have felt that if some of our leading ministers would go forth it would have a grand effect in stimulating the churches, and I have honestly asked myself whether I ought to go. After balancing the whole thing I feel bound to keep my place, and I think the judgment of most Christians would be the same; but I hope I would readily and cheerfully and willingly go if I did not so feel. Brethren, put yourselves through the same process. We must have the heathen converted; God has myriads of his elect among them, we must go and search for them somehow or other. Many difficulties are now removed, all lands are open to us, and distance is annihilated. True we have not the Pentecostal gift of tongues, but languages are now readily acquired, while the art of printing is a full equivalent for the lost gift. The dangers incident to missions ought not to keep any true man back, even if they were very great, but they are now reduced to a minimum. There are hundreds of places where the cross of Christ is unknown, to which we can go without risk. Who will go? The men who ought to go are young brethren of good abilities who have not yet taken upon themselves family cares.

Each student entering the college should consider this matter, and surrender himself to the work unless there are conclusive reasons for his not doing so. It is a fact that even for the colonies it is very difficult to find men, for I have had openings in Australia which I have been obliged to decline. It ought not to be so. Surely there is some self-sacrifice among us yet, and some among us are willing to be exiled for Jesus. The Mission languishes for want of men. If the men were forthcoming the liberality of the church would supply their needs, and, in fact, the liberality of the church has made the supply, and yet there are not the men to go. I shall never feel, brethren, that we, as a band of men, have done our duty until we see our comrades fighting for Jesus in every land in the van of the conflict. I believe that if God moves you to go, you will be among the best of missionaries, because you will make the preaching of the gospel the great feature of your work, and that is God's sure way of power. I wish that our churches would imitate that of Pastor Harms, in Germany, where every member was consecrated to God in deed and of a truth. The farmers gave the produce of their lands, the working-men their labour; one gave a large house to be used as a missionary college, and Pastor Harms obtained money for a ship which he fitted out, to make voyages to Africa, and then he sent missionaries, and little companies of his people with them, to form Christian communities among the Bushmen. When will our churches be equally self-denying and energetic? Look at the Moravians! how every man and woman becomes a missionary, and how much they do in consequence. Let us catch their spirit. Is it a right spirit?

Then it is right for us to have it. It is not enough for us to say, "Those Moravians are very wonderful people!" We ought to be wonderful people too. Christ did not purchase the Moravians any more than he purchased us; they are under no more obligation to make sacrifices than we are. Why then this backwardness? When we read of heroic men who gave up all for Jesus, we are not merely to admire, but to imitate them. Who will imitate them now? Come to the point. Are there not some among you willing to consecrate yourselves to the Lord? "Forward" is the watchword to-day! Are there no bold spirits to lead the van? Pray all of you that during this Pentecost the Spirit may say, "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work."

Brethren, on wings of love mount upward, and fly forward. Amen.

Notices of Books.

Biblical Commentary on the Old Testament. The Prophecies of Jeremiah.
By C. F. KEIL, D.D. T. T. Clark,
Edinburgh.

OUR ministerial brethren and more learned readers will be glad to hear of the issue of the second volume of Keil on Jeremiah. The scholarship of these commentaries is of the highest order, and of course they are therefore only useful to the few, but by that few the many are instructed, so that really a boon is conferred upon the entire church by their publication. Messrs. Clark have now published 120 volumes of their Foreign Theological Library,—a vast undertaking indeed; many societies have attempted far less, and have failed. The whole series can be purchased for £31 10s., a princely present for a minister, and by the way a very opportune gift to the library of our new College should anybody feel moved to present it. We earnestly request that two persons will not insist upon doing it; to prevent any contest about the matter we shall be happy to act as referee.

From Darkness to Light. By FREDERICK WAGSTAFF. Kempster and Co., 9 and 10, St. Bride's Avenue.

THIS is one of a series called the Home Library, each of which is marked price sixpence, post free. This is an amusing temperance and Templar tale, and is sure to be widely circulated among abstainers. The engravings are about as

bad as any we have ever seen, but a book in a strong stiff cover for sixpence cannot be expected to contain works of art. Another book of this series is, "Recitations in Verse," by Harriet A. Glazebrook. Here we have water, water, everywhere. One of the songs upon water in Paradise, and water from the smitten rock asks questions which we should have thought could never have occurred to a temperance poet and a reverend!

Would Eden thus have smiled
Had wine to Eden come?
Would Horeb's parching wild
Have been refreshed with rum?
And had Eve's hair
Been dressed in gin
Would she have been reflected fair?
Had Moses built a still,
And dealt out to that host
To every man a gill,
And pledged him in a toast,
How large a band
Of Israel's sons
Had laid their bones in Canaan's land!

We hope that this is meant to be funny, and that there is some mysterious sense in it, which we are unable to discern. We heard a brother defend total abstinence the other evening upon this ground among many others—that when dead, teetotallers' bodies would keep longer than other people's. That may have been an argument of weight with some people, but it produced a roar of laughter in the quarter under our notice. Is it not a pity to make a cause ridiculous by a silly advocacy of it?

Guide to Christian Evidences. By Dr. BREWER, author of "Guide to Science," &c. Jarrold and Sons.

AN admirable compendium of argument, well fitted to be used as a textbook in our schools and in the junior classes of our Colleges. When we say this we do not mean that it should be confined to such institutions, for it would be well if every Christian studied the work and had its cogent reasonings ready to hand in this day of abounding scepticism. Dr. Brewer has done good service by issuing such a valuable handbook.

The Tiny Library. Partridge and Co.

THIS library now consists of twenty-four little bijoux at sixpence each. Each one is prettiness itself as to binding, is printed in large type so that little readers may not try their eyes too much, and contains some nice story with an excellent moral. Such treasures for sixpence Solomon himself never dreamed of. Whoever conceived and carried out the idea of this tiny series deserves the thanks of every English child.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE also issue the *British Workman Series* of small books at twopence each, which we most heartily commend for cheapness and interest. We hope the series will obtain a world-wide circulation. *Lost in the Snow*—a telling temperance and religious story bound in limp cloth for sixpence, may be had of the same enterprising firm.

The Life of Luther. By A. L. O. E. The Book Society.

THIS delightful little book contains the essence of D'Aubigné's history of the Reformation, so far as it concerns Luther. Readers of the works of A. L. O. E. know that she has peculiarly rich gifts as a writer for the young, and will be fully recompensed if for that reason they purchase this little work. We should like every child to read it. We are not half careful enough to instruct our children in the history of Protestantism, and so the rising generation glides into Popery. The reading of such a work as this must do the juveniles great good.

Religion and Science. A Series of Sunday Lectures on the Relation of Natural and Revealed Religion; or, the Truths revealed in Nature and Scripture. By JOSEPH LE CONTE, Professor of Geology and Natural History in the University of California. Bickers and Son, 1, Leicester Square.

SOMETHING good at last has come from Leicester Square; and we heartily thank Messrs. Bickers and Son for this publication. Bating a few expressions, this is a book after our own heart. We would have every student read it. It goes thoroughly into the subject, but is in so popular a style that it makes most attractive reading. The nonsense of the modern *savans* will do little harm if such books are widely scattered as an antidote. California is rich in mental gold if it has many men of the same type as Mr. Le Conte; a liberal importation of such precious metal will enrich our own nation. We wish we knew the cost of this book, and as we do not, we hope the publishers will advertise it in our columns, and then our thoughtful readers will do well to make the purchase. We mention this because to many price is no small consideration.

The Parable of the Prodigal Son. A Homiletic Exposition. By the Rev. FERGUS FERGUSON, M.A. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

VERY plain and telling sermons upon that parable which above all others contains the quintessence of the gospel. Working men beginning to read this book would be sure to read it through; it is so thoroughly popular in its style; in fact, it rather errs in that direction, and contains a few passages which we, who are by no means squeamish, should not have recommended the preacher to retain in the printed copy; for instance, the ridiculous story of the fisherman touching iron when the preacher mentioned the swine, spiritualised into touching the nails of the cross. We only wish that the mass of ministers were in danger of going too far in the direction indicated, and we congratulate Mr. Ferguson upon being in so happy a peril. His book is one which it has been a pleasure to read.

Sir Donald McLeod, a Record of Forty-two Years' Service in India.
By Major-General EDWARD LAKE.
Religious Tract Society.

WE are glad to see this pleasant memoir of an eminent Baptist brother, who has but recently been taken from among us. His character was never more correctly estimated than by a native gentleman who said, "If all Christians were like Sir Donald McLeod, there would be no Hindoos or Mahomedans. A nobler Christian philanthropist or statesman has not yet trod the plains of India." The Religious Tract Society has done well to issue this record, and we are glad that they do not conceal the fact of his having been a Baptist: we generally find that unsectarian societies are very careful to ignore any fact in our favour, and therefore we are glad to see some honesty and courage left among undenominationalists. Nothing has more seriously tended to lower the tone of religious principle than the effort to produce works entirely free from any religious peculiarities; the colourless, soulless product has never compensated for the manliness destroyed by its production.

The Living Epistle, or Gathered Fragments from the Correspondence of the late Caroline Blackwell. Shaw and Co.

THIS is a collection of living epistles. The writer would seem to have been a Plymouth sister, and this gives a peculiarity to her expressions (among the rest there is too much **DEARING** for our taste); but her letters are weighty and powerful, full of Scriptural remarks and experimental utterances. We have found much profit in reading these "fragments," so far as we have gone, and are promising ourselves a great treat in looking over the rest. A delightful aroma of the Lord Jesus perfumes these letters, and therefore they will be acceptable to many of those who love HIM. We rejoice that the epistles of such an elect lady have been preserved; they do not pretend to literary ability, deep thought, or erudite remark, they are simply the letters of a well instructed Christian woman written to her friends.

The Doctrine of Eternal Punishment Vindicated against Recent Attacks. A Tractate. By the Rev. PROFESSOR WATTS, D.D., Assembly's College, Belfast. Belfast, William Mullan.

A TRENCHANT essay in vindication of the Scriptural doctrine, which is now so frequently assailed by persons whose views of sin are superficial, and "in whose minds the sentimental is largely in excess of the judicial."

Echoes from Distant Footfalls; or the Origin and Unity of the Human Race. By Rev. J. BOYES, F.S.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

NINE very sensible lectures upon the antiquities of our race, dealing most wisely with the supposed geological proofs of its extremely remote origin. Here we have much learning, and an equal measure of piety. The little book will be useful.

Facta non Verba. A Comparison between the Good Works performed by the Ladies in Roman Catholic Convents in England, and the unfettered Efforts of their Protestant Sisters. By the Author of "Contrasts." Isbister and Co.

THE author of "Contrasts" formerly did good service by calling attention to our Orphanage, and to other works of like order, and contrasting them with government expenditure and its results. We are glad to see him again at work, for he writes to purpose, and always has a practical end clearly in view. This book contains brief memoirs of some of the grand female workers of our day, such as Annie Macpherson, Johanna Chandler, Elizabeth Gilbert, Sarah Robinson, and Mary Whately. We have taken a long extract, and inserted it in the earlier part of this present number, in the full belief that hundreds will by reading it be led to purchase the volume. No Christian worker ought to be ignorant concerning the noble works which philanthropic women are performing at this good hour. The book before us supplies all the information needful as an introduction to the work of these eminent ladies.

A System of Christian Rhetoric, for the Use of Preachers and other Speakers.

By G. W. HERVEY, M.A. Houlston and Sons.

WORKS upon rhetoric and homiletics have been very plentiful of late, and if men do not talk and preach better it is not for lack of instructors. Mr. Hervey has produced a large volume, upon a sufficiently comprehensive plan to be rightly called a system. He is evidently a gentleman of much learning and extensive research, and we pity the reader who will leave his pages without benefit; still we do not think that this volume will ever be much read or exert any great influence. It is full of good things, and abounds in finger-posts which direct the reader to lines of reading and thought, but somehow or other it does not strike us that it was written by a practical man. We do not know who the Rev. George Winfred Hervey may be, but we do not picture him to our own mind as a master in the art of addressing his fellow-men: if he be so he has carefully kept out of his book those warm personal touches which impart warmth and interest to the matter and vivacity to the style. Theoretically he is at home with his subject, and thoroughly versed in its literature: he is also rich in apt quotation, and fitting anecdote. Here is one from a foot-note. "Dr. Matthew Byles being asked why he did not preach *politics*, replied, 'I have thrown up four breastworks, behind which I have entrenched myself, neither of which can be forced. In the first place, I do not understand politics; in the second place, you all do—every man and mother's son of you; in the third place, you have politics all the week; pray let one day in seven be devoted to religion; in the fourth place, I am engaged in a work of infinitely greater importance. Give me any better subject to preach upon than the truths I bring you, and I will preach it on the next Sabbath.'" The index of figures at the end of the volume contains a number of uncivilised words, such as Aganactesis, Amphidorthosis, Allæosis, Epitrochasmus, Paradiegesis, and the like. It is really dangerous to have a book lying about which contains such a menagerie of untamable brute words; those given above are only a

few little tame ones—think of a *Præpizeuxis* or an *Exouthenismus* getting into one's library. We sincerely hope that no student of this index will try to pronounce such jargon till he has cut his wisdom teeth, and then he had better have them soldered in before he begins.

The Old Book Tested. Popular Queries About the Bible. By the Rev. JOHN WHITE, Belfast. Hodder and Stoughton.

AN earnest vindication of the sacred Word, proving its sanctifying, elevating, and stimulating power upon human minds. Mr. White has struck out an interesting path of thought, and has kept to it well. There are in this book nine popular discourses, which could not have been heard without much establishment in the faith. We are right glad to hear in Mr. White's lectures the true ring upon the atonement and kindred doctrines, there are plenty of Congregational churches in which this would be a novelty. We read the other day that the Rev. Empty Brainbox had resigned his pastorate of the Independent Church at Sleepyton, and in his farewell sermon had given as a reason "that he had outgrown the creed of the Congregational body, and felt the necessity of greater liberty than he could obtain among the Independents." What upon earth did the man want? Congregationalists are to be found who believe anything, and some who believe nothing, and limits of creed would seem to have vanished into thin air. We suspect that the cupboard was getting bare, and hence the desire to shift quarters. "Doth the wild ass bray when he hath grass? or loweth the ox over his fodder?"

Little Folks. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

THIS magazine at sixpence per month is out of all comparison the best illustrated and most amusing of all juvenile periodicals. It is absolutely gorgeous in pictures. We marvel how it can be produced at the price; the engravings must cost a mint of money. The volumes make a magnificent gallery of art and library of instruction for the little folks.

Everlasting Punishment and Modern Speculation. By the Rev. WILLIAM REID. William Oliphant and Co., Edinburgh.

THIS is a most clear and convincing treatise upon a subject which has unhappily taken possession of the Christian public, to the exclusion of far more profitable themes, at the present time. It includes the whole Scripture proofs of the eternity of future punishment, and refutes all the arguments that could possibly be adduced against it. It is calm, forcible, and conclusive to all who are anxiously inquiring, What saith the Scriptures? No such thoroughness of statement and Biblical research has appeared on the other side. We have been left to gather the wonderful discoveries of modern thought upon the subject from pamphlets, periodicals, and religious newspapers, as they are called. Hence partial views have been given in all of them, and a fair and full investigation in none. The belief of the eternity of future punishment has hitherto been one and almost universal, but a variety of theories have been propounded of late to be substituted in its place. Some are for immediate annihilation at death, some for temporary punishment to be followed by annihilation, some for temporary punishment to be followed by a new probation, and others to be followed by restoration to innocence and bliss. Each sees insuperable difficulties in the theories of others while agreed in the one point that punishment cannot be eternal. It is a presumptive argument, to say the least, that the old doctrine is not false, because no opposite can be found that is agreed upon to be true. May we not judge too of doctrines as of men by the company they keep? Some few who are in all other matters sound in the faith may have been troubled in mind upon this subject, but in general it is associated with speculative notions of other revealed truths, and certainly with less evangelical faith and fervour than the sentiment to which it is opposed. Its effect, in fact, upon all our ideas of sin and holiness, and consequently of the remedial scheme of redemption, is one of the strongest objections against it. Universalism, which is the most favour-

ite, as it is supposed to be the most merciful idea, is particularly subversive of all the first principles both of law and gospel. The difference between good and evil, according to this theory, between atheism and the worship of the true God, between the utmost degree of profanity and the highest degree of piety, between the rejection and the reception of salvation by Christ, between Nero and the Christians that were burned for his own personal gratification, is simply a question of time. Wait a while. All in the end will be equally holy and happy. The evil will work out the good. Impiety will eventually grow into piety. The germ of heaven is in hell. Only give it time to develop itself, and it will burst as from a bitter bud into all the blessedness of heaven. Where, then, is the essential difference between sin and holiness, being under the law and under grace? They are of the same species, only one is of longer growth than the other. How subversive is all this of the fundamental distinctions of good and evil, and how clearly it shows from whence it comes! Awful, therefore, and revolting to human reason as the eternity of future punishment may be, it is in harmony with all the principles of the divine government, and as such is clearly revealed in the Scriptures. There are two questions to which its opponents have hitherto given no satisfactory reply. The first of these is, supposing the Scriptures were intended to teach eternal punishment, how could it be taught in stronger language than may be found in the Scriptures? And the second is, supposing eternal punishment to be derogatory to the divine character, why have we not been cautioned against the very idea?

Flashes of Thought; being One Thousand Choice Extracts from the Works of C. H. SPURGEON, Alphabetically Arranged, and with a Copious Index. London: Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings. Price 5s.

THIS volume consists of well-chosen extracts from our own works, and therefore we cannot say anything about it, bad or good, except this—let all who think well, buy it and review it for themselves.

Bible Truth and Broad Church Error.

By WILLIAM RITCHIE, D.D., Dunse.
Hodder and Stoughton, 27 and 31,
Paternoster Row.

"BROAD CHURCH" is here used not in opposition to High Church, but to clear and definite views of gospel truth. Bible truths and church errors are the two things placed in opposition to each other. Bible and church teaching should ever be the same, and it is humiliating to think that in this nineteenth century of ours there should in some quarters be so deep and broad a gulf between them.

The title of this book may well make us blush for the age in which we live, and the more so because we feel that the accusation it conveys is too true. We welcome it, however, as an antidote to the evils it deplures. Modern errors are here brought to the test of Bible truths. We have first a concise and clear statement of each great Bible truth, and then an exposure of the wide departure from it in modern times. This is as it should be. As in the treatment of diseases the first thing is to ascertain what is the healthy and normal state of the part affected, then how far there has been a deviation from it, and then what has been the cause of that deviation, that the remedy may be applied to the origin of the disease, however far it may be from the seat of its most painful effects; so the doctrinal diseases of the church are scientifically dealt with in this volume. The doctrines of the gospel are exhibited in their healthy state, then in their diseased state in Broad Church views, and the remedy is sought in a return to the first principles of the gospel of Christ. The principal subjects which are thus treated are the inspiration of the Scriptures, the incarnation, atonement, and justifying righteousness of Christ, the fatherhood of God, the duration of future punishment, the extent of redemption, and the restitution of all things. The opposing theories investigated and refuted are those of Colenso, Bushnell, Maurice, Robertson of Brighton, Ward Beecher, and Dr. Young. We would advise all those, and their name is legion, who have been captivated with the aberrations of these writers to give ear to the instructions of this book, and give glory

to the Lord their God before they cause darkness, and before their feet stumble upon the dark mountains. This book is an uplifted standard against a flood of error; we rejoice that the author has been enabled to set it up by the help of the good Spirit of God. Those especially who are troubled with doubts upon the eternity of future punishment, will here find such plain teaching of Scripture upon the subject as leaves nothing further to be desired. Upon some themes of equal importance the author is less forcible and explicit than upon others, but as a whole he has furnished an invaluable guide to those who are asking for the old paths, where is the good way, that they may walk therein?

Derry and Enniskillen in the Year 1689: the story of some famous battle-fields in Ulster. By THOMAS WITHEROW, Professor of Church History in Magee College, Londonderry. Belfast, Wm. Mullan.

THIS book should have a London publisher. It gives details of a portion of history which no Protestant would let die. We see no reason why it should ever be forgotten. Mr. Witherow has evidently worked with great spirit upon a congenial task, and his publishers have worthily embodied his researches in a handsome volume. Every Ulster Protestant is of course deeply interested in this story of the courage and endurance of his ancestors, but the interest does not end there: every lover of our common country rejoices to remember the struggles by which our liberties were secured to us.

Memoir of John Lovering Cooke. By CHARLES H. H. WRIGHT, M.A. Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners Street.

ONE genuine tale of this kind is more interesting, as well as more instructive, than all your religious novels. No real good can come from mere fiction, or the effect would be greater than its cause. This is one of the many striking instances of converting grace, which are not wanting in this any more than in the apostolic age, and which are invariably the result of the same truth and the same Spirit. It is the experience of a Christian soldier amidst the temptations of ransacking cities, and the dangers of the battle-field.

The Man of Sorrows and The Fainting Warrior. By C. H. SPURGEON. Embossed for the College for Blind Sons of Gentlemen, Worcester. May be had of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London; and at the College, Worcester. Price 3s. each.

THESE two of our sermons have been embossed for the use of the blind. They are printed in the same letter as ordinary books. Those of our readers who have sightless friends who are able to read should present them with a copy. As the production of such books is costly, we need purchasers to encourage the issue of more. We hope they will do good.

Christian Ethics. By H. MARTENSEN, D.D. T. and T. Clarke, George Street, Edinburgh.

THIS is one of the best of the foreign series of publications by Messrs. Clarke, of Edinburgh. We are indebted for it also to Mr. Spence, who translated it from the Danish language. Such a Northern Light does not often come into view. It might be supposed that little need be said upon Christian ethics, since they are the natural outgrowth of Christian principles, and are clearly defined and enforced in the New Testament; nor would there have been any occasion to look for their explanation and defence elsewhere, if they had not been greatly perverted from their original source and design by modern writers. To restore Christian ethics to their scriptural place and influence is the design of this treatise. The author has evidently been a diligent observer of the frequent use that has been made of this subject in recent times, with the view of setting aside, greater and even more important truths; and with a deep and patient research, not inferior to that of any to whom he is opposed, he has shown the utter instability of the purposes to which it has been applied, and rescued it as a weapon of defence from their hands. Men of modern thought may here see where they are, and where they ought to be; how they came to be where they are, and how they may return to what they ought to be. Though in some parts

professedly controversial, it is instructive throughout to all who desire clear and extensive views of the whole system of divine truth; nor is a correct view of Christian ethics in an inferior degree conducive to that end, it holds place in the front rank. Morality without Christianity there may be, but the morality of Christianity is peculiar to itself. The one, when perfect, is the cause of justification; the other, however perfect, is its effect. The only drawback to the general acceptance of this book is the frequent use of scholastic terms, which to some may be deemed needful to give precision to the arguments founded upon them. The soundness of its views of Christian ethics overrides all other considerations.

"Talk they of morals? Oh, thou bleeding Lamb! the grand morality is love of thee."

Pages from the Life of the Apostle Paul. By WILLIAM and ELIZABETH BENNETT. Harris and Co., 5, Bishopsgate Street Without; S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

THIS is an excellent guide to a consecutive view of the labours and travels of the great Apostle of the Gentiles. It is an account of the outer rather than of the inner life of that greatest of mere men, as all references to his doctrines and their experimental influence are carefully avoided. It is well adapted for Bible-class and Sunday-school teachers, as a ground-work upon which their own particular instructions may be founded.

Paul and Christ. By J. M. CRAMP, D.D. Yates and Alexander, Symond's Inn, Chancery Lane.

A VERY fairly compiled history of the apostle Paul, with the argument to be drawn therefrom. After the larger works on the same biography there is small hope of advancing anything fresh or very striking, but there remains the possibility of condensing, and putting into a readable form for congregational use, the matter which is the common wealth of the church. The writer has done this with more than average success, and his book is therefore well worth a perusal.

Review Exercises in the Sunday School: their value and methods. By Rev. H. C. TRAUMBULL. Sunday School Union.

TRUTH is fastened upon youthful minds only by frequent repetition. We must tell children the same thing twenty times, because nineteen times won't do.

"Tell me the story often,

For I forget so soon:

The early dew of the morning

Has pass'd away at noon."

It is both grievous and startling to find how little some children know, who, nevertheless, have been to the Sabbath-school for years; either there are many inefficient teachers abroad, or else their modes of teaching need amendment. This little book advocates frequent rehearsals of the same lessons, and regular examinations of the classes, and we like it so well that we would have all our teachers read it, and practise its suggestions.

The Banner Unfurled. Choice Selections from Christian Writers. Edited by E. A. H. Partridge and Co.

"THE profits arising from the sale of this book will be devoted to the purpose of training a missionary for China." This object speaks for itself, and stays our critical knife. The extracts have been made with opened eyes and spiritual taste.

The Pictorial Dictionary of the Bible. New Edition, profusely Illustrated with Biblical Maps and Chromolithograph Engravings, etc. W. R. M'Phun and Co., Glasgow and London.

WE have before us four shilling parts of this work, and certainly there is a great deal of matter for the money. Some of the engravings would have improved the volume if they had been left out; they are executed in a style of art which deserves to become extinct, or else the plates are so worn that the beauty has long since gone. A young fellow with thirty shillings to spare could do better with his money by letting it rest till he had enough to purchase a really standard work than by taking in these numbers, but at the same time the Pictorial Dictionary contains much valuable information, and is an instructive assistant to the Bible Reader. We should greatly prefer Smith's or Kitto's; but if these should happen to be above our reader's means, they will be much helped by consulting M'Phun's Dictionary. There are to be thirty parts, issued monthly, and many will thus be able to purchase a Biblical Dictionary who otherwise would be without one, and therefore we wish the enterprise success.

Notes.

THE CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE FOR 1874.

It is the custom of the ministers who were educated at the Tabernacle to come up from their several churches and meet in brotherly conference once in the year. This ministers as much to profit as to enjoyment, and a great deal of both is usually obtained. The fraternal feeling is kept up, and the union of the brotherhood is cemented by this hallowed assembling of ourselves together, while by united supplications blessings are secured, and by mutual communion benefits are obtained. This year has been the best of all our Conferences, though, indeed, we have said the same of each of the former nine in its turn. Our own heart was never more cheered, nor have we seen such a joyful expectant feeling everywhere manifest.

On Monday, April 13, the first prayer-meeting was held at the Tabernacle at three o'clock, and those who had arrived pleaded with God for his smile upon the coming meetings. At seven some of the brethren took part in the usual prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle, but a far larger number accepted the invitation of Mr. Cuff and were present at a crowded and spirited meeting at his chapel in Shore-ditch. C. H. S. took the chair, and brethren Whale of Ipswich, Inglis of Soham, Gange of Broadmead, Bristol, and Mr. Cuff himself, delivered most soul-stirring addresses. Thanks are due to the friends at Providence Chapel for providing tea so bountifully. We feel sure good results will follow both to them and to us from our visit to their abode.

Tuesday, April 14.—The Conference opened with a period of prayer of a kind

seldom experienced. There was a whirlwind of devotion, and a flaming fire of importunity, and the still small voice of the divine presence was heard by all. Each one had his petition and request, and many were eager to pour forth their hearts. Several rose at a time, yet each one was ready to give way, and follow upon his fellow. To us it was a sacred bathing in a sea of sacred influence, which both overwhelmed and refreshed us. We fail to remember any season so full of life and power. It was indeed good to be there.

After business had been despatched, we gave the address which we have printed in this month's magazine. We had no idea it was so long, but we hope it will not weary our readers. The assembly requested that it might be issued, or otherwise we should have used it for other purposes. Our beloved brother J. A. S., the Vice-President, followed with an able address, based upon our Lord's miraculous raising of Lazarus, and then we returned again to prayer, which is by far the best way of refreshing and invigorating the soul.

The Conference met at the Orphanage in the afternoon and evening. Fraternal conversations among the brethren, and addresses to the orphans continued till tea, when our classical tutor, Mr. Gracey, gave us a most valuable paper upon the Holy Spirit, and was followed by our venerable Principal, Mr. Rogers, upon "Frames and Feelings in Preaching." The old man eloquent held us spell-bound with his mingled wit and wisdom. We hope to have both these essays for the *Sword and the Trowel*. Mr. William Booth, of the East London Mission, gave us one of the most lively, racy, and energetic speeches conceivable; and at the close Mr. Wheeler of Birmingham, a gentleman whom we had not known before, made us a princely presentation, for which we thank him right heartily. The meeting was a great success, and the singing of certain of Mr. Sankey's pieces gave it abundant vivacity and variety.

Wednesday, April 15.—At 11 the Conference met in full force, almost every man in his place, scarcely one behind time, and prayer again ascended to heaven as pillars of incense. Then came a delightful paper by Mr. Tarn, of Peckham, upon the kind of sermons which are most blessed to conversions; very little discussion followed, the subject did not need it. Mr. Benskin handled in an admirable manner the weighty theme, "The Necessity of Regeneration because of Human Depravity," and his work was heartily appreciated. The third subject was taken by Mr. Compton, who gave us an exhaustive gathering up of Scriptural teaching as to Satan and his influence among men. When the sitting was over we felt that we had heard much excellent instruction, and that it had been delivered in a manner calculated to warm our hearts.

Mr. Phillips' supper in the evening was right royal. The preceding meeting was most helpful to us, by winning the sympathy of our subscribers, and the amount promised on the occasion exceeded £1,800, for which the Lord's name be praised. To W. McArthur, Esq., who took the chair, and gave £100, to W. Fowler, late M.P. for Cambridge, who gave a similar donation, to a brother who would rather be nameless, who gave £200, to a constant friend who gave £100, and, indeed, to all who aided in any measure or degree, we are deeply grateful, and to our host, Mr. Phillips, most of all.

Thursday, April 16.—This day began with another outburst of mighty prayer, which kept us at full flood all the day. The first of the morning papers was written and read by our esteemed brother Mr. Makin, of Sittingbourne, upon the Functions of the Ministry, and then followed Mr. Knight, of Lowestoft, who much interested us in "Prayer Meetings, and how to maintain Interest in them." It was thought well not to have another subject brought before us, but to return to united prayer. In the evening the public meeting at the Tabernacle was attended far beyond all former years, in fact the place was filled, and a glorious enthusiasm prevailed. The meeting was good throughout, but that is speaking coldly; it was incomparably full of power. Dr. Barnardo was led to speak upon a topic singularly appropriate and telling, and his matter and manner were of the highest order. The Lord spoke to us through him. Brethren Medhurst and Silvertown spoke warmly for the College, as the first and second men who left it, and Mr. Danzy Sheen, Primitive Methodist, as the Primitive man whom it has trained. Dr. Hillier showed us how, as doctor of music, he could use his abilities for Christ, and Mr. Mayers, with his singing for Jesus, delighted the whole assembly. Hearts glowed as we sung "Hold the fort, for I am coming," and "I am so glad that Jesus loves me;" the walls and roof of the Tabernacle rang again as the three hundred men's voices in a body gave force to the singing of the rest. After this meeting, Mr. Phillips entertained the

ministers in the same manner as he had before dealt with the friends and subscribers. May his shadow never be less.

Friday, the last day, was not the least. It commenced with a considerable period of glowing prayer, its holy influence was sustained by Mr. Norris' beautiful paper on Fellowship with Jesus, and Mr. W. Olney's practical speech. It was also rendered memorable by an invaluable address from Dr. Culross upon the exposition of the Word of God, and it finally culminated in the Communion and the joining of hands, as a pledge of continued love, while we sung—

“Pray that Jerusalem may have
Peace and felicity.”

During the Conference the statistical reports were given in, and were greatly encouraging, the increase to the churches being more than on any former occasion. Of this more next month. Mr. Harry Brown paid in an instalment from the ministers towards £1,000 for the College Buildings, which not only reached the sum promised, but exceeded it.

Looking back our heart sings, looking around we rejoice, looking forward we are full of expectation, looking upward we adore.

We write this in “a desert place” to which we have fled to recover from the wear of this exciting week, and if we omit anything we cannot help it, as we have only memory to trust to. All other notes we have forgotten, and cannot now get at them.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—March 19th, sixteen; 23rd, thirteen; 26th, twenty-five; 30th, nineteen. April 2nd, twenty-one.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from March 20th to April 19th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Allbury	0	2	0	Mr. Thos. Mills	2	2	0
Mr. A. Morgan	1	0	0	Mr. W. C. Canton	2	2	0
The Misses Johnson	3	0	0	Mr. R. Bowman	3	3	0
Mrs. D. Harding	1	0	0	Mr. A. Wilson	5	0	0
Mr. Davis, per Rev. J. W. Thomas	1	0	0	C. W. R.	0	10	0
A. B.	0	10	0	Mr. Oxley	1	1	0
E. D.	0	5	0	Mr. Ballard	2	2	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0	Mrs. Cook	5	0	0
Mr. Rose	0	10	0	Mr. J. J. Cook	1	1	0
Mr. J. Searle	2	0	0	Mr. J. Wilson	5	0	0
A. B. C.	5	0	0	M. W.	0	10	0
Mr. H. B. Frearson	5	0	0	Mr. J. B. Nicholson	3	0	0
Mr. D. Keely	0	5	0	Mr. Kelly	2	2	0
Mr. C. Brady	1	1	0	Mr. R. S. Faulconer	10	0	0
R. P.	10	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Taylor	5	0	0
Mr. R. Mills	0	4	0	Rev. S. Shoobridge	10	0	0
Mr. Ball	2	0	8	Mr. Chas. Spurgeon	1	1	0
Mr. J. Ball	1	0	0	Mr. Thos. Spurgeon	1	1	0
A Sinner saved by Grace	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Thorne	2	2	0
S. Powney	0	5	0	Mrs. Ellwood	5	5	0
Miss Spliidt	3	0	0	Mr. F. Holland	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Jephth	1	5	0	A Friend	0	10	0
Mrs. Linley, Servant's Home	0	5	0	Mr. G. H. Frean	5	0	0
A Friend	0	10	0	Mr. J. W. Brown	2	0	0
A Lover of Jesus	0	2	6	Mrs. Johnson	1	1	0
Isaiah XLII. 16	0	10	0	Mr. R. Johnson	2	2	0
E. W. D.	5	0	0	Mr. D. B. Price	1	1	0
A Friend, per Mr. Shirley	0	5	0	Mr. H. A. Hill	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Goddard	3	0	0	Mr. W. Harrison	10	10	0
F. Gloucester	0	5	0	Mr. J. Short	1	0	0
Mr. J. Malcolm	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Haydon	5	5	0
Mr. Evans	10	0	0	Mr. Thos. Wickham	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Marsh	5	0	0	Mr. W. H. Hale	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, jun.	2	2	0	Miss Gilbert	1	1	0
A Visitor, per Mr. Higgs	1	1	0	Mrs. Ruck	1	1	0
Mr. J. Hill	2	2	0	Mr. J. S. McMaster	10	0	0
Miss Higgs	1	1	0	Mr. A. H. Baynes	2	2	0
Mr. F. Hill	5	5	0	Miss Burgoyne	5	0	0
Mr. T. R. Hill	5	5	0	Mr. W. W. Baynes	2	2	0
Mr. J. B. Moat	10	10	0	Mr. J. Walker	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Neal ...	2	2	0	Mr. H. Hadland ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Perrott ...	1	1	0	Miss Hadland ...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Nisbet ...	5	0	0	Mr. and Miss Templo ...	1	11	6
Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Marshall ...	4	4	0	Mr. W. Davis ...	2	0	0
Mr. T. Drake ...	2	2	0	Mr. G. O. Heard ...	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Boot ...	2	2	0	A Friend ...	1	0	0
Friend, per Mr. Vickery ...	1	1	0	Mrs. T. ...	100	0	0
Mr. B. Vickery and Friend ...	5	5	0	Mrs. Russell ...	1	6	0
Geo. G. B. ...	2	2	0	Mrs. and Mrs. James Mills ...	6	5	0
C. W. ...	10	0	0	Mrs. Stevenson ...	1	1	0
Mr. G. Redman ...	5	5	0	Mr. W. Edwards ...	5	0	0
Mr. S. Walker ...	3	3	0	Mr. H. Cook ...	1	1	0
Mr. W. C. Greenop ...	2	2	0	Mr. Daintree ...	2	2	0
Mr. Pearce ...	2	2	0	Mr. J. P. Bacon ...	5	0	0
Mr. S. Longbotham ...	1	1	0	Mr. R. Harris ...	3	3	0
Mr. G. H. Pike ...	2	2	0	An Old Friend ...	5	0	0
Mr. John J. Cowdy ...	5	6	0	Mr. H. Tubby ...	2	0	0
Mr. J. Cowdy ...	1	1	0	Mr. Russell ...	10	0	0
J. B. ...	0	5	0	Mr. S. Morley, M.P. ...	50	0	0
A. W. ...	5	0	0	Mr. Cnew ...	5	0	0
Mr. F. Amsden ...	2	2	0	Mrs. Toller ...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgs ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Toller ...	10	0	0
Mr. W. Higgs, Jun. ...	1	1	0	Mr. Mills ...	3	3	0
Miss Mary Higgs ...	1	1	0	Mr. W. Mills ...	2	0	0
Miss Charlotte Higgs ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Glennan ...	0	10	0
Miss Annie Higgs ...	1	1	0	Mr. Bennies ...	5	0	0
Mr. Duncalf ...	1	1	0	Mr. R. Priest ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Jolly ...	2	2	0	Mr. R. J. Wilkinson ...	0	10	6
Mr. S. Johnson ...	0	10	0	Mr. W. J. Gallaway ...	5	0	0
Mr. Hellier ...	5	0	0	Mr. Garwood and Miss Stevenson ...	5	0	0
Mr. Court ...	1	1	0	Mr. F. Howard ...	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Romang ...	5	0	0	Mr. R. Head ...	0	10	6
Mr. M. Romang ...	1	1	0	Mr. W. B. Head ...	0	10	6
Mrs. Roberts ...	3	3	0	Mr. H. Williams ...	1	0	0
Mr. W. Payne ...	1	1	0	Part of a Sailor's Tithe ...	0	5	0
Miss Payne ...	1	1	0	J. L. ...	1	0	0
Mr. G. H. Payne ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Penaluna ...	1	1	0
Mr. W. Willis ...	1	1	0	Mr. C. Scruby ...	1	0	0
Mr. Rogers ...	1	1	0	Rom. vi. 7 and 8 ...	0	2	6
Mr. Isaac Rogers ...	1	0	0	A Constant Reader ...	5	0	0
Rev. R. Ashton ...	5	0	0	Mr. W. Stuart ...	0	2	0
Mr. B. W. Carr ...	1	1	0	A Constant Reader ...	0	10	0
Mr. H. W. Carr ...	5	5	0	A Servant ...	0	10	0
Miss Dransfield ...	2	2	0	Miss J. Miller ...	0	10	0
Miss Barnes ...	5	5	0	Mr. Miller ...	0	2	0
Mr. Abrahams ...	1	1	0	Miss Miller ...	0	2	0
Mr. Stevenson ...	2	2	0	Edinburgh ...	1	0	0
Miss Mills ...	2	2	0	A Scotch Solicitor ...	1	0	0
Mr. Cleve Hooper ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Johnson ...	1	0	6
Mr. and Mrs. Cross ...	1	1	0	Training College ...	100	0	0
Mr. G. Unwin ...	1	1	0	J. S. ...	0	4	6
Mrs. Edward Unwin ...	1	1	0	A Sermon Reader ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. D. Rodgers ...	1	1	0	Mr. G. Sturges ...	0	5	0
Mr. Vinson ...	0	5	0	Mr. H. Howell ...	2	2	0
Mr. Vinson ...	0	10	0	Mr. J. Smith ...	5	5	0
Mr. A. Bath ...	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. H. Smith ...	1	0	0
Mr. Walton ...	2	2	0	Mr. John Cook ...	1	0	0
Mr. S. Sharp ...	0	10	0	Mr. H. Marshall ...	2	4	8
A Well Wisher ...	1	1	0	Proceeds of Sale of old gas glasses lately used in Tabernacle	1	0	0
Mr. G. Simpson ...	1	1	0	Mr. John Campbell ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. C. Barr ...	10	10	0	S. G. ...	0	2	6
Messrs. Straker & Son ...	1	1	0	J. J. ...	40	0	0
Rev. V. J. Charlesworth ...	5	5	0	H. N. S. ...	10	10	0
Mr. H. Keen ...	1	0	0	Mr. Izard ...	20	0	0
The Editor <i>Christian World</i> ...	0	5	0	Mr. B. May ...	5	0	0
Mr. T. Cook ...	1	1	0	Mrs. May ...	2	2	0
F. B. ...	1	1	0	Mr. B. J. May ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. C. Goslin ...	1	1	0	Miss May ...	1	0	0
Mr. S. E. Goslin ...	1	1	0	Miss H. May ...	1	0	0
Mr. John J. T. Fell ...	10	0	0	Miss Feintman ...	1	1	0
Mrs. J. J. F. Fell ...	10	0	0	Mr. Cockrell ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Olney ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Lewis ...	1	0	0
Mr. Thos. Olney ...	1	0	0	Mr. Pettifer ...	1	0	0
Miss Florence Olney ...	1	0	0	Miss Maxwell ...	2	2	0
Miss Gertrude Olney ...	1	0	0	Mr. J. W. Brown ...	50	0	0
Miss Ellen Olney ...	1	0	0	Mr. J. Harvey ...	5	5	0
Mr. W. Cuthbert ...	1	1	0	Mr. E. Heritage ...	0	12	6
Mr. and Mrs. F. Jones ...	5	0	0	Mr. W. Thomas ...	1	1	0
Mr. E. P. Fisher ...	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Buckland ...	3	15	0
Mr. F. Ledger ...	5	0	0	A Friend, per Mr. F. R. B. Phillips			
Mr. J. B. Parker ...							

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Mr. Spurgeon apologises to Mr. Brown and the Ministers for the omission of the account of their donations this month; but so much room was given to the College that something must stand over. As it is the magazine contains eight extra pages.

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from March 20th to April 20th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Lost Purse	0	2	6	The late Dr. Leechman	5	0	0
Mrs. Few	1	0	0	Isaiah xlii. 16	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	0	0	Mr. P. McFarlane, per Mr. Cruickshank	5	0	0
Per Mr. Rees, Sunderland	5	0	0	Mr. E. Walker	10	10	0
The Misses Johnson	2	0	0	A Friend, per Mr. Shirley	0	5	0
Ernest Wade	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Goddard	3	0	0
Mr. F. G. Whiteman	0	10	0	Mr. A. Cameron	2	0	0
M. T.	1	0	0	Z. Z.	0	10	0
A. B.	0	10	0	Mr. J. Nutsey	0	10	0
Farthings in Business	0	1	6	Berriemuin	0	5	0
Odd Farthings and Half-pence taken at the Metropolitan Store... ..	0	10	4	L. C. W. and J. W.	1	1	0
E. D.	0	10	0	Mr. C. Jayne	0	10	0
Mrs. Maria Briggs	1	0	0	Per Mr. W. D. Longstaff	0	15	0
Southampton	0	2	0	Miss J. Moore	1	0	0
Wellington	0	1	0	Mr. Corben	0	10	0
An Indebted One	2	0	0	Miss Stent	0	5	0
Miss H. Fells	0	5	0	Ten Grateful for the Prospect of Re- turning Health to One	1	1	0
Mr. Leaver	0	5	0	Mrs. Sisman	1	0	0
J. B. C.	0	10	0	A Friend	5	0	0
In College Box	0	7	0	Mr. G. Plowman, per Mr. Orsman	1	0	0
Mr. Rose	0	10	0	Mr. R. Johnson	5	0	0
Miss Bowley and Friends	1	19	0	H. A.	3	13	2
Agnes, Amy, and Harry Hulbert's Box	0	5	0	J. McL., per Messrs. Gallie and Son	1	0	0
Miss Moody	0	5	0	Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
George John Herbert May	0	1	6	Mrs. Ford	0	5	0
Mr. W. Cook	1	0	0	Mrs. Armitage	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Searies	2	0	0	Mr. W. Ranford	1	0	0
Mrs. Clayton	20	0	0	Master Frank Nye... ..	1	5	6
R. P.	10	0	0	Mr. F. S. Gervis	1	1	0
Mr. J. O. Grimes	1	1	0	A Friend, per Mr. H. B. Bardwell	2	0	0
A lonely Widow	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. D. Camps	3	0	0
Mrs. Berry	0	4	10	Mrs. Biddall	0	10	0
A Sinner saved by Grace... ..	0	2	6	Collected at Sunday School, Hadden- ham, per Rev. James Smith	1	16	6
S. Powney	0	5	0	Collection at Haddenham, per Rev. James Smith	0	11	0
R. K.	1	0	0	Miss Maxwell	1	0	0
Every little helps	0	2	0	Miss Trenfield	0	10	0
Ditto	0	2	0	Mrs. Neal	0	8	0
Edinburgh	0	2	0	Master Willie Smith	0	2	0
A. S. Walker	1	0	0				
H. E. S.	5	5	0				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. G. S. Everett	5 0 0	Two Sunday School Boys	0 2 0
Miss M. E. Hadland	1 0 0	Sale of Jewellery	4 14
Mrs. Benzie	0 10 0	H. N. S.	40 0 0
Master C. Abbott	0 3 7	Boxes at Newhaven Baptist Chapel, per
Mrs. Abbott	0 11 0	Rev. H. Dunnington	0 10 5
Mr. Priest	2 0 0	Birkenhead	0 2 0
Mrs. Priest	0 10 0	W. A. M.	0 3 0
Mrs. Woodland	1 1 6	S. H.	0 2 6
Miss Fitzgerald	0 6 0	A Country Minister	0 5 0
Unworthy	0 5 0	Mr. S. Snell	3 0 0
Mr. George Fryer	0 9 0	Mr. Pressman	0 10 0
Part of a Sailor's Tithe	0 15 0	A Few Friends, per Mr. Haslop	1 1 0
J. L.	0 5 0	Master Murphy's Box	0 2 11
Mrs. Best	0 10 0	Annual Subscriptions:—
Romans vi. 7, 8	1 0 0	Mr. Watts	1 1 0
An Anxious One	0 2 0	Mr. W. J. Galloway	0 10 6
Mrs. Angell	0 2 0	Mr. Cox	1 1 0
Miss Galloway	0 12 0				
Master J. M. Atterbury's Box	0 2 6				£196 15 6
Master F. M. Lynn's Box	0 5 5				

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—Provisions:—A Sheep, J. Maskell; a Sheep, Mr. Webster; 9 Bottles Port Wine for the Infirmary, Anon.; 6 Bags Turnips, J. Bath.

CLOTHING, &c.:—10 Cotton Shirts, Upper Bill Street Elder Scholars' Working Society, Wisbeach.

DONATIONS, &c.:—Collecting Boxes:—Mr. Dalton, £1 10s 9d; Miss Ruck, £1 5 10d; Girls of Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Potter, 13s 2d; Mrs. Stevenson, £10; Mr. Atwood, £1.—Total, £14 9s 9d.

College Buildings.

Statement of Receipts from March 20th to April 20th, 1874.

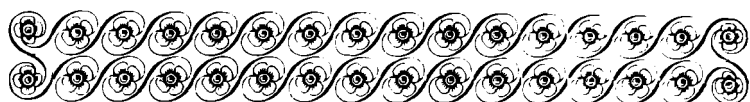
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Edward Williams	0 5 0	A Friend	0 5 0
Mr. F. E. Perritt	0 10 0	Miss Smith	0 10 0
Mr. and Mrs. Roy, New Zealand	2 0 0	A Christian	1 0 0
A Friend, per Mr. Roy	0 10 0	In College Box	0 2 6
C. H. P.	0 6 4	Mr. Alfred Darby	10 0 0
Mrs. Clayton	20 0 0	J. S.	100 0 0
H. E. S.	5 5 0	Mr. G. S. Everett	5 0 0
Isaiah xlii. 16	1 0 0				£157 3 10
Mr. and Mrs. Goddard	2 0 0				
Dei Gratia	0 10 0				
T. M.	8 0 0				

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
W. B., for Biddings District (Quarterly)	7 10 0	Eythorne District, per Mr. S. Clark	7 10 0
R. Clark, Esq., for Cheddar District	10 0 0	Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, for Ely	15 0 0
Baptist Church, Coxall, per Mr. T. Rogers	10 0 0	E. B. (Quarterly)	25 0 0
T. Greenwood, Esq., for Brentford District (Quarterly)	10 0 0	R. P.	10 0 0
Portsmouth District, per Rev. J. B. Burt	7 10 0	H. N. S.	10 0 0
Morchard Bishop District, per Rev. E. Corke	8 15 0	P. W. A.	5 5 0
Tewkesbury District, per Rev. T. Wilkinson	7 10 0	Mr. and Mrs. Goddard	2 0 0
Minchinhampton District, per Rev. H. A. James	10 0 0	H. E. S.	1 1 0
Burnley District, per Rev. G. W. Oldring	7 10 0	T. P.	0 10 6
				Mr. and Mrs. Freeman	0 10 0
				J. L.	0 5 0
							£155 16 6

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or otherwise we cannot acknowledge them.



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JUNE, 1874.

Foreigners in London.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

[PART I.]



PROBABLY only the minority of ordinary people are aware that a very large number of foreigners are constantly engaged in the vast manufactories of London. The populace of the capital includes a crowd of sugar refiners, watch and clock makers, bakers, and image artists, besides a host of others whose crafts and professions are as diversified as the languages they speak. As these strangers, who represent all the great nations of the world, have a clear claim upon the attention of the Christian church, it is pleasing to find that they are not neglected. A small number of specially appointed missionaries labour among them, and the results already achieved amply repay the outlay incurred, and encourage those engaged in the service to proceed in their holy work. Very many of the people who are casually encountered on ships or in the streets, and who receive gospels or tracts, are never seen again; but they carry hence the word of life, and the fruits of the seedsowing may appear in distant lands after many days.

Those who labour for the good of these strangers necessarily spend much time in the docks and the neighbourhood immediately adjacent, because foreigners there most abound. As regards the Spaniards, prior to the late revolution in Spain Bible distributors were compelled to adopt very subtle and secret methods of gaining their ends. Under the reign of the superstitious Queen the word of God, as well as all books teaching the reformed faith, were excluded from Spain, and he who favoured their importation incurred no small amount of bodily peril. A worthy captain, who in those dark days carried out five hundred

"gospels," had literally to smuggle the books ashore concealed in the tops of his boots and beneath his clothes. Its intense abhorrence of printed matter produced under the auspices of Protestants has all along been a characteristic of the Papacy, and especially was this so in Spain. The authorities hated books, and with a consistency worthy of their system appear to have regarded the press in general as an evil. The spirit of Popery is the same in all countries, and not long since a Romish bishop, while preaching at Monmouth, described the modern press as "the most powerful engine in the whole armoury of the devil."

In common with the Romish Church, that of Russia fosters a gross ignorance among the people, and gives little or no encouragement to the custom of preaching. The censorship of the press throughout the Czar's dominions also hinders the circulation of religious literature, and on this account it is gratifying to find that much attention is given to Russian ships in the Thames. Large numbers of books and tracts are freely distributed, which the sailors receive with considerable readiness, and even eagerness. Some of these have not so much as even seen a Bible, and only on one occasion has a man been met with who possessed a Bible which he had bought in his native land.

The late Continental war had the effect of sending to London a number of French refugees, who, settling in Soho, largely augmented the foreign population of that interesting region. Many might have been seen disconsolately walking the streets or hiding their heads in the humblest homes, who in Paris had filled offices of trust and honour. With their faces pale through want and care, they were fit objects for the solicitude of Christian philanthropists. Even *The Times* took notice of them. "There are now in London," said the leading journal, "in a state of complete destitution, many French gentlemen of education and character—physicians, artists, students, literary and scientific men, journalists and professors, who, having escaped with their liberty, but without their property, are on the brink of starvation." The efforts made to instruct these unfortunate people in the first principles of religion were partially successful, and through attending Bible-classes conducted in their own language some returned to their own country with precious stores of Bible knowledge such as they would never have possessed had no reverse of fortune overtaken them. One gentleman, having lost the whole of his property during the national troubles, was in a state of destitution, and was glad to accept a cup of coffee after the Sabbath afternoon Bible-class: though a man of parts and culture, he manifested much gratitude for the attention and instruction he received, and after procuring employment, which placed him in comparatively easy circumstances, he still walked eight miles to attend the class of his new-found friend. He heard some one say that Paris was forsaken of God. "Who is to blame?" he asked, "the people or the priests? In Paris there is no place like this for conversation on the Bible. I heard that a number of men met to read the Scriptures, and I thought they must be honest men, and that I should like to see an honest man. I come still to read the word of God and to study it, for I want to know God."

Foreigners who had occupied good social positions were found with no better habitation than was afforded them by the low lodging-house.

They were housed in damp cellars, or they breathed the pestiferous atmosphere of the tramps' kitchen. "What is the matter?" asked a Christian friend of a French gentleman who lay in the corner of a lodging-house bedroom. "Don't know; cannot stand," he replied. "Have you a doctor?" "No." "Who is nursing you?" "No one." "You are hungry!" Yes, that was the tender point; want was his disease, and tears filled the man's eyes as he confessed that he was famishing and penniless. Food was procured, and the poor victim of civil strife was assisted in other ways, and thus was induced to listen to the words of Christ with an open heart. Nor was he the first who had been relieved in a like manner by the same benevolent agency; for, said another to the same friend, "But for you I should have died upon the stones."

The visits paid by the agent of the London City Mission to these refugees, and to foreigners in general of the poorer class, are replete with interest. We see him preaching Christ to an Imperialist adventurer, or to a member of the Commune; and then follow him as he climbs the stairs leading to an elevated story, where, in a suitably furnished room he will find a countess and her *bonne*, for whom he has a Bible. The majority of the women remain "good Catholics," but the men, hardened by trouble, and disgusted with the mock Christianity of Rome, often vent their blasphemy in a manner shocking to hear. Some, who believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, yet discard all religious faith, while others boldly proclaim themselves to be uncompromising atheists. When seen in public in the *café* or the restaurant, the light airs they affect are characteristic of the everyday life of the Continent. The vulgar among them will use improper language, but those who are educated will invariably prove both polite and communicative, even though the deeply-rooted prejudices of education may rise to the surface. Their experience has engendered within them a contempt for Romanism, but commonly their refuge is infidelity, and not a better faith. If Popery is priestcraft, Protestantism they regard as an imposture. In an hotel, the landlord of which was friendly with a certain missionary, a man came up, and, in a violent outburst of wrath, denounced both Protestants and their belief; this zealous partisan became so excited that only with difficulty could he be pacified and be made to listen to reason. He did listen, however, discovered that he was in error, and even attended the Bible-meeting. Soon after he relinquished Popery and confessed that he was a changed man. A French gentleman, who, on being first spoken to about his eternal interests, made loud profession of infidel sentiments, was also brought into the church of Christ. "But had you been a priest," he said to his friend, "I would never have believed you, nor even listened to you." So true is it that priestcraft is the creator of unbelief.

From what has been said it will appear that persons of all classes, and especially the children of misfortune, compose the vast host of foreigners in London. London is to them a city of refuge, and though they count the citizens "slow," and especially so on Sundays and holidays, they are grateful for shelter and security in an hour of need. Many of them have crossed the Channel to escape from threatened imprisonment, or even from death; others, as quondam political

offenders, even in this land of liberty have their footsteps dogged by lynx-eyed spies, to whom their aims and purposes are known. Under such conditions life is a hard struggle, and those who are familiar with them are aware that these poor foreigners too often become victims of despair, and escape from their earthly privations by the short, dark road of suicide. Others with pale, haggard faces are seen to-day, and perhaps to-morrow, but anon they enter an hospital to die. In many instances misfortune stimulates ingenuity, so that some thrive by means of begging letters and impositions. Inventions, not always the most rational, are rife among them. "One Frenchman," we are told by a visitor among them, "has discovered, as he believes, a mode of preventing wars in future by a shell which is to destroy a whole army at once, and render impossible all future combats. A German has also in his mind an invention, not quite completed, to make carriages go without horses. An Italian also has devised a plan, which is at present only on paper, to prevent storms at sea, clear away all London fogs, and propel steam ships without coal! But worse than their dreams are the moral condition of the many, their dead consciences, their unbelieving and hardened hearts, their ignorance, superstition, and crime." Even day-dreaming may exercise a good influence when it inspires hope enough to prevent self-destruction. Think of a despairing Frenchwoman borrowing a shilling wherewith to procure a last meal, and then drowning herself in the Serpentine! If not rescued in time, many come to an untimely end. In their own wretched homes the poor exiles frequently present a picture of utter misery. In one garret a mother will be found nursing a dying child, with no better hope for this world or the next than the consolations of Popery. In another foul retreat is seen a man lately accustomed to luxury, but now, nervously as it were, hiding his head from the gaze of an unsympathising world, and selling for bread the scanty relics of his once ample possessions.

When these foreigners first become acquainted with Bible truth, what effect is produced upon their minds? The seed is sown upon virgin soil, for, never having been accustomed to read the word of inspiration, the gospel is to them virtually a new revelation, and it comes to them with all the additional charms which novelty can impart. A certain ice and cake dealer in needy circumstances accepted a New Testament, to the study of which he earnestly devoted his spare minutes. One day, when his temporal difficulties were becoming serious, he turned to the leaves of his well-worn treasure for a word of comfort, and his eye alighted on the account of the crucifixion. "They gave him vinegar to drink," he thought within himself; and his emotions were strong while he contrasted a poor Italian cook's troubles with the mighty sufferings of the Son of God. A prayer for aid escaped the man's lips, and though some may think it a happy coincidence, we prefer to speak of it as a remarkable providence, that the desired relief was immediately given. Some one inquired for a cook to travel with a family of position, and this man was engaged, who after such an experience could say from his heart, "I put all my confidence in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

The Italians are a most interesting nation, but as regards the

poorer classes the last sparks of self-respect appear to have been extinguished by the iron heel of Popery. In past years there used to be a nefarious traffic carried on in Italian boys, who, on being brought to London, were subjected to a service no better than slavery. Some taskmasters owned as many as twenty or thirty boys, whom they compelled to beg, to play on organs, and to sell goods in the streets. The little fellows were beaten and otherwise ill-used, but the supply was inexhaustible. We fear that this traffic is to some extent still continued, though it is illegal, and efforts are made by the authorities to put it down.

Though the palmy days of street organ-grinding have happily passed away, many remain who are attached to the profession, and who are sufficiently sharp-witted to recognise their friends among the public. The wife of a gentleman with whom we are acquainted was one evening sitting in her parlour, when she noticed at the garden gate, apparently overcome with fatigue, a miserable-looking Italian organist. "We may as well give that poor creature some tea," remarked the lady. "By all means," said the husband. The tea and bread-and-butter were sent out and were gratefully accepted. A week subsequently, at the same time in the evening, the lady again looked through the window and observed, "There's that poor man again, I dare say he thinks of the tea last week. We may as well send him a little more." "Oh yes, if you like; send him another basin," readily replied the good-natured husband, as he had done before. The refreshment was sent out, and, as on the former occasion, was thankfully accepted. The following week, at the same hour, the man once more appeared, and, while not desiring that their home should be made a weekly house of call, the gentleman and lady preserved their character for hospitality by still dispensing the looked-for refreshment. Of course when the fourth week had expired the foreign visitor was at his post, but as his English friends desired to break off the connection, no notice was taken of his presence. The man waited; no one came, but still he waited. At last even his Italian patience could hold out no longer; he stepped within the garden, summoned the housemaid to the street-door, and in the best English he could command reminded the girl that he was "ready for tea," and thus proved that he was not likely to go to the wall through not following up an advantage.

The district in London which represents the field of labour occupied by the Italian evangelist borders on Saffron Hill and Leather Lane. In this dingy neighbourhood there are lodging-houses inhabited by organists, to whom the landlord, if required to do so, lends out instruments at a fixed rental. Men and boys will often go out on extensive tours, extending over a period of several weeks, and while some carry organs, others are attended by monkeys, or, gaudily attired, adopt the profession of dancing. There are, however, other Italians who follow respectable callings; they open small confectioners' shops, or take up their stand in the street to vend cooling summer drinks. Our metropolis has become a home for the natives of all nations, and it has even been said that there are more Italians in London than there are in Rome.

There is a missionary in London who spends the whole of his time among the Italians; he excels in the onerous work to which he is de-

voted, and his efforts bring to light many curious facts. Speaking with a fluent tongue the language of fair Italy, he has access to the homes of strangers from that priest-ridden country. In one place he is joyfully welcomed as a brother Christian, but in another he is eyed with scornful suspicion as an apostate from the faith. Many of those whom he visits are exceedingly illiterate, and the fierce bigotry of ignorance possesses them; while, on the contrary, those who truly receive the gospel become strong in the faith, and accept their new-found freedom with unaffected joy. "I am poor," said one such, whose daughter lay on her death-bed, and who was himself ill, "but I prefer poverty with peace and confidence in God to the riches of this world." "Blessed be God," exclaimed another, "who has brought me to a knowledge of the gospel instead of hearing only about Mass, confession, and fasts." Some will be found whose Bible has hitherto been "The Glories of Mary," but as the heart becomes touched this is gladly exchanged for a New Testament. "Sir," testified one poor woman in whose soul light was dawning, "you know what instruction was given us in Italy. I heard nothing but prayers to the Virgin." "Do you think you derived any benefit from the Bible I gave you?" was asked of another. "I hope in God I have," he replied.

Those who are most deeply rooted in their attachment to Popery are the lower orders, over whom the priests exercise an almost complete dominion. The women, moreover, are usually found to be the most loyal subjects of Rome: even when the men, yielding to the force of argument, cry out, "That's true," the women will turn aside with supercilious airs and say, "He must not be believed."

The natural effect of Popery is to breed infidelity among men, while blinded women become zealous bigots for the authority of "the Church." On discovering that Romanism encourages priestcraft the men are too ready to discard all religious beliefs as alike false, or as worthy only of the attention of women and children. When subjected to holier influences in London a happy change of opinion often occurs, and an alteration of sentiments prepares the way for the more blessed transformation of conversion. They gladly accept the Bible in their own tongue; reading opens their eyes, and they ask themselves, in wonder, why such a Book should ever have been prohibited.

Occasionally foreigners differing in character from all these are found living in such seclusion as to puzzle, if not to amuse, their neighbours. Certain persons will forsake their native land for very eccentric reasons, and it is a point of honour with them to keep those reasons secret. A man of this description was once discovered in a metropolitan colony, and though the house he lodged in was of the poorer sort, the lodger's circumstances appeared to be easy. A quaint-looking specimen of humanity in himself, the stranger's mode of living was sufficiently singular to earn for him the *sobriquet* of "The Hermit." He professed to be a strict Romanist, and though he employed a foreign housekeeper, neither she nor any one else ever had access to one certain room; hence the charm of mystery hung over this apartment and awakened corresponding curiosity in the public mind. Seldom going abroad, "The Hermit" employed his time in offering prayers to the Virgin and the saints, and in imposing on himself a large amount of

painful penance. Here surely was a wonderfully holy man, as Rome reckons holiness, and one, too, whom "the Church" would eventually canonize. One day the Christian visitor called, and desired to see "The Hermit," when up went the window-sash of the mysterious room, and a man unwashed and with dishevelled hair presented himself as ready for an interview. Though civil and communicative, the stranger's characteristics were those of an eccentric genius. He gave ample evidence of possessing considerable knowledge, and showed an unwonted readiness to converse about men and books, until he was asked, "What do you know of Jesus?" and then the uncombed hair suddenly disappeared, and down went the window as suddenly as it had gone up a few minutes before. Several conversations with "The Hermit" were conducted in a similar manner to the first; but though he was supposed to be a person of uncommon sanctity, the mysterious stranger preferred talking upon any subject rather than religion. "Do you know, monsieur, how a sinner can be saved?" he was once asked after a long conversation in French. "Eh, tenez vous," he cried, and retreated out of sight as unceremoniously as before. Many other interviews occurred of a kindred character. The man was a phenomenon whom an ethnologist would have studied with curiosity; otherwise he was a striking example of human perversity, and one who in the pride of self-righteousness was seeking to win heaven independently of Christ. One Sabbath morning in summer, when the weather was hot, "The Hermit," in answer to his friend's summons, again showed his haggard, careworn face at the casement; but when a word was spoken upon the claims of Christ, the window was slammed down as usual. Immediately afterwards, however, he appeared in the court below with a piece of carving in his hand, representing the crucifixion, the river Jordan, and the Virgin Mary. An attempt was made by his friend to show him the gospel plan of salvation, but it was of slight avail. Too far gone in a degrading but fascinating superstition to believe anything so godlike in its simplicity as the gospel, the poor "Hermit" would only accept a small book, and then passed out of sight exclaiming, "You keep your Christ and I'll keep mine."

Examples like that of "The Hermit" teach us the vanity of a Christian worker's trusting in an arm of flesh, or of looking for success to any, save God alone. We also learn from this and other instances that the evangelist among foreigners needs special qualifications.

The general work will be all the easier if the missionary be himself a foreigner, and of a nation corresponding with that of the class he seeks to benefit. If a large number of Jews live in his district, he will need to be learned in Hebrew traditions and Jewish objections to Christianity. The work will try both his patience and his temper, so that while daily making Christ his pattern, those "good words" which "cost little" will need to be his ordinary stock-in-trade. He should be a man ready at argument and quick at repartee. When ground is yielded by opponents, he must be ready cautiously to press his advantage that by all means he may win some. In the earlier stages of his work few will welcome him as a trustworthy teacher, and hence when truth has to be conveyed to unwilling recipients through the channel of controversy, a double portion of wisdom will be required.

None but large-hearted men of prayer can hope to succeed in a work like this, and that agents are found who enter this wide field of labour and reap a precious harvest of souls is a fact which should inspire the church with devout thankfulness to the Giver of all good. To the Holy Spirit it belongs to impart strength and wisdom as well as to give the increase: otherwise we might indeed ask in despair, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

Before concluding this paper, we will glance at the work among foreigners under one of its most pleasing phases. The poor stranger in London has many friends, and some of these, possessing large means, have also royal hearts, and in their princely way maintain the fame of old England's hospitality. On more than one occasion Mr. W. Leaf has entertained three hundred natives of various nations in his beautiful grounds at Streatham, but never having witnessed this unique spectacle, we borrow a description of the festive doings from a newspaper report.

Tables were spread under the magnificent elms at the upper part of the lawn, amply supplied with substantial joints of beef, mutton, veal, and necessary accompaniments, flanked by huge fruit pies and pudding. As the Lascar seamen were from "caste" prevented from partaking of the food prepared for Europeans, a special table was laid for them, with bread, eggs, fruit, and uncooked vegetables. Precisely at one o'clock each missionary collected his party, and conducted it to the table appointed, and thus in the course of five minutes the whole were seated without the slightest confusion. It is needless to say that ample justice was done to the excellent and abundant fare. A blessing was asked in four different languages. A large party had been invited to do honour to the occasion, and the self-imposed duty of waiting on the guests was principally performed by young ladies, who flitted about, vying with each other who could be most attentive to them, and, by their grace and refinement, adding considerably to the attractiveness of the scene. To the Orientals especially, who had never shared in such honours before, it must have appeared almost a realisation of one of their own most beautiful stories. The *serangs* frequently expressed their wonder and gratitude. After dinner, and returning thanks, they all dispersed about the gardens and conservatories, whilst some betook themselves to various national games, that of the Lascars (somewhat akin to our prisoner's base) being much enjoyed. The Spaniards played a game something like "hunt the slipper," eliciting shouts of laughter every time the centre man received a whack with the twisted handkerchief. Others attempted leap-frog, but their agility was scarcely equal to the occasion. After a while tea was spread under the old elms, the party was once more summoned for refreshment, and a hymn ("Rock of Ages"), which had been arranged by Mr. Smithies for the occasion in English, French, and German, was sung in the three languages simultaneously. Mr. Leaf then spoke a few words, which were translated into the various languages sentence by sentence, saying the meeting reminded him of one mentioned in apostolic times, when so many of different tongues met together; and he hoped that, though now there were many around him who could not understand each other, they would all one day meet in a country where there would be but one language. After the speeches came a beautiful prayer in Italian; then the Asiatics, in their own fashion and in their own monotonous tone, offered prayers; and the whole concluded with the Doxology, in which everybody joined. As one by one the foreigners passed towards the Lodge, on their way out, they were presented by Miss Leaf with a bouquet as a souvenir of the day. Many were the thanks offered, many the expressions of thorough enjoyment of the day; and we must congratulate all parties concerned on the complete success of the undertaking.

In a future paper we hope still further to discuss this important subject, and to say something about the Chinese, and other Orientals with whom fleet steam ships and a mighty commerce are bringing Londoners into daily contact. In the meantime let us cultivate sympathy for the foreigner, and pray that he may not visit the land of Bibles without tasting of those good things which we possess in Christ Jesus.

The Power of the Holy Spirit in the Church.

A PAPER READ AT THE COLLEGE CONFERENCE, 1874,

BY PASTOR D. GRACEY.

TO prevent the slightest misapprehension, I desire at the very outset to state that our subject embraces no discussion of the Deity or personality of the Holy Spirit. These are assumed as well-established truths. It is of the relation he bears to us as the fount of influence, and we to him of utter dependence, that I intend to speak. With regard to the word "Power," I need hardly say that it shall lead us into no theories concerning the "gift of tongues," or miracle-working in general. I shall enter into no speculations as to why these extraordinary powers have ceased, or whether they can be recovered. In passing, I may however say that the stock arguments on this head are to my mind all more or less *ex post facto*: they give instructive reasons why the supernatural powers have ceased, after their cessation, and commendable pretexts why they should not be recovered, when all attempts in this direction have proved failures, and our inability has become chronic. I have in view the spiritual power which God delegates in various degrees to us, to all his people, whereby we ourselves and mankind at large are more or less drawn nearer the divine standard of perfect holiness and acceptable service to God.

This is a large subject, a subject too large for so brief a space as is allotted to me, and too important for such fragmentary treatment as I have been able to bestow upon it. I will only touch a few points, and leave others to enlarge and expand. Using the old-fashioned plan of divisions, I will observe the following order: *First*, the necessity for the Spirit's power. *Secondly*, the room left for it in Christian organisation and service. *Thirdly*, the way in which it is manifested.

I. *The necessity of the Spirit's power.*

In all the borders of the Christian church, outward peace and prosperity reign to an unwonted extent. Her external relations are happy. She is making large draughts upon *external* sources of power, and new applications of human materials of strength. The wealth, the literature, the principles, the spirit, and even to some extent the turbulent passions of our times, are sending wave after wave of strong influence over Christian character and church action. These are not signals of alarm, but tokens of gladness for all who wish Zion well and "know what Israel ought to do." We are grateful for the generosity and piety of those who consecrate their wealth to the service of Christ.

We admire the healthy rivalry of those whose aim is to keep the literature of Christianity from being a whit behind the very best products of culture. We are at one with those whose faith seizes upon the essence of Christianity rather than its form, and who believe they find in it a strong and faithful friend to whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, and whatsoever things are of good report. We are willing, too, to go heart and hand with those who seek to show by their methods of operation that while newness is ever spreading over all other departments of human inquiry, and belief and knowledge, Christianity is not a worn out, decrepid, tottering organisation, but hale and vigorous, with the dew of its youth upon it still. I repeat, these are not signals of alarm, but, I add, there are certain phases under which they might become so. Did they represent the main aim and scope of Christian activity—did they represent the only weapons with which the ever-changing battle line of our great enemy is to be attacked and broken, and the only materials wherewith the church is to be built up and fortified—did they represent the only fruits which the Christianity of these days is producing as a proof of its own genuineness, and the only thing which the church is now offering as the bread of life to the souls of men—then not only alarm, but despair might fill the breast of every true-hearted follower of Christ. For were these things so, they would, with inexorable logic, prove to us two things. *First*, that the church had forgotten the only power whereby she can accomplish her mission. *Secondly*, that she had even gone so far as to forget the very mission itself. Could such forgetfulness ever become entire and universal, then would she fall from her queenly throne, while the principalities and powers and great ones in the kingdom of darkness might well be moved with exultation, and exclaim, Hast thou also become as one of us?

What is that mission? It is one of deadly antagonism to a universal monarch, to a king of kings, to a king of more ancient date than earth's most ancient throne, to earth's first conqueror and man's last enemy. It is to maintain an unceasing attack upon dominions widespread as the sons of Adam, and to beat down strongholds equal in numbers to the teeming millions of our race. It is to assail an empire well fortified at every point, having its entrenchments in the physical, emotional, rational, and moral nature of man, having its mantled towers planted in the habits of the individual, in the usages and customs of the civil and social life of nations, having its coat of arms emblazoned on the very language we speak, and on almost every object presented to the senses, with its mystic forces pervading the very air we breathe. It is to break this empire in pieces, an empire that has been, unlike all human powers, exempt from the tooth of time and the corruption of decay, one that has grown both by the increase and decrease of all earthly dominions, and become firmer both in their rise and by their fall. It is to strip this ancient and universal potentate of all his kingdoms and the glory thereof, and never to lay down our arms till the north has given up, till the south has ceased to keep back, till the sons of God are brought from afar, and his daughters from the ends of the earth. It is, moreover, to form a strong and safe convoy for every

captive taken, till he enters the kingdom of our Prince. To deal tenderly with all such by the way, to mingle tears of sympathy with their tears of grief, to enkindle their hopes, to strengthen their confidence, and to train them in manners meet for their presentation before the presence of our all-glorious, royal Master.

Such were the vast proportions of the enterprise when first undertaken, such are they at this day. In our days there may be a re-arrangement of our forces, a re-adjustment of our line of battle, in accordance with the diverse circumstances under which we find and fight the enemy; but the battle is the same. The banner that floats over us, the war-cry that stirs our courage, the Great Captain who leads the van, the enemy in front, all are the same as when first the struggle commenced. And, notwithstanding the many valorous deeds done, few, very few, stations have been captured from the foe. Notwithstanding the labours of well nigh nineteen centuries, the preachings, sufferings, martyrdoms of innumerable holy and illustrious men and women, yet in front of the dark millions of Paganism, and the seething whirlpool of irreligion in our own land, we cannot disguise from ourselves the fact that little has been accomplished of what is to be done. It is well for us frankly to acknowledge this, not for the purpose of whining over our feebleness, but with a view to gain a just estimate of our task in all its length and breadth.

We have to-day, in our Master's name, to face that far-away heathendom, and we are weary and sick of being told that it may be released from the grasp of its vices by being inoculated with a taste for the refinements and luxuries of our artificial civilisation. The way in which this civilisation touches their shores, too often in the shape of "brandy, tobacco, and French prints," may make many converts, but few Christians. We are to-day for Christ, antagonists in deadly grapple with domestic ungodliness; and we are only filled with disgust at the sight of the cheap and flimsy barriers wherewith many seek to keep back and keep down the tide of mingled evils that are dashing their waves and defiling spray around and over us. In days of luxury almost without a parallel, and sensual indulgence never exceeded, it seems more like a piece of ill-disguised flattery of prevailing tastes rather than a serious scheme for men's salvation from all the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, to give such a large share of attention to the arts of the upholsterer, the milliner, perfumer, mimic, and musician in religious services. In an age of unusual outward display, beauty of apparel or grandeur of architecture, however pleasing to the fancy, can hardly be accredited by their professed admirers as effectual pleaders with the consciences of men. In times when men are applauded as clever for being sceptical, when they are accounted philosophic for pronouncing Christianity obsolete, when they reap the praises of martyrdom for ceasing to be orthodox, and are honoured as champions of liberty and benefactors of mankind, according as they strive to remove or shake the foundations which have in all the past supported whatever was holy and true;—in times such as these it will gain at best but a lazy, limping credence, after all, to resort to the curious device of some who make disciples by abandoning discipline, enlarge their creed by an explosion, and expand their doctrine by

evaporation. Among a generation upon which Popery is making fresh and vigorous raids, we can hardly expect to scare away her dark hordes by hanging out to view the powerless spectres of past protests and compromises, half forgotten by the multitude. In days when class rivalries, claims, and prejudices are rending society at large, and scattering many a sign of ill omen among Christian churches, it will do little to produce concord simply, as Xerxes cast chains into the angry waters in hopes of restraining their fury, to drop down nothing but the empty words, "liberty, equality, and fraternity," upon the heated passions and tumults of conflicting classes. Even in times when our ears are ringing with denunciations of the pulpit, when we are told every morning how a spirit of infirmity has rested upon it, lo, these many years, so that it is behind the age, and shorn of its former interest and influence, we can hardly muster sufficient credulity to imagine that our shrewd critics have found out a heal-all when they tell us that our discourses should be more plentifully sprinkled with science, that they should be immersed in politics, baptised in social questions, and refreshed with large draughts of what they are pleased to call "the well-spring of an original genius," though they have never pointed out the locality where that is to be found. And when, turning to the general aspect of vital religion, we can detect few instances of sustained ardour, self-sacrifice, enterprise for God and truth and the souls of men, if we have nothing stronger as a lever to lift men into the chivalric, heroic, and godlike, than the mere record of what others have done, then we may indeed present the noble spectacle of good men struggling against evils, but we shall struggle in vain; the evils are too strong for our remedies, too complex for our skill. Before such colossal mischief, we shrink into insignificance. We are like William of Orange, with a few followers and an empty purse, making war against the master of half the world, with the mines of Peru for a treasury. But like William, too, when asked of our resources, we can reply, "*Before we took up this cause we entered into a close alliance with the King of kings.*" Our great Ally beholds from his throne our struggle and our weakness, and sends us the promise of speedy and effectual succour—"Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."

II. *The room left for this power in Christian organisation and service.*

This is emphatically the dispensation of the Spirit; and, as a natural consequence, we see the pomp, and circumstance, and external symbolism of earthly power shrink and vanish from the true church of Christ. No visible head is appointed, no universal throne is raised, no central metropolis is built, no common temple is dedicated, no ritual is enjoined, no hours of devotion fixed, whereby the diverse adherents of Christianity may be drawn together into visible unity and held in external harmony. Looking at the organisation of the church in the New Testament from the standpoint of a legislator, there appears unaccountable forgetfulness, neglect, imperfection. The external bonds are of the feeblest; little is determinate, or definite; and all around and within the society in its internal and external relations and operations there are gaps and openings which seem to invite the entrance and favour the spread of the elements of disruption, dissolution, and decay. So true is all this, that it is not going beyond the verge of the possible to say that men could form

—for it has been done in the case of the great apostasy of Rome—an external combination of much closer cohesion and greater durability. Nothing falls to pieces sooner than a church formed on New Testament principles if left to itself. Bereft of the Spirit, like the loveliest work of God in this world—the human form divine—when once the soul is fled it instantly becomes a loathsome spectacle of corruption. What then? Are we to resort to greater elaboration, or higher organisation, and fill up these chinks and chasms with endless canonical enactments, and so make the church capable of lasting the longer the less she has of God the Holy Ghost? Or are we rather to look upon these very openings in our visible ranks as the scope required for the action of the forces of our great Ally? The very looseness of our external bonds is the liberty necessary for the independent workings of our invisible life. All is as perfect prudence would anticipate, where an unseen, all-seeing, all-wise, ever-present, all-powerful, loving agent is promised ever to pervade all, guide all, hold all, fraternise all, utilise all. He, like the taches, the links, and sockets of precious metal, keeping all the separate pieces of the Tabernacle together, binds all the faithful by indissoluble bonds in one all-perfect, harmonious dwelling-place for God. The faithful are numerous and scattered, detached and weak, as the grains of sand on the sea-shore; but by his fusing, skilful, mighty hand, they are formed into that *stone* which shall break in pieces all the powers of wickedness. From being apparently so weak that even if a fox were to go up thereon (as men say) he would break it down, the church of God becomes by the Spirit's presence a strong, immutable, impregnable city, against which the gates of hell shall never prevail.

The example of the first disciples of Christ on this point gives us valuable instruction when they point out the share the Holy Spirit had in all things pertaining to their Christian life and ministry.

Do they relate their entrance into the divine life? They confess it was “not by works of righteousness which they had done, but according to his mercy he saved them, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost.” Do they urge their brethren to advance in that life? Their word of command is, “Walk in the Spirit.” Do they express their confidence in the issue of that life? Their confidence arises from the fact that they “were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise which is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession.” Do they speak of any of the Christian virtues? These are declared to be the fruits of the Spirit. Their faith is by his operation. Their hope is “through the power of the Holy Ghost.” Their joy is “joy in the Holy Ghost.” Their love is the love of God shed abroad in their hearts through the Holy Ghost. When they confessed Christ before the world they likewise acknowledged the authority of the Spirit, for they were baptised into the name of the Holy Spirit as well as into the name of the Father and the Son. When they prayed, they “prayed in the Spirit.” When they chose an office-bearer in the church they chose “a man full of the Holy Ghost.” When they preached the gospel of Christ, it was not “with excellency of speech,” not “with enticing words,” “not in words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth, in demonstration

of the Spirit and of power." And when they looked forward with assured hope to the ingathering of the fruits of the gospel, it was because "the offering up of the Gentiles should be acceptable, being sanctified by the Holy Ghost."

Thus in all things, from the very beginning of their Christian life to the end of their Christian ministry, the hand is ever, like Noah's, outstretched to take in that Blessed Dove, and yield a large space for him to spread wide his silvery wings of benign influence. We must not give him less room than they did, if we, like them, would have his effectual help.

III. *The way in which the Holy Spirit's power is manifested.*

The main form and primary way in which this power is made known is by the gift of men of genuine endowments and qualifications for advocating the cause of Christ before the world. Throughout the New Testament this is considered as the one prime requisite. It is not expected that the church should carry on her operations without money, but there is no promise of it, though there is no hint that the kingdom of Christ should ever fail through want of funds. The main, the essential thing is men. The triumphal gifts of Christ were men. The promise of the other Comforter, the other Advocate, is fulfilled in men. Under this view that promise obtains a new significance, and fresh light is shed upon the way in which Christ's great plans should be taken up and conducted to their completion. During Christ's stay on earth, only one voice pleaded the claims of the great remedial plan. It was of a truth such a voice as had never before sounded in human ears, the voice of him who spake "as never man spake." Yet it was only a single voice, and it was soon stopped. In its stead another pleader is promised, who is not confined to one tongue and one pair of lips, but who can set a thousand, ten thousand, a thousand times ten thousand tongues in motion, who can fill them with arguments, who can breathe into their words an irresistible power, and enable feeble, unlettered men, with mightier weapons than sword and spear, to take innumerable captives for God and for his Christ from the great destroyer of souls.

This power is manifested in such a way as not to diminish but to increase our appreciation of the natural gifts of the men employed by the Spirit. It is certainly no derogation of the natural gifts of those used for such holy, such awful purposes, to regard them as under the control, and as achieving healthful results only in so far as they are under the control of this universal, ever-present, never-ceasing Advocate. He who enlists these gifts in his service when at their maturity doubtless fostered their first tender shootings. He that employs them when in existence, doubtless brought about that existence, implanting the germs that should afterwards grow into a strength fit and capable of great exertions. The recognition of this bond of union between such gifts and the Good Spirit, and the acknowledgment of their entire dependence upon the Spirit for their very existence, their employment, their usefulness, instead of lowering them in our estimation, will raise them immeasurably. We had not known they were so high, had we not known that there is something higher from which they have sprung. We had not discovered that they are so holy, did we not discern a something holier still. We had not known they were so essential to the church,

did we not find out something more essential by far. In a word, we had never known they were so divine, did we not perceive the link which makes them instruments of Deity.

In thus elevating and raising our frail faculties to compass ends of greatest spiritual good, the Divine Spirit acts towards the church in a way not unlike that in which the bright expanse of heaven acts towards the earth, bending over and around it, drawing up into its blue depths the gross vapours from our low valleys and swamps, purifying them in the wonderful chemistry of the skies from all their pernicious elements, and then distilling them in fertilising rain and dew upon the withering vegetation of the fields. That which rose a tainted thing descends in purity. That which rose mixed with germs of disease falls in life-giving showers. And so is it with human ability. At its best natural condition it lies like a thick perilous cloud upon the church; but when the divine drawings come, and it is lifted up by the force of a sublime consecration, and, as it were, melts for a time under the Spirit's influence, that which rose in weakness descends in power, that which ascended mixed with the germs of disease and death, comes back again with quickening and fertilising power to the church and the world.

As a further development of this same system, we find that *men* are to be the centres from which this power is to radiate. It is not to be external to them, it is to be in them. It is not to co-operate by being in remoter or closer proximity to their efforts, but by a sort of inseparable identity with these efforts, an identity so complete that where the human ends and the divine begins no mortal eye can detect. We read, indeed, of "the holiness of truth," of the sanctifying effect of truth, but nowhere of the divine Spirit taking up his residence in any set of sentences of truth, or system of doctrine, apart from the individual believer in whose heart the truth lives and acts. His mystic influences are not carried abroad among men by any stream of theology external to them, no matter how sound, and pure, and undefiled it may be. Of no record of facts, no matter how vital and fundamental to our dearest hopes, does the Spirit of God make his temple, but of the individual hearts of those who are the true members of the church of Christ. He dwells not in the book itself, but in us. He dwells not without the truth of the book, but with it, wherever it has found a home. Hence the promise of Christ is not to doctrine, but to the individual. "*He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. But this spake he of the Spirit.*" And the apostle gives us the fulfilment of this when he speaks of those who ministered to others the Spirit.

This is not the claim of a fanatic, it is a sober description of the functions of a minister of Christ. It exhibits in a strong light—but not in too strong a light—the work he performs as the messenger of Christ to the souls of men. It above all prompts the prayer, "Lord, send more labourers into the harvest!" At the same time, it shows the deep responsibility of those to whom this treasure is given, who are thereby made debtors to the Jew and to the Greek, to the bond and to the free. And with this responsibility rising before us, let us recall to mind what is often the subject of our experience, that it is the main element of strength with us to rise from second causes to the first, to

shake ourselves free from the bewildering net of circumstances, and instrumentalities, and plans, and efforts, and fall back upon the immutable base of our operations, by recognising our immediate connection with heaven; that God and we are one, that it is God's work, that of his plans ours are but the human expression, that of his power our efforts are but the earthly exponent. The Divinity thus thinking and acting in our thoughts and deeds, redeems our ministry from the charge of failure or of littleness; endows our purposes, often conceived in the grey twilight, with far-reaching prudence, and lends even to our feeblest handiwork the durability that shall last from age to age.

Origin of Seamen's Hymns.

THE principal seamen's hymn of the early church was that of St. Anatolius. It has lately been introduced into modern psalmody, being one of the happiest translations of Dr. Mason Neale. Dr. Neale has not only clearly given the sense of the original, but has preserved the part of the Nicene Creed—the "God of God," "Light of Light," and "Truth of Truth"—which it repeats. Its inspiration may have been drawn from the storm that beset the church, or from the tempests that darkened the Ionian seas.

"Fierce was the wild billow,
Dark was the night;
Oars laboured heavily,
Foam glimmered white;
Mariners trembled,
Peril was nigh:
Then said the God of God,
'Peace! It is I.'

"Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!
Peril can none be,
Sorrow must fly,
When saith the Light of Light,
'Peace! It is I.'

"Jesus, deliverer!
Come thou to me;
Soothe thou my voyaging
Over life's sea.
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
'Peace! It is I.'"

The origin of the best-known sailors' hymns is interesting, most of them being produced after perilous experiences at sea. Perhaps no hymn is more sung on the water than Charles Wesley's

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

It was written in 1740, shortly after Wesley's return from America to England, and during the first stormy scenes of his itinerant preaching. Whether the figures in the first stanza were suggested by the storms of the Atlantic, which the writer had but recently encountered, or by the storms of human passion, we cannot say; but most of the sea hymns of Charles Wesley were the unfoldings of actual experiences. In his journal on the Atlantic, he thus describes his spiritual conflicts and triumphs during a storm: "I prayed for power to pray, for faith in Jesus Christ, continually repeating his name, till I felt the virtue of it at last, and knew I abode under the shadow of the Almighty. The storm was at its height. At four o'clock, the ship made so much water, that the captain, finding it impossible otherwise to save her from sinking, cut down the mizen mast. In this dreadful moment, I bless God, I found comfort and hope, and such joy in finding I could hope, as the world can neither give nor take away. I had such a conviction of the power of God present with me, overruling fear, and raising me above what I am by nature, as surpassed all rational evidence." On the storm subsiding, he wrote: "Towards morning the sea heard and obeyed the divine voice, 'Peace, be still.' My first business to-day—may it be the first business of all my days—was to offer up the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving."

"All praise to the Lord,
Who rules with a word
Th' untractable sea,
And limits its rage by his steadfast decree;
Whose providence binds
Or releases the winds,
And compels them again
At his beck to put on the invisible chain."

Bishop Heber's matchless hymn, beginning

"When through the torn sail
The wild tempest is streaming,"

was written after similar experiences. The bishop took an affectionate interest in the humblest sailors during his voyages, and went down between decks to pray with them.

"When through the torn sail
The wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave
The red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray
The poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker—
'Save, Lord! or we perish.'

"O Jesus! once tossed
On the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek
Of despair from thy pillow,
High now in thy glory,
The mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish,
'Save, Lord! or we perish.'

“ And oh, when the storm
 Of wild passion is raging,
 When sin in our hearts
 Its fierce warfare is waging,
 Arise in thy strength
 Thy redeemed to cherish,
 Rebuke the destroyer—
 ‘ Save, Lord! or we perish.’ ”

Many of our readers have doubtless seen in old hymn-books a spirited hymn beginning with this singular stanza :

“ ‘ Listed into the cause of sin,
 Why should a good be evil?
 Music, alas! has too long been
 Prest to obey the devil.’ ”

The hymn is ascribed to Charles Wesley, and the quoted stanza must have struck the reader as a marked exception to the mellifluous numbers of this most careful and cultured lyrist. It was composed amid the roughest scenes of his itinerant preaching in Cornwall, when mobs set upon him in every town, among whom were the wreckers, a class of sea robbers long passed away.

The Cornish seamen always loved to sing that hymn, and the old Methodists of Cornwall delighted to tell the story of its origin.

“ My father knew all about that hymn,” said a Cornish man to a recent English writer. “ Mr. C. Wesley had just begun a hymn in the open air, intending to preach to the gathering crowd, when some half-drunken fellows came and struck up the tune of ‘ Nancy Dawson.’ Between the hymn and their song it was sorry music, but the preacher’s ear was quick enough to catch the metre of their song, and to master their tune there and then. He invited them to come again by-and-by, when he would be there and sing a song to their tune. They came, and he gave out a new hymn made for the occasion. The merry tars seemed to enjoy the hymn more than their old song.

“ A cheery thing,” added the Cornishman, “ it was to hear my father sing it, just as the old folks used to do. I used to sing it with him. He and I shall join again by-and-by, and

“ ‘ Heaven be ours for ever.’ ”

We transcribe the whole of the hymn.

“ ‘ Listed into the cause of sin,
 Why should a good be evil?
 Music, alas! too long has been
 Prest to obey the devil.
 Drunken, or lewd, or light the lay,
 Flowed to the soul’s undoing;
 Widened, and strewed with flowers the way
 Down to eternal ruin.

“ Who on the part of God will rise,
Innocent soul recover;
 Fly on the prey and take the prize,
 Plunder the carnal lover;

Strip him of every moving strain,
Every melting measure ;
Music in virtue's cause retain,
Rescue the holy pleasure ?

" Come let us try if Jesu's love
Will not as well inspire us :
This is the theme of those above ;
This upon earth shall fire us.
Say, if your hearts are tuned to sing,
Is there a subject greater ?
Harmony all its strains may bring,
But Jesu's name is sweeter.

" Jesus the soul of music is,
His is the noblest passion ;
Jesu's name is joy and peace,
Happiness and salvation.
Jesu's name the dead can raise,
Show us our sins forgiven,
Fill us with all the light of grace,
Carry us up to heaven.

" Who hath a right like us to sing—
Us whom his mercy raises ?
Merry our hearts, for Christ is King,
Cheerful are all our faces.
Who of his love doth once partake,
He evermore rejoices ;
Melody in our hearts we make,
Melody with our voices.

" He that a sprinkled conscience hath,
He that in God is merry,
Let him sing psalms, the Spirit saith,
Joyful and never weary.
Offer the sacrifice of praise,
Hearty and never ceasing ;
Spiritual songs and anthems raise,
Honour, and thanks, and blessing.

" Then let us in his praises join,
Triumph in his salvation,
Glory ascribe to love divine,
Worship and adoration.
Heaven already is begun,
Opened in each believer ;
Only believe and still go on,
Heaven is ours for ever."

About one hundred and twenty years ago there wandered among the palm groves of Sierra Leone, a young Englishman, who had fallen so low as to be shunned even by the rude traders on the coast, and by the African slaves. He had little clothing ; he went hungry, and often was obliged to subsist upon roots. His life was not only stained with vice, but with viciousness in its most disgusting forms. He had a pious mother, and the memory of her counsels and prayers, like good angels, followed him in all of his wanderings. Escaping at last from the coast, he secured a passage for England.

During the homeward voyage the ship encountered a terrible storm. "I began to pray," he said. "I could not utter the prayer of faith. My prayer was like the cry of the ravens, which yet the Lord does not disdain to hear." The storm subsided, but the young man, sick at last of sin, continued to pray. God revealed his salvation to him on the ocean, and out of this deep experience came the following sailors' hymn:—

"I hear the tempest's awful sound,
I feel the vessel's quick rebound;
And fear might now my bosom fill,
But Jesus tells me, 'Peace! be still!'

"More and more loud the billows roar,
Far distant is the friendly shore;
But even storms obey his will,
And he can tell them, 'Peace! be still!'

"In this dread hour I cling to thee,
My Saviour crucified for me.
If that I perish be thy will,
In death, Lord, whisper, 'Peace! be still!'

"My soul, I charge thee not to fear; ;
Jesus is nigh, my prayer to hear;
His promise he can now fulfil,
And to the waves say, 'Peace! be still!'

"Hark! he has listen'd while I prayed,
Slowly the tempest's rage is stay'd;
The yielding waves obey his will,
Jesus hath bid them, 'Peace! be still!'

"Lord, I adore thy sovereign power!
My rescuer from danger's hour;
Oh, when dark fears my bosom fill,
Whisper me ever, 'Peace! be still!'"

That young man was John Newton, the rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, London, the friend of Cowper, and the writer of a part of the Olney Hymns.

[After we had taken this article from one of our American exchanges we made the discovery that it is merely a condensation of passages from Mr. Christophers' "Hymn-Writers and their Hymns," published by Partridge, 9, Paternoster-row. We therefore take this opportunity again to commend Mr. Christophers' elegant and instructive volume.—C. H. S.]

Fragments of Popery among Nonconformists.

WE have been greatly interested by the various opinions upon the paper inserted in our April number, written by Mr. Charles-worth, the Head Master of the Stockwell Orphanage. Some have pronounced that essay upon Dissenting Ritualism as "a crazy bark," freighted with trivialities; others have smelt a savour of Plymouthism

in it, and regarded it as flavoured with a kind of religious levelling, likely to lower the dignity of the ministry. On the other hand, a far larger number have thanked us for inserting it, and praised it as "trenchant," weighty, outspoken, and laying the axe at the root of many evils; indeed, the eulogiums upon it sent to us have been very enthusiastic, and calculated to make its author's face crimson with a modesty unable to bear the shock of so much appreciation. Happily, neither the editor nor his esteemed correspondent are likely to perish either from being chilled with censure, or smothered with commendation. Exposure to continual criticism has somewhat hardened our frames, and in patience we possess our souls. Wherein truth has been spoken it will live; wherein mistakes have been committed we trust the Lord will graciously let them die.

We do not believe that among our Nonconformist churches there is more than a fly or two of the priestly system in the pot of ointment, but even those flies should be purged out. Great evils have small beginnings, the little foxes are to be dreaded among the vines. Where so much is admirable, it is a pity that the specks and spots should be suffered to remain. We have a stern fight before us against Ritualistic Popery, and it is well to clear our decks of all lumber and go into the controversy with clean hands. It is a far more popular thing to find faults with other denominations than to point out follies and failings among ourselves, but this consideration should never occur to the right-minded, except to be repulsed with a "Get thee behind me, Satan."

Confining ourselves to one branch of the subject, namely, matters concerning ministers, we shall, at the risk of fresh flagellation, pursue the same course in the same unambitious style, by asking a few questions. *Whence comes the whole paraphernalia of ordination as observed among some Dissenters?* Since there is no special gift to bestow, why in any case the laying on of empty hands? Since we cannot pretend to that mystic succession so much vaunted by Ritualists, why are men styled "regularly ordained ministers"? A man who has preached for years is Mr. Brown, but after his ordination or recognition he develops into the Rev. Mr. Brown; what important change has he undergone? This comes before us in the form of addresses upon letters—"Rev. Titus Smith, Mr. Spurgeon's College," or sometimes, "Rev. Timothy Jones, Spurgeon's Tabernacle." Rather odd, this! Here are reverend students of an unreverend preacher, the title being given to the one out of courtesy, and withheld from the other for the same reason. The Reverend Titus has met with a church which will insist upon an ordination, and he is ordained; but the President of his College, having never undergone such a process, nor even that imitation of it called a *recognition*, remains an unordained, unrecognised person to this day, and has not yet discovered the peculiar loss which he has sustained thereby. We do not object to a recognition of the choice of the church by its neighbours and their ministers, on the contrary, we believe it to be a fraternal act, sanctioned by the very spirit of Christianity; but where it is supposed to be essential, is regarded as a ceremony, and is thought to be *the* crowning feature of the settlement, we demur. "The Reverend Theophilus Robinson offered up *the ordination prayer*" has a Babylonish sound in our ears, and it is not much

improved when it takes the form of "*the recognition prayer*." Is there, then, a ritual? Are we as much bound by an unwritten extempore liturgy as others by the Common Prayer? Must there always be "usual questions"? And why "*usual*"? Is there some legendary rule for *the* address to the church and *the* address to the pastor? Mark well, that we do not object to any one of these things, but we do question the propriety of stereotyping them, and speaking of the whole affair as if it were a matter to be gone about according to a certain pattern seen in the holy mount, or an order given forth in trust to the saints. We see germs of evil in the usual parlance, and therefore meet it with a *Quo Warranto*? Is not the divine call the real ordination to preach, and the call of the church the only ordination to the pastorate? The church is competent, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, to do her own work, and if she calls in her sister churches, let her tell them what she has done, in such terms that they will never infer that they are called upon to complete the work. *The* ordination prayer should be prayed in the church meeting, and there and then the work should be done; for other churches to recognise the act is well and fitting, but not if it be viewed as needful to the completion of the act itself. We have noticed many signs of an error in this direction.

The small matter which we have mentioned leads on to another which is by no means small, namely, the notion in some churches that *only an ordained or recognised minister should preside at the Lord's table*. Small is our patience with this unmitigated Popery, and yet it is by no means uncommon. Pulpits which are most efficiently supplied on other Sundays by men who are without pastoral charge must be vacated by them on the first Sunday of the month because the friends like a *stated* minister to *administer the sacrament*. This may not always be the language employed, but it often is, and it is an unsanctified jargon, revealing the influence of priestcraft. Whence comes it? By what scripture can it be justified? "Breaking bread from house to house" does not read very like it. We suppose that the idea of a deacon leading the communion would horrify a great many, but why? If the church should request a venerable brother to conduct the service, a brother of eminent grace and prayerfulness, would the ordinance be any the less instructive or consoling because he was not *in the ministry*? Naturally enough the pastor, when there is one, leads the way by the respectful consent of all; but would fellowship with Jesus be more difficult, if he were out of the way, and an elder or deacon occupied his place? Our experience has never led us to bemoan, on the account of our people, that the communion was a maimed rite when a beloved deacon or elder has filled our chair. We love to have our brethren sitting with us at the table, breaking the bread as much as we do, and giving thanks aloud as we do, because we hope that by this visible sign men will see that "one is our Master, even Christ, and all we are brethren." Are we the less respected by our church officers for this? Do they take upon themselves lordly airs? Far from it. A more beloved and loving set of men never surrounded a pastor. We magnify our office in the best manner when we do not magnify it beyond the teaching of the Lord. Who are we that our presence should render

more valid, or more lawful, the remembrance of our Lord's death until he come? All things are to be done decently and in order, but that order does not necessitate a church's going without the Lord's Supper because there is no pastor or regular minister to be had. At least we fail to see any support for such an idea, except in the traditions of the fathers, and the sooner these are consigned to oblivion the better. We confess we do not admire the Plymouth fashion of passing round a lump of bread for all to peck at, like so many crows, or the plan of hawking a slice from hand to hand, for each one to break on his own account, for it is not a clean or decorous practice; and as it never would be tolerated at our own tables, it certainly ill becomes the table of the Lord: but even these odd ways are better, or at least less harmful, than the practice of a *stated minister* administering the elements, for "*stated minister*" is little more than "priest writ large" in the idea of weaker brethren; or if it be not so now, it soon may be so, and the sooner it is put an end to the better for posterity. Even now we know of churches which have dispensed with the Lord's Supper week after week because the pastor was ill, there being, of course, no other brother in the whole community who had grace enough to preside at the table, or *administer the sacrament*, as some of the brotherhood call it. When matters have gone so far, it is surely time to speak out against such worship of men.

By one of those whimsical freaks of superstition for which there is no accounting, *the benediction is in some regions almost as sacredly reserved for the minister as the absolution for the priest* in Popish churches. We heard it remarked the other day as quite a singular thing that a non-ministerial brother, being in the chair at a religious meeting, had actually pronounced the benediction. We had not noticed the man's audacity, but evidently others had. Here was a mere layman thinking himself as able to invoke a blessing upon the assembly as the clerics around him! The brethren around us expressed their pleasure that he had done so, but even this showed that it was rather an innovation, very commendable, no doubt, in these days, but still an innovation. "Will you close the meeting?" has often been whispered in a minister's ear when some excellent Christian man has been in prayer, who might just as well as not have finished his supplication with the blessing, and so have dismissed the assembly. But that must not be, only ministers must take those sacred words upon their polluted lips! Fiddle-de-dee is the only word which will enable us to vent our feelings. But we forbear, and change the subject.

It is very natural that our friends should desire their minister to baptise them, and yet there is no reason why he should do so on account of his office. It does not appear from the Scriptures to have been an act peculiar to preachers; in fact, at least one of them, and he by no means the least, was not sent to baptise, but to preach the gospel. A vigorous Christian member of the church is far more in his place in the baptismal waters than his ailing, consumptive, or rheumatic pastor. Any objection urged against this assertion is another unconscious leaning to tradition, if not a relic of superstition. The usefulness of the ordinance does not depend upon the baptiser, but upon the gracious meditation and earnest prayer of the person baptised: the good which he will receive will depend upon how far his whole soul is receptive of

the divine influence, and in no sense, manner, or degree upon the agent of the baptism. We do not know what Pædobaptists think upon their ceremony, but we fear that the most of them must have the minister to do it, and would hardly like their infants to be left to the operation of an unordained man. If it be so, we do not so very much wonder at their belief, for as it is clear that no good arises to an infant from its own prayers or meditations during the ceremony, there is a natural tendency to look for some official importance in the performer of the rite; but yet we do not and cannot believe that our Pædobaptist friends have fallen so low as that; we make no charge, and hope we shall never have cause to do so. For Baptists to attach the smallest importance to the ordinance of baptism being administered either by a minister or a private member would be to the last degree inconsistent, and yet we are not sure that the inconsistency is not to be found in many quarters. It behoves ministers to break down in time every tendency to make us into necessary adjuncts of the ordinances, for this is one step towards making us priests.

Upon the same spirit as it crops up in reference to *marriages and burials* we need not remark. Neither of these things are in themselves our work, although, as they furnish us with excellent occasions for doing good, it is well for us to attend to them. At the same time here are two threads for the syrup of superstition to crystallise upon, and it will do so if not prevented. The ignorant evidently attach some importance to reading or speaking over a corpse at a funeral, and do not regard the service as meant wholly for themselves, but as having some sort of relation to the departed. To have a gracious exhortation and prayer at home, and then lay the dear remains in the tomb in solemn silence, would be regarded as barbarity by many, and yet it would be no unseemly thing. To give the minister liberty to keep to the word of God and prayer, and release him from serving sepulchres, is according to apostolic precedent, and yet our churches would be grieved if it were carried out. When one of the Lord's disciples desired to postpone his evangelistic labours till he had buried his father, he was bidden to let the dead bury their dead; but such advice followed out now-a-days would bring down heavy censure upon the minister. Is this as it should be? Our calling is to preach the gospel, and not to marry the living or bury the dead. By what process have these things come to be an integral part of our ministry? Are they really the business of the ministers of Christ? It is not meet that we should needlessly grieve any by refusing to attend upon either of these occasions, but we must take heed that we do not feed the sickly sentimentalism which makes the preacher necessary to them. We must all have seen how soon a superstition springs up, and therefore we must be on our guard not to water the ill weed.

The duty of visiting the sick and dying is one which we do not wish to shirk, but may it not become another door for priestliness to enter? and, indeed, is it not so? The poor will hasten to our doors, and ask us to "*come and pray to their sick friends*;" yes, those are the very words—"Please, sir, would you come and pray to my husband?" Often have we heard the expression, "The clergyman has been in and prayed a prayer to him, sir." To the London poor

ministers both in church and dissent are alike parsons or clergymen, and city missionaries are almost as good, and in their distress they very frequently send for one or another of us out of sheer superstition; not because they would learn the way of salvation, but because "having a good man in to pray to them" is the right thing to do for dying people. The like, or perhaps a worse superstition, leads to a high estimate of a burial service. Rattled over as it frequently is by cemetery chaplains, who have "one on and two more a-waiting," the burial service cannot be of any use to the living, and must surely be performed for the sake of the dead. Nobody says so among Protestants, but the idea is in the air and may by degrees condense into a belief, unless we are expressly earnest to prevent it. We shall continue to mingle with the devout men who carry our Stephens to the sepulchre, and we shall not fail to weep with them that weep, but we will not allow the ignorant to imagine that we are there to perform some mystic rite.

These few remarks touch only upon *ministers*, and leave other matters for another equally brief chapter; but we cannot lay down the pen without asking why so many brethren still retain *the title of Reverend*? We are willing to reverence the aged pastor, and we did not hesitate to give that title to our beloved friend George Rogers, just in the same way as we use the term "the venerable Bede," or "the judicious Hooker," but we are not prepared to reverence every stripling who ascends the pulpit; and, moreover, if we thought it due to others to call them reverend, we should still want some reason for their *calling themselves so*. It seems rather odd to us that a man should print upon his visiting card the fact that he is a reverend person. Why does he not occasionally vary the term, and call himself estimable, amiable, talented, or beloved? Would this seem odd? Is there any valid objection to such a use of adjectives after the fashion is once set by employing the word *reverend*? If a man were to assume the title of reverend for the first time in history it would look ridiculous, if not presumptuous or profane. Why does not the Sunday-school teacher call himself "the Respectable John Jones," or the City Missionary dub himself "the Hard-working William Evans"? Why do we not, like members of secret orders and others, go in for Worthy Masterships and Past Grands, and the like? I hope that we can reply that we do not care for such honours, and are content to leave them to men of the world, or to the use of those who think they can do some good thereby. It may be said that the title of reverend is only one of courtesy, but then so was the title of Rabbi among the Jews, yet the disciples were not to be called Rabbi. It is, at any rate, a suspicious circumstance that among mankind no class of persons should so commonly describe themselves by a pretentious title as the professed ministers of the lowly Jesus. Peter and Paul were right reverend men, but they would have been the last to have called themselves so. No sensible person does reverence us one jot the more because we assume the title. It certainly is in some cases a flagrant misnomer, and its main use seems to be the pestilent one of keeping up the unscriptural distinction of clergy and laity. A lad fresh from college, who has just been placed in a pulpit, is the Reverend Smith, while his eminently

godly grandfather, who has for fifty years walked with God, and is now ripe for heaven, has no such claim to reverence. A gentleman of ability, education, and eminent piety preaches in various places with much zeal and abundant success, but he is no reverend; while a man of meagre gifts, whose principal success seems to lie in scattering the flock, wears the priestly prefix, having a name to be revered when he commands no esteem whatever. This may be a trifle, many no doubt so regard it; why, then, are they not prepared to abstain from it? The less the value of the epithet the less reason for continuing the use of it. It would be hard to say who has a right to it, for many use it who have not been pastors for years, and have not preached a sermon for many a day; what on earth are they to be revered for? Other men are always preaching, and yet no one calls them reverend, but why not? The distribution of this wonderful honour is not fairly arranged. We suggest that, as the wife is to see that she reverence her husband, every married man has a degree of claim to the title of Rev., and the sooner all benedicts exercise the privilege, the sooner will the present clerical use of it pass out of fashion. We wonder when men first sought out this invention, and from whose original mind did the original sin emanate. We suspect that he lived in the Roman Row of Vanity Fair, although the Rev. John Bunyan does not mention him. One thing is pretty certain, he did not flourish in the days of the Rev. Paul, or the Rev. Apollos, or the Rev. Cephas.

Skampfjelding.

IN the *Engineering and Mining Journal* we read: "A rule, or custom, obtains on board Norwegian ships, known as skampfjelding, which is simply this: Every morning at daylight, as soon as the decks are washed down, the officer in charge details each individual of his watch to some particular part of the ship skampfjelding; Johannis goes over the mainmast and yards, from the truck to the topmast head; Jem takes the main topsail yard and topmast; Tellog takes the main yard, top, and lower rigging, and so on. Thus the whole ship is parcelled out, each man takes a few rope yarns, or 'Spanish Foxes,' and spends the next twenty minutes or half-hour in examining the part allotted to him; every seizing, splice, iron, bolt, rope, mat, even the stitching of the sails and condition of the paint, come under his consideration. A slight matter he repairs at once; anything for which he is not then prepared is, on returning to the deck, reported fully to the officer, and, if needing immediate attention, men and material are at once sent to the spot: in many cases the officer goes himself, or sends his second in command, to superintend the work. Things not requiring such immediate attention are noted; and when the other watch comes on deck, after breakfast, they are detailed to repair what has been reported, before commencing the day's work. In this way B repairs what A reported, and gives a look for himself, in going and coming. Again, if anything breaks during the day, the captain asks, 'Who went there skampfjelding this morning?' He is known, and

asked why he did not report; in some cases he gets a disagreeable job as punishment, while each man feels a personal responsibility and interest in giving an accurate report, lest he lose his character for seamanship."

Is not this an admirable custom and worthy to be imitated on board the ship of the soul? Self-examination exercised by the whole crew of mental and spiritual faculties would keep the entire craft in order, keep her tight and trim for all weathers, and preserve her when the hurricane comes on. As it is, we too often keep an eye on the paint, and forget the timber which it covers; the deck is holystoned, but the planks are rotting; sails are stretched, but many a rope needs mending. We all need skampfjelding, although we hardly know how to pronounce the word. Memory, understanding, hope, fear, head, heart, desire, and faith should each take a department of our nature, overhaul it, and report to the captain in command, with earnest resolve that all should be set right. For want of this the soul leaks, her sails spill the wind, her timbers become worm-eaten, and her beauty departs from her. This should be the work of every morning, executed in the calm light of dawning mercies, before we are buffeted by the waves of worldly business. Is it not sadly neglected?

The like good service should be done for the church. Her membership, schools, societies, poor, sick, and ignorant should be looked over by each man that he may see what is his own department, and where he can best lend a hand. The most watchful captain cannot do everything himself, all hands must help him, every member must take his share of the work and do it. Some of those on board our vessels have never yet gone forward among the children of the Sabbath-school, indeed they never do a hand's turn anywhere unless it is with a knife and fork. They are sure to be in the saloon when the dinner bell rings, as if they expected to be ranked as genteel passengers and not as able-bodied seamen, and they are always ready to skulk into their bunks and sleep the day out; but they never go up aloft on the look out, nor down below to see to the cargo, they neither watch, nor work, nor wrestle, but they worry and weary all around them. Oh for more real workers. Yards and trucks, ropes and bolts, are apt to get out of order, and very soon no end of damage is done. Up, brothers all! and with open eyes look about you, and with a handful of "Spanish foxes," or something of a more excellent texture, fix everything as straight as may be.—C. H. S.

Melchizedec: an Evangelical Study.

BY B. W. CARR.

THE story of Melchizedec, as it is related in patriarchal history, is short and simple. He is introduced to our notice but once, and that on the occasion of his interview with Abram, the father of the faithful. His appearing, however, was so sudden, his demeanour so dignified, the homage offered him by Abram so deferential, and so

abruptly does he vanish out of sight, that we are prone to be rather bewildered than instructed by the narrative.

For a thousand years did the name of this illustrious man slumber. Not the faintest reference to him occurs in the Scriptures after the incident which Moses relates, until a prophetic utterance in the book of Psalms assigns to his name and his royal priesthood a permanent place in sacred literature.

Another thousand years elapse, during which neither seer nor bard celebrates this priest of the Most High God. In the mean time the Israelitish nation has risen to high eminence and sunk into miserable degradation; the Levitical priesthood has enjoyed an exclusive sanction and exhausted its solemn prestige; moreover, the Messiah has himself visited the earth, fulfilled his mission, died the death of the uncircumcised, been raised from the dead, and received up into heaven. Then, after the Christian church has been inaugurated, a new covenant dispensation promulgated, and the ceremonial economy has given place to the order of spiritual worship, the priesthood of Melchizedec emerges from the obscurity in which it had been enshrouded for ages, and he is prominently set before us as the type of the great high priest of our profession, Jesus the Son of God, who hath entered into the heavens. Were it possible for us to dismiss from our minds all preconceived theories, and address ourselves with unbiassed judgment to the study of what the Bible affirms and explains, all the difficulties would vanish. Things that tantalise us at a distance are often obvious enough when we approach them. Unfortunately the honoured name and the sacred fame of Melchizedec have for many a day been held captive by the mystics. On the vague supposition that the obscure ministers to the sublime, practical reflections have been overlooked, while strange legends have been foisted upon us; his memory seems consigned to the groves, where shadows that can boast no parentage flit across the path, and phantoms, whose fitful dance imply no birth or involve no death, come and go. Let us always beware of hypotheses. Conjectures, like falsehoods, require a numerous progeny to keep each other in countenance. All theories are artificial. It is doubtful whether in any instance it is desirable to make a theory the starting point of study. To one peculiarity we may fairly trace the perplexities that have gathered round the individual of whom we speak. The place he occupied in the narrative of the patriarchs would have challenged little controversy, and excited no extravagant surmises, but for the explanation which an apostle has given us of its high spiritual import. The gloss, not the text, has given rise to the embarrassment of biblical students. Any difficulty there may appear to be in understanding the doctrine inculcated in these records is unerringly traced to our own dulness. If we fail to perceive the drift of the teaching, it is attributed to a childishness on our part, which makes us need a milk diet, instead of our attaining to a manliness which can digest strong meat. Should it be asked by what criterion the soundness of any argument can be judged, we should unhesitatingly reply that appended to the doctrine there is much practical exhortation, which ought upon a just analysis to flow as a natural consequence from all the details.

Dispensing then altogether with conjectures, we have three sources

of information, to which our study must be strictly limited. These are *a narrative of history* (Gen. xiv.); *a sentence of prophecy* (Psalm cx.); *an apostolic commentary* (Heb. v. and viii.). Of this last it is important to notice that it is a glossary pure and simple; not in any sense whatever a revelation of new facts. Paul expounded by inspiration the things that were written in Moses and the prophets.

1. Patriarchal history has but three sentences dedicated to the memory of Melchizedec. In three verses, from the eighteenth to the twentieth of the fourteenth chapter of Genesis, the entire story is compassed. From the connection we learn that among the petty kingdoms of those ancient times a rivalry sprang up which ended in war. Two parties were made; the one consisting of four, the other of five princes, who joined together in the vale of Siddim, which subsequently became the site of the Dead Sea. Chedorlaomer and his allies gained a victory over the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah and their confederates. In the distress that ensued, Lot, Abram's nephew, and his household were carried into captivity. The news reached the patriarch's ear. There came one that had escaped and told Abram the Hebrew, as he dwelt in the plains of Mamre, those plains in which God was pleased more than once to commune with his soul. Forthwith, love to his afflicted brother prompting all his sympathies, Abram arms his household of three hundred and eighteen men, disciplines them with military skill, makes a wily attack on the foes by night, routs them, and brings back his kindred in peace. As he returns from the slaughter of those Canaanitish kings, and reaches the valley of Shaveh, afterwards called the king's dale, "MELCHIZEDEC KING OF SALEM BROUGHT FORTH BREAD AND WINE: AND HE WAS PRIEST OF THE MOST HIGH GOD. AND HE BLESSED HIM, AND SAID, BLESSED BE ABRAM OF THE MOST HIGH GOD, POSSESSOR OF HEAVEN AND EARTH: AND BLESSED BE THE MOST HIGH GOD, WHICH HATH DELIVERED THINE ENEMIES INTO THY HAND. AND HE GAVE HIM TITHES OF ALL."

Thus beginneth and endeth the history of Melchizedec. Fresh facts may be sought for, but the search will be vain. The meeting, the blessing; the tithe-paying, are all that we have on record. Not that such a striking episode in the narrative of Abram's life exhausts itself with these prosy details. Our musings are stored within us. Let the limner's vivid art, or the poet's fiery imagination picture the historical scene, what a meeting that would appear in the valley! Here the old patriarch comes panting from the toils of the battle, at the head of his armed retinue, surrounded by his grateful relatives, and followed by the clans of rescued captives, who share the joy, if they partake not the honours of the victory! There, at the entrance of the dale, stands the venerable form of one who is the paragon of dignity. He has palpably a triple claim to homage. His personal character is above all reproach. He that ruleth among men should be just; and this man was an embodiment of righteousness. His royalty was of a high order. As king of Salem, he was the superior of all the princes of Canaan, being, it would appear, like a king of kings. His priesthood, likewise, was of the purest type, having the unimpeachable sanction and sanctity of the Most High God. Yet the place he occupies in history is isolated and unexampled. At a time when kings go forth to battle, this king of

Salem is not found joining in the fray. Nor is any mention made (his priesthood notwithstanding) of his offering any sacrifice. It is after the battle he becomes visible, calm, but earnest, his entire visage beaming with spiritual emotion. Seems there not an extraordinary glow of feeling, and an intensity of fervour in that salutation of his which rises to passionate enthusiasm? The double blessing that gushes from his lips bears witness to this *empressement*, while he congratulates Abram in the name of the Most High God, and adores the Most High God for the favours vouchsafed to Abram. And when in response the patriarch gives him tithes of all, are we not irresistibly led to the conviction that Abram felt, owned, and hereby expressed his indebtedness to Melchizedec for the triumph he had achieved? After what manner this obligation arose is not stated in so many words; but, as it would appear to us, it is sufficiently implied. The benediction he pronounced is just of that kind which we might look for as the ripe fruit of intercession. If Melchizedec had been praying for Abram, it will account for the devout thanks he gives to God for delivering his enemies into his hand, and it will interpret to us the propriety as well as the piety of the patriarch's conduct, when "he gave him tithes of all." In making this suggestion, we are not offering an unwarranted surmise. It is, in fact, the view propounded by the Apostle Paul in a passage which will presently come under review—"Who in the days of his flesh, when he had offered up strong crying and supplications." Enough for our purpose to notice how that allusion to the intercession of Christ flows out of a correspondence in this particular with Melchizedec.

2. The startling abruptness with which Melchizedec thus appears on the scroll of history, and his equally sudden disappearance would have supplied no more than a digression in the record of Abram's life, and pointed no other lesson than the esteem in which the patriarch was held by an eminent potentate in the land of Canaan, had not a sentence of high-sounding prophecy in after years recalled the circumstance, and invested it with the gravest importance. When David has come to the throne, and the kingship of the Messiah comes prominently before the eyes of the faithful in Israel, this episode in Abram's life assumes extraordinary prominence, and attracts the believing Israelite as a prefiguring of that dispensation in which all the covenant blessings shall be realised and enjoyed. We turn to Psalm cx. 4:—"JEHOVAH HATH SWORN, AND WILL NOT REPENT, THOU ART A PRIEST FOR EVER AFTER THE ORDER OF MELCHIZEDEC." The period to which this psalm refers at the opening is that in which our Redeemer begins his session at the Father's right hand. "*Jehovah said unto my Lord (or Governor), Sit thou at my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool.*" This priesthood arises after the enemies are overcome, and the people become willing servitors of the honoured potentate; and it displaces all other orders of priesthood when, in the day of God's wrath, he smites through kings, and puts down all rule and authority. As, then, we noticed in the history of Genesis, that the priest appeared without a sin-offering, but with a benediction; so now we notice in the psalm that the King is not going forth to battle, but sitting at the Father's right hand, from henceforth expecting till Jehovah shall make his foes to be his footstool.

3. These references, carefully pondered, will prepare our minds for the exhaustive commentary which Paul has drawn out upon the two passages in the Old Testament that relate to Melchizedec. Be it observed that our apostle has briefly etched the commanding features of the Melchizedec order in the fifth chapter of his epistle to the Hebrews. He looks upon this part of his exposition as a child's primer; everything is so simple, plain, and intelligible. After this, however, he digresses with a reflection that he has many more things to say "hard to be understood, seeing you are dull of hearing." Then he resumes his teaching upon the same subject in the seventh chapter, addressing himself to the riper scholarship of more advanced disciples. How shall we begin our investigation of this remarkable subject? He that would understand any part of a knotty problem should make himself acquainted with the whole of it. We strongly recommend, therefore, to every patient, plodding, painstaking student, that he begin at the beginning of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and read on till he comes to the special point of our present inquiry. By so doing he will acquire an insight into the leading thoughts that possessed the Apostle's mind, and the peculiar manner of his argument. In this we can but render him a small measure of assistance. The limits of our article will only admit of a meagre epitome. Bear in mind that St. Paul writes to those who were Jews by birth and education, while they were Christians by faith and profession. We do not hesitate to attribute the epistle to Paul, for if the proof of authorship is not absolute, it is nearly tantamount to it; every other conjecture being disproved, judgment goes by default. As to the general drift of his reasoning, he does not contrast Christianity with Judaism, defending the one at the expense of the other. On the contrary, he acknowledges the divine authority of both systems, and in paying deference to the Old Testament Scriptures he magnifies his office in inculcating the higher claims of the New Testament dispensation. In setting forth this infinite superiority he makes two points of comparison conspicuously prominent. One of these leading points is that the dignity of our Lord Jesus Christ as the SON OF GOD transcends all the honours that were conferred by office on the worthiest Hebrew sires. Thus, while God at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto our fathers by *the prophets*, he hath in these last days spoken unto us by HIS SON. To no angel did Jehovah ever say, "THOU ART MY SON." Moses was faithful in all his house as *a servant*, but Christ as *a Son* over his own house. Aaron was unquestionably called of God to the priesthood, but to Aaron it was never said, as it was to Jesus, "Thou art MY SON: to-day have I begotten thee."

The other matter of superiority upon which our apostle delights to expatiate is the unfading glory of the Christian appointments in comparison with the transient bloom of the legal dispensation. Hence he passes in review the typical Sabbath and the eternal Sabbatism, the carnal ordinances, and the eternal institutions, the dying priesthood and the eternal priest. That one word *eternal* is the sterling mark of the gospel. It reveals a work once done, never to be undone; a decree passed, never to be repealed; a constitution established, which it is impossible to overthrow or supersede. When the Most High legislates

for time, his legislation may be temporary. He made Saul king and repents thereof, indicating a change not in his own mind, but in the temporary policy that depended on circumstances. But when the Most High God legislates for eternity he repents not. Jehovah hath sworn to his beloved Son, and will not repent, "Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedec."

Having thus read in brief up to the point where Paul expounds the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ's person as the Son, and the eternity of his office as Priest after the power of an endless life, we will endeavour to trace the exposition of the type which Melchizedec furnishes, holding fast to the practical intent with which our apostle initiates his majestic discourse.

"SEEING, THEN, THAT WE HAVE A GREAT HIGH PRIEST THAT IS PASSED INTO THE HEAVENS, JESUS THE SON OF GOD, LET US HOLD FAST OUR PROFESSION."

The fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews exhibits very succinctly the particular aspects in which Aaron and Melchizedec respectively typified the priesthood of our Lord Jesus Christ. The first four verses of that chapter appertain to Aaron. The six following verses (from the fifth to the tenth) relate to Melchizedec. One priesthood is thus foreshadowed under two types. Those two types are quite dissimilar; they bear no resemblance to each other, but they each of them supply us with an instructive picture of our Redeemer. This complex arrangement is quite in harmony with the system of types common to all revelation. Just as no one parable would suffice by itself to expound that dispensation which is called "the kingdom of heaven," so no one individual could supply a complete type of our eternal Lord even within the limits of any single aspect of his ministry. Moses typified Christ in bringing up the people out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. Then Joshua typified Christ in bringing the people into Canaan, the land of promise. Thus Moses and Joshua are joint types of Christ. David typified Christ in those wars and conquests by which he consolidated the kingdom of Judah and Israel, and established the throne in righteousness; but Solomon typified Christ in the peacefulness of his reign, when there was no adversary or evil occurrence. It was David who planned and Solomon who builded the temple of the Lord. Thus David and Solomon are joint types of Christ; the one in the conflict through which he came to the throne, the other in the security with which he possessed it. So is it with regard to the priesthood. Aaron typified Christ in all that belonged to sacrifice; Melchizedec typified Christ in the office of intercessor.

Now let us read the four verses that tell how Aaron typified Christ as a high priest.

"FOR EVERY HIGH PRIEST TAKEN FROM AMONG MEN IS ORDAINED FOR MEN IN THINGS PERTAINING TO GOD, THAT HE MAY OFFER BOTH GIFTS AND SACRIFICES FOR SINS.

"WHO CAN HAVE COMPASSION ON THE IGNORANT AND ON THEM THAT ARE OUT OF THE WAY, FOR THAT HE HIMSELF ALSO IS COMPASSED WITH INFIRMITY.

"AND BY REASON HEREOF HE OUGHT, AS FOR THE PEOPLE, SO ALSO FOR HIMSELF, TO OFFER FOR SINS.

"AND NO MAN TAKETH THIS HONOUR UNTO HIMSELF, BUT HE THAT IS CALLED OF GOD, AS WAS AARON."

In these three things the correspondence between our Lord Jesus Christ and Aaron hold good.

1. He was taken from among men to mediate between man and God.

2. He offered up the freewill offerings and made a sacrifice for sin on man's behalf.

3. He took our sins and carried our infirmities.

In not one of these respects does there appear to be the faintest analogy between our Lord and Melchizedec. This is exclusively the Levitical type, shadowing forth the days of our Saviour's humiliation, weakness, and suffering.

We read on, and glide into the Melchizedec type, which is distinctly pronounced, being manifestly after a higher order, and according to a superior dispensation.

"SO ALSO CHRIST GLORIFIED NOT HIMSELF TO BE MADE A HIGH PRIEST, BUT HE THAT SAID UNTO HIM, THOU ART MY SON, THIS DAY HAVE I BEGOTTEN THEE.

"AS HE SAITH ALSO IN ANOTHER PLACE, THOU ART A PRIEST FOR EVER AFTER THE ORDER OF MELCHIZEDEC."

Begotten, not made, a supreme excellence in which Melchizedec did, and Aaron did not, foreshadow our Lord! The boast of the Levitical priesthood was the purity of its succession. The obscurity in which Melchizedec's pedigree was wrapped is expounded to us as suggestive of the mystery of the eternal generation of Christ. In silence of mind we meditate the ineffable glory of the only begotten Son of the Father.

"For the high mysteries of his name

An angel's thoughts transcend:

The Father only—glorious claim!—

The Son can comprehend."

Leaving this first feature of Paul's exposition to dilate upon it afterwards, we come to his second point of identification. Enough that we point it out at present, for it will come again under our notice. Our apostle, as we have already hinted, alleges that Melchizedec typified Christ in intercession. His words are:—

"WHO IN THE DAYS OF HIS FLESH, WHEN HE HAD OFFERED UP PRAYERS AND SUPPLICATIONS WITH STRONG CRYING AND TEARS TO HIM THAT WAS ABLE TO SAVE HIM FROM DEATH, AND WAS HEARD IN THAT HE FEARED. THOUGH HE WERE A SON, YET LEARNED HE OBEDIENCE BY THE THINGS WHICH HE SUFFERED."

The doctrine contained in this passage is transparent. We may trace the gifts and blessings which our ascended Lord now bestows on men to the pleadings that he presented for us when he was on earth. How this fact can be deduced from the story of Melchizedec we have shown in reviewing the narrative.

There is a third point on which we have a like express testimony:—

"BEING MADE PERFECT, HE BECAME THE AUTHOR OF ETERNAL SALVATION UNTO ALL THEM THAT OBEY HIM, CALLED OF GOD A HIGH PRIEST AFTER THE ORDER OF MELCHIZEDEC."

It is very evident that Aaron did not typify Christ "*made perfect*," for he was himself compassed with infirmities, and had need to offer

sacrifice for his own sins as well as for those of the people. Melchizedec, however, did typify Christ "made perfect." If our blessed Redeemer had not finished the work of expiation, completed his mediatorial undertaking on the earth, and received witness of the Father to *this perfection*, he would not have been proclaimed a priest at all. While on earth, Christ never appeared in the capacity of a priest. Not till he had been received up to the right hand of the Majesty on high does his priesthood shine out in full-orbed splendour. "BEING MADE PERFECT," *τελειωθείς ἐγένετο*, are words of deep significance. We might muse on them much and long. They do not tell us of a priest who is about to undertake an arduous office, but of one who has accomplished it. The dignity of his person is verified; the excellence of his ministry is acknowledged; the accomplishment of his work is placed beyond all question. There is a finality about that word *τελειω* on which it is edifying to meditate. When Paul used it with reference to believers desiring to "present every man *perfect* in Christ Jesus" (Colos. i. 28), he had his eyes upon their *education* being complete, being filled with the knowledge of God's will; their *discipline* being complete, that they might walk worthy of the Lord unto all well pleasing; and their *training* being complete; that every faculty of the soul should be developed in patience, longsuffering, and joy. What must he have designed by "Christ being made perfect"? He must have meant that he had reached the end. So he had. Therefore he became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him. "As a high priest, directly he is announced, it is as a *high priest of good things to come*."

Let us take time to digest this initiatory lesson of the fifth chapter before we proceed to consider the more advanced lesson of the seventh chapter to the Hebrews. Thus far we have seen that the one priesthood of Christ was represented by two types; Aaron prefiguring him in the service of the sanctuary, and Melchizedec prefiguring him in the everlasting results of his service—a perfection that cannot be surpassed or superseded. An objection might arise from comparing the fourth and tenth verses of this fifth chapter; because he is said to be "*called of God, as was Aaron*," and "*to be called of God a high priest after the order of Melchizedec*." This might favour the idea that he had two separate calls to two different priesthoods. Such, however, is not the case. Two distinct words are used in the original, where our English word "*called*" is employed. His call or appointment to the office is signified in the one. The denomination, or order of his priesthood, is expressed in the other. Christ was as truly called or summoned to the priesthood as Aaron was, yet he was not termed a Levitical priest, but he was called or styled a priest after the order of Melchizedec. The whole connection will render this sufficiently transparent.

All the virtue and value of the apostle's teaching, and all the validity of our exposition, now concentrate upon the practical use of what some of our readers will probably think a recondite study. Nothing, doubtless, was further from Paul's mind than entertaining his friends with an ingenious essay upon a curious fragment of patriarchal history. He merely introduces this striking argument to point a thrilling moral. The drift of it all is this: seeing we have such a High Priest, seeing he is the Son of God, seeing his work of atonement is complete, seeing

he hath passed into the heavens, LET US HOLD FAST OUR PROFESSION. This induction is the natural growth of the whole argument.

How tenaciously Paul held to it may be judged from the fact that when he digresses in the sixth chapter, he occupies himself all through the parenthesis with warnings against apostasy and admonitions to constancy.

We will endeavour to put it as pointedly as we can. Suppose we had been present in the wilderness among the recently delivered sons of Jacob who had come up out of Egypt under the conduct of Moses and Aaron, when two hundred and fifty princes of the assembly famous in the congregation under the conduct of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram rebelled, charging Moses and Aaron with taking too much upon themselves, seeing all the congregation was holy. (Numbers xvi.) A very feasible tale was made out. The princes in goodly array would be sure to give a favourable impression to the conspiracy. Human nature has radical instincts until it is promoted to the front ranks. A conscientious man might pause before he determined on which side he placed himself, unless he was a true believer in the theocracy, and looked above the man Moses, to Jehovah, the God of Israel. But wait a little. When the judgment of the Almighty has decided the case, when wrath had gone out from the Lord, when the pestilence had slain its thousands, when the earth had opened its mouth and swallowed up the ringleaders, when the atonement that Aaron made had been accepted, when the plague was stayed, when the cloud covered the tabernacle, when the glory of the Lord appeared, and when Moses and Aaron stood before the tabernacle in the place of glory, I should like to know what place was left for doubt or the doubter. Our High Priest has entered into the heavens, "*let us hold fast our profession.*"

Yes, and King as well as Priest is he. Suppose you had been living in the reign of Saul, the son of Kish, at the time when David fled from the court, and took refuge in the cave of Adullam. As an Israelite, you would have felt grieved at the distracted state of the kingdom. You might have found yourself just then in a painful dilemma, doubtful whether it was your duty to preserve your loyalty to the reigning monarch or not. There is a strong spice of conservatism in human nature, when one has a farm or a shop, a civil appointment or a profitable occupation. Under these circumstances we rather deprecate revolutions. Certainly, one might reason, this Saul has been anointed by God's prophet to his office; he has been placed on the throne by a popular election; and the early part of his reign witnessed some striking successes. On the other hand, you discern in David some remarkable traits of grace which induce you to think he has found favour in the eyes of the Lord. You may be in doubt whether you shall preserve your allegiance to Saul, or enter the army of the rising star of the day, the valiant Son of Jesse. Let us offer a moment's sympathy with your perplexity. But carry your eyes a few pages further down the history. Witness the final defeat of Saul. Behold the great host assembled at Hebron to make David king. Now withhold your allegiance if you dare. Jesus, the Son of God, as King eternal, hath entered into the heavens. The time for misgiving is past. "*Let us hold fast our profession.*"

(*To be continued.*)

“A Diamond in the Rough.”*

WE are not of those who believe that a lengthened course of grovelling in sin can in itself qualify a convert for the work of effectively preaching the gospel. Great advantages, no doubt, arise from the great love which follows upon great mercy, but there are also serious disadvantages to be taken into account. Even forsaken sin clings to a man's memory, and weakens him in certain points wherein it is well to be strong. Our joy, however, is always abundant when we hear great sinners proclaiming redeeming grace and dying love.

Though rightly entitled to the distinction of being a “Diamond in the Rough,” William Hickingbotham was of the class who run a wild, reckless course in youth. In his young days he was venturesome in wrong-doing. He was not of great stature, but he was daring and fond of adventure. He could poach, swear, engage in village revelries, or torment a “Methodist parson” with the toughest of his race. He possessed a genius, too, which suggested adroit methods of averting suspicion when he was weak enough to bring himself within the power of the law. When accused he would accuse his accuser, and he once sat by the bed-side of an invalided gamekeeper whom he had himself nearly killed while poaching, the patient meanwhile little suspecting that the softly-spoken words of sympathy to which he listened came from his own assailant. It was well that at a comparatively early age William was arrested in his course. His eyes were opened, a great change of heart occurred; and for the time being he was tried by having to part with the sympathy of both wife and friends for the Lord's sake; and yet, in spite of opposition, we are told that his advances were so rapid in divine things that ere long he attained the coveted prize of “entire sanctification,” a state of grace which, until very lately, Wesleyans alone professed to enjoy, and we devoutly wish that they monopolised it now.

William was left a widower at a comparatively early age with two young children to provide for, and an income not exceeding twelve shillings weekly. In this trying situation he did not want friends, and was soon promoted to a superior situation as farm bailiff under the squire. He was a recognised preacher among Primitive Methodists, but William's practices greatly offended his master, a man of the old John Bull genus, who thought it English-like and gentlemanly to swear, hunt, abuse those who were better than himself, and to go to church so that all should come right in the end. This squire, who had vainly threatened the godly bailiff with dismissal unless he desisted from praying and preaching, found that his church could yield no satisfaction on a sick bed; and it so happened that one day while William was ploughing a man mounted on a fast horse was seen riding towards the field:—“He proved to be the groom, sent from Ashbourne to fetch William immediately, for the squire was again dangerously ill, and desiring further knowledge of the way of salvation, he deemed his own foreman the most fitting person to instruct him in his time of spiritual need. William hastily took a horse out of the team with which he was ploughing, and throwing off part of its gearing jumped on its back, and rode after the groom a distance of seven miles to Ashbourne. And now a strange scene was presented to view; there was the sick master laid on his downy bed in a splendid room, superbly furnished with all that wealth and taste could suggest, and by the bedside stood William, arrayed in his working dress, without his coat (for he came fresh from the ploughed field), covered with perspiration and dust, his heavy nailed boots being thickly encrusted with earth. The contrast was striking in the extreme. The afflicted gentleman, on seeing

* A Diamond in the Rough; or, Christian Heroism in Humble Life. Being jottings concerning that remarkable peasant preacher, William Hickingbotham, of Belper, Derbyshire. By Rev. John Barfoot. London: James Clarke and Co. 1874.

his faithful servant enter the room, exclaimed 'O William, your faithful reproofs all come before me now; all my sins, and especially my hard speeches to you, are ever before me. I can't forget them. Can you forgive me?' The humble servant of God at once assured him that he most heartily forgave him, and pointed him to that great and blessed Being who only can blot out sin with his Son's precious blood; after which the servant and his master were soon pleading together at the throne of heavenly grace."

In the villages around Belper "Old Billy," who could boast of possessing a constitution "better than iron," won lasting renown as a peasant preacher of homely wit, and of thorough acquaintance with his Bible. As he did not learn the alphabet until his thirtieth year, he perhaps wisely confined his reading to the oracles of truth, and from them brought forth many pointed arrows which fastened themselves in the hearts of humble hearers. To some persons "Old Billy" was a prodigy, and to others a terror, whilst he could easily turn the laugh against a profane witling. "Old man, where was Moses when the light went out?" inquired a gay spark of the fashionable world, who was visiting the squire. "Where you are now, sir, in the dark," was the ready reply. Such persons as he found labouring on the Sabbath were always reproved; some of these avoided their reprover, and others manifested ill temper on being interfered with by a common peasant. One hurled a besom at "Old Billy's" head, another attempted to silence him with a turnip, and one so dreaded his faithful rebukes, that to escape notice he crept into a rabbit-hutch.

William Hickingbotham lived for his Master and died in peace. We are surprised as well as gratified to find that though he professed to have attained to "entire sanctification" he was not blind to his own defects and deficiencies. When will men talk rationally and say what they mean? This peasant preacher was endowed with good mental powers, had early education developed them as they might have been developed; it was a pity that no Pastors' College was at hand to receive and aid such an original mind. Wanting that education, he remained "A Diamond in the Rough," but still a diamond. We thank Mr. Barfoot for this humble piece of biography. Few who are called to the arduous but honourable duty of preaching the gospel among English villagers will read William Hickingbotham's life without deriving from the perusal both encouragement and profit, nor without thanking the author for his welcome contribution to "the short and simple annals of the poor."

Our Brethren in Spain.

THE following letter from our brethren, J. P. Wigstone and Thomas Blamire, late of our College, has been sent by them from Spain to Mr. Gordon Forlong, and has appeared in the *Christian Standard*. We rejoice in what our brethren are doing.

DEAR MR. FORLONG,—We are glad to say a few words to you. How it delights us to hear of the good work God is conducting in England. It would seem, in answer to the continual cry of his people, that Jehovah has rent the heavens, and come down to see and deliver; aye, and at the same time, to declare that salvation belongeth unto God. Oh, that we may see the repetition of such scenes in this poor land! Here we feel ourselves in the very midst of the valley of dry bones; and behold they are very many, and lo, they are very dry. We know and feel that an army to God cannot be raised up out of this Spanish nation by the might and power of man, but by the Spirit of God it may be done. The "sinews," the "flesh," the "skin," the "breath," can only come in answer to him, hearing whose voice the dead live. Our hope is in him who raiseth the dead. Israel said, "Our bones are dried, and our hope is lost" (Ezek.

xxxvii. 11); and when they lost all hope in themselves the creating God extended hope to them. But before life came out of death, the prophet of the Lord commenced with his Master; and then the Lord said unto him, "Prophecy;" then also the slain "stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army." Especially of late we have felt the need of this speaking to God, concerning the dry bones, and for a month and more, about a dozen of us have met nightly in one another's houses to prophesy unto the wind, and cry, "Come from the four winds, breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live." We long to see the Holy Ghost amongst us in revival power; we are calling upon God for it, and hope to obtain our request.

At the same time we don't forget to prophesy unto the dry bones themselves; and it is of our work of preaching the gospel to the people that we would now say a word or two. Through our former letters you are acquainted already with much of the work in which we have engaged; but increasing power over the language opens wider fields to us, and lately we have worked amongst the prisoners of Madrid, and evangelised in the neighbouring villages.

The principal prison of Madrid, which contains about 1,000 prisoners, was opened for gospel work some time ago. For three months we have visited it nearly every Lord's-day morning, for the purpose of supplying the prisoners with books and tracts; and, as opportunity afforded, we have preached to them the good news of salvation. That you may understand us a little better as to this work, we may say, that on the first floor of the building some of the prisoners have private rooms, for which they pay; these have a good deal of liberty, and can go about a greater part of the prison. Below this floor is a place not unlike a large cellar, divided into two, in each of which compartments are huddled together 150 men. The young prisoners, up to a certain age, are kept on the second story. Yesterday we had a good day amongst them all. We entered 8.30 in the morning and left at 10.15 a.m. Amongst the boys we had a meeting as usual, and preached to them. Going about amongst the men on the first floor a number of groups surrounded us, received books, and heard the way of salvation. As to the men below, until yesterday we had only been able to give books to the jailer, who in our presence distributed them amongst the prisoners. These, as we have said, are collocated in two departments, those in the one being called "communicable prisoners," and those in the other "incommunicables." Yesterday the jailer allowed us to enter amongst this first class, and as we spoke they surrounded us in great numbers, conducted themselves well, listening most attentively. At the close a poor priest, also a prisoner, came and begged us most humbly for one of our books. This, of course, we gave him, and spoke to him personally about his soul. We were astonished that he did not oppose us. Now we came to the "incommunicables." We begged the turnkey to allow us to enter in amongst them. This he refused to do, saying, "I cannot take the responsibility of that, gentlemen; if you entered amongst them they would tear you to pieces." "Never mind," we said, "allow us to enter; for we want to show them that we have confidence in them." But it was no use; three times we insisted, and three times we received the same answer. "Well, then, you will allow us to stand at the iron railings and preach to them?" To this he consented; and more than 100 came and heard the Word of God. We said to them, "A story is told of a man who was brought before the judge. Witnesses were called against him; the jury considered their testimony, and found him guilty of high treason. The prisoner's friends wept; and the court in silence waited to hear the sentence of death pronounced. At last the judge addressed himself to the prisoner, saying, 'I have good news for you. The king, provided you accept it within an hour, grants you the pardon which I hold in my hand.' The prisoner refused. 'I hate the king,' he said, 'and will never humble myself to receive a pardon from his hands.' The hour had almost gone, and the judge begged the criminal to receive the pardon. 'For your friends' sake, for my sake, for your own sake,' said the judge, 'receive the pardon now, for in five minutes it will be too late.' The clock struck, and

the criminal cried for pardon ; but it was too late !” This story may be true or not, but the men were interested, and heard of another judgment seat ; we also endeavoured to show them that they were found guilty, and eternal death is the wages of sin. But God, through Jesus Christ, who died for the ungodly, announces to us the free pardon of all sin (Acts xiii. 39). God was with us ; and we hope to see in that day when all secrets shall be declared, the result of our words. This will give you an idea of our work in the gaol.

The village work is quite as interesting. It must be always remembered when we speak of the gospel in Spain, that this is the sowing time. Although liberty has existed in this country for five years, only a few of the principal towns have been touched. The villages and smaller towns know nothing of the unadulterated Word of God ; and in the few larger towns where there has been preaching, all that has been done is as a drop in the ocean. We say this more especially with regard to the word *preached*. Spain is a good country for open-air preaching. The almost unbroken fine weather makes it so. For some time we have been engaged in it, the scenes of our labour being those villages and places of Sunday amusement about Madrid. Space would not allow us to speak of the meetings in all the places we have visited, and matters of interest connected with them, but we select one example. On Thursday last we had a good day. As usual, we had a beautiful blue sky above our heads ; and we set out from Madrid by rail at 9.40 a.m. Our destination was Pinto, a small town a short distance from Madrid. With us we took parts of the Word of God, and a goodly number of first-class tracts. When we started from the station, we commenced the morning’s work by giving each passenger “ something to read.” After this we spoke to all about another journey and another destination, and about a free ticket for those who had nothing to pay. We found an enemy who spoke of “ fitting places for such subjects,” and that the country was “ troubled enough without having these foreigners to disturb us.” However, our message was given ; and we remembered it was a privilege to suffer for his name. Our enemy also had his destination at Pinto, and we thought it might possibly be a day of persecutions ; the prominent old church in the town helped to confirm us in our thought. The porters at the station, and others, were drawn by our books ; each received one, and as they gathered round we spoke to them of the salvation by Jesus Christ. We soon became objects of interest. Some followed us about ; and before walking far we found a good place for a meeting. We commenced by singing a hymn, of which the following is a verse :—

“ Alma, cese tu dolor ;
 Todo consumo Jesus.
 Tu castigo El padecio
 Espirando en la cruz.
 Alma, ya no llores mas ;
 Mira a Cresto y viviras.”

Which, translated literally, stands thus :—

“ Soul, cease thy grief ;
 Jesus finished all.
 Thy curse he suffered
 Expiring on the cross.
 Look to Jesus and thou shalt live.”

The singing had a wonderful effect. The people’s faces expressed astonishment at it, and soon a good number of men, women, and children, came and attentively listened to the story of the jailer, to them new and apparently interesting. The people wanted to know more of these things, and our tracts and gospels answered the necessity, for which all seemed thankful. After this we retired for prayer, or, as it was expressed, “ to get the sword sharpened for the next attack.” This “ attack ” took place in the *plaza*, or main square of the town. It was a capital place for preaching. As soon as we began to sing again, another congregation surrounded us, and heard about the “ Rich Man and

Lazarus." At first, there was some jesting, but before the preaching was finished, every person was silent and attentive. When we gave our tracts, the man who was the leader of those whom we thought might have been troublesome, apologised by saying, "I thought it was something entirely different." By this time it was after twelve; and we retired to the fields for lunch. However, interest had been created in the village, and the people came out to the fields to seek us. When we had finished lunch, we had a nice little company with us, and we were requested to speak. This we were pleased to do. After this we had five more similar meetings. The sixth meeting was most interesting. This we had almost under the shadow of the old church, and we expected the priest, but he did not come. We had now almost concluded the complete circuit of the little town, and when we commenced to sing this time, for some distance the people could be seen running to hear us. On this occasion, perhaps, we had the best congregation of the day; and the people seemed most interested to hear the conversation of Jesus with the woman of Samaria. Going from this place, a number of the people followed us; and we were met by a person telling us that the chief magistrate of the town wanted to see us. We found him in his room, and he demanded our documents. These we produced, and they gave him full satisfaction. In answering his question as to our business, full opportunity was given to speak to him personally about his soul. His wife also was present, and asked for one of each kind of our tracts and gospels. These we gave her. The magistrate became very kind, and told us we were welcome to come again at pleasure. Outside the gate a goodly number waited on us, and one exclaimed, "Preach to us; we also want to hear you." We pointed to the spot where we would hold our next meeting; they followed, and heard, with many others, of the Lord's invitation to eat bread in the kingdom of God, from Luke xiv. How plenteous is the harvest in Spain! how few the labourers! This was our last meeting, as we thought. Our first meeting was at 10.30, and now it was 5 p.m. Our train was due at 5.30. We had not been sitting long waiting for the train when the priest of the village made his appearance. He came forward, and asked if we were they who had distributed the books in the town. "Yes," we replied, "we have distributed many, very many." "But you know," said the priest, "you ought always to speak of the glory of the Virgin as the mother of Christ and our Co-Redeemer." Now, the whole of the passengers surrounded us. Lifting up the New Testament, we said, "We will now speak of the Virgin." We showed from Luke i. 47, that it was possible for every one to have joy in Christ as the Virgin had, for they, too, might have a present certainty of eternal salvation. After this, we asked the priest if he had peace with God and eternal life, but of this he did not like to speak. However, he gave us a good opportunity of preaching Christ as the only Redeemer to a large crowd, who, otherwise, would not have heard us. The train was now announced as approaching. We asked the priest what class he would travel, but he had only come to see us, not to travel at all. We arrived safely in Madrid about 8 p.m., thankful to be weary in the Lord's work. We don't always get off with so little persecution. In a meeting we had a week yesterday, after we had spoken for some time in one of the public resorts where dancing was going on, the crowd became enraged, some howled, and the cries, "out of this," "away, away," were ringing in our ears. When we concluded, we proceeded homeward, some following us with stones and other missiles. But the Master allowed none of them to hurt us.

With love to Mrs. Forlong and family, and also to yourself, we remain, yours affectionately in the Lord Jesus,

J. P. WIGSTONE,
THOS. BLAMIRE.

Faith and Rashness.

“**B**EHOLD, if the Lord would make windows in heaven, might this thing be?” was the unbelieving exclamation of the Israelitish nobleman, when Elisha had foretold that within twenty-four hours food should be freely and cheaply sold in the gates of the besieged and hunger-straitened city of Samaria. (2 Kings, vii.) But, rash as the prophecy seemed, it was fulfilled to the letter, and the unbelieving noble saw, but did not share, the promised plenty.

“Your meeting-house will be too small, you will need a larger place,” said a Christian woman that laboured in the gospel, to a little handful of doubting professors, who were scattered among the empty seats of their chapel, which had almost forgotten what fulness meant. They smiled at the rash assertion, and told her she probably was not acquainted with the N—H— people. But when they saw the congregations multiply to thirty, sixty, and almost a hundredfold, crowding the largest house that could be obtained, while hundreds went away for lack of room, and scores were coming to the altar of prayer, and seeking to know the Lord, their doubts were shamed, and her confidence in God was justified.

The editor of the *Methodist Protestant* tells the following story of Caleb A. Lippincott, for many years a mighty labourer in revival work, a man of vigorous physique, of tender sensibilities, with a voice full of music, grandeur, power, and pathos,—who was greatly owned of the Lord in the salvation of souls:—

“When Mr. Lippincott started in the ministry, the presiding elders manifested a hesitancy in receiving him on their districts; but Mr. Pittman, of popular memory, offered to take him, and when Mr. Lippincott reached his field of labour, during his first sermon, he told the sinners they might twist and dodge as much as they chose; but before the year was out he would have *five hundred of them*. The members of the church chided him for his rashness; but the result was that he reported to Conference the conversion of *seven hundred and fifty souls*.”

Rashness is not faith. Presumption is not faith. Hasty speech is not pleasing in the Lord's sight. But then there is nothing in the universe that seems so rash, so presumptuous, so audacious in the eyes of the world, as faith in the God of Israel. And there are times when a sudden inspiration from on high utters its call and its prophecy, astonishing slumberers and alarming doubters, but nevertheless God's providence verifies the strange presumption of the believing heart.

Such utterances cannot be imitated, but they must not be despised. God's servants have means of information unknown to the outside world. Elijah can hear “the sound of abundance of rain,” when the dim eyes of idolatrous Ahab can scarcely see “a cloud as large as a human hand.” God's eagles sailing upwards towards the sun, see many things that bats, and moles, and owls, and night-birds know nothing of. Our ignorance can never fetter another's knowledge, nor can the unbelief of some make of none effect the word of God and the faith that rests upon it.

Christian ministers, expect great things of God! Live in his love. Lodge under the shadow of the Almighty. Dwell in God, and God shall dwell in you. Then shall you know of a truth that “the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him,” and that the faith which is foolishness with the worldly, and presumption with the half-hearted, is built upon the living word of the living God, and is honoured of the Most High by the performance of that which God had promised, and which his faithful servants have believed.

H. L. HASTINGS.

Notices of Books.

The Hero of Elstow; or, the Story of the Pilgrimage of John Bunyan.
By JAMES CORNER, M.A., Vicar of the parish of Elstow. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE vicar of Elstow wants his church repaired and a stained glass window, and has therefore hit upon the idea of getting it done as a memorial of John Bunyan. Why not repair a Catholic chapel as a memorial of Martin Luther? or the Baptist chapel at Elstow as a memorial of Charles II.? We confess we do not see the congruity of the thing, and we wonder if anybody else does. We shall one day see a State Church set up in some of our colonies in memory of Mr. Miall, and a Conservative Club founded as a tribute of regard for Mr. John Bright. We have no doubt the vicar is an excellent as well as an ingenious man, and his book is a very respectable one, but his project is out of all character. If John Bunyan's ghost walks the earth it will haunt the church until the stained glass window is removed, if indeed it is ever placed. To help his own people build the new Baptist Chapel at Elstow is a far more suitable way of honouring "honest John's" memory, though, for the matter of that, he needs no help at all to hold his place among the men of England.

Thomas Binney: his Mind, Life, and Opinions. By Rev. E. PAXTON HOOD. James Clarke and Co.

A Memorial of the late Rev. Thomas Binney, LL.D. Edited by the Rev. JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

It was not meet that so able a minister as Thomas Binney should pass away without a memorial from the press; if it had been meet, it would not have been possible, for competing publishers would not have allowed the opportunity to lie unimproved. Fortunately for his own fame, Mr. Binney has not yet fallen into the hands of a regular biography writer, or he would have been buried in a huge mound of his own letters badly arranged, huge lumbering sentences of bombast, and a vast

aggregation of the opinions of nobodies about him. Mr. Paxton Hood has in a trice done for the departed all that is necessary, and has done it in a style at once attractive, popular, and admirable. We feel half inclined to ask for an early dismissal that Mr. Hood may sketch us in the same genial manner, and make as generous a use of any points about us worth noticing. The other memorial, edited by Dr. Stoughton, is good, but is more in the old, dignified, and dry style, and not one-half so likely to be read. Begging the pardon of the learned doctors who here contribute their token of remembrance, their joint labours may very well go down the stream, while Mr. Hood's memorial column remains.

We feel inclined to quote half the book, and mean to return to it before long for plunder, but meanwhile the paragraph from the *Eclectic Review*, in which the abuse heaped upon Mr. Binney is aggregated, strikes us as very fine. When we receive abuse in future, and we expect to have our share, as hitherto, we shall remember this paragraph with comfort:—"Some of our readers will perhaps be amused to see a collection of some of these flowers of rhetoric. Most of them are exotics, or at least are not to be met with every day in this country. Indeed, they are so uncongenial to our soil that the greater part perished as soon as they were planted. But by those who are curious about such matters, they may be found preserved in the hortus-siccus-like pages of the *British Magazine*, *Christian Observer*, *Christian Remembrancer*, 'Thoughts,' etc., by Dr. Burton, Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford, 'Reformation in the Church, Revolution in Disguise,' *Oxford Herald*, *Standard*, and *Record* newspapers, 'Circular Letter to the Bench of Bishops.' Some few, indeed, have been with much pains kept alive, and flower afresh every month, but they are sickly and drooping, and it is to be feared will not last long. *Aliases* of the Rev. Thomas Binney: 'One Binney,' 'Binney,' 'Master Binney,' 'T. Binney,' 'The Dissenting Orator,' 'The Weigh House Orator,'

'The Writer of Biographies and Addresses,' 'The Thing,' 'The Fly,' 'The Mouse,' 'The Wolf,' 'The Tiger,' 'The Person,' 'The Pope,' 'The Mouthpiece of an Evil Spirit,' 'A Spirit in Bondage to the Devil.' One writer says:—'It is, indeed, a signal proof of the *tolerance* which the Church (?) has secured in this country that Mr. Binney is not at this moment sitting in the stocks.' Descriptions of Mr. Binney's character and dispositions:—'It is my firm conviction that the expressions used by the person Binney were spoken under the "influence of Satan," and that the speaker was but the *mouthpiece* of "an evil spirit." I feel, therefore, bound to renounce all fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, and with the spirits that are in bondage to the devil.' 'The Weigh House corrosive subliminate.' 'The narrow-minded, uncharitable, and impious Mr. Binney.' 'The poisonous doctrine of such men as Binney.' 'The folly and ignorance.' 'The bitterness and the blasphemy of the Weigh House Orator.' 'There are many who agree with Mr. Binney in their hearts, but who will not venture on the shame of so revolting an avowal.' 'The contempt and disgust cast upon Binney by any heart capable of a moral feeling.' 'There are Dissenters who shrink from the contact of such a man as Mr. Binney—a very humble degree of right feeling is requisite for *that*.' 'Mr. Binney's charge:—The document which, of any that I have seen, bears the most resemblance to it in tone and violence, is the Bull of Pope Paul III., putting Henry VIII. under an anathema. I doubt not that Pope Paul was as sincere in his opinion as Pope Binney, and the one seems as well instructed as the other (notwithstanding the difference of the times in which they were born) in the duties of a Christian pastor. The ancient Pope—the modern Pope—the spirit of the two persecutors is the same; and it is the spirit of the *first* persecutor—the DEVIL.' The charitable Dr. Burton says:—'Mr. Binney, their intolerant descendant (a part of his address appears to have been spoken at Billingsgate), Mr. Binney, whose heart is untouched with the charity of the gospel, and whose conversion is not to be effected by human means!'"

Old-fashioned Stories. By THOMAS COOPER. Hodder and Stoughton.

OUR old friend has done well to collect these stories from the periodicals and other works in which they were scattered abroad. The most of these capital tales were composed in Stafford Gaol, where their author was confined for having been born a few years too soon. They are, as he cheerfully remarks, like himself, none the worse for that. A quiet, homely wit runs through all these stories, and they will merrily beguile a weary hour. We did not think Thomas Cooper had so much fun in him; we judged him to be an incarnate argument, but we are glad to see that he can touch the humorous string as well. If it be a weakness, it is certainly the nearest akin to virtue of all our infirmities, and, considering the innocent pleasure which it casts abroad, like spray from a fountain, we hope that all our friends will remain sufficiently human to relish it. We do not eat salt in lumps, but we like a taste of it, and believe it to be healthy; and in the same manner we do not want frivolities everlastingly heaped upon us, but a sprinkle of playfulness does us good, and no harm.

An Outline Study of Man. By MARK HOPKINS, D.D., LL.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS is an attempt to give a philosophical description of man from outlines upon a black board; to show how he is built up by the influence of mechanical, chemical, vegetable, animal, mental, and moral laws. It is not a system of development, but of addition from without, in direct opposition to the Darwinian theory, and that, perhaps, is its principal use. Much as may be said in favour of Darwin's theory, much more may be said on the other side. In the one, higher forces are developed from lower; in the other, higher forces are applied to the lower. We like the idea of new forces introduced into man's being far better than growing up from beneath him; not merely because it is more consistent with the laws of cause and effect, but because it harmonises better with the relation into which man is brought with the higher powers by the word of God.

Sermons. By the late ROBERT S. CANDLISH, D.D. Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh.

DR. CANDLISH is too well known to need any commendation from us. His praise is in all the Scotch, and in many of the English, churches. He was a bold and uncompromising advocate of the right of individual churches to have a voice in the selection of their own ministers; which deprived him of the patronage of high ecclesiastics, but gave him a warm and lasting position in the hearts of the people. The sermons before us may be taken, we presume, to be a fair specimen of his principles and feelings, as far as the perusal can supply the place of energetic delivery. They are strikingly characteristic, and are formed upon an independent model. The doctrinal, the expository, and the practical are admirably blended. The doctrines of grace are clearly avowed, and though not so prominently exhibited as we might have desired, there is nothing out of harmony with them. The sermon upon "The Simplicity that is in Christ" is in beautiful accordance with its theme. A capacity for superiority of thought and diction is evident throughout the whole volume, not needlessly displayed, but rather subdued for the profit of the hearers. We love to see great minds thus plain and familiar when speaking to other minds upon the things that belong to their everlasting peace.

The Pastoral Epistles. The Greek Text and Translation; with Introduction, Expository Notes, and Dissertation. By PATRICK FAIRBAIRN, D.D. T. and T. Clark.

WE welcome Dr. Fairbairn's contribution to our expository stores. The two epistles to Timothy and the letter to Titus needed a worthy commentary, and Dr. Fairbairn has ably supplied the lack. The work is for scholars, and they will value it highly.

The Introductory Class Text-book: a Course of Study for Intending Sunday School Teachers. By B. P. PASK. Sunday School Union.

It is by no means an obsolete idea that anybody will do for a Sunday-school teacher, and yet no notion can be more absurd. We pity the youngsters who have to be taught by some teachers we have met with in our travels. Every teacher should use his utmost diligence to make himself "apt to teach," and full of information worthy communicating. "*Out of nothing nothing can come.*" Many a Sabbath-school class and teacher, ay, and congregation and minister, have been conclusive proofs of this old adage. Teachers who will study Mr. Pask's book are likely to be efficient, but the majority of those who need it will never condescend to look at it, much less to study it. He has made a laudable attempt with considerable success, and we trust he will see great good of it. The following anecdote is noteworthy. "After a public examination of a charity-school in a certain manufacturing town in Scotland, a learned gentleman present was invited to put a few questions to the children. The gentleman proceeded—'Children, look at me—be very attentive—answer me this—hem! Is it not a fact that mutation is stamped on all sublunary objects?' The children, of course, remained silent."

Introduction to the Pauline Epistles. By PATON J. GLOAG, D.D. T. and T. Clark.

THIS is a kind of literary life of Paul, viewing him as an author, and entering fully into the character of his works. The introductions to each of the epistles are admirable summaries and keys to their contents. We are very grateful to Dr. Gloag, and also to the enterprising publishers, who deserve well of all Christian ministers.

Notes.

THE Tabernacle Colportage Society has held its annual meeting, and a thoroughly lively and earnest meeting it was. The Colporteurs who spoke of their personal adventures deeply interested the assembly, and must have convinced every candid person that there is no cheaper, better, and more efficient work in existence than that of Colportage. Beginning in 1866 with three men, our society finds itself in 1874

employing twenty-nine men. It has sold £2,000 worth of books in the year, and has received a total contribution, in subscriptions, of £1,163, so that now it is an association of considerable dimensions, and has vitality enough in it to grow. The friends in the various districts speak with great warmth in favour of the Colporteur; he is often a true pastor, missionary, lecturer, and evangelist, all in one. Friends who can raise £40 per annum can have such a man in their own neighbourhood, or, if they would wish to see some darker region enlightened, they can appoint him to any place they choose. We were greatly pleased with the style of men; they were hard-working, shrewd, sensible, earnest, godly labourers for Jesus, who need not be ashamed. We should like to be able to place such a worker in every priest-ridden district in England. We sometimes wish that those vast sums of money which are laid up to rust by worldlings and greedy professors could come within our reach, for we could make excellent use of a very considerable amount. Those who have £40 to spare have a great luxury within their reach, for they can have a man to work for them in places to which they could not go themselves. Any remittances sent to C. H. Spurgeon, or to W. Corden Jones, Metropolitan Tabernacle, will be most gratefully received.

The funds of the Orphanage ran completely dry on May 8th, and drove us to plead with God for replenishment. The answer was immediate and sufficient. On the very day in which supplication was made nearly £400 was sent in to the treasury, and our heart was gladdened. We need something under that amount every month. If our beloved friends would get into the habit of sending us help regularly it would be a great comfort to us, and save us from many temptations to anxiety. As all our time is freely given to conducting the College, Orphanage, Colportage, etc., we think the Lord's people should never allow the exchequer to be bare. We have been greatly favoured as to health at the Orphanage, very few boys ever being in the Infirmary, and those for small matters. There is also a general good moral and spiritual tone among the boys, and we hope to hear of many giving their hearts to Jesus. Places for lads ready to go out have been hitherto forthcoming, but we shall in a few months have quite a swarm ready for flight, and then we hope friends will be found to take them.

The time is close at hand for giving our orphan lads a holiday. They will be allowed to leave in detachments, provided that there are places for them to go to. The time allowed will be a fortnight only. Many boys have no mothers or other friends who can take them; and some mothers are too poor, or too busy, to be able to provide for their boys and look after them. No boy will be allowed to go home unless we feel confident that he will be kept out of evil company and away from the streets. A little change does them good, and breaks the monotony of the year, but bad company undoes all our year's work, and we cannot run so great a risk. How much we wish that friends would give a poor lad a fortnight's run over their farms! In 1872 Mr. W. L. Lang, editor of the *Southport News*, by the help of a few friends, gave nine of our boys a splendid treat. The railway company allowed us to purchase tickets at the lowest possible fare, and the boys remained three weeks in the bracing air of Southport. Last year Mr. Lang kindly took twelve boys and provided for them in his own house and an adjoining one. Everybody was kind to them, the pier, baths, steamboats, etc., were free to them; they went out into the country with every Sunday-school treat, and in fact found friends everywhere. We do not expect many helpers on so large a scale to come forward, but a number of smaller efforts would help us grandly.

Friends who would collect for the Orphanage can have cards upon application Mr. Spurgeon; as also a picture card representing the Institution.

The new College is nearly ready for opening. We still need about £3,000. The ladies at the Tabernacle are resolved to hold a Bazaar at Christmas, to enable the President to furnish the rooms. They will be glad of help from all quarters. Nothing has ever flagged yet of our work, and we believe that our divine Lord will not suffer it to do so now.

One of the most successful preachers sent out from our College is Mr. W. Cuff, of Providence Chapel, Shoreditch. His place of worship is surrounded not by thousands, but hundreds of thousands of working people, tradespeople, and the very poor. His ministry has proved so attractive that the chapel is quite inadequate, and the friends frequently assemble in the Shoreditch Town Hall. This, of course, has to be hired, and the friends are eager to have a house of their own. They have first of all to pay off a debt upon their present place, and then commence a fund for the new erection; thus they have a double burden to carry, and need double help.

If any place in the universe needs a large church under an able pastor, it is Shore-ditch; the pastor is there, and the church is growing up around him, but they have no house in which to meet. Their present place stands well if a house or two in the front could be pulled down; and the site of its schools, chapel, and graveyard, would, if entirely covered, afford room for a very large building. What is wanted seems to be that some persons of means should take up the project in the name of the Lord and see it through. The friends on the spot are not wealthy, and cannot accomplish the work laid upon them unless they have bountiful help from outside. May the Lord accomplish this work also.

The *Echo* states that we have refused to undertake a lecturing tour in opposition to the Church of England. We wonder what next. Nobody ever asked us to undertake anything of the kind, and therefore we never refused. The idea of our leaving the ministry of the Word of God to become a lecturer has never occurred to us, nor, we should think, to any sane individual.

In reference to the present agitation among farm labourers, we cannot restrain the expression of our conviction that farmers, as a class, are being unjustly blamed. Our sympathies are altogether with those poor men who are so fearfully underpaid and so badly housed that their condition is intolerable, and we sincerely hope that their wages will be increased; but it must not be forgotten that in many districts wages are good, that even in the bad districts there are enlightened farmers who are paying a fair wage, and that in the worst cases the farmers did not create the present state of things but have inherited the evil, and the condition arising out of it. We meet with many employers who sincerely desire to see the condition of the men greatly improved, and are ready to do their best towards it, but their rent is high, their workpeople are not industrious, and their tenure of the land is an annual one, so that they are tied hand and foot. Now, let justice be done all round, and do not blame one class only for a condition of things in which others have had their share, nor pour indiscriminate censure upon a whole body of men when so many deserve praise instead of blame. The agricultural labourer's condition in many districts is a disgrace to civilisation, and must be altered; to do this the farmer may need a reduction of rent, and he may not be able to get it. What, then, is to be done? The labourer must do more in the day, and a better style of farming must be followed. The first will only be done by the rightminded, but we hope there are many such among our labourers; the second cannot be done at all unless leases are granted, and in this matter the Legislature ought to interfere. Some landlords would sooner see their land continue to be one-quarter farmed year by year than give leases, thus the land is left unproductive, and all of us are made to suffer for a great man's pride. The agricultural labourer is sure to rise, as he ought to do, but in the process let there be as little ill-feeling as possible, and as much of the give and take principle as can be. Neither farmers, nor labourers, nor landlords are all good or all bad—they all look out quite enough for themselves, and it is not unnatural that they should; but if the Christian ones among them will look not only on their own things, but also on the things of others, the troublesome business of a new adjustment will be got over very much more easily than we think. Nobody likes to be bullied, even into doing right, and there has been a little of this style of talk on both sides; it does no good, and breeds bad blood. Many a struggling farmer, who has hardly made ends meet when wages have been low, is much embittered by the prospect before him when he will have more to pay, and we must not wonder that he is so; but as he will have to pay it, as sure as eggs are eggs, it is of no use his being angry, for that will not alter it. What can't be cured must be endured. More machinery, higher farming, and better prices may help him through, and we sincerely hope they may. The inhabitants of the Southern States of America have suffered greatly from the emancipation of the blacks, but they are getting over it, and in a short time they will be glad of the change, and we feel very confident that in the far less violent alteration which is coming over our land much less inconvenience will be felt, and with Christian feeling among all classes it may be reduced to a minimum. We wish all classes well through the struggle, and may God defend the right.

Our American Baptist friends are continually challenging us to fight them upon the communion question, but really we feel so sure of our ground, and see so little force in their arguments, that we do not feel any inducement to enter the conflict. We would, however, advise them to be reasonable occasionally. One valiant champion says, in the *Examiner and Chronicle*—"When Spurgeon invites to the communion all members of Pædobaptist churches he invites men who are unconverted."

Our only reply is, "And what would he do if he invited all members of Baptist churches?" The writer must know that he misrepresents us. We cannot judge the hearts of the members of churches, whether baptised or unbaptised; we are in communion with the whole visible church of our Lord Jesus Christ as such, and if any have entered that church who are not regenerated persons, we are not able to cease from fellowship with the wheat because the tares have sprung up therewith. We will ask our opponent one question: "If among the living members of the body of Christ there be an unimmersed believer, how can he cease to have fellowship with him, seeing that all the members of one body must of necessity have fellowship with each other?" Will he deny the existence of such members? Or will he say that he gives them the substance of fellowship, but dares not give them the sign? We should not have said even this much, but it is asked for by our pugilistic brethren, and we hope it will please them now that they have got it. We love them too well to be further provoked by them, we only want them to believe that our silence does not arise from our having nothing to say. It would answer no good end to open a controversy about communion, and, therefore, we do not intend to do it; but if we ever should show fight, it will be no fault of ours, but the responsibility must lie with those zealots across the water who are for ever shaking their fists in our face.

Baptisms at the Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—April 27th, twenty-one; 30th, twenty-six.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from April 20th to May 19th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Ross...	7	7	0	Mr. W. Rickett ...	10	0	0
Mr. W. Payne ...	3	3	0	Daniel Bourne ...	3	3	0
Mr. Rains ...	10	0	0	Mr. G. M. Hammer ...	3	0	0
Mr. Leichman ...	10	0	0	J. H. ...	1	1	0
D. J. H. ...	10	0	0	A Sermon Reader, Norfolk	0	5	0
Mrs. Couttie... ..	1	0	0	C. H....	0	2	6
R. F.	0	4	0	Mr. Speight... ..	1	0	0
Mr. N. Reed... ..	0	3	0	Mr. J. Hassall ...	1	0	0
Mr. Potier ...	10	0	0	A Working Man and his Friend, Dumfries	3	0	0
Mr. Hollings ...	2	2	0	Miss Taylor... ..	10	0	0
Mrs. Jane White ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Ayling... ..	0	5	0
Mr. D. Burgess ...	0	2	6	Mr. J. Feltham ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Mary Macgregor ...	0	4	0	Mr. J. White ...	1	0	0
A Youthful Sermon Reader	0	2	6	Mr. Northeroft ...	0	5	0
Mr. T. Chamberlain ...	0	5	0	Miss Hagger ...	0	10	0
One with small means who wishes to help	0	5	0	Mr. Ayres ...	1	0	0
A. B. C. ...	20	0	0	A Friend, per Mr. Mead ...	10	0	0
Mrs. Tunbridge ...	0	10	0	A Friend, per Mr. Palmer	0	10	0
Miss Bowery ...	1	1	0	Mr. Frowd ...	1	1	0
The Widow's Thankoffering	1	0	0	Mrs. Kcevill ...	1	1	0
A. C. W. ...	0	10	0	Mr. Cross ...	5	0	0
R. L. Combie ...	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. James	10	0	0
L. J. F. ...	0	5	0	A Friend at Brabourne, per Rev. J. W.			
Mr. G. Pedley ...	5	0	0	Comfort... ..	0	10	0
Mr. Philip Pedley ...	5	0	0	Mr. G. T. Congreve	5	5	0
Mrs. Shaddock ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Congreve ...	1	1	0
Mr. James Annandale	10	0	0	Miss Jessie Congreve	1	1	0
Mr. H. Vellacont ...	2	0	0	Miss Minnie Congreve	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Chilvers	2	2	0	Miss Winslow ...	2	2	0
Mr. W. R. Solway ...	2	2	0	Mrs. Bartlett's Class	8	0	0
D. E.	1	1	0	Mr. J. Partridge ...	2	2	0
Mr. Croker ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Rathbone Taylor	2	10	0
Mr. T. Evans ...	1	1	0	Mr. E. P. Jeanneret ...	1	1	0
Mr. Knight ...	2	2	0	Mr. Masters ...	5	5	0
Per Mrs. Rular ...	0	10	0	Mr. Vivian ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Clark ...	10	0	0	Rev. A. G. Brown ...	2	2	0
H. C. J. ...	100	0	0	J. A. ...	2	0	0
In Memory of a Son in Glory	100	0	0	E. B. ...	50	0	0
Honor ...	3	0	0	Mr. W. P. Hampton	5	0	0
Mr. H. G. Fisher ...	2	0	0	Weekly Offerings at Tab., April 26	16	14	3
Norwich ...	0	5	0	" " " May	3	40	2
M. C. ...	0	10	0	" " " "	10	38	1
Mrs. M. Grieve ...	0	3	0	" " " "	17	47	13
W. S. J. ...	1	1	0				
Mr. G. Hebron ...	5	0	0				
A Friend, per Mr. Smee ...	0	10	0				
					£704	5	10

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from April 21st to May 19th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. G. Norton	Mrs. Marshall
Old Farthings and Halfpence taken	An Acknowledgment of God's mercy
at the Metropolitan Store	Miss Turnbull
D. J. H.	Orphanage
Sunday School Baptist Church, An-	Miss Taylor
struther	Mr. J. Feltham
Mrs. Tunstall	Collected by Mr. Vince
Mrs. Rintoul	Collected by Nellie and Bernie
M. A. E.	Mrs. Mayne
Mrs. Milner	Miss Perritt
Little Ellen	Mrs. Rathbone Taylor
R. Barton	Mr. John Daniels
Mr. J. Culey	Children at Eld Lane Sunday School,
R. E. S. A., A Freewill Offering	per Mr. H. Letch
Mr. W. Hall	Threepence per week
A Friend	Mr. W. Rooksby
G. C.	Mr. Harding
F. B. Cottingham	Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parry
F. B. W.	Mr. G. H. Mason
Four Bank Notes	Mr. Pocock
J. K.	A Friend, per Rev. R. Layzell
A Cobbler	W. J. B.
Mr. J. G. Priestley	Mr. Frowd
Mabel	Mrs. Keevil
Mr. R. Turnbull	Mr. Pasfield
L. J. F.	Miss Hagger
Milly	Mr. John Tanner
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	Mr. W. Abbott
Mr. Mills	Miss Isley
Miss Lilly Chamberlain	Miss Thomson
Mr. Court	Miss Elizabeth Bransom
The Misses Waters and Billeter	A Friend at Brabourne, per Rev. J.
Mr. Higgs	W. Comfort
Mr. Greenwood	Mrs. Hobson
H. C. J.	Mr. Nicholls
Mr. G. Williams	Mr. Nicholls
Mrs. Parsons, per Mr. G. B. Simpson	Annual Subscriptions:—			
Master Horace Simpson	Mrs. Mortlock
Miss Lilius Simpson	Mr. J. Temple
W. A. H.	Mr. H. Lakeman
A Friend, per Mr. Coles	Mr. Mason, per F. R. T.
Mr. J. Naylor	Collections by Books and Boxes:—			
Mr. H. G. Fisher	Master James Caney
Mr. Howe	Master G. Hanson
A Sermon Reader	Mrs. Evans
L. C.	Mrs. Culver
A Friend, per Mrs. M. Griever	Mrs. Pope
Mr. R. P. Stevenson	Mr. Helliier
Mrs. Searle	Mrs. Fisher
Mr. J. Marsh	Miss Wagstaff
W. S. J.	Mrs. Lloyd
Mr. R. Cookson	Miss Alderson
Per Messrs. Bateman & Son	Mr. Crofts
Water and Chips	Mrs. H. White
Mrs. West	Miss Smith
Miss Mabbott	Miss Chilvers
Rev. J. A. Spurgeon and	Mrs. Cornell
Friends	Master A. Mitchell
W. H.	Miss Cockshaw
Mrs. Wulton	Miss J. Cockshaw
	18	13	0	Mrs. Abbott
Miss Langton	Master F. Prebble
Mrs. Gardner	Mr. W. Perkins
Miss Whittaker	Miss Bonsor
Mr. C. H. Spurgeon	Mr. Ainger
Mr. J. Reid	Master Canning
Daniel Bourne	Miss Hughes
Bank of England Note, 16.397	Mrs. Parker
Strone, Greenwich	Mrs. Ambrose (donation)
Mr. E. Hurrell	Mrs. Ambrose
Mrs. Brown	Miss Miller

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Mr. Dantick ...	1	0	6				Mr. Thimblethorpe ...	0	12	1			
Master W. Cone ...	0	18	6				Master Padbury ...	1	13	0			
Master J. Lawson ...	2	5	0				Miss Alice Higgs ...	1	12	2			
Mr. G. Ely ...	0	19	6				Mrs. Baldock ...	0	10	6			
Mrs. Ryan ...	1	0	0				Mrs. Mallison ...	0	3	11			
Miss Hughes ...	1	0	0				Miss Ashman ...	0	8	6			
Miss Fitzgerald ...	0	5	6				Master J. Mitchell ...	0	5	3			
Master Davis ...	0	1	2				Master H. Allen ...	0	4	8			
Miss Weeks ...	0	6	3				Mrs. Croker ...	0	10	3			
Mrs. Samuel ...	0	14	0				Master Cone ...	0	2	5			
Miss Wade ...	1	0	0				Master Pentreath ...	0	0	7			
Mr. Knight ...	1	5	0				Miss J. Willcox ...	0	0	8			
Mrs. Marsh ...	1	15	0				Miss Avery ...	0	8	5			
Mrs. Duncombe ...	0	10	6				Miss Vining ...	0	11	4			
Miss Charlesworth ...	1	9	0				Miss Wallington ...	0	8	6			
Miss A. Charlesworth ...	2	4	8				Mrs. Hertzell ...	0	4	5			
Master E. Boot ...	0	10	0				Miss Hobbs ...	0	8	7			
Mr. Young ...	1	2	0				Miss Gates ...	1	3	0			
Miss Hughes ...	0	16	7				Miss Jephth ...	3	3	0			
Mrs. Underwood ...	0	13	6				Mrs. Allan ...	1	19	3			
Mr. Corrick ...	0	8	0				Miss Maynard ...	0	16	1			
Mrs. Gwillim ...	1	0	0				Miss Hose ...	0	6	0			
Master C. H. Scott ...	0	3	6				Miss Anne Page ...	0	4	2			
Mrs. Tiddy ...	3	16	6				Miss K. Everett ...	0	5	2			
Mrs. Whitehead ...	2	0	0				Mrs. Hinton ...	2	10	0			
Mr. Perkins ...	1	1	0				Mrs. Conquest ...	0	12	0			
Miss Richardson ...	0	6	11				Mrs. Lequeux ...	0	10	0			
Miss Larkman ...	0	4	7				Mrs. Mackrill ...	1	17	0			
Mr. Dowsett ...	1	1	6				Miss L. Lovegrove ...	0	16	6			
Mrs. Archer ...	2	0	2				Miss Day ...	0	11	1			
Master J. Salter ...	0	2	0				Miss A. Patrick ...	0	2	0			
Master A. Stracey ...	0	7	8				Miss A. Moulton ...	0	4	6			
Mrs. Oxenford ...	0	12	2				Master Voss ...	1	4	6			
Mrs. Hurlock ...	0	9	6				Master Bulcraig ...	0	3	3			
Miss Farrer ...	1	9	6				Master H. Edwards ...	0	1	6			
Miss Law ...	1	3	8				Master W. Edwards ...	0	1	0			
Miss Fairey ...	0	6	10				Master W. Jago ...	0	2	0			
Miss Sayers ...	0	6	0				Master F. Swain ...	0	1	6			
Mr. A. Marsh ...	0	2	2				Master C. Carden ...	0	3	0			
Mr. E. Johnson ...	1	11	1				Miss Goby ...	0	15	0			
Mrs. Buswell ...	1	13	4				Master A. Houghton ...	0	1	9			
Miss Mundy ...	0	8	2				Miss Goodchild ...	0	8	0			
Miss E. Staff ...	0	8	6				Master W. Ware ...	0	1	10			
Miss Sidery ...	1	13	5				Master A. J. Ward ...	0	2	1			
Miss E. Heath ...	0	3	3				Mrs. Bailey ...	0	5	0			
Miss Hale ...	0	17	2				Mr. Luff ...	1	0	0			
Master Turner ...	0	13	8				Mrs. F. Smith ...	0	6	6			
Miss L. Mundy ...	1	11	1				Mrs. Sherrin ...	2	5	0			
Mr. Perkins ...	0	19	6				Miss Allum ...	0	2	8			
Miss Belcher ...	0	1	1				Miss Richardson ...	0	10	6			
Mr. Sullivan ...	0	4	3				Mrs. Boggia ...	0	10	8			
Mrs. Baldock ...	0	9	0				Miss M. A. Wells ...	0	6	0			
Miss Ansell ...	0	4	0				Miss Crawford ...	0	18	6			
Mr. H. Passmore ...	1	5	6				Mrs. C. Howes ...	0	10	6			
Miss Ridley ...	1	8	10				Miss E. Fryer ...	1	10	0			
Miss Burman ...	0	11	11				Miss Nisbet ...	1	1	0			
Mr. F. A. Field ...	1	10	9				Mr. Shears ...	0	11	1			
Master Blog ...	0	1	4				Mrs. Hill ...	0	10	0			
Mrs. Davis ...	0	6	6				Miss Hallett ...	0	8	6			
Robert Street Ragged School	0	13	5				Master E. Shepherd ...	0	4	2			
Miss Rook ...	0	5	6				Mrs. Bowles ...	1	0	0			
Master J. Goby ...	0	6	2				Mrs. Peskett ...	0	14	6			
Miss L. Potier ...	1	2	5				Miss E. S. Budge ...	0	5	0			
Mr. Goby ...	0	3	7				Mr. R. Payne ...	1	0	0			
Mrs. A. Belsher ...	0	1	1				Mr. J. T. Daintree ...	1	0	0			
Mrs. Maxwell ...	0	4	8				Mr. Marsh ...	0	19	0			
Mrs. Augar ...	0	12	2				Mr. C. Miller ...	1	4	0			
Mrs. Turner ...	0	2	2				Mr. E. W. Saunders ...	3	5	0			
Miss Court ...	1	3	6				Miss Agnes Brake ...	0	9	3			
Mrs. Mitchell ...	0	4	7				Mr. Steel ...	0	15	1			
Master F. W. Jefferson ...	0	11	5				Miss Winslow ...	1	0	0			
Miss E. Mundy ...	0	7	0				Mrs. Westernman ...	0	3	3			
Miss Hicks ...	0	1	2				Master J. M. Dupont ...	0	11	5			
Pocket Boxes without Names	0	11	0				Master A. V. Charlesworth ...	1	4	4			
Miss Underwood ...	0	6	0				Mr. B. Cunningham ...	0	13	2			
Pocket Boxes without Names	0	3	3				Master Hanson ...	0	7	3			
Miss E. Boyle ...	0	4	2				Miss Maynard ...	0	11	9			
Mr. White ...	0	7	0				Miss M. Jones ...	0	5	3			
Master Pankhurst ...	0	3	1				Miss E. Wyness ...	0	18	0			
Mrs. Taunton ...	1	16	4				Master J. Hubbard ...	0	7	3			
Miss Heath ...	0	4	7				Mrs. Gillard ...	0	11	9			

Road Chapel, £2 14s. 6d.; Collection at Branch School (Enfield), 7s. 6d. AARTON-UNDER-LYNN.—Mr. Thos. Brownson, £2; Mr. J. Smith, £1; Mr. T. Warren, 10s. Profit on Sale of Books and Portraits, £2. Total—£ 0.

Per Mr. Coote:—	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Mr. Cass	1	1	0			
Rev. J. Medway	0	10	0			
J. Flint	0	5	0			

1 16 0

Per Mr. W. H. Smith, Tenterden:—	£	s.	d.
Collection	1	0	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Small Sums	0	1	9

1 11 9

Per Rev. H. Macdougall:—	£	s.	d.
John Robertson	0	2	0
Wm. Macintosh	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Macdougall	1	0	0
Charlie	0	1	0

1 5 0

Per Rev. H. Wilkins, Cheltenham:—	£	s.	d.
Collection	0	16	2
Messrs. Hiley	5	0	0
Mr. Beard	1	0	0
Mr. F. Beckingale	1	0	0
H. R.	1	8	0
Mr. G. Simmons	0	10	0
Mr. Whitbread	0	10	0
A Famil. of Children	0	11	6
Smaller Sums	0	10	0
Anon	1	1	0

21 6 8

Rev. R. Kerr Avening, Donation	£	s.	d.
Per Rev. J. S. Bruce, St. Ives, Hunts:—			
Mr. J. B. Sarjant	2	0	0
Mr. J. Bruple, jun.	1	0	0
Mr. J. Johnson	1	1	0
Mr. Parker	0	10	0

4 11 0

Per Rev. S. Pilling:—	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss Cole	0	10	0
" " Mr. L. Disney	0	16	4
" " Miss Mours	0	9	0
" " Miss A. Willis	0	13	6

2 8 10

Per Rev. J. Hart	£	s.	d.
Per Rev. W. Anderson, Reading	7	0	0
Per Rev. A. Tessier, Bromley	3	0	0
Per Rev. G. W. Cross	2	0	0
Per Rev. W. J. Inglis, Soham	1	0	0

1 0 0

Per Rev. H. A. James:—	£	s.	d.
Mr. John Essex	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Baker	0	10	0
Mrs. Fyffe	0	5	0
Mr. Alder	0	5	0
Mr. Bamford	0	2	6
Mr. Curtis	0	5	0
Mr. Bullock	0	2	0
E. C. P.	2	0	0
Rev. A. Minchin	0	5	0
Rev. H. A. James	0	10	0
W. A. J.	0	5	0
J. Hughes	0	2	0

5 1 6

Rev. G. M. Stuppell	£	s.	d.
Rev. J. Hillman	1	0	0

1 0 0

Per Rev. W. H. Tubb, Leicester:—	£	s.	d.
Mr. S. Bains	1	0	0
T. D. Paul	1	0	0
Mrs. Goddard	1	0	0
Mr. W. Stanyon	0	10	0
Per Miss Tubb	0	14	0

4 4 0

Per Rev. John Cole, Barnham	£	s.	d.
Per Rev. W. V. Young, Maidstone	2	0	0
Per Rev. E. Spurrier, Colchester:—			
Mr. and Mrs. Spurrier	2	0	0
Mr. W. Knight, Tewkesbury	2	0	0
Mr. J. Blomfield	1	0	0
Mr. W. Shead	1	0	0
Mr. W. Folkard	0	10	0
Mr. W. Kendall	0	10	0

2 0 0

Mr. W. Warren	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Warren, sen.	0	19	6
Mr. Fitch	0	5	0
Mr. Hayward	0	5	0
Mr. Bullitude	0	5	0
Collected by Julia Finch	0	8	0
Miss Cooper	0	5	0
Miss Goody	0	5	0
Mr. Letch	0	5	0
Mr. Ellis	0	2	6
Mrs. Howe	0	2	6
Mr. Carrington	0	2	6
Mr. Hill	0	2	6
Mr. Wenlock	0	2	6
Mr. Asten	0	2	6
Mr. Beckwith	0	2	0
Mr. Holloway	0	2	0
Mrs. Wheatley	0	2	0
Mr. Muskett	0	2	0
Miss Beckwith	0	2	0
Miss Woodward	0	2	0
Mr. H. Wise	0	2	6
Mrs. Ashwell	0	1	0
Mr. Ives	0	1	0
Mrs. Collins	0	1	0
Miss M. Mann	0	1	0
Mr. Baines	0	1	0
Mr. Tracey	0	1	0
Mr. Frostick	0	1	0
Mr. Edwards	0	1	0
Mr. Turner	0	1	0
Mr. T. Ives	0	1	0
Sums under 1s.	0	1	0
Mr. W. Blyth, 5s., Mr. E. Rogers, 1s. 6d.	0	6	6

12 9 6

Per Rev. C. Wetton, Driffield:—	£	s.	d.
Mr. Kent	0	10	0
Mr. W. J. Smith	1	0	0
Rev. H. K. Davidson	0	10	6
Rev. W. G. Hallstone	0	5	0
Per Rev. John Spanswick, Northampton	4	10	0
Per Rev. Mr. Tydeman:—	£	s.	d.
Mr. Stephenson	0	2	6
A. F.	0	2	6

0 5 0

Per Rev. D. Russell:—	£	s.	d.
D. Russell	0	10	8
Mrs. Reynolds	0	5	0
Mrs. Karby	0	5	0
Miss Giles	0	5	0
Miss Thomas	0	5	0
Mr. Moore	0	5	0
Mr. Oliver	0	2	6
Mrs. Martin	0	2	6
Mrs. Brodie	0	2	6
Annie Dawkins	0	2	6
Lizzie Currie	0	2	6
Smaller sums	0	12	0

3 0 0

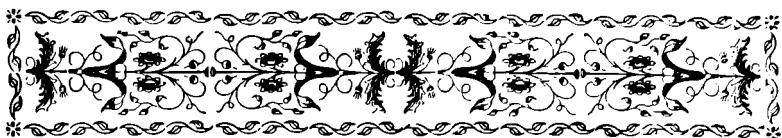
Rev. H. Dunn, Hunslet	£	s.	d.
Per Rev. T. E. Rawlings, Watchet	3	10	6

3 10 6

Per Rev. J. Blake:—	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Read	1	1	0
Mr. Wilson and Friends	1	4	6
Rev. J. Blake	1	0	0
Mr. Pells	0	5	0
Mr. Pass	0	5	0
Smaller Sums	0	11	0

4 6 6

Per Rev. Frank H. White:—	£	s.	d.
Proceeds of Lecture	4	0	0
Per W. Mummery	1	10	0
Per Rev. T. Lardner, Ulverston:—	£	s.	d.
Collection	4	2	0
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THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JULY, 1874.

The Commissariat of the Universe.

A WEEK EVENING LECTURE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"That thou givest them they gather."—Psalm civ. 23.



HIS sentence describes the commissariat of creation. The problem is the feeding of "the creeping things innumerable, both small and great beasts," which swarm the sea, the armies of birds which fill the air, and the vast hordes of animals which people the dry land; and in this sentence we have the problem solved, "That thou givest them they gather." The work is stupendous, but it is done with ease because the Worker is infinite; if he were not at the head of it the task would never be accomplished. Blessed be God for the great THOU of the text. It is every way our sweetest consolation that the personal God is still at work in the world: leviathan in the ocean, and the sparrow on the bough, may be alike glad of this, and we, the children of the great Father, much more. The notion of modern philosophers appears to be that the world is like a clock which an omnipotent phantom has set agoing, and left to run on, each wheel acting upon its fellow by rigid law: or, as a brother remarked to me, they think the Lord has wound up the universe like a watch, and put it under his pillow and gone to sleep. What think you, brethren? do you find pleasure in a world bereaved of its God? To me such philosophy is dreary, for my soul pines for an infinite love which will give itself to me, and receive my love in return. I am orphaned, indeed, if my Maker will not pity me as his child, and hear my prayers, compassionate my tears, and succour and comfort me. Babies want a mother's heart as much as her hands. Would you wish to be a child brought up by machinery,

washed by a mill wheel, rocked by a pendulum, fed from a pipe, dressed by a steel hand, and in fine committed to the care of a wonderful engine which could do everything except love you? You would miss the eyes which weep with you, and smile upon you, the lips which kiss you and speak lovingly to you, and the dear countenance which laughs as you are fondled and pressed to a warm bosom. No, I can neither accept a steam-engine instead of my mother, nor a set of laws in exchange for my God. There is a God who careth for all his creatures, and maketh the grass to grow for the cattle, and herbs for the service of man. There is a Father to whom we speak, and who hears us; one who waters the hills from his chambers, and satisfies the earth with the fruit of his works, to whom we may come boldly in every time of need. Because Jehovah liveth the creatures are fed, he gives them their daily food, they gather it, and the work is done.

The general principle of the text is, God gives to his creatures, and his creatures gather. That general principle we shall apply to our own case as men and women, for it is as true of us as it is of the fish of the sea, and the cattle on the hills. "That thou givest them they gather."

I. Our first point is this—WE HAVE ONLY TO GATHER, FOR GOD GIVES.

In temporal things: God gives us day by day our daily bread, and our business is simply to gather it. In the wilderness the manna fell outside the camp of Israel; they had not to make the manna, but to go out in the morning and gather it before the sun was hot. Providence has guaranteed all the children of God their necessary food, "Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy waters shall be sure"; our part in the business is to go forth unto our labour and gather it. True, in some cases needful food is not gathered without excessive labour, but this is occasioned by the injustice of man, and not by the arrangements of God; and when true religion shall have fully operated upon all classes of mankind, none shall need to toil like slaves. They shall only need to perform such an amount of labour as shall be healthful and enduring. When no man oppresses his fellow, the work of gathering what God gives will be no hardship, but a wholesome exercise. The sweat of labour will then be a blessed medicine.

In this light let us view our worldly business. We are to go forth unto our work and our labour until the evening, and to expect that bounteous providence will thus enable us to gather what the Lord himself bestows; and if by this means he gives us food and raiment, we are to be therewith content. If our faith can see the hand of God in all, it will be sweet to pick up the manna from the ground, and eat thereof with gratitude, because it tastes of the place from whence it came.

As to spirituals, the principle is true, most emphatically. We have, in the matter of grace, only to gather what God gives. The natural man thinks that he has to earn divine favour, that he has to purchase the blessings of heaven, but he is in grave error: the soul has only to receive that which Jesus freely gives. Mercy is a gift, salvation is a gift, all covenant blessings are gifts, we need not bring a price in our hands, but come empty-handed and gather what is laid before us, even as the birds gather their food, and the cattle on

the hills feed on the herbage which freely grows for them. This is one of the first principles of the gospel. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights," and ours it is by faith to take our omer and fill it with the angels' food which has fallen all around us, take it into our tent, and there feast, even to the full. 'Tis God's to give, 'tis ours to gather. Faith's sphere is that of the fleece which absorbs the dew, or the pool which is filled with the rain. Believer, this is the rule in all spiritual things; you are to be a diligent gatherer, and to strive after high spiritual attainments, but still remember that your heavenly Father knows what you have need of before you ask him. These superior blessings are his gifts, and the surest way of obtaining them is to come to him for them, and receive them by faith. You have not to pluck covenant blessings out of a closed hand, you have only to take from the Lord's open palm what he delights to bestow. For you to be straitened and poor gives no pleasure to him, rather will it delight him to fill you with his favour, and to enrich you with all the blessings of his grace. If the calm quiet spirit of this thought could enter our minds, how happy we should be! We should then sit down at Jesu's feet with Mary, and leave Martha to fret alone. To-morrow morning, before many of our eyes are open, the sun will be rising, and, as soon as his first beams salute the earth, the birds of every wing will awaken, and, seeing the light, they will begin to sing. But where is your breakfast, little bird? Where is the food for to-day for the nest full of little ones? The birds do not know, neither are they anxious, but they gather the first seed, or crumb, or worm which they find, and continuing to do so all day long, they are satisfied. Yes, and when summer is gone, and the long warm days are over, and cold winter sets in, the birds sit and sing on the bare boughs, though frost is on the ground, for they expect that God will give, and all they have to do is to gather. We may learn much from little birds,—yes, even from little birds in cages, for if those who keep them should forget to give them seed and water, they must die, must they not? And yet they sing. They have no great store, perhaps not enough to last them another day; but it does not fret them, neither do they cease their music, and I believe Luther well translated their song when he said that it meant this:—

"Mortal, cease from toil and sorrow!
God provideth for the morrow."

There, then, is our first head; we have only to gather what God gives.

II. Secondly, it is certain that **WE CAN ONLY GATHER WHAT GOD GIVES**; however eager we may be, there is the end of the matter. The most diligent bird shall not be able to gather more than the Lord has given it; neither shall the most avaricious and covetous man. "It is vain for you to rise up early, and to sit up late, to eat the bread of carefulness, for so he giveth his beloved sleep." "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." What God gives you, you will be able to gather, but if you set about to heap up what your avarice lusts after, no blessing will attend it. What a difference is often seen in two

men placed in the same position in life, with the same work to do, and very much the same possessions! You see one of them working cheerfully, happy as a king, sweetening his bread with content and joy in the Lord; while the other murmurs and repines, envying those who are richer, and filled with hard thoughts of God. What makes the one happy and the other wretched? Truly, only that the one has the grace of God to give him contentment, and so is full; and the other has a brutish hunger and greed, and so is left to be his own tormentor. As it is with the poor, so is it with the rich; the heart has more to do with making us happy than our possessions have. He whose soul is full of God, and faith, and contentment, is a truly rich man. The reflection that we can after all gather no more than God gives, should make us restful and contented. It teaches us our dependence upon God, and tends to lessen our self-confidence, to moderate our desires, and to abate our cares.

Recollect, dear Christian friends, that the same remark holds good with regard to spirituals as well as temporals. You can only gather what the Lord grants you. Before preaching I was trying to find food for you all, and I began to pray for it, because I remembered that I could only gather for you what the Lord my God gave me. If I bring more than that, it will only be chaff of my own, and not good winnowed corn from his garner. I often need to think of this, for I have to feed a great multitude almost every day in the week with spiritual meat. Where is the poor minister to get the supply from if the Lord does not bring it to him? He waits, therefore, upon his God with humble faith and prayer, expecting that fit matter will be suggested. You also, dear friends, can only obtain when hearing the word what the Holy Spirit gives you. You may hear a thousand sermons, but you will gather nothing that will really quicken or feed your souls unless the Lord gives it to you. Unless the Spirit of the Lord puts fulness into the word, all the hearing in the world will be nothing worth. The Holy Ghost must take of the things of Christ, and reveal them to the inner man, or you will be surfeited with mere words, or puffed up with human opinions, and nothing more. "That thou givest them they gather," and no more.

So is it when you go out to work for the Lord Jesus Christ among the ungodly. You will win as many souls as God gives you, but no one will be converted by your own power. When we have reason to believe that the Lord has much people in a city, it gives us much comfort in going there. I always do my best for my congregations, because I feel that they are always picked persons, sent to me by my Master: if there are few they are more than I can edify if he does not help me; and if there be many, so much the more help will my Lord afford me. I can only gather what the Lord gives. We may plant, and we may water too, but God must give the increase. We shall not be a sweet savour unto God, nor a savour of life unto life to any, unless the Almighty Spirit of the blessed God shall come forth and work with us. Should not this lead us to much prayer? No dependence should be placed upon man, or upon the outward form of worship, for the most successful preacher cannot by his own power quicken the dead sinner, or regenerate a depraved soul. The Holy Spirit must be with us, or

we prophesy in vain. The most laborious reaper in the Lord's harvest cannot gather more sheaves than his Master gives him. Pray for him, then, that he may not miss his reward; pray for him that he may be strong for labour, that his sickle may be sharp, his arm vigorous, and his harvest plenteous, that he may bring in a glorious load of sheaves to the garner. As for yourselves, when engaged in any service for God, take heed that you rest not in yourselves, for you can receive nothing unless it be given you from above. Your words will be no better than silence, your thoughts no more than day-dreams, and your efforts wasted strength, unless the Lord go before you. "Without me ye can do nothing" is a truth you must never forget.

III. Observe, thirdly, that WE MUST GATHER WHAT GOD GIVES, or else we shall get no good by his bountiful giving.

God feeds the creeping things innumerable, but each creature collects the provender for itself. The huge leviathan receives his vast provision, but he must go ploughing through the boundless meadows and gather up the myriads of minute objects which supply his need. The fish must leap up to catch the fly, the swallow must hawk for its food, the young lions must hunt their prey. "What thou givest them they gather." God has not prepared in his whole universe a single corner for an idle being. In no society does the sluggard succeed, and it is not desirable that he should. If a man will not work, the very best thing he can do is to die, for he is of no use alive, he is in everybody's way, and like a fruitless tree he cumbereth the ground. God gives, and if a man will not gather he deserves to starve. It is so in business; everybody knows we must be diligent there, for the hand of the diligent maketh rich. The Book of Proverbs deals very hard blows against sluggards, and Christian ministers do well frequently to denounce the great sin of idleness, which is the mother of a huge family of sins. Idleness is a most contemptible vice, it covers a man with rags, fills him with disease, and makes him a ready servant of the devil. It is a shameful thing that God, who "worketh hitherto," and made us on purpose that we should work, should see us wasting time and strength, and leaving good work unaccomplished. God will not feed you, idle man, his own verdict is—"neither let him eat." If you loaf about, and say, "The Lord will provide," he will probably "provide" you a place in the workhouse, if not in the county jail. If the manna falls near him, and the lazy man will not take the trouble to gather it, his omer will not be filled by miracle, neither will an angel be sent to carry bread and meat to his table. Up, thou sluggard, and gather what the Lord has strewn.

The law of nature and providence holds good in spiritual things. "That thou givest them they gather." There is a spirit abroad in the world—not so powerful now, thank God, as it used to be—which talks a great deal about grace and predestination; and therein I rejoice to hear what it has to say, but its inference from those truths is that men are to sit still, to be passive in salvation, and to look upon themselves as so many logs, as if they had no will in the matter, and were never to be called to an account concerning the gospel which they hear. Now, this kind of doctrine virtually teaches that what God gives drops into our mouths, and we need not gather it

at all : the very reverse of the Saviour's exhortation to labour for the meat which endureth unto life eternal. Sovereign grace will not take us to heaven by the hair of our heads, or save us in our sleep, whether we will or no. Such teaching would have been repudiated by the apostles, for it acts like chloroform upon the conscience, and plunges the soul into a deadly lethargy. The fact is, brethren, there is a predestination, and the doctrines of election and effectual grace are true, nor may we deny them ; but yet the Lord deals with men as responsible beings, and bids them "strive to enter in at the strait gate," and to "lay hold on eternal life." Such exhortations are evidently intended for free agents, and indicate that our salvation requires energetic action. It would not appear from Scripture that we are to lie dormant and be merely acted upon, for "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." Of men as well as birds it is true, "what thou givest them *they gather*." God gives you faith, but *you* must believe. God gives you repentance, but *you* must repent. These graces are the work of God, but they are also the acts of man. How often shall we need to remind these brethren that the Holy Ghost does not believe for us ? How can he ? Is faith a matter to be done by proxy ? Neither does the Holy Ghost repent for us ; it is absurd to entertain such a notion. We must ourselves personally believe and repent. If any man does not repent as his own act and deed, his repentance and faith are not such as are spoken of in Scripture, or required by the gospel. Brethren, we should pray, repent, and believe, as much as if all these were wholly our own, but we are bound to give God all the glory of them, because it is only by his grace that we either can or will perform them. Men must hear the word, for "faith comes by hearing ;" they must believe the word, for without faith it is impossible to please God, and they must repent of sin, for if sin be not forsaken pardon is not given. They must fly to the city of refuge or the man-slayer will destroy them. They must escape for their lives to the mountains, or the fire from God will overwhelm them in the city of destruction. "That thou givest them *they gather*." We *must* gather, or we shall not have.

Brethren in Christ, we must not expect spiritual gifts without gathering them. For instance, our souls need food, but we may not expect the Lord to feast us unless we use the means, hear or read his word, attend to private devotion, and the like. These are channels of grace to us, and woe be to us if we neglect them. If you saw your friend so emaciated that you could count his bones, and so weak that he could scarcely stand, you would inquire what had reduced him so much, for he used to be a strong hearty man. "My dear friend, what can it be ?" You question him, and expect him to tell you of some mysterious disease, but no, his tale is far more simple ; he confesses that he does not eat, that he has given up having regular meals, and very seldom takes an ounce of nourishment. You quite understand his feebleness and decline, he is injuring his constitution by denying it nutriment. Now, when a Christian man complains that he is full of doubts and fears, and has no joy in the Lord as he used to have, and no enjoyment in prayer or labour for Jesus ; if you find out that he neglects all week-night services, never goes to the

prayer-meeting, reads anything rather than his Bible, and has no time for meditation, you need not inquire further into his spiritual malady. The man does not gather what God provides. He lets the manna lie outside the camp, and allows the water to flow untasted from the rock, and he must not be astonished that his soul is not in a right condition. Christians will find that if they "neglect the assembling of themselves together, as the manner of some is," and if they forget to wait upon the Lord and renew their strength, they will fall into a miserable, weak, low condition, and their souls will be full of doubts, cares, and anxieties, such as they never would have known if they had walked nearer to God, and maintained intimate communion with the Saviour.

As it is with ourselves, so is it with us in reference to others. God will give us souls if we pray for them, but we must seek after them. When the Lord calls a man to speak in his name, he intends to give him some success, but he must be on the watch to gather it. Some ministers have preached the gospel long, but have never seen much fruit, because they never tried to gather it; they have had no meetings for inquirers, nor encouraged the young converts to come to them for help. What God has given them they have not gathered. Many professors are always wishing that the church would increase, they would like to see an aggressive work carried on against the world; why do they not set about it? Why stand they gazing up into heaven? Do they expect to see souls converted without means? Dear brethren, it will not do for us to get silly notions into our heads; up to this day God has been pleased to use instrumentality, and until the second advent he will continue to do so. When the Lord descends from heaven it will be time enough for us to talk of what he will then do, but till he comes let us continue to gather the souls he gives us. We are not in such great need of conferences about how to win souls, as of men who will do it. I vote for less talk and more work. We cannot have too much prayer, but we certainly need more effort. The Lord is saying, "Get thee up, wherefore liest thou thus upon thy face?" "Why criest thou unto me?" said he to Moses; "speak to the children of Israel that they *go forward*!" We cry, "Awake, awake, O arm of the Lord!" and he replies, "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion!" God is awake enough, the arousing is needed by us. We have been praying for his Spirit, and rightly enough; but the Spirit of God is never backward, we are straitened in ourselves. He would use us if we were vessels fit for his use. Oh that we yielded ourselves fully to the Spirit of God to be borne which way he wills, even as the clouds are driven by the wind; then he would draw and we should run, he would give and we should gather.

IV. The fourth turn of the text gives us the sweet thought that we **MAY GATHER WHAT HE GIVES**. We have divine permission to enjoy freely what the Lord bestows.

Poor sinner, whatever the Lord has given in his gospel to sinners you may freely gather. When the manna fell in the wilderness no guards were appointed to keep off the people. No inquiry was made as to the character or experience of those who came to gather it; there it was, and no one was denied. Over the heads of the people might have sounded the words, "Whosoever will, let him come and take

of the manna freely." Tests and qualifications there were none, and yet the special design was the feeding of Israel. No discriminating divine cried out, "You must not come unless you feel a law-work within, and are sensible sinners." Not a word of the sort was whispered. The Lord has appointed no one to keep sinners away from the water of life, but he has chosen many to bid poor souls draw near and drink, and the Holy Ghost himself puts forth his power to draw men to it. Jesus says, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," and I for one have no commission to discourage any, nor will I. What he gives you, you may gather. The little birds ask no questions as to whether they may enjoy the seeds or the worms; they see the food and take it boldly: so, sinners, it is not for you to raise difficulties about the mercy of God: "Whosoever believeth in the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved," and that *whosoever* is a wide word. Thou need'st not say, "I do not know whether I am elected." Neither can I tell you, nor anybody else, for "the Lord knoweth them that are his," and none of us know anything about it, except so far as his Spirit teaches us that we ourselves are his. Your thoughts should run in another direction: Christ Jesus came to save sinners, are you a sinner? "Whosoever will, let him come." Are you willing? Then come along with you, and quibble no longer. God does not guard his great garden of grace as men protect their little patches, wherein they hang up old garments or dead crows to keep the birds away. The Lord giveth freely and upbraideth not. Certain preachers hang up the dead black crow of their own morbid experience to scare away poor sinners from coming to simple faith in Jesus. The Lord has no scarecrows in his garden. Do but come, thou blackest of sinners, and he will receive thee. The strangest bird, with speckled wing, may freely gather what mercy gives. Whatever is preached in the gospel as the object of faith, every one that believes may have; whatever is promised to repentance, every one that repents may have, and whatever is promised to coming to Christ every one that comes to Christ shall have. "That thou givest them they gather," for God gives it to be gathered. He gave the manna on purpose to be eaten; he would not have sent bread from heaven if men had not wanted it, and if he had not meant to feed them. Grace must have been meant for sinners, it will suit no other persons. If I have a hard heart, the Spirit of God can soften it: why should he not do so? Here is a foul sinner, and yonder is a fountain filled with blood which cleanses completely, why should he not wash? What was Christ meant for but to be a Saviour? And if he be a Saviour, why should he not save *me*? Surely when I am thirsty, and I see the water springing before me, I may as well drink. Sinner, there is a spring open here by the grace of our Lord Jesus, and you are come this way, and therefore I suggest to you, and I pray the Spirit of God also to suggest it to you, that between the fountain and the thirsty soul there ought to be a connection at once begun. God invites you, your need constrains you, may his Spirit draw you; for even now what he has given you may gather!

V. The last thought is, GOD WILL ALWAYS GIVE US SOMETHING TO GATHER. It is written, "the Lord will provide." The other day as I walked on a common, I picked up a dead sparrow; going a little

further, I found another ; and my friend said to me, " I have found another," and he remarked, " It must have been a bad season ; these birds must have been starved." " No, no," I said, " you are not going to pick up dead sparrows killed by the weather. That cottager, over the hedge, has some rows of young peas, and he keeps a gun." Men kill the birds, God does not starve them.

Brother, if you are under the guardian care of God you shall not want. If you are your own shepherd you will probably stray into very lean pastures one of these days ; but if the Lord is your shepherd, you shall not want, he will make you to lie down in green pastures. " The young lions do lack," for they take care of themselves ; " but they that trust in the Lord," although they are very often very simple-minded and easily imposed upon, " shall not lack any good thing," for God will take care of them. I have often noticed how wonderfully poor widows manage to live and struggle through with large families. When they were dependent upon their husbands they were often badly off, and when their husbands died it seemed as if they must starve ; but if they are Christian women they look to God, and God becomes their husband, and he is a far better husband than the man they have lost. When God takes the children in hand and becomes their father, they cannot lack ; help is raised up in unexpected quarters, and they are provided for, they can scarcely tell how. If in providence we have learned to live by faith, we may be sure the Lord will not fail us. " He will not suffer the soul of the righteous to famish."

Thus is it also in spiritual things. If you are willing to gather, God will always give. Go to the Bible and say, " Lord, give me a promise," and you will find one suitable to your case. Go and hear his servants, whom he has sent ; go with hearts ready to receive the word and you will not return empty. The Lord will make us speak to your case as much as if we knew all about you. Bring your largest vessel with you, and the Lord will fill it to the brim. Never does a believer open his mouth wide but the Lord fills it. Be you ready to gather, and you may be right well assured that the divine fulness will never cease to supply your need.

Thus from a very simple text we have had our lesson ; go home and feed upon what you have gathered, and take care to bless the name of the Lord.

Foreigners in London.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

PART II.

WHITHERSOEVER they turn, or wherever they settle down, the Chinese are careful to carry their national customs along with them ; for as Celestials, they are rather given to despising all things which did not originate in the land of pigtails. If you wish to earn a Chinaman's esteem you must allow him to do pretty much as inclination dictates, and chiefly you must permit him to be as dirty as he likes in

his every-day habits. He knows that many things prized by his countrymen are not calculated to promote even their temporal good; but of what force is the objection when he is able to retort that the barbarians among whom he dwells have also many customs which cannot benefit them? He despises you on account of the very things you most value, so that you must beware how you vaunt in his hearing the advantages of your western civilisation. A nation whose records begin only with the invasion of Julius Cæsar is of yesterday when compared with an empire whose records go further back than the creation of the world. An Englishman may pride himself on the medical science of his country, but a Chinaman values medical art when allied to superstitious practices far above a knowledge derived from the dissection of dead bodies, a practice which he abhors. The Celestial is sufficiently shrewd to mark particular national abuses, and in these he finds abundant excuse for his own excesses. Why, indeed, should he be at any loss for such excuses? The Scotch drink whiskey, the English are fond of beer, the Americans have a weakness for what they call "knock-me-down," and "pick-me-up;" and your poor Chinaman has his opium. Is he a greater sinner than the Christians? If, poor heathen as he is, we judge him to be so, we are too severe in our condemnation, and we ought to remember that our code of morals differs from that of China.

As the Chinaman, in his unconverted state, has no means of personally testing the claims of Christianity, he naturally rates foreign morality somewhat lower than that of his own teachers. He will admit that there is something good in the precepts of our great teacher, but he values it less than the ethics of his own philosophers. He esteems his own celestial country as the only land of civilisation, and though he can tolerate the manners of the various nations whom he calls barbarians, he has no love to throw away upon them.

A leading American journal, having lately discovered that the Celestials have set up an opium-smoking room in New York, has treated subscribers to a nerve-shocking description of the scenes to be daily witnessed in this particular pestiferous den. We can sympathise with, but need not be surprised at, our cousin Jonathan's astonishment. It has long been known to certain agents of our own City Mission that the debasing poison is used in filthy out-of-the-way corners of the east end of London, much after the same fashion as in Canton or Hong-kong. When our so-called Christian country, in the usual course of trade with China herself, encourages and almost forces upon the people the use of this physically and morally suicidal poison, it would be strange indeed, if the use of the drug were forbidden in England itself.

It is a fact, then, that opium-smoking rooms may be found both in London and New York. Wherever Chinese natives have settled in large numbers, one of these plague-spots is certain to be the curse of some hole or corner. One of the leading characteristics of China is dirt: hence the dirtiest room in the vilest street of the worst quarter of the town will be the place most likely to be selected by the Chinese for the gratification of their strange appetite. The master in charge of the foul establishment will commonly be a living example of the vice which asserts so terrible a mastery over his fatherland. Though not

an old man, he will look old, and what nerve and vigour he may once have possessed will have been long ago shrivelled up or expelled from his nature. His heavy, glazed eyes wear a kind of care-for-nothing expression. To him life and the world would be unendurable without opium. Freedom to indulge in opium is the one condition on which he consents to continue his existence. Allow him the gratification, and he is contented; withhold the fascinating drug, and his sufferings are more dreadful than can be described. His career of ruinous indulgence has been similar to that of other victims; the cure of any one devotee of the vile habit would be a surprising novelty. The well-seasoned smoker has just mind enough left to remember the time when he could consume no more than the one hundredth part of an ounce in a day; now, perhaps, he can consume a third part of an ounce during the twenty-four hours. And yet he has not sinned ignorantly: on the day that he first inhaled the noxious smoke he knew that he would undermine his health and cut short his life, and during the several stages of his sad strange progress he has been aware that he is rushing direct to the goal of death! In one sense death might be taken as the end for which opium-smokers live. The prize of their life might be withered flesh or a diseased brain, or death itself, since they devote life to a habit which, in the stupor it produces, mimics the king of terrors every day. Of all the singular infatuations of fallen humanity, this is one of the strangest and most deplorable, and he who first discovered the power concealed in opium-smoke deserves to have his name held in eternal execration.

Whether the Chinese should be allowed to import their most objectionable customs into our midst, and especially a vice so destructive, may admit of argument. We would jealously guard the liberty of the subject; but true liberty is not opposed to a wholesome restraint on wrongdoing, it may even demand it for its own preservation. By prohibiting chemists from selling arsenic we cannot hinder the suicide from accomplishing his end by secret means, but we can render his crime more difficult. No legislation could hinder the slave of opium from fostering his habit; but that is not sufficient reason why public rooms expressly devoted to an abominable practice should be allowed. There would be less reason for protest were the evil confined to the Chinese themselves; but when the appearance in our midst of a number of these gentry represents a given amount of moral pestilence spread among our own people, we may be pardoned for looking after ourselves. The unwelcome fact has come to light that in New York opium-smoking is extending its empire to the white population, for a certain low class of girls cohabit with the strangers and adopt their customs. We have not discovered that a like calamity has visited London; but remembering that human nature is the same at all times and in all places, we shall act wisely by taking warning in time, lest the plague settle among us before we suspect danger.

The subject of opium, and the crimps who employ that and other drugs in their iniquitous traffic, suggests a word or two about the Strangers' Home for Asiatics, in the West India Dock Road, Limehouse. Prior to the founding of that useful institution, the foreign sailors lodged in a little colony of their own, in the notorious neigh-

bourhood of Bluegate-fields. The lodging-house keepers, who were commonly the worst of characters, were in the habit of boarding newly-arrived ships, for the purpose of enticing unsuspecting mariners into dens where they were robbed while under the influence of opium, or, if non-smokers of the subtle poison, were stupefied by other drugs. The opening of the Strangers' Home marked the commencement of a better era, dealt a fatal blow at the crimps' profitable calling, and soon had the effect of closing a considerable number of their houses altogether. Asiatics and South Sea Islanders can now reckon on securing a safe and comfortable home immediately on setting foot in London; they can deposit money or valuables with the secretary of the house, and in return for a payment of fourteen shillings a week, they can be lodged in a manner reflecting honour on our Western civilisation. An agent of the London City Mission, whose philological acquirements specially fit him for the work, is associated with the institution. The missionary has many friends and a few enemies, and this is not surprising, for success in his good work endangers the craft of those who, like moral vampires, make a prey of the unfortunate and ignorant. These men, as ruffians of the basest kind, are dangerous opponents, not hesitating to use brute force should a favourable opportunity occur. The benighted Chinaman, as he carries home the precious drug, would strike an observer as being a comparatively harmless creature, except to the dupes who are foolish enough to thrust themselves into his poisonous den; but the English crimp of Bluegate-fields, has, on the contrary, much of the bull-dog in his nature, and his arguments are such as a bull-dog would use.

Thus foreign sailors on arriving in the Thames, step ashore from their ships to go among enemies. Land sharks abound, who regard the foreigner as their rightful prey, and all he possesses as their proper booty. On all sides profligate women stand ready to entangle him in their cruel meshes. There are opium rooms, where he will be robbed while in a state of stupor, and there are gambling-houses, where a few throws of deceptive dice deprive him of a year's wages. The dire misfortunes which have overtaken some of these have turned them on our streets as ragged beggars, whose ingenious or lying methods of exciting pity would, if detailed, make very strange tales. Yet we are glad to believe that the worst has passed. What the dangers and consequent misery of poor foreign sailors were, in days when no agent of the Strangers' Home, nor of the City Mission was abroad, could not easily be narrated. They huddled together in the foulest hovels of east-end alleys, without exciting pity or attracting attention. After fleecing them of money and clothes, the land sharks, whether male or female, left them to live or die, and not seldom did these natives of the sunny south succumb to a colder climate and expire on the flagstones of our London streets.

Lascars were often found to be chief among the sufferers: now, however, when an offending Lascar stands at the bar of a police-court, the magistrate does not deliver judgment without consulting a third party—an agent of the Strangers' Home, or a tried friend of the foreigner, in the person of a City Missionary. How different was the administration of "justice" in former days! Mr. Salter tells us of a notorious

"interpreter," who reaped a harvest of wicked gains at the Thames Police-court, the authorities, of course, not being acquainted with his unprincipled character. This rascal, without the slightest regard for truth, perverted the evidence of all cases with which he had to do, and because he received double fees when a culprit was sent for trial to the Old Bailey, he always aimed at securing a committal. On one occasion, Mr. Salter attended the court on behalf of an arraigned Lascar, and, unknown to himself, completely frustrated the interpreter's neatly-designed plans. On realizing what had happened, this man became angry and abusive, but after a time he accepted his fate more meekly. "Ah, I've had my time," he once said; "I've done well, and ought to have been better off. I've made twenty pounds a day out of them sometimes." "Twenty pounds a day!" the missionary exclaimed. "How?" "I have got up quarrels amongst the men against their captains. I have advised the men to summon their masters, and lent them money to do it. I was the interpreter, and put the matter just as I liked. I have reminded captains of their responsibility to provide for these men, have offered to relieve them of it, and have often pocketed £20 for undertaking to do so." "But what became of the Lascars?" was inquired. "They never troubled me; I never heard any more of them."* This rascal at length lapsed into a potman, and finally committed suicide. "Bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days."

The wrongs and hardships endured by foreigners in London in former days were often of an extraordinary character; and they are still subject to robbery and imposition. In certain dens which they are known to frequent, the gold and silver of an unsuspecting simpleton will be dexterously exchanged for flash coin, and through tendering this base metal, and having a further supply upon their persons, many innocents have been sent to prison and have died there. Such frauds and deceptions may be practised still, but a turn in the tide for the better has set in since the founding of the Strangers' Home, and hence the influence of this institution is felt to be increasingly beneficial. It is known to be a Christian home, and on this account fears were entertained by certain professed friends that the superstition of heathen visitors would not be duly respected; indeed, a certain London firm, with more money than wisdom, offered to contribute several thousand pounds to the cause if New Testament teaching were once and for ever proscribed within the walls, but, of course, an offer tacked to these degrading conditions was rejected without hesitation.

Rome is a more bitter opponent of the gospel than heathenism, and in days prior to the annihilation of the Pope's temporal power, the ships of "catholic" states coming into the Thames were well-nigh inaccessible to Christian visitors. If the sailors received the truth, or accepted a Bible, they became subject to the church's discipline, and even risked imprisonment. In some instances, the hatred of the captains and officers to evangelical truth is still in itself a serious obstacle, but resistance of this kind grows feebler year by year.

* See "The Asiatic in England," page 79.

By way of contrast to the scowling threatenings of Rome, the welcome accorded by the crews of heathen countries is often most gratifying, and to step on board a vessel in the London Docks is to have presented before the eyes many new phases of human life. Perhaps the men who welcome the distributor of "Gospels" are not all of one clime, but are all representatives of the Far East. Some, it may be, have been visited in the hospital, if not fetched out of prison, for the city missionary will confer with magistrates, or even with the Secretary of State, on behalf of his dark friends, should need arise. What a Babel of tongues accosts the missionary's ear, each of which he can readily translate! "This is the Sahib who visited us when we were sick, and read out of the good book." "Sahib, you came and took me out of prison." "Sahib, you spoke well to the magistrate for us; we will be ruled by what you say." Opportunities like this of gathering a heathen audience frequently occur, and are turned to good account. In the course of the work highly interesting characters are occasionally encountered. Such was Na Pai, a Christian native of Polynesia. In his own country Na was boatswain to an important functionary, who brought him to England, and declared that five hundred pounds would be as safe in Na's hands as in the coffers of the Bank. Another was Jan-ran, who, after having lived within eighty miles of Calcutta, came to London, there to first hear of Christ. "What do you know about Christ?" was asked. "Nothing," he replied, "I shall be very glad to hear about him."

Though sunk in ignorance and superstition, and living as the slaves of evil habits, it is astonishing with what bigotry individuals among them hold their hereditary opinions. Contrasts abound among them. Some are blind, and appear to have taken a desperate resolution that they will remain so, while others are willing to be taught. A couple of Chinese surgeons who were met with in London rejected the truth, and turned aside from the offered Bible, as though they were refusing a contaminating book. The hearts of Indians and Chinese are perhaps the most impregnable fortresses held by the powers of evil in this fallen world.

While subjects like these are sufficiently plentiful, the vast trade of the port of London brings thither natives of the most out-of-the-way places—*islands* which, in some instances, are not even marked in the map. The appointed visitor among the vessels has been known to master a new dialect for the purpose of communicating with these strangers, and has thus been the first to speak to them the language of the Bible. "How glad my people would be to have a man like you," said one poor fellow, after listening to what was told him. His singular native tongue is represented by neither grammar nor printed page.

Another singular character was a Zulu Kaffir, who, not having been accustomed to houses and furniture, found these concomitants of civilisation hard to be endured, and, on his removal to England, one chief aim of his existence was to escape from their thralldom. After leaving the first home with which he was provided in this country, he roamed at large about a wood in the north, greatly enjoying the unrestrained freedom. Regarding sheep as wild animals that any might appropriate who would, he caught one, and feasted upon the mutton

until being himself captured in turn, he was sent once more to a house in London. Still disliking the white man's mode of life, he ran away to Highgate, and again looked to neighbouring flocks for supplies of animal food. Had not the poor fellow been perfectly wild and irresponsible, he would have been lodged in prison; but as punishment under such circumstances would have been cruel, some friends who became interested in him purposed sending him back to the wilds of Africa. In the meantime, and in consequence of his not understanding the nature of a railway, this unhappy creature was killed by a passing train. Had his life been spared, the gospel might have touched his heart, and then a transformation—the most surprising that man can look upon—would have taken place.

Another sad but curious story was that of a native of Yoruba, in Africa. When a mere child, this man was captured and sold into slavery. He was sent to sea, and in due time visited the port of London, where longings for freedom were awakened in his mind. He became ill, or, as was supposed, feigned indisposition in order first to deceive his captain, and secondly to get taken on board the hospital ship. In the hospital the African met with another who understood his dialect, and this was the means of his being sent by the chaplain to a refuge. The African was on free British soil, and he knew it; the villanous shipmaster to whom the slave was bound also knew this much, and becoming greatly enraged at the turn affairs had taken, the captain employed the police in the endeavour to recover his "property." Greatly alarmed, and apprehensive of what he would suffer in the future, the man resisted with fury all attempts to deprive him of liberty, and in a scuffle that ensued injured both himself and a constable. This affair was grossly misrepresented, having been described as the unprovoked attack by a savage on an unoffending official. On being taken before a magistrate, the offender was committed to Newgate, and would have lain there uncared for and unpitied, had not a "foreign" city missionary found the prisoner and interested himself in the cause of justice. At first a serious difficulty hindered the work, for "the savage" spoke an unintelligible tongue. Days of anxious searching after an interpreter followed, and at length a girl was found who could speak the dialect of the stranger. These extraordinary efforts were destined to be abundantly rewarded. Instead of being hanged, or at least imprisoned, as some expected, the accused was acquitted amid the acclamations of those who had witnessed the trial; and well might triumphant justice attract hearty plaudits, for the man told a pitiful story. He remembered the land of his birth, but neither he nor his parents knew aught of the true God, and if they worshipped anything they worshipped wood and stone. But why did he fight the policeman with such determined ferocity? Because the thought of ever returning to the ship was one of horror. He had been abused, beaten, branded with hot irons, but until the friend sought him in Newgate he had never during his whole life experienced an act of kindness! A less artless story might have sufficed to draw tears from the eyes of both judge and jury, but the sequel was tragical. The dread of being again taken back into slavery appears to have been superior to every other emotion, and, possessed with misgivings, the

man would not even trust his real friends. The Strangers' Home he regarded as a prison of some kind, and after wounding certain of the inmates he was taken into custody, when, fearing worse things to come, he committed suicide. Solemn lessons come home to our hearts from the life-wreck of this poor African who, driven mad by his wrongs, refused to trust even the good Samaritans who would have befriended him. These details are given as illustrative of the workings of slavery, which will not have its empire taken away until the gospel extends its reign to the dark places of the earth.

To come nearer home, to those who are more nearly akin to us, we find that the condition of poor Germans in London is too frequently very deplorable. Poor in their own fatherland, a siren voice tells them that there is gold in Britain, and yielding to the temptation, they come hither to share a hard lot with many who have preceded them. Not so coldly phlegmatic as French writers and admirers of Gaulish "chivalry" would have us believe, the Germans have kind hearts, which readily respond to Christian kindness, and some of their life-histories when brought to light are fraught with moral teaching, which even Frenchmen might appropriate with advantage.

In the Charing Cross Hospital a woman was visited who had been educated as a lady in far away Mecklenburgh. One mistake had been made in youth—her parents by over-indulgence had marred her character, and prepared her heart to entertain the tempter. Soon after her marriage with a person of position she wickedly left her husband, and absconded with one of the servants in his family. Arriving in London with this worthless fellow, the deluded girl became involved in a robbery, and after attempting self-destruction she was carried to the hospital, there to meet with trustworthy friends. On leaving her bed a heavy punishment awaited her, but in trouble she found salvation, and accepting Christ in faith, became a striking example of the power of divine grace.

What are now regarded as very trivial circumstances may, when viewed in the light of eternity, prove themselves to have been the divinely predestinated turning-points of life. To have been permitted to take shelter during a passing shower with either Edmund Burke or Dr. Johnson would be considered a great thing, but what if your companion beneath the protecting gateway should be merely a poverty-stricken German fusee-seller? One such who was more than a fusee-seller—he was an infidel—was met thus casually by a hard-working evangelist. The word spoken to him while the rain was falling entered his heart, and he became a changed character. He gave expression to his gratitude by teaching in the Sunday-school, and soon the alteration for the better in his temporal circumstances corresponded with the inward reformation.

In the East End of London large numbers of foreign Jews abound who are reduced to a condition of pitiable poverty. Some suppose that Jews never want, but that is a mistaken notion. Hebrews of foreign climes, who come to England to breathe the pure air of freedom, fall upon hard times, and often fail to share that bounty which wealthy Jews dispense to their unfortunate brethren. One calling adopted by the very poorest is that of itinerant glazing, and those who

have become acclimatised to English fare do what lies in their power to initiate the inexperienced into the mysteries of the art. An itinerant glazier pursues what is at best a sorry occupation ; and hence, when we meet him toiling along beneath a load of glass and putty, we do well not to associate him with the shams of the age, for his poverty is as real as it appears to be.

The gospel is disseminated among the foreign Jews of London with no mean success, and, to the sore discomfiture of learned rabbis, the agents employed are, in many instances, converted Hebrews. The rabbis oppose Christian endeavours to enlighten the ignorant by counter efforts of their own, and not seldom do they copy the Christian method of going to work. This is so far satisfactory that Old Testament knowledge is diffused, and a way prepared for the gospel to follow.

The Jews in the metropolis retain many distinguishing characteristics. Still proud of their descent, those of one nationality do not care to have dealings with another which they judge to be of an inferior standing. Those who come from Spain and Portugal boast of an illustrious ancestry, and, claiming to belong to the royal tribe of Judah, almost entirely separate themselves from the *plebs* of Germany and Poland. The aristocratic sect have their synagogue in Duke's Place, Aldgate, while those of the poorer sort assemble in another building near at hand. The first are comparatively few in number, and new arrivals seldom augment their ranks ; but it is otherwise with the great bulk who are less prosperous. These land on our shores in large numbers from Holland, Poland, and the Russian dominions. They are neither rich, nor cleanly in their habits ; but drunkenness and its kindred vices do not prevail among them to the same extent as among the degraded of our own nation. Their besetting sins are of another kind, and in the end may prove quite as deadly. Their idol gods might be represented by money, finery, and pleasure, for with love of these their hearts are fully occupied. Probably the majority never enter a synagogue, and the religion of those who do is far from being spiritual. Though the poor people may live and die in heathenish ignorance, the rabbis are said to do little either to elevate or enlighten them, beyond looking askance on "gospel" distributors, and asking after the manner of the scribes and pharisees if any good thing can come out of Nazareth.

Fellowship with Christ.

A PAPER READ AT THE CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE, 1874.

BY PASTOR W. NORRIS, OF BEDMINSTER, BRISTOL.

THE central idea of "fellowship" is participation. Whenever it occurs, although the circumstances be dissimilar, it indicates the share which one person has in the experiences of another. It is predicated of friendship, because a friend participates in our time, thought, pleasure ; and of business, because a member of a firm shares in its profit and loss. Arithmetic, that science of strictest exactitude, will

afford a clear illustration of our meaning. One of its divisions is called the rule of Fellowship; and why? It is "a rule by which persons trading with a joint stock ascertain their shares of gain or loss."

The term fellowship is an apt representative of the Greek *κοινωνία*. We will briefly investigate the truth of this assertion by an appeal to certain passages of Scripture. The author of the Acts of the Apostles, for instance, records that the first converts "continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship." (Acts ii. 42.) Whether we believe with Dr. Gill that fellowship here means liberality; or with the Vulgate, that it is the communication of the breaking of the sacramental bread; or, with some others, take the term in its widest meaning, the idea of participation will be still clear. When writing to the Galatians (chap. ii. 9), Paul says: "And when James, Cephas, and John, who seemed to be pillars, perceived the grace that was given unto me, they gave to me and Barnabas the right hands of fellowship." Those rulers of the church gave him a right-handed welcome, because they believed him to be a participator in the blessings of the Christian life and in the responsibilities of the apostleship. And when informing the Romans of his intended visit to Jerusalem, as the almoner of certain Gentile churches, the same apostle remarks: * "For it hath pleased them of Macedonia and Achaia to make a certain contribution for the poor saints which are at Jerusalem." In this passage "contribution" is the representative of *κοινωνία*, but the idea conveyed is that the liberal disciples of those provinces granted to the Jerusalem poor a share of their comforts. I shall not quote any more passages in support of the fact that participation is the proper definition of this word, as I consider this trinity of illustration will sufficiently establish the point. Material support of our position will, however, be found on turning to the sermon on "The Special Call and the Unfailing Result," by our worthy President. He therein remarks, with his accustomed force: "The word 'fellowship' (*κοινωνία*) is not properly to be interpreted here as a society, but as the result of society; that is to say, fellowship lies in mutual and identical interests."†

Fellowship with Christ, therefore, is participation with him. It is secured to every believer by the divine call: for "God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord."‡ And it becomes a matter of joyful experience, for, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ."§ With passages like those before us, declaring on the one hand the divine operation, and on the other human consciousness of this great fact, we are led to ask under what conditions, in what way, and with what result, is this participation possible? A reply to these questions will be attempted.

I. We will first indicate the conditions—or, in other words, principles—on which this fellowship proceeds. There must be principles, and these must be definite, constant, and acknowledged, or fellowship cannot be a matter of joyous certainty. Those principles are, in the main, three—connection with Christ, presence, and agreement with him.

* Rom. xv. 26.

† 1 Cor. i. 9.

‡ Met. Tab. Pulpit, Vol. XI. p. 116.

§ 1 John i. 3.

Unless some connection be found between Jesus and humanity, there can be no intercourse. And where can you find the required bond of union? Where but in his incarnation? In the Epistle to the Hebrews* we find this striking statement: "Verily he taketh not hold of angels, but of the seed of Abraham he taketh hold." Dr. Hammond expounds it thus: "It is not said anywhere that he catches hold of the angels, as they are falling, to save them from ruin, but only to men he doth this favour." In that mysterious incarnation we behold Jesus in contact with our race, and not in contact merely, but in conjunction too.

Well may Ann Steele inquire:—

"And did the Holy and the Just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That sinners lost might rise?"

And Dr. Watts declare that:—

"Aside the Prince of Glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapt his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay."

And Charles Wesley supply the exhortation:—

"Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel, here."

All he has done and suffered for our race is by virtue of his taking hold. What a grip was that with which he seized sinking humanity that he might bear it away from the horrible pit, and place it upon a throne! His earthly experiences are the natural outcome of his connection. Just as the flexible sapling, the spreading branches, the abundant foliage, the fragrant blossoms, and the welcome fruit are so many proofs of the firm hold which life took upon the infant seed; so every action of our Lord was an evidence of the firm hold he had upon our nature. As you witness his first slumber in the manger, his Nazareth experiences, the course of his public ministry, his groaning in Gethsemane, his dying anguish upon the cross, his resurrection from the dead, and his exaltation in the heavenly regions, you exclaim with the beloved disciple, "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." Without this tabernacling in our nature, sinful men could never hold friendly intercourse with him; but with it, we secure the help of "the brother born for adversity."

But the mere fact that at a certain point of the world's history the Son of God connected himself with our race, will not render fellowship possible. *His presence is equally necessary with his incarnation.* If that presence with our individual spirits be a matter of certainty, then may we aspire to a participation with him. We have dealings with the absent sometimes. Absence may be enlivened by correspondence, but inasmuch as that correspondence is limited, intermittent, and incomplete, it does not amount to fellowship. Our experience instructs us

* Heb. ii. 16, marg.

that, while absence affords a partial happiness, presence is needful for a full joy. St. John embodies this sentiment when explaining his intentions to the elect lady:—"Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink: but I trust to come unto you, and speak face to face, that our joy may be full." If Christ be absent, fellowship is denied; but if he be present we shall speak face to face. The presence of Christ is not veiled in the mists of conjecture, detained in the regions of possibility, nor dependent upon inference, but a declared fact. Hear it from his own lips upon the Galilean mountain! The eleven apostles have travelled thither at his express command. The promise to go before them into Galilee, delivered before his death, and twice repeated after it, has led no less than five hundred brethren to undertake the journey. Thus the mountain is the centre towards which five hundred lines of discipleship converge. Jesus commands them to undertake the conversion and baptism of the nations, and closes with the encouragement, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen."* He guarantees his personal presence, and not that of a mere influence, for he says, "*I am with you.*" He engages to be with them as a community and as individuals, for whether collected together for mutual edification, or scattered abroad for the evangelisation of the world, his words are true and faithful, "*I am with you.*" He is not declaring a secondary fact, but one of transcendent importance, like the coming of the Campbells to Lucknow, for he exclaims with fervour, "*Lo, I am with you.*" Lest there should be a dread of his removal from them, he remarks that it shall be "unto the end of the world:" for preaching, missioning, baptising, leading sinners to the truth, and edification, he will continue until the end of the gospel age. And, still further, he undertakes that there shall be no interruptions. The sun may depart, and leave us in periodic darkness, but the Sun of Righteousness will not depart from his church, even for a brief season. We have Christ's word for this. "*Lo, I am with you alway.*" You will recollect, brethren, that the phrase is *πάσας τὰς ἡμέρας*, "all the days." We have thus rung the changes on this peal of bells. The music, how sweet! The harmony, how complete! The influence, how inspiring! The presence of our precious Master and Friend is a covenant certainty! As certainly as the mountain breezes fanned the cheeks of the disciples, the sun threw his shafts of light and heat among them, the earth spread its varied scenery before the observant eye, and the Sea of Galilee, glistening at their feet, mirrored in its waters the sun by day, the moon and stars by night, so certainly will Jesus be with his people in every age.

But a moment's thought will show that a third principle is also necessary. *There must be agreement between Jesus and our souls.* All men are connected with him by his incarnation, and all men are in his presence, but all men have not fellowship. Amos, the sturdy herdsman, asks: "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" Fellowship fails when agreement fails. The all-important question for us is, "Is my soul in agreement with Christ? Have I become one with him? Can I give a hearty 'amen' to his doctrines, his plans,

his efforts? Does the love which glows in his breast glow in mine? Does the desire for the salvation of men which impelled him to unparalleled self-sacrifice and activity impel me to do the same, though in humbler measure? I know that agreement with Christ means disagreement with corrupt self, the world, and Satan: am I prepared to encounter it?" O precious Jesus, this agreement is of thine own production. Thy Spirit has cleansed away the vileness, and effected this purity.

These three principles are indispensable. As the Godhead would be incomplete without its Trinity, so would the conditions of fellowship be incomplete if one of these principles were absent. Who can tell the effect upon our own lives and ministries when we feel that Jesus is connected with us by his manifestation in the flesh, present with us at all times, and that we are brought to a holy agreement with him in his redemptive work? Having ascertained the principles upon which it proceeds, let us describe—

II. *The Modes of Fellowship.* These modes are various and illustrions. As a diamond flashes forth rays of light whichever way you turn it, so the saintly intercourse with Jesus in every one of its methods sparkles with light from heaven.

(1.) *We participate in his nature.* "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.*" In our first birth we partook of the human nature, and in the regeneration we become partakers of the divine. Here we observe an instructive contrast. The Son of God became *human* by being born of a woman; we partake of the *divine* when born of the Spirit. Behold those depths of divine condescension: and these heights of creature exaltation. The promises serve to this end, for Peter writes,† "That by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust." And Jesus gives this power to those who receive him; "power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name, which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."‡

(2.) *We participate in his privileges.* Paul informs the Ephesians, "The God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory," "raised him from the dead, and set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places."§ He adverts to the influence of this exaltation, for he remarks that God "hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ."|| He even claims a similar exaltation for believers: "and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."¶ Whether you translate *εν τοις επουρανιοις* by the phrase "in heavenly places," or "in heavenly things" you will find that there is a parallel constructed by apostolic thought. We cannot in our present time-state observe the whole of this parallel, for truth has its vanishing point as well as scenery. But we *do know* that the divinely human Christ and the humanly divine believer share in the most exalted privileges.

* John iii. 6, 7.
§ Eph. i. 17, 20.

† 2 Pet. i. 4.
|| Eph. i. 3.

‡ John i. 12, 13.
¶ Eph. ii. 6.

(3.) *This is also true of his ministry.* Privilege is not given for mere gratification; utility is intended as well as enjoyment. When you fill the hyacinth glass with water you provide gratification for the bulb, and prepare it for its special ministry. While sending its thread-like roots deeper into the water to secure additional nourishment, it is sending its stem upwards to be useful in its day by unfolding its beauty to the eye and diffusing its fragrance through the room. We, too, have our ministry, for which privilege makes us ready. Jesus confesses to his Father respecting those representative men in his church: "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world."* He came "to seek and to save that which was lost." He prayed for souls; practised self-denial to reach them; varied his discourses to secure their attention; welcomed the willing ones to his love; and wept over those who finally rejected him. Oh! if it be true that

"Great deeds cannot die,
They with the sun and moon renew their light
For ever blessing those that look on them,"

then who can doubt the immortality of his fame and power? This same Jesus has given a ministry to his people. He tells us to go after the lost and strive for their salvation. He lays their condition of sin and peril upon our hearts, and moves us to compassion. If we be not called upon to perform the grander works of Christian ministry, let us not be discouraged; the lesser duties of a believer deserve his most earnest endeavours, and the humblest sphere is worthy of occupancy at the sweet will of Jesus. Because a work may not win public notice and elicit wide-spread applause, we must not neglect it. The works unseen by the public eye are vastly important in the renovation of the world. We do wrong when we despise our work on account of its lowliness. Imagine a grumbling coral insect in the far-distant Pacific: if endowed with speech and discontented with his obscurity, he might complain as he toiled, "What is the good of my activity? My diminutive form is lost in the infinity of ocean; I am buried deep beneath the wave; and my work is of the feeblest character and of the smallest bulk. I will give it up." But he knows not that, in concert with millions of his species, he is erecting an impassable barrier in mid-ocean, and, by the formation of islands, is recasting the surface of the globe. Our work may be veiled by the waters of obscurity, and we may sometimes be discouraged by the little we can do; but this thought shall cheer us, that with our band of brother-workers we shall, by the blessing of God, recast the moral condition of the world. Contentment with whatever position the Master gives us is not only a guarantee of effective service therein, but one of the best preparatives for the higher and broader departments of work. I felicitate you upon your calling. Nothing can surpass it, nothing equal it. Merchants may pile their mountains of gold, poets may chase the butterflies of beauty and pleasure, scientists lift the veil from Nature's face, and courtiers sun themselves in the favour of royalty, but it is far better to be entrusted with the ministry of reconciliation. To be a minister of the gospel, living upon a moderate stipend,

* John xvi. 18.

with plenty of hard work, but having the joy of winning souls for Jesus, is better than all the positions of the world put together. Jesus says, "It is good for the servant that he be as his Master," and shall not our hearts respond, "Lord, we ask no other felicity"?

(4.) But his ministry entailed *suffering*; and must we have fellowship in this also? What Peter wrote to the Christians scattered abroad is true of all the Lord's servants in some measure:—"Ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings." He suffered for us, and we suffer for him. Suffering for the truth may take three distinct forms; it may be reproach upon our name, or the confiscation of our rights, or physical pain. These were conjoined in the terrible experience of martyrs. Their names were cast out as evil; they were hunted-as partridges upon the mountains; and their blood was shed by their foes. I shall never forget my first view of Vilvorde, a village in the neighbourhood of Brussels. I was not drawn to the village by the motives which prompt the ordinary tourist; I was anxious to see the spot where a noble life terminated in the flames. There the man whose voice had declared in his Gloucestershire home that he would cause the boy that whistled behind the plough to know more of the Word of God than the cavilling priests, and whose hand traced the first English translation of the Bible, perished in the flames. He was taken to the stake by one whom he had entertained most hospitably; and in his death Popish perjury, cruelty, and cold-blooded inhumanity, gained one of its fiendish triumphs. As I stood and looked at the place of this costly sacrifice, I thanked God for William Tyndale; and I seemed to hear the echo of that glorious prayer, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes." We are privileged to live in more tolerant times. Physical pain is not entailed upon us. We are not called upon to drink such deep draughts of the Gethsemane cup as were the martyrs; but to this day religious equality is violated. Our rights are being restored one by one; but still a portion of them remains in the confiscator's hand. While the Anglican church remains in alliance with the State, and her dignitaries feed upon the national wealth, we have reason to complain. Their trust in God is adulterated with trust in governments; their calls to pastorates are frequently the calls of simony; human pride is fostered by the vagaries of a self-styled priesthood; and Ritualism, the bastard child of Rome, grows apace. We have no gratitude for the Establishment. It has repressed our energies, and robbed us of our rights. Even to-day the underlings from her universities will speak contemptuously of free churchmen; and her clergy keep the gate of the churchyard closed against our burial service, refuse to inter our unbaptised children with sacred rites, build walls in cemeteries, where they have the power, to separate the consecrated ground from that of Dissenters, and deny to our most eminent preachers the name of ministers of Christ. The giant of religious exclusiveness dies hard, but die it will. In the face of the expiring monster we will wave the banner of the truly Christian denominations—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. A political church taunts us with being political Dissenters, and insinuates that we are ungrateful for the concessions made. We want no concessions; we scorn the idea of toleration; we simply demand our rights. Till these are gained in their fullest extent, we have some connection with

Christ in the confiscation of rights. But when the enlightened period comes (and come it will, however dark the horizon just now), when religious equality is enjoyed, reproach for Christ will continue for a time. The cessation of suffering is gradual. Physical inflictions end when toleration commences; disabilities pass away when religious equality appears; and reproach will withdraw its viper tongue when "the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of God and of his Christ."

(5.) But to make amends for the suffering by the way, all faithful souls will participate in *his glory* in the New Jerusalem. Suffering will prepare us for rest. Privation will render possession more precious. Yon eaglets cradled on an open shelf of rock have only a few rough sticks to compose a nest; they are exposed to heavy rains and the wildest storms: lesser birds may have the protection of copse or hedgerow, but bright-eyed eaglets know not the luxury. They, however, are trained by exposure to cleave the clouds, to ride upon the storm, and soar towards sunny skies. Our exposure to trial will bring on the triumph, brighten the vision of faith, and enable us to soar to the heaven of God. Paul, with the approving remark, "It is a faithful saying," quotes from an ancient hymn on the glories of martyrdom:—

"If we be dead with him, we shall also live with him :
If we suffer, we shall also reign with him :
If we deny him, he will also deny us :
If we believe not, yet he abideth faithful :
He cannot deny himself."

How glorious the prospect of the Christian ! It enables him to rise superior to the difficulties of the way.

Sir Garnet Wolseley was stimulated to struggle against the cowardice of the Fantees, the treachery of the Ashantee king, and the thousand dangers of the Gold Coast, by the thought of the approbation of his Sovereign, and his consequent reward; and shall not we in the spiritual conflict be stimulated by the thought of the coming glory? Our sufferings cannot last for ever. Compared with our future glory, they are "fine as ice ferns on January panes, made by a breath," and soon to be dissolved, but the glory is a divine creation that shall last for ever. We shall share in the glory of Christ's nature, for we shall be without spot. And in that of his habitation: "Where I am," says he, "there shall ye be also."* Bearing in mind that omnipresence which is essential to his divinity, we are with him to-day; but remembering that his humanity is received up until the times of the restitution of all things, we look for a more exalted locality. We shall also share in the glory of his revelation. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God." The true dignity of a Christian is a mystery to the world. The veil will not be removed until Christ himself shall appear. His revelation will be our revelation; his honour will be our honour; his joy our joy. Much more might be said on the glory of his nature, habitation, and revelation, did time allow.

III. We now proceed to ask concerning this fellowship—What of

* John xiv. 3.

its utility? What influence will it exert over us? Especially, what are its appreciable results in the present life?

(1.) It effects the transference of our care to this divine companion. Anxiety is a wearing thing. It turns the raven lock prematurely grey. It ploughs deep furrows in the blooming countenance. It evaporates all sweetness from the life. It fills many an early grave. This exposure to anxiety awakens a dependence upon those who are deemed likely to succour us. Hence the ivy principle is powerful in us, for we are apt to cling and trust. Trust was intended for God; too often it has been subjected to men. It is an eagle formed originally to fly towards heaven, but too often chained to the earth, and so accustomed to its miserable location that it has no wish to escape from its fetters, and bathe its wings in the illuminated atmosphere. "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord. For he shall be like the heath in the desert, and shall not see when good cometh; but shall inhabit the parched places in the wilderness, in a salt land and not inhabited."* That which is human is environed with impossibilities; it cannot deliver from sin, nor prevent calamity, nor administer the balm of consolation, nor felicitate us on our departure from the world, by supplying us with a hope of a blissful immortality. There are grave impossibilities with men, but glorious possibilities with God. Now, fellowship will lead us to cast our care upon this all-possible Jehovah. Transferring it to him we shall realise tranquillity. Life (even in its severer forms) will become serene, poverty will be brightened by promise, affliction will be sweetly supported, the arrows of conflict will be blunted on the shield of faith, the vapours of doubt will be exhaled by the warmth of assurance; and the gloom of death will be enlightened by the presence of the Sun of Righteousness. "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit."† Oh, to have the fellowship which will secure such trust! It will change the heath into a vine, the barren life into fruitfulness.

Before we pass from the consideration of this benefit, we will lay a painting under contribution. A few years ago a lady was busy at her easel, seeking to describe a marine piece. Gradually the outline was traced, the details filled in, and the final touches given. The theme was the faith of a child in his parent in the gravest perils, and the scene was thus depicted:—The wind plays in fitful gusts over the surface of the sea, dark clouds loom portentously in the heavens, the stern spirit of the deep is agitated, and there is every appearance of a storm. In an open boat a man and a little boy are descried: they are father and child. The father, while pulling lustily at the oars, looks anxiously around him. He recognises at a glance the menaces of sea and sky. He fears the worst, and dreads lest his little craft should be worsted in its conflict with the elements. But where is the child all the while? he is playing very contentedly at his father's feet. Why

* Jeremiah xvii. 5, 6.

† Jeremiah xvii. 7, 8.

should he fear? Is not his father a tower of strength? Is he not in his father's boat? And does not his father ply the oars? Who can tell the beauty of that child-faith? Play on, O happy child, thy Father will do the caring for thee, and bring thee in safety to the haven. Thou in thy simplicity hast taught us a lesson of trust in the divine power. The fellowship of the boy with his father fostered his dependence upon him; and shall not our fellowship with Christ lead us to make him our carebearer?

"Depend on him, thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail;
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done."

(2.) It prepares us for the fellowship of believers. Participation with Christ is the proper qualification for the company of his friends. Barnabas takes Paul by the hand and declares to the incredulous church "how he had seen the Lord in the way, and *that he had spoken to him*" (Acts ix. 27). This was sufficient; their incredulity was satisfied, and their fear disarmed. In the church there is "the fellowship of *kindred minds*." A candidate must be like them to be included in their society: and then, by passing through the waters of baptism, and receiving the Supper of the Lord, he becomes a member of the collective fellowship of the church, not of a mere community, for they are occasioned by the exigencies of worship and work; nor of a denomination, for those divisions are made by the embracement of a certain view of truth, or some variation of church polity; nor yet with those of his own mould of character only, for there is a pleasing diversity in the church. Nature displays in its floral kingdom communion in diversity. The modest daisy springing from the turf is not imposing like the dahlia, sweet-scented as the mignonette, nor gorgeous as the rose, yet it performs its part in the adornment of the earth. Even so let us occupy the position assigned us by Providence, and employ the talents at our command for the good of our friends in Jesus, and the salvation of the world.

(3.) Fellowship will give us great power over the unsaved. Nothing else will give it. Scholarship with its envied accuracy, rhetoric with its purity and splendour, philosophy with the solidity of an Aristotle, or the charm of a Plato, and oratory with its Ciceronian perfection, will utterly fail. Nothing but a loving walk with Christ by the Spirit will secure spiritual power. See that quarryman utilising the voltaic current for the detachment of huge masses of rock. He inserts his gunpowder in a suitable cavity, lays a thin wire until he attains a safe distance, connects that wire with a galvanic battery, and then sends the mysterious energy coursing through it, to ignite the charge. With a loud report, the rocks are rent asunder, and materials are provided for the mason's chisel. We have to operate upon granite hearts, and might hammer away for ever without effect. Let us throw away the hammer of our own influence: we need a ministry that will break hearts, however hard, and the need may be supplied. If we lay the sacred charge, connect it with our own natures, and by the power of a holy fellowship send the spiritual energy coursing through our sympathies, we shall succeed in breaking rocky hearts. The sacred current

of love will accomplish wonders. They who walk most with Jesus have the strongest power over souls.

(4.) It secures the perfection of our nature. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise." (Prov. xiii. 20.) Lifting the thought of Solomon into a higher plane, we may say, he that walketh with Christ will be like him. Our seasons of fellowship are processes as well as interviews. Perfection will not be attained till we experience the final mode of fellowship—that of glory. Then will thought be delivered from uncertainty and mistake, knowledge increase her stores, purity be entire and eternal, and the intimacy with Christ which commenced at his cross be consummated at his throne. To that perfection we are looking forward, and that it may be secured let us have fellowship with Christ.

It would be presumption in me to give hints on the cultivation of this fellowship. I will content myself with saying,—Brethren, we are the companions of the Lord Jesus; we have the evidence within; we speak that we do know. It is to us not a theory, but an experience; not a probability, but a certainty. It is real; then why should we be as men that dream? It is benevolent; then why should we not have riches of divine grace? It is energetic, leading us to earnest toil for souls. It is inspiring, for nothing like walking with Jesus will elevate us above the vanities and vexations of time. And Jesus intends it to be an increasing participation; the tide of fellowship is destined to rise high; now at the ankles, by-and-by at the knees, then up to the loins, and afterwards "waters to swim in, a river that cannot be passed over." With gratitude to Jesus for his past kindness, let us dedicate ourselves afresh to him, and determine that by his grace we will realise more of the joys of this fellowship than we have hitherto done.

Anonymous Acknowledgments.

IT was formerly the custom to acknowledge contributions to the Lord's work by giving the names of contributors as they sent them in, leaving to each fellow-helper the option, as he deemed it good to himself, to withhold his name, and give only his initials, or some other anonymous designation.

Now-a-days, in frequent instances, this is altered, and initials only are given, or the numbers of the contributions, so that every donor's option is taken away, and he must be anonymous, whether he wills or no.

What is the meaning of Matthew vi. 3, "When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth"? Obviously it cannot be literally interpreted; it must, therefore, be taken spiritually. Surely the plain teaching is that we should not do our alms in order *to be seen of men*, in which case we have our reward, but that we should give as in the sight of our Father.

The Holy Spirit acknowledged by names and descriptions certain women, Mary Magdalene, and Joanna, the wife of Chuza, Herod's

steward, and Susanna, who ministered unto the Lord of their substance (Luke viii. 2, 3). The gifts of Joseph of Arimathea and of Nicodemus are also duly recorded (John xix. 38). The love of Mary of Bethany in pouring out the costly ointment is not only recorded, but it is expressly commanded that "whosoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of *for a memorial of her*" (Mark xiv. 9). Again we find that the money gift of Joses surnamed Barnabas, a Levite of the country of Cyprus, is duly registered (Acts iv. 36, 37). With what detail are the almsdeeds of Tabitha called Dorcas given! and how beautiful to read of the widows showing the coats and garments which Dorcas had made while she was with them! (Acts ix.)

Paul frequently acknowledged the gifts of the church, and graciously recorded that Stephanas, and Fortunatus, and Achaicus had supplied that which was lacking on the part of the Corinthian brethren (1 Cor. xvi. 7). Epaphroditus also is remembered as having ministered to his wants (Philip. ii. 25), and a memorial is kept of Onesiphorus, who oft refreshed Paul, and ministered to him in many things (2 Tim. i. 16).

Due notice is taken of the chief man of the island of Malta, whose name was Publius, who received Paul and his company and lodged them three days courteously (Acts xxviii. 7). Gaius is commended by name for what he did to the brethren and strangers, and the recipients bore witness of his charity before the church (3 John); and the sixteenth of Romans is a detailed list of the names of many who helped Paul and the Lord's work in various ways.

The question arises, whether the option of being anonymous should be given to donors as formerly, or whether the receiver is right in saying that in all cases names are to be withheld, and initials or numbers only given; in other words, is the receiver or the donor to be the judge as to the contributions being anonymous?

Now, there can be no question that to many contributors it is more wholesome to give anonymously, if they find a pride in giving, or if it feeds their vanity to see their names and donations in print. Other reasons may be added why in certain cases the anonymous course is the most profitable to souls.

But should it not be a matter for each to decide for himself? On what ground is the position taken by the receiver of saying, You must be anonymous, your name shall not be given? On the other hand, there are many who cannot take an active part in works for the Lord, but who desire to be fellow-workers with the labourers, and fellow-helpers with the givers, and to whom there is no spiritual injury in giving in their names, not only as a testimony to the Lord's people of their approbation of and sympathy with the work, but as an encouragement to others to "go and do likewise." To them it is one way of letting "their light shine before men, that they may see their good works, and glorify their Father which is in heaven." No doubt there are some who do not include "contributions" among good works, but to many it is a good work to weigh the value of the various labours for the Lord, and distribute the money of which they are stewards to the best advantage.

Does it not, then, seem to be the proper course for the Lord's workers

to acknowledge the fellowship of their contributors, and to leave to each individual the decision before the Lord, as to whether his donation shall be anonymous or otherwise? If he feels the snare of giving from a self-glorying spirit, let him give in his initials, or number, or *sobriquet*.

But there are many who wish their names to appear for the following reasons:—Because, while the Scriptures give instruction to each giver not to give to be seen of men, there is none to the effect that the receiver is to keep secret the names of the exercisers of the grace of giving. Because they desire to have fellowship with their co-contributors, and, if need be, communication with them, which they cannot have with initials or numbers. Because they are better able to see that their donations reach their destination, especially as Reports are often so irregularly issued. Because it is a temptation to clerks, &c., to misappropriate moneys; thus, if five sums of £1 each come in, or three of £5, or two of £10, the acknowledgment of one or more by numbers or initials (many having the same initials) would suffice to cover a mistake, or worse. Because it conduces to make the conductor of a work for the Lord less of an autocrat, and more responsible to his fellow-helpers. Because the zeal of contributors is a help, and provoking to many (2 Cor. ix. 2).

Again, as regards collecting cards, how unsatisfactory to those who contribute to collectors not to be able to see whether their donations have been duly sent in, and what a temptation to juvenile collectors to keep moneys when they know that the check of publication is removed.

On the whole, then, it would appear the better way that a gracious acknowledgment should be made of the gifts of contributors by name, for a memorial of their fellowship, as a provoking of the zeal of others, and as a testimony to their appreciation of the work, leaving it to each donor to exercise the duty of self-judgment before the Lord, and if he find he is giving from an unworthy motive, and not for the glory of God, he can decide for himself as to the propriety of withholding his name.

CHEYNE BRADY.

[We take this opportunity of saying that we should be greatly obliged if donors to our various enterprises would be a little more careful as to the manner in which they send their contributions. In one case a brother requested an acknowledgment, but sent no address; we wrote to him according to the postmark, and the letter was returned. He wrote again, and complained that he had received no receipt; this time he gave us the post town, but not the street, and a second time our letter has come back. Probably he thinks us very careless, but we can do no more. The use of the letters A. B., or the terms, "A Friend," "A Sermon Reader," etc., is so common, that at times three or four in a month send the same amount under the same designation, and there is no telling one from the other. "A Friend" sends 10s., and intends it for the orphans, but does not say so; perhaps we allot it to the College, and then he writes to say it is not acknowledged. He is quite right in writing to us, and we hope every contributor will do so, if he thinks a mistake has been made; but it would be better to be careful at first, and not lead us into the error. So careless are some generous donors that one of them actually sent us £20, but did

not pay the postage, and the letter was declined, and so the money only reached us through the courtesy of the Postmaster-General. Send us help, dear friends, but put therewith a name of some sort by which you can recognise it, for we are very anxious to be exact to the uttermost farthing with the Lord's money.—C. H. S.]

Claude Brousson, the Apostle of the Desert.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WHEN towards the close of the seventeenth century the French king, in a subtle but most oppressive manner, began to exterminate his Protestant subjects under cover of law, Claude Brousson was their bold advocate in the various courts in which their cases were tried. Sacrificing his own prospects as a barrister and risking his liberty and his life, he pleaded for his brethren before the judges as long as the semblance of justice remained. It must be a very eloquent lamb which can plead successfully the claims of the flock before a bench of wolves, and such was the attempt of Brousson. Louis XIV. did not at first deny the rights which by the Edict of Nantes had been accorded to the Reformed Church, but he issued vexatious decrees and placed obnoxious restrictions upon Protestants and their worship. Rules were promulgated which could be readily made into the occasions of offence; indeed, the ordinary worship of God could not be carried on even in the quietest manner, and in the most retired place, without violating some regulation or other. It would have been charity to have said at once that the Huguenots should not live in France; it was the refinement of cruelty to grant them liberty by law upon conditions with which it was impossible for them to comply. Brousson used his profound knowledge of French law with great discretion and zeal, but it was not a case in which either learning or earnestness could avail; the despotic king had made up his mind to crush out heresy from his dominions, and he proceeded to do so despite the statutes of the realm, and in the teeth of common honesty. When heretics are in the case, no faith need be kept with them; has not the Catholic Church long taught her children this unique morality? While Oliver Cromwell lived, the eldest son of the church knew better than to molest the Protestants; but when the great Protector's place was occupied by a debauched nobody, the arguments which restrained the tyrant's hand were removed, and persecution laughed at oaths, charters, and edicts.

When Claude Brousson could be of no more service to his friends in the law courts he aided his pastor in the spiritual oversight of the church at Nismes, of which he was an elder. Not long, however, was he to have peace, for four hundred dragoons were suddenly marched into the city to seize the principal Protestants, of whom he was recognised as one. A public proclamation was issued in which he was proscribed, and all persons were forbidden to harbour him on pain of being imprisoned and having their houses pulled down.

The proclamation was heard by Brousson as he stood near the window of the house to which he had retired, and his danger appeared to be imminent; for during the night he overheard, through the partition which separated his room from that of his host, the husband and wife deliberating what should be done upon this painful occasion. The former declared that he should be obliged to deliver him up, in order to escape from the penalties of the proclamation; but the latter, in a manner worthy of her sex, asserted that she was ready to endure any extremity rather than Brousson should be betrayed; and they concluded their conversation by resolving that they would confer with himself in the morning. The result was that he remained with them during the

day ; and in the evening, adopting a disguised dress, he committed himself to the streets, in which he spent the two following nights, anxiously watching to find an opportunity to escape from the city. This he found while the guards were somewhat inattentive to their duties, and with other emigrants he reached Switzerland in November, 1683. The two ministers of Nismes were condemned, the one to be broken alive upon the wheel and the other to be hung ; but as they both escaped, the Romanists relieved their minds by inflicting those punishments upon their effigies.

The Protestant cantons of Switzerland received the persecuted church of the Huguenots with open arms. As the Popish oppressions increased, vast numbers fled from France—from thirty to ninety persons arrived every day at Geneva—and when at length the Edict of Nantes was revoked the numbers were greatly swollen. Two hundred ministers were among the escaped, and as the most of them found shelter at Lausanne, that town enjoyed a perpetual Sabbath, and from the daily prayers, preachings, and conferences, the whole city seemed transformed into a temple of praise. The expense of such extensive hospitality, though cheerfully borne, became at length a burden ; and although Zurich and the cantons which lay further from the French border joyfully took their share of the service, it was a great relief when, in reply to a petition presented by Brousson, Frederick William, Elector of Brandenburg, and father of the first king of Prussia, offered a free asylum in his dominions, and the other states of Germany followed his example. The crowds who were thus sheltered may be judged of by the fact that in Berlin alone, where the French church had seldom been attended by more than two hundred, the number of communicants, without counting the mere hearers, amounted to two thousand.

As the persecution raged more and more vehemently, the rush over the boundaries into Holland, Germany, and Switzerland increased. Not less than six hundred ministers fled for their lives, and many of them found almost the whole of their flocks in the places of their exile. Though the Protestant refugees had been obliged to leave behind them houses and lands, and the whole of their possessions of every kind, except the most portable, they were mostly persons skilled in manufacture and trade, and therefore, through the kindness of those among whom they found shelter, they soon rose above abject need, and by their industry rendered their exile comparatively comfortable. It was then that the voice of Brousson was lifted up to stir the ministers out of their nests ; it grieved his brave spirit to learn that there did not remain in France one of the ministers of the former churches, and he resolved to stir up their pure minds by way of remembrance. In a letter which he published in 1688 he used the following arousing words : " Since you are not simple believers, but pastors also, consider, my brethren, whether by your retirement and protracted absence, you fulfil the obligations of your calling. It is true that men have forbidden you to preach, but does not God command you to do it ? If it had only been men who had put you in the ministry, they might have the power to interdict you ; but since it is God who has ordained you to preach his gospel, none but himself can impose silence upon you." He further observes—" If, instead of retiring before your persecutors, you had remained in the country ; if you had taken refuge in forests and caverns ; if you had gone from place to place, risking your lives to instruct and rally the people until the first shock of the enemy was past ; and had you even courageously exposed yourselves to martyrdom—as in fact, those have done who have endeavoured to perform your duties in your absence—perhaps the examples of constancy, zeal, and piety, which you thus set forth, might have animated your flocks, revived their courage, and arrested the fury of your enemies." He urged them to return at all hazards, adding, " But since the ravening wolves have entered into the fold and are destroying the flock of Christ, the faithful minister should arm himself with courage, go valiantly to the combat, and drag the prey from their teeth ; he should not wait until he is sought ; but it is

for himself to seek the flock and expose his life for their salvation." And he concluded, "Let us weep together, my honoured brethren, on account of the sins which have brought upon us the terrible judgments with which we are visited; let us humble ourselves before God; let us confess our iniquities, beseech his mercy, and implore the aid of his Holy Spirit to enlighten, to sanctify, to counsel, and to strengthen us. Let us renew our devotion to God and to his cause: let us vow solemnly that from henceforward we will be faithful, and it may be the Lord in great mercy will turn to us again and bless us."

The publication of such sentiments created much sensation among the escaped ministers; some defended their position with arguments which evidently contented their own consciences, others were greatly grieved, and one at least, in high dudgeon, styled Brousson "a fanatic, a hypocrite, and an impious person, who meddled with matters which did not belong to his vocation." No doubt that wrathful brother had been at great pains to quiet his conscience, and was naturally indignant that any one should endeavour again to arouse it, and give him all his trouble over again. Brousson answered with great ability, and greater patience and piety, but his best reply was found rather in his deeds than in his words. The angry minister having concluded his remarks with a challenge to Brousson "*first to return to France himself*," Brousson, though not a minister, and therefore having no official call to do so, resolved to take his life in his hand, and return to the place from which he had fled. At the best this would throw him into the position of a fugitive, hunted as a partridge upon the mountains, and added to this was the daily risk of capture and subjection to the horrible torture of being broken upon the wheel, a death so full of torments that we will not dare to describe it. Our hero counted the cost, and determining to run all risks, he prepared himself for the enterprise in that manner which is sure to strengthen the soul and inspire it with divine ardour: he poured out his soul before the Lord in fervent and continual prayer, and kept many extraordinary days of fasting and humiliation, in which he wrestled with God that he would show him the right way, and crown his design with success. This done, with one companion he plunged into the danger, and was found in Southern France, attending secret meetings in towns, addressing assemblies in lonely glens and ravines, and hiding from his pursuers in those natural caves which abound in the mountains around Nismes. Sometimes in lone spots carefully chosen, and cautiously made known by a secret appointment, as many as 4,000 of the reformed would meet for worship; and as their ministers had fled, the Spirit of God moved men from among themselves to speak the divine word, and we are not surprised to find that among the foremost of these was Brousson. The brethren very soon regularly appointed him to be a pastor among them, an honour which few would have coveted, for a price was put upon his head, and all vigilance was used by his enemies to apprehend him.

The danger by which Brousson was now surrounded required the exercise of the utmost caution. Several regiments of dragoons had been sent into that part of the country, for the purpose of suppressing every kind of meeting for religious worship by the Protestants, and especially to hinder their holding public assemblies. It was necessary, therefore, to be informed, as far as possible, in what places the soldiers held garrison, and to obtain speedy intelligence of their movements. For this information he could generally rely upon the inhabitants, who in many instances were friendly to the cause of the gospel. It was also necessary to proceed with promptitude, in order to avail himself of opportunities for engaging in his work, of which, by timorous delays, he might otherwise often be deprived. Accordingly, as far as practicable, he followed one uniform plan of procedure: upon the first night of his arrival in any place, the most retired spot in the neighbourhood was selected; if in the woods, a few lanterns were hastily hung upon adjacent boughs; outposts were stationed to give notice in case of discovery, and an assembly was addressed;

not, however, without commencing and concluding with the solemn services of prayer and melodious praise. He proceeded thus promptly, that time should not be allowed for his presence to be widely known, and that the assembly might not be too numerously attended, and thereby occasion be given for its observation by the magistrates and soldiers, or their spies. Immediately after the conclusion of the meeting, he sought a few hours' repose in some hiding-place; and if he deemed it safe to stay in the same neighbourhood throughout the following day, it was his practice to hold a more private meeting for prayer and mutual encouragement in the morning, another at three o'clock in the afternoon, and a third in the evening. These private meetings were intended, one for the benefit of young persons, and the other for his more intimate friends, who administered to his support, and also those who were unable to attend the general service. The succeeding night he spent in travelling to another place, as he avoided being seen abroad by daylight, lest he should be recognised. This method he uniformly adopted during the period of his ministry in France; and, by a punctual observance of the regular time at which he thus held his meetings, they were known to the friends of the cause without being discovered by his enemies. The fact that he had arrived at a certain locality being known, was in itself a sufficient notice that, if possible, an assembly would be held upon the same night, or before the dawn of the next morning; and that as long as he tarried, private meetings would be punctually maintained. In this manner, he generally presided at three or four assemblies each week, beside two upon the Sabbath day, one early in the morning and one at noon or night, as might be the more prudent. Sometimes the danger of being interrupted, or of being afterwards watched, obliged him to hold ten or twenty of these meetings before he had been able to stay a sufficient time in any one place to obtain adequate repose. Thus the preacher was always on the wing, and his only opportunity for thorough rest was found upon occasions when he found it needful to lie completely hidden in some winding cavern in the wild deserts among the mountains, there meanwhile suffering frequently cold and hunger, and that constant fear of surprise which is the most wearying of all. In these lone dens he wrote many letters, tracts, petitions, and treatises, and alternating between prayer and penmanship, his life in his solitude was probably as profitable to the church as when he was testifying to the flock of Christ.

Notwithstanding the malicious vigilance of his enemies, Brousson continued to evade them. He must have been covered by the power of the Highest, for his deliverances were both multiplied and marvellous. Had it not been for the loving faithfulness of the godly he would have been betrayed a hundred times, but he seemed to wear a charmed life, and his pursuers acted as if they had suddenly been blinded just when their victim was within their grasp. His ministry was naturally much prized by the people, for the word of the Lord was rarely to be heard in those days, but it had also a high intrinsic value; he spoke faithfully, impressively, and zealously, as a man who died daily, and could not afford to run so fearful a risk except for the highest of ends. Men in his condition are not occupied with trifles and refinements, neither do they speak in a listless and formal manner; their tried position keeps them close to the vitals of the gospel and the grand realities of eternity, and imparts to all their utterances a deep impressiveness far excelling anything which the emphasis and accent of mere rhetoric can command. In the course of his ministry Brousson revived the flagging zeal of the brethren, restored backsliders, and turned many to the faith, so that the boast of Louis that he had crushed the Protestant interest turned out to be an idle one, for the real spiritual life in the desert-assemblies was probably greater, purer, and more fervent than any which could have been seen among them while their temples were in their own possession, and liberty was allowed them.

After four years and five months of toilsome and dangerous labour, our hero was compelled to retreat to Lausanne, and this had happened none too soon,

for his health had been so impaired by his privations, and so worn and weather-beaten was his figure, that the enthusiastic welcome which he received from his friends was tempered by the painful sensations which his appearance excited. The fire had not consumed him, but it had dried up the vigour of his life. It was well that he was forced into rest, or he would soon have been in the grave.

At this time Brousson visited England, and was received with love and honour, as a faithful servant of the Lord Jesus, and afterwards he was elected pastor of the Walloon church at the Hague. But the zeal which burned within him would not let him rest in Holland; he longed to be among his old friends in the desert, to seek the good of those whom persecution had driven from the faith, and to console those who remained faithful to it. Under the direction of guides who knew all the precipices, fords, caves, and ravines, disguised by turns as a soldier, a shepherd, or a merchant, he passed through France, and in every place called together the faithful and stirred them up to constancy in the faith. Having travelled through Normandy, as well as other parts of France, he found the dangers of arrest to be so increasingly imminent that he again returned to Switzerland.

In 1697 Brousson set out on his third journey to the south of France, the journey which was to end in his death. The nature of the risks which he ran may be guessed from the following extract from a letter from a Protestant minister in the province of Orange to a refugee in Holland:—"Mons. Brousson has just escaped being taken. I am informed that this is the fourth fearful danger which he has escaped within two months, and yet he always maintains his wonted constancy and resignation. His preservation is a kind of miracle, especially in the last instance, for he was betrayed. The house in which he stayed was surrounded, but happily he had just time to descend into a well, and to hide himself in a niche formed at the side, and near the surface of the water. The soldiers who sought for him looked down the well one after the other, at least twenty times, but God, who protected his servant, did not allow them to search further, although it was known for certain that he was in the house when the soldiers entered. He has received letters from various parts advising him to quit the province, or that he will be traced; but he replied, that in following his duty the Lord causes him to experience so much consolation in the work of the ministry, and that although 'he feels in himself the sentence of death,' he trusts that God who has delivered him from 'so great a death,' and who daily delivers him, will deliver him in time to come, so long as he shall deem it expedient for his glory, and for his own individual salvation." Frequently did our hero lie hidden behind rocks while soldiers were within a few yards of him, and sometimes he had to stand still till nearly frost-bitten, because the slightest movement would have led to his discovery.

At length the saint became a martyr; he was betrayed by one who thirsted like another Judas for the price of blood. The magistrate to whom he was delivered received him with undisguised reluctance, but others of another mind, higher in authority, were eager to seize him, and his doom was sealed. Short was the delay; he was condemned to be broken alive upon the wheel, after having suffered the rack, and the tortures, both ordinary and extraordinary. When the court pronounced the sentence on him, he was not moved in the least, but showed a most undaunted courage—a soul incapable of fear. He was a man above the love of life and fear of death, absolutely and entirely resigned unto God's will. He was brought to the rack, stretched upon the bench, and the torture was presented to him, but he told the commissioner that he had already told his judge the whole truth concerning himself; that if they had forgotten or omitted to ask him anything more of himself, he would freely, fully, and faithfully answer them; but if they would urge him to discover and betray others, it was bootless in them to attempt it; for he would rather endure ten thousand racks, and be torn into a thousand pieces, than to accuse

his brethren and dishonour his ministry. He was spared the torture, and, being loosened from the rack, he repeated aloud—

“At all times I will bless
The Lord my God; his worthy praise
His glory and renown always
My mouth shall still express.

“Break forth, my soul's glad voice;
Boast in thy Saviour dear:
The faithful meek thereof shall hear
And shall with me rejoice.”

Psalm xxxiv.

The courage and meekness of Brousson had wrung this favour from the intendant, by whose order it was that the pain and torture had been remitted. Another remarkable evidence immediately afterwards occurred of the influence of his piety, together with the gracious supports which he received in maintaining the truth in his last conflict; when the intendant had passed sentence upon him that he must die, he sent two learned Dominican friars to try whether they could gain him over to their religion. They reasoned a long time with him, but Brousson defended the cause of Christ and of the truth with such strength of evidence, that the friars gave ground, and were in such a manner convinced and silenced, that they could not answer him. Indeed, the arguments of a man that suffers death in confirmation of the faith which he hath taught, carry a great weight with them, and that same grace which converted the executioners of the primitive Christians was pleased to display its efficacy on these two friars. They desired at parting to embrace Brousson, who, observing their emotion, pressed them most earnestly to give glory unto God, and to abandon their idolatrous religion, telling one of them in particular that it was his highest interest so to do, and to defer no longer; “for,” said he, “the coming of the Lord draweth nigh, and I am verily persuaded that you and I shall meet again in a very short time.” The event ratified the truth of his prediction, for the said friar died three days after Brousson, at which the survivor was so terrified that he quitted his convent and fled to Amsterdam.

Whilst these things were transacting in the citadel, the carpenters were busily engaged in erecting a scaffold in the midst of the esplanade, a space of ground between the citadel and the city, the scene of countless martyrdoms in the intendency of De Basville. At about four o'clock in the afternoon, Brousson was conducted from prison to suffer his awful sentence. By his side walked the Abbé Camarignain, the lieutenant of the citadel, and an officer of the Presidial Court. He was unfettered, and did not appear, as was usual with criminals, only in a shirt, but in his ordinary dress, with his hat and wig. A guard of soldiers formed the escort, and two battalions were stationed in lines upon the esplanade. No insult was allowed to be offered to him, nor was he plagued with those impertinent comforters that inofficiously thrust themselves upon the dying Protestants; I mean, (says Mr. Quick) monks, priests, and Jesuits. My author, who was an eye-witness of his martyrdom, informs me that he behaved like a true Christian of an invincible spirit—one who triumphed over death. Nearly twenty thousand spectators attended, most of the nobility of the city and country, besides many foreigners, all desirous to catch a glance of the person who had so long pursued such an extraordinary career. But especially the Protestants were interested in the scene, many of whom came from a distance of thirty miles and more, hoping to hear some of his last words and to receive his parting benediction; in this, however, they were disappointed, effectual means having been taken that none but those immediately near him should be able to catch his voice. From the moment of his appearance, until he had ceased to live, the drums of the regiments, amounting to more than twenty, beat a quick march. As he walked, he took notice of no one, although as he passed by them, the people wept and groaned; but he continued in earnest prayer, with his eyes and hands lifted up to heaven. The composure with which he ascended the scaffold, and his

heavenly countenance, bespoke the calmness that reigned in his soul. To the captain of Count de Broglie's guards, who had escorted him to Montpellier, he gave his watch, and to one of the intendant's messengers, who had waited upon him during his imprisonment, he presented his cloak. This done, he essayed to utter a few words as his dying testimony, but the drummers hereupon beating an alarm, he briefly protested that, whatever might be said to the contrary, his only object in returning into France was to fulfil his ministry, in exhorting his brethren to steadfastness; and that he had never failed to inculcate obedience in all things which did not interfere with duty to God. In his last act of devotion, he prayed in few and modest terms for grace to support him in his own solemn situation, but with animation and fluency breathed out fervent petitions in behalf of his suffering brethren, the nation, and its sovereign and magistrates. He then proceeded himself to put off his clothes to the shirt, and yielded himself to be placed upon the wheel, the spokes of which were let into it in the form of a St. Andrew's cross. As his hands and feet were being bound thereto by ropes, he observed calmly, "It is a comfort to me that my death hath some resemblance to that of my Lord." At this moment his sentence was again read to him; and, to the surprise of all that heard it, and subsequently to the spectators beyond the reach of hearing it, it announced that he was to be strangled to death, and afterwards broken. "This," remarks Mr. Quick, "was an unexpected favour. God doth sometimes soften lions." Mr. Quick further relates this very affecting incident. The executioner, having fastened him, went down the scaffold, and, being just under the holy martyr, when he had strangled him, the billet brake in his hand, so that Brousson came to himself again and prayed. The Abbé Camarignain, hearing him call upon God, came near to him, and Brousson seeing him, said "May God Almighty reward your great charity towards me, and grant us this mercy, that we may see each other's face in paradise." These were the last words Claude Brousson was heard to speak in this world. When he was dead they immediately brake him upon the wheel, and afterwards, according to the usual custom, the wheel, with its burden, was raised upon poles, an exhibition, certainly not such as it was intended to be—of infamy—but of triumph.

Thus was another added to the white-robed band who are more than conquerors, having passed through great tribulation and washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb. May this brief memoir, which we have carefully condensed, lead many of our readers to exhibit the like courage and self-sacrifice.

Taking Out the "If."

A LITTLE girl was awakened to anxiety about her soul at a meeting where the story of the leper was told.

One day a poor leper came to Jesus and worshipped him. "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean. And Jesus put forth his hand and touched him, saying, I will: be thou clean; and immediately his leprosy was cleansed."

Well, this dear little girl, who was anxious, said, "I noticed that there was 'if' in what the man said, but there was no 'if' in what Jesus said; so I went home and took out the 'if' by my granny's fire-side, and I knelt down and I said, 'Lord Jesus, thou canst, thou wilt make me clean; I give myself to thee.'"

My beloved little reader, have you thus come to Jesus? And, if not yet, will you come now? He can, he will make you clean—yes, whiter than snow. You are a sinner, and sin is a far worse disease than leprosy. Nothing can take it away but the blood of Jesus. Come to him this very minute. For "behold now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."—*Seeds of Truth.*

Home Thrusts from the Pulpit.

S AID a gentleman, whose business operations are not above reproach, "I think it about time our pastor stops abusing men, impugning their motives and their actions. Such preaching is not the gospel, and it does not feed the soul."

This gentleman, and many like him, who would keep the minister from touching practical matters, let out the secret of their disapprobation when they do so, in much the same style as did "Daft Jockie Grey, of Peebles," and, as he did, they bring the laugh on themselves.

The minister had been preaching on the sin and guilt of deceit and falsehood. Jockie sat bolt upright for a while, gazing very bravely into the minister's face. But by-and-by the charges of falsehood became very plain, and were enforced with divers poundings on the pulpit board. Jockie grew fidgetty. He thought the "minister" was getting too personal. He screwed up his face, twisted himself about on his seat, and became very red in the face. He soon felt the grinding heel of clerical oppression more than his sensitive spirit could bear, and, forgetting all the conventionalities of the place, sprang in an excited manner from his seat, and cried out, "Noo, minister, there are plenty mair liars in Peebles than me! Why din na ye abuse them too?" Those among us who condemn faithful pastors for insisting on uprightness towards creditors, are too wise to spring up and do it in church time, like the idiot of Peebles, but their more private course is just as suggestive of their personal application of the advice as was poor Jockie's; and the community laugh and wink at them just as did the "gude folk" of that Scottish town at the witless confessor of sin in their kirk.

"Sing Salvation."

W E have heard of the good old deacon who, instead of beating his oxen and shouting at them when they could not draw the load, found it an excellent and effectual plan to go behind the cart and sit down and sing Old Hundred. Somehow, after that, the team would always start the load at the word of command, and he would go on his way in peace.

Mr. Beecher, in talking of the power of music to soothe the angry passions of men, says:—

"I remember a remarkable instance which occurred in my father's lecture-room during one of those sweet scenes which preceded the separation of the Presbyterian Church into the Old and New Schools. At that time controversy ran high, and there were fire and zeal and wrath mingled with discussion; and whoever sat in the chair the devil presided. On the occasion to which I refer, an old Scotchman, six feet high, much bent with age, with blue eyes, large features, very pale and white all over his face, and bald-headed, walked up and down the back part of the room; and as the dispute grew furious, he (and only he could have done it) would stop and call out, 'Mr. Maudera-a-tor, let us sing "Salva-a-tion;"' and some would strike up and sing the tune, and the men who were in angry debate were cut short; but one by one they joined in, and before they had sung the hymn through they were all calm and quiet. When they resumed the controversy it was on a much lower key. So this good old man walked up and down, and threw a hymn into the quarrel every few moments, and kept the religious antagonists from absolute explosion and fighting. It is the nature of hymns to quell irascible feeling. I do not think that a man who was mad could sing six verses through without regaining his temper before he got to the end."

Providence and a Hat.

THE death of the late venerable Dr. R. S. Storrs, of Braintree, Massachusetts, calls to mind an incident related of him which I believe to be true, though the version I now proceed to give may vary in some slight but unimportant details from the actual facts.

Storrs was a student at Andover Theological Seminary, with young Gordon Hall. On a certain Saturday, towards the end of their course, Hall was preparing to go to Braintree to preach upon the following Sabbath, having some expectation that the invitation so to do would grow into a call. In the act of splitting some wood, however, his hat fell from his head beneath the axe, and was cut in twain and ruined. The circumstances were such that to replace it was impossible just then; and Hall, compelled to vacate his engagement at Braintree, arranged with Storrs to go in his place.

Storrs went. His preaching pleased. He was invited to come again. And the result was that Hall was quite forgotten, a call was presently extended to Storrs, it was accepted, and he was in due time settled, remaining the minister of that parish until his dying day, a period of more than half a century.

Hall, disappointed, one might naturally suppose, at this thwarting of his hopes, had his mind turned to the foreign mission field, and became Gordon Hall, the first missionary of the American Board, whose name is for ever linked with the early enterprise of that eminent organisation.

No one who has any belief in divine providence will for a moment doubt that God stationed Storrs at Braintree and sent Hall to India; but does it not also seem as if he effected that arrangement by means of the accident to the hat? And this is the obvious lesson of the incident: that there is really no such thing as accident in this world; that "all things work together" in the execution of God's purposes, and "for good to them that love him;" that the most trivial occurrence should be contemplated in the light of the possibilities which may flow from it; and that our least concerns, as well as our greatest, are under the supervision and control of the heavenly Father.

The very hairs of your head are all numbered.

A Flight of B's.

BE PUNCTUAL.—Make it a matter of conscience to be in your place before the commencement of Service, to secure a few moments for silent prayer. Distance or domestic duties ought not to be urged as an excuse for lateness. It is only necessary to push the whole a few minutes forward. *Slovenly Christianity is a dishonour to GOD.*

BE REGULAR.—Not being present in the morning, and absent in the evening; not worshipping here this Lord's-day, and elsewhere next; such a course cannot be fraught with good to the soul. Whilst health and Providence permit, let your own pew be filled, and let your soul avail itself both of the morning and evening tide of privilege. Take heed lest you *miss the special message* God has sent for you. A vacant pew is depressing to the pulpit; but a hearing people make a preaching minister.

BE DEVOTIONAL.—You are not present as mere hearers, much less as spectators; but as *Worshippers*. Throw into every part of the service the whole energy of your being. "Sing aloud unto God your strength." Send forth from the depths of your own heart each petition offered in prayer; and personally apply the word read and preached. Expect a blessing, and thirst for it. *Do not wait till you come* to have your devotional spirit stirred; bring it with you from your own closet. Simeon "came by the Spirit into the temple."

BE SOCIAL.—Let your heart embrace in its sympathy and affectionate interest all who worship with you; and let the expression of your counte-

nance and whole demeanour reveal it. *Be courteous to strangers.* Show them the attractiveness of piety, and the natural urbanity and kindness of the Christian. *Oblige them, if possible, with seats and books; and give them a welcome that will induce their return.*

BE LIBERAL.—*Bear your own fair proportion of the church's burdens*, if you have the means accept no privileges at the expense of others. Let each one have a seat in the assembly which he can call his own. Give to the Lord the firstfruits of your increase. Come into his courts, and bring an offering with you. With self-denying effort assist the church's mission, and give a helping hand to every benevolent enterprise.

BE PRAYERFUL.—Remember that all blessings come from above, and must be sought with fervent prayer. United prayer is peculiarly acceptable to God. *Do attend the weekly prayer-meetings.* Set apart those evenings stately for your spiritual benefit, and let it not be a mere spasmodic purpose, but a fixed and regular practice to attend the meetings for prayer.

BE EARNEST.—Keep watch for the souls of others, and when the service is over endeavour to get a word with others concerning divine things. You may often clinch the sermon by a personal appeal, and those who felt nothing before will be made to feel by your earnest word of application. Look out for souls, and never miss an opportunity for doing good.

A Stirring Scene at Lee Avenue Baptist Church.

ON a recent Sabbath morning an unusual event occurred during the administration of baptism in the Baptist Church on Lee Avenue, Brooklyn.

I had been preaching on the conversion of the Ethiopian eunuch, and had remarked on the fact that the heathen officer, when fully arrived at the understanding of the truth, had waited for no further preliminaries, but had stopped right there by the way-side and been baptised. The brook that ran by was a good enough baptistery, and as to joining any particular church, all that we are told about was that "he went on his way rejoicing." Philip was caught away, and was found at Azotus, and the Treasurer of Candace went to his distant home, never to see the preacher again, so that all the church he joined was the church of "he went on his way rejoicing." We had a baptism after the sermon, and among the number who came forward was a young girl belonging to one of our best families. While I was standing in the water by the side of this dear young disciple, with another girl at her side, a voice came from the congregation, and looking upon the assembly, I saw her father standing in the midst, and exclaiming, "What doth hinder me to be baptised?" Right in the water I replied, "If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest." He responded, "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and I take him for my precious Saviour." "Come forward, then," said I, and forward he came, just as he was, and took his place in the water at the side of his daughter. Standing in the baptistery, I said to him, "I baptise thee into the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost." As he rose from the water, I asked him if he desired to identify himself with any particular church. He answered, "Believing that I can best serve my Lord and Saviour by so doing, I desire to unite with this church." I replied, "This church at her meeting in the authority with which she is vested, will vote upon your name, and I doubt not will receive you into membership."

This man, educated for the Episcopal pulpit, and a man of deep piety, is a most valuable addition to our church.

The scene was overwhelming. Strong men wept like children, and my brethren rejoiced in witnessing this glorious illustration of the gospel theme of the morning.—J. HYATT SMITH.

Notices of Books.

The Systematic Bible Teacher. S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster-row.

THE editor of this monthly magazine is an enthusiast in Sunday-school work. The plan proposed, if not the best obtainable, is a very good one, and, with some modifications to suit individual schools, will work much good wherever carried out. We wish that catechisms were more used, and we think that much scriptural truth might be conveyed in the hymns, which we like to hear the youngsters constantly sing. The best system, after all, is the growth of love, study, and prayer, rather than of books.

Long Evenings, and Work to do in Them. By Mrs. BAYLY. Author of "Ragged Homes," etc. Nisbet and Co.

Mrs. BAYLY speaks very glowingly of the teaching of our deceased friend Mr. John Offord, and thus proves her own clearness of judgment, for he was indeed a great teacher; not so much a preacher to the many as a teacher of those who would in turn teach others. Mrs. Bayly's book is intended for reading to intelligent classes of men or women, who may be got together and interested in the best things. She chats away very pleasantly about Wycliffe and Tyndale, and touches on a great variety of subjects with good sense and piety combined, and a piquante sauce of anecdote to render the whole attractive. We marked two of her little incidents as well worth quoting, and we will append them when we have said that her introductory chapter upon classes for working men strikes us as very useful and suggestive.

"I forget now what led to it, but presently one of the newly arrived said abruptly, 'I don't know what can be the use of talking to people so much about religion, because they say God knows everything, that he has planned who shall be saved and who lost, and therefore it can be of no use taking so much trouble,' and then turning to me, he said, 'I suppose, ma'am, you believe

that God knows and plans everything, and that nothing can be altered?'

"I said, 'I do; I believe he knows how many of us are in this room, and who will get out first; but for all that, supposing I am anxious to catch a train, or for any other reason want to be away as quickly as possible, I shall gather up my books, and get near to the door, so as to be ready to leave the room the moment the meeting is over.' I went on to say, 'I think in the week you employ yourself in shoemaking, for I have seen you at work as I have passed your shop. Now, as you are so much impressed with the thought that God knows and has planned everything, you must suppose he knows how many pairs of boots or shoes you will make in a week; but this belief will not influence you in your actions. You will get up to-morrow morning with the determination of making as many as you possibly can. The same with a merchant; he may believe in God's knowledge of every minute detail of his affairs, even to the number of bales of goods he may sell in a week, but you never hear of a man of business making this an excuse for staying at home and idling away his time. He does not believe that his goods will get sold without exertion on his own part, in making the necessary arrangements.' The man replied, 'Well, that seems clear enough so far, but it is hard to say where things begin and end.' 'Yes,' I said, 'not hard only, but impossible. You have brought before us a great mystery, which divines call "God's sovereignty and man's responsibility." I have not explained it at all, because I do not understand it myself. The only thing which is at all clear to me is that we ought to bring as much common sense to bear upon spiritual as upon temporal things. For whatever kind of riches we may be seeking, we must STRIVE.'"

"There are many who will understand and sympathise with the man who, in returning a book lent him, said, 'I can't say much about the book any way; there's such a bother of words in it, I can't get at anything for the words.'"

The Revolt of the Field. By ARTHUR CLAYDEN. Hodder and Stoughton.

A WELL written sketch of the rise and progress of the movement among the agricultural labourers, known as "The National Agricultural Labourers' Union." Its author was the companion of Mr. Arch in his journey to Canada, and the book itself may serve as a guide to the historian who in some future day will show the wondering world how difficult it was to settle questions of plain right in this doubly-dyed conservative land of ours; and what strange pranks before high heaven were played by men who were called Justices of the Peace.

Darwinism and Design; or, Creation by Evolution. By GEORGE ST. CLAIR. Hodder and Stoughton.

IF Darwinism does not exclude, it does not fully include, the argument of Design. It favours the disbelief, rather than the belief, of a great first cause. It reverses the law of cause and effect, and gives a tendency to creation to raise itself in the scale of being, rather than to fall back into its original nothingness. If greater beings are evolved from less, the power must be in them, or given to them; and if in them we have a chain of effects producing causes more powerful than themselves; we cannot accept, therefore, the apology here made for Darwinism in reference to design. It fails, too, in the defence of the theory at the point in which we look for the clearest demonstration; and, like all other writings upon the subject, is weakest where we look for most strength. The difference between organic and inorganic matter, between vegetation and instinct, and between instinct and reason are clearly defined; but it fails to show the transition from one to the other, and to produce examples in which that process is still going on. If it be a law of nature that plants become animals, and animals become men, we ought not to know this from the investigations of science, but in the same way as we know that a seed passes into a plant, an egg into a bird, and an infant into a man. Such writers often serve to confirm us in long-admitted truths by proving their contraries to be absurd.

Sermons on the Epistle to the Galatians. Old Thoughts for New Times. By SAMUEL PEARSON, M.A., Liverpool. James Clarke and Co.

WE do not often see a book in which the truth is at once so fully admitted, and so dreadfully obscured. Not even the doctrine of justification by faith can be let alone, it is stated in so many words, and then explained into the clouds. One leaf of Luther on the Galatians would be worth a pile of these sermons as high as the Monument.

The Holy Catholic Church: the Communion of Saints. By the Rev. BENJAMIN GREGORY. 2, Castle Street, City Road, and 66, Paternoster Row.

THIS is a discourse delivered in connection with the Wesleyan Methodist Conference at Newcastle. It is not, however, either explanatory or laudatory of that one, or of any other, sectional division, but of the whole church of Christ from its first formation to the present time. The true church is shown to consist of all sincere and consistent believers in Christ's gospel; and its distinction as such from the world, from mere professors, and from those who have embraced false systems of Christianity, is clearly stated and defended. It is too sanguine, we think, in its expectations that some form of church government may yet be devised between episcopacy and the independency of individual churches, in which all true Christians may be induced to unite. The same forbearance, it is supposed, and apparent irregularity which was allowed in apostolic times in the extension of the church and in the administration of its ordinances, may lead to the same oneness in distinction from the world, and to the same community of privileges. There may be unity in spirit, in doctrine, and in zeal, without uniformity in church discipline. The uniformity at least must be the effect of these, and must not be sought as the procuring cause. We admire the catholicity of spirit, and the high principles by which this discourse is characterised, and we presume that no person could read it without obtaining some addition to his knowledge of the New Testament from its perusal.

Cautions for Doubters. By the Rev. J. H. TITCOMBE, B.A. Religious Tract Society.

WE are always pleased to see the works of Mr. Titcombe—those in defence of the Church of England because they are so weak, and those in defence of the gospel because they are so strong. If doubting were but candid inquiry, such works as this would satisfy it, and we trust that with many honest readers this will be the result: but, alas, with the ordinary sceptic argument is useless; his heart is opposed to the gospel and will not be convinced of its truth. Mr. Titcombe has done well to prepare this book of cautions, and those who have sceptical friends will do well to put it in their way. We would commend it in the warmest terms.

The True Text of the Old Testament. By JAS. BRODIE, A.M. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

THE author endeavours to show that the Septuagint is the true standard for the text of the Old Testament. No doubt some difficulties vanish if we adopt it instead of the Jewish version, but on the whole we cannot agree with the author that the proposed new version for the English should be based on what is avowedly itself a translation. We agree in much that is advanced as to the language of the Jews in the time of our Lord; but we deny that in their speech there was much difference, some still using the sacred tongue in the Hebrew, others the Greek, while the mass of the people would speak in a *patois* allied to the Syriac. Any one who has journeyed in the border cantons of Switzerland will understand how mingled a language may be employed by the same people amongst themselves, and yet they will understand sometimes two, and even three other tongues to some extent, and use them, though not in a scholarly way, yet in a manner sufficient for all practical purposes. A public teacher would employ all the dialects on different occasions as was most desirable, hence, perhaps, some verbal differences in the accounts of our Lord's discourses.

The Young Christian Armed; or, the Duty he Owes to God. A Manual of Scripture Evidence, Faith, and Practice, for Youth. By Rev. CHARLES HOLE. Longmans, Green, and Co.

WHEN Mr. Hole touches upon baptism, he flounders in a fearful manner. Because a child *may* be regenerated when it is baptised, he justifies the use in every case of the declaration that the child is regenerate. As well argue that because the moon *may* be at the full we are justified in solemnly declaring that it is. This is bad morality, and is not divinity at all. Putting this aside, we set great store by Mr. Hole's book, and believe that the training of young people in its arguments would go far to restrain the spread of scepticism, and, under God, to raise up a race of well-grounded believers. The chapter upon "The Wages of Sin" is not only Scriptural, but well and forcibly written, the spirit of the book is devout, and its teachings soundly evangelical. For schools in connection with the Church of England the manual is admirably adapted, and it ought to be universally used in them.

A Nation's Right to Worship God. By the Rev. C. HONGE, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

If it be indeed true that an influential party of Americans are trying to mix up the kingdom of God with the Republican constitution of the United States, we can only say that they are commencing to go backward. We have heard of an epitaph which runs thus: "I was well, I wanted to be better, and here I lie dead;" it would have been far better to leave well alone. The admirable method of leaving the churches to do their work while the government has attended to its own department, has worked so well in the States that only those who are given to change can wish to tamper with it. While men of all religions belong to a nation, the very highest recognition of the God of justice is to do that which is just and right, and the best recognition of the Christian religion is to fashion laws according to its spirit, and to avoid taking the slightest advantage against unbelievers, or making them parties to a profession with which they do not sympathise. This pamphlet is not to our mind at all.

A Golden Sunset; being an Account of the Last Days of Hannah Broomfield. By the Author of "Morning and Night Watches." Nisbet and Co.

VERILY book-making is an easy trade now-a-days; you write a memoir of about seventy pages, and then add seventy pages more of hymns, which are in every hymnbook, with the information that the subject of your slender narrative was very fond of them. We should have commended the little narrative, but as it is hardly fair to double the size of the book by tacking on such a quantity of well-known hymns, we shall not be a party to the practice. When half of a book is made up of hymns which everybody knows, it ought to be stated upon the title-page, that buyers may know what they are purchasing.

The Life of Thomas Vasey. By his Widow. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

A CHOICE specimen of Wesleyan ministers of the past generation, of whom some remain to this day. If any wish to know of what materials such men were made, let them read this book. It is full of Methodism, but they will forget all that in admiration of untiring zeal, and mental activity, and ready utterance, devoted to the one object of saving souls. They will find here a rare combination of ministerial gifts and graces. There is an adaptation of gospel principles, in mild radiance or in dazzling brightness, and in fact in all the varieties of light and shade, to the pulpit and the platform, the council board and the domestic circle. Though written, or, rather, compiled by his widow, we venture to call it a manly exhibition of true Christian manhood.

The Period of the Reformation. By LUDWIG HAUSER. Translated by Mrs. G. STURGE. In two volumes. Strahan and Co., 56, Ludgate Hill.

THE whole period over which the Reformation extended, and the whole area which it covered, are historically narrated in these volumes. They differ from D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation as the letter that killeth from the Spirit that giveth life. The work is not,

however, without its use to those who wish for correct and authentic information upon all matters connected with the long and characteristic, but fruitless struggles of the Roman Church to retain its entire ascendancy over the nations of Europe. The same struggle is going on to this day. A State church dies hard, but die it must.

The Modern Avernus. The Descent of England: How Far? A question for Parliament and the Constituencies. Hatchards, Piccadilly.

No one can possibly go further than we do in our detestation of the principles which have always actuated the Church of Rome, and therefore we are altogether opposed to the spirit of this volume. This Junius, whoever he may be, wants to abrogate the Catholic Emancipation Act, and so deprive the Catholics of a portion of their civil rights, because of their religion. This is just what Popery itself would do with Protestants if it were in power, and we should be sorry to believe that any true Christians have become so degraded as to follow such an example. We entertain the most intense disgust for Romanism, but we would not deprive a Romanist of one jot of his just liberties as a man and a citizen. The question of Romanism is not one for the Parliament and the constituencies; let them mind their own business, and religiously let religion alone. Our trust is in the Lord of Hosts, and not in premiers, peers, or Parliaments. Papists are always looking for political power and pickings; give us a genuine revival of religion, and they may do what they like. Our Popish church of England is the great evil of the hour, and as it is a State Church, the State may alter it, and ought to do so; but over free churches the State has no control, and it is essentially unrighteous to clamour to the mob to put any body of people under penalty because of their religion, be that religion what it may. Bating the politics of this book, it is an earnest protest against Rome, and we are in full sympathy with it; but the politics are its main feature, and as an earnest Protestant we disclaim all complicity with them.

The Human Nature of Christ. By the Rev. N. Rouse. Hamilton, Adams and Co.

WE have no hesitation in affirming that the author of this book understands neither the human nature of Christ nor his own. To account for the exemption of the human nature of Christ from hereditary corruption, we are informed that there was no federal relationship between Adam and his posterity, and consequently no entail of original sin. The Virgin Mary was sinless from her birth, and there have been many other sinless human beings, as John the Baptist and John the Evangelist. When the Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men he found none righteous—no, not one, but the Rev. N. Rouse has found many. These views are advocated with great seriousness, and with all the ingenuity with which ready writers can make a great display of Scripture interpretations in support of a pretended discovery of some new feature of revealed truth. These errors are not the less injurious because of the truths with which they are blended, but the more so. As might be expected, it would be in vain to look here for any truth which would tend to set the heart a-glow with devotional feeling.

The Paradise of Martyrs. By THOMAS COOPER. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

WE like the prose writings of this author better than his poetry, which partly arises, without doubt, from our constitutional taste for solid truths rather than for poetic imaginations, but not entirely so. Mr. Cooper here gives us his meditations, in the form of dreams, and he dreams well, intelligently, and devoutly, but somewhat incoherently, as all dreamers must necessarily do. The history of Christian martyrdom, many incidents in his own per-

sonal history, the beauties of nature, and the employments of the spirits of just men made perfect, are promiscuously blended. We do not think less of Mr. Cooper, however, for his poetry, but more—more of his mental and more of his spiritual power. The poetry, though never rising to the highest elevation, so as to cover all the high hills that are under the whole heaven, is throughout above the ordinary level, and calculated to inspire us with the greatness and glory of its theme.

Animals and their Young. By HARLAND COULTAS. Partridge and Co.

OUTWARDLY a book to make little eyes sparkle with delight, and inwardly a work calculated to soften the heart and inspire the tenderest feelings towards animals. The drawings by Harrison Weir are simply perfection, and they are supplied with no stinted hand, for there are twenty-four full-page illustrations by that eminent artist, and even more headpieces by J. Nicholson, a worthy pupil of Wm. Bewick; the printing is in the best style, and the binding attractive in the highest degree. Such works it is a religious duty to circulate among the young, a handsomer birth-day present could not be selected from all the booksellers' catalogues in London.

The Holy Life. Morgan and Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.

THREE short narratives of what we are expected to consider as Christian experience. As all three have attained in their own judgments to a sinless life, we leave our readers to decide upon the scripturalness of the views here propounded. For our own part, we believe that in them—that is, in their flesh—there dwelleth no good thing, and that their book is as full of the seeds of corruption as themselves. They say that they have no sin; they deceive themselves, and the truth is not in them.

Notes.

WE are proceeding with Vol. IV. of the "Treasury of David," as rapidly as possible, and a large part of it is in the printer's hands, but it is not a work which

we can hurry over, for we desire to do it well.

We are sorry to be compelled to omit the continuation of Mr. Carr's remarkably

able article upon "Melchizedek." This deeply interesting paper will be continued next month.

Having with all our heart and soul denounced priests, some genius in one of the daily papers accuses us of want of charity, and intimates that there is not much likeness between us and the monk who brought Christianity to England. We can assure this scribbler that we hope there is no similarity, for all that his blessed monk did was to force Popery upon a nation, which had long before received the knowledge of the gospel by means of apostolical or Baptist missionaries. It would have been a great blessing if that monk had never touched these shores, and it will be a day of jubilee when the last monk, friar, nun, and priest shall die out from among men. Charity to priests is like charity to tigers and rattle-snakes; let those feel it who can. They have their civil rights, and no one wishes to deprive them of them; but, as to being at all velvety in our speech concerning them, we are not to the manner born, and shall never learn it.

With deep regret we mark how far the Congregationalists appear to be straying from the old orthodoxies. One of them informs us that the wicked will be annihilated, and another that they will be ultimately restored—which are we to believe? Our own intention is to labour with all our might to save men from "everlasting punishment." We do not wonder, after the cloudy atonement in which some Independents believe, that they are also bent upon evaporating the law as well as the gospel. So far from Baptists wishing to form one body with the Independents, such things as these create fresh gulfs between us. They have often told us that there is no reason for two denominations, and we suppose that they are resolved to create a reason. Some of us would almost as soon be indentified with the Church of England as with the Congregational Union, now that its members allow the grossest errors to be vented in its assemblies almost without protest. Surely there are some of the old Puritan sort left who will stand up for the faith once delivered unto the saints.

The annual meeting of the Stockwell Orphanage was a very happy one. A fine day, a large attendance, great interest, and much liberality, are items which tend to make a *fete* agreeable. Nearly £200 was the amount brought in; but our funds are still at a low ebb, for in twenty days that amount has vanished like dew from the grass when the sun arises. We heartily thank those friends who have entertained

some of our orphans during the holidays, and we are also grateful for presents in kind. It is a happy work to care for the fatherless; we invite all our readers to join us in the pleasure.

We have received most pleasant letters from our brethren, Messrs. Charles Brown and Robert Spurgeon, in India. We hope they will make two of the most efficient missionaries of modern times. The Lord grant it. Our earnest desire and prayer for our church and college are that many missionaries may be raised up among us and thrust forth among the heathen.

Now is the time for open air preaching. No minister should keep within the walls of a building when he can preach the gospel upon the beautiful green sward with the blue heavens above him. Brethren, come out of your dens and corners, and make the gospel to be heard by those who are ignorant of it. Fishermen do not wait for the fish to swim to them, but they go after them. Turn out into the highways and hedges and compel the people to come in. In great cities, where there are no fields accessible, use halls &c., and in some way reach the outside non-hearing masses.

Mr. Wenger, one of the most esteemed of our missionaries, who has come home for his health, tells a most affecting story of a number of shipwrecked sailors, who took to the boat, but were lost upon the sea for thirty days, with only nine days' provisions. Each day began with prayer and the reading of our "Morning by Morning," which gave them great comfort. Divine providence caused them to be taken up by the vessel in which Mr. Wenger was sailing just as they were ready to perish.

Right royal actions deserve to be recorded. The Messrs. Cory, of Cardiff, have generously allotted to the Stockwell Orphanage £1,000 worth of shares, fully paid up, in their new colliery, and they have given the same amount to the College. This will almost exactly free both institutions from rates and taxes, and we feel deeply grateful for it. If wealthy men thus gave of their substance as a general thing, the Lord's exchequer would be filled to the brim.

A clergyman writes to inform us that the gout is sent to us as a judgment from God for opposing the Church of England. If a swollen leg proves that a man is under God's displeasure, what would a broken neck prove? We ask the question with special reference to the late Bishop of Oxford. As for the information that on account of our late speech at the Libe-

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
J. and E. W.	0	2	0	A Friend	0	1	6
Mr. A. Marshall	0	5	0	Friends, per Mr. Wyard	1	5	0
Odd Farthings and Halfpence taken at the Metropolitan Store	0	12	9	A Friend, per C. L.	0	6	0
Mr. J. Muddougall	1	0	0	Miss H. Fells	0	5	0
Mr. Northeast	0	9	8	Part of the Tenth	2	0	0
Mr. E. Glenn	0	4	3	M. Orders	1	2	3
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	0	18	5	Miss Burrows	0	5	0
Mr. T. H. Olney	25	0	0	Mrs. Chillingworth	0	10	0
In Memento	30	0	0	Mr. W. Glover	2	4	3
Mrs. Ellwood	2	10	0	A Clapham Omnibus Driver	0	11	0
Miss Wilson	1	0	0	Mr. A. Searle	1	0	0
Miss Muir	0	10	0	Mr. J. Hector	2	0	0
Mrs. Romang	1	12	7	Mrs. Davies	1	12	6
Master Romang	0	13	3	Mr. H. Burgess	2	2	0
Collected by Miss Bowley	0	11	1	Mr. E. B. Sargent	0	10	0
Miss Bowley	0	4	0	Miss Chont	1	9	9
Mr. Verdon	0	10	0	Collected at Messrs. Meredith Brothers, Saw Mills, Belvedere Road, Lambeth	0	11	2
Alnhouses Schools	0	6	7	Miss Barnes	1	1	0
Mr. W. Fleeming	1	1	0	Rev. T. Carme	1	0	0
Collection at Highbury Hill Chapel after Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon	50	0	0	Mr. G. B. Wansborough	0	3	0
Miss Smithies	1	0	0	Mr. E. T. Woodeson	0	6	6
Miss Leathers	0	15	0	A Friend, Torquay	10	0	0
Edinburgh	1	0	0	O. O.	0	3	0
T. H. Perthshire	0	2	6	Mr. J. Mills	5	5	0
Mr. Cottle	0	4	4	Miss Mary McWall	0	10	0
J. N.	0	10	0	Mr. T. Moonlight	1	0	0
Mr. J. Frances	1	0	0	Mr. G. Sheppard	0	3	0
A Farmer's Son	0	5	0	Mr. F. O. Winslow	0	10	0
J. D.	5	0	0	Dr. Mills	1	0	0
Miss Spliedt	2	10	0	Romans vi. 7, 8	2	2	0
Mrs. Evans	0	5	0	Per Mr. Thomas Walker	1	17	6
Mrs. Whitehead	0	6	0	Mrs. Barclay	0	2	6
Mrs. Eliza Mundy	0	10	0	Mr. Charles Gladish	0	11	0
Mr. D. Macpherson	0	5	0	Miss Martha Curling	5	0	0
Miss Spark	0	11	4	Mr. John Wingate	1	0	0
Miss Lefevre	1	2	4	Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson	10	0	0
Mr. Thorne	1	0	0	Chipping Sodbury	0	1	0
Mrs. Thorne	0	10	0	A Friend	10	0	0
Mr. Hobbs	0	10	0	A Working Man	0	10	0
Mrs. Smith	1	12	1	Mr. W. Cook	1	0	0
Mr. Jenkins	5	0	0	Mr. James Ringson	5	0	0
Miss Mann	2	1	0	Mr. J. Hogg	3	0	0
Miss A. Parker	0	12	0	Dr. Plimssell	1	0	0
Mrs. Gissing	0	4	10	Mr. W. McGeachin	2	0	0
Mrs. W. Ranford	0	10	0	Mr. A. Colvin	5	0	0
Mr. Miller	1	0	0	S. D.	0	5	0
Miss Dransfield	25	0	0	Annie and Harriet	1	0	0
Mr. R. Evans	10	0	0	Mr. A. Dixon, per Mr. H. Hobson	5	0	0
G. G.	5	5	0	23 D. 18, 307	5	0	0
Mrs. Cox	0	5	0	A Reader of "Sword and Trowel"	1	0	0
Mr. Nisbet	1	1	0	Baptist Sunday School, Coggeshall, per Mr. J. Benson	0	8	0
Miss Whitton	2	5	0	Sent to the Lord, a Trial of Faith	0	2	0
Mr. A. Goodwin	10	0	0	A Thankoffering	0	10	0
Mr. Ball	10	0	0	Mr. Rickett	10	0	0
Mr. Dunn	20	0	0	Mr. Mansell	3	3	0
Mr. Pullen	5	0	0	Sunday School, Cornwall Road, Brix- ton, per Rev. D. Asquith	1	11	7
Mr. Hobson	7	10	0	Small Sums received per C. H. Spurgeon at An- nual Meeting:—			
Mrs. Cook	5	0	0	Little Nellie	0	1	0
Collection after Meeting	20	0	0	A Friend	0	2	0
Miss A. Woolcot	1	3	6	A Friend	0	2	6
Miss Hogg	0	5	0	Mother and Daughter	0	5	0
S. A.	1	0	0	A Friend	0	1	0
From the Country, per Mr. Fryer	1	0	0	Nothing	1	0	0
Mr. R. Gallant	0	10	0	No. 2	0	2	0
Mr. C. Coy	1	0	0	No. 3	0	2	6
Miss F. Coy	1	0	0	No. 4	0	2	6
Miss F. V. Coy	1	0	0	No. 5	0	1	0
Susannah	0	2	6	Two little Girls	0	1	6
Mr. Reading	1	0	0	Nos. 6 and 7	0	1	0
Mr. Cocking	0	5	0	No. 8	0	2	6
Mrs. Drayson	0	18	0	Harry	0	0	6
Mr. A. Debenham	5	0	0	Mrs. Davey	1	0	0
W. J. B.	1	0	0	J. H.	0	3	6
Legacy, late Mrs. Poole, per Mr. Mad- drell	25	0	0	A Friend	0	1	0
Messrs. Mills and Archer	25	0	0	A Friend	0	2	0
Mr. W. Olney	5	0	0	A Friend	0	2	0
A Christian Brother, per Mr. J. Simpson	3	0	0				

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Two Friends...	0	3	0	<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>			
Carry...	0	1	0	Mr. Morris	1 1 0
A Member	0	1	0	Per F. R. T.:	
Two Cruits	2	0	0	Mr. R. Smith	0 5 0
X. X. Z.	0	5	0	Mr. E. Brown	0 5 0
A Friend	0	10	0	Mr. Simonds	0 5 0
G. J.	0	10	0				0 13 0
Pepper and Sult	0	14	6	Mr. R. Harding	1 1 0
Banting	0	2	0	Mr. John Hanby, per Mr. G. B. Simp-	
Will	0	10	0	son	1 1 0
Moone	0	2	6				
Nothing	0	1	0				£509 11 5
				8	13	6				

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—Provisions:—Box of Eggs, Mr. Potier.

Clothing, &c.:—Twenty-eight Flannel Shirts, Brixton Young Ladies' Working Association, per Miss Pearce; 106 Yards of Towelling, 72 Yards Table Cloths, Mr. Matheson; 1 Child's Dress and 31 Bibs: Miss Burrows.

SALE ROOM:—Six Pieces of Lace, 2 Dress Handkerchiefs, "A Friend."

DONATIONS, &c.:—"A Friend," Tooting, £1; Miss Sims, 10s.; Balance from Sale of Kitchen Stuff, &c., £1 9s. 2d.; 41 Coins in Pillar Box at Orphanage Gates, 13s. 3d.; C. Tidmarsh, £1; The Girls of the Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Potter, 14s. 7d.—Total, £5 7s. 0½d.

College Buildings.

Statement of Receipts from May 20th to June 19th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Shepherd	Mr. W. Houghton...
A Friend from Liverpool	Mr. T. Sinclair
Miss Passmore	The Misses Dransfield
Mr. E. Morgan	Mrs. Summers
Mrs. Pope	A Friend
Goudhurst Chapel...	Mr. W. Cook
Proceeds of Service of Song by Mr.	A Thankoffering
Mayers, per Mr. Swift				
Miss W. M. Bloss				£101 8 0
Lizzie				
Rev. W. Stott				

Further Contributions Received by H. Rylands Brown towards College Buildings.

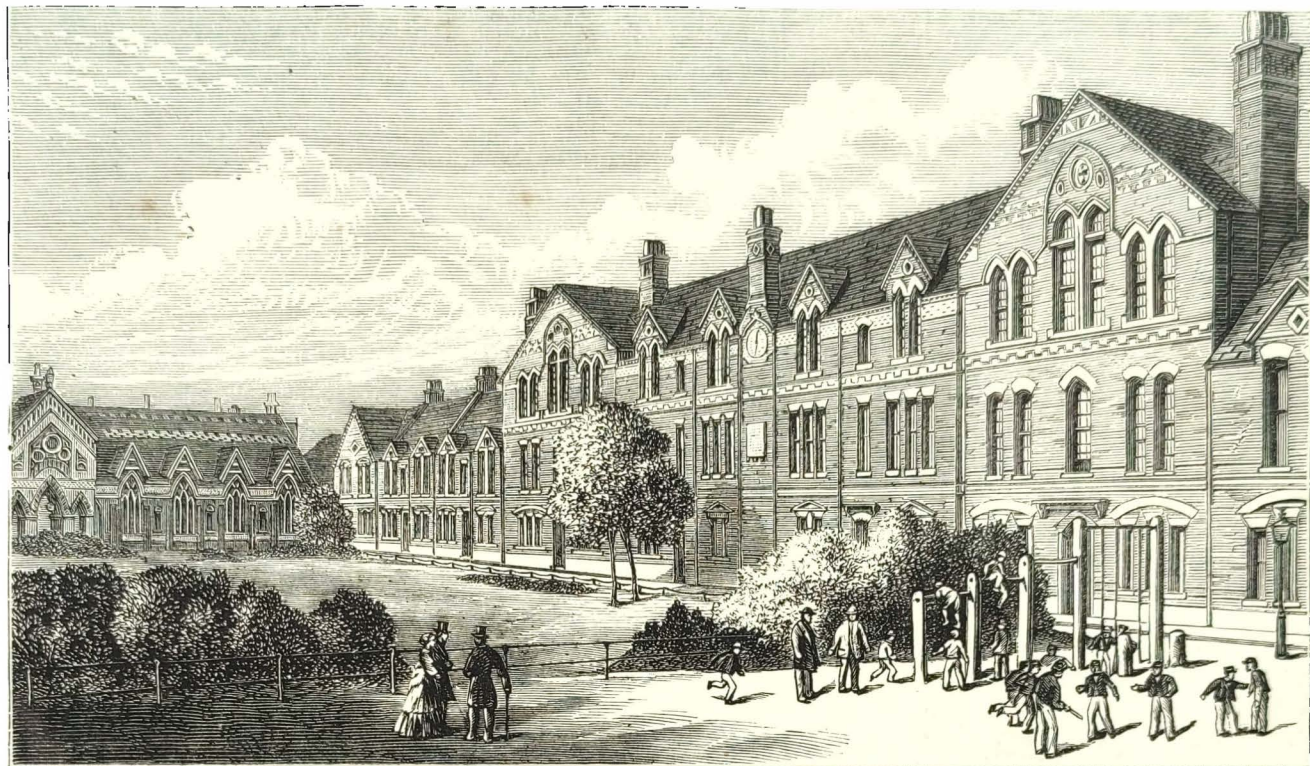
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Rev. W. L. Mayo	Per Rev. C. D. Crouch:—
Per Rev. Alfred Walker:—	Mrs. Saunders
Collections ...	4	11	9	E. Twelvetyrees
Contributions ...	2	10	0				1 10 0
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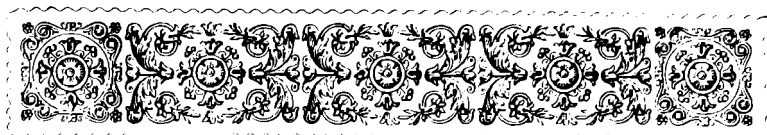
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Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or otherwise we cannot acknowledge them.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.



STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

AUGUST, 1874.

Stockwell Orphanage.

A FEW WORDS BY C. H. SPURGEON.



LOOKING over our visitors' book at the Orphanage the other day we were much pleased with the following entry from the pen of a Manchester gentleman, dated June 4th, 1874, and we thought our friends would like to read it too:—

"I am much pleased with all I have seen at the Orphanage. It struck me that the lads could not be much happier in heaven than here. They are buoyant and hearty, and the dogged and frightened look which is seen in the children of many large institutions is absent here. Much pleased with the style of the education. The boys are turned out fitted to occupy a post in the strictest merchant's office, and the writing and power of accounts which some of the elder boys possess far exceed the average of the middle-class schools which I have visited. The boys are not crammed as in many elementary schools, but are well grounded in everything that is taught here. May the Lord bless all who bless this institution either by service or contribution. I cannot suggest an improvement."

Our visits to certain most admirable institutions have sometimes pained us, because we could not avoid noticing just that one fly in the ointment which our visitor seems to have observed also. Children can be drilled into an unnatural order, which is wonderfully taking with crusty disciplinarians, but involves either wretchedness or hypocrisy in the young machines. Kittens will never make good cats unless they are allowed to be kittens while kittenhood lasts. In after life children who are kept under a cast-iron rule break loose, and under the influence of a powerful but natural reaction, frequently become the

wildest and most irreligious of men. When religion is associated with all that is stern, gloomy, and repressive, it becomes distasteful, and is avoided as soon as the boy enters upon the liberty of manhood. "I had a sickener of it at school" is a saying which we have heard more than once from men whom we have tried to influence for true religion. Our rule at the Orphanage is firm; anything like sin is repressed with a strong hand, and incorrigibly vicious boys, who sometimes get in among us, are weeded out when nothing else will do, for our institution is not a reformatory, nor do we intend to make it so: but the boys enjoy a large measure of freedom, and fun, and frolic. Manly exercise and country rambles are as much a part of our course as reading, writing, and arithmetic; hence while with us our boys are natural in their manners and buoyant in their spirits, and as a rule when they go from us they give satisfaction to their employers and succeed in life. Under the divine blessing the intention of the sister who founded the Orphanage is being realised more and more, and our own heart is glad. We cannot bear to see the workhouse, pauper look upon lads; we want them to be manly, bright-faced, wide-awake, and ready to do right because of inward principle and not because of outward constraint.

We have daily need of the prayers of our kind supporters, for every time we take new boys there is a season of anxiety and trouble. Coming from abodes of poverty, they generally, before many days, develop some cutaneous disorder, and having frequently been neglected, because their mothers were obliged to be out at work for them, they bring with them the morals of the streets, and sometimes gross vices, learned from evil companions. It is positively astounding how precocious in wickedness even little boys will become. A little fellow of eight years of age was once a torment to us, he seemed to be an apostle of iniquity, and though reproved and chastened, he persevered in evil with an obstinacy quite amazing, and influenced others of whom we hoped better things. It was clear in his case that, whatever we might think of the value of children's souls, Satan set great store by them, and put forth all his power to hold them and use them for his own purposes. Nothing but conversion is of any avail in such instances; the evil spirit will not be curbed, and must be cast out by the divine power, but till that is put forth the mischief done in our happy kingdom is painfully harassing to those concerned in it, and we shall be right glad to have a band of helpers who remember our little ones before the throne of the heavenly grace, and so call in celestial succours to our aid. We have a greater need than even heads of families, for into their smaller domain little ones are sent, with fallen natures it is true, but not with the added superfluity of naughtiness, which comes of bad example, and low associations. Fathers and mothers have their hands and hearts full, but in addition to divine grace they have near and dear ties of natural affection, which have a potent influence in restraining from disobedience; these we have not till gratitude creates a somewhat similar force, and while that force is being generated the little sinner plays the rebel, and is a leaven for evil in our community. It is right to say that some children come to us with the benediction of a mother's prayers, and are notable exceptions to the rule, but as we dare not exclude a child because his mother is not a devout woman, we must always have a

large proportion of neglected orphans, and Christian pity would hardly desire to shirk so good a work because of the consequent trial ; rather would all of us gird ourselves the more earnestly to our labour, and by more prayer call down the larger blessing which the circumstances demand.

For one thing we praise God at every remembrance of the work. We have in Mr. Charlesworth, the head master, a man who loves the children's souls, and mingles firmness with a degree of forbearance and affection which come not to all men. Our other teachers, matrons, nurses, and servants occupy their spheres so admirably, and are all so willing, able, and attentive, that what would otherwise be a terrible burden is an easy yoke to us. We have not in a twelvemonth in our large family one tithe as much trouble as falls to the lot of many ordinary households ; in fact, for long periods we have no jar of sufficient importance to reach our ears. Infirmities and mistakes are unavoidable, but not once in the whole history of the Orphanage have these caused us any serious anxiety, or even given us an hour's distress. Kind helpers have doubtless borne burdens in our stead, and their love is recorded in heaven. The Lord bless them for it, and especially remember those who may have escaped our grateful recognition as yet. The beloved brethren associated with us as co-trustees would, we are sure, join in our grateful expressions, while towards those brethren themselves and the secretary our heart is full of love, esteem, and thankfulness, for they are true yoke-fellows in the Lord's work. Long may they be spared to us. Some people can see no good in their fellow-workers, and much evil in those whom they employ ; perhaps their experience has been unhappy ; ours has been such that we wonder how such suitable helpers ever came to us, and have remained so kindly faithful, and we can only attribute it to the gracious providence of the Father of the fatherless. Being quite unable personally to claim any special virtues, it is with unaffected humiliation of soul, caused by sincere gratitude, that we record thus publicly a part of the loving-kindness of the Lord in connection with this labour of love.

We hope our readers are not weary of these personal acknowledgments, and lest they should be we close them by thanking hundreds of them for the thoughtful manner in which they have helped to supply the daily needs of the institution. May they have a rich return in their own families. If they count us faithful to our trust, let them assist us still, and remember that if one brother finds a joy in taking so heavy a responsibility, and a little staff rejoice to labour continually with him, it is but just that no unnecessary temptation to anxiety about money matters should be cast in the way of either the leader or his coadjutors. While we thus speak we cannot but add our solemn declaration of firm confidence that our God will supply all our need.

Old Friend Chaffer, and what he did.

AT the house of our esteemed friend Mr. Howard, of Bedford, we spent an evening not long ago, after preaching in his great plough shed, and among the brethren who formed the social circle was Mr. Mark Guy Pearse, a Wesleyan minister of no small repute. Wesleyans and Baptists agree in having something to believe, and in repudiating the intellectual anything-arianism of the present age, which believes nothing, not even the atonement, or the necessity of conversion. Despite doctrinal differences here and there, the inner kernel of real evangelical truth is very dear to the really converted in both regiments, and therefore we had plenty of common ground to meet upon, and the evening went on very happily. Mr. Pearse, as a Cornish man, had many a pleasant story to tell of Billy Bray, and other mighty praying men who believed in a real God, and did business with heaven in downright earnestness, unaffected by those "honest doubts" which are so much cried up nowadays, but which we would not take a waggon-load of in exchange for a grain of faith no bigger than a mustard-seed. Though some think us a bigoted Calvinist, we love the poorest and most mistaken child of God too well to despise his ignorance, if genuine grace be manifest in the smallest degree; and hence we are delighted to hear of the simplicity and originality of peasants and miners who love our Lord. When we see brave daring for Jesus, bold trust in his power, and flaming zeal for winning souls, the one touch of the divine nature, which makes all believers kin, gets full mastery over us, and we love and admire those who display such marks of heavenly handiwork, to whatever section of the church they may happen to belong.

Our intercourse with Mr. Pearse prepared us to read his very entertaining Methodist stories, which he has issued in a little book entitled "Mister Horn and his Friends," which can be had in Manchester of Tubbs and Brook, 11, Market Street, or in London of Hamilton, Adams, and Co. If we knew the price we would tell our readers, but it is only a small volume, and ought to cost about a shilling, and we feel sure would afford the money's worth of profitable amusement. Dull books are plentiful enough; this is vivacious, and withal lets us see more of rural Methodistic life than most of us would discover elsewhere. The "penny a week and shilling a quarter business" is pretty prominent, as is usual with thrifty Wesleyanism, and this is just one of the reasons why we want our non-Wesleyan readers to see the chapter upon "Old Friend Chaffer," which we borrow from the book. Some superfinely spiritual people "cannot bear to hear about money from the pulpit;" they like to let it lie quietly rusting in their tightly buttoned up pockets. Grace in them means "all for nothing, and ministers free to starve to the glory of God." No plan for supplying the pecuniary needs of the church ever suits them, unless it allows them to come to the front and yet escape all contributions. Everybody else ought to live by faith; but as for themselves, they cannot be disturbed in their heavenly walk and conversation by such carnal considerations as the cause of missions, the support of ministers, or the relief of the poor. Among the regular

readers of our magazine, we believe we have few such, for we are far too practical to suit them, and therefore nothing personal is meant when we say, Read what "Old Friend Chaffer" did.

"Now of all the prosaic folks of this parish of Hill'sam there was none with so little promise in his appearance as our old Friend Chaffer.

"A little bent old man, with flat feet that shuffled along uneasily, was what one saw at the first glance. 'As tender as old Friend Chaffer's corns' was a well-worn proverb with Mister Horn, by which he usually summed up his opinion of folk that were easily put out and vexed. As he shuffled nearer there was disclosed a figure quaint in feature, expression, and dress. The hat, that once held the skull of an eminent divine, accommodated itself to this smaller head by lying back until it almost rested upon the shoulders and projected in front immediately above the eyes, just a fringe of flat hair marking the line of separation. Underneath was a pair of as pleasant eyes as ever merry wrinkles played around; the cheeks and dumpy nose were scorched into a permanent glossy redness; the mouth, large and sunken, was fixed into an unchangeable smile that seemed to give a twist to all he said, making the husky sentences end in a sort of little laugh. A velveteen coat with sporting buttons hung in folds around the little old man. The trousers might have laid claim to all the privileges of apostolical succession, and, like the doctrine itself, had to be much patched from many sources.

"His life had been spent as a farm labourer. On ten shillings a week he and his good wife had brought up a family of eleven children, and now at seventy years of age he found his hard work rewarded with a parish allowance of five shillings a week.

"Look well at him, for he is a hero. Ay, look well at him, as Mister Horn would often say, look well at him in this world, for he will be too high up for most of us to see him in the next.

"With five shillings a week to live on—five shillings for rent and food, for firing and clothes, with class money never forgotten—he appears in this year's report *for one pound and twelve shillings!*

"One pound twelve! It sets one thinking of the report, and of what some of those entries mean that look so unimportant and are so quickly read—what stories of self-denial are locked up in them!—what schemings to save, what struggles to spare! Ay, and more commonly forgotten, what system beginning thus has unconsciously spread itself throughout all the management, and wrought more than its own supply!

"This one pound twelve was the result of a year's hard and painful work. Miles were shuffled over to collect a shilling, and very often less. Little bits of garden produce were lovingly worked at, and eagerly sold for a few pence. How warily the conversation would be turned round when any one dropped in, how cunningly led up to a certain point until suddenly the box made its appearance, explaining and applying all that had gone before! The philosophy of that Scripture, 'A liberal man *deviseth* liberal things,' could find no better illustration than in old Friend Chaffer. With no such restless thought did ever genius seek to apply a new principle or to produce the new

machine: with no such uneasy watchfulness did ambition ever try to turn advantages to its own account as that with which old Friend Chaffer sought to fill his box. Like the woman of Bible story, he had but 'a precious box' to bring for his Master's acceptance and service, and to fill it richly full each year was his dream, his ambition, and his toil.

"Picture the large hat, the glossy face, the loose coat, shuffling up the hill with the missionary-box under his arm, tied up in a coloured cotton handkerchief. In this sweltering heat, and with his painful steps, it will be an hour's hard work to get to the farmhouse to which he is going. At length he reaches it, and stands amid the sheds. And now, making the pigeons fly disturbed from the barn-roof, and making the old dog moan in dismal concert, the little husky voice sings to the traditional tune the familiar hymn—

'Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound:
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.'

"Then panting with the effort, and pausing to recover breath and to stroke the little fringe of flat hair over his eyes, he sang the second and other verses of the hymn.

"At once the news spread that old Friend Chaffer had arrived. All knew him, and all were compelled to like him, if it were only for his simple, cheery face. The master came across the yard from the stock to lean upon his spud with an amused attention, and to roll in a few bass notes when it came to the two last lines; the 'missis' and eager children crowded the old porch; the servants looked out from the windows, and boys in little smocks and gaiters gathered around him with a customary grin. When the hymn was gone through the box was carefully untied and handed to the master, and thence throughout the house. Everybody gave something. As it came back again it was a picture worthy of any pencil to see the little old head hung on one side as the box was lifted to try its increased weight, the face glowing with contentment, and the mouth, and cheeks, and eyes all puckered up into a hundred quaint wrinkles that seemed to vie with each other in expression of merry gratitude. Then came a verse or two of the hymn—

'Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journey run:
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.'

"Again the box was carefully wrapt up, and the little bent figure shuffled homeward, past all work for himself, but thankful, most thankful, that he could still do something for his beloved Master.

"Once he boldly proposed to call upon the parson of the parish, who had not more kindly regard for the Methodists than one could expect; they were a sort of poachers who trespassed and poached upon his preserves with impunity. When old Friend Chaffer suggested it to his wife she was almost alarmed, and tried to talk him out of it. The

matter soon dropped, and the good wife triumphantly concluded that he had given up so wild a notion; but, unknown to her, he shuffled away one day to the rectory.

"The good clergyman received him kindly, and heard his request, and, indeed, handled with some curiosity the treasured box. But putting it down, as old Friend Chaffer finished his appeal, he reminded him that he knew nothing of the Wesleyan Missions, and must have some information first. At once the old man promised to bring him a Report. Six weary miles he trudged to fetch it from the Superintendent at Gippington, and six miles back, and the next day stole away quietly again to the parson.

"He did stare when he see so much readin', the old man told us afterward; 'he looked quite frightened when I said I 'ud leave it with him to *read it through*.'

"A week after old Friend Chaffer went once more. The good clergyman was amazed and much interested.

"Why, I thought you Methodists were a feeble folk, but I find that you do even more than we do.' (It was a treat to see old Friend Chaffer's face as he told of that!) 'I really can't give you less than five shillings. Come for it yourself every year, and lend me the Annual Report of your Society.'

"I was comin' out o' the passage,' the old man went on, 'and 'twas darkish, and I didn' know anybody was near by, and I was sayin' to myself, "Bless the Lord, O my soul," when the door was opened for me, and I saw the parson's good lady, and she say, "You mustn't tell any one; but here's another half-a-crown for you, Chaffer, and I wish I could give you more;" and the way she say it was as good as five shillings, 'twas so kind and pretty spoken.'

"But it was not his skill as a missionary collector only that gained for him the title of 'a wonder.' There was a story that old Friend Chaffer would but seldom allude to, but which Mister Horn delighted to tell to every one.

"From the time of his conversion Chaffer had determined to devote something regularly to the work of God. It was no easy task, with an additional mouth to be filled each year, while the wages kept at the same hard line.

"I al'us carried my class penny in my waistcoat pocket till the Sunday meetin', the old man has told us, 'so that it was sure whatever come. But then there was the missions: I loved them very much, and al'us read the "Notices;" an' there was a collection or two, an' one thing an' another, so as I wanted three or four pennies more sometimes. My neighbours 'ud say to me as it wa'n't needed for me to do so much; but I say to them, "If I was an archangel, I'd try to sing my very best to the Lord, but seein' as I a'n't, well, the on'y thing is to do the best thing as I can 'pon ten shillin' a-week and 'leven children. Why, bless ye, it's wholly the same if *we do our best*!'"

"Here, too, the liberal mind devised liberal things. The little garden around his cottage grew a few vegetables, and two or three fruit trees sent a few baskets during the year to market. Choosing the sunniest corner, and in which grew his choicest apple tree, he christened that 'the Lord's bit.' Whatever he could make out of that

was to be given away. Love is satisfied only when it gives its best. This corner received of all the most careful labour: this was the first to be dug up and planted, and for this was reserved the pick of roots and seeds. Here the depredations of the frost and earliest sign of blight were most jealously traced, and here the promise of the spring and the summer worth were most joyfully anticipated.

"But once there came a time when the garden began to grow neglected. The weeds stood thick and tall. The unpruned trees were tangled with wild creepers. Chaffer's familiar face was missed from the Sunday services. He had been brought home from his work with an injured leg, and lay upon his bed without a prospect of leaving it for months. Then sore want slowly stripped the house. The little savings put by for some such rainy day were soon gone through—one by one disappeared the less needed things about the house. Again the wolf was at the door, and there seemed nothing left with which to drive him away. The children were coming again, and there was not a crust in the house.

"Then the anxious wife bethought her of something that would scare the wolf. Laid by in a box, carefully wrapt in a piece of paper, were four shillings—four precious shillings!—the produce of 'the Lord's bit.' Taking them in her hand, she came to her husband—they were starving—could they not take this money, or at least borrow it and pay it back when times were better? Little Chaffer, burdened as he was with bitter wants, had hitherto borne up bravely. But now he burst into tears. 'What,' he cried, 'play Ananias and Sapphira, and rob our only Friend! Oh, no, no, lass!' he went on as the tears streamed down his cheeks, 'if it is the Lord's will we can starve and die and go home to heaven, but we ma'n't do this, come what will.'

"The poor wife turned in despair to the lingering herbs in the garden, and gathering what little there was, went off to Gippington to pick up what she could for them.

"Chaffer lay in the lonely place thinking of the Lord and of his ways. 'Well, we're come to the last pinch now,' he sighed, 'and may be it is the turnin' point. The doctor tell me I ma'n't set my foot to ground, but I'll try, happen the Lord 'll help me.'

"Painful and stiff the leg was, and it was with much difficulty that he hobbled to the door. He crept along to 'the Lord's bit,' and looked at it with such a grief as that with which one would look for the first time at the grave of some most beloved friend.

"'Well, I ma'n't let this be, if I never do anything else. I'm up now, and never may be up agen, and it 'll comfort me to know as my last bit o' work was for Him.'

"And the withered hands clung to the spade, and he struggled slowly to turn over the earth. It was hard work, but done with a desperateness as if it were love's last effort. He was in the midst of his work when his wife was coming down the hill toward their cottage. She had sold her herbs and was returning with at least one day's supply, when she caught sight of her husband in the garden. She could scarcely believe her eyes at first, but soon surprise gave way to grief and vexation, and as she appeared at the gate poor Chaffer hobbled in before the coming storm, and crept back again to his couch.

"The storm of course soon blew over, for it was only the anger of anxious affection, especially as Chaffer found himself only wearied by his effort. The next day he crept out again, and finished 'the bit.' Strength rapidly returned, and in a few days he went back to his work, nor ever felt anything more of the injury.

"'Eh, wife,' he whispered when he brought home his wages, 'I should be on my back yet if we'd touched the money o' 'the Lord's bit.'"

"So old Friend Chaffer came to be called 'a wonder.'"

Melchizedec : an Evangelical Study.

BY B. W. CARR.

(Continued from page 279.)

IN a former article we have reviewed the fifth chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews. The seventh chapter of the same epistle now claims our attention. Paul evidently had the Pentateuch open before him while he wrote the first ten verses. And it is equally clear that he then turned to the book of Psalms. He looked both to *the history* and to *the prophecy* for points of identity which substantiate the priesthood of Christ. As he surveyed the one, he said, "It is evident" (v. 14); but as he examined the other, he said, "It is yet far more evident" (v. 15). So distinctly did he recognise the similitude of that order which Abram acknowledged, and which David anticipated.

It was a rich vein of ore the apostle had struck when he began to investigate this order of Melchizedec; and well he knew how to work it. No pains did he spare to turn over the soil. Nugget after nugget of pure gold he brings up from this mine of wealth. Or shall we not rather say, like one favoured with a rapturous vision, he peered into the firmament above as he contemplated the order of Melchizedec? Not content with a passing glimpse of a distant star, he adjusted the telescope of faith and took observation after observation, until, like the astronomer who watches till he grows familiar with the planets, he makes a knowledge of this priest of the Most High God as possible as it was to know any celebrated individual of Jewish history. The order of Melchizedec had furnished him with a key to the highest doctrines of our most holy faith. The heavenly priesthood of the Eternal King was unveiled to the eyes of his understanding. In the light of this profound mystery of godliness he denounced legalism as apostasy, expounded the supreme moral excellence of our Lord Jesus Christ, proclaimed his personal dignity as the Son of God, and then amplifying the whole subject, he reviewed the manner and the use of his offices under three titles—the Mediator of the new covenant, a Minister of the sanctuary and of the true tabernacle, and a High Priest of good things to come.

Beautiful and instructive as were the types of the Israelitish dispensation, they belonged to an age of childishness; they were only adapted to teach the rudiments; they were always intended to give place to a

higher and more perfect manner of instruction. "*When we were children,*" says Paul, in his epistle to the Galatians, "*we were in bondage under the elements of the world.*" The figure is singularly expressive. We all remember our early school days. What a heavy drill we underwent! How painful the drudgery by which we mastered the alphabet and learnt the multiplication table! Yet it is a right joyous thing to climb step by step from the bottom to the top of the ladder. In the grammar-school, however, it is no uncommon thing to find overgrown boys, old enough to rank among the monitors, so ignorant that they must be placed on the petty form where the little lads take their object lessons. Paul saw and deplored this in the church. Thus, writing to the Hebrews, he says, "*When for the time ye ought to be teachers ye have need that one teach you again which be the first principles of the oracles of God.*" It is worse than pitiful, it is positively shocking, for people who have known the gospel to turn back from Christianity to Judaism, and prefer the discipline of Moses to the discipleship of Christ. And pray what, it may be asked, has this to do with Melchizedec? Our answer must be, that the type Melchizedec supplies us with is *patriarchal*, therefore it was before the law; and the exposition of the type is *apostolic*, therefore it was after the Mosaic economy had fulfilled its mission and expired. In either case legality has no sanction.

While endeavouring to form a proper estimate of the passage which more than any other has harassed shallow critics and supplied them with a riddle they could not solve, it will materially help us if we bear in mind that no man, however excellent his character, is accounted a type of Christ on the ground of his personal qualities. The Son of God has a purity of nature and a moral perfection to which none of the children of men could lay claim. The most eminent individuals who foreshadowed our Lord derived their dignity from some office conferred upon them. Moses was the meekest man in all the earth, yet it was not his meekness, but his office of law-giver, which constituted him a type. He was distinguished therein by the singular privilege of communion with Jehovah that he enjoyed. Not till the Messiah himself appeared was this saying of his brought to pass, "A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your brethren like unto me: him shall ye hear in all things, whatsoever he shall say unto you." Although Aaron was called "the saint of the Lord," it was in the sacredness of his vocation rather than in the sanctity of his disposition that he prefigured our Saviour. And there is yet another feature of Old Testament scripture which lies equally within the range of ordinary observation. Its history often became prophetic, so vividly did it reflect events and occurrences in the life of Christ on earth. The afflictions of Joseph and of David, each on his pathway to princedom and power, supply thrilling passages that seem like portents, faithfully delineating our Redeemer's footprints. Thus did the Holy Spirit testify *beforehand* the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow; even as it is given unto us now to have fellowship with Christ in his sufferings, and as Paul alleges that he was filling up that which is *behind* in the sufferings of Christ for the church. Such forecasts, however, were limited to the human experience of our Lord; of his glorious person it

was impossible that any mortal could give the faintest representation. Two recondite truths, then,—one, the moral excellence of our Lord Jesus Christ, pure and unsullied in the perfection of his character; the other, higher still, the ineffable glory of his person as the Son of God, could borrow no exposition from the biographies of any of the children of men. We hardly know what figure would most fitly illustrate our meaning. The apostle Paul conducts us, as it were, into a *camera obscura*, as through a convex glass in that darkened chamber we see these two objects, which are external to our nature, reflected in their native colours.

Albeit we know little or nothing of the acts and incidents of Melchizedec's life, his name and his titles faithfully elucidate the personal character of our Saviour. Say what Melchizedec was called; and that is just what our Lord Jesus Christ verily is, *King of Righteousness*, and *King of Peace*.

Furthermore, the ominous reticence of Scripture as to Melchizedec's pedigree supplies Paul with the reflection that he was "*made like*" (*σφωμοωμενος*, assimilated) "*unto the Son of God.*"

"FOR THIS MELCHIZEDEC, KING OF SALEM, PRIEST OF THE MOST HIGH GOD, WHO MET ABRAHAM RETURNING FROM THE SLAUGHTER OF THE KINGS AND BLESSED HIM; TO WHOM ALSO ABRAHAM GAVE A TENTH PART OF ALL, BEING FIRST BY INTERPRETATION KING OF RIGHTEOUSNESS AND AFTER THAT ALSO KING OF SALEM, WHICH IS KING OF PEACE: WITHOUT FATHER, WITHOUT MOTHER, WITHOUT DESCENT, HAVING NEITHER BEGINNING OF DAYS, NOR END OF LIFE; BUT MADE LIKE UNTO THE SON OF GOD, ABIDETH A PRIEST CONTINUALLY."

There is not the slightest occasion to think of Melchizedec himself as other than an ordinary mortal. He was a Gentile monarch, of whose antecedents nothing is related by Moses; but to whose goodness as well as his greatness, to whose personal excellence as well as his divine prerogative, the patriarch Abram bowed with profound deference. Retaining a knowledge of the true God, amongst a race of people whose creed had been debased by superstitions, and whose character had degenerated by social obliquities, his high integrity made him respected as a king, and his genuine piety secured him reverence as a priest. More than this we are not warranted to infer from the language of the Jewish historian. But the Christian apostle makes a fresh use of the narrative. With the avowed intent of exhibiting the perfection of our Lord Jesus Christ as the high priest of our profession, he inaugurates a novel and rather artificial style of comment. His method of *spiritualizing* the facts of history has been so often imitated, and so commonly adopted by subsequent authors, sometimes wisely and sometimes foolishly, that any wonderment we might express at this mode of conducting an argument or tracing an analogy, would merely recoil upon ourselves and betray our own ignorance. Thus it is that the *interpretation* of Melchizedec's name and the *obscuration* of his pedigree are referred to. The ingenuity in each instance is pleasing, without being perilous: for the deep things which the apostle discovers beneath the surface in the records of Moses, he explains perspicuously enough in his own testimony concerning Christ. By translating the man's name and the name

of the place where he flourished, we have mirrored before the eyes of our understanding "Him who was fairer than the children of men;" the one only unblemished creature of woman born; the "altogether lovely!" Let us listen to our apostle as he interprets his own interpretation. This is what he says: "*For such a high priest became us, who is holy (or rather pious), harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens.*"

For aught we know to the contrary, and from all we can make out of his name, Melchizedec was just the right sort of a man to be a priest. He was a righteous man, a king of righteousness, supremely righteous. Whether he really was all that his name implies, is of no consequence to us now. It is "by interpretation" that he supplies us with a type of Christ. Beyond all dispute the tribe of Levi was not morally better than any other tribe; the sons of Aaron were not less tainted with depravity than the seed of any other sire; Aaron himself was not before God or man the paragon of purity. The eighth and ninth chapters of Leviticus acquaint us with the offerings, observances, and ceremonials by which the priests, under the law, were cleansed and consecrated to their office. And then they borrowed sanctity from the garments they put on. In the peasant's smock they would have looked more homely than holy. Not so our adorable Lord. His nature, his character, his disposition, in fact, his entire manhood was intrinsically righteous. He needed not to offer a sacrifice for himself, for he had no defilement to purge away: he needed not a pontifical robe to clothe him with holiness, for his goodness is essential, underived, and alike fragrant at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances. His virtue is pure, simple, natural. He is such a high priest as became us and befitted our necessities, looking at the *human side* of his character. His sympathies are all with us sinful creatures, while at the same time his perfect righteousness is so pleasing to God, that he is welcomed at the Father's right hand.

There is no less a *divine aspect* of the same priesthood, for as we have already noticed, the dignity of our Lord's person, as "the Son of God," far outshone the dignity of his office. He rather conferred honour upon the priesthood than derived honour from it. Our Lord Jesus Christ is revealed to us and declared to be the Only-begotten Son of the Father. Who of mortal race could possibly have foreshadowed his eternal generation? This, surely this, is a mystery of which it does not lie within the sphere of symbols to reflect the faintest image. But what words cannot expound, silence may suggest; what reason cannot discern, imagination may conceive. Nay, rather, a truth sublime, which no eye could observe in the open expanse, under the glaring light of the sun, may be manifested in the darkness of the Most Holy Place where the Shekinah illumines the devout mind. Paul beheld a radiant light in the dim record of Moses, obliquely shining upon the singular priesthood of the King of Salem: and minutely does he describe the impression it produced on him. He saw Melchizedec standing alone on the scroll of history, without ancestor or successor. In respect to this unwonted individuality, he was totally dissimilar to the order of Aaron; and on that very account his appearing seemed to bear a resemblance to the Son of God. The allegory thus brings us face to face with the

cardinal doctrine of our faith, as Theists, as Trinitarians, as Christians. Oh, that our meditation may now bring us into fellowship with the Only-begotten of the Father. Nothing, certainly, that the apostle could say of Melchizedec is more expressive of his esteem, or more entitled to our attention, than that which is comprised in the words, "made like unto the Son of God." This naturally diverts the current of our reflections. All the interest we might ever have felt in the venerable potentate who met Abraham, dwindles into insignificance at the very mention of him towards whom he bore some resemblance, however faint the likeness might be. Here is a heavy demand on our faith, a searching inquiry into our spiritual experience. Do we know him, do we believe in him to whom Melchizedec is compared? There is a covenant secret of God's elect involved in the faith that discerns the verity, to say nothing just now of the constitution of his Person. Our very awe has compelled us to lay down our pen. We have stopped to read the first chapter of this Epistle to the Hebrews again, before we have ventured to write another line. The manner, as well as the matter of Paul's testimony, seems to us tremulously grand. He wants to say much; but all that he does say or can say is, to quote what God the Father spake to the Son, and what he spake of the Son. Our practical point lies here. The Son, the appointed heir of all things, he who is the brightness of Jehovah's glory and the express image of his Person, he is our Great High Priest. The Sonship is more reverend than the Priesthood. Flesh and blood cannot understand it. Reason cannot descry it. Only the Eternal Father can make known the Son to us. The moment we believe in him we must worship him. To whomsoever he is revealed, by them he must be adored. Highest homage is the spontaneous tribute of every believer. Our Lord Jesus Christ is King both by divine right and by popular election. But he is Priest exclusively by the appointment of heaven. We have no vote. Wont as we are to sing, "Crown him Lord of all;" we never sing, "Consecrate him Priest for ever." All we can do is to recognise him in the office, to which he has done more honour than it can ever do to him, be the chants of the redeemed never so loud or so long. The Son of God has accepted the Priesthood, blessed for ever be his name. When Abraham was met by the King of Righteousness, of whose ancestry he was nothing told, with a spontaneity that admitted of no hesitation, he did obeisance and paid tithes. This is the theme on which Paul goes on to dilate in his third reflection upon the *history* in the Book of Genesis:—

"NOW CONSIDER HOW GREAT THIS MAN WAS, UNTO WHOM EVEN THE PATRIARCH ABRAHAM GAVE THE TENTH OF THE SPOILS. AND VERILY THEY THAT ARE OF THE SONS OF LEVI, WHO RECEIVE THE OFFICE OF THE PRIESTHOOD, HAVE A COMMANDMENT TO TAKE TITHES OF THE PEOPLE ACCORDING TO THE LAW, THAT IS, OF THEIR BRETHREN, THOUGH THEY COME OUT OF THE LOINS OF ABRAHAM: BUT HE WHOSE DESCENT IS NOT COUNTED FROM THEM RECEIVED TITHES OF ABRAHAM, AND BLESSED HIM THAT HAD THE PROMISES. AND WITHOUT ALL CONTRADICTION THE LESS IS BLESSED OF THE BETTER. AND HERE MEN THAT DIE RECEIVE TITHES; BUT THERE HE RECEIVETH THEM, OF WHOM IT IS WITNESSED THAT HE LIVETH. AND AS I MAY SO SAY, LEVI ALSO, WHO

RECEIVETH TITHES, PAYED TITHES IN ABRAHAM. FOR HE WAS YET IN THE LOINS OF HIS FATHER, WHEN MELCHIZEDEC MET HIM."

The *authentication* of Melchizedec's priesthood in this plan becomes a fit sequel to the interpretation of his name and the obscurity of his pedigree, which we have just passed under review. Two features of the apostle's argument bring this out with a peculiar distinctness. If primarily adapted to impress the Jewish mind, they are by no means undeserving of our serious attention. He was bent on establishing the fact that, in Abraham's interview with Melchizedec, he does not merely offer him courteous civilities, but he positively looks up to him as the medium of that worship he solemnly offers to God. Abraham receives the blessing of the Most High from the lips of his priest, and presents a tribute of gratitude to the Most High by the hands of this same priest. This in Paul's estimation was a proof that Abraham fully acknowledged the sacerdotal office of Melchizedec. Then our apostle alleges that in performing this religious rite of tithe-paying the patriarch was a representative person, and committed all his posterity to the acknowledgment of the priesthood of this king of righteousness and prince of peace. To appreciate the point and piquancy of these remarks, we must not lose sight of the pride of race that was characteristic of the Hebrew people. They looked back to the founder of their family as a favourite of heaven, and a model of righteousness. It was no small thing in their account to be the descendants of such an ancestor. When conquered and humiliated, their beggary could not silence their boasting. "*We have Abraham for our father,*" was the soothing reflection that drugged their conscience. Paul takes advantage of their conceit, and challenges them to consider how great the man, how high his rank, to whom, though he was outside the pale of their nationality, Abraham himself had deferred as his superior. They were Christian Jews, converts to the gospel, whom the apostle addressed. Their lingering attachment to the old ritual was so persistent, that it taxed his ingenuity to find dissuasives, meeting them on their own ground, against every attempt to blend the institutions of Moses with the doctrine of Christ. The proof he brings of the unimpeachable antiquity of the Melchizedec priesthood was a triumphant answer to the credit they reposed in a Levitical succession. Herein, it appears to us, we have the mind of the Spirit of God. The Holy Ghost does not disdain to use the "*argumentum ad hominem,*" the direct and personal appeal to the judgment and heart of men. In their own school of thought wherein they were trained, as in their own tongue wherein they were born, he causes them to hear the wonderful works of God.

The transition from a comment on Mosaic history to a comment on David's prophecy begins with the next verse. It is rather gradual than abrupt.

"IF THEREFORE PERFECTION WERE BY THE LEVITICAL PRIESTHOOD, (FOR UNDER IT THE PEOPLE RECEIVED THE LAW,) WHAT FURTHER NEED WAS THERE THAT ANOTHER PRIEST SHOULD RISE AFTER THE ORDER OF MELCHIZEDEC, AND NOT BE CALLED AFTER THE ORDER OF AARON? FOR THE PRIESTHOOD BEING CHANGED, THERE IS MADE OF NECESSITY A CHANGE ALSO OF THE LAW."

Aaron and his sons were consecrated to the service of the worldly sanctuary at a period long subsequent to that meeting in the valley of Shaveh, which has been so prominently brought before us. With the introduction of that order of priesthood there was introduced also a special order of worship. Minute, indeed, were the precepts of the law in reference to ceremonials. Yet, painfully strict though they were in the letter that enjoined obedience, they were profoundly instructive in the spirit which appeals to intelligence. Alas for its unprofitableness! no perfection came by that order! Its offerings did not atone for sin, its ablutions did not cleanse the conscience, its anointings did not sanctify the heart, the rich perfume of its incense did not diffuse an atmosphere of moral purity. Not without sufficient cause, then, does the seer, who describes a brighter day for Israel, discern a better order of priesthood arising with its dawn. The need was felt, the provision was found. A priest was predicted, not after the order of Aaron but after the order of Melchizedec. His advent is hailed with an indispensable change of the law of worship. The need of a change is thus taken for granted. The change itself was a matter of fact at the time it took place, and its consequences are of grave importance to us now. We want, therefore, to place ourselves in a favourable position to watch its occurrence.

Among the multitude that came together on the day of Pentecost, when the Holy Ghost was given, there were devout men out of every nation under heaven. As we run our eye over the catalogue of witnesses to the extraordinary phenomenon, we prefer for the moment to identify ourselves with the "*proselytes*," who had visited Jerusalem to observe the feast. Let us imagine that this is not the first time we have been present at the metropolis of Palestine in the appointed weeks. On former occasions we have been wont to follow the throng that went up to the temple, and to associate with the worshippers as they brought their offerings to the door where the altar of burnt sacrifice was placed. Standing in the outer court, we may have gazed wistfully at the priests adorned with vestments cunningly fashioned, at so much of the sacred furniture and vessels of the house as the eye could discern, and then at the curtains that concealed within the most holy place the mysteries of the ark and the mercy-seat; whilst anon incense would rise in dense clouds, with a perfume the like of which was not elsewhere to be inhaled. As we come again to the ancient city, we bend our steps once more to the mountain of the Lord's house. There is little or no alteration in the appearance since we last were here; only that the inner veil is rent, strangely rent, from the top to the bottom. Still the air is not clear, men's faces look uneasy, and ominous whispers are heard. Things are talked of with bated breath. Inquiry is vain. The chief priests and rulers discourage conversation. A notorious impostor, we may be told, has been lately put to death, and the excitement has hardly subsided. When the day of Pentecost has fully come, a new excitement occurs. The multitudes rush to listen to some extraordinary street-preaching. They are astonished to hear the narrative of Jesus of Nazareth freely and fearlessly related to them in the native tongues of their own countries. While one bold disciple harangues the vast concourse of people on the death and resurrection

of Christ, a hundred other disciples are quick to report and translate the facts into the language of the foreigners. So strangers as well as residents are speedily informed. Thus the rudiments of the gospel were made known in a manner so natural that it required supernatural agency to set it in motion. The artless tale gained ready credence. Truth was stamped on its face. This was God's way of reaching man's heart. Sinners were converted. The divine Spirit wrought the change by human agencies. To the disciples of Jesus it was evidently the fulfilment of a promise of their Lord, and the accomplishment of a prophecy of Scripture; and the faith of those who testified in the power of the Spirit was prolific of faith in those to whom the testimony was delivered. So it always is. They are certain that Jesus has been received up into heaven, for his gifts are showered down on the earth. He must have taken his seat on the Father's right hand, for the promise of the Father in the advent of the Comforter is realised. He is proven to be the priest on the throne, for the rod of Jehovah's strength has been sent out of Zion; guilty foes own his gracious sway, and the people are willing in the day of his power. As this blessing that proceeds from the excellent glory, it is copiously bestowed on all believers. A new economy has been planted; an economy destined to widely spread and gradually to supersede the old dispensation.

We who have been thus in spirit at Jerusalem on that memorable Pentecost, could not fail to remark "*the apostle's doctrine and fellowship*" as the rallying point of those who were baptised. The temple does not instantly disappear, nor the priests forthwith cease to minister at the altar. But as the grace of God flows through fresh channels, Christian worship takes henceforward a form that contrasts with Mosaic institutions. There is no more need of a material altar, a propitiatory sacrifice, or an officiating priest. The very place of congregating is such as convenience may suggest, whether it be in a court of the temple to which the public resort, or from house to house, where accommodation for a meeting of the brotherhood can be found. The service is changed. In lieu of an elaborate ritual, prayer is uttered as the heart prompts it, praise is said or sung with mingled voices, or in cheerful responses by the people themselves; the Scriptures are read and expounded as a testimony to Christ. His last precept to eat the bread and drink the cup of communion in remembrance of him is observed with scrupulous simplicity. The power of the Spirit is experienced in these religious exercises as it is never felt in observing the statutes of the Levitical law. Thus, *the priesthood being changed, there is made of necessity* (as an obvious consequence) *a change also in the law*. It cannot be otherwise. This priest who has arisen after the order of Melchizedec is jealous of his order. He does not dispense repentance and remission of sins by the hands of Aaron's sons. He calls to him his own disciples, and anoints them, and appoints them to their several functions as he wills.

(To be continued.)

The kind of Sermons most blessed to Conversion.

A PAPER READ AT THE COLLEGE CONFERENCE BY T. TARN, MINISTER
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THE conversion of sinners is the great design of the gospel, and the grand object of the Christian ministry. It is a cause of humiliation, however, that the direct results of preaching are not more commensurate with the efforts put forth. We are often painfully aware that our words have fallen powerless among the people, and with saddened spirits we have frequently to retire from the scene of our ministrations, saying, not murmuringly, but mournfully, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" Instead of the conversions outnumbering the sermons, generally the sermons outnumber the conversions. The fact gives a solemn interest to our present inquiry concerning the kind of sermons most blessed to conversion, for perhaps partly to this source our limited amount of success may be traced.

At the outset we would remark that by the term conversion we do not mean the development of some germ of good in the heart, like the latent life which manifests itself in the seed when the proper influences are brought to bear upon it; but rather the result of an entirely new creation in man, which revolutionises all the affections, gives a nobler turn to the aspirations, and completely changes the ruling principle. It comprehends the three elements of regeneration, repentance, and reformation, or a new nature implanted in the soul, a complete revolution in the mind, and a radical change in outward life. It is a turning of the whole man from sin and self to purity and God. This change can only be wrought by supernatural power, for man has no ability either to convert himself or others. Human instrumentality, however, is generally employed by the Holy Spirit, and especially the preaching of the gospel; it pleases God, "by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe." Although God does, by "the foolishness of preaching," convert men, it is not often that he uses *foolish preaching*. He does not reverse the natural order of things in dealing with human souls, and consequently he clothes the most likely means with the requisite power to accomplish the desired effect. In the kingdom of grace, as well as in that of nature, there is always observed a just adaptation of means to ends. Those sermons are most blessed which are in themselves best adapted to influence the heart in its varied states and relationships.

Thus diversity of mental constitution and character in our audience will necessitate a difference of treatment. Some will be arrested by those sermons which flash and crash like the elements in a thunderstorm, others will be more affected by the words which fall softly, and serenely, like a sunbeam upon a flower, or like the dew upon a thirsty leaf. We must not cultivate exclusively one style of preaching, or we shall only reach one class of mind. Versatility must be sought, so that we can speak successfully to every heart, whatever its relationship to truth. Some are on the mountain-top of pride and vainglory: to such we must

say, "Come down from those heights of self-sufficiency, lest God hurl you into the deep abyss." Others are in the valley of despair: to them in cheerful tones the invitation must be given, "Come up hither, for here is the abode of peace and hope." Some are ignorant, and need to be taught the first elements of truth; others *know* the way, and require exhorting to *walk* therein. Some are pressed beneath the load of guilt, and need to be directed to the sin-bearer; others are careless about their guilt, and need to be reminded of the sin-punisher. The gospel is an instrument of many strings, and if we would bring forth soul-stirring music we must not confine ourselves to one chord. Our tone must be varied, being here sweetly compassionate, and there righteously indignant. "On some having compassion, making a difference. Others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire." Sermons which have not this appropriateness will never reach the heart.

Because of this diversity of character and relationship to truth, and because of the extreme difficulty of tracing subtle spiritual influences, it is with diffidence we attempt the selection of any distinct kind of sermons as being most blessed to conversion. It very frequently happens that several sermons are useful to the same soul, one arousing to a consciousness of guilt and danger, another presenting Christ as the way of escape, and a third leading the soul to rest on his finished work. We should probably say in such a case that the last sermon was blessed to conversion, but had any one of the discourses been wanting, the saving change would not have been effected. We believe, however, that there is one kind of sermons which God honours above the rest, upon which most clearly and unmistakably he sets his supreme seal of approval.

In trying to ascertain their characteristics we shall first map out some broad and well-defined lines of preaching, in following which we may confidently expect to effect the conversion of men, and then, gradually narrowing down the inquiry, fix upon the kind of sermons most likely to be successful.

Sermons which contain clear and explicit statements of cardinal truths, such as the total depravity of man, the necessity of regeneration, &c., will most certainly be blessed to conversion. These doctrines may be grey with age, but they still retain the abounding vigour of their youth. Their power is perennial. Any departure from them is sure to detract from success in winning souls. David refused to go forth to the fight clad in the unwieldy armour of Saul, he would rather trust the tried but unpretentious "sling and stone"; and, though the Philistines and even the armies of Israel might deride his choice, he went forth and brought the giant to the earth. If we go to attack the giant, sin, clad in the cumbrous mysticism of modern thought, and armed with the sword of philosophic speculation, our foe will laugh and triumph; but if we go with that simple weapon, with which, we trust, our hands are not unfamiliar, victory shall attend our steps, and rejoicing fill the camps of Israel. There may be the temptation to broach some new doctrine, just to show the people that we think for ourselves, and are not utterly devoid of originality. It is generally counted an intellectual feat to resurrect an ancient error and set it forth as a new truth, and those men who have performed this feat are admiringly held

up to the world as original thinkers; but observation testifies that, when the old doctrines of the gospel are excluded from any church, so far as conversion work is concerned, "Ichabod" may be stamped upon its walls. "Them that honour me I will honour" is the divine proclamation, and if we cut and carve and alter the central truths of God's word to suit any whimsical notions of our own, he will withhold true success. A well-known preacher of rather lofty aspirations has said, and the testimony is especially valuable as coming from such a source, "I have been tempted to modernise Christian preaching, to give up old names and adopt new ones, and to resort to various plans of persuading men to become Christians, and to-day I bear witness that all the good which I have heard of in connection with my ministry has been more or less distinctly traceable to old methods, and old words, and old doctrines, and old exhortations. God seems to have given nothing to my modernised gospel, to my newly-labelled preparations, but to have set special honour upon the old ways in which our fathers trod with so firm and progressive a step." Whether there has been a revolution of opinion in the mind of Dr. Parker since these words were penned some years ago we will not venture to say, but the sentiment expressed is precisely that for which we contend.

We would select from among the fundamental doctrines of the gospel those having reference to the person and work of Christ, as being specially conducive to conversion. Christ is the sum and substance of truly successful preaching. When Christ is faithfully uplifted, then is his promise verified, and men are drawn to him. The discourse of Peter on the day of Pentecost was a plain unvarnished statement concerning Christ, and its power was attested by three thousand converted souls. One secret of the marvellous success which attended the ministry of Paul, was, doubtless, his determination to preach neither speculative philosophy nor cold morality, but a living, loving, life-giving Christ. "The Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom, but *we* preach *Christ crucified*." He would not pander to the vitiated tastes of his hearers. He might have gained their applause by his wisdom and eloquence, but there was more music to his ears in the broken cry of a contrite sinner than in the plaudits of the multitude. And the men who have apostolic success in our days are the men who are apostolic successors in this respect at least. Christ is their one great, all-embracing theme. Whatever may be a man's genius or mental power, unless he is true to the cross of Christ, he will never reach the depths of the soul, he will never get such a firm hold of fallen humanity as permanently to raise it from its degradation.

The person of Christ must be presented in every aspect, and his work viewed from every standpoint. His character in all its spotlessness and self-sacrifice, his vicarious sufferings in all their power to melt and win the heart, his atoning death and life of intercession, the yearning love for sinners which even now throbs in his bosom, all must be unfolded in the clearest possible manner. Christ is the living centre towards which all the lines of our preaching should converge. As the name of Phidias was so skilfully carved in the shield that the shield must be destroyed before the name could be erased, in like

manner let the name of Christ be so thoroughly inwrought into every discourse that it cannot be removed. In preaching Christ we address ourselves directly to the wants of men: all the voices of the soul find in him their answer. They are full of unrest, and true rest can only be found in him. They are bearing the burden of guilt, and he alone, who "died the just for the unjust," can remove it. They tremble in presence of the dark, mysterious future, and only Christ can make it bright and delightful to contemplate. They have secret aspirations and yearnings which they do not themselves understand, and in Christ alone can they be realised. He is the infinite God, and can therefore satisfy their yearning for the infinite; at the same time, he is perfect man, and can render that *human sympathy* which they need. We only speak to the heart-throes and fears, to the soul-strugglings and inspirations of men as we preach Christ crucified. If we would awaken penitence for sin and deep hatred to it, if we would awaken loyalty and love to God, if we would awaken determination and devotion in his service, we must clearly present Christ. No doctrines of the gospel are so successful in converting souls as those which cluster more immediately around the cross of Christ.

As men must feel their need of a Saviour before they will accept the Saviour offered, we are led to the conclusion that those sermons which first set forth the righteous demands of the law and then reveal the substitutionary work of Christ, will be pre-eminently blessed to conversion. If anxious souls formed the majority of our readers, that sermon would be the most useful which uplifted Christ the Saviour; but as long as the greater portion of our audience is careless and unconcerned, so long must the preaching of Christ be preceded by the preaching of the law. Men are living in a state of "false peace," which, if they did but rightly understand it, is only the oppressive calm which precedes the storm. The notion of fancied security must be dispelled, and the "refuge of lies" swept away. Fearlessly and vividly must the position of the sinner be portrayed to him, and his guilt charged home upon himself. This was the characteristic of that far-famed discourse of Jonathan Edwards, entitled, "Sinners in the hands of an angry God," during the delivery of which men clutched the backs of the seats as though apprehensive of sinking into the yawning pit beneath them. That sermon was the means of extorting the cry for mercy from many hearts, and was the commencement of a great and gracious revival. Indeed, an analysis of all the sermons of that able and eminently successful man will show that their distinguishing feature was the depicting of "the terror of the Lord" before the presentation of his lovingkindness.

This truth, together with the kindred truths which emanate from it, has been banished from many pulpits, and the eternal punishment of sin is either practically ignored or boldly denied. The refined lips of the modern pulpit would be defiled by the utterance of God's threats against the wicked, and the ears of the respectable few would be pained. I believe that the working of this evil leaven is more wide-spread than is generally conceived, and it is not difficult to account for the extreme rarity of conversions where such ideas obtain. We are taught in the sixty-first of Isaiah that he who is anointed to preach must proclaim not merely "the acceptable year of the Lord," but also "the day of

vengeance of our God." The law, however, must be preached intelligently and wisely, never being allowed to degenerate into a mere savage denunciation of punishment. "Knowing, therefore, the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men." Not "we frighten," not "we threaten," but "we persuade men," as the angels persuaded Lot, to flee for refuge, to lay hold upon the hope set before them.

As the Old Testament dispensation was antecedent to the New, and was essentially necessary to prepare the way for it, so must the preaching of the law prepare for the reception of the gospel message. It may be objected that the law can give no pardon, no healing, no satisfaction, no peace, and why should it be preached? If it cannot proclaim pardon, it can certainly convince of sin, and arouse to a sense of the need of pardon. If it contains no healing balm, it can at least reveal the extent of the disease and the necessity for a remedy. If it affords no true satisfaction, it can induce a deeper thirst. If it can shed no beams of peace upon the heart, it can increase the desire for peace. "Wherefore the law is our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ," where pardon, healing, satisfaction, and peace are alone to be found. God's method of restoring Elijah when under the cloud of depression contains a deep lesson for us in dealing with the unconverted. Wind, earthquake, and fire were successively sent as the harbingers of his coming. God was not in them, but they were not, therefore, useless, they were preparing the prophet's mind for the gracious manifestation. It came in "the still small voice." After the exhibition of power came the whisper of love, and that voice was all the more melodious and welcome because of the fierce storm which preceded it. The "still small voice" of love which sounds so sweet and clear from Calvary's Hill will exercise a greater power upon the sinner's mind after he has heard the thunder peal and seen the lightning-flash of Sinai. The one shall constrain him to exclaim, "Who shall hide me from the wrath of God?" The other with dulcet tones shall fall upon his ears: "Here is an hiding place from the wind and a covert from the tempest." The sermons which conduct the sinner to the "place called Calvary" by way of Sinai's hill will be most blessed. I would adduce as the most perfect example which I have ever seen of this kind of sermons, a discourse in the New Park Street Pulpit, entitled, "A Call to the Unconverted." It is based on Galatians iii. 10—"For as many as are of the works of the law are under the curse: for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." Its author says—"So greatly was it owned of God at the time of its utterance that it has been reprinted as a little book, so as to be circulated in another form, at the usual price of a sermon." It will well repay earnest and thoughtful study as a model of the kind of sermons most blessed to conversion—viz., those which first shut the sinner up to condemnation, and then reveal to him the substitutionary work of Christ.

Some attention must be paid to the presentation of the theme, for a sermon may contain the very line of truth which has been indicated, and yet if it is not rightly exhibited and applied, it will be powerless to affect the soul. Everything in the sermon that attracts notice to self must be avoided. However charming the flights of imagination, however correct the rhythm of sentence, however musical the cadence of

voice, they are become as "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal," if they themselves engross the attention of our hearers. Of all men he is one of the most despicable and impotent, who, by high-sounding sentences, polished periods, and glittering gaudy imagery, seeks to glorify the preacher rather than uplift the Saviour. Such sermons may please, but they will not profit; they may attract, but they will not convert. Hear the apostle Paul on this point: "Christ sent me to preach the gospel, not with wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ be made of none effect." The pulpit is no place for a display of fireworks. Sermons are not intended to tickle men's ears, but to touch and transform their hearts. The cross, if concealed even by beautiful flowers and gorgeous ornaments, "will be made of none effect." We must not decorate it with tinsel, or try to beautify it with paint. Gild the diamond and you destroy its brilliancy; paint the rose and its delicate tints vanish away. Sermons that even contain fitting truth will only be effective to conversion as they are free from the artificial tricks of oratory and the pompous displays of erudition. The most brilliant sermons are not the most blessed, neither are discourses in the form of beautifully feeble essays the most powerful. Truth must come from the soul in the clear and terse language of strong conviction and irrepressible earnestness and feeling, and then will it be forcible and successful. "My speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power."

While the sermon should not attract undue attention to the preacher, it must be such as to waken and sustain interest. Dull, heavy, prosaic sermons are more likely to induce sleep than to lead to conversion. A man will never be converted if he is not interested in the proclamation of truth. This is really the first step. Men come to the sanctuary with their minds pre-occupied with worldly thoughts, and it is our duty to dislodge these by the thoughts which we shall introduce. For this purpose nothing is better than a good, striking illustration, or occasionally an anecdote, which will light up the line of argument and relieve the monotony. Smooth preaching, without any ruggedness, will always fail in this. When the attention has been secured, then the sympathies must be enlisted. If we strike the chords of mutual sympathy, and travel the road together with our hearers until we come to the necessary point of divergence, then perhaps they will accompany us to our journey's end; whereas if their antipathies are roused we part company at once. A study of Paul's discourses will show with what effect this principle may be used. Having gained the outposts, we must next seek admittance to the citadel of the heart. There are several avenues of approach. We may reach the heart through the reasoning faculties, or through the imagination; but, generally speaking, those sermons which are addressed to the emotional part of man's nature are the most successful.

But perhaps the point on which greatest stress ought to be laid is the directness of appeal which should characterise every sermon to the unconverted. Much power is lost by dealing in generalities. Some men brandish the "two-edged sword" of truth in the air, very gracefully, I admit, and you see it glitter in the sunshine, and fancy what execution it could work; but they never strike home with it.

They exhibit the truth, but do not apply it. Next to the truth itself contained in the sermon, nothing is so important as the close application of it. If we examine those sermons which have been most used to the ingathering of souls we shall invariably find that they were personal and direct in application. After the parable is unfolded we must not fear to say, "Thou art the man." This is doubtless one main cause of the success of Mr. Moody in the North; for if his sermons are remarkable for anything, it is for their specific, personal, soul-stirring appeals. The testimony of Dr. Arnot on this point is very explicit. He says, "The doctrines which this evangelist proclaims are precisely those with which evangelical congregations in Scotland have long been familiar. The exposition of Scripture is neither more clear nor more profound than the use and wont among us. The difference lies in the application rather than in the development of the gospel. Of the two points brought out in the brief report of Philip's discourse to the Ethiopian—he 'preached unto him Jesus'—it is in the '*unto him*' that the strangers seem to excel. Jesus, with all that the mighty name implies, has been held forth in this favoured land with great fulness for a long period; but we seem to lack the courage to apply what we preach. We fail to shut in each person and shut him up to Christ. The Lord himself is on this point the model preacher. He was pleased indeed when Peter confessed the true doctrine—'Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jonas; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee;' but the Master afterwards came to closer dealing. 'Follow thou me;' 'Lovest thou me?' As they lay iron upon iron while both are hot, in order to welding, so did he lay *thou* and *me* repeatedly upon each other, with nothing between, and so fixed the fickle disciple to the Almighty Redeemer, that no power could ever afterwards draw them asunder."

It is on the close personal dealing that the blessing seems mainly to have fallen. Sinners are lovingly, yet forcibly, brought face to face with a beseeching Saviour, so that they cannot escape, as they have been wont, to the right or to the left. They are compelled, as it were, to come to a decision; and many have in these circumstances yielded and submitted to the gospel. We must try to make every man who hears our message feel that it is meant especially for him, and so apply the word to his heart that he shall have no loophole of escape. There are multitudes in the valley of indecision who must be pressed to immediate decision for Christ.

In listening to sermons that have been largely blessed, we have been conscious that beside the appropriate truth clearly presented and suitably applied, there was a mystic and indescribable yet cogent force giving intensity and power to the utterances. For want of a better name it is designated "unction." Some men possess it in a remarkable degree, and indeed it is an essential element in a soul-winning sermon. It seems to be generated by a vivid apprehension of eternal realities, a due sense of responsibility, implicit faith in the power of the truth, full and prayerful reliance upon the Holy Spirit, and an intense yearning for the salvation of immortal souls. This is our great need as ministers of the word, and for this should we earnestly seek. It will temper our most indignant reproofs of sin with

a holy sorrowfulness. It will give an incisiveness to our arguments and an impressiveness to our appeals. It will give a sweetness and tenderness, a pathos and glow to all our utterances, and pervade them with a holy, winsome power. When we speak of the just demands of the law, and the doom which awaits the ungodly, it will render our words, though condemnatory, yet not repulsive; when, after that, we point to the atoning sacrifice of Christ, and close with a loving and earnest appeal to flee from the one and embrace the other, our words will thrill and vibrate in the hearts of men, they will strike new chords of sensibility which we never supposed to exist, and, softened and subdued by the melting tones, men will be led with broken hearts and contrite spirits to put their trust in the Saviour of mankind.

The Waifs and Strays of London Streets.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

IN a beautiful and productive world like ours poverty and consequent suffering come as the results of sin and ignorance. This is, however, a charitable age, and because it is so the question continually arises in the minds of those who are friends of progress, Why should want and squalor abound in overcrowded cities, while millions of acres in accessible countries invite the hand of industry? "Charity consists in helping the needy to help themselves," but very tardily have people acknowledged the justice of this truism. How shall we best show charity to the children of the streets? In the days of our grandfathers charity to the poor was supposed to consist in dispensing money to every importunate beggar who could show a foul array of rags and affect wretchedness in general, but we have happily discovered a more excellent way of affording relief. Mere money is not always the most urgent want of the suffering; though we are able to make money do effective service in oiling the wheels of our charitable machinery, it will not do everything, and in some cases it may do harm. Personal advice and assistance are frequently more serviceable to the distressed than hard cash, while it is indisputable that the readiest way to perpetuate rags and imposture is to subsidise them with alms. Do indiscriminate almsgivers ever reason with themselves, and push their reasoning to logical conclusions? They have tender hearts, and are easily impressed; they toss a mendicant sixpence because he is ill-clothed and shams hunger, and the act affords considerable relief to their minds: the beggar goes further on, and by the most potent arguments he knows—whining and shivering—he draws another sixpence from the next "soft Tommy" encountered, and thus proves to his own satisfaction that whining and shivering pay better than digging and sowing. In this way the really deserving are overlooked, and imposture is encouraged, for, while dishonest arts procure beggars a fat living, they will no more part with the rags and tricks of their craft than

a prosperous trader will part with his shop or his stall. The wise philanthropist not only relieves his client, but seeks to ennoble him. He goes to the outcast and shows him that his necessities are at least not creditable, that his begging should give place to something better, and that money to be beneficial must not be received as the gift of pity. He teaches that money blesses none but the self-reliant and the industrious, its possession tending to injure rather than improve the idle and improvident. The Christian teacher is ready to relieve the pressing wants of those who are sick or in any other way rendered unable to help themselves, but he strictly inculcates the doctrine of "no working, no eating." The Bible rules his whole action, and, while guided by that standard, he has a hand to relieve want but an eye to detect imposture.

We seek to lay Christian hands on the waifs of the street, for the work of reformation will not be complete if it stop short of Christianising them. Imparting mere knowledge to a child, and supplying him with better clothes and lodgings, do not necessarily raise his moral character; the root of the evil will not be touched if we withhold the gospel. Mere secular education may even prove so far an evil as to enable its possessor to excel in crime; this it has too frequently done. A pseudo-religious teaching will produce no better results, for who has not noticed how signally Romanism fails in touching the hearts, and thus in amending the moral habits of its votaries? Rome commands a large army of priests, friars, and sisters of mercy, besides all the more imposing paraphernalia of charity; she is liberal in her tinsel gifts, but she holds back the true gold, the result being that her influence is not a healing influence; the sinner is by much of Popish teaching encouraged to remain in sin, and at the best is pointed to the Virgin instead of to Christ. On the contrary Christ is the daily pattern of the youth-rescuer in London, and his gospel the perpetual instrument of his holy work. A child may be laid hold of, clothed and supplied with every temporal want, but, unless nature be conquered, the natural love of evil will remain. The leopard must change his spots, and the Ethiopian his skin, but by one hand alone can this miracle be wrought. Hence, as regards what is popularly called the Ragged School, the Bible must be in the school, and no school must be without a Bible; for, to borrow a sentiment expressed by the late Duke of Wellington, secular education, if separated from moral and religious instruction, will only make clever devils.

We purpose saying something about the habits and condition of the lowest class of children in London, of the manner of reaching them, and of the results which have already rewarded those who spend energy and substance in this high service. The law of the land may in due time prescribe that every child must be sent to school, but the most sanguine will not expect to see the hearts of children reached by official agency. Something far higher is needed. Good rulers stand first among national blessings, but it does not appear that God employs the State to do the work of the church; he prefers humbler and less cumbersome means. The work to be done must also be done in God's appointed way, or success will not follow. In his eye none are really reclaimed until they are Christianised. One might as well hope to

brighten the clogged wheels of a delicately-made watch by scrubbing them with soap and water, as expect to polish jewels taken from city slums without the gospel.

The commercially-important man entering the city morning by morning to act a part on 'Change, and to make fresh additions to an already ample fortune, may scarce realise that a ragged child lives in a little world as real as the little world of the millionaire. To the rich and easy-living, mere waifs and strays may appear of no more worth than so many flies infesting the narrow streets, but they are valuable in the estimation of more loving hearts. The poor street Arab has his days of misery and of pleasure, his petty gains and painful losses, and these may be equally important in God's sight with the adventures of men who risk their own and other people's wealth in money-market speculations. The humblest have life crises, and if a Christian friend is near, a child may possibly be snatched from ruin at a critical conjuncture.

There was once a little fellow who paid for bed and board at a ragged school lodging-house, until he was overtaken by trouble in consequence of purloining a neighbour's shirts. As the thief could not wear the articles they were disposed of at a rag-shop, and circumstances led to the discovery of the transaction. Arraigned before the magistrate, the culprit would have been consigned to gaol had not the master of the Home, stepping forward, asked to be allowed to take charge of the offender. This prayer was granted, and instead of falling into the hands of warders at the House of Correction, the youthful transgressor came in contact with a Christian adviser, was led to repent of his grave offence, and subsequently gained an honest character. If a friend be near at the critical moment, a child may be saved, otherwise a life may be wrecked. It is notorious that many very young children are abroad in London who "keep" themselves, or live by their wits, and numbers of these have dissipated or spiteful relatives, whose paternal instincts, dulled by gin and criminal associations, have not hindered their turning their own offspring adrift to perish as they may. Children of this class are frequently befriended by their teachers, by being introduced into industrial homes, or by being otherwise assisted to take the first step upward to industry and virtue. Hence we perceive the importance of industrial homes like the one instituted by Dr. Barnardo in Stepney Causeway.

Street waifs, like the rest of us, are creatures of circumstances, and as they *will* live either to be a plague or a credit to society, it might be well occasionally to ask ourselves, Are we making the best of them? They are creatures of circumstances which, in their case, chiefly tell against them. "Boys will be boys," and *vice versa*, but do we consider that offences which in one child simply provoke wholesome reproof, in another entail a prison penalty? Christian teachers understand how faults should be corrected, but the State stimulates into active life what it seeks to kill. Nature provides for the child and the adult forms of food suitable for each, and this suggests a discipline adapted to each; but the wisdom of the State enacts a common law for both, and does infinite mischief thereby. Commit childish offenders to gaol and they will swiftly and surely be transformed into confirmed

felons. Yet the State affects caution and prudence, and supplies criminal children with employment; but nothing good is to be learned within prison walls, and he who has been schooled there finds the world an uphill path and commonly takes to thieving. School Boards may act the part of overseers, and issue salutary regulations, but in decidedly Christian work officialism exercises a deadening influence. What street waifs need is an industrial Christian training, and this alone will fit them to enter honourably into the battle of life. An industrial home, in a large measure self-supporting, like the one established at Stepney Causeway, is a powerful agency for supplying the labour-market with genuine material, but prison work-shops are training-places for gaol-birds. The State, as such, knows nothing of reclaiming criminals; it punishes without healing the disease, using force and money to maintain costly prisons, which otherwise employed might aid in accomplishing a genuine reformation. Whoever lays hold of a street waif seizes a fine opportunity, for, judiciously dealt with, juvenile criminals may be quickly disciplined into promising characters. Christian teachers discriminate; the State cannot discriminate, consequently its administration of justice often means little more than initiating into advanced evil courses those who have never learned the meaning of right.

Take an example. What would the State, or even the magnates of the London School Board say to a subject, aged fourteen, who, being too conscientious to be "religious," stated in plain language that he scorned to be a hypocrite? "Can't afford to be religious!" bluntly confessed one of this description. He was not void of native shrewdness, what could he mean? He made one among a number of somewhat unruly characters who were consigned to the care of a lady teacher, to be conquered by feminine kindness, and she gained an insight into the mystery. Not afford to be religious? Why not? The boy worked in a timber-yard at wages of four shillings a week, and being unable to live on that scanty allowance he regularly stole sufficient wood to make up any deficiency. Conscience condemned the theft; but, for the time being, hunger proved stronger than conscience, and the ingenious Jim worked the purloined wood into a saleable shape. Suppose, now, that Jim had been taken in the very act, how would the State have corrected him? The expensive machinery of the law would have been set in motion to examine, convict, imprison, and make Jim a confirmed felon. Nor would the work have been half done, for what good traits remained in his character would have been left in the prison. Happily for himself, Jim sat at the feet of a teacher wiser than the State. He was affectionately advised to try honesty for a month, and the advice was taken. The month was a time of trial, but the boy passed through the ordeal, and came out refined. He found it needful to work harder than usual in order to divert his mind from the temptation, for the wood seemed to ask him to take what no one would miss, and hunger was hard to be endured. His master, little suspecting what was happening, noticed that John was obliging and industrious, and therefore raised the boy's wages, thus placing him above the necessity of starving any more. John being confirmed in his opinion that honesty is the best policy, became also a Christian

and a happy communicant. The State with its prisons can never correct in this way, but the school can, and we judge the tree by its fruits.

We are not without hope that the State will in time cease to supply material for prisons to feed upon. In theory, how is a gaol supposed to influence a child-criminal? The prison is a means used by the State for revenging society on wrong-doers, and a lodging within the frowning walls is supposed to exercise a corrective effect. Humiliation is inflicted, and feelings of penitence engendered, so that when the offender again walks the outer world he is cowed into a virtuous citizen. He has tasted of the fruits of sin, he has discovered whither thieving leads, and with a host of unpleasant reminiscences, is it likely that he will make a second experiment in a badly rewarded art? This is the theory, and it is well enough in its way, but we deal with facts. It is doubtless true that the young outcast during his earliest experiences rather trembles at the prospect of being "quodded," as he expresses it, but his quiverings have their spring in ignorance. Perhaps bolder companions have assured him that "prison" is really synonymous with a jolly life, yet he half distrusts the news, suspecting the boast may be founded in bravado. Misgivingly, therefore, does the waif for the first time enter the uncanny portals of the gaol; but, if his sentence be of sufficient length, a day in the dreaded precincts proves him to have been mistaken and entirely dissipates his fear. For the first time the young thief is comfortably lodged, sits down to regular, well-cooked meals, such as he never feasted on before, and altogether is treated with a consideration unknown in the back street or alley of his nativity. True, there are other things to be thought about—the credit attached to honesty and the dishonour inseparable from crooked courses; but of such things neither the waif nor his connections care to take account. They are none of them troubled with those sensitive feelings so familiar to educated people, and they judge accordingly. What, then, are prison officials to offenders just beginning their worldly career but gentlemen who unintentionally offer a premium on crime? Gaol life ceases to exercise any deterrent effect on the subjects in question; on the contrary, it is regarded by some of them as a luxury to be desired, for the chaplain of Newgate once testified that were the prison open to all comers, numbers would voluntarily accept the humiliating discipline for the sake of enjoying a comfortable home. The gaol, with its pseudo-industries, will never transform either raw or confirmed criminals into honest people, but the school with its industrial home may, by the blessing of God, achieve even this miracle.

Take another instance from real life. A goal-bird, aged thirteen, who confessed to having been "quodded" a number of times, applied for admission into a school, and was admitted. After having been excluded for theft, he begged hard for forgiveness, was allowed to stand over for a time, and was at last once more admitted into the class. Of course he was sternly reproved and affectionately advised. He listened to what was said, began to study with diligence, made progress, and showed signs of real reformation. Judge the tree by its fruits, and choose between the school and the prison.

To pursue this subject further; the State is liable to make mistakes, and to impose a prison discipline on those who do not need it, or who have not merited it, and thus the innocent may be ruined by receiving lessons in villainy. Do we seem to exaggerate? Facts will sustain the assertion. It is an offence to beg, and they best further the cause of true charity who abstain from dispensing alms to unknown subjects; but, nevertheless, none dare assert that instances may not occur in which begging may be justified, and giving may be a duty. One cold rainy day, a little fellow, whose mother lay sick, sat shivering in the street, and though he had hoped to obtain a few halfpence, the sun was nearly on the horizon, and Willie had not even a penny wherewith to buy a loaf. At last an accident happened to befriend him, for the fitful wind caught the umbrella of an old gentleman, ruthlessly turning that useful article inside out, and completing his discomfiture by sending his hat whirling and tumbling through the water and mud. After Willie had recovered the hat, the pleasant-looking personage took a purse from his pocket to find sixpence, and handing over the reward, sent the delighted boy bounding homeward, with bright visions of what he would carry home to his mother. Willie was fast making way towards a bakery, but before he reached the shop, the lynx-eye of Z 1,001 detected him, and marked his eager expression, and clenched fist. "Halloa, what now?" "Only a sixpence, sir," cried Willie in terror, expecting what was about to happen. Only a sixpence? What could the young rascal mean? It was half-a-sovereign! What right had that little imp to so much money? Instead of being allowed to carry food to his sick mother, Willie was lodged in the cell of a neighbouring station-house.

In the meantime the old gentleman whose umbrella came to grief reached home to make an unwelcome discovery—his purse was gone! The loss was at once accounted for—the young rascal in the street, it was supposed, had stolen it, and so a message was despatched to the very station to which Z 1,001 was attached—the officer who stopped Willie on his homeward way. Carried before a magistrate, the chain of convicting circumstantial evidence appeared to be complete; "justice" and the shrewd policeman triumphed, and honest, truth-loving Willie was consigned to prison to associate with roughs and thieves, from whose punishment and his own misfortune the State expected him to learn lessons of honesty.

During the time of Willie's incarceration his mother became well enough to find employment at the old clothes' shop of a certain Jew, and one day, while cutting up a coat—one purchased from the old gentleman whose hat and umbrella the wind treated so unbecomingly—what should come to light in the lining but a purse, the lost purse, to atone for the loss of which her honest boy was suffering. Now, at last, the truth revealed itself; the whole story was told in open court, Willie was taken from prison, and several friends subscribed a fund sufficient to start both him and his mother in business. For this and some other illustrations we are indebted to documents made public by the Ragged School Union, which are not read so extensively as they deserve to be. We cannot help fearing that the State has unwittingly

laid its hands on many an innocent one and been his ruin, on many a tender one and crushed him to despair. It must be so, for all mortal things must err.

Prison rulers might as well seek to cure the sick by establishing hospitals for their punishment as to reclaim children of tender years by means of the discipline they impose. Do we sufficiently remember that a child will naturally do wrong until he is taught to do right? A lady once remarked to an archbishop that she did not intend to educate her children until such time as they came to years of maturity. "Madam," replied the ready prelate, "if you do not educate them the devil will." The prison is too often the devil's school.

(To be continued.)

Alfred Cookman; a Consecrated Life.

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

WITH a preface by the Rev. Morley Punshon, we have a valuable biography of Alfred Cookman, the American preacher. "It is not surpassingly interesting, considered as a story. It contains little romantic incident, and no prurient sensationalism. It is not even the record of a brilliant genius, though the preacher was, like Apollos, eloquent and mighty in the Scriptures; but it is the unfolding of the growth of a character which was perfect and beautiful as a star. It is the record of triumphs won for Christ by one who had given him all. It is an illustration of the power of goodness. It shows how God honours on earth, and crowns at last, those who give themselves to his service with a full trust and a complete self-surrender." Mr. Cookman was born in 1828, and was descended from a Yorkshire family, his father having elected America as the sphere of his labour, and lived to become one of the most useful and honoured preachers in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The biographer says:—"With the persuasion that he was given to her of God, his mother consecrated him from birth to the sacred ministry. She did not expect devout wishes and prayers, however, to mould his character without the corresponding effort to rear him aright," hence her unceasing care; and God answered her prayers and rewarded her efforts, for the boy had the fear of God before his eyes from infancy, and at seven years of age received his first real awakening at a watch-night service. At the age of ten he became truly converted to God, and resolved to dedicate himself to the Saviour's service. The record of his conversion should convince even the most sceptical that little children may become the recipients of divine grace, and be made conscious of the change which the new birth implies. The fact that he was born of Christian parents did not supersede the necessity for the renewing of the Holy Ghost, although, perhaps, his godly training had much to do with the creation of his desires after holiness. He thus describes his own conversion:—"One night, when a social meeting was held at the house of a friend, I struggled with my feelings, and, although it was a fearful cross, I urged my way to a bench which was

specially appropriated to penitents. My heart convulsed with penitential sorrow, tears streaming down my cheeks, I said, 'Jesus, Jesus, I give myself away; 'tis all that I can do!' For some hours I sought, without, however, realising the desire of my heart. The next evening I renewed the effort. The evening after that the service was held in the church; the altar was crowded with seeking souls, principally students of Dickinson College; there seemed to be no place for me, an agonised child. I remember I found my way into one corner of the church. Kneeling all alone I said, 'Precious Saviour, thou art saving others; oh, wilt thou not save me?' As I wept and prayed and struggled, a kind hand was laid upon my head. I opened my eyes and found it was a Mr. James Hamilton, a prominent member and an elder in the Presbyterian Church in Carlisle. I remember how sweetly he unfolded the nature of faith and the plan of salvation. I said 'I will believe—I do believe: I now believe that Jesus is my Saviour, that he saves me—yes, even me.' I love to think of it now; it fills my heart unutterably full of gratitude, love, and joy. Happy day! oh, happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away!" The service rendered by Mr. Hamilton proves the importance of personal dealing with anxious inquirers, and suggests a mode of usefulness to those who have not the necessary gifts for the pulpit or the platform. The reticence of many Christians is to be deplored, and should not be indulged by any who have the welfare of souls and the glory of God at heart.

In the autumn he was admitted into church fellowship, and soon after made his first effort as a public speaker. Removing in 1840 to Alexandria, where his father was appointed to the charge of a church, he was made acquainted with many of the worst features of slavery, and soon learnt to abhor that hateful system. When his father was delegated to represent the American Bible Society at the Annual Meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in Exeter Hall, young Cookman, to whom the choice was referred, elected to "stay with his mother and help her take care of the children rather than accompany his father." The triumph of the filial spirit in devotion to his mother was, under God, the means of his preservation, for the ship in which Mr. Cookman sailed never reached her destination, and her freight of human souls was lost. After the loss of her husband Mrs. Cookman, with her young charge, removed to Baltimore at the request of several friends who were ready to assist her in various ways. Alfred now devoted himself to his studies, and soon confirmed the hopes which had been entertained of him, that he would become a preacher of the gospel. He would often conduct family worship at home, and occasionally address the scholars of the Sunday-school. He was no ascetic, however, but full of cheerful gaiety. Becoming associated with a band of Christian workers, who formed a mission to seamen, Alfred Cookman devoted himself to the work and preached his first sermon to his young comrades. In 1845 he received his licence as an exhorter in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and soon obtained his full licence to preach. At this time he was employed as an assistant teacher in a private school, and the question arose whether he should enter college for ministerial training, or devote himself to the work at once. The latter course was resolved, and he removed to Philadelphia,

taking with him his mother and the younger members of the family. Duly equipped, he was prepared to leave home, and on the eve of his departure his mother gave utterance to a sentence which made the profoundest impression upon his heart:—"My son," she said, "if you would be supremely happy or extremely useful in your work, you must be an entirely sanctified servant of Jesus!" Writing to a friend from the scene of his labours he says:—"Almost every evening has found me upon the battle-plain, surrounded by a devoted few, and arrayed against the armies of the aliens. My ear has been saluted, not by the clash of arms, the roar of cannon, the shrieks of the wounded and dying, but, thank God, by something infinitely sweeter, nobler and more delightful. Night after night I have heard the sweet hymn of praise gushing warm from the Christian's grateful heart; the fervent and importunate prayer from him hungering and thirsting after righteousness; the hearty exclamation, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' from him who regarded sin as a burden too intolerable to be borne, and the transporting accent trembling upon the lips of the newly-regenerated creature, 'Glory! glory! I do love Jesus!' I praise the Lord for what I have enjoyed in my own soul; the flame of heaven's love has been burning brightly upon the altar of my heart, and these circumstances to which I have made allusion, viz. the conversion of my fellow-mortals, have been like fuel thrown upon the fire to add to the power and brilliancy of the flame."

Thus early in his career it became evident that he had resolved to be "an entirely consecrated servant of Jesus." The influence of Bishop Hamline was of great service to him at this juncture, and he offered himself as a living sacrifice. At his conversion he says, "I brought powers dead in trespasses and sins, now I would consecrate powers permeated with the new life of regeneration—my hands, my feet, my senses, my attributes of mind and heart, my hours, my energies, my reputation, my worldly substance, my everything, without reservation or limitation." This resolution proved the sincerity of his profession as a Christian, and the intense ardour of his spiritual life.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage says of him, "He was the grace of the gospel impersonated. The more I saw him the more I loved him. His preaching was not made up of ten grains of metaphysics and nine grains of German philosophy to one grain of gospel, but with him Christ was all in all. Sweep a circle of three feet around the cross of Jesus, and you take in all that there was of Alfred Cookman."

In 1850 he visited England, to see his relatives and to gain additional experience for the great work to which he was now committed. Wherever he preached, crowds were drawn to his ministry, and many were converted to God. Returning home, his labours became incessant, for he was impelled by the spirit of his consecration, and he "went everywhere preaching the gospel." In 1861 he removed to New York, and took the oversight of the central church. "New York was in a ferment of excitement at this time, her streets were drill grounds, and her public squares barracks." Cookman devoted himself to the cause of the North, and fanned the flame of patriotism by his sermons and speeches. He visited the army of the Potomac, under the direction of the Christian Commission, and rendered great service to

the warring host. In a letter to his wife he says:—"Do not at any time be alarmed about me. I am led by Infinite Wisdom, defended by Infinite Power, and comforted by Infinite Love. I do not allow myself to live in the future—for three weeks would seem long—but a day at a time I try to do my work, looking unto Jesus." He won many victories for Christ in those stirring scenes, and his influence over the soldiers was a power for good. Soon after leaving the seat of war, he returned to Philadelphia, and became the minister of a new church. He now devoted himself to the young of his charge, and established a meeting for the promotion of holiness. The principal points for which he contended were, "Entire consecration; acceptance of Jesus moment by moment as a perfect Saviour; and a meek and definite profession of the grace received." There is nothing novel or unreasonable in these demands; they indicate the normal condition of the Christian life. Had the later advocates of holiness been content with such a programme as this, and avoided the mysticism which is now, unhappily, characteristic of their teaching, no charge of error could have been preferred against them, and they would have had the full sympathy of all true believers.

Cookman took a prominent part in the camp-meeting—that extraordinary method of rallying the troops of the Lord and enlisting new recruits. Doubtless many of the scenes witnessed were painfully out of harmony with the general design; but, on the whole, these meetings appear to have been productive of good. In Nature's grand temple, and far from the busy hum of crowded cities, the hymn of praise, the fervent prayer, and the earnest address stirred the hearts of the thronging multitudes, and produced impressions not easily to be forgotten.

The noon prayer-meetings were much prized by him, and his devotion to them was only characteristic of the man. He breathed the very atmosphere of prayer, and spared no effort to promote his own soul-culture. "In him," says Mr. Stuart, "the old fire that burned in the hearts of Whitefield and Summerfield glowed with all the fervour of the first and pentecostal days of Methodism; and no one could come within the sphere of his influence without feeling that he was one for whom to live was Christ and to die was gain." Faith, prayer, and zeal were crowned with holiness, and God used him for his glory. These are the essential elements of success in the Christian warfare; neither can be dispensed with. Prayer without faith, and zeal without holiness, are only wasted breath and fruitless energy.

The unrelenting labours in which Mr. Cookman engaged, told upon his constitution, and it became evident that his sun would go down while it was yet day. When it was suggested that he had worked too hard, and had not been sufficiently careful of his health, his reply was, "Well, I do not know; I have enjoyed my work; I have not been conscious of overtaxing myself. I had but one life to live here, and it was for the glory of Jesus; and he has abundantly recompensed me." His biographer says, "His death was to be the most effective sermon of his whole career, a fitting vindication and illustration of the power of the doctrines he had preached and lived; a death which, for its singular spiritual glory, is destined to be spoken of while the annals of Christian saints shall be read, and which for its wondrous force will be

quoted and dwelt upon as a divine inspiration while there shall be a church to cherish the memory of the good, or a trembling believer who shall need cheer amid the stern struggles of life and death."

During his illness, his fellowship with his Lord was constant, and his joy was ecstatic. He knew in whom he had believed, and he rested his whole weight upon "the precious blood of Jesus." His surrender to the divine will was perfect. To his sister he said, "If I could have life on earth by the lifting of my hand, I would not. If Jesus should ask me, 'Would I live or die,' I would answer, 'I refer it back to thee.'" To a brother minister he said, "I wish that I could tell you how precious Jesus has been to me during my sickness. I have had such views of him as I never had before. Right in the midst of my intensest sufferings he has manifested himself to me, that I have been lifted above them all." Although he had preached the doctrine of Christian Perfection for many years, he was conscious that he had no ground of boasting in himself. There was nothing like self-satisfaction in his testimony, or self-righteousness in his spirit. To the last he knew himself to be a sinner saved by grace. On the Sunday before his death, he requested his wife to open the window and let the bright sunshine into the room, remarking, "The beams of the Sun of Righteousness are shining around me. Glory all around." He afterwards requested the watchers at his bedside to sing,—

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,"

and said, "That grand old hymn! Yes, I am weak and *wounded*, sick and *sore*."

To his sister-in-law he said, "If you forget everything else, remember my testimony, '**WASHED IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB!**' Jesus is drawing me closer and closer to his great heart of infinite love." And to his wife he said, "I am Christ's little infant; just as you fold your little babe to your bosom, so I am nestling close to the heart of Jesus." His last utterances are worthy of record here. "My son, your pa has been all day long sweeping close by the gates of death." "How sweet and quiet everything seems! I feel like resting now!" No merely philosophical creed could command a peace or inspire a confidence like this; human fortitude never rose to the height of such heroism in the presence of death. In the life and death of Alfred Cookman we see fulfilled that promise which is the heritage of the saints of God, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon thee, because he trusteth in thee;" and we commend the book to our readers as affording stimulus and encouragement in the work and warfare of the Christian life, and as a testimony to the grace and goodness of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Dr. Punshon, in an address before the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the city of Brooklyn, after referring to the deaths of many he had known and loved, paid this tribute to Alfred Cookman:—"And then I think of a later loss than these—a blameless and beautiful character, whose name had an hereditary charm for me, whose saintly spirit exhaled so sweet a fragrance that the

perfume lingers with me yet, and who went home like a plumed warrior, for whom the everlasting doors were lifted, as he was stricken into victory in his prime, and who had nothing to do at the last but mount into the chariot of Israel, and go 'sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb.'"

The New Reformation in Spain.

N EARLY forty years have elapsed since a Spanish minister declared to Mr. Borrow that the religious and moral regeneration of the Peninsula would entirely depend upon the free circulation of the Scriptures, and the truth of this remark becomes more apparent day by day. The spring of Spain's social and political disasters has been a Bible famine inflicted by Popery on the land. Through dreary centuries the Bible has been dreaded and banished; wherever and whenever the Book has been scented, treason has been suspected. If this be so, is it surprising that when Spain is awakening from the torpor of ages, her first cry should be for the Bible? "Give us the Bible," is the cry now heard in England; and very significantly did General Prim observe to a zealous evangelist on the first dawn of liberty, "You may enter Spain with the Bible under your arm."

Nothing but the Bible and its divine principles can give freedom to a priest-ridden land. What a train of evils come forth from a false religion. The roads of Spain are now infested by fierce banditti, who make robbery and rapine a science. If we turn from the robbers to the peasantry, we behold a race who have been tutored in the superstition of Rome, until intelligence has departed from their countenances. A country naturally fertile has been reduced to sterility, and a people naturally lively and chivalrous have been plunged into anarchy by priestcraft and the Inquisition. Desolation reigns where there should be peace and plenty; a night of ignorance where there should be abounding light, for Spain was one of the nations earliest blessed with the gospel. These calamities are the fruits of Popery. The people in themselves retain many attractive traits. A Spaniard can respect the poor, and will not stoop to a slavish adulation of the rich. Neither is he yet destitute of national pride. Remembering that his country was once the most powerful in the world, he still supposes her to be the mistress of the seas.

Romanism, and her pet child, the Inquisition, have conspired to compass the fall of Spain, and the chief human agent in the work of moral Vandalism must be reckoned Philip the Second, whose devastating wars in the Netherlands and blind zeal for the "Holy Office," laid the foundation of his country's overthrow. The deadly influence of Popery has blighted the national life, and the mischief wrought by "the church" looks more grim and ghastly, when the evidences of past greatness peer out from the universal ruin. If any doubts remain in regard to Popery being an agency of darkness, they may be dispelled by looking at the condition of the Spanish people. One might infer that Rome is Antichrist, while contemplating the decay of their grand mediæval buildings; but we find a more certain testimony in the grovelling infidelity into which the people are lapsing, who have just light enough to perceive the absurdity of priestly pretensions. The very dead appear to be rising to convict the apostate church of a cruelty unknown to the civil power; for on a site in Madrid where the Inquisition perpetrated its murders, the charred remains of numberless martyrs have been found. The strata are there layer above layer, like geological remains!

The Spain of the sixteenth century was the wonder and terror of the world.

Her power, at one time, was so supreme, that an onlooker might have supposed nothing on earth could shake it, and had not pride lifted up her head to the exclusion of the gospel, Spanish prestige might have enlarged itself, might have grown with the times. Spain was not passed over when God stirred up the nations to shake off an accursed thralldom. The light from Germany entered Spanish cities and fastnesses, and at once exercised a powerful influence. The promise of a better day dawned with strange rapidity, and some think that had the murderous intervention of the Inquisition been delayed only a few months, victory would have favoured the Reformers, because of the sheer impossibility of dealing with the vast numbers who would have embraced the faith. The thoroughness with which the ferocious and fanatical Philip the Second accomplished his task, is blood-chilling to think about after the lapse of three centuries. Even the heir to the throne was not spared by his blood-thirsty father, for no sooner was he suspected of heresy, than Don Carlos was placed upon a chair, surrounded with sawdust, and beheaded! Fire and sword did their work, as probably they have never done their work before, and while the flower of Spain's children were sacrificed, the seeds of the present decay were being sown. Philip worked harder than any other son of "the church" to render his memory infamous, and the greatest achievements of his life were connected with cruelty and oppression. All mankind, in common with the country he misgoverned, have reason to execrate the memory of this bigoted despot, and after reading of his enormous crimes, the tear of pity hardly flows when, arriving at the closing chapter of the king's life, we see him emaciated and eaten up of vermin, engendered by disease which overtook him, expiring with his eyes fixed on the altar of the Escorial.

No systematic efforts in the work of Spanish evangelisation were made until the present century; but in the meantime all things were preparing for the coming gospel day. The once dominant power of "the church" was already terribly shaken, when, in spite of priests and police, Bibles and religious books were transported into the country for enlightening the benighted national mind. The Wesleyans claim the honour of having first entered the field; the Bible Society followed, while the Spanish Evangelisation Society of Edinburgh, by its quiet and well directed efforts, rendered still more effective service. But work as quietly as they might, the evangelists could not wholly escape the notice of watchful priests, and just on the eve of the late revolution, when the Queen fled from the capital to go into exile, "the church," which found a worthy mouthpiece in the Bishop of Cadiz, raised a perfect howl of alarm on discovering what was being done. Spanish ecclesiastics had indeed fallen on evil times, when, to use one of the prelate's blasphemous expressions, "Bibles and other pernicious books" were threatening the stability of Popery. Happily, however, the seed had been too well sown to render its unearthing possible. The Romish fanatics might as well have held up their hands to stop the rays of the rising sun, as to raise them as they did to stop the progress of gospel truth when the divine fiat had gone forth over the breaking night of the Peninsula—"Let there be light." The day has now broken, and what is the effect? Only tell the people of Madrid and other places that at such an hour they may hear "a Protestant sermon," and a crowd will quickly gather. They listen with a strange curiosity to Bible narratives and doctrine. Men and women who have too long been sunk in the savagism of ignorance and superstition, look up to readers and preachers with wonder written upon their features. They listen to what is to them a new revelation.

No sooner had the late revolution become a fact than European Christian philanthropists turned attention to Spain, feeling that as Bibles and religious books had crossed the frontier under the dark rule of Papal despotism, the friends of truth might now redouble their efforts. In the spring of 1872 a synod of Protestant churches sat at Madrid, and, among other resolutions, decided on making an endeavour to combat the prejudices of the people against the gospel, and, assisted by the London Religious Tract Society, this work was

effectively done in a paper prepared expressly for the purpose. The printing-press gave life to the Reformation in the sixteenth century, and it is now doing equally good service in this second awakening of Spain, though there is considerable difficulty in procuring suitable pieces for popular circulation, or even in finding competent translators. While the door stands so widely open for the entrance of religious knowledge, the existence of any obstacle in the way of the great work is to be sincerely regretted. According to the accounts continually received, the people are not only willing but eager to read, and the enraged priests are powerless to stem the incoming tide of light and knowledge. They can, of course, vent their spite in the old Popish fashion. Carlist priests can rave in their pulpits against the government, and extol the fallen votaries of Don Carlos as martyrs to the only true religion, until drops of perspiration run down their faces and the veins of their temples threaten to burst. One such has been known to have the church bells rung as if for a fire, while the funeral of a Protestant was passing. Why? Because the soul of the poor heretic was burning in hell! The country has so long been cursed by this grovelling superstition that it is found necessary to present truth to the people in quite an elementary form. One mode of reaching the popular mind must be through the channel of school books of a simple kind. In this general work the London Religious Tract Society gives a ready assistance, having circulated half-a-million of various small publications in a single year.

Of course the most welcome result of the Revolution has been the establishing of religious liberty—General Prim's liberty of crossing the frontier with the Bible under one's arm. Trust the gospel for undermining the foundations of Popery. Tracts and booklets properly precede the Scriptures, so that it was well when the old order of things collapsed that an agent of the Religious Tract Society should first take the field. Much wisdom was necessary when people required teaching in religion if they were ever to be raised from the blank ignorance into which popery had consigned them. Mr. Borrow found numbers of the peasantry ignorant even of the existence of the New Testament, while the educated who read English works were perplexed on seeing a gentleman so deeply interested in the circulation of a "Monkish book." The Bible and Christian books are the present want of Spain, and for these she is not crying in vain. The Bible is awakening the country into life, while the educational publications which prepare the way for the Book are being scattered over the land with the happiest results.

In pursuing their work the English agents eagerly take advantage of all helps which are to be secured, and besides employing evangelists and colporteurs frequently find assistants of this new Reformation in natives of the country who rank from doctors to railway guards. Nor is the impetus given to the progress of truth by the violent opposition of Romish priests to be left entirely out of mind. The blows these gentry aim at the gospel redound in confusion upon themselves. Publications suited to all ages and classes continue to find their way into remote country villages, and the Reformation doctrines become themes of conversation in cottages and posadas. Spain has not been a reading nation heretofore, but the taste for knowledge will grow with the supply of books. With the light they possess, the people are beginning to see how they have been cheated and befooled, and nowhere else has priestcraft more completely defeated itself, or earned more contempt than in the Peninsula. Great religious and social revolutions must ever go forward in the face of opposition; and the opposition to truth in Spain mainly has its spring in the power of the priests, and in the cargoes of impure books which are imported from foreign countries, and especially from the foulest sink in the world of literary pollution—Paris. At present the struggle is a fierce one between good and evil, or between truth and Antichrist; but if Bible and tract societies continue to act in concert, victory in due time will ensue. The spirit of inquiry is everywhere manifest. The enemy, too, is on the alert, but when ecclesiastics,

whom nobody respects, scowl and shake their fists, the work is encouraged and not hindered.

A Report of the Religious Tract Society tells us how their agents go about their work:—

"On the night of the 8th I was seated in my room preparing for a children's service at the Madera Baja, when a common-looking man was ushered in, who said he wanted to see me, the object being to ask for tracts for a place called Valdectorres. 'How many families are there in the village?' I asked him. 'About 200,' was the reply. 'Then you have had six tracts for every man, woman, and child in the place. What have you done with them? are they given to the priest to be burned?' Hothen explained that the village is on a road by which many muleteers pass, that most of the tracts had gone into the hands of the veterinary surgeon of the place, where all the shoeing is done, that he gives little parcels to the muleteers to distribute. 'I was present one day,' he said, 'when some muleteers came in; they were wild with joy when they saw the tracts, and took at least 200, saying, "Now we will distribute these in every village through which we pass, and we have to travel 150 miles before we reach home."' Pablo Sanchez, of Huelva, writes also a very interesting letter, telling us how the distribution of tracts in Huelva and around had been blessed, that fanaticism had been broken down, and a desire to hear the Word aroused. The above is very encouraging, and is a call to go on in faith, nothing doubting. We learned yesterday another instance of the good done by the tracts. Two respectable young men were introduced to Mr. G. by a member of his young men's class, being desirous of further light 'on the new doctrines.' In the course of conversation it transpired that two years ago, when Pedro Castro was sent by us to Toledo to distribute tracts, some fell into the hands of these young men, and what they read excited thought, and led to a conviction that Rome was *not* the truth. They attended the services, and now desire further light, and to link themselves with the work."

Scotland is also ministering to the wants of Spain in a manner reflecting honour on her position as a Christian nation. From the reports of the Free Church we learn that a religious reformation is really in progress, the want of the hour being men to lead the movement. Protestant schools have been established at Madrid, and one gentleman was astonished to find that prayer-meetings were held in the capital for the purpose of seeking an out-pouring of the Holy Spirit on the people. The Reformers feel that many difficulties lie in their way. The natives have been so long out off from the gospel that they need to be trained in the primary ethics of Christianity, and yet the masses will doubtless have to be reached by natives of their own country. Young men are already being trained for this most effective service they can render the land of their birth. If the proper material be selected, and if their zeal be sustained, great things may be expected from the labours of these students, and reinforcements will doubtless continue to arrive from England. So vast is the work to be done, so loud is the cry for efficient labourers, that one need not be surprised that preachers are impatient of standing still in one place, and feel an impulse urging them forward to itinerate through the towns, so that as many as possible may hear the gospel.

While treating of the evangelist's work in Popish countries, one obstacle must be taken into account—the ignorance of the art of reading existing among the people. It is computed that not more than a tenth part of the populace of Portugal can read, and it is not probable that Spain is ahead of her sister kingdom in education. Another obstacle is the amazingly deep-rooted superstition of the priests and of those who sympathise with them. Another dreadful evidence of the evil influence of Popery is seen in the foul language of everyday life to which people accustom themselves, apparently unconscious of its impurity; this habit is hard to conquer. Yet the signs of the times are promising, for one stronghold after another gives away before the advance of light.

The Committee of the Trinitarian Bible Society is also sending aid to Spain. This agency was started by those friends of evangelical truth who felt that they could not conscientiously countenance the action of the British and Foreign Bible Society in circulating corrupt versions of the Scriptures. Several glaring instances of wilful perversion occur in versions prepared by the Romish Church, the text teaching the doctrines of transubstantiation, penance, Mariolatry, and

human merit. Better circulate these than none at all, it may be said. Nay, let us not do evil that good may come. It is hoped that the authorities at Blackfriars may yet see their mistake in this respect, and refuse any longer to bolster up the falling system of Rome.

Now that religious liberty has been proclaimed in Spain, Mr. Lawrence, of the Trinitarian Bible Society, can tell of his rough experience before the Revolution wrought a blissful change in the administration of public affairs. In those days the Scriptures were necessarily taken into the country by stealth, and the agent has several times passed the Custom house officers with as many Bibles concealed beneath his clothes as could be conveniently carried. Prior to the Revolution, the business of distributing the Bible in Spain was of a rough kind, Mr. Borrow's experience in the rural districts having been work only suitable for those who have spirits, and are fond of adventure scarcely less exciting than the exploits of Don Quixote himself. Mr. Lawrence assumed a determined mien when he hired a stand in a hatter's shop at Madrid, and there, in spite of priests and ministers of state, offered his books for sale, until the bodily risk incurred prompted the good dealer to stand behind his tenant with a loaded revolver in his hand. Hounded on by the priests, the rabble threatened the Bible-seller, and attempted to set fire to his stall, but this confusion only attracted a crowd, and promoted the circulation of the "heretical" literature. There is at least one thing on the side of the evangelists; the priests admirably succeeded in bringing both themselves and their "Church" into contempt. They play a losing game. Even the police have been known to favour Bible circulation, while gipsies, who are themselves indifferent to all religion, have aided the same good cause.

Affecting and even depressing to the spirits must it be to travel over the territory of a once powerful but now fallen empire, and to see in dilapidated bridges, convents, castles, and posadas, the traces of a greatness which has gone for ever. To speak of a country having a "future" in store when its towns are rising into eminence on the virgin soil is in accordance with the nature of things; to predict a "future" for an empire whose glory lives only in the past is surely an anomaly. Such, however, is the present condition of Spain. It is not probable that Spain will ever again become sufficiently powerful to reign as umpire in Europe, though, by the blessing of God, she may yet regain a respectable place in the family of nations, and, possessed of an open Bible and a pure religion, her people may yet enjoy political peace combined with commercial prosperity such as they knew not in prouder times. These blessings Spain will value more than all the honours won of yore by the sons of Old Castile. The Spanish are an impressible race, who will thankfully receive the gospel. New manners and customs have not made way among them as they have among the people of Italy and France; and their hearts are not yet steeled against the faith, as is the case with the Popish-bred infidels of Paris and Rome. Mr. Borrow supposes that the Spanish live much as they did six centuries ago, and laughs to scorn the idea of chivalry having been chased out of the country by Cervantes or by anybody. The natives are chivalrous still, though perhaps they are rather covetous of wealth and inclined to be envious of those nations which excel their own in art and sciences. In the meantime, such is the weight carried by the mere name of Luther, that it is thought the German Reformer will yet have something to do with promoting the New Reformation.

Spain supplies one of the most striking examples of decay coming from within. Old Rome was overwhelmed by hordes of hungry barbarians, who coveted her wealth and could not appreciate her art and literature; but the destroyers of Spanish ascendancy were her professed friends. In mediæval Spain, "the church" was not content with being absolute as a state religion and the only faith tolerated by the civil power; she demanded, and successfully enforced her demands, to be the one power from whose behests there was no appeal, and from whom no mercy was to be expected by offenders.

The best men in Spain chose death rather than bow the knee to an iniquitous system, which made Christianity a cloak to cover its crimes. Philip the Second, whose devotedness to Rome culminated in the murder of his son, was content with the allegiance of fear given by his people. Never did devil's agent do the work with more grim thoroughness than did this cruel man, and never did persecutor reap less reward of satisfaction. In the stupendous efforts he made to stamp out the Reformation, Philip little thought that he was sowing the seeds of remorse, disappointment, anarchy, and social wretchedness, which would continue to bear bitter fruit through long and dreary centuries. Under this monarch's rule "the church" reached the zenith of her power in the Peninsula. The wealth, pretensions, and display of the ecclesiastics were unequalled. While monks, priests, and inquisitors overran the country, no man dared to call his soul his own, since no person, from the first minister of state to the peasant in the field, could possess either rights or property apart from the Papacy. When "the church" rose highest in ascendancy, industry and commerce flagged, because conscience was fettered. Everything which makes life worth the having was ruthlessly sacrificed to the idol which Philip had set up.

What, then, is Spain to-day? A country where vast resources are lying undeveloped beneath a moral and intellectual blight which actually extends its curse to the very land of the farmer. Rich and extensive plains adapted to produce immense supplies of the necessities of life are now sterile wastes. Here and there foreign enterprise steps in to take advantage of nature's abounding wealth, but as a rule the nation pines as if it had lost both heart and hope. The native listlessness is the listlessness of despair which will not even labour. Where there should be heard the hum of industry, there arises the wail of beggars who infest every place of public resort, from the railway stations to the cathedrals, piteously beseeching travellers to relieve their hunger. While countless square miles lie unproductive, men in crowds pass their days in idleness. Yet the dark picture has a bright side. The evangelist has crossed the frontier "with the Bible under his arm," and the voice of gospel truth is bidding Spain arise from the lethargy into which she has been cast by Rome and the Inquisition. There is hope for the nation because the door of liberty is open.

Such of our readers as appreciate good engravings will find life in Spain, and the natural aspect of the country, very beautifully illustrated in the volume called "Spanish Pictures," published by the Religious Tract Society. Pen and pencil have seldom been more happily married. Dr. Wylie's "Daybreak in Spain" (Cassell, Pether, and Galpin) is also a text-book on the subject, pleasantly written and well illustrated, which young persons should especially read.

Notices of Books.

Men of Faith; or, Sketches from the Book of Judges. By LUKE H. WISEMAN. Third thousand. Hodder and Stoughton.

A BOOK with marrow in it. We detect traces of the author's Wesleyan doctrines, but these are not enough to be flies in the precious ointment; it was natural and right that they should be there, and we do not mention the circumstance by way of censure. The

thoughts are solid and fresh, showing wide and careful reading, and wise discrimination. Some men heap up materials; Mr. Wiseman has winnowed them. As a contribution to a part of Scripture which is too seldom considered we welcome this work, and place it among our books to be consulted. The author's style is excellent, and his spirit devoutly evangelical. May he be spared to give us more such expositions.

A New Companion to the Bible. An Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures, for Bible Classes, Sunday Schools and Families. Religious Tract Society.

A VALUABLE helper to intelligent young persons who have little time for the study of large and learned works, but are yet anxious to read the Word of God with understanding. Such readers will find here the pith and marrow of many elaborate treatises; it is condensed milk and extract of meat. Sunday school teachers should all, without exception, have at their fingers' ends such information as is here prepared for them, and lay preachers would discourse far more instructively if the same could be said of them. Out of empty sacks nothing can come; we wish all who teach or preach remembered this truism.

The Ritualistic Movement in some of its Springs and Issues. By Rev. NORMAN L. WALKER. Partridge and Co.

THIS treatise epitomises the history of Tractarianism, and gives some interesting information upon the growth of this deadly heresy. Will Ritualism ever be stayed? Or must it run its course and then explode? The nation seems to have gone mad after idols. They cry "make us gods like the people that are round about us," and in all corners of the land the idols are set up. As for the priests, they are worse than their followers, for in many cases they almost coerce the congregations into their gaudy nonsense, and in others they tempt them step by step, till from little boys in white shirts they get to processions, confessionals, and all the other paraphernalia of this fetichism.

Disputed Questions of Belief. Being Lectures to Young Men, delivered at the English Presbyterian College, London. With a Preface by OSWALD DYKES, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

ADMIRABLE defences of the gospel by some of the best men among the Presbyterians. We are charmed to see such lectures issued in connection with their college. Would to God that all colleges were equally in earnest in contending for the faith, and then we should hear less about young preachers becoming Socinians and free-thinkers.

The Halfpenny Hymnbook for Special Services, by the Book Society, is a marvellous production at the price. We do not understand how it can be done, except at a loss. *The Children's Penny Hymnal, with tunes,* by the Sunday School Union, is almost as wonderful, only we think the title misleads as to price, for *with tunes* it is twopence, and is scarcely a Penny Hymnal. Perhaps others are not so stupid as we are, but we certainly thought the book was to be had for a penny till we saw on the bottom of the cover the words, *Price 2d.*, in very small type. However, it is cheap and good at twopence, and will be popular.

Cook's Tourists' Handbook for Switzerland. THOMAS COOK and Co, Ludgate Circus.

OF course. Who should write a guide but the man who is the greatest of guides? "He never tires nor stops to rest, but round the world he goes." The tourist may be sure that whatsoever things are practical and really useful he will get in "Cook's Handbook." We have been lumbered up with guides many and dull, and we now prefer a short and sententious knapsack handbook such as this. The maps are first-rate.

A Popular Commentary on the New Testament. By D. D. WHEDON, D.D. Matthew and Mark. Hodder and Stoughton.

OUR American friends have enriched us with numerous popular comments; their learning is far from shallow, but as a rule it runs in channels more accessible to the people than the rich streams which emanate from our Alford and Ellicotts. The volume before us is good, helpful, and suggestive, but we do not rate it among those of the very first order, and we know other popular commentaries which we greatly prefer. Whedon will never become so well known as Barnes, but he will deservedly maintain a very respectable position among expositors. The enterprising firm of Hodder and Stoughton have done well to try this work in the English market; many a Sunday-school teacher will feel himself a rich man when he has this volume in his possession.

What Scotch Fowk Think. Brethren in the Keelhowes; or, Questionings as to Christian Doctrine and Plymouthism. Nisbet and Co., London. Menzies, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

CAPITAL! Worth labouring through the Scotch to understand. Broad Scotch is too celestial a language to be pleasant reading to a poor sinner of an Englishman, but when the matter is so good, one can use the glossary without grudging the time. We have all suffered from these Plymouths, who are "contrary unto all men," at least, some sorts of them, for, like Jeremiah's figs, they are not all alike. Solid Presbyterian brethren make short work of P.B. whimsies by bringing down the sledge-hammer of Scripture upon them. Of all men the most sugarified and *dearing* to begin with, and the most cantankerous in the long run, they are the Ishmaelites of the religious world, neither at peace with themselves nor others. Some of the best of people have this name given to them without really deserving it, and so censure falls upon the innocent, but our remarks refer only to the genuine article, and we think the author of this admirable book would have done well to have made the same distinction. No people began with higher aims or nobler prospects, but none have failed so egregiously. Incidental good has come from their uprising, but they themselves have missed the mark: they are the body who, above all others, have preached unity, and exhibited to the world a spectacle of disunion, bickerings, and schism among themselves, and of unparalleled bitterness and bigotry towards other bodies of believers. There is a vein of quiet, holy humour in this one-and-sixpenny book, which will secure attention to its cogent arguments and bold exposures.

The Saturday Half-holiday Guide. Price Threepence. W. Kent & Co.

To every Londoner this will be most valuable, for it shows him where to spend a few hours in healthy and beautiful spots, and is not only a guide to parks, commons, and hills, but also an instructor as to natural history, antiquities, and everything else which

may render his little health-trip really interesting. It ought to be sold by tens of thousands, and as a good article advertises itself, we do not feel much doubt as to its becoming very widely used. A little outing is to the poor, jaded citizen almost as much a necessary as butter with his bread, and is greatly to be preferred to a shattered constitution and a basketful of doctor's bottles.

Eleanor; Gone with the Storm; and other Poems. By CHARLOTTE M. GRIFFITHS. F. E. Longley, Farringdon Street.

It is much too hot to read poetry. We beg to be excused. The piece which we selected as a specimen is considerably above the average of modern versification, but it did not enchant us sufficiently to read on. The poems, however, may be very excellent, for we are not very easily impressed by verses, and had rather read anything than modern poems.

Christianity in Great Britain: an Outline of its Rise, Progress, and Present Condition. A series of articles contributed to *The Daily Telegraph*. Hodder and Stoughton.

THOUGH we do not endorse all that is written in these articles, we are glad to see them preserved, for they are in a measure historic documents. We were earnestly requested to write the article upon the Nonconformists, but having no time or sufficient adaptation for such a work, we recommended the editor of the *Telegraph* to apply to Mr. Dale, of Birmingham, and we are glad that he undertook the task and executed it so ably. We took considerable exception to his estimate of the position of Calvinism in the realms of religious thought, but this does not prevent our frankly admitting the value of his paper. We do not know any man who could have done it so well. As the papers upon the English and Romish churches, and all the others were written by men of the several denominations described, they are all to be taken with at least a peck of salt, and are mainly useful as showing what each body has to say for itself.

The Civil Service Handbook of English Literature; for the Use of Candidates for Examination. By H. A. Donson. Lockwood and Co., 7, Stationers' Hall Court.

THE print is too small, but this is the only fault we can find. The matter seems to be carefully digested, and accurate. Every studious young man who cannot buy Angus's "Handbook to English Literature" will do very well with this, and by its careful study will know what to read, and what has been written which there is no need for him to read, and this last information is almost as useful as the first. What a catalogue is to a visitor to a picture gallery, that

such a handbook as this will be to the man wandering through a library, desiring to know the great authors who have written in his mother-tongue.

Natural Science, Religious Creeds, and Scripture Truths; what they Teach concerning the Mystery of God. By the Author of "The Divine Footsteps in Human History." William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

WE cannot make head or tail of it. The little which we think we comprehend we cannot endure, and we therefore congratulate ourselves upon the incomprehensible nature of the rest.

Notes.

OUR work for use at family worship, which for lack of a better title we named the "Interpreter," now approaches so nearly to completion that we hope the bound volume will be procurable on the first of September. It will cost twenty-five shillings in cloth, but as it is a book for daily use our friends will do better to purchase copies in a more lasting binding. Those who have the numbers can procure the covers and have them bound. This has been a very laborious work to us, for, short as the remarks often are, we have read many of the best writers upon each book before sitting down to pen our own notes. It would have been easier to make the book larger, for it takes much labour to condense. Any family having our "Interpreter" will have lessons for morning and evening throughout the year all ready for use, and we hope it will not only be convenient to the heads of the household but instructive to the family. Several who have used it so far, have given us their grateful testimony in its favour. Nothing but a large sale can remunerate the publishers for the expense involved in bringing out such a work. It will be in outward appearance a noble volume, and we hope will make an acceptable wedding present. Cases for binding, 2s. 6d.

Our Orphan Boys are to have a day's treat at Margate, August 5th. Friends who would like to go with them can procure tickets at the Tabernacle or Orphanage for 3s. 6d., there and back. Train leaves Victoria 7.45, Clapham 7.50, Brixton 7.53, and returns from Margate at

7.40. As we have had to guarantee a certain number we shall be glad if friends will avail themselves of the opportunity. As the expense of this treat cannot be paid out of the regular funds, Mr. Charlesworth and ourselves will be glad to receive a few donations to pay for it. A day at the seaside is a great pleasure to our boys, and we believe many friends would like to help to give them the enjoyment. Margate friends are, we hear, upon the move towards entertaining the children, and we are very grateful to them under a lively sense of favours to come.

We still need some £2,500 to complete and furnish the College, and our friends propose to hold a bazaar the week after Christmas, or thereabout. We shall be very glad of the help of all our contributors, for we want to have this work done out of hand, and finished without another appeal. So far every payment has been made with punctuality, but we have refrained from giving orders for many necessities because the money to pay for them is not yet in hand.

In answer to inquiring friends, we beg to say that Mrs. Bartlett's class is carried on by her with as much vigour and success as ever. Her health is always feeble, but strength is given as required, and her words are so much attended with divine power that large numbers from her class are constantly added to the church.

The Lord's work at the Tabernacle prospers. Among the converts have been several Roman Catholics and Ritualists, who have become weary of the emptiness

	£	s.	d.
A. Z. G.	5	0	0
Mrs. Reed	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Speight	1	0	0
Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	20	0	0
Mrs. Passmore	1	0	0
Miss Passmore	1	0	0
Miss Lilly Passmore	1	0	0
Mr. Passmore, Jun.	1	0	0
Miss Breeze	0	10	0
Mr. J. Lee	1	1	0
Miss S. B. Pavey	1	0	0
Mrs. Holroyd	1	0	0
Mr. D. Dick	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
King Street Chapel, Bristol, per Rev. G. D. Evans	10	0	0
Mr. A. Dunn	23	0	0
Mr. W. Thomas	0	15	0
K. M.	1	13	4
Weekly Offerings at Tab., June 21	32	2	3
" " " " July 5	28	2	14
" " " " " 12	36	0	6
" " " " " 19	33	14	0
" " " " " 19	4	0	3
	£393	14	1

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from June 20th to July 19th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. P. Jones	0	4	6
Mr. S. Barrow	21	0	0
F.	10	0	0
Legacy, Late Miss Hutton	28	7	8
Mr. R. Law	0	5	0
Mr. A. Davies	0	5	0
Mr. E. Davies	0	10	0
Mrs. and Miss Armstrong	1	0	0
Miss Turnbull	0	5	0
J. T.	4	0	0
Mrs. Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. H. Mitchell	1	0	0
H. E.	0	2	0
Mr. D. Keely	0	5	0
T. and C. Luff	0	10	0
C. C. L.	5	0	0
Mrs. Sellibourne	2	10	0
Per Messrs. C. and T. Hodge	7	10	0
Mrs. Harris	0	2	6
A Reader of Sword and Trowel	1	0	0
Mr. J. Tansley	0	3	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Mrs. Goslin	1	0	0
Mr. J. C. Goslin	1	0	0
Mr. Marshall	1	12	0
A. Friend, per S. P.	2	2	0
S. P.	1	1	0
H. W.	0	5	0
Nellie	0	15	6
J. Pearce and J. Davison	0	5	0
Odd Farthings and Halfpence taken at Metropolitan Store	0	10	8
J. T.	1	0	0
A Friend	0	3	6
Mrs. Murray	1	0	0
Vale of Evesham	1	0	0
Mr. Chesser	0	5	0
Miss Turner	0	2	0
A Freewill Offering	0	2	6
A Sermon Reader	0	2	0
Mrs. J. J. Granger	0	5	0
Lincoln	1	0	0
Huntley	1	0	0
Mr. F. G. Masters	0	5	0
Mr. A. Austin	1	1	0
Legacy, Late J. Waterhouse, per Mr. T. G. Waterhouse	200	0	0
Collected by Miss Triemer	0	7	0
Mr. C. Ratcliffe	1	1	0
The Hon. Earl Shaftesbury	10	0	0
A Friend at Todmorden	0	11	0
Mrs. Davies	1	0	0
Mrs. Kelsal	20	0	0
A Friend, Accrington	0	2	6
Psalm cxlii. 5, 6	0	10	0
Church at Nottingham Road, Tooting... ..	5	0	0
W. H. C.	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Howe	1	0	0
Blandford	1	0	0
Aberdeen	0	5	0
Mrs. Aikman	5	5	0
Portobello	1	0	0
A Friend in Ireland	0	10	0
Mr. H. Howell	0	5	0
Miss Aldred	1	0	0
J. Orders	0	6	0
Anne B.	0	5	0
W. H. S. M.	0	5	0
Mr. C. West	1	0	0
Mr. A. Benest	0	6	4
A Thankoffering	0	5	0
Hereford	0	11	0
Mr. S. Falkner	5	0	0
Miss Nay	0	10	0
R. and E. W.	0	1	0
Compositors at Mr. Scott's, Holborn, per W. A. C.	0	5	0
A Thankoffering	0	5	0
E. P. H.	1	0	0
Norwich	8	15	0
Mrs. Pickworth	5	0	0
Mrs. Barton	0	1	6
D. Wallis	0	1	0
W. A. M.	0	3	0
E. D.	0	7	6
W.	0	2	6
X. Y. Z.	0	1	0
Mr. T. L. Wilson	0	10	0
Miss A. McNaughton	1	0	0
Mrs. Reed	1	0	0
B. Y.	0	2	0
Mr. E. Porter	0	1	0
Mrs. Knapp	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Dean	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Speight	1	0	0
Mrs. Brown	2	0	0
Two Friends, Members of Free Church of Scotland	13	0	0
R. E. and J. S., a Thankoffering	0	8	0
Every Little Helps... ..	0	1	6
S.	0	3	0
Mr. T. Ferring	0	19	0
J. C. D. B.	10	10	0
Mrs. Grosse	1	1	0
Mr. Whitehead	2	2	0
Mrs. Dick	1	0	0
Mr. Runford	1	0	0
Captain Ives	2	10	0
Mr. Chew	5	0	0
Mr. Hillyer	2	0	0
Mr. J. J. Gregory	2	2	0
Mrs. Armitage	0	10	0
W. J. B.	1	0	0
Mr. Ford	0	5	0

£ s. d.				£ s. d.			
A Friend in Bury, per Rev. W. Ouff	0 10 6	Per F. R. T.:—
Mr. Daniels	0 5 0	Mr. J. Smith	0 5 0	...
Mrs. Bateman	1 0 0	Mrs. Jonas Smith	0 5 0	...
Mr. Wilson	0 10 0	Miss Smith	0 5 0	...
K. M.	1 13 4	Miss Emily Smith	0 5 0	...
Miss Breeze	0 10 0	Mr. Kearsley	0 5 0	...
Mr. J. Lee	1 1 0	Mr. J. Beuson	0 5 0	...
Miss Baverstock	2 16 0	Mr. W. C. Parkinson	0 5 0	...
Miss Fitzgerald	0 6 0	Mrs. Parkinson	0 5 0	...
<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>							
<i>Per Mrs. Withers:—</i>				M. D.	2 0 0	...
Mr. J. Leach	1 0 0	...	T. H.	1 0 0	...
Mr. T. Gregory	0 5 0	...	Mr. G. W. Parnell	0 12 0	...
Mr. P. Davies	0 5 0	...	Mr. J. Horton	1 1 0	...
Mr. J. Withers, quarterly	...	0 5 0	...	Mr. Harding	1 1 0	...
Mrs. Blackman	0 1 1	...				
Mrs. Searle	0 1 0	...				
			1 17 1				
Mr. W. T. Aldridge	1 0 0	...				

£453 16 7

*List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth:—*PROVISIONS:—A Sheep, Mr. Webster; Three 14-lb. Jars Fruit Preserve, and 2 lbs. Tea, J. McPherson.
 CLOTHING, &c.:—Two pairs Boys' Boots, "Go thou and do likewise"; 6 Cotton Shirts, J. Harlow.
 BOOKS, &c.:—Nine Volumes for Boys' Library, Miss Smithies; Cricket Bats, Balls, Kites, etc., "A."
 DONATIONS, &c.:—Mrs. Eastly, 2s. 6d.; Mr. Shepperd, £2; "X. O." £1; Visitors to Orphanage—E. Q. B. 2s. 6d., F. J. B. 10s. 6d., D. S. 2s. 6d., A Friend 5s., R. C. G. 2s. 6d., G. R. £1; Pillar Box, Orphanage Gate, 34 Coins, 7s. 4½d.—Total, £5 12s. 10½d.

College Buildings.

Statement of Receipts from June 20th to July 19th, 1874.

£ s. d.				£ s. d.			
Odd Farthings and Sixpence a-week	0 5 0	Mrs. Kelsal	50 0 0	...
Half of First-fruits of New Employment	0 10 6	Mrs. Todd	1 0 0	...
H. W.	0 10 0	Mr. J. Campbell	1 0 0	...
Mr. Spurgeon's Fortieth Birth-day	0 10 0	Mr. B. Fergus	5 0 0	...
Mr. Hargraves	5 0 0				
Mr. Berry	10 0 0				
A Reader of "Sword and Trowel" in				
Canada	20 0 0				

£93 15 6

Colportage Association.

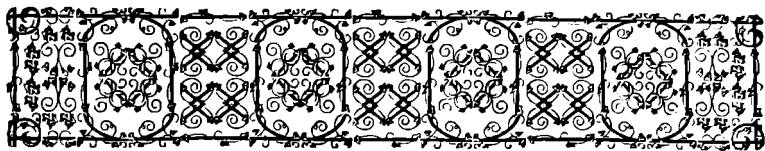
£ s. d.				£ s. d.			
Young Men's Bible Class at Rev. J. A. Spurgeon's Chapel, Croydon (quarterly)	10 0 0	Witney District, Robert Abrahams, Esq.	10 0 0	...
Wilts and East Somerset Association, per W. B. Wearing, Esq.	15 6 0	...	Brentford District, J. Greenwood, Esq.	10 0 0	...
Kington, per Rev. A. E. Suddon	10 0 0	...	Mr. Vickery	0 10 0	...
Tewkesbury, per Rev. T. Wilkinson	7 10 0	...	Mr. A. Scarle	0 5 0	...
"W. R." for Riddings District	7 10 0	...	Mrs. Harris	0 2 6	...
Southern Association, per Rev. J. B. Hurt	7 10 0	...	J. T.	1 0 0	...
"K. M."	1 13 4	...	Mrs. Kelsal	19 0 0	...
E. Roche, Esq.	2 2 0	...	E. D.	25 0 0	...
Eye-house Baptist Church, per S. Clark, Esq.	7 10 0	...	Mr. Frearson	7 10 0	...
Cardiff, R. Cory, Esq.	20 0 0	...	Mr. C. H. Spurgeon	7 10 0	...
Cheddar District, R. Clark, Esq.	13 0 0	...	X. O.	1 0 0	...
				Mr. & Mrs. Woodland, a Thankoffering	...	1 1 0	...

£172 13 10

MR. HAMPTON'S MISSION TO THE BLIND:—H. M. (Leeds), 5s; T. S., 3s; Mr. John Hector, £1; Mr. E. Wylie, 10s; Mr. D. Wallis, 3s; A Friend, 5s; E. H. W., 3s; Mr. John J. Davies, 2s 6d; A Friend (Glasgow), 10s; A Member of the Church of England, £10; E. C., 2s 6d; Mr. W. M'Clintock, £1; Mr. and Mrs. Billing, £2; Mrs. Marshall, £1 1s; Friends per P. J. Ward, 2s; Mr. Vickery, 10s; J. B. Eentall, 10s; A Friend, 10s; Miss Collis, 10s; E. D., £1; Miss Burrows, 2s 6d; J. T. £1; Mr. Tulloch, 7s 8d; Mr. Fentclow, £1; Mr. Johnstone, 5s; A Friend, 2s 6d.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or otherwise we cannot acknowledge them.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

SEPTEMBER, 1874.

Eccentric but Useful.

WHEN the population of the United States was sparse and widely-scattered, the public services of religion could not have been maintained at all if the Lord had not raised up a race of zealous itinerants, who passed rapidly from one hamlet or homestead to another, and, by their intense earnestness, kept alive the sacred fire. We allude to a period ranging from one hundred years back to within half-a-century of the present date. The men of that time were necessarily strong physically, or they could not have borne the hardships of their wandering mission, and they were also sturdy mentally, and needed to be, for they met with people who required vigorous handling. Of course they were rough and unrefined—what could they have effected had they been otherwise? Of what use would a razor be in clearing a forest? Very frequently they were wildly humorous as well as vehemently zealous, but probably this play of their spirits was needful to keep them from sinking down under the burdens of their uncomfortable and trying circumstances. At any rate, they did the work which God gave them to do, and left America a Christian instead of a heathen country, which last it might readily have become had it not been for their efforts. We do not commend all that they did, much less hold them up for imitation, but we think it profitable to see how others did their work, and therefore we present to our readers' notice Jacob Gruber, of whom his contemporaries said, "He is a character, and copies no man." Our present article consists of extracts from a biography written by W. P. Strickland, which has not been published in this country, and it will

give some idea of Gruber's usefulness; his eccentricities will be more clearly seen in a second paper, which we hope to insert next month.

"At the beginning of the present century there appeared at the seat of the Philadelphia Conference a young man from Bucks county, Pennsylvania, who was impressed with the conviction that it was his duty to preach. The homestead which he had left was the place of his birth, which occurred February 3, 1778. His parents, whose Christian names were John and Platina, were of German descent, and had been brought up in the faith of the great leader of the Reformation. The German Reformed Church was among the earliest organized in Pennsylvania, and for many years, in the particular section about which we are writing, that denomination had the exclusive control of the religious interests of the neighbourhood. The time, however, came when this quiet was broken. Two itinerant Methodist preachers had divided up the country into circuits, and claiming to be successors of the apostles themselves, thought it no robbery to imitate them in traversing the country, and preaching the gospel whenever they found an open door. The strangeness of their manner, and the wonderful earnestness of their preaching, attracted the attention of the people, particularly the younger portion, and the cabins and barns where they held forth were crowded.

"Young Gruber listened to these circuit preachers with amazement; and though they were denounced by the staid and sober Reformers as wild and fanatical, he nevertheless felt strangely drawn to their meetings. There was such a fervour in their prayers, such a zeal and earnestness in their preaching, and such a power in their songs, that he was entirely fascinated, and soon became convinced of the need of conversion. To obtain a thing so desirable, he made a solemn vow that he would pray seven times a day. His prayers for a change of heart were soon answered, and with gladness he went with his parents to the place of meeting, and with them joined the Methodist church.

"That the reader may have a correct description of the religious condition of this particular neighbourhood, we give an account prepared by Gruber himself. He says: 'The Methodist preachers came into the neighbourhood, and held several meetings. As the result of their labours a revival commenced, and quite a number of persons were converted and professed a knowledge of sins forgiven.' Some of the members of the German minister's church went to the old gentleman, expressing a desire to know something about this new doctrine. In reply to their inquiries about the knowledge of forgiveness, he said: 'I have been a preacher more than twenty years, and I do not know my sins forgiven, and indeed it is impossible that any one should know it.' It was not considered very wonderful by some that this preacher should be in darkness on that subject, as he frequently became intoxicated. An aged woman, a member of the German church, at one of the revival meetings where some were praising God for having pardoned their sins, stood thoughtfully shaking her head and said, 'It could not be, for if they had to answer a hundred and sixty questions, as she had before she got religion, they would learn that it could not be obtained in such quick time.'

"Among the early itinerants who visited Pennsylvania about this

time was the eccentric Valentine Cook. He was fresh from the halls of Cokesbury College, and perhaps the first native college-bred preacher that had appeared in the American Methodist church. When Cook made his appearance, and it was rumoured that he was a graduate of a college, he attracted general attention. The German Reformed, like several other churches we could name, entertained the idea that no man could possibly be qualified to preach who had not received a classical education; and hence vastly more respect was paid to Cook than to any of his colleagues in the ministry. His learning, however, did not always avail to insure him respect, as the following incident will show:—After travelling a whole day without refreshment in a region where he was not known, he called a halt in the evening at the house of a German and asked if he could obtain feed for his horse and something for himself to eat. Being a tall, gangling, rough-looking specimen of humanity, the good woman, who was engaged in spinning, mistook him not for a German but an Irishman. She was not at all favourably impressed with his appearance, but at her husband's request she procured a lunch for him and returned to her wheel, saying to her husband somewhat petulantly in German, she hoped the Irishman would choke in eating. After Cook had finished his repast he asked the privilege to pray, which being granted he knelt down and offered up a fervent petition in German. In his prayer he besought the Lord to bless the kind woman at the wheel and give her a new heart, that she might be better disposed towards strangers. Such a personal reflection was more than the good woman could stand, and she left her wheel and ran from the house overwhelmed with chagrin at her wicked wish.

“We mention these incidents for the purpose of giving the reader some idea of the times in which young Gruber commenced his religious career. Being a sprightly lad, he was soon called out to exercise his gifts in public prayer and exhortation. As usual in such cases a storm of persecution arose, not only from those who were outside of the church and the family, but his own household. Father, mother, brothers, and sisters, as if by one consent, rose up against the young exhorter, and he was obliged to leave home and seek more congenial quarters elsewhere. Some of the more zealous Methodists interpreted this differently from what young Jacob had imagined, and persuaded him that it was a clear indication of Providence that it was his duty to abandon everything for the exclusive work of the ministry. This interpretation of Providence was soon after verified. As he went on his way afoot and alone to the town of Lancaster he met one of the itinerants, who in a short conversation convinced him of the duty of entering upon the ministry, and sent him to an adjoining circuit to fill a vacancy. He accordingly procured a horse and went to the appointment. There was some diversity of opinion about the propriety of this course, even among the preachers. He had a white horse, and one of them jocosely remarked: ‘Well, you have got on the pale horse; death and hell will follow you; only take care that you don’t let them get before you.’ Another remarked that ‘he would kill himself in six months;’ and still another affirmed that, such was his zeal and physical exertion, ‘one month would put him to rest.’

None of these things, however, seemed to move this young son of Vulcan (for he was a blacksmith by trade), and, as before stated, he found himself at the place of holding the conference, in the year 1800.

"As the conference embraced sickly regions in its territory, he knew not but he might be sent by the intrepid Asbury to some one of these localities, if for no other purpose than to try his mettle. Many a young man has finished his course in one year's service; but not so with Gruber. He had a powerful constitution, an iron frame capable of enduring an amount of hardship, labour, and fatigue which made him the wonder of all his ministerial companions. He had some intimations that he would be sent down to Delaware; but when the appointments were announced by the bishop his name was connected with Tioga circuit. 'Instead, therefore, of going down,' as he remarked, 'I had to go up—up rivers and mountains, and take my degrees among lakes, rivers, and Indians.'

"The second year of our young itinerant's ministry was spent on the Oneida and Cayuga circuit, embracing a large field in Western New York. Vast tracts of wilderness interposed between the appointments, and new hardships were to be endured. Nothing daunted, he scaled the mountains, penetrated the woods, and sought the cabins nestling among them, that he might preach the gospel to their inmates. Here he laboured with the most unremitting zeal and diligence. Through his fervent appeals many were awakened and converted.

"Samuel Howe, an old itinerant, relates an incident illustrative of Gruber's power in prayer. At a quarterly meeting held in a barn in this part of the country, after a most impressive and powerful sermon from the presiding elder, M'Lenahan, Gruber engaged in prayer. 'It seemed,' says Father Howe, 'to resemble the day of Pentecost; the barn was shaken, and the people simultaneously sprang to their feet, while shouts of joy and cries for mercy filled the place. Many fell to the floor, and others were filled with fear, and fled in the greatest consternation.'

"At a certain place on this circuit there lived a man who had been in great distress of mind, bordering on despair. He wept much and prayed almost constantly, but found no relief. He was visited by Gruber, who conversed with him for a considerable length of time, quoting such passages of the Bible as were applicable to his case. He could not, however, be persuaded that any promise was for him, as he believed his day of mercy and hope were gone for ever. The following colloquy then ensued between Gruber and the despairing man:—

"'What will become of you?' 'I shall be lost.' 'Where will you go?' 'To hell.' 'But if you go there you will have it all to yourself.' 'What do you mean?' 'I mean just what I say: if you go to hell weeping and praying you will scare all the devils away, for I never heard or read of one going to hell weeping and praying.' At this a smile came over his face like sunshine on a cloud; his despair was gone, and hope full and joyous sprung up in his soul.

"At the next conference Gruber was sent to the Winchester circuit, having for a colleague a young man by the name of Richards. This young itinerant in a great measure destroyed his usefulness by getting the crotchet in his head that, to maintain ministerial dignity, he must

put on some extra airs of reserve and sanctity. Not being afflicted with the dyspepsia, which invariably gives a sombre hue to the countenance, it became necessary for him to *assume* a solemn appearance. A 'sad countenance,' as our old English version has it, in the description of the Pharisees in the days of the Saviour, has never been regarded as the true index of spirituality. One of the old preachers who had outlived his day, and was constantly playing upon the thousand-stringed harp, 'Ye are fallen! ye are fallen!' remarked on a certain occasion that he wished some of the old preachers were as solemn as that young man. Bishop Asbury, who was present when this remark was made, smilingly said: 'Do you make any allowance for solids and fluids?' When the dyspepsia became a fashionable complaint among preachers such an allowance was made. We recollect a reply once made by a light-hearted, joyous, talented young preacher to a pious lady, who reprovingly said to him, 'I wish you would be as serious as Brother C.' 'Ah!' said the young brother laughingly, 'when I get the dyspepsia as bad as he has it, I will, no doubt, be equally serious.'

"Religion is the sunlight of the soul, and irradiates with brightness and beauty the medium through which it shines. A 'sad countenance' indicates a sad heart; but as religion is 'joy unspeakable and fulness of glory,' all gloom and despondency are driven away by the brightness of its coming.

"He had now been six years in the work of the ministry, and had exhibited such good proof of his fidelity and success that the good Bishop Asbury deemed him qualified for the more responsible post of presiding elder, and accordingly, in the year 1807 he was appointed to the presidency of Greenbrier district. It embraced a wild region of country in Virginia, said to be the roughest in the bounds of the Baltimore Conference. It extended into North Carolina, taking in its sweep the wildest portion of the Cumberland Mountains and Tygart's Valley. To use his own language, he had 'hard work, rough fare, and bad roads;' but by way of offset to these disadvantages he had 'great meetings.' Towards the close of the year camp-meetings were held on every circuit, of which there were eight. At these camp-meetings hundreds were converted. Indeed, a camp-meeting in those days without numerous conversions and large accessions to the church would have been a much greater wonder than to witness such a revival at our fashionable camp-meeting picnics of the present day.

"At that time even a quarterly meeting was considered dull and profitless indeed, unless souls were converted and added to the church, and a revival inaugurated for the coming quarter. In describing these camp-meetings Gruber said: 'Some complained about too much wild-fire, and called the preachers the fire company; but we wanted fire that would warm and melt, not tame-fire, fox-fire, and the like. Some say ice is water fallen asleep. Some cry, Water, water, till all the fire is put out and nothing but ice remains. Then it is a cold time, a winter state truly.' During the three years on this district he experienced many hardships, enough to try the faith of the most stern and sturdy in the itinerant ranks. In describing his labours he says: 'My travels among the Pendleton and Greenbrier Mountains were hard and severe. One very cold night in the winter I took a path for a near way to my

stopping place, but got out of my course, wandered about among the hills and mountains, and went to the top of one of them to see clearings, or hear dogs bark, or roosters crow, but all in vain. After midnight the moon arose; I could then see my track. The snow was knee-deep, and I went back till I got into the right course, and reached my lodgings between four and five o'clock in the morning. The family was alarmed, and said I was late, but I called it early. After lying down and sleeping a little I arose, and getting breakfast departed on my day's journey, filling two appointments.'

"At the end of his first year on the district he had a line of appointments reaching to Baltimore. On his route he passed through Tygart's Valley to the head of the Greenbrier River, a wild, mountainous region, traversed by a dim path. Not a single cabin was to be found in a distance of twenty miles. He struck for the path on the mountain about ten o'clock, but had not proceeded many miles until he found it covered up knee-deep in snow, and not a single track to be seen. He picked his way, however, as best he could, and travelled on. During the day it began to rain, which rendered his journey still more uncomfortable. At length he reached Cheat River, and found it considerably swollen, with ice in the middle. When he reached the ice it was with difficulty he dismounted, and then making his horse leap upon it, he again mounted. The ice did not break, and he was enabled to reach the other shore with little difficulty. He then proceeded on his journey, and travelled on in the woods until night overtook him, when he lost his path and became entangled in the forest. The rain, which had been pouring down, now changed into snow, and the wind blew furiously. Besides all this, it was becoming increasingly cold. What to do he knew not, except to pray. The night was spent sitting on his horse. Above the roar of the storm he could hear the scream of the panther and the howl of the wolf. It was a dreadful night, but morning came, and with it he found the path, and reached the Greenbrier River about ten o'clock, which he crossed, and in a short time found himself at the house of a friend. The family were alarmed at seeing him, and expressed their surprise at his undertaking so perilous a journey, as no person had been known to pass through that portion of the wilderness before in winter. Neither himself nor horse had tasted a morsel of food since they started, but they were both inured to hardships, and suffered but little in consequence. After obtaining some refreshment, he started to his appointment, thankful for his escape from the dangers through which he had passed.

"Gruber gives several incidents that occurred at camp-meetings. 'In one camp,' he says, 'some bold sinners came to fight for their master, the devil; but our captain, Immanuel, made prisoners of them, and then made them "free indeed." One fine, strong, good-looking young man among the mourners was in great distress, and found no relief until he drew a large pistol out of his pocket, with which he intended to defend himself if any one should offer to speak to him on the subject of religion. When he laid it on the bench beside him the Lord blessed him, and gave him a great victory over his foes. Having grounded the weapon of rebellion, he was prepared to enlist under the banner of the Prince of Peace.'

"In those days it frequently happened that the ministers of different denominations were obliged to preach in school-houses and court-houses, from the fact that there were no churches. A Presbyterian minister one Sabbath afternoon preached, or rather read a sermon, in the village court-house. The discourse was well written, and evinced considerable theological ability; but it was read in such a monotonous manner that it lulled many to sleep. All was perfectly quiet, and nothing disturbed the stillness of the hour. No sound was heard but the voice of the preacher, which fell in soft cadences upon the ear like the murmur of a distant waterfall. Suddenly a Methodist woman in the court-room broke out into a shout of 'Glory! glory! praise the Lord for what he has done for my soul!' Those who had fallen asleep under the soothing tones of the minister were awakened, others were frightened, and the preacher himself was entirely overcome. It was some time before he could rally so as to proceed with his discourse. When the meeting was over the woman was asked why she so disturbed the meeting. She replied, 'I was converted at a camp-meeting at East Liberty last year, and while I listened to the dry sermon I thought of old times. It was just the kind I used to hear before I was converted; I then thought of the wonderful change, and the happy meetings we have now, and forgetting where I was I had to shout.'"

Gruber was dreadfully severe upon all worldliness, and especially upon foppishness in dress, which he denounced and ridiculed. A little of his healthy banter might be useful in these dressy days.

"While preaching in a certain place on one occasion an unusually tall lady entered. On seeing her he stopped preaching and said: 'Make room for that lady; one might have thought she was tall enough to be seen without the plumage of that pird in her ponnet.' Some days afterward the lady met Gruber and complained that he had treated her rudely. 'O sister,' he replied, 'was that you? Well, I did not know it was you; I thought *you* had more sense.'

"He was particularly severe on some of the modern preachers because they did not preach against the fashions of the world. 'Some in preaching,' he said, 'draw the bow and take aim at some in the congregation, but the arrow does not hit the mark; it is stopped in the trimming, rigging, muff, drums, bustles, and other fashionable gear of their wives or daughters.'"

(To be continued.)

Melchizedec: An Evangelical Study.

BY B. W. CARR.

(Continued from page 362.)

WE really want something more than close argument, sound reasoning, and keen criticism, to appreciate this inspired exposition of the order of Melchizedec. The details are sure to grow tedious, unless a measure of inspiration is given to our own hearts. There is all the

charm of poetry in that passage of David's psalm which we have now under review, and doubtless a warm glow of sympathy kindled in the apostle's breast as he read it. Could we feel the same grateful emotion, the sense and purport of the oracle would glide into our minds, and refresh our spirits with its savour. If some friendly reader has found it hard to follow the course of our meditations, we cannot be surprised. Paul confessed that he had many things to say which were *hard to be uttered*. And Peter elsewhere declared that our beloved brother Paul, according to the wisdom given him, wrote some things *hard to be understood*. This supplies us with no excuse if we despise prophesyings or neglect the study of them. There are thoughts in visions of the night more instructive than all the incidents that happen throughout the busy day. There is one day known to the Lord which is not day nor night. Howbeit that day shall discover secrets which on other days had never dawned on the conscience. Of that day we have had some glimpses in the company of dying friends. They had bid adieu to life; they had not yet saluted death; and they tarried a while in the border land. That twilight is very solemn. Your robust logicians never passed through the shades. They do not understand the atmosphere that divides the flesh from the spirit. Paul traversed it in argument, as well he might; for he had been there once and again in fact, when he received his most profound inspirations. With visions and revelations of the Lord he was familiar; and strong traces are to be found in his writings of the habit of thought they had produced. He had known the Melchizedec of history, and now after the flesh he knew him no more. His appearance on the drama of life had melted into fable; while anon, the order of Melchizedec stands out in distinct outline before his rapturous gaze. The princely figure of the priestly Messiah accordingly fills his meditation and conversation.

While reconnoitring in the former part of the seventh chapter to the Hebrews, there seemed to be a cloud overhanging the dim records of a remote antiquity; but that cloud presently disperses, and the apostle proceeds to deal with facts which are self-evidential, and to expand a prophecy which is rendered transparent by the fulfilment that had already begun to occur. We have, therefore, to investigate the sequel in the broad daylight of a spiritual dispensation.

"IT IS EVIDENT THAT OUR LORD SPANG OUT OF JUDAH, OF WHICH TRIBE MOSES SPAKE NOTHING CONCERNING THE PRIESTHOOD."

When on earth, Jesus of Nazareth never professed to be a priest. "The law of a carnal commandment" did not acknowledge his sacerdotal character. On no occasion did he lay claim to be so accounted of. This is patent as a sunbeam on the face of the evangelical narratives.

"AND IT IS YET FAR MORE EVIDENT FOR THAT AFTER THE SIMILITUDE OF MELCHIZEDEC THERE ARISETH ANOTHER PRIEST."

On comparing the third and fifteenth verses of this chapter we shall see that when looking at the *history* Paul said that Melchizedec was "made like unto the Son of God;" and when looking at the *prophecy*, he said the priest that should arise was "after the similitude of Melchizedec." Thus Melchizedec was like the Son of God, and the Son of God was like Melchizedec. An identity of the order thus established by mutual features leads on to the plain inference that the priesthood

is unique, that it stands by itself in peerless isolation, its authority being vested exclusively in its possessor. In what, it may still be asked, does the resemblance chiefly consist? We have not to travel far for an answer. Like Melchizedec, our Lord has a priesthood which belongs to humanity, and is not circumscribed by any nationality, as the Levitical priesthood was. Like Melchizedec, the sanctions of his office were not borrowed from any law of a carnal commandment, but were demonstrated by an inherent power—the power of an endless life. There is a wide difference between being entitled to the dignity of office by a law, hereditary or elective, and being qualified to fulfil an office by positive indubitable ability. This is the superlative excellence of our Great High Priest, officially considered. “*He is able to save to the uttermost.*” Like Melchizedec, too, he receives tithes, not as the exacting of a legal prescript, but as the voluntary offering of a willing people. So it is written, “Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power.” Thus far the similitude is conspicuous. But this priest of prophecy has another special claim upon our admiration—“INASMUCH AS NOT WITHOUT AN OATH HE WAS MADE PRIEST.” What means this swearing of an oath? Commentators tell us that it imparts deep solemnity to the appointment. Of that we entertain no doubt. Still we are prone to think that such a remark is not more true than it is trite and trivial. For be it observed that the oath is not here said to be administered to the priest; but it is the oath of God which invests him with the office. An intimate connection exists between “the oath” and “the order” of the priesthood. The oath supplies us with conclusive evidence that the order belongs to the new, the everlasting covenant. That this was the apostle’s drift in calling attention to it we shall first show; and then we will appeal to the “oath of God” as a matter of history, in order to exhibit the relation that the Melchizedec priesthood bears to this whole economy of the covenant of grace. Let the vital importance of this department of our inquiry be taken as sufficient apology for some diffusiveness in speaking of it. For the former of these points we would refer to the previous chapter (Hebrews vi. 13—20), where the apostle draws attention to the oath which God swore to Abraham; and he alleges that in the immutability of this oath there is strong consolation for the heirs of promise who have fled for refuge to take hold upon *the hope* that is set before us—a hope which he compares to “an anchor within the veil, whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made a high priest for ever after the order of Melchizedec.” *The hope* is thus linked with the oath which God swore to the patriarch; and the same *hope* again is linked with the oath which he swore to the Priest. Let us read it, if we would understand it, each man for himself. In the eleventh verse of this chapter Paul says (Hebrews vii. 19, 20), “For the law made nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better *hope* did: by the which we draw nigh unto God: Inasmuch as not without an oath he was made priest.” Rightly considered, this throws extraordinary light upon the whole subject; because it carries the analogy on another stage. The history of Melchizedec is not more intimately connected with Abraham than the prophecy of a priest after the order of Melchizedec is with the fulfilment of the promise and the establishment of the covenant made with

Abraham. "And this I say, that the covenant which was confirmed before of God in Christ, the law, which was four hundred and thirty years after, cannot disannul, that it should make the promise of none effect" (Galatians iii. 17). Neither did the institution of the Levitical priesthood so long a time subsequently invalidate the Melchizedec priesthood that its blessing should be made void. But are we now merely engaged in deciphering a peculiar view taken by the apostle Paul, the investigation of which is more fitted to perplex than to profit us? By no means. Had this epistle to the Hebrews never have been written, the oath would have been just as significant. With the Old Testament Scriptures alone in our hands we might easily discover that there were two kinds of promises; the one kind conditional, and the other unconditional. It is equally evident on the face of the Bible that the mercies certified by oath are unconditional; they are not contingent upon any circumstances or subject to any change of purpose. And the humblest scholar who has learnt to read can ascertain, at the expense of one quiet hour's research, that the immutable covenant has always the seal of an oath. Does not the history of this covenant begin with Noah? Did not the Lord swear that "the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth"? Did not he appoint seed time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, as perpetual institutions? And has it not been so throughout all generations of men? (Compare Genesis ix. 8, with Isaiah liv. 9.) This oath, like the covenant with which it is identified, became a subject of continuous revelation. The next time we meet with it is that to which we have already referred, when the Lord swore to Abraham. At first sight there may appear little or no affinity between the covenant made with Noah concerning the seasons, and the covenant made with Abraham concerning his seed, in whom it was declared that all the families of the earth should be blessed. But the prophet Jeremiah has blended the two together to strengthen the faith of the house of Judah and the house of Israel in the day of Jacob's trouble and Rachel's weeping. In the thirty-first chapter of his prophecy, from which Paul quotes largely in the eighth chapter to the Hebrews, we find these notable words:—"Thus saith the Lord which giveth the sun for a light by day, and the ordinances of the moon and the stars for a light by night, which divideth the sea when the waves thereof roar; the Lord of Hosts is his name. If these ordinances depart from before me, saith the Lord, then the seed of Israel also shall cease from being a nation before me for ever." Let it be observed that the "word of the oath" is never of doubtful significance. The expressions used are very plain, and the assurance given is very positive, therefore we have no reason to doubt their literal fulfilment. The sworn promises of God hinge upon nothing but his own veracity. This is unquestionable, or at least it ought to be. God cannot lie, and he will not equivocate. The words mean the same now as when they were spoken. They are to be understood by us according to the obvious construction they bore to those who heard them. Neither time nor circumstance can modify an oath. "Though it be a man's covenant, yet if it be confirmed no man disannulleth or addeth thereto." To alter a deposition would be forgery; to introduce a fresh construction would be fraud. Now, if any man who ever lived could

apprehend and appreciate the inestimable grace and goodness of God's oath, it was David. The book of the law of the Lord was his delight. In it he meditated day and night. Its simple tales he transformed into sweet songs. No gratitude ever stirred warmer emotions or gushed forth in livelier expressions than David's, when the oath of the covenant was confirmed to him. "Who am I (said he), O Lord God, and what is my house, that thou hast brought me hitherto?" The revelation he had received he embalmed in the eighty-ninth Psalm. We say he embalmed it; for the sentence of death was put upon the promise, and on all earthly means that could lead to its fulfilment. The faith that expected it would ever come to pass must look only to God. None but God who quickeneth the dead could do it. Hence such a horror of great darkness fell on him as aforetime fell on Abraham. Though the Lord had spoken of his house for a great while to come, heavy clouds hung over the immediate future, and gloomy presentiments of times, when the covenant should be made void, the crown profaned, the hedges broken down, and the strongholds brought to ruin, were present before his mind. While wayfarers taunted, and adversaries vaunted themselves, he could only ask, "How long, O Lord; how long?" His faith was to be supported by patience. All signs that the promise should ever be fulfilled disappear from the earth; and then it is that the word of the oath, like a constellation in the heavens, is the only cheer. This proves the value of the oath, and discovers its use as a sure and certain *hope*, when all creature prospects fail to offer the slightest encouragement. Thus it seems to us that with the nature of the oath explained, the history of the oath drawn out as it were on a chart before our eyes, and the purpose in making the oath rendered as obvious as possible, we ought to give no small heed to an oracle couched in such words as these: "*The Lord hath sworn and will not repent.*" David must have felt the grandeur of his own inspiration. It supersedes Aaron's sacerdotal line as David superseded Saul in the kingdom; while it effectually demonstrates the superiority of the priesthood of Christ. Under the Levitical dispensation men were made priests without an oath; that is to say, God did not swear to maintain the Aaronic priesthood for ever. As, therefore, the priesthood of Melchizedec, according to history, was more ancient than that of Aaron, so, according to prophecy, the priesthood after the order of Melchizedec shall be more permanent, for it is everlasting as the days of heaven.

"BY SO MUCH WAS JESUS MADE SURETY OF A BETTER COVENANT. AND THEY TRULY WERE MANY PRIESTS, BECAUSE THEY WERE NOT SUFFERED TO CONTINUE BY REASON OF DEATH. BUT THIS MAN, BECAUSE HE CONTINUETH EVER, HATH AN UNCHANGEABLE PRIESTHOOD."

Our attention is here diverted from the priesthood, and its superlative excellence to the priest himself, who is found worthy to take the office, willing to discharge its functions, and able to fulfil its requirements. On his part, it is an engagement to perfect the new creation of God. We might indulge in musings on the predestined purpose of the Father. Prophecy might be cited as a proof of predestination. That is not the direction, however, into which the tide of discovery bears us. We are called to look at "*this man who, because he continueth*

ever, hath an unchangeable priesthood." He dwelt on earth, despised and rejected of men; yet no one could convince or convict him of sin. He was received up into heaven after his course below was finished, and Jehovah was well pleased with his righteousness. Now that he liveth no more to suffer or to die, he is invested with the priesthood. Time and circumstance show that the change then brought about was alike urgent and momentous. The Levitical dispensation had collapsed as a manifest failure. It was weak, pitifully weak, through the flesh. As for the law of the priesthood, like all law whatsoever that proceeds from the mouth of God, it was holy, just, and good; but the men on whom the administration of the law devolved were incompetent; and no marvel, for they were but men. True it is they were picked from among their fellows, and were required to be sound in their personal physique; they were protected, so far as rules and regulations could protect them, from defilements of the flesh; and they were provided with ordinances to sustain a profound reverential feeling of sanctity in their minds. Some of them may have been proud of their dignity and pleased with their vestments; yet there can be no doubt that the best and wisest of them were rather appalled by their responsibilities. Did they aim by constant service at the altar to make and keep the whole congregation of Israel perfect before God? This perfection was never reached in a single instance by their ministry. Alas, poor fellows! they had infirmities of their own to distract, and sins of their own to disqualify them! Besides this, like the rest of the sons of men, they had to die; they could not continue by reason of death. Should we find a man who walked in all the statutes and ordinances of the Lord blameless, yet after him there would follow successors who undid by negligence all that he had accomplished by diligence. So things came to an evil pass. The last of the minor prophets bears witness that the covenant of Levi had been corrupted, and the priests had become contemptible and base before all the people (Malachi ii. 4—9). But dire indeed was the depravity of those chief priests of an era never to be forgotten, that prepared the way for the promulgation of this welcome decree—

"THE LAW MAKETH MEN HIGH PRIESTS WHICH HAVE INFIRMITIES, BUT THE WORD OF THE OATH WHICH WAS SINCE THE LAW, MAKETH THE SON, WHO IS CONSECRATED FOR EVERMORE."

In this priesthood of the Son of God we have the charter of our liberty. Emancipated from the shackles of ignorance and superstition, we are endowed with rights and immunities that give us boldness in drawing near to God, and welcome in approaching the altar. "*If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.*" Most certainly a just apprehension of the decree by which matters are settled in heaven is of vital importance to us who dwell on the earth. The affectation of adhering to laws or statutes which have been authoritatively repealed can profit us nothing. Aaron's robes of glory and beauty were comely in their time, but they would look grotesque now. Their fashion may be pondered for their curious symbolism, but did any man think to adorn himself in them at the present time, they would only be symbols of his folly. What good can we derive from any ordinance when the virtue has gone out of it? "He that killeth an ox is as if he slew a

man; he that sacrificeth a lamb as if he cut off a dog's head; he that offereth an oblation as if he offered swine's blood; and he that burneth incense as if he blessed an idol." The Levitical ritual is exploded. It can supply no model for any acceptable service of God. How much less can we reasonably look for any benefit to come from choosing our own ways and following our own devices! What parliament, convocation, or presbytery can establish an order of priesthood which God has not authorised and will not countenance? The canons are worthless; the rubrics are despicable; and as for the consecration of men, of places, or of things, it is profane. The word of the oath, which was revealed after the Mosaic law, has once for all consecrated the Son of God to be the High Priest over the house of God; and he is consecrated for evermore. To set up a rival priest, or to supplement the appointment of Christ by the consecration of supernumerary priests, is, as far as we can judge, to violate the fundamental principle of the Christian economy.

This is the climax of Paul's comment upon the history and the prophecy that relate to Melchizedec. It is part of a larger exposition of doctrine. Upon that wider sphere of revealed truth he proceeds to dilate in the three following chapters. He opens a new paragraph with a confidence and composure that prove the clearness of his faith, the vividness of his own apprehensions, and the certainty he felt that there was no reason to doubt the conclusion he had reached. It is no longer an argument, but a fact to which he draws attention—a fact which is established in heaven, and powerful to rule the destinies and guide the conduct of men.

"NOW OF THE THINGS WHICH WE HAVE SPOKEN THIS IS THE SUM. WE HAVE SUCH A HIGH PRIEST WHO IS SET ON THE RIGHT HAND OF THE THRONE OF THE MAJESTY IN THE HEAVENS."

To what does this lead? In summing up the whole matter of the heavenly priesthood, the apostle proceeds to show that our Lord Jesus holds three departments of office with three several titles, in which he combines the three estates of Melchizedec, of Moses, and of Aaron. The majesty of that office which raised Moses to a peerless elevation, wherein no prophet was like unto him, is inherited by him who is *the mediator of a better—of the new covenant*. Those sacred duties, for the discharge of which Aaron was anointed and invested with the mitre and the ephod, have devolved on him who is *minister of the sanctuary and of the true tabernacle which the Lord pitched, and not man*. And then the mystery of Melchizedec's royal priesthood is nobly illustrated by him who is *a high priest of good things to come*. There is a blaze of glory in the coalescence of all the sacerdotal attributes and the centralization of all the covenant blessings in the person of the eternal Son. Oh that a flood of light might burst on our understanding as we contemplate our great High Priest on the throne of power, clothed with a body like our own; man, very man of the substance of his blessed mother; God, very God, in the glory of the Eternal Father! In him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.

My East Journey in the Interior of China.

(FROM CHIN-KEANG TO T'SÜ-CHEO-FU.)

BY THOMAS P. HARVEY.

PART I.

FROM the time I first set foot on Chinese soil, I had cherished a desire to travel to the capital of the Ho-nan (South of the River) province, K'ia-fung-fu (or "open the seal city"), situated on the southern bank of the Yellow River, near the spot where it commences to change its course for the Gulf of Pe-chili. K'ia-fung-fu, which nearly marks the geographical centre of the kingdom of China, is within eighty or ninety miles from three very important northern provinces—Shan-tung, Chili, and Shan-si—and is traversed by the great highway from the south to the north and north-west of the country; in short, it is the key to North China. All these facts, which show its great importance, only increased my desire to go. But two years had passed away, and this desire had not been gratified, and the time for my departure home, to complete my medical studies, was drawing on. Finding that it was inexpedient to undertake so long a journey, it was decided that I should go as far on the road as the city of T'su-cheo-fu. This was more than half-way, being nearly three hundred miles from Chin-keang (a city on the Yang-tsi, at which I was then staying), in a north-westerly direction.

Monday morning, June 3rd, 1872, was fixed upon for leaving, when preparation for a six-weeks' journey was made. A large wooden packing-case, a Chinese tea-chest, and a pigskin box were tightly wedged with New Testaments, Bibles, gospels, tracts, &c., all printed in the Chinese character. My Chinese bed, or "p'u-k'ai," was rolled up in matting.* A tooth-brush, brush and comb, piece of soap, nail-brush, a few Chinese lesson-books, and some Chinese pens, &c., together with the goods previously mentioned above, constituted the outfit. Beyond these luxuries of western life, we went to the extravagance of purchasing a piece of Chinese boiled beef, a few eggs, and about three pounds of "p'ee-paou," a cross between a plum and an apricot.

Before leaving, the few brethren, with whom I had been living and working in the gospel for some weeks, joined in prayer, commending me to the Lord, and seeking his blessing on the journey. After which, some four or five coolies were called to carry the goods down to the bank of the river Yang-tsi, where we hire boats. After waiting half-an-hour, these indispensable individuals came shouting and quarrelling all down the passage to the yard at the back of the house, where the goods were awaiting them. And now commenced our difficulties. The coolies were shown the goods they had to carry, whereupon they said that more men would be required, as the burdens were too heavy. Some grunted as they took up a comparatively light box of things, as

* A p'u-k'ai consists of two sheets of calico about seven or eight feet square, between which a large quantity of cotton wadding is stuffed, and the sides sewn together. This we invariably take with us whenever we travel in China.

if it had been a block of iron, and, in a fit of sham exhaustion, let it suddenly drop, declaring that it would require at least two men to carry it. Some complained of one thing, some of another, until at last, shouldering some of the boxes oneself, to convince them that the burdens were not heavy, they all at once touched upon the absorbing subject, viz., the "price" for each man. A long discussion arose, which ended in the apparent leader calling out at the pitch of his voice "Ts'eo" (walk), when, like a flock of sheep, they left the place. Nothing daunted, a second lot of men were called, who, hearing that the extortionate demands of the first lot were refused, came to terms very easily. The goods were divided amongst them, when each man commenced to tie up his portion into two separate lots. Each man having carefully balanced his portion on the ends of a bamboo pole, they all swung them across their shoulders, and commenced to move in procession down the street to the river-side, to the well-known cry of the Chinese coolie. These tiresome fellows, knowing perfectly well that the goods they were carrying belonged to a foreigner, imagined themselves to be authorised to bang against and shout at nearly every other person who happened to come the least in their way. No amount of talking will get them to act differently. After unnecessarily jostling against a number of people, disturbing the equilibrium of several street stalls, punching certain slow-going Confucianists in the middle of their backs with the ends of their bamboo poles, and frightening some poor old women who were toddling along, with their deafening shouts of "K'ia-lu" (open the road), these sons of toil arrived at the bank of the river.

The first, but far from the least important, stage of the journey was over. The next thing was to call for a boat to convey us to Yang-Chao, about fifteen miles north. Our appearance on the bund, which is lined with small craft, was the signal for some six or eight boatmen to spring out of their cabin retreats to the front of their respective boats, and shout out, "Yang-sein-seng-ah! Yang-sein-seng-ah!" (Foreign teacher! Foreign teacher!) Somewhat bewildered by so many anxious invitations, you suddenly find yourself surrounded by a number of others on the bund, vying with each other in their questions and clamour. "Teacher, where are you going?" is the anxious question of some; whilst others, thinking that by a little soft-soap politeness they will gain a better hearing, begin to call you "Foreign excellency!" To put an end to much of the babel which by this time had risen about me, I replied that I was but going to Yang-chao; whereupon there was a lull, and many withdrew. Taking a bird's-eye view of all the boats, we selected the most suitable; but as we drew near to this one, the demeanour of the people to whom it belonged immediately underwent a change from anxiety to have us to an air of indifference, so as to convey the idea that they were quite independent of our custom, in order that an exorbitant price might be asked. This is nearly invariably the case with all Chinese, even after they have experienced the kindness of the foreigner. An exorbitant price was asked, and the native price was offered, to which they would not listen. Consequently we tried elsewhere, and after spending an amount of valuable breath and still more valuable time, the bargain was struck. Half the

fare was at once paid down, which is called "Ting-t'seing," or "fixing-money." This is a usual custom in nearly every pecuniary transaction. The chief boatman, having received his "fixing-money," wandered off to the city to purchase some rice, salt, wine, &c., for himself and two assistants. During his absence we were busily engaged in loading the boat with the goods. Upon his return we loosed from Chinkeang and pushed out into the deep broad waters of the mighty Yang-tsi river. Although we omitted the usual ceremony of firing crackers, beating gongs, and so invoking the tender mercies of the god of the river for a safe passage across, some two hours found us safely arrived three miles higher up on the opposite side, at Kwā-Cheo, the recommencement of the Grand Canal. This Grand Canal runs from Hangchau in the south to Chinkeang, where it passes by the west gate of the city, and joins the Yang-tsi river. It recommences three miles to the west, on the opposite bank, at Kwā-Cheo, and runs directly north to Lin-Sing, seven hundred miles from Hangchau. At Lin-Sing it is joined by a tributary from a northern river, which flows up to T'ien-tsing, and from thence to near Peking.

From Kwā-cheo we had a steady pull for thirteen miles, to Yang-chau, where we arrived at five in the afternoon, and hired a more commodious boat, to proceed one hundred and twenty miles north, to T'sing-Keang-pu. After transshipment of goods, I paid a doctor's visit to our native assistant's wife in the city, where we have a mission-station. After spending a little time with the native Christians in prayer, and partaking of a little refreshment they had kindly provided, I returned to the boat. As night drew on, the p'u-kais were unrolled, and all retired to sleep. And soundly we slept until some clumsy boat, floating down the river, banged up against us, and made the timbers creak and crack, and our chief boatman spring automatically, as it were, from his bed, and bawl out, in anything but loving words, to the unfortunate people who had so misguided their vessel. The storm died away with the angry undertoned expressions of our chief. Beyond the periodic beating of the watchman's gong, quiet reigned with darkness. Just before the sun had risen, the boatmen having succeeded in extricating our vessel from among the perfect labyrinth of craft in whose midst we had passed the night, spread the sail to a favourable breeze, and away we sailed up the Grand Canal.

After breakfast, my servant-boy, T'süeing-ling (perfect-grove), who has since become a decided Christian, called into the cabin all the available people on the boat, to attend morning "li-pai," or worship. With this commenced our missionary tour. When it is possible, we invariably establish a "family altar," morning and evening, on board every boat we engage for a lengthy journey. This plan gives us a good opportunity of putting the gospel before the same people upon several consecutive days. Our first congregation consisted of the chief boatman, his father, one of the assistant boatmen, called a "hoh-ke," Tsüeng-ling, and a little child. After singing, the story of Bartimæus was told, and Christ put forth as being able and willing to save from sin. After prayer, our first little meeting came to an end. Shortly afterwards we reached the township of Shia-peh. At this place the water in the Grand Canal acquires great force, and the authorities have been compelled to

build a substantial stone wall on the east bank, to prevent the overflow of water from an immense lake off the west of the canal, from inundating the town, which lies very low on the east bank. Shia-peh consists mainly of one long street, which runs parallel with the canal.

Having strapped up two bundles of gospels and tracts, and armed ourselves with the "gospel-scroll," Tsieng-ling and I set out for this main street.

It would be well to explain that this "gospel scroll" is a long Chinese roller, headed with the title of "Happy Sound Doctrine," for that is the name by which the Gospel is known in China; below this is placed as a preface, "In the beginning God made man," and then in columns of Chinese characters are the following texts: Romans iii. 23, John iii. 16, Hebrews ix. 27, Mark xvi. 15 and 16; preceded by a part of Genesis i. 27.

Arrived in the main street, this testimony for God was hung up on one of the shutters of a closed shop. The people quickly gathered round, when the scroll was read out aloud and explained. After which the books were exposed and the sale began, during which time the poor people commenced to ask the usual frivolous questions, such as, "Where is your honourable country?" "What is your honourable name?" "How many in your family eat rice?" "Does it ever rain in your country?" "Do trees grow there?" "Do the mandarins in your country wear buttons on the tops of their caps?" etc. All of which questions must be gravely answered, for should you treat them lightly, you would immediately be put down as a rude and ignorant person, not knowing "kwei-chü," *i.e.*, "politeness."

After dinner we visited a large temple at the back of the town, which we found crowded with men and women, witnessing the priests performing some comedy. The scroll was hung up outside on the temple wall, and the gospel preached and the Scriptures sold, amidst a positive din of idolatry. But the poor deluded people seemed to be too much taken up with the works of the devil to listen to the story of God's love.

Another attempt was made again next morning in the main street, after which we sailed away to the city of Kao-ieu-cheo, about eighteen miles north. We stopped at a very small village on the way, and entered into conversation with a man in an oilshop, whose acquaintance we made the year before. After speaking to the few people, who had gathered around the shop door, about the gift of God, and pasting up a few sheet tracts, one in this man's shop, another in the barber's shop, and the others in the street, we resumed our journey. A brisk wind brought us to Kao-ieu-cheo in sufficient time for us to spend two or three hours on a bridge in the middle of the city in preaching from the scroll and selling Scriptures. We had not been speaking long before a man showed us some religious books, which he had bought in Shanghai, and remained to hear a further explanation of the truth. Retracing our steps through the city to the boat we called at several roller-shops, where the people kindly pasted the backs of some of the large sheet tracts, which were afterwards placed on the walls all up and down the street. Several found their way into barbers' shops; for, as at home, barbers' shops in China are lounging places where men sit and chatter away by the hour. As a rule, it is perfectly safe to leave

tracts so posted up. You have no need to fear their being torn down and trampled under foot. The people have far more respect for their Confucius than to treat his "characters" in such a contemptuous manner. So that to paste up a tract in a barber's shop is to leave behind you a testimony for God, which will remain for some time.

Work was resumed next morning in the city very early, and by noon we had sold a goodly number of books, and preached several times, to different groups of people. At mid-day we witnessed a splendid partial solar eclipse; and, as usual upon such occasions, the Chinese used their utmost exertions, by firing crackers, beating gongs, and shouting, to frighten away "the dog from eating up the sun." And the success which crowned their efforts, was celebrated immediately afterwards by a race between a "phoenix" boat and a "dragon" boat. In the afternoon we again took our stand for Christ inside the city, and were patiently listened to by a very large crowd as we preached the gospel. Amongst the motley group of country people, opium-smokers, tradesmen, coolies, women and children, stood a man with a large thick wooden collar round his neck, bound with an iron rim. Upon inquiry the wearer proved to be a Buddhist priest, who, having stolen some clothes to buy opium, had been sentenced by the mandarin to wear the "Kiorh-tsi" for four years. The one he was wearing weighed sixteen pounds; and he had worn it then day and night for three years. He had, therefore, to wear it for another year. The inner edge, which fitted to his neck, was quite smooth from friction. Fastened to the top of the collar, and hanging down on each side, were long strips of paper, the seals of the mandarin, which prevented the stock-like collar from being opened upon penalty of death.

After speaking to the people for some time, and selling a good number of books, a man came to Tsüeing-ling, who was standing behind me, and asked him, "Why did Jesus die?" Whereupon, Tsüeing-ling immediately commenced to explain by informing the man that "Jesus had twelve disciples, and one of them had a bad thought in his heart and was false, and afterwards betrayed Jesus into the hands of his enemies;" and then went on to speak of the way of salvation through faith.

On the following morning we moved in the boat to the North Gate, where we again preached and sold more books, and afterwards paid a visit to a large temple, where we saw an image with ten heads and one hundred arms and hands. It was a representation of the "goddess of mercy," who is said "to save from a thousand difficulties and ten thousand troubles." This image was up in a loft, where we saw several others, one without a head, and others in a crumbling condition. Below stairs were the three immense representations of Buddha, behind which, in the back regions, were a number of old broken down idols, a charnel house of deities! The few people who accompanied me during this visit, and undertook to explain all that was to be seen, next invited me to pay a visit to the abbot of the monastery, which lay just behind the temple. I went, and found this bald and beardless dignitary of Buddha in one of a lot of buildings which formed four sides of a paved square, the monotony of which was relieved by the presence of a few small trees. In a few words my mission was quickly explained. Apparently

the abbot took great interest in what was said about Jesus dying for our sins. Lest after all he might have mistaken my meaning, I proceeded to write out on his wooden tablet in Chinese characters a few of the leading truths of the gospel, which I left with him; and, after presenting him with the few books I had with me, and partaking of some tea which he had kindly poured out, departed.

Proceeding in the boat to the north, we came to a large village, Mä-p'eng-uang, where a lot more books were sold, and the gospel again preached. When we retired to the boat we were waited upon by a poor man suffering dreadfully in many parts from a chronic (eczema) skin disease. A boy came with an eye nearly out, and lots of people applied to us for medicine which would cure them of their opium-smoking. There is an immensely wide field in China for those who are skilled in the healing art. A mere smattering of knowledge is sufficient to treat many of the cases which continually present themselves.

Next day we stayed at two more large villages on the banks of the canal, at both of which books were sold, the scroll exhibited, and the gospel preached. The last place, Kiai-Sheo, is famous as having produced a man named Cu-t'sang-küing, who has so distinguished himself by filial piety as to cause Li-hung-chang, the Governor-General of the military forces in China, to erect a memorial arch, and to call the principal street in the place after his name, in order that the remembrance of his services may be handed down from generation to generation, and be an example to all posterity. Cu-t'sang-küing still lives, and continues day by day to worship the spirits of his parents, who have been deceased now for some time, by burning incense and paper before their tablets, which are deposited in the great ancestral hall of the place.

The following morning (Sunday) found us at Fang-shüor, a great rice emporium. It was very hot, and we were very tired from the previous week's work, and so, after the morning service with the boat people, we gladly rested for the day. It proved to be a great feast-day, and in the afternoon a kind of regatta was got up, I believe to commemorate the recent successful attempt to rescue the sun from the ravages of the angry dog. Two boats, one in the shape of a phoenix, and another in the shape of a dragon, were gaily dressed with flags, bannerets, coloured papers, &c. Both were manned by a large number of men, who sat under a canopy, each armed with a kind of malt shovel for a paddle. Standing on the prow of each boat was a Chinaman in official costume, who seemed to act as master of ceremonies for his own boat. Both banks of the canal were crowded with people. At a given signal one of the officials standing on the prow released a diving duck, whereupon men from both boats dropped their paddles and plunged into the water in pursuit of the poor duck, whilst the boats followed their own men respectively. After a really wild-geese chase one succeeded in grasping the poor duck, which was carried off to the official of the boat from which the man had come, who held it up by the neck, to the admiration of the crowds on the bank, who gave vent to their enthusiasm by immense cheering and the firing of crackers.

We spent the following day at Fang-shüoi, and on Tuesday proceeded north to the district city of Pao-ing, which we reached by dinner time, and preached and sold books to very large crowds, and

pasted up and down, on the walls of a Confucian temple and elsewhere, a large number of gospel sheet-tracts. Early next morning we again took our stand in the principal street, and preached from the "Gospel-scroll." We had not been long before a burly, fat old man pressed into the middle of the crowd and loudly demanded a book, at the same time snatching at the one I had in my hand. He was quietly told that they were for sale; and that if he desired to look at one he could, but that I could not give him one, for then all the rest would want one on the same terms. The old man, who seemed to be the quintessence of all that was bad, and ready for a disturbance, made another bold attempt. Finding that he was frustrated in his design, he immediately raised the cry that we were "Kidnappers from Chinkeang." Throwing his arms into the air he sought to excite the crowd, calling out most vociferously, "Kidnappers, kidnappers," "Beat, beat to death," "Seize them, bind and drag them off," "Kill," "Beat." The crowd swayed backwards and forwards, and the old man became increasingly excited. I felt my position, but God was with me, and to his own at such times he is a tower of strength, as he was then to me. I addressed the apparently disinterested part of the crowd, and assured them that my intentions were honourable, and, if they chose, my boat and goods were at their service for examination. This had the effect of cooling down some of the turbulent, and the old man moved off with his party. The preaching and selling work was immediately resumed; and also in the afternoon. The disturbance had a good reaction during the remainder of the day in increased sales. It was very gratifying after this disturbance to be waited upon in the evening by a number of men, who came, as they said, for the purpose of hearing more fully concerning the doctrine.

By eleven on the following morning we were at the prefectural city of Hui-ang (thirty miles from Pao-ing). This city was visited by the Nien-fei rebels in 1861-2. It is a large place, with wide streets, and contains a great population without a single resident witness for Christ. Young men who are growing rusty from lack of work at home, will find plenty here, without the slightest possible risk of encroaching on the work of another brother. The city is before them, and they can preach and sell books in any of its streets, and hold conversation with its inhabitants in any of the tea-shops. We left the boat, with a box of books, and the "scroll," which we hung up in the middle of the city. Large crowds collected and heard the "old, old story," and the sale was very brisk. All the next day we spent in the city, and in spite of the drizzling rain, we had some good gatherings and sales; and returned to the boat in the evening tired and wet. Next day, Saturday, found us at that great opium-den, T'sing-keang-p'u. I call it an opium-den because the very place reeks again with opium fumes. I wish some of our legislators could be induced to go and stay a few days in this city; methinks that they would not require any further evidence to convince them of the enormity of the evil arising from the opium trade. Missionaries, who at times are called upon to live in an atmosphere impregnated with the fumes which emanate from the opium dens, are snubbed and ill spoken of when they testify against this awful traffic, by a band of men who are unwilling to forego the profits arising from it, although

it is undermining the health and slowly destroying a nation of four hundred millions of people. They may snub on, and lend their mouths to give utterance to any hard and unjustifiable expression they may please to conceive, but speak we will, and loudly too; for it is in the cause of our common humanity. We therefore plainly and boldly declare that the growth and exportation of opium from our East Indian territory to China is a violation of all that is holy, just, and true; and that the nation which in any measure is pecuniarily dependent upon the profits arising from such transactions, will most assuredly degenerate into a state of demoralisation. I do trust Christian men and women in England will combine in this effort to wipe out this foul national stain at once and for ever.

Lieu-sein-seng, our native assistant, who lives at the mission-house outside the city, gave us a hearty welcome. On the following day, Sunday, we preached twice in the chapel, and afterwards in the city. On Monday we took up our stand inside the city, and remained all day preaching from the scroll, and, with Lieu's assistance, sold a large number of books. We had gone now as far as we could by water, and therefore left the boat and took up temporary quarters at the mission; and afterwards made preparation for the overland journey to Tsü-cheo-fu. It may be asked by some, who have gone with us so far in our journey, "And what good have you done in so hastily visiting such a number of places?" Whilst admitting the imperfect nature of the work, our reply is, that we conceive it to be an untold privilege to stand out in these cities and villages to preach the gospel, and place in the hands of the natives portions of the Scripture with explanatory gospel tracts. Whilst it is not all that we desire, we hope that it will at least prepare the ground for future operations. We can tell of cases of real awakening as the fruit of such work, and of people who have been visited in this way afterwards embracing the gospel when they were visited a second time. The reason we do not spend a longer time in each place is because we know that there are many, very many, more cities and towns to visit yet before us. The one thing which so often tries us in China is the immensity of the work, the whiteness of the harvest, and the paucity of labourers.

Scandal.

THE story is told of a woman who freely used her tongue to the scandal of others, and made confession to the priest of what she had done. He gave her a ripe thistle-top, and told her to go out in various directions to scatter the seeds one by one. Wondering at the penance, she obeyed, and then returned and told her confessor. To her amazement, he bade her go back and gather the scattered seeds; and when she objected that it would be impossible, he replied that it would be still more difficult to gather up and destroy all evil reports which she circulated about others. Any thoughtless, careless child can scatter a handful of thistle seeds before the wind in a moment, but the strongest and wisest man cannot gather them again.

The Waifs and Strays of London Streets.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

(Continued from page 376.)

PERSONS who are familiar with the work of reclaiming destitute juveniles know that they are not to be judged by the same rule as other children, for they know nothing of the discipline of parental care. In the main, the little Arab is his own master, and if by "Father" and "Mother" we mean persons who affectionately welcome their child home at night, and send him to school with their blessing in the morning, he never knew father or mother. He uses his own judgment and follows his own inclination. On his first taking the school into favour he is looked upon by his faster companions as "a religious cove," and should he continue to go, he is at once set down as a "character" to be avoided by all who formerly called him their "pal." Should he, on the contrary, relinquish the school, no parent or guardian will chide or punish him: he and his teacher have the business altogether between themselves.

Some of those who have parents are even worse off than they who have none, for no slight hindrance to the work of reformation is found in those parents who systematically fatten upon the dishonourable gains of their tender offspring. A preacher lately depicted a child whose wants he summed up in one word—mother. The child is ragged, dirty, sick, and sorry; indeed it stands in need of all the necessities of existence; but bring forward its mother, and you give it everything. If a good mother be all this, how deplorable the condition of those whose mothers are no mothers, and whose fathers are contemptible loafers, willing to lean on the tender reed of childhood, if it will but support them in idleness. A Good Samaritan once visited the home of a little slattern, who, occupying a place at a London crossing, contrived to disguise her begging practices and elude the police. When the visitor walked up to the door of the girl's lodging in a dusky recess of Drury Lane, it transpired that the child was a main support of the family, her strong and idle parents regarding children as sent into the world to work for their elders. The father, a powerful Irishman, sat at the room door; other members of the family were lounging about, while the mother, in the act of preparing "tea," was giving the finishing turns to a relish in the frying-pan. The breadwinner, and in that character the principal person in this unpicturesque scene, was the little ragged maid whose musical voice and stumpy broom wrought on kind-hearted people, and drew from their pockets sufficient to support her parents. The visitor desired to get the child into a school, but "the little darlint" was too profitable; for what would her parents do without the coppers she brought home as regularly as sunset? Entreaty was of no avail, but in these days, under the new School Board Act, parental selfishness may be more successfully dealt with than of old.

We see, then, that the mere possession of parents is not necessarily advantageous to a street waif. Parents like the Irishman and his wife

are their child's constant enemies, but a yet lower depth is reached by those who grossly ill-use their offspring. Said a deplorable-looking lad, on being asked why he came unwashed to school, "You don't know how it is; I have not been home for a week, because my father and mother are always drunk, and they would as soon kill me as look at me. I sleep sometimes in a cart or coal waggon; last night I slept in a shed with a donkey in it." How did he live? "I go out costermongering," he said. "Sometimes I sell out, and if I do not I lose by it; sometimes I have food, but very often none." Can we be surprised if unfortunate boys who are used worse than dogs at home come at length to wish that their parents were dead? Evil generates evil, and we deplore the fact, and yet we rejoice that moral influences are thus powerful, because, on the other hand, good begets good, and divine grace brings good out of evil. Evil, through long growth and the neglect of the church, may assume such proportions as to make us apprehensive for the future; but we know that there is a limit to its progress, for, strengthened by God, heroic workers are gaining ground, and becoming a power before which the prince of darkness trembles.

Only allow your little Arab to taste the sweets of knowledge, and touch his heart with kindness, and he will in many instances reward you by pressing forward with eagerness in the upward path; his injudicious earnestness may even need to be checked by a tender hand. A blind girl having learned to read, became so overjoyed on finding that knowledge could be communicated by touch, that in a calculating mood she actually pared her finger ends to make the sense of touch still more delicate. She speedily found to her cost that God's work could not be improved upon, for sensitive as her fingers became, the pain was unendurable, and she became incapable of reading at all, until, in blank lonely sorrow, she happened to press the book to her face, and found that the characters could be deciphered by the lips. Thus she read with her lips until the injured fingers recovered.

The brave bearing of children under trial, and their manner of pursuing knowledge under difficulties are sometimes affecting and extraordinary. Little Henry was of this class; his father being a carman seldom in constant employment, and his mother one who earned a scanty pittance by charing, Henry was occasionally ill from sheer want; but though a "ragged" scholar, he was never literally ragged, always appearing in class with whole clothes and a clean face. In seasons of privation he would not go home to dinner, knowing that there was not a crust in the cupboard. Under all trials he manifested no symptoms of discontent; on the contrary, he set a noble example of patient enduring. There came a time when his fortune mended. A number of book-maps were sent to the school to be coloured, and Henry, with his sister, earned nine or ten shillings a week, the money going to their mother. In the meantime Henry made progress in school, and after learning to read, write, and cipher, a situation was procured for him in a City house of business. He was still working his way upwards, when consumption engendered by early privation, necessitated his removal to Brompton Hospital. The disease was hastened in its progress by a violent cold, which greatly weakened the patient. But if death must come, Henry was fully ready for it. He had found extreme

delight in working for his mother, and he also loved the school where he had found refuge in Christ; while lying on a bed of languishing, his heart overflowed with gratitude for the treatment received, and he declared that everybody behaved to him like a brother or sister. In the last scene of all, with his mother standing by, he departed hence, rejoicing in a good hope through faith.

The London waif, when he prefers living wholly by dishonesty, is a costly thing to the community, and if he be not captured in time, his love of thieving and roving become chronic, and not easily eradicated. In his daily life the neglected child is subject to extremes of fortune, now "out of luck" and pinched by want, and then, in consequence of a turning tide, regaling himself on steaks, sweets, and muffins, all purchased with the contents of somebody's purse, surreptitiously transferred to his possession. Like other people, therefore, the waif has his "bad" and "good" times, and though in money matters his procedure is summed up in "easy come, easy go," he is neither a selfish nor an unsocial adventurer. He can "work" alone, or he has no objection to taking a smart counterpart of himself into partnership, and as honour is found even among thieves, he will claim no more than his share of the spoil. Of domestic comfort and of home ties he knows nothing, and, through ignorance, cares less. If a trained thief, it is probable that he was born into the profession, for the fact transpires that persons adopting a thief's life generally enter on their career between the ages of eight and sixteen, few becoming "professionals" after twenty years of age. Hence some boys might count it their misfortune almost as much as their crime to be thieves. To such the streets are their world, low lodging-houses their home, the gaff, the cheap theatre, and the tap-room their places of recreation. All circumstances in life seem to tell against lads of this class. If they retain any notions of right and wrong, they must survive in their minds by a God-implanted instinct, in spite of many dark surroundings. How can they be expected to define right and wrong when the only schools and schoolmasters of their youth have been the streets and their unholiest associations? Though the juvenile vagabond is deficient in his general education, he is well aware that certain offences entail fixed penalties, and because society, in the person of the policeman, marks a bound beyond which he may not pass, he esteems well-dressed people as his natural enemies, and their property as his rightful prey. Beginning badly, he progresses from bad to worse, and unless he be stopped in his course by better schoolmasters, ere he passes the line of manhood, crime becomes a second nature, and if he be reclaimed it will be as by a miracle. Where is social and political economy when these lowly members of the community are allowed to run to waste? The vine in whose grapes we delight will refuse to bring forth rich clusters, unless properly trained; we cultivate vines and neglect what is far more precious—morally responsible creatures. To reclaim a little wanderer may cost a few pounds; but to let him alone will cost hundreds of pounds, and perhaps something else that cannot be redeemed by gold. We have heard of a certain king who, having been well served by a brave general, asked the hero what reward he would choose. To the astonishment of covetous friends, he asked no more than four thousand acres of waste land. This wilderness seemed

to be a poor possession, but the waste land did not long continue what it was. A castle sprang up, farms were enclosed, trees were planted, until what was formerly sterile ground bloomed as a fruitful garden, and then the wisdom of the general's choice was manifest. Something like this is going on in London. Devoted men and women choose as their working spheres the moral wastes of the city, and labour until the desert blossoms into fruitfulness.

The confessions made by the street boy are of value, for from them we discover that love of roving, and of coarse pleasures, frequently occasions irreparable ruin. False notions of life are imbibed either from companions far gone in crime, or they are suggested by reading the licentious literature which circulates largely among the London poor. Boys especially are carried away by mistaken ideas respecting the glorious freedom attending an unsettled life, and by wild notions of the delights belonging to seafaring pursuits, and they consequently become dissatisfied with sober work.

A lad of the roving or romantic class, and one who had formerly been a Sunday-school scholar, once addressed his quondam companions from a cell in Chester Castle, taking occasion to depict the events of his downward path. From him we learn the hardships which a viciously inclined youth will endure while yielding to his evil propensities, and playing the prodigal. He possessed a good home and attended school, but both were forsaken. He first wandered to London, but not being quite satisfied with the capital he started for Birmingham, where he found temporary employment. At Birmingham he was fascinated by the fair and bad company, so that, hearing of another fair at Coventry, he robbed his master, absconded, and having spent his last penny sold his shoes and clothes to prevent his dying of starvation on the streets. He was now brought face to face with a stern world, and with the supposed charms of the life he had chosen, but the path he was treading possessed few if any of the attractions once fondly pictured. Perhaps he had dreamed of green fields, shady lanes, quietly flowing rivers, and interesting towns; if so all things wore a darker aspect than anything he had ever known, and he again set out towards London a foot-sore beggar. After wearily walking the long distance, he arrived in the great city a friendless outcast, unknown to a soul, though acquaintances of a kind were sufficiently plentiful. His home now was an iniquitous den in Gray's Inn Lane, the company being gamblers, pick-pockets, and others of the same school. No opening now offered itself but the profession of a thief, and lessons in that art were given to make the freshman as perfect as possible. According to the usual course of things prison life now began, the demoralising discipline of the gaol being administered in terms varying from seven days to two months, according to the crimes committed. On one occasion when released from Ilford Gaol he resolved on amending his life, but good resolutions resembled morning dew on the mountain side. He obtained work, entered a more respectable lodging, and might have improved had not a dissolute companion enticed the partially reformed thief to scenes of low amusement; these started him afresh on the road to ruin. "Some people will tell you that there is no harm in going to the play," he wrote to former school-fellows, "but there cannot be any

good learned there. Keep from it ; pass by it ; for this proved my last downfall." The downward path was now rapid, a committal for ten years for incendiarism effectually stopping further depredations. This boy was not likely to be reformed by prison punishment, but he had been in the Sabbath school, he remembered the teaching received there, and the gospel message was never entirely effaced from his heart. He had run the course of crime, perceived its folly, and in speaking the language of penitence gave promise of reformation.

Would we know the obstinacy of human nature in adhering to what is bad, we must acquaint ourselves with the conflict against indwelling evil, which even our street Pariahs may experience. There are not wanting among the thieving class those who can respect honour and honesty. One on being asked why he was happier in an honourable course of life than in the times of old, characteristically replied, "I can go along the street now, look every peeler in the face, and fear nothing." Some strongly desire to turn into honest courses; they try, and try again, and at last, tearfully confessing defeat, are perhaps taught to conquer by being brought to the strongest of all Friends. A number of instances illustrate what is needed in a teacher, while revealing the peculiar trials of the children. For the following facts we are indebted to one who loved and understood his work, and showed a marvellous perseverance in it.

"Neverfail" was born in a court of West Smithfield, his parents being a young woman and a very old man. The father had once been engaged in trade, but becoming reduced his wife took in needlework to support the family. With poverty came other evils, and the unfortunate children were left to find their living in the street and their best associates at a ragged-school. "Neverfail" would have done better had there been any good influence at home to supplement the work of the school; but associating with thieves and wicked characters he became as bad as the worst. When away from school he cast in his lot with young scamps whose craft consisted in stealing heavy goods from the morning markets, and the nature of these adventures may be judged from the fact that once, while chased by the police, the confederates threw a whole sheep into a dust-bin and escaped. "Neverfail," however, was not allowed to remain a mere parcel-stealer by sharp-witted "pals;" he inherited talents capable of surprising development. He sat at the feet of a professional thief-trainer, and becoming in time an expert at pocket-picking, won the sobriquet by which he was afterwards recognised. His success astonished all who knew him: he has himself taken between thirty and forty silk handkerchiefs in a day, and when assisted by a companion he has relieved unsuspecting pedestrians of no less a number than fifty-seven of the same useful articles. But the most cunning expert cannot expect to elude the police for ever, and "Neverfail" was soon transferred to prison, his first term of punishment extending over twenty-one days. The State thus took possession of the boy, and by means of a proper discipline "Neverfail" might perhaps have been taught to prefer honesty to theft, but as a matter of fact the gaol merely gave the graduate in crime an opportunity of completing that education in villainy which had begun in the streets. He declared that by going to prison

he had learned more relating to the art of thieving than ever he found it possible to gather from trainers or companions outside. When he came out of confinement, his tutor, the trainer, met him at the prison gate, spoke words of encouragement, and reinstated his pupil in the profession of purse-taking. Though successful in a sense, "Neverfail" was not sufficiently watchful to escape detection and another term in prison. In his own eyes he was a fine gentleman when at large. No ragged boy was he now; he and his "pals," one of whom was a woman, dressed elegantly, so that their practices should not be suspected by ordinary passengers.

Some of these lads are never entirely lost sight of by anxious teachers, and after "Neverfail" had been in gaol thirteen times, an effort to effect a rescue was made. He was once more taken into school, and raised to the position of monitor, but wearying of the restraint and discipline imposed, he would not return to thieving, but desired to go to sea. In the meantime old companions taunted him, and endeavoured to entice him back into evil courses. They ridiculed him, and showed the spoil they had taken: but "Neverfail" held out.

One day, as he passed along Cheapside, a question suddenly sounded in his ear, "Boy, do you want a place?"

"Neverfail" had wandered into Cheapside to avoid the school, and the words now heard came from a gentleman whose eye happened to detect him in the thronged thoroughfare. The boy's heart at once responded to the kind tone. Yes, he wanted "a place," and his teacher would recommend him.

The situation was procured, and now, instead of dressing like a fine gentleman, and picking pockets, "Neverfail" wore the uniform of a humble house-boy, and his duty was the work proper to that lowly station. One day he was requested to carry some fuel into a certain apartment, where many valuables were lying about; the sight of these stimulated evil propensities, so that only by hurrying away could the quondam thief resist the old inclination to steal. "Neverfail" strove as best he could against his besetting sin, but he never felt comfortable when in the neighbourhood of money and jewels. Whenever he saw articles of value, the tempter was near, urging him to appropriate what could be taken so easily. He was passing through a crisis, and if a Christian adviser had been near, he might have conquered; as it was, a trial came which resembled the last straw which breaks the camel's back. "Neverfail" could hold out no longer when he was asked to carry a number of valuables from one part of the premises to another. "Wait a moment," he cried, and he left the house, never to return. While hurrying away he met another boy whom he directed to apply for "the place," emphatically adding, "Be honest." The runaway returned to school to earn a shilling a day by map-colouring, the work having been supplied by a friend. He worked well himself, and brought others who had been thieves or gaol-birds to work with him. Severer trials overtook this tempted child of Adam and led him again to grieve his patient teacher, for, coming to words with the foreman of the work, "Neverfail" went away, and returned to his old courses of life. He was traced at last to the gallery of the

Victoria Theatre. By means of kindness and entreaty he was brought to tears, and he returned to work. Wisdom and kindness suggested that he should be sent to sea, and by this means he was separated most effectually from old haunts and powerful tempters. In this instance, the young offender's strivings were perseveringly aided by the efforts and prayers of a faithful teacher, but the victory was only obtained after a hard struggle.

We do well, then, to regard even the vagrant children of London as so much good material, capable of being reclaimed and utilised for high purposes. We are not to judge by outward appearances, but to remember that from the gospel standpoint there no longer breathes beneath the broad heavens a real outcast. Sinners from whom respectability turns aside at the first glimpse, gathering up the skirts of its superfine garments, are the special subjects of our Lord's pity, and in them he resolves to magnify his grace. The further the sinner may be from God, the greater the miracle of his conversion, and therefore it becomes us to believe that God will glorify himself, and show to angels and principalities and powers how divinely he lifts the beggar from the dunghill, and sets him among the princes of the people.

(To be continued.)

The Disciples.—John.

BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIS, OF MANCHESTER.

THAT disciple whom Jesus loved" is the beautiful periphrasis under which John delights to lie half hidden yet best revealed. His name does not occur in the gospel written by himself, and what wonder? Who would not be thus anonymous? If such a celestial distinction may take its place, let us never again hear our name. We, too, would elect to ride in the chariot paved with love, and be no more known except as "that disciple whom Jesus loved."

It is apparent to every one that the friendship between Christ and John, which earned him the title, was peculiar. The Master's affection was a circle embracing all his disciples, but John dwelt at its centre. The root of this close friendship, humanly speaking, can be easily discovered; it lay in the rich soil of John's full nature. His character was not comprised in that gentle effeminacy which general misconception has imputed to him. Christ named him Boanerges, the son of thunder, and a glance at his life and writings will show with what truth. That disciple who would have stopped the mouth of the nonconformist follower, and called flaming fire from heaven on the supercilious Samaritans, concealed, Etna-like, under the smiling gentleness of Elisha, something of the volcanic fury of the Tishbite. He who flatly denounced as liars men whose life disagreed with their profession, who counselled a gentle nation to refuse hospitality to false teachers, and resented, ay, and threatened to "remember" the malicious slanders of Diotrephes, that prating lover of pre-eminence, was no velvet-mouthed disciple of the creed of indiscriminate complacency, and had he lived in our day he would probably have received by modern suffrage a less

tender title than that given him by the Holy Spirit. The truth is, the nature of John presented an admirable union of force and gentleness, and combined the utmost manliness with the noblest qualities of woman. All humanity is in that "man greatly beloved," and you may see it if you will but carefully observe him. He is like the frowning bastion unconsciously graced with festoons of ivy. He has in his ampleness and breadth more than ordinary capacity for the reception of others; in his delicacy of insight a truer perception of others' natures and needs; thus, by his receptiveness, John received Christ, and his chastened insight enabled him to see, as none other saw, the divine humanity of his Master.

Nor did Christ find the needful element of sympathy wanting in this choice disciple. There exist no eternal connections devoid of this essential link. It is plainly apparent that men's minds inhabit different worlds. In every crowd of sight-seers in a gallery there are some who see, not the emotion and soul depicted by the painter's art, but merely canvas and paint in a gilt frame. A strain of music like a magic gale wafts one sensitive spirit across the waves of sound to some shore of exquisite delight, while to another's ear the same harmonies are a meaningless jargon. From the lower nature to the higher there can flow no full stream of sympathy; between them there is a great gulf fixed. Carry this into the moral world, and in such case there is no possibility of true friendship; but when richly endowed, heaven-born souls meet, a coalition takes place, and the two are acknowledged akin. Juxtaposition does not necessarily imply combination, mere accident of relationship does not make true kinship, the kinship of *souls* is that which survives death. Such a kinship existed between Christ and the most Christ-like of the disciples. The Master loved John, for his humanity craved solace, and found it in John; and this sacred friendship fell like a beam of light on the younger Son of Zebedee, making him radiant with the divine halo of this title—"that disciple whom Jesus loved."

Who was he?

Zebedee was his father, his mother was Salome, so we gather from Matthew and Mark, who in the story of the crucifixion tell us, the one that there stood by the cross, "*Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of James and Joses, and the mother of Zebedee's children,*" and the other that those present were "*Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James the less and of Joses, and Salome.*" Hence it is clear that Salome was the mother of Zebedee's children. James was his elder brother. Their home lay on the shore of Gennesaret, where the two boys played on the sands, and on holiday occasions went with their father fishing. Afterwards they themselves took to business in earnest, and perhaps when they came of age their father took them into partnership, and the neighbours chatted for awhile of the new fishing firm of Zebedee and Sons; or, as may be indicated by Luke v. 10, the two young men entered into arrangements with their neighbour Simon and commenced business for themselves.

One thing is certain, John had received from his mother a knowledge of the Messiah. The Scriptures were not unknown in that household. The glowing future of the nation and the coming of the Deliverer formed frequent themes of engrossing interest to the mother when

she spoke with the lads. This mother prayed for her boys. The petition presented afterwards to the Messiah, "Grant that these my two sons may sit, the one on thy right hand and the other on thy left hand in thy kingdom," was not the first she had uttered for them. True, that particular request was offered under misconception, and the ten were indignant, but we do not find that Christ was displeased; and what believing mother does not present the same petition in its spiritual sense for her children?

Circumstances of daily life would often lead the inmates of the fisherman's home to these subjects. When the father had reluctantly paid the tribute to the Roman exciseman (no man pays foreign taxes cheerfully), would he not console himself on his return with reveries of the good time coming, when Messiah should right the oppressed nation and reign from the river to the ends of the earth? John's nature lay specially open to the golden visions of heroic hope, and when the herald ministry of the Baptist was announced at the Jordan, and the whole land went to hear him, John was in the crowd. The Baptist pointed him to the Lamb of God, and Andrew and he followed Christ with the inquiry, "Where dwellest thou?" That evening spent with Jesus sealed John's after life, from that hour his future was decided, he had found his Master!

His after history can be briefly told. He went back to his home and to his occupation for a time, till the second call, prefaced by the miraculous draught of fishes, severed him from his secular work. He was one of the three favoured to be ever with Christ and witness the most illustrious manifestations of his glory, and the profoundest revelations of his abasement. He was one of the little company that saw the daughter of Jairus raised. He accompanied Christ to the hill top of the transfiguration, and was favoured with a rehearsal of the vision of Patmos. Of the two disciples who were sent for the colt, I think John was one; certainly he and Peter were deputed to engage the room and prepare for the last supper. At the table his head rested on the bosom of him whom his soul loved, and the whispered communication showed how the secret of Christ was revealed to his trusting love. He was amongst those who went into the garden of the agony. At the trial John is nearer to the Master than Peter, who remains in the entry; and from his sorrowful throne, the cross, when all the other disciples had forsaken him and fled, Jesus beholds, faithful to the end, and supporting the grief-stricken Mary, the disciple whom he loved. For love is stronger than death; many waters cannot quench it, neither can the floods drown it. The care of the honoured mother which he had voluntarily taken upon himself was confirmed to him by his Master's dying voice, "and from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home."

We cannot depict the sadness which crushed his spirit after the fatal day of the crucifixion. But the gloomy sabbath over—the sabbath in which Jesus rested from his labours on the cool couch of the tomb, in which the fond disciple beheld, like the rest, the death of all his hopes—that sabbath past, the first news of the women, in the morning, send Peter and John in apprehensive haste to the sepulchre. The younger disciple, fleet of foot, arrives first, but his reverent nature

will not permit the sacrilege of treading in the chamber where his Master had lain. The place whereon he stands is hallowed ground, and like an angel, veiling his face, he waits on the threshold of the holy shrine. Now Peter arrives, whose not more eager, but less delicate nature, is undeterred by the same restraint, and he enters the sepulchre; the spell is broken. The tomb being violated, John follows, to see the evidences of the resurrection; evidences not of resurrection to himself and his comrade, but only of the fact that the tomb has been rifled of its sacred charge. Afterwards, when the resurrection is understood, it is John whose quick sight of love recognises the stranger on the shores of the lake of Galilee, and whose future is delineated by Jesus in those words of special favour, "I will that he tarry till I come." At Jerusalem he is said to have remained till the death of Mary released him from his charge, and then he removed to Ephesus. Banished by Domitian to Patmos, he was recalled under Nerva, and he died peacefully in the reign of Trajan, ninety years of age, say some, more than a century old say others; having, in spite of all the rage of the enemies of the truth, "tarried till Christ came." The tradition of his having been thrown into a cauldron of boiling oil rests on slender authority; and the story of the heaving, to this day, of the soil over his grave, where he lies, living and breathing, waiting till the coming of Christ, we leave for those pilgrims to Paray and their kindred, whose credulity is sufficiently capacious for such matters.

Does any one inquire what was John's conception of Christ? The answer would, we are persuaded, involve the amplest attainable idea of the glorious person of the Redeemer. Through the human nature of his awful friend, there had gradually shone out the eternal power and Godhead, like the sun breaking through the mist, till standing in the full day he wrote, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory." Though the Son of Man speaking to Nicodemus, *he is in heaven*. He has life in himself. At the last day all other voices shall be hushed while his voice sounds through the realms of the grave, and calls up the reanimated dead. He is the living bread which in past ages sustained Israel in the wilderness. He is the life of the world, the I Am, who spake to the fathers of old. He and the Father are one. In the upper room the disciples, as they listen to his prayer, are rapt into the supreme heaven of the divine calm in which he lived. In the face of the most pathetic proofs of his humanity—the wounds of the nails and spear—the strong conviction of the disciple breaks out in the confession, "My Lord and my God." Though handled and looked upon by his friends, he was, from the beginning, that eternal life which was with the Father manifested unto us. When he revealed himself in Patmos, the fainting apostle fell at his feet as dead. John saw in Jesus Immanuel, God with us, and therefore did he prostrate himself. His life had been glorified with a divine contact. The period of his accompanying with Christ gave tone and colour to his whole life. The harp strings of his love vibrated only to that adored name.

The splendour of the divinity of Jesus did not eclipse to the mind of the disciple the milder glories of his humanity, for he sums up his

story of our Lord's earthly career by saying, "The word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." To him the divine and the human in Jesus were never dissociated: so real in every sense was the humanity, that he could even recline his head on the bosom of his Lord and God; yet so equally real was the divinity that he saw the divine one, prostrate in human agony, die a human death, and wrote "hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us"; combining the reality of both when he beheld the transcendent vision in Patmos, he wrote, with an overflow of the fragrant memory of those three years, "I saw one like unto the Son of Man," and yet he knew him to be "the first and the last."

Before thee, God manifest in the flesh, Jesus divine and human, our God, our Brother, we too fall reverent and adoring. Lay thy re-animating hand on us, that we may see the insufferable majesty of thy Godhead through the softened beauties of thy manhood; for are not our names also written in the crimson record of thine atonement, amongst the "disciples whom Jesus loved"?

Coughing during Service.

SOME of the best Christian people do not know how to carry themselves in religious assemblage. They never laugh, they never applaud, they never hiss; and yet they are great disturbers of public worship.

There is, for instance, the coughing brigade. If any individual right ought to be maintained at all hazards, it is the right of coughing. There are times when you must cough. There is an irresistible tickling in the throat which demands audible demonstration. It is moved, seconded and unanimously carried that those who have irritated wind-pipes be heard. But there are ways with hand or handkerchief of breaking the repercussion. A smothered cough is dignified and acceptable if you have nothing better to offer. But how many audiences have had their peace sacrificed by unrestrained expulsion of air through the glottis! After a sudden change in the weather, there is a fearful charge made by the coughing brigade. They open their mouths wide, and make the arches ring with the racket. They begin with a faint "Ahem!" and gradually rise and fall through all the scale of dissonance, as much as to say: "Hear, all ye good people! I have a cold! I have a bad cold! I have an awfully bad cold! Hear how it racks me, tears me, torments me. It seems as if my diaphragm must be split. I took this awfully bad cold the other night. I added to it last Sunday. Hear how it goes off! There it is again. O dear me! If I only had 'Brown's Troches,' or the syrup of squills, or a mustard plaster, or a woollen stocking turned wrong side out around my neck!" Brethren and sisters who took cold by sitting in the same draught join the clamour, and it is glottis to glottis, and laryngitis to laryngitis, and a chorus of scrapings and explosions which make the service hideous to a preacher of sensitive nerves. We have seen people, under the pulpit, coughing with their mouth so wide open we have been tempted to jump into it. There are some persons who have a convenient ecclesiastical cough. It does not trouble them ordinarily, but when in church you get them thoroughly cornered with some practical truth, they smother the end of the sentences with a favourite paroxysm. There is a man in our church who is apt to be taken with one of these fits just as the contribution box comes to him, and he cannot get his breath again till he hears the pennies rattling in the box behind him. Cough by all means, but put on the breaks when you come to the down-grade, or send the racket through at least one fold of your pocket-handkerchief.—*De Witt Talmage.*

Exposition of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XCVIII.

TITLE AND SUBJECT.—*This sacred ode, which bears simply the title of "A Psalm," follows fitly upon the last, and is evidently an integral part of the series of royal psalms. If xcvi. described the publication of the gospel, and so the setting up of the kingdom of heaven, the present Psalm is a kind of CORONATION HYMN, officially proclaiming the conquering Messiah as Monarch over the nations, with blast of trumpets, clapping of hands, and celebration of triumphs. It is a singularly bold and lively song. The critics have fully established the fact that similar expressions occur in Isaiah, but we see no force in the inference that therefore it was written by him; on this principle half the books in the English language might be attributed to Shakespeare. The fact is that these associated Psalms make up a mosaic, in which each one of them has an appropriate place, and is necessary to the completeness of the whole; and therefore we believe them to be each and all the work of one and the same mind. Paul, if we understand him aright, ascribes Psalm ninety-five to David, and as we believe that the same writer must have written the whole group, we ascribe this also to the son of Jesse. However that may be, the song is worthy to rank among the most devout and soul-stirring of sacred lyrics.*

DIVISION.—*We have here three stanzas of three verses each. In the first, 1—3, the subject of praise is announced; in the second, 4—6, the manner of that praise is prescribed; and in the third, 7—9, the universal extent of it is proclaimed.*

EXPOSITION.

O SING unto the LORD a new song; for he hath done marvellous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.

2 The LORD hath made known his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly shewed in the sight of the heathen.

3 He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel: all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

1. "*O sing unto the LORD a new song; for he hath done marvellous things.*" We had a new song before (Ps. xcvi.) because the Lord was coming, but now we have another new song because he has come, and seen and conquered. Jesus, our King, has lived a marvellous life, died a marvellous death, risen by a marvellous resurrection, and ascended marvellously into heaven. By his divine power he has sent forth the Holy Spirit doing marvels, and by that sacred energy his disciples have also wrought marvellous things and astonished all the earth. Idols have fallen, superstitions have withered, systems of error have fled, and empires of cruelty have perished. For all this he deserves the highest praise. His acts have proved his Deity, Jesus is Jehovah, and therefore we sing unto him as the LORD. "*His right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory*"; not by the aid of others, but by his own unweaponed hand his marvellous conquests have been achieved. Sin, death, and hell fell beneath his solitary prowess, and the idols and the errors of mankind have been overthrown and smitten by his hand alone. The victories of Jesus among men are all the more wonderful because they are accomplished by means to all appearance most inadequate; they are due not to physical but to moral power—the energy of goodness, justice, truth; in a word, to the power of his *holy arm*. His holy influence has been the sole

cause of success. Jesus never stoops to use policy, or brute force; his unsullied perfections secure to him a real and lasting victory over all the powers of evil, and that victory will be gained as dexterously and easily as when a warrior strikes his adversary with his *right hand* and stretches him prone upon the earth. Glory be unto the Conqueror, let new songs be chanted to his praise. Stirred by contemplating his triumphs, our pen could not forbear to praise him in the following hymn:—

Forth to the battle rides our King;
 He climbs his conquering car;
 He fits his arrows to the string,
 And smites his foes afar.
 Convictions pierce the stoutest hearts,
 They bleed, they faint, they die;
 Slain by Immanuel's well-aimed darts,
 In helpless heaps they lie.
 Behold, he bares his two-edged sword,
 And deals almighty blows,
 His all-revealing, killing word
 'Twixt joints and marrow goes.
 Anon arrayed in robes of grace—
 He rides the trampled plain,
 With pity beaming from his face,
 And mercy in his train.
 Mighty to save he now appears,
 Mighty to raise the dead,
 Mighty to stanch the bleeding wound,
 And lift the fallen head.
 Victor alike in love and arms,
 Myriads before him bend;
 Such are the Conqueror's matchless charms,
 Each foe becomes his friend.
 They crown him on the battle-field
 Of all the nations King;
 With trumpets and with cornets loud
 They make the welkin ring.

The salvation which Jesus has accomplished is wrought out with wonderful wisdom, hence it is ascribed to his right hand; it meets the requirements of justice, hence we read of his holy arm; it is his own unaided work, hence all the glory is ascribed to him; and it is marvellous beyond degree, hence it deserves a new song.

2. "*The LORD hath made known his salvation,*"—by the coming of Jesus and by the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, by whose power the gospel was preached among the Gentiles. The Lord is to be praised not only for effecting human salvation, but also for making it known, for man would never have discovered it for himself; nay, not so much as one single soul would ever have found out for himself the way of mercy through a Mediator; in every case it is a divine revelation to the mind and heart. In God's own light his light is seen. He must reveal his Son in us, or we shall be unable to discern him. "*His righteousness hath he openly shewed in the sight of the heathen.*" This word "righteousness" is the favourite word of the apostle of the Gentiles; he loves to dwell on the Lord's method of making man righteous, and vindicating divine justice by the atoning blood. What songs ought we to render who belong to a once heathen race, for that blessed gospel which is the power of God unto salvation, "for therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith." This is no close secret; it is clearly taught in Scripture, and has been plainly preached among the nations. What was hidden in the types is "openly shewed" in the gospel.

3. "*He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel.*" To them Jesus came in the flesh, and to them was the gospel first preached;

and though they counted themselves unworthy of eternal life, yet the covenant was not broken, for the true Israel were called into fellowship and still remain so. The mercy which endureth for ever, and the fidelity which cannot forget a promise, secure to the chosen seed the salvation long ago guaranteed by the covenant of grace. "*All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.*" Not to Abraham's seed alone after the flesh, but to the elect among all nations, has grace been given; therefore, let the whole church of God sing unto him a new song. It was no small blessing, or little miracle, that throughout all lands the gospel should be published in so short a time, with such singular success and such abiding results. Pentecost deserves a new song as well as the Passion and the Resurrection; let our hearts exult as we remember it. Our God, our own for ever blessed God, has been honoured by those who once bowed down before dumb idols; his salvation has not only been heard of but seen among all people, it has been experienced as well as explained; his Son is the actual Redeemer of a multitude out of all nations.

4 Make a joyful noise unto the LORD, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

5 Sing unto the LORD with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

6 With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the LORD, the King.

In these three verses we are taught how to praise the Lord.

4. "*Make a joyful noise unto the LORD, all the earth.*" Every tongue must applaud, and that with the vigour which joy of heart alone can arouse to action. As men shout when they welcome a king, so must we. Loud hosannas, full of happiness, must be lifted up. If ever men shout for joy it should be when the Lord comes among them in the proclamation of his gospel reign. John Wesley said to his people, "Sing lustily, and with a good courage. Beware of singing as if you were half dead or half asleep; but lift up your voice with strength. Be no more afraid of your voice now, nor more ashamed of its being heard, than when you sung the songs of Satan." "*Make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise;*" or "*Burst forth, and sing, and play.*" Let every form of exultation be used, every kind of music pressed into the service till the accumulated praise causes the skies to echo the joyful tumult. There is no fear of our being too hearty in magnifying the God of our salvation, only we must take care that the song comes from the heart, otherwise the music is nothing but a noise in his ears, whether it be caused by human throats, or organ pipes, or far-resounding trumpets. Loud let our hearts ring out the honours of our conquering Saviour; with all our might let us extol the Lord who has vanquished all our enemies, and led our captivity captive. He will do this best who is most in love with Jesus:—

"I've found the pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, a Christ I have,
Oh, what a Christ have I!"

5. "*Sing unto the LORD with the harp.*" Skill in music should not be dedicated to the world's evil mirth, it should aid the private devotions of the saint, and then, like George Herbert, he will sing,—

"My God, my God,
My music shall find thee,
And every string
Shall have his attribute to sing."

Martin Luther was thus wont to praise the Lord, whom he loved so well. God's praises should be performed in the best possible manner, but their sweetness mainly lies in spiritual qualities. The concords of faith and repentance,

the harmonies of obedience and love are true music in the ear of the Most High, and better please him than "heaving bellows taught to blow," though managed by the noblest master of human minstrelsy. "*With the harp.*" A very sweet instrument of music, and capable of great expression. The repetition of the word is highly poetical, and shows that the daintiest expressions of poetry are none too rich for the praise of God. His worship should be plain, but not uncouth, if we can compass elegancies of expression there are occasions upon which they will be most appropriate; God, who accepts the unlettered ditty of a ploughman, does not reject the smooth verse of a Cowper, or the sublime strains of a Milton. All repetitions are not vain repetitions, in sacred song there should be graceful repeats, they render the sense emphatic, and help to fire the soul; even preachers do not amiss when they dwell on a word and sound it out again and again, till dull ears feel its emphasis. "*And the voice of a psalm,*" or with a *musical voice*, as distinguished from common speech. Our voice has in it many modulations; there is the voice of conversation, the voice of complaint, the voice of pleading, the voice of command, and there ought to be with each of us the voice of a psalm. Man's voice is at its best when it sings the best words in the best spirit to the best of Beings. Love and war must not monopolise the lyric muse; the love of God and the conquests of Immanuel should win to themselves man's sweetest strains. Do we sing enough unto the Lord? May not the birds of the air rebuke our sullen and ungrateful silence?

6. "*With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise.*" God's worship should be heartily loud. The far resounding trump and horn well symbolise the power which should be put forth in praise. "*Before the LORD, the King.*" On coronation days, and when beloved monarchs ride abroad, the people shout and the trumpets sound till the walls ring again. Shall men be more enthusiastic for their earthly princes than for the divine King? Is there no loyalty left among the subjects of the blessed and only Potentate? *King Jehovah* is his name; and there is none like it, have we no joyful noise for him? Let but the reigning power of Jesus be felt in the soul and we shall cast aside that chill mutter, drowned by the pealing organ, which is now so commonly the substitute for earnest congregational singing.

Say, if your hearts are tuned to sing,
Is there a subject greater?
Harmony all its strains may bring,
But Jesus' name is sweeter.

Who of his love doth once partake,
He evermore rejoices;
Melody in our hearts we make,
Melody with our voices.

7 Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

8 Let the floods clap *their* hands: let the hills be joyful together

9 Before the LORD; for he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

7. "*Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.*" Even its thunders will not be too grand for such a theme. Handel, in some of his sublime choruses, would have been glad of its aid to express his lofty conceptions, and assuredly the inspired psalmist did well to call in such infinite uproar. The sea is his, let it praise its Maker. Within and upon its bosom it bears a wealth of goodness, why should it be denied a place in the orchestra of nature? Its deep bass will excellently suit the mystery of the divine glory. "*The world, and they*

that dwell therein." The land should be in harmony with the ocean. Its mountains and plains, cities and villages, should prolong the voice of jubilee which welcomes the Lord of all. Nothing can be more sublime than this verse: the muses of Parnassus cannot rival the muse of Zion, the Castalian fount never sparkled like that "fount of every blessing" to which sacred bards are wont to ascribe their inspiration. Yet no song is equal to the majesty of the theme when Jehovah, the King, is to be extolled.

8. "*Let the floods clap their hands.*" The rolling rivers, the tidal estuaries, the roaring cataracts, are here summoned to pay their homage, and to clap their hands, as men do when they greet their sovereigns with acclamation. "*Let the hills be joyful together,*" or in concert with the floods. Silent as are the mighty mountains, let them forget themselves, and burst forth into a sublime uproariousness of mirth, such as the poet described when he wrote those vivid lines—

"Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud."

9. "*Before the LORD; for he cometh to judge the earth.*" Still music such as made the stars twinkle with their soft kind eyes suited his first coming at Bethlehem, but his second advent calls for trumpets, for he is a judge; and for all earth's acclamations, for he has put on his royal splendour. The rule of Christ is the joy of nature. All things bless his throne, yea, and the very coming of it. As the dawn sets the earth weeping for joy at the rising of the sun, till the dewdrops stand in her eyes, so should the approach of Jesu's universal reign make all creation glad. "*With righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.*" This is the joy of it. No tyrant and no weakling is he, to oppress the good or to indulge the vain, his law is good, his action right, his government the embodiment of justice. If ever there was a thing to rejoice in upon this poor, travelling earth, it is the coming of such a deliverer, the ascension to the universal throne of such a governor. All hail, Jesus! all hail! Our soul faints with delight at the sound of thine approaching chariots, and can only cry, "Come quickly. Even so, come quickly, Lord Jesus!"

Keble's version of the last four verses is so truly beautiful that we cannot deny our readers the luxury of perusing it:—

"Ring out, with horn and trumpet ring,
In shouts before the Lord the King:
Let ocean with his fulness swing
In restless unison:

"Earth's round and all the dwellers there,
The mighty floods the burden bear,
And clap the hand: in choral air
Join every mountain lone.

"Tell out before the Lord, that he
Is come, the Judge of earth to be,
To judge the world in equity,
Do right to realm and throne."

In the Cross of Christ we have the fullest Manifestation of Divine Justice.

BY PASTOR J. DUNLOP, NEW BARNET.

THE Justice of the divine character has been expressed in every age in legible and terrific forms. We behold it in the expulsion of the rebel angels from heaven and of man from paradise. We see it in the shoreless sea, that swept the ancients of the world from their earthly habitations, and the fire-shower that covered with desolation and death the cities of the plain. The battle-fields of earth, red with blood and reeking with the carnage of the slain, the broken sceptres of despots, and their crowns rolling in the dust, alike proclaim to us that justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne who is "Jehovah of hosts, the Prince of princes." Conscience, too, by her remorse and forebodings of future judgment, speaks unmistakably of one, even her King and Lord, who is just in all his ways and holy in all his works. The graves of our world, deep and crowded with the bodies of immortals, and the moaning of souls, suffering in the gulf of woe, are signal evidences of the impartiality and inflexibility of divine justice. And yet it is not in *these* that we have the highest manifestation of the unfaltering rectitude of God; it is in the Lord Jesus Christ. Divine justice found form for itself in all his ways, words, and works on earth, but especially in his vicarious work, finished on the cross. Divest the cross of its substitutionary character, and The Most Holy and Merciful suffering and dying upon it is to me, at least, the most perplexing phenomenon in the universe, and the darkest blot on the moral government of God. Regard it, on the other hand, as a willing divine self-sacrifice for the sins of others, then, though all be dark around, brightly burns the light on Calvary. For here we see that God saves; but it is through the great propitiation, the perfect righteousness of his Son. The sinner is pardoned, but the sin is atoned for, and the equity of the moral government of God maintained and magnified. Here God is not only proclaimed to be just, but *specially* so in saving the unjust who believe in Jesus. Thus it is not in the groans of earth, nor in the wailings of lost spirits in perdition, but in the cross of Christ that we have the very "top of justice." The cross is the stake upon which, according to the promise, the storm of divine judgment should be discharged. "It is the scaffold where, according to Romans iii. 25, God resolved to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past through the forbearance of God; the Moriah where for the benefit of a sinful world, the curse pronounced in paradise is endorsed in the sacred humanity of the great Surety; the altar of burnt offering, on which the Lamb of God submitted to endure that suffering which ought in justice to have fallen on me; and the dying bed, where death, over which Satan hath power, and to which I was subject by a sentence of the supreme tribunal, is permitted to seize upon and slay another, in order that he might for ever lose his claim upon *me*." If such, then, be the cross in relation to divine justice and to *me*, the unjust, surely it is not wonderful that I should exclaim with Paul, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Letter-Writing for Christ.

THE ability to write a good letter is no mean gift. Where the talent is possessed it should be diligently used and earnestly cultivated. Consecrated to the cause of Christ, the letter-writing faculty may become one of the most powerful of soul-winning agencies, and epistles may both edify believers and arouse the unconcerned. Ladies especially may find in the use of the pen and the post a sphere of service less open to debate than the pulpit and the platform, and not less likely to prove beneficial to those whose good they seek. We have just been looking over the correspondence of Miss Marie Fry,* a young Irish lady, who has gone home to her Saviour at a very early age, but has left behind her many to whom by her letters she stands in the relation of nursing-mother in the Lord. Her letters are peculiarly rich, full of Scripture, earnest, and to the point, and we thank Mrs. Guinness for so carefully selecting and editing them: we feel sure that she has done a service which many will appreciate. Miss Fry selected the army as her field of labour, and appears both by personal appeals and letters to have exercised a marvellous influence for good over the soldiers. Very few would have succeeded in such an endeavour—in fact, we have known some sisters do positive harm, and suffer harm themselves by the attempt; but Miss Fry was quite a prophetess among the men of war, and like her namesake, the famous Elizabeth, she commanded profound respect from all who surrounded her. Her portrait shows her to have been as plain in her person as in her dress, but judged by her letters her soul must have been very beautiful while here below, and have lent a winning expression to her countenance. We give the following as a specimen of her letters:—

“Dublin, November 11, 1871.

“Dear M——,—I was glad to receive your letter this week, and to know that each day you find the Lord very precious to your soul. What a blessed promise of our Father's, that we shall ‘abide under the shadow of the Almighty.’ What a refuge the mother's wing is to the young bird! Under his wings shall we trust. No fear of peril by sea or land, and, best of all, his promise, ‘I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.’ We can always count upon his word, for he is faithful that promised. When all looks cloudy and opposite to what we wish, yet matters are really working for good to us, though it may not be the good that we wished for. God give us grace always to feel that ‘all things’ are permitted by him, and grant us to see his countenance in the darkness as well as in the light.

“There are some verses in the Psalms speaking of the steps of God's people worth meditating over. ‘Enlarge my steps;’ ‘Thou numberest my steps;’ ‘Doth he not see all my ways, and count my steps?’ ‘The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord;’ ‘None of his steps shall slide;’ ‘Order my steps in thy word;’ ‘A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps;’ ‘Christ having left us an example that we should follow his steps.’ So the Lord counts the steps, orders the steps, directs the steps of his people; what a blessing! Our *steps* are the smallest matters, the hourly details that go to make up the daily walk; let them be according to his word, so that we may continually produce the fruit of the Spirit, and that of us it may be said, ‘The Lord directeth his steps;’ ‘he shall keep the feet of his saints.’

“I am very sorry that some in your regiment should have fallen away, and brought disgrace upon the name of Christ. We need with great prayer, and with all gentleness, to try and win them back to the fold. There is a verse which says, ‘Let them that love him be as the sun.’ The sun gives light, and heat, and warmth; so ought the Christian to warm the lambs, the young in

* Selections from the Correspondence of the late Marie Fry (of Dublin). With a brief Biographical Notice. Edited by her friend, Mrs. H. Grattan Guinness. Partridge and Co.

Christ; and as plants helped by the sun's rays grow, so will they. The sun shines forth the glory of God, so should the believer; and by-and-by 'the righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.' So you must not be discouraged about these backsliders, but cry to Jesus to melt their hearts, and restore them by his unchanging love. The Lord bless you, and make you a blessing to many, and cheer you by his own sweet word, 'I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you.'

"May you rejoice all the day long, and be glad in his love.

"Believe me your true friend,

"MARIE FRY."

Had you been Tempted, what then?

WHEN the air is full of scandals, there is generally an epidemic of self-righteousness abroad. If others fall into sin, we are very apt while crying "Fie upon them!" to cry at the same time, "How much better I am!" Yet are we quite sure that the difference between us and the offending party is one of actual difference of heart? May it not quite as likely result from difference of circumstances? Some do not sin because they have no opportunity, others because they are already sinning in another way, and a third sort because they are unable to indulge in that particular form of folly. We know men who have squandered their last penny, who hate covetousness, and we have also met with miserly skinflints, who abhor all extravagance. Nobody praised the lame boy because he never climbed apple trees, nor the dumb girl for being so quiet. When we see people taking a great deal of credit to themselves for not having transgressed, when we feel morally certain they would have done so if they could, we are reminded of a scrap we met with in some American paper:—"In a certain infant class there is a premium for good behaviour, the excellence of the behaviour consisting largely in abstinence from wriggling. At the close of a recent session, the amiable and accomplished teacher said to a small girl, 'Beckie, my dear, you were a very good little girl to-day.' 'Yes'm; I couldn't help bein' good; I got a 'tiff neck,' the youthful Beckie replied with perfect seriousness."

Notices of Books.

WE have finished *THE INTERPRETER*, and feel as if we could take breath, for it has been a very heavy toil to us. The few remarks which we have inserted in the Scriptures by way of comment have cost us much more thought than if we could have written at length; it is far more trouble to cull and select matter to occupy a few lines than to write without being confined to space. We believe that no one will use our work without obtaining a clearer view of the Scriptures as a whole, and a more intelligent notion of the history which is their outward framework; but our main object has been to assist leaders of family worship, and we have already many testimonies to our success.

Where *THE INTERPRETER* is used there will be no fumbling the leaves to find a suitable portion, and no repeating continually the same reading—the book will be opened at the date, and there will be the portion of meat in due season. Our comments cost us much care, and, so far from being written with a running pen, they were not attempted till we had in each case consulted the best expositors, and studied the word laboriously. The sale of the numbers has not come up to our very moderate expectations, but we firmly believe that the volume will become a favourite with our friends. It will cost them 25s. in the cloth binding, £1 12s. in Persian, and £2 2s. in the best morocco;

and when they have it, they can readily make out a full service with one of our sermons and the hymns and the exposition of the passage marked at the end of every sermon as having been read at the Tabernacle.

As we cannot review our own productions, we sent the volume on to Mr. Rogers, with the request that he would cut it up as he liked, and the following is the result.

The Interpreter; or Scripture for Family Worship. By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings.

THIS work is now complete, which will awaken, we doubt not, new interest in its behalf. Those who have taken it in parts will be glad to see its first intentions fully realised, and those who prefer to judge of it as a whole may now procure it in one elegantly bound volume. Among the many thousands who have Mr. Spurgeon on the Sabbath in his preached or printed sermons, and in the closet in his "Morning by Morning," and "Evening by Evening," and in the study in his "Treasury of David," there are few, we presume, who will not welcome him in "The Interpreter" into their families. It will also be an excellent companion to "John Ploughman" in many a home. As an interpreter of the Scriptures, Mr. Spurgeon has been scarcely less noted from the first than as a preacher. Often and extensively the desire has been expressed that his expositions in public services could be retained; but since that is impracticable, the next best thing is to obtain the specimens of them contained in this volume. The object of "The Interpreter" is to supply select passages for reading, so as to bring the substance of all scripture teaching within the compass of one or two years, according to the convenience of the household, and by pertinent observations to enliven and fix the meaning and design of each portion in the mind and in the heart. To this object it has adhered throughout with remarkable uniformity and fidelity. Many, doubtless, would have been better pleased if the same aptitude for concise and fervent petitions, such as must have accompanied these interpretations, had

been attested and preserved in the same record. The reason assigned for this supposed omission, that no encouragement might be given to forms of prayer, lest it might repress the spontaneous language of the hearts of others, or be mistaken for it, will be fully appreciated even where it may not be fully approved. On the whole it is a great family treasure, preceded by many in its own sphere but superseded by none. As an interpreter it is one among a thousand, not merely one among them, but one distinguished in the midst of them.

The Sunbeam of Seven Dials; and other Stories of London Poor. By W. J. NICHOLSON. Partridge and Co.

THIS book is after the manner of "Jessica's First Prayer," but, we must add, a long way after it. The style is a little too picturesque for our taste, too much strained to produce effect, and touched up with colouring rather too vivid and abundant; yet we doubt not that many will read it with interest. Our friend Mr. McCree used to be very jealous of describers of his diocese, and we wonder what he would say to these tales. We must ask him. On the whole, we are glad to see such books plentiful, for they create an interest of a healthy kind in the extremely poor. We hope that the School Board and other beneficial agencies have rendered some of the scenes here depicted visions of the past, and we trust that the labours of Mr. Hatton and others are doing a yet higher work for the poor fallen people of the once infamous Seven Dials. God bless all workers or writers who add their efforts to the cleansing flood which is purging even our worst sinks of sin.

Homes, Homely and Happy. Religious Tract Society.

THE very book to give to cottagers. Printed in type as clear as the gospel it contains, and written in an equally plain, readable style; we commend it most warmly, and feel that we are doing no more than bare justice when we do so. We are glad to see the gospel set forth, surrounded by all the moral virtues, social thriftiness, and family joys, as it is in these useful chapters.

The Spirits Tried; or, Spiritualism Self-convicted, Self-condemned, and proved to be of Satan. By ARTHUR PRIDHAM. Yapp and Hawkins, 70, Welbeck Street; and Partridge, Paternoster Row.

A THOROUGHLY scriptural, conclusive, well-written book, most timely in its appearance, devout in its spirit, and good throughout. The Christian church is under great obligations to the writer for several other admirable works, but for the practical purpose of opposing a system of deadly error this is the most useful of all his efforts. We had aforetime considered spiritualism to be a mere humbug, to be best assailed by ridicule, and such we still believe it to be in most cases; but Mr. Pridham's work puts a much more serious face upon the business, and certainly makes us think that the devil has a good deal more to do with it than we imagined. We gave him credit for more sense; he is certainly a greater fool than we took him to be. We always had the lowest possible opinion of him morally, but we thought he could not come down so low as to be in league with idiotic spiritualists. He is certainly a deal meaner than when Milton wrote about him. We add the closing pages of Mr. Pridham's work in order to give an idea of the whole work in its bearing upon spiritualism, and also to let our readers see a testimony against another widespread evil, whose measureless mischief is scarcely appreciated by the most thoughtful, and certainly not by many of those who are most zealous in propagating it. *Fritz* is the *nom de plume* of the writer whom Mr. Pridham so ably handles.

"The general commandment, addressed to all who are truly Christ's, and to which such impious reference has already been made by Fritz, is to 'try the spirits whether they are of God.' Their competency for this duty is the unction which they have received, and their criterion is the record which God himself has given of his Son. It is in obedience to this injunction that I write; to declare, by God's enabling permission, what this work of darkness really is. Now, these necromantic spirits *teach*. They claim our hearing as messengers of wisdom and instructors of

mankind. But their wisdom is not that which cometh from above, and is given to his children by the Father of lights, but is, as described by the same witness, 'earthly, sensual (or natural), and devilish (or demoniacal).' For with him there is no variableness nor shadow of turning, but in their lips all his uttered truth becomes a lie. This wisdom is *earthly*; for it speaks of earth, and promises continuance and an ever-growing amelioration to that which by the word of God is reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men. It is *sensual* (or *natural*); because its appeals are avowedly from faith to sense, and so from God to man. Its operation, therefore, is to accelerate a negative solution of the Lord's prophetic question, which he put to his disciples with reference to these last times. It is *demoniacal*; because it claims to exercise a power which is plainly superhuman, but which is most surely not of God, nor of those angels 'that do his commandments, hearkening to the voice of his word.' It stands, therefore, self-confessed as the energy of 'that wicked one' and his subordinate hosts—of 'the devil and his angels'—concerning whom, whose work and whose end, the words of God have left no obedient child of his in either ignorance or doubt. The utterances of this wisdom are worthy of its source. The words of the voices from beneath are all of them, as has been fully shown, with many varieties of form and expression, against the majesty and truth of the eternal God. By imputing his very voice, and those of his angelic messengers, to the spirits of dead men, they show themselves to be precursors and of true kin to him who is to 'open his mouth in blasphemy against God, to blaspheme his name, and his tabernacle, and them that dwell in heaven.' Professing to be benefactors of mankind, they seek, by specious and fair-spoken words, to entice men from the true and only way of peace to the abyss of falsehood and corruption. While prating, with great swelling words of vanity, of human elevation and continuous improvement, and of the ennobling natural destiny of death-stricken worms, they destroy the very basis of morality, as well as true religion, by

affirming that whatever is allowed is right; turning thus the longsuffering of God, which is salvation to the penitent, into a snare of perdition to those who follow their pernicious ways. They teach men to deny the Lord that bought them, and they contradict expressly the plainest declarations of the Holy Ghost; not only as the Witness and glorifier of Jesus as the Son of God, but also in his original doctrine of the Creator and his works. And if there is found in the mouth of any of these spirits of error an outspoken confession of some cardinal truth, such an apparent deviation into the way of righteousness augments only, when rightly considered, and aggravates the conviction of their general lie. By one of these the deity of Christ is acknowledged and insisted on. Now, if Christ be divine, his words are surely true, and perfect is his ever-blessed work of obedience unto death. But, as we have seen, these necromantic oracles give a varied but consentaneous denial of the former (save as they are sometimes wrested to the service of the evil spirit of delusion), and disallow entirely the latter. It is in the hope of ensnaring Christians that the witness just referred to speaks; but observe the Satanic fraud of his concession. For if Christ be, as he is, God manifest in flesh in the eyes of all true Christians, whence comes the faith which confesses thus the Father in the Son but through the *Scriptures*? But the same Scriptures teach as clearly, and with much more fulness of repetition, the remaining articles of Christian doctrine which these demoniac witnesses deny. Such a concession is, therefore, to any thoughtful believer, a transparent artifice of the deceiver, delivered too, as it was, as an expression of religious opinion merely, and far more than counterbalanced by opposing voices from the same quarter on other occasions; while the *soi-disant* 'clergyman' who addressed to the itching ears of his God-forgetting listeners this professional note of orthodoxy, effectually nullified it by the rest of his discourse, acting in this respect like so many of his broad-church brethren in the flesh. Thus a confession which is the honour and chief ornament of a living faith is, in the hypocritical lips of these spirits,

who with a cauterised conscience are seeking to seduce men from the faith, but a greater and intenser lie. And if any are deceived by such false words, and will accept what claims to be *Christian teaching* from beneath, *their light* will also turn to darkness and their truth to falsehood, even as apostate Israel swore falsely when they said, 'Jehovah lives.' Let those, then, who have hitherto been careless or incredulous as to the true nature and character of this modern portent, and who may think it peradventure a harmless, not to say a laudable, curiosity, to see and hear for themselves, and to attend spiritualistic *séances* for that purpose, as Fritz suggests, beware how they neglect this admonitory caution, and tamper to their own hurt with the accursed thing. For, to become a spiritualist, or to accept apparent benefits through any of these necromantic agencies, in the face of this distinct exposure of the true character and origin of spiritualism, would be too much like a voluntary reception of the fatal and wrath-ensuring mark or number of the beast.

"In taking my leave of this most dreary and heart-distressing subject, I would add a further word of warning, especially to those who are young in the faith, against the disposition so commonly manifested in the present day (and too often sanctioned by men who claim to guide and feed the flock of God) to treat points of divine doctrine as open questions. I take a ready example. By the combined effect of plausible argument, of rhetorical appeals to human sympathies, and of a false though often highly specious criticism, multitudes of nominal, and not a few, it may be feared, of real believers, have already been induced to renounce, as a mere dogma of ecclesiastical invention, the Lord's doctrine of eternal punishment. It will not be without a wholesome deterrent effect, I trust, on some whose minds may be tending in the same direction, when they learn that the voices of these lying spirits are *without exception* in favour of this heterodox view, which has been accordingly placed, as we have seen, among the established formulæ of the spiritualistic creed. I would beg them also to

reflect upon the necessary connection which subsists between the solemn doctrine above mentioned and that of a divine atonement for sin. None who deny the former can thoroughly and intelligently embrace the latter as it is set forth in the Scriptures. Satan is well aware of this, and of course consistently denies them both, with all else that pertains distinctively to the personal glory of the Son of God. I would entreat, therefore, any who may be opening their ears to the flattering appeals so continually made to the human understanding as the arbiter of truth, to remember that the condition of salvation is to bow our minds and ears to *God's* understanding; to take his thoughts in preference to our own; to sit down at his feet, and to receive his words; and, by believing him, to gain that wisdom which is far from the proud and inaccessible to natural effort, but which rests as a crown of life and righteousness upon the contrite seeker of his face. But who, in a clamorous and self-assertive age, and in the presence of a generation of lofty eyes, and pure in their own sight, though unwashed, can do this and not be thought a fool? None, surely. But is not this a part of Christ's reproach, to bear which has ever been the proper ornament of them that know him in his grace? *Rational* Christianity, as men speak, is *false* Christianity always. For human thought is totally inadequate to sound the mysteries of God. 'Common sense' prepared materials for Babel, and Babylon the Great, which is so soon to be destroyed, is settled on the base of human pride. But the foundation of God's city is the testimony borne by the apostles of the Lamb, and embraced by the common faith of God's elect.

"We cannot serve God and Mammon; nor has Christ any fellowship with Belial. If, therefore, God's children would walk worthy of their calling and their hope, they must set their faces as a flint against the divers and strange doctrines which in so many forms oppose themselves to the simplicity of Christ. If a worldly-minded believer be a faltering witness, a 'Christian spiritualist' is a walking lie. *Through faith in Christ Jesus* the Holy Scriptures are able to make men wise

unto salvation. Without that faith, which spiritualism derides, God's words are but a gin and snare to the self-confident, and a sea of danger to the fearful. Faith is the victory that overcomes the world, and the sole means by which God's saving power operates in his elect. To them who continue in the faith, grounded and settled, and keep the word of Christ's patience in the midst of a corrupt and gainsaying 'profession,' is the special promise made of preservation from the hour of temptation, which must try the dwellers upon earth.

"That the contents of this little book fully vindicate its title will, I trust, be acknowledged by all Christian readers. It has been proved that spiritualism is, under all its forms, a satanic contradiction of the grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ. My task is at an end, and its judgment is with him who is ready to appear."

A Treatise on the Preparation and Delivery of a Sermon. By DR. JOHN BROADUS. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

WE are pleased to see this excellent work re-issued, and are right glad to observe that the Wesleyan Conference has placed it on the list of works to be read by the junior preachers during their probation. Dr. Broadus has written as only a man fully conversant with both sermons and students could have done, and his treatise will for many a year occupy a leading place among homiletical guides.

Burning Words. By T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D. Dickinson, Farrington Street.

BURNING Words! So indeed they are. Somebody called Talmage "a volcano in a white necktie;" he had better not try again. To us the joy is that Mr. Talmage preaches the gospel and believes what he preaches, speaking therefore with force. The extracts here given fairly represent his volcanic eruptions; the lava is rich and fruitful even while it is red hot, in this respect differing from the lava torrents of Vesuvius, which require long to cool, and will produce nothing but blisters on your feet until they are.

Notes on the Epistle to the Romans.

By the late JOHN MARSDEN CODE.

Edited, with an Introduction, by J.

DENHAM SMITH. Partridge and Co.

CONTAINING very much that is excellent, but some matters also with which we by no means agree. For instance, we cannot admit that Romans vii. does not describe the proper experience of a Christian; we should be very anxious as to our sanctification if it did not describe ours, for we believe that the more holy and full of faith a Christian becomes, the more will he be conscious of a conflict within. "Getting out of the seventh and into the eighth of Romans" is a much used expression revealing a great deal either of spiritual pride, or of gross ignorance; no experienced believer would talk so if he knew what he was saying.

We differ very much from the author upon the duties of believers towards their fellow-countrymen. We do not believe that the Scriptures teach Christians to shirk their duties, as men and citizens, under the idea that subjection to the existing government of this world is the plain and positive command of God. Even if such were the command it would be the duty of Christians to exercise their influence for good under a government like that of England, where the laws practically enjoin upon them to do so. It is constructive treason against a free government, where all govern representatively, to refuse to contribute our mite towards securing wise and salutary measures. If our Houses of Parliament should pass acts encouraging drunkenness, or perpetrating injustice, the blame of those acts must greatly lie upon those who refuse to use their votes in the right direction. Abstinence from voting for the right produces the same result as voting for the wrong. This is so plain and self-evident that we need no inspiration to reveal it to us. It is nonsense to say that Scripture does not mention our duty as rulers or voters; neither does it reveal our duty as printers or bookbinders, telegraph clerks, or homœopathic doctors, but it gives general principles which are applicable to all cases, and these are enough for sane men who wish to walk in practical godliness. In our country we are our own rulers,

whether we like it or not, and if we wish for despotism we had better emigrate to Coomassie at once. So long as we stay here we cannot escape from the responsibilities of liberty, nor ought we to wish to do so. God's word can never teach injustice, and yet it would be practical injustice to accept protection for our own property and liberties, and to refuse co-operation in securing such protection. Granted that we are strangers and foreigners, yet even such persons should seek the good of the people among whom they dwell. Surely Esther and Mordecai were right in seeking to amend or counteract the law of Ahashuerus by which their nation was doomed to die; had they not done so they would have been partakers in the sin of Haman. We mean to follow their example, believing that our Lord would have us love our neighbours as ourselves.

Religion no Fable: An Essay on the Adaptation of the Christian Religion to the necessities of the Human Spirit. By JOSEPH STANTON. Hodder and Stoughton.

AN earnest, thoughtful, and devout defence of the gospel. We might not, perhaps, agree with all the writer's statements upon some points, but we are all the stronger for having perused his cogent spiritual reasoning. He is an earnest believer, and knows the reason why he believes, and that is no small thing in these sceptical times. His work will be sure to do much good by the divine blessing.

Words of Comfort for Bereaved Parents.

Edited by WM. LOGAN. Twentieth Thousand. Nisbet and Co.

WE have on a former occasion highly commended this messenger of consolation. It contains well-selected extracts from the sayings and writings of a great number of able divines, upon the deaths of children, their eternal happiness, and the comforts which bereaved parents may find in the Word of God. Remembering how often families miss a fair-haired boy or merry girl from their midst, and hearts ache over little graves, we do not wonder that such excellent words of comfort are so well received that another edition is called for.

An Account of the Remarkable Musical Talents of Several Members of the Wesley Family. By W. WINTERS. Price One Shilling. F. Davis, late Paul.

MUSICAL Wesleyans will be interested in this collection of facts and incidents. We are about as musical as we are Wesleyan, and therefore the pamphlet has not many charms for us; only we perceive that it is the result of great and diligent research,—research worthy of a more profitable subject. We cull from it the following sentences, which are exactly to our mind, commending them to our organ-blowing brethren. “John Wesley was a real lover of good music, both vocal and instrumental, in its proper place; yet he had a great aversion to musical instruments being used in places of sacred worship, as we are led to believe from the 5th verse of the 204th hymn of the present collection, and from the testimony of Dr. Adam Clarke:—

‘Still let us on our guard be found,
And watch against the power of sound
With sacred jealousy;
Lest, haply, sense should damp our zeal,
And music’s charms bewitch and steal
Our hearts away from thee.’

Dr. Clarke, in his comment on Amos vi. 5, respecting the science of music, says, “Music I esteem and admire, but instruments of music in the house of God I abominate and abhor. This is the abuse of music, and I here register my protest against all such corruption in the worship of the Author of Christianity. The late venerable and most eminent divine, the Rev. John Wesley, who was a lover of music, and an elegant poet, when asked his opinion of instruments of music being introduced into the chapels of the Methodists, said, in his terse and powerful manner, ‘I have no objection to instruments of music in chapels, provided they are neither *heard* nor *seen*.’ I say the same, though I think the expense of purchase had better be spared.”

Notes.

Who would have thought that we should have lived to hear Archdeacon Denison talking as he does in a letter in the *Church Times*, August 14? “Divorce between Church and State is become not right only, but necessary to the keeping of true religion. Meantime an ex-Divorce Court judge is about as fitting an administrator of the new law as could be found.” The Archdeacon is evidently having his eyes opened to some things: we hope the process will continue.

Tidings have reached us of a large legacy soon to be paid to our College and Orphanage. While this hay is being made the flocks continue to eat, and cannot live on provender to come; friends will therefore please not to forget us. The amount, when paid, cannot be used for the College Buildings, and we are still needing help to complete that undertaking. We open the College this month, but the library is unfinished, and much remains to be done when we have the means.

Our friend Mr. Toller, of Waterbeach, sets apart an acre of ground upon his farm for the orphans, and sends us potatoes and flour. Such an example deserves imitation. Many gifts in kind are

received by us, for which we are deeply grateful. The boys wish us to say that they are very fond of apples and pears, and are not particular as to quantity.

Our best thanks are due to the friends at Margate in connection with Mr. Drew’s chapel, for so generously entertaining our orphans to tea on the day of their excursion, and also to Messrs. Tebbutts, of Melton Mowbray, for 120 of their first-rate pork pies. To all who so generously subscribed the funds or otherwise helped we give our heartiest personal thanks, and our orphan lads add cheers, three times three, loud enough to make you hope they will soon get through them. Since our accounts were made up a Sheffield friend has sent £10.

Nineteen boys enjoyed holidays through the great goodness of friends who took them in. We hope the lads behaved well, and on their behalf, and our own, we tender grateful acknowledgments.

The Colportage advances at a healthy pace. During the past month men have been sent to Worcester, Studley, and Croydon—new districts. We hope to open up other places speedily. This Society will be accommodated in the New

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. T. Cox	5	5	0	Mr. W. Lewis	1	0	0
A Thankoffering	0	5	0	Mrs. James	2	10	0
Mrs. Butler	1	3	0	Stamford Hill	0	5	0
Two Fines for Grumbling	0	1	0	B.	1	0	0
J. H.	50	0	0	P. Bainbridge	0	10	0
Trinity Chapel, Borough, Children's Boxes	1	0	0	Mrs. Brown	1	1	0
Phillis Balls	0	2	6	E. S.	2	10	0
Ellen Balls	0	2	6	J. Orders	0	5	2
S. Harris	0	2	6	Mr. James Carter	0	5	0
Mr. J. Teague	10	0	0	F. G., per Mr. Frank White	1	0	0
A Sermon Reader, Enfield	0	6	0	J. B.	0	5	0
Boys' and Girls' Religious Society, Grangemouth	2	0	0	One leaving Home	0	5	0
T. R. V.	5	0	0	G. F.	0	10	0
Friends, per Mr. J. Rolls	0	6	0	Mr. H. Pledge	1	5	0
Mr. J. Shirley	0	5	0	S.	0	4	0
Miss McPherson	1	0	0	Mr. Pasfield	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Buxton	1	15	2	Mr. D. W. Dickson	0	10	0
Glasgow	1	0	0	Mr. Williams	5	0	0
Incegnito	0	2	6	<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>			
S. M.	1	0	0	Mr. C. W. Dalton	2	2	0
Sermon Reader	0	10	0	Mr. James Fuller	0	10	0
Mrs. McBean	3	0	0	J. H.	10	0	0
A Thankoffering on Birth of My Little Girl	5	0	0	Miss Watts	2	2	0
					£276 19 7		

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—PROVISIONS:—Cask of Butter, Mr. Corpe; Bag of Rice, Mr. Potter.

CLOTHING, &c.:—Fifty Flannel Shirts, The Misses Dransfield; 3 ditto, Anon.

SUNDRIES:—Box of Toy Bricks, Mr. and Mrs. Thorne; sundry Articles for Sale Room, E. P. H.; 2 Boxes of Object Lessons, J. A.

DONATIONS, &c.:—Miss Ryder, £1; Mr. Ponsford, £1 1s.; Rev. Dr. Holmes, £2; Collecting Card, J. Carroll, 7s.; Mr. Chappell, 10s.; Pillar Box at Orphanage Gates, 37 Coins, 6s. 9½d.—Total, £5 4s. 9½d.

DONATIONS FOR BOYS' EXCURSION TO RAMSGATE:—Miss Hallam, £1 1s.; Mr. Stace, 10s.; per Rev. A. Russell, £6 6s. 6d.; Anon. 3s. 6d.; E. P. H. £2; Mr. Zimmerman, 10s. 9d.; Mr. Hinchliffe, 5s.; Mr. Fitch, £1 1s. 6d.; Mr. Drake, 10s.—Total, £12 8s. 3d.

College Buildings.

Statement of Receipts from July 20th to August 19th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
B. W. (Folkestone)	0	10	0	Miss Webber Smith	10	0	0
A Fergussonite	0	5	0	My Master and Yours, Merstham	5	0	0
Mr. M. Savage	1	0	0	Mrs. Hinton	1	0	0
Mr. W. Ings	5	0	0	Mr. John Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. E. Ings	5	0	0	Mr. Round	0	5	0
Mr. J. Ings	5	0	0	Mrs. Round	0	5	0
Mr. B. Ings	5	0	0				
A Friend	2	0	0		£51 5 0		
Mr. B. Tice	0	10	0				
Miss Webber	10	0	0				

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Gregory	1	1	0	Mr. J. Scott	5	0	0
M. S. M. C.	0	15	0	Miss Hadland	0	10	6
North Staffordshire Baptist Union	10	0	0				
A Friend, Scotland	1	2	0		£28 18 6		
W. B. (Folkestone)	10	0	0				
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0				

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.




THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

OCTOBER, 1874.

Eccentric but Useful.

(SECOND PAPER.)

S possibly some reader of this second paper may not have seen the former one, it may be well to repeat the observation that we do not record the eccentricities of our hero—Jacob Gruber—for imitation, but for information. He was a peculiar man, and accomplished a peculiar work; he who should think of imitating him would only make a peculiar stupid of himself. Our former article showed that Gruber was a man ready for stern self-sacrifice and hard labour; if this gives more fully the ludicrous side of his character, let the other be remembered in connection with it.

The Methodists have usually been more attentive to matters of dress than any other denomination except the Quakers. We all know the single piece of ribbon and the plain cut which were once as distinctly badges as ever were the broad brimmed hat and the collarless coat. Gruber could not let the fashions alone, but declaimed against every departure from scriptural simplicity. We want some such vigorous reformer now to diminish the infinite vanity of female array. Here is an instance of his queer rebukes:—

“About that time a certain article of dress, known among the ladies as the ‘petticoat and habit,’ came into general use; and as fashion will sooner or later have its way, it obtained among the young ladies of the Methodist church. Gruber was attending a camp-meeting in the neighbourhood of Franklin, Pennsylvania. At this meeting there were several young ladies dressed after this fashion. Their appearance so thoroughly displeased him that, true to his instincts, he determined,

if possible, to administer a public reproof. During a prayer-meeting some of these fashionables were grouped together, singing a hymn which was very popular in those days. This hymn, the chorus of which was—

‘I want to get to heaven,
My long sought rest,’

they sang with great animation, and their animation increased as they saw the presiding elder advance and join them. It was discovered after a while that he changed the last line of the chorus, and instead of singing,

‘I want to get to heaven,
My long sought rest,’

he sang,

‘I want to get to heaven
With my long short dress.’

One after another, as they detected the change in the chorus, ceased singing until all had stopped, and Gruber was left alone. At this he sang more lustily than ever, so that all around could hear. The ‘long short dresses’ soon began to disappear, and the conscience of Gruber was not again disturbed on that score during the remainder of the meeting.”

“At a camp-meeting on a certain occasion, where considerable difficulty was experienced in getting the people to observe order, from the number of young persons who were walking about, collecting in groups, and engaged in conversation, the presiding elder, in the most respectful and courteous terms, requested them to be seated. Not seeming to understand, or not caring to comply with the request, the young people paid no attention whatever to what was said, but kept up their walking and talking. Gruber, who was present, felt greatly aggrieved, and rising in the stand he roared out, ‘Mr. Presiding Elder, you called those young folks gentlemen and ladies, and they did not know what you meant!’ He then added, ‘Boys, come right along and take seats here,’ pointing to the right; ‘and you, gals, come up and take your seats here on the left.’ Earnest and peremptory as he was, yet so comical was his manner that their attention was at once arrested, and they came smilingly forward and took their seats.”

To us this mode of address would have seemed rude and irritating, and very unlikely to secure the desired end, but Jacob knew the people he had to deal with, and how to handle them. To some persons a polite address sounds like affectation, and, taking it to mean nothing, they let it go in at one ear and out at the other; a plain, blunt, commanding mode of speech they see to be earnestly intended, and yield to it. Very much depends upon the character of the persons to whom we speak, and something also upon our own age and position: it would never do for a young minister fresh from college to address those of his own age as girls and boys, neither would such a style of admonition be acceptable to our educated young people even if the oldest divine so accosted them. The practical lesson is to have the thing done somehow, if it is right, and to use just such a method of speaking as will be best calculated to secure it. The dread of sinning against etiquette is as much to be avoided as the vulgarity which causes

needless offence. The case in which Gruber acted so oddly will perhaps never occur to us, and, if it does, we must use our best judgment, and hope to succeed as he did.

"At another time the same difficulty occurred. At the close of the prayer-meeting, when the time had come for preaching, every effort of the elder failed to get the congregation orderly arranged. Quite a number were standing on the seats, and among them several ladies. Gruber again lifted up his voice, the squeaking German accent of which immediately arrested attention, and said: 'If those young ladies there only knew what great holes they have in their stockings they wouldn't be standing on the bench where they can be seen by everybody.' They all dropped suddenly as if they had been shot. Order was restored, and all was quiet. After the discourse was ended one of the preachers asked how he knew the young ladies had holes in their stockings. 'Why,' said he in his quizzical manner, 'did you ever know stockings without holes in them?'"

Now this is bad, altogether bad, if regarded as part of the service, but if viewed as the attempt of a brother to get the place ready for service, we see no harm in it. People must be got into order if any good is to be done, and he who can do this by a pleasantry deserves far more credit than he who scolds, or threatens to call in the police. View the speaker as a vergers or sexton doing his best to get the young people into order, and the witty observation is more than excusable; but from a minister who is just about to discourse upon God and eternity it is out of all character, and not to be defended. Another story comes under very much the same category, but is rather better.

"In that day it was often very difficult to control a certain class of persons at a camp meeting. It was particularly so in certain parts of Pennsylvania, where the ruder class not unfrequently gave no little annoyance by their violation of the rules of decorum. On such occasions Jacob Gruber's ready and biting wit often served a good purpose, and frequently succeeded in securing an end when all other means failed. A young gentleman once told me that a friend of his went to a certain camp-meeting, and it so chanced that he borrowed a shirt for the occasion, which shirt had a very liberal supply of ruffle. Like several others, contrary to the rules of the meeting, he mounted one of the seats to overlook the congregation. Some of the ministers from the stand requested him very politely to descend, but he paid no attention. After seeing their failure, Mr. Gruber took him in hand. In quite a distinct and loud voice he cried: 'O brethren, let the young man alone; let him enjoy himself. Don't you see he wants to show his fine ruffled shirt? and after all I dare say it's borrowed.' The young man instantly jumped down and made off, saying, with an oath, to a friend, 'How did he know I had a borrowed shirt on?'"

"At a camp-meeting near Baltimore, after the trumpet had been blown announcing the time for closing the exercises in the praying circles, one of them, unwilling to stop, kept on singing and praying. Gruber, somewhat impatient, and evidently not pleased at their want of obedience to order, after standing near for a short time, shouted out at the top of his voice, 'That's right, brothers, blow all the fire out!'"

Often has the same thought occurred to our own mind when we

have seen unwise brethren ranting on long after the "spirit of supplication" has been fully exhausted. Long prayers and long addresses blow out the fire which they are intended to increase.

Gruber's later years were more calm and quiet, but they were not quite devoid of stirring incident. The sinners of his day were as eccentric as the preachers who sought to win them. If they were assailed from the pulpit with rough weapons, they knew how to be vigorously offensive in return. Gruber says—

"I was sent a second year to Dauphin circuit. Nothing extraordinary took place, only some fellows of the baser sort made an attempt to blow up our meeting-house in Harrisburg. On a Sunday night after preaching they got in at a window, put something under the pulpit with powder in it and a match. It made a report like a cannon, tore up the pulpit, and broke the glass out of some of the windows. We soon, however, had all repaired, and pursued our course. My colleague this year was a poor thing hunting a fortune. He found out who was rich; but the girls found out that he was lazy, as they called it, so he had little success in winning souls, and none in getting a wife. He spoke to me about what he had better do; my advice was, if he meant to locate, to get married; if to travel a circuit, to keep single. It seems as though some young men think if they can only get married (the sooner the better) they will be at once in paradise; and some young women have an idea if they can only get a preacher they will have an angel for certain; but more than one has been disappointed very much. This is a world of trouble; man is born into it, and full of it all of his few days. But many of the greatest troubles and misery are brought on by Master Self; that self is a great disturber of peace, a great thief, destroyer, and murderer; happy indeed are they who deny self, mortify the deeds of the body, and crucify the flesh with the lusts and affections, and so escape for life, and live for ever."

"While in attendance at conference in Philadelphia, in 1830, he was appointed to preach in his old charge, St. George's. He took for his text Psalm lxxxiv. 4: 'Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, they will be still praising thee.' Retaining a keen sense of the manner in which he was treated by some of the members of that charge, which resulted in his removal at the end of the first year, he felt doubtless disposed to let his hearers know it by some witty and cutting allusions. The sermon delivered on that occasion is thus reported by the Rev. J. L. Lenhart: 'It was well arranged, and the matter was in general very instructive. Under the head of "The Character of those who dwell in the House of the Lord," I distinctly recollect three characteristics.

"1. *They are a humble people*, willing to occupy a humble place in the church, indeed, any place so that they might be permitted to abide in the church; but there were some people who were so proud and ambitious that, unless they could be like the first king of Israel, from the shoulders up higher than everybody else, they wouldn't come into the house at all, but hang about the doors.

"2. *They were a contented people*. If everything did not exactly suit them they made the best of it, and tried to get along as well as they could; but there are many who are so uneasy and fidgety that they

can't dwell in the church, but are continually running in and out, disturbing themselves and everybody else.

"3. *They were a satisfied people*, always finding something good, and thankful for it. Let who would be their preacher or preachers, they could always get something that would give them instruction and encouragement. But there are some people who are never satisfied, but are always finding fault with their preacher; some preach too loud, and some too long, and some say so many hard and queer things, and some are so prosy and dull that they can't be fed at all and are never satisfied. If the multitude that were fed by the Saviour were like these people they never would have been fed. If one had cried out, "John, you shan't feed me, Peter shall;" and another had said, "Andrew shall feed me, but James shan't;" and another, "I want all bread and no fish;" and others, "I want all fish and no bread," how could they have been fed? Such dissatisfied people cannot dwell in the house of the Lord. If they are not turned out they will soon die out: they can't live."

The following "*Hints to Young Preachers*" were found among his papers, and as we do not remember having seen them in print, we think they are of sufficient importance to give to the reader. Though specially designed for Methodists, Baptists may study them to advantage:—

"1. Let your eye be single; seek nothing but God; let your schemes, plans, and views begin and end in him.

"2. Make not this man or that man your model; be yourself, and aim and reach toward the true model of all excellence, that is, Christ Jesus.

"3. Avoid, as much as may be consistent with your duty, all conversation and unnecessary intercourse with the young, gay, volatile, and vain.

"4. Fly from idleness, lounging, gossiping, etc.: your Bible and other valuable books, prayer and meditation, and your duty as a preacher, will leave no time to run to waste. Weeds, briars, and thorns take possession of uncultivated fields.

"5. Remember, it is a great mercy that although you may be greatly useful in the church and instrumental in doing much good, yet all this is hid from your eyes, or at least you see no more than barely suffices as an encouragement to proceed in your work. It is a mercy, because if you saw much fruit it might prove a temptation of a most dangerous kind. Again, if you saw none you would doubt your call, be discouraged, and your spirit sink. Therefore it is good for us to aim high, strive to convert the world, and put out all our strength to pull down the pillars of Dagon's temple. Yet be contented; indeed, rather pray to God that you may see but little in this world, but much in the day of eternity.

"6. Do not forget a Methodist travelling preacher has every year, in every new circuit, a character to establish. The eyes of all are upon him. Do not say, nay; do not even think, I don't care what people say of me. This is not the language of humility. They will indeed, it may be, think and say too much evil of you; but certainly you must be careful to give them no cause. Remember, they that have great objects

in view can sacrifice little things. Abraham could give up his son, and Jephthah his daughter; you are therefore to give up all little things. Your dress, your food, your company, your very looks and whole deportment must all say to all men, I am crucified with Christ. Therefore for a man who has thus solemnly devoted himself to God to make a fuss about his food, be nice and particular in his dress, to show a fondness for a fine horse and gaudy trappings about his horse, furniture, etc., to sleep and doze away his mornings and evenings when in health, or to be surly, tart, crusty and hasty in his conversation, all show a little, vain mind, and want of grace or want of understanding, or both.

"7. Feed your horse, clean your boots (you may have this done by others in some families; when and where, you may easily see), help the family make the fire, be courteous, humble, condescending; let love sparkle in your eyes, expand your heart, give agility to your feet, tune and oil the organs of your speech, and let all your words and works show that your heart and conversation are in heaven.

"8. Call no man master, yet reverence, respect, and greatly venerate men of holy lives, especially the old prophets of the Lord; yet no man's *ipse dixit* is to be your creed. Think for yourself; speak modestly; yet sometimes you must do this firmly in matters of great moment; and a man may maintain a firm, unshaken mind, when at the same time his words and manners may be all meekness, humility, and condescension; and this, in fact, is the very spirit and temper of a Methodist preacher if he has the spirit of his station."

"Though he was sometimes severe in his criticisms on young preachers, he always entertained for them a fatherly affection, and sought only to correct their errors. At a certain place he preached in a house which was occupied part of the day by ministers of another denomination. The parties had an understanding that they were not to preach on any disputed points of doctrine, or to interfere with each other's sentiments or usages. One morning a young preacher held forth, and, forgetful or regardless of the mutual agreement, made an onslaught on Methodism, and was very bitter in his denunciations, as well as false in his representations. His sermon was a caricature of Methodist doctrines and usages. Gruber was present and heard him, and was invited at the close of the sermon to offer the concluding prayer. He accepted the invitation, and addressed the throne of grace in his usual manner, praying for the people and the various objects of Christian effort, as well as for a blessing upon the various Christian churches in the land. As was customary he also prayed for the minister, saying: 'O Lord, bless the young preacher who has discoursed to us this morning, and in thy mercy make his heart as soft as his head, and then he will do some good.'

"A young preacher, desirous of improving his style as a pulpit orator, and having great confidence in Father Gruber, who, we believe, at the time was his presiding elder, wrote to him for advice. The young man had contracted the habit of prolonging his words, especially when under the influence of great excitement. Deeming this the most important defect in his elocution, Gruber sent him the following laconic reply:—

“‘Dear Ah ! Brother Ah !—When-ah you-ah go-ah to-ah preach-ah, take-ah care-ah you-ah don’t-ah say-ah Ah-ah ! Yours-ah,

“‘JACOB-AH GRUBER-AH.’

“To reprove Jacob Gruber or to criticise his doings was rather perilous. On one occasion, on rising in the pulpit to give out his text, he found the leaf of the Bible containing the chapter torn out. He therefore quoted from memory, and quoted it incorrectly : ‘Beloved, now are we the children of God,’ etc., 1 John iii. 2. A young preacher, not lacking in self-esteem and confidence, said, loud enough to be heard : “‘Sons,” Brother Gruber ; “Now are we the sons of God.”’ Instantly he replied, ‘Yes, I know that very well, but I *didn’t want to leave the sisters out.*’ The congregation was delighted, and the young minister somewhat crestfallen.

“But one of the oddest reproofs I ever knew him to administer was on a larger scale, and proved not less effectual. In a certain church the congregation had an unseemly practice of turning their backs on the pulpit during a certain portion of the singing. One Sabbath Mr. Gruber conducted the service, and, as usual, the whole congregation simultaneously turned round, presenting their backs to the preacher. Instantly the preacher, to be even with them, turned round also, presenting his back to the congregation. When the time for prayer came, at the close of the hymn, the congregation were astonished to find the preacher turned from them and gazing at the wall. The hint was enough ; they did not repeat the objectionable practice.”

Mr. Martin thus describes the closing scene of Gruber’s life :—

“He was taken suddenly worse on the evening of the twenty-third of May, having several attacks of fainting or swooning, and no doubt the work of death began at that time, as he gradually grew weaker and weaker, until forty-eight hours afterward the scene closed. It was matter of regret to me that my appointments required me to leave on the morning of the twenty-fourth, and I was thereby deprived of the privilege of being with him in his last hours. His attentive neighbour, S. V. Blake, however, had the mournful satisfaction of ministering to him even to the last, and his unwearied devotion to the bedside of the venerable man is worthy of all commendation. From him I have learned the particulars connected with his death. Brother Gruber was perfectly conscious that his end was rapidly approaching, and sighed for the happy release. He requested Brother Blake, if it could be ascertained when he was about to die, to collect a few brethren and sisters around him, that they might (to use his own words) ‘*See me safe off*’ ; and as I am going, all join in full chorus and sing :—

“‘On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand.’”

A few hours before he died he asked Brother Blake whether he could stand it another night, and was answered that in his judgment he could not. ‘Then,’ said he, ‘to-morrow I shall spend my first Sabbath in heaven ! Last Sabbath in the church on earth, next Sabbath in the church above !’ and with evident emotion added,—

“‘Where congregations ne’er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.’”

Brother Blake, perceiving that he was fast sinking, and could only survive a few moments, asked him if he felt that he was even then on the banks of Jordan; to which he replied, with great effort, and these were his last words, 'I feel I am.' He was exhorted to trust in Jesus, and not to be afraid, but to look out for the light of heaven, his happy home; and then, in accordance with his request, the hymn he had selected was sung; but ere it was concluded his consciousness was gone. The singing ceased, a deathlike stillness reigned, only broken by his occasional respiration. An overwhelming sense of the presence of God melted every heart. A minute more and his happy spirit winged its way to its long-sought rest, in the seventy-second year of his age.

"So calmly, so peacefully did he fall asleep in the arms of Jesus. Oh, it was a privilege to be there. To see so aged a servant of God finish his course with such confidence, such composure, such firmness, such blessed hope of glory beaming from his countenance, was a privilege indeed, the grandeur of which we will not attempt to describe."

If any judge too severely the personal peculiarities of such a man, we would urge them to do better; but to us it seems more than probable that were preachers more in earnest we should see more of what are called eccentricities, which are often only the ensigns of real zeal, and the tokens that a man is both natural and intense. If a fisherman can catch fish with silk lines and artificial bait let him be thankful; but if with a superior tackle he is unsuccessful, it shows a very proud spirit if he indulges in harsh criticisms of the style and manner of brethren who succeed better than himself in winning souls for Christ. "Every man in his own order" is a good rule. Apollos may be polished and Cephas blunt, but so far as they are honest, prayerful, and true to the Gospel, God will bless them both, and it ill becomes them to pick holes in each other's coats. We would never say to a man "Be eccentric"; but if he cannot help being so, we would not have him otherwise. The leaning tower of Pisa owes much of its celebrity to its leaning, and although it certainly is not a safe model for architects, we would by no means advise the taking of it down. Ten to one any builder who tried to erect another would create a huge ruin, and therefore it would not be a safe precedent, but there it is, and who wishes it were other than it is? Serve the Lord, brother, with your very best, and seek to do still better, and, whatever your peculiarities, the grace of God will be glorified in you.

C. H. S.

A Strong Church.

"IS it a strong congregation?" asked a man respecting a body of worshippers. "Yes," was the reply. "How many members are there?" "Seventy-six." "Seventy-six! Are they so very wealthy?" "No, they are poor." "How, then, do you say it is a strong church?" "Because," said the gentleman, "they are earnest, devoted, at peace, loving each other, and striving together to do the Master's work. Such a congregation is strong, whether composed of a dozen or five hundred members!" And he spoke the truth.

My East Journey in the Interior of China.*

BY THOMAS P. HARVEY.

PART II.

T'SING-KEANG-P'U is a district city of great importance, situated on the west bank of the Grand Canal, and west of the dry bed of the old Yellow River. Owing to the scarcity of water and the presence of rapids, the Grand Canal is not very navigable beyond this point during the greater part of the year, consequently, travellers to the northern capital, Pekin, and to the north-western provinces, exchange their boats at T'sing-Keang-p'u for carts. To travel in *good* carts on bad roads is bad enough, but to be shaken and jolted about in a small wooden, heavy-wheeled, springless cart, over sandy roads traversed with irregular ruts, varying from one to three feet in depth, is worse than all. The memory of what I had both seen and heard of these carts was too fresh to allow me to engage one on the present occasion to take us to T'sü-cheo-fu. We therefore resorted to the only other mode of conveyance, namely, barrows. The responsibility of selecting two strong, trustworthy barrowmen was left with T'süeing-ling; but, in spite of his extra caution, he contrived to engage an opium-smoker. Believe me, it is a difficult matter in T'sing-Keang-p'u to engage a man from amongst the working-class who does not smoke opium; so we must be regarded as fortunate in having *one* who did not smoke opium.

Our now greatly diminished stock of books was increased by the addition of a large number of the late Mr. W. C. Burns' translation of "Peep o' Day," which we found stowed away on our mission premises in a tea-chest. Some of these we contrived to wedge into the pig-skin box, and strapped up the rest into two bundles. This mass of divinity occupied one of the barrows, and upon the other we placed our Chinese beds. The things we took with us, beyond those which we had on, might have been put into one of our pockets.

But, before we go further, what is a Chinese barrow? We will first reply negatively by saying, that it does not at all resemble the neat vehicle which we see in our streets and farms. A Chinese barrow has no upright sides: no boarded bottom. It is nothing more than a triangular wooden frame, the sides of which project outwards from the base to the extent of about two feet,—these are the handles. Between the sides which form the apex hangs the wheel. Runuig across between these two sides are some four or five staves of wood, and these constitute the floor of the barrow. Some barrows are fitted with a sail, which materially helps the barrowman on a windy day. The wooden wheel is carefully preserved by a rush-plaited band, which is passed round to act in the same manner as an iron tire.

When speaking of the luggage, I forgot to mention the brown pot of paste and brush, which we afterwards found exceedingly useful in

* We beg to call the very special attention of all single young men to this deeply interesting and touching paper. Men for China are wanted. Young Christian reader, are you moved by the Holy Ghost to volunteer?

pastings up gospel sheet tracts (printed in the spoken language of the people) on the walls of houses and cities all along the way.

When the barrows were packed, and all in readiness, a procession was formed, and away we marched down the "Shih li K'iah" (three mile street); the barrowmen and T'süing-ling leading the van, whilst Lieu, the native assistant, and myself brought up the rear. Lieu is a dear, earnest man, and seems very happy in his work for Christ. He is one of those men upon whom we can place our hand, and say, "He is all right." He accompanied us for about two miles, and then went on to Tā-mā-t'oe (great anchor head) to preach the gospel, and to sell a lot of scriptures, which he carried in a handkerchief. Although we had prayed together at the mission house before leaving, yet now, as we were about to part, Lieu suggested that we should again ask for the Lord's blessing; so, leaving the road, Lieu and I wandered into a field, and, behind some ruins, we both poured out our hearts to God in prayer for his blessing upon the work and journeys; after which we bade each other farewell.

Leaving the banks of the Grand Canal, we crossed over a piece of country until we again came upon the canal, which we ferried across, and then tramped over a sandy plain along the western bank of the old Yellow River. This sandy ground yields an abundance of water melons, which were to be seen covering large tracts of land on both sides of the road. Above us was a blazing sun, and below the hot sand, through which the barrows moved lazily along. We stopped at nearly every refreshment stall on the road to rest, at some sheet tracts were pasted up, and a few books disposed of. Clearing the plain, we at last reached a well-beaten track, and after a journey of some twenty miles, arrived at a small village, where we passed the night. It was not in a grand hotel that we lay rolled up in our p'u-k'ais (beds), but in a mud hut, in an open enclosure. Early in the morning, as the light of day appeared under the flimsy door of the hut, a voice was heard to cry out "K'e-lai" (get up), which was the signal for us all to rise, dress, pack up the p'u-k'ais, and load the barrows. The light of the stars was not quite eclipsed by the light of day when we were again on the road. It was a lovely morning. The birds were carolling, light-hearted boys were singing their ditties as they drove the bullocks before the plough, the air was filled with nature's perfumes as the sun dispelled the mists of earth, and made the dewdrops on the leaves glitter like jewels in the air.

After a walk of seven miles we arrived at a collection of mud huts, where we, for the first time since leaving T'sing-Keang-p'u, unfurled the gospel scroll for the inspection of the poor people, who clustered round and read it, whilst we partook of the frugal breakfast which had been provided for us. Several sheet tracts were pasted on the mud walls, the scroll explained, and several books sold, when away we tramped six more miles to the district city of T'ao-ueing (grape garden). Ere we reached the east gate of the city (for all the cities in China are walled, and have at least four gates) we had to pass through a large graveyard. Mound upon mound everywhere caught the eye, the resting-places of Chinese who, we might safely say, lived and died without ever having heard, or had the opportunity of hearing, the

truth as it is in Jesus. This part had been selected for a burying-place because of the Yellow River, which once flowed past the eastern gate of the city, but which has since altered its course; in consequence of which this city of T'ao-ueing, together with all the other places on or near the banks of the river for about three hundred miles, has since been deprived of so much of its trade, that it has been called the region of "China's sorrow."

As our little procession moved through the east gate into the city, the news, "Yang-kwei-tsi lai leao" (a foreign devil has come), quickly spread; whereupon the people crowded after us as we moved up the main street. An empty stomach suggested the advisability of having some dinner before the sale and preaching began, so we turned into a rice shop. We contrived to make an appearance in the shop before the shopman saw the immense appendage of a crowd we drew after us. "Have you got any rice?" "Yes," replied the shopman. The poor man had scarcely counted the cost of entertaining a foreigner for dinner, for he had no sooner replied in the affirmative to my question than he witnessed the motley crowd of men, women, and boys pressing through the front portion of the shop to the back room, where we had seated ourselves. Somewhat fearful as to what the consequences might be, he shouted out, "Foreigner, I've got no rice;" hoping by that means to relieve himself of our company and the crowd. "Rice, or no rice, I intend to stop here until I get something to eat;" for I knew perfectly well that if I left *that* shop without any dinner the other rice shopmen would not dare to let me in, and so I should be compelled to leave without any dinner. I was served that trick once near Shantung province on the coast, and so now experience had taught me to abide in the first place, and not move away for anything.

In spite of the stern remonstrances and angry threats of my host, the people continued to press in until the front shop, and every available nook and corner, was filled by them. They quizzed and jabbered away all the time we were eating the dinner which my terrified host had provided. Dinner over, the books were wheeled into the main street, the scroll was exhibited, and then the preaching and sale commenced. Crowds gathered around us. The old curiosity gave rise to the usual questions, to which we have already referred. Early in the afternoon we proceeded on our journey. The day being very hot, and we very tired, two additional barrows were hired to carry T'stieing-ling and myself, some ten miles. You would have smiled to have seen us sitting crouched up on the top of these sideless vehicles, under the canopy of a broad Chinese umbrella. At the end of our barrow ride lay a walk of four miles, when we reached a small village, where we stayed the night. The mud hut in which we took up our quarters had a small enclosure in front, which was quickly filled, or nearly so, by the poor villagers; and "to the poor the gospel was preached." The books were no sooner exposed than great anxiety was manifested by the people to purchase; but the sale had to be limited, for more populous places yet lay before us. It was with difficulty that we tied down the box and refused to sell any more.

This may catch the eye of some poor brother who is depressed on account of the insolent way in which both he and his tracts are served

by those to whom he offers them. In England people abound who tear up your tracts, and refuse to purchase your Bibles and Testaments, but in China men eagerly *buy* your small sheet tracts and clamour to come into possession of your gospels. Should past experience have proved your fitness for colporteur and preaching work at home, but you feel as though the field was scarcely large enough for the development of your capabilities, turn your attention to China, for there you will find a field sufficiently wide, and work sufficiently abundant, upon which you may enter almost at once. Many times on this journey men and women brought money in their hands in order to purchase gospels and other religious books, whom I had to send empty away. Empty away? Yes, empty away, because there are so few young men willing enough to come out to these poor benighted heathen, and supply them with the Word of Life.

By break of day we had packed up and were on the march. It is always a point with us in China to travel several miles before breakfast, for it is only in the day that we can travel. The end of a six-mile walk brought us to a long straggling place called Yang-ho. Just before entering the place we turned into a rice shop, and had our morning rice in quiet; after which we entered upon the "Three-mile Street," of which Yang-ho mainly consists. Like T'ao-ueing, Yang-ho had an active trade when the Yellow River was "at home," as the Chinese term it. Whilst busy preaching and selling books a boy was brought to me, with red hair. He was evidently regarded as a kind of standing curiosity of the place, upon which all strangers and visitors were called upon to gaze. The people who brought him declared him to be very old—quite a fabulous age—I think they said fifty years; whereas the lad was no more than twelve. We pursued our course along the ill-paved and irregular street to the end, stopping here and there to preach and sell, and then hired two barrows to wheel T'süeing-ling and myself some ten miles. A further walk of five miles brought us to a small village, with a mud wall, called Ling-Kiorh-meaou. We had not been long in the place before the news of our arrival was well spread abroad; but we managed to get nicely settled in our lodging, which was again a mud hut, before the people came together. Our first business was to count the proceeds of the day's sale. These small brass cash* are difficult and dirty things to count. Whilst engaged in this business the people collected in the court-yard opposite to the hut. One man, somewhat the worse for Chinese wine, made a grab at the money. Upon being requested to let it alone he took up a kind of joiner's stool, and would have struck me down with it but for the timely intervention of his friends. Although we were all very fatigued with our day's work, nothing would satisfy the people but we must show and sell some books, and answer all their frivolous questions;

* A Chinese cash is a small brass coin, about the size of a shilling, having a small square hole in the centre. Upon one side is the name of the emperor in whose reign it was coined. They are exchanged at the rate of from 1,260 to 1,320 for a Mexican dollar (which has an average value of 4s. 6d.), and will weigh about seven pounds avoirdupois. These cash are strung together in hundreds, on twisted straw-string. One string will have ten separate hundreds, called a "teaou."

but as darkness drew on they departed, and we were left to eat our evening rice, and afterwards to sleep.

The character of our nocturnal residences seemed to be degenerating the more we got into the interior of the country. Upon the one in which we were now found, the good host had certainly not laid out much money in furniture. The hut itself was small, with a low thatched roof, the rafters of which were black and grimy from age and smoke; with bare mud walls, figured with wide cracks here and there, which in some places were sufficiently wide to admit the light, whilst the floor was nothing more than battered earth. As the flimsy, ill-fitting, clumsy door was minus any bolt or bar, the barrow-men ingeniously reared up their barrows against it, to prevent the entrance of any intruder. These two worthy sons of toil laid themselves down on a bundle of reeds in one corner, whilst T'sueing-ling lay rolled up in his p'u-kai in the opposite corner, and I near him, on a kind of stretcher.

We had been calmly sleeping for about two hours, when a clamour was heard at the door, followed by loud demands for admittance. One of the barrow-men responded to the call, removed one of the barrows, when bang open went the door, and in marched six Chinese soldiers. Some had lanterns, others poles, while some carried Chinese guns. The apparent leader of the party was a little audacious fellow, with a bamboo pole across his shoulder, at one end of which he carried an immense brass gong, and at the other a counterbalancing stone. In his right hand he held a large lantern. Holding up his lantern at the end of a stick, he first approached the corner where the barrow-men were lying, and, after examination, said, "No, he is not there." He then drew near to poor T'sueing-ling. "No," said he, "he is not there." I was the next in order, and as the light of his lantern fell upon my face, he announced his discovery by shouting out, "Here he is." "What," said I, rearing myself up from within my p'u-k'ai (for I was quite undressed), "What's the matter? Whom do you want?" "Shut up your mouth," rejoined the little man with the lantern, "don't speak a word." I endeavoured to expostulate with them, whereupon one of the six called out, "Bind him hand and foot, and drag him off," whilst another kindly suggested that I should be "beaten to death." Propositions of this amicable nature were being made, as I lay trembling in my p'u-k'ai, expecting each moment to be my last. Resistance would have been madness, and all retreat was cut off; so in this moment of need I cast myself upon God, my Heavenly Father. Though English soldiers and English gunboats were far away, my Father was there, he who has robbed the fire of its power to destroy, and locked the jaws of the lion. "God is a present help in time of trouble." He took me up, and suffered them not to touch a hair of my head. For after spending some little time in abuse and threats, these ruffians turned their backs, and left the hut. Although they had gone, I felt sure that there was more to follow; and so it proved, for after an hour's rest we were visited by a second deputation from the military chief, who resided in the place; but these were of a better stamp than the first band, and, to improve matters, the men of this second lot had come from near Nankin, and consequently spoke the Mandarin dialect, which

I used. So we readily understood each other. After explaining the nature of my visit, where I had come from, where I was going to, and what I had come for, I must needs get up, as I was, open the skin box, show them some of the books, and give them a Chinese card with my name and nationality, for their chief, after which they left us in peace. I did not sleep much that night, but patiently awaited the morning light, upon the dawning of which we arose, packed up, and resumed the march.

A walk alongside the barrow-men, of seventeen miles, through fields of waving Indian corn and barley, and past numerous clusters of bamboo trees and small farms, brought us to the district city of S'ueing-ling. This was by far the largest place we had visited since we left T'sing-keang-pu. S'ueing-ling is a great emporium for eggs, which are brought from all the surrounding country places. Great quantities are sold to men who wheel them to T'sing-keang-pu and H'ui-an (a prefectural city below T'sing-keang-pu). These men purchase the eggs at the rate of two cash each, or twelve for an English penny. And after wheeling them many miles on a bad road, sell them again for three cash each.

The street up which we passed to reach the middle of the city was thronged with market people, many of whom followed us to the place where we took our stand, and hung up the scroll. I could not stand on the top of the barrow and preach long, for the scorching sun above, from which there seemed to be no deliverance. So numerous were the applications for books, that we had to stop the sale, lest we should have none left for the great city which we had yet to visit. Many who came with strings of cash in their hands had to go away without a book. We could have readily disposed of about twice the quantity if we had had them with us; so when we had sold as many as we cared to sell, and preached the Word, we resumed the journey; not leaving a missionary behind to carry on the work amongst the poor people; but a few words and a few books; and years may pass away before another shall come to stand up in their midst, and again preach the gospel.

We walked on for ten miles, and then slept in a small hovel on the road, which was half-full of bricks. Next day we came to Shuang-ke'o, which is a large village on the boundary line, separating the province of Ang-huai from the province of Keang-su. The houses were grimy outside and dirty inside, whilst the inhabitants looked the very picture of dirt, misery, and destitution; every face seemed to bear the yellow opium-smoking tint. This sorrowful picture was due to the fact of opium being extensively grown in the neighbourhood; it was, therefore, very cheap, and so within the reach of all. Passing through the north entrance to the village, after preaching and selling books, we fell in with a crowd around the door of a mud hut. Upon inquiry we found that a woman had just taken a large quantity of opium for suicidal purposes.

Night found us at our last sleeping place, prior to reaching the end of our journey. Full of hope and expectancy, we re-commenced the march early in the morning, and after stopping at several refreshment stalls on the road, at one of which we breakfasted, we at last reached the foot of

a range of high hills. Ascending by a circuitous path, we reached the top, when we found ourselves on a broad table-land, from which we obtained a splendid view of the surrounding country, showing the mountains of Shantung (eastern mountain) province, and the vast bed of the old Yellow River. The range of hills upon the top of which we stood was in the form of a crescent. Within the arc, below, lay an extensive sandy plain, from the northern part of which arose an immense pagoda, around whose base were to be seen the stone walls of the city of Tsü-cheo-fu. A slow descent down the other side of this range, brought us to the sandy plain, which seemed to strike fire into the feet. The barrow wheels turned lazily round, as the poor men sought to push them along the sand-ruts which traversed the road across the plain; it seemed as though we should never reach the city. But noon found us passing by some of its military camps, and afterwards winding our way through its southern suburbs to the great south gate. Two o'clock found us lodged safely in the back room of a Chinese hotel inside the city. There was no Christian welcome, and no friendly hand extended to greet us, for it was a city without Christ. So far as we knew there was not a single Christian of any description amongst the thousands who live within its gates; we were alone.

After dinner and a quiet sleep, a few military officers came in to chat about England and English customs. They were very agreeable, and several times assured me they were my friends. I explained the gospel to them, and afterwards sauntered out in the principal streets with T'sueing-ling. The people behaved uncommonly well, there was very little shouting and crowding, so we went about with pleasure. T'su-cheo is an important place on account of the eighteen military camps, which are situated just outside the city. Twelve of these are of infantry, and six of cavalry. Amongst the many things we noticed in our wanderings, was a board fixed on the drum tower in the middle of the city, under which the principal street ran; on the board were four Chinese characters—"Ta-kuang-tsai-shang"—"Great mercy is above." This fact I used in my address on the following morning, when we took up a position in the middle of the main street, just behind a shrine near the south gate. The morning was very hot. For the last time the good old gospel scroll was unrolled and hung up to the gaze of an immense crowd. After preaching some twenty minutes, the books were offered and the sale began. The number of applicants was something appalling; T'sueing-ling and I were busily occupied in selling until the last book but one was disposed of, and that had been promised before we left the hotel. Even when we had cleared the pigskin box the people still continued to apply with money in their hands for books, and we had none. Although the crowd was great, everything went off very quietly. Some inquired when we were coming again; others how long we were staying. I do not remember such interest being evinced in any other city as was shown in T'su-cheo upon this occasion, and yet I found it without a missionary, and left it without a missionary. I cannot well conceive of a finer place for missionary enterprise than T'su-cheo; because it is accessible from Chiu-keang by T'sing-Keang-p'u; and secondly, because it is on the high road to the city of Ki'a-fung (capital of Honan, and about the centre of

China) as well as being within thirty miles of three important northern provinces, containing millions of people.

I will not occupy time and space by narrating the incidents of the return journey, but close this account by drawing from it a few inferences; for this may meet the eyes of many young men who have love for Christ and perishing souls dwelling in their hearts; and it is for the purpose of interesting such in the spiritual condition of China that I have now taken up my pen, for I feel sure that if the real condition of things in China were but known, many single young men would be found willing to go and preach Christ. It may be asked, why select single men? Because there is a certain kind of work to be done in China for which strong, single young men are peculiarly adapted. Not simply the work of distributing copies or portions of the Word of God among the people, but also of preaching the gospel,—what I would call evangelistic-colporteur work. It will be seen from the account of this journey that such work can be, and is, undertaken with very little either of risk or difficulty. I willingly admit that this sort of work is inadequate to meet the real wants of the people; it is nevertheless something to go and preach the gospel to those who have never heard it before, and afterwards to put into their hands the written word of God; and though it may be years before they shall hear it again, who knows but what the second messenger shall find them inquiring more “about this way,” and their hearts prepared to receive more of the good seed? We have known such cases, and expect to hear of many more. Brother, you have the promise, “My word shall not return unto me void,” and that bread cast upon the waters shall be seen after many days. I know it is heart-rending work to go to a city and preach the gospel, sell books, and stop a few days, and then leave; but be assured that they who “sow in tears shall reap with joy.” The present is sowing time in China, and will be, in all probability, for many years to come: but the reaping time will come. You may not be *actually* engaged in the reaping, for after years of patient sowing, the Master may take you home; but other men will be raised up who shall enter upon your labours, “then he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together.” So courage, brother, sowing work is neither idle nor vain work. It is no waste of time, money, or talents, to go forth into the heart of China, and to spend one’s whole life in the prosecution of such evangelistic-colporteur work.

Though I have often made this statement, both in public and on paper, permit me again to say for your encouragement, that all China, so far as we know, is open to you. You may go into any city, hang up such a scroll as the one we took with us on this journey, preach the gospel, and afterwards sell books to the people. We cannot say more. Nobody has power to make you go, but he whom you profess to love. It may be that you have often joined in that hymn of Mr. Sankey’s:—

“My *ALL* is on the altar,
I’m waiting for the fire,
Waiting, waiting, waiting,
I’m waiting for the fire.”

If so, if you are really willing to give up all, whatever that all may embrace, then you will not be hindered from going to China by the

little disagreeables and petty annoyances which are to be met with by the way. Nay, you will not count your life dear unto you, but, confronting the worst that may happen, will say with the apostle, "None of these things move me."

Oh, brother! there are millions of people in China who have never heard the name of Jesus, but who are nevertheless accessible to you, if you will but go. Go, in your Master's name, and "Compel them to come in."

"Call them in!" the weak, the weary,
Laden with the doom of sin;
Bid them come and rest in Jesus;
He is waiting; 'Call them in.'

"See! the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming; 'Call them in.'"

My firm conviction is that there are numbers of young unmarried Christian men to be found behind counters, at desks, and in the streets, allowing their energies to waste away, whilst millions of poor Chinese are dying without the word of salvation, dying while we have among us the gospel, which rescues from the jaws of eternal death, and gives men the possession of eternal life. May the Lord stir you up until you have grappled with the spiritual need of the four hundred millions of Chinese, twelve millions of whom die every year.

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From the Cross to the Throne.

BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIS, MANCHESTER.

"Who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."—Hebrews xii. 2.

IN the eleventh chapter of the Hebrews the splendid *examples* of race running and race winning afforded by ancient heroes of faith are set before us. Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, and the rest, boldly pursued their course; they cast off all entanglements, "laying aside every weight;" they ran in the prescribed course "the race that was set before them;" they continued to the end "running with patience;" and their eye was fixed on the crown held in the hand of the Umpire at the head of the course, "they had respect unto the recompense of the reward." Their faithfulness, self-discipline, perseverance, success, and reward are held up as an example to later runners of the race. But turning from them the apostle points higher to the prime example of all, Jesus, who ran the most trying course, under the greatest difficulties, achieving the most glorious triumph. Having the race set before him, our Lord shirked not its painfullest part; but keeping in his eye "the joy set before him" as the reward of his toil and the incitement of his perseverance, he reached the goal covered with glory, and assumed the crown which the Lord, the righteous Judge, awarded him. To this noblest of all

examples the apostle points as he cries, "Let us run the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus."

Nay, more than this, the expression, "Looking unto Jesus," implies that we have in him not incitement only, like the knight in ancient tournament who caught fresh energy from each glance of his lady's eye in the balcony; nor example merely, to show us how to run, what to cast away, what to shun and what to keep in view; but, and chiefly, *power* to run the race so as to come off triumphant; as Gideon when God had looked on him and he on God, in the might of that mutual glance, waged victorious war against the Midianites.

While this is the scope and force of the words, I wish to take them from the context in which they are applied by the apostle to this practical use, and study them as recording positive facts about the life and sufferings of our Lord Jesus. We shall look at Christ's career, not as an example for us to follow, and from which to derive inspiration, although it is all this, but as having been run on our behalf and for our benefit, and by way of enkindling (and what so likely to enkindle it?) the warm gratitude and enthusiasm of our whole nature towards him.

We are to follow in the apostle's track and note *what Jesus did*, "endured the cross, despising the shame;" *why he did it*, "for the joy that was set before him;" and *what has come of it*, "he is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

I. WHAT JESUS DID.

In the expression, "he endured the cross," there lies a deep and complex meaning not possible for us to exhaust. It brings before us the scene of *the bearing of the literal cross*. Down Pilate's steps, in sight of the furious crowd, kept back by the soldiery, Christ comes in sorrowful majesty to receive on shoulders that upheld the world a heavier burden still. Why does the Lord of Glory stagger and sink under the load? Alas, he is the Son of Man, and he comes faint from the scourging. Let him have the assistance of the Cyrenean, and let Simon, distinguished with that sad bliss, stand as the type of believers in all after time who take up their cross and follow Jesus. But this was not all.

There was *the bodily suffering inflicted by means of the cross*. Arrived at Calvary the Saviour is thrown down upon the wood, and with nails and mallet the soldiers fasten the quivering flesh. Let not those hands that touched and opened blind eyes complain, nor those feet that walked the waters rebel; this is Israel's gratitude; thus his own countrymen acknowledge his life of beneficence. The cross is lifted and set in its socket, and how is every muscle and nerve distended and racked; how does the sun's heat fever all his wounds! O Jesus, in olden time thou ledest thy people through the wilderness, giving them manna and water, thou castedst out the heathen before them, and gavest them the pleasant land, thou didst place thy temple in their midst, that thou mightest dwell among them; when they cried thou heardest their groaning and deliveredst them; and now they thus enthrone thee, they crown thee with earth's curse, they robe thee in the crimson of thine own blood, and pay contemptuous court to thee, saying, "Aha! aha!"

But this was not all. There was a deep moral disgrace attached in common fame to the death of the cross. It was a foreign mode of execution, and such as was only inflicted on the abjects, the filth and scum of earth. When some vile slave was raked out of the obscenest ditch of pollution and dragged back from hell-brink that he might receive the vengeance of human justice, he was condemned to die by crucifixion; it was on a cross that he must be gibbeted, that his shameful death might be a fit close to his shameful life. And so Jesus became the butt for all insolence and jeering; whatever accumulated malignity his foes could rake together, he was now the sink where they might fling it all. "All that see me laugh me to scorn, they shoot out the lip, they shake the head, saying, He trusted in God that he would deliver him; let him deliver him!" Heaven-daring jibes rose on the wind from a hundred throats, shouting "Let him deliver him!" But this was not all.

There was a keener anguish than all this, an anguish that touched the *spirit* of the Crucified, the *bearing of sin*. We know what it is to bear sin, for we know what it is to commit sin. Christ had the one experience though he was a stranger to the other. The very child sitting gloomy at the breakfast table amid the home happiness that breathes around it, gloomy because blameworthy, knows something of sin bearing. The exile of St. Helena, walking to and fro on his lonely path, heedless of the sunset that is transfiguring sky and sea, the prey of an accusing conscience and of the remorse awakened by the red crimes of a life swayed by boundless ambition, has leisure to learn in his sullen solitude what it is to bear sin. Why should he note the glory around him? It is no parable of the evening of his career. Every Christian knows the anguish of sin-bearing; let him remember the time when conviction drove him to the mercy-seat, and yet gagged him from prayer; held up his sin before him in its horror and impiety, and yet shut out the sight of heaven from his downcast eyes. Let him think of this as he ponders the dread fact that sin was laid on Christ. When he received as his own the sins of all his people, when he bare our sins in his own body on the tree, when God made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, had he not reached the lowest depth of his agony?

No! There was yet *the curse* to be borne. As the gangrened limb must be cut from the body, as the leper must be expelled from society, so must the sinner be cast away from God. "My God will cast them away,"—sere leaves driven off with the furious wind and flung into some obscure depth to rot. The curse of sin is the wrenching away of the dependent soul from God, and this Jesus endured when there rose through the darkness that most mournful cry, "My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me?" Oh, this enduring of the cross was stern work! Though our Lord's magnanimous soul towered aloft, and looked down with contempt upon the shame of the cross, I do not read that he despised the cross itself. He endured it, he weathered that awful storm; but it was no light matter, even for the Son of God.

II. Then let us ask WHY HE DID IT?

Why was all this expenditure? If this suffering were objectless, it would argue folly in the sufferer. But there was no waste of the

ointment of redeeming love; let its fragrance fill the earth, for there was an end to be accomplished by it. It was for the joy that was set before him that Jesus endured the cross.

When Howard investigated the prisons of this country and the Continent, and sacrificed his home comfort to share the criminal's cell, it was for the joy that was set before him of alleviating the condition of prisoners. When Carey went to India to preach and translate and die, it was for the joy that was set before him of ransoming a nation from idolatry. When the Moravian missionaries entered the leprosy-house, knowing they should never leave it alive, it was for the joy that was set before them of leading the lepers to Jesus. When Florence Nightingale devoted herself in the hospital at Scutari to the tending of wounded soldiers, it was for the joy that was set before her of mitigating their sufferings. When Parliament voted twenty millions to emancipate the slaves, it was for the joy of bestowing liberty upon an oppressed race. When men recently sent money to Bengal, it was for the joy of saving lives from famine. And when Jesus endured the cross, despising the shame, it was for the joy that was set before him of the redemption of his people, and the glorification of his Father.

And it was a joy possible only to love. I doubt, indeed, whether any character but love can experience real joy; the word and the emotion are the exclusive property of love; the man who loves not can never rejoice. It was because Christ was love incarnate that this benevolent joy became an omnipotent motive in him, and bore him resistlessly through the dread conflict to the achievement of human redemption.

There was a double element in this joy; the two sources from whence its stream flowed were the salvation of sinners and the glorification of his Father.

From the cross he foresaw the salvation of all that should believe; of Saul of Tarsus in his blindness, of the gaoler conscience-shaken by the earthquake, of Lydia yielding her heart at the river-side. He foresaw every glance of joy darted heavenward in the gladness of newfound pardon; he heard in anticipation each prayer that should struggle from sin-burdened hearts, and every song of exultation that was to rise to the throne, till all the future became vocal with the praise, and bright with the smiling gladness of saved souls. The redeemed church rose before his view, complete and glorious, like a temple built on the plains of heaven, to be the shrine of the fullest manifestation of God. The church, I say, which he loved and gave himself for,—his bride, beautiful with his own comeliness, cleansed in his blood, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, stood before his mind's eye, in the loveliness of her redemption purity; this was the distant sight which cheered his soul as he drank to the dregs the bitter cup.

And the glory of God inspired him. The purposes of eternity were by his sufferings to receive their accomplishment. The attributes of God would thus be revealed in a fulness unknown before; and angels would worship with a deeper reverence the redeeming God, whose creative power alone had hitherto made them sing together. He knew how angelic intelligences had long waited for this last and noblest revelation of God, and how, redemption being accomplished, they would be able to roll back, one after another, the thick folds which

had concealed the wisdom of God. The restraint of sin, the deliverance of sin's captives, the benediction of the sin-cursed earth, the transference of saved sinners from earth to heaven, the breaking forth of the fuller manifestation of God as sunlight through a cloud, till heaven's day should be as the light of seven days, *this* was the joy that prompted Jesus to endure the cross, despising the shame.

I have read somewhere of a dark sea-girt prison filled with criminals, the key of which the king, after locking the heavy gates, had flung under cover of midnight into the deep sea, saying if any one could recover the key the prison should be opened and the prisoners freed. The story tells how a certain man, hearing of the king's word, meditated whether he might not recover the key; how he at length resolved on the great attempt, and diving again and again in those chill unknown depths, he found the key, and rose to the surface to fling it on the rock and sink back himself exhausted into the cold whelming deep. It is a fable, but a gem of truth lies in its bosom. The grim state prison where God's rebels were confined was visible from heaven. Jesus had heard in heaven the prisoners' cry, and now he walked absently the golden streets. The angels sang, but he had no ear for angel music, he had heard the groaning of the prisoners. Heavenly glory shone around him, but he had no eye for its splendour, his eye was filled with another sight; he could not forget the dying prisoners below. He rested not till he had stripped himself of his royal majesty, and had descended to the scene of woe. He plunged into the deep sea of divine wrath, saying, "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me." He found the key, the golden key of mercy, which was to set for ever open the prison doors, and putting it into the hand of God, he sank back to die. For this love shall not every ransomed tongue labour in eternal praise, and each heart burn with an unquenchable flame of adoration? For the joy that was set before him, the joy of liberating the lawful captives of sin, he endured the cross, despising the shame.

III. WHAT CAME OF IT?

He is set down at the right hand of God. "He humbled himself," we read elsewhere more at large, "and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross; wherefore God also hath highly exalted him and given him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow."

Where is he now? John says, the last I saw of him was on the cross, but the sun hid his face; it grew dark, and I came away; the cross stands there still, with its nail-marks and stain of blood, but Christ is not on it. Joseph says, I have taken him down and laid him in my new tomb. To the garden let me go. There is the grey sepulchre, with the dark cypresses near it, but the stone is rolled away, and an angel sits upon it. He is not here, says the angel, he is risen, and is with his disciples in the upper room. Let me hasten to the upper room. The disciples tell me he has been here, he breathed on us and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," but he has left us, and is gone to Galilee. Away, then, to Galilee. I stand on the shore of the lake. On these waters he walked and stilled these winds and waves. Some disciples tell me he has been here; he made a fire of coals, with fish laid thereon, and bread, but now he is gone to the mountain. On the mountain I see five hundred

brethren at once, who say, "He came and said, All power is given me in heaven and earth," but he is gone up to Jerusalem. In Jerusalem I see him. He is not in the streets, not in the market, not in the temple. Where is Jesus? Says some one, He led his disciples out as far as to Bethany. On my way to Bethany I meet the returning disciples. Where is Jesus? While he blessed us he was parted from us and carried up into heaven, say they. I am left alone, and standing on the crown of Olivet, I hear a distant sound of voices, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and the King of Glory shall come in." As the great gate opens, I hear a burst of acclamation, and all is hushed. Oh that I were at heaven's gate! The wish is answered; I am caught up till I stand at the gate of pearl; it opens to my knocking, and I enter. Heaven is all in a flood of light and joy. The Conqueror has been welcomed back again. At the foot of his throne break the great waves of the anthems of praise, and from the scars of his brow and the wounds of his hands, and feet, and side, there beam forth rays of glory, making all heaven radiant. "He is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." It is where he should be.

"All hail the power of Jesu's name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

And what is Christ doing in his exaltation?

Saints, "he is gone into heaven itself, there to appear in the presence of God for you" (Hebrews ix. 24). You have an intercessor and a helper; you are not alone in your conflict against sin. Christ your Saviour is your divine ally, sending you omnipotent succours from the throne of the Highest.

Sinners, "him hath God exalted with his right hand, to give repentance and remission of sins" (Acts v. 31). "I cannot, though I would repent, say you." He is exalted to give repentance. "I am not worthy to be forgiven:" he is exalted to bestow freely the forgiveness of sins. For the joy that was set before him he endured the cross; and if thou canst trust him with thy soul, the wine of Christ's joy shall be again set abroach while he sees thee saved. Trust him now, and when death is swallowed up in life thou shalt be with him who ploughed his way and thine through earth's deepest shame to the loftiest height of honour, in heaven.

My Mother.

A LITTLE boy hearing a party of gentlemen applauding the sentiment "An honest man is the noblest work of God," boldly said, "No," and being asked "What do you think is the noblest work of God?" said "My mother." That boy made a good man. Who can doubt it?

For Thou art with Me.

I am not wayward and impatient now,
 As I was once, before I knew the Lord ;
 I chafed and fretted then, and knit my brow,
 And dared to doubt his word.
 I had not learned to bow and bless
 His wisdom and his grace,
 But God has taught me since, by mild constraint
 And gentle suasion, training me in love,
 And listening even to my feeblest plaint ;
 And now my spirit hovers like a dove,
 Waiting till he shall take me in his hand ;
 And I have neither will nor power to rove.
 Through the world's strife I struggle undefiled,
 My griefs and troubles come with lightened stress,
 And peace and joy abound.
 My soul is even as a weaned child,
 And earthly cares are less and less,
 And Paradise restored ;
For thou art with me, Lord.

I humbly walk with God,
 As Enoch did, and Abraham of old.
 As went the Israelites by devious road,
 With cloud by day, and pillar'd fire by night,
 God's chosen fold,
 And God their shield and light ;
 So, wall'd about with his perpetual love,
 My Father's care I prove.
 God is not out of hearing—ever nigh
 I feel his presence—his life-giving word
 Quickens my laggard pace. Away with doubt !
 I sing a hymn of joy, and shout—
For thou art with me, Lord !

I meet the foe and conquer. Bolder grown,
 I shun no conflict, and I bear my cross
 Right gladly day by day ;
 But yet the strength I use is not my own,
 All gain I count but loss,
 And fight and watch and pray.
 The road is thorny, and the hills are steep,
 And fiends of hell surround,
 But still the winning pace I keep,
 And never yet lost ground
 Since through the red sea of my Saviour's blood
 I fled from Egypt on my heavenward way ;
 Nor shall I, till I stand where Moses stood,
 From Nebo my inheritance survey,
 And, following my conquering Joshua, pass
 Dryshod over Jordan, and the victory win,
 With hosts of victors singing in accord,
 As through the golden gates we enter in,
" Hosannah ! thou art with me, Lord ! "

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

The Man whose faith built the Orphan-house at Halle.

RECORDS of faith, and especially rare instances of its triumphant ascendancy, should stimulate the weak to persevere, and the strong to excel. He who has faith drinks at a perennial source of strength; he shall do great exploits, and the example of his prowess will benefit both present and future workers. We hope our readers will appreciate the narrative we are about to relate as a singular episode in the chapter of Providence. If already familiar with it, they will refresh their memories, and if it be new to them it is time they were acquainted with it.

The Orphan Asylum and attendant institutions of the town of Halle, in Saxony, supply a striking fulfilment of the ancient promise,—“The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.” If Halle contains nothing in itself of remarkable interest pertaining either to nature or art, the extraordinary faith and life-long sustained diligence of one man have left such traces as are not likely soon to be effaced. Tourists, who traverse this part of the continent, will scarcely be tempted aside by aught belonging to the salt works of Halle, nor by any of its attractions as a university town. Doubtless the first object of interest at Halle is the Orphan Asylum, with its statue of AUGUST HERMANN FRANCKE, to remind every visitor of the apostolic faith which laid the foundations of what they see around. Engraved on the stone are the words, HE TRUSTED IN GOD; and over the doorway of the home, THEY THAT WAIT UPON THE LORD SHALL RENEW THEIR STRENGTH; THEY SHALL MOUNT UP WITH WINGS AS EAGLES. Travellers naturally show some curiosity respecting the origin of an institution which has grown to extraordinary dimensions; for, after taking into consideration its humble origin, we consider this asylum for fatherless children to be one of the greatest wonders of the Christian world. In addition to the Orphan Home, there are schools for both sexes, academies of a higher grade for training teachers, and also for teaching the classics, and other branches of study; and, in connection with all this, there are a Bible Store, a Printing and Publishing Establishment, a Dispensary, a Museum, and a Public Library. The number of children in course of daily training is between two and three thousand, and though these are not all boarded on the premises, a hundred teachers are engaged in their instruction.

The philanthropist Francke, who, by the blessing of heaven, was enabled to become the honoured instrument of rearing this pile of beneficence, was born at Lubeck, in 1663. His father, who practised law at Lubeck, died before the child, destined to become so celebrated in the world, had reached the age of seven years, but his mother, on whose care Hermann was now entirely thrown, as a strong-minded and sincere Christian, tended him with much judgment and tender solicitude. Fortunately, moreover, the little fatherless child had a sister of a loving and pious disposition, who, so long as her knowledge remained superior to his, instructed him in the Scriptures, and encouraged him in righteousness. At the date of his losing this sister by death, Francke

was found to be remarkably forward in a general knowledge of philology and divinity, and not only did he honourably acquit himself in what our fathers would have called his grammar learning, but he notably surpassed the majority of his companions in natural and acquired capacities. Though an orphan at so early an age, he was not forgotten of the Father in heaven, but rare talents were visible in him even then. Meek and delicate youth as he was, none could despise him, but many envied him.

His growth in the Christian life, during youth, did not, in Francke's own after opinion, progress satisfactorily. He represents that he showed an unusual readiness in laying up large stores of a mere head knowledge of Bible truths, without experiencing any of their softening and sanctifying influence on the heart and life; and, wanting such influence, they no more benefited his soul with real and lasting power than did the commonplace facts of ordinary history. Fortunately he obtained the timely friendship of the Pietist professor, Korbolt, with whom, on leaving Erfurt and removing to Kiel, he resided for a season. This good man, perceiving his opportunity, strongly impressed on the young scholar that a mere fund of secular, or even of sacred knowledge, however large and varied, would never of itself yield satisfaction and happiness. Yet many hopeful signs of a joyful and brilliant future for Hermann Francke were not wanting, for he was ill at ease, and his heart was weary and thirsty. He missed the calm peace which had dawned on his soul in former days, and he coveted a portion of the full cup of sweetness of which he now discovered he had drunk only too sparingly. He continued to make all kinds of knowledge his own, with intense avidity; but he was honest enough to confess and to believe that he remained unconverted.

At a proper age, Francke was sent to the universities of Kiel and Erfurt successively. As already shown, the period of his youth was characterised by great diligence in the pursuit of knowledge. So anxious was he to attain to a competent acquaintance with the Hebrew tongue, that he removed to Hamburg for the purpose of attending the classes of the renowned Professor Edzardi in that university. As yet he knew little or nothing of Hebrew; and the counsel of his tutor should be worth something to students of to-day, and especially to such as wish to master a tongue which may have been spoken by our parents in Paradise. The first interview with Edzardi resulted in his dismissing Hermann, with instructions to go and master all the words in the four opening chapters of the Bible: a strange piece of advice, and not appreciated until returning with the task accomplished, he was overjoyed to learn that he now possessed a third part of the Hebrew vocabulary. From this beginning, he progressed until he became a good Hebraist, and passed his examination as Master of Arts in his twenty-fourth year. Other days of his early life were passed at Gotha, Leipsic, Wittenberg, and elsewhere. At Leipsic, as a Lecturer at the University, he became extremely popular, till circumstances compelled him to relinquish the appointment. As a young man of twenty-two, he was a lover of all that was good, and well versed in scriptural knowledge, though he still represents himself as having been unconverted. In this matter, he may have judged himself somewhat too severely, but we are content to

accept his own testimony. While in this condition, he harboured a strong love for the written Word, and was moved to establish a Sabbath Afternoon Conference for reading and conferring on the Scriptures, in their original tongues. By such means, and while still unregenerate, he greatly extended his knowledge, becoming acquainted with the different schools of theology, before properly possessed of the light of gospel truth. Like many others, able to boast of their learning and intellectual capacities, Francke, now that he would learn in earnest of Christ, had to become as a child, and begin at the beginning. Leaving Leipsig, he went to reside at Luneberg, where his newly awakened soul, after much painful buffeting, found lasting peace. His temperament probably resembled that of the imaginative Bunyan; for the temptations which assailed him, and his dark suggestions to doubt everything connected with the Bible and salvation, were both fierce and tedious; and, when peace and joy finally triumphed, they followed upon a wild and distressing tumult of soul.

During the years immediately succeeding the finishing of his university course, Francke shifted from place to place, spending some time both at Luneberg and Hamburg, where his attention was first called to the instructing of children. His marked abilities, and consequent popularity, excited the envy of several low-minded contemporaries, so that, while able to work successfully and delightfully after finding Christ, he yet lost the attachment of many, whom he had set down as his friends. Pure evangelical truth was not then in very high favour with the majority of German scholars, and young men, whose lives exemplified the doctrines of the Pietists or Methodists, were regarded with ill-will. This feeling of opposition at length became the occasion of Francke's leaving Hamburg. Of his subsequent settlement in the ministry at Erford, some interesting things are mentioned; but the sanctity of his life, and the quiet earnestness of his teaching, still sufficed to raise up enemies whose machinations were over-ruled for good in a wonderful manner. When made uncomfortable in one sphere the pastor removed to another, and it thus happened that he finally settled at Halle. He never found himself forsaken, for the spiteful ill-treatment, with which he was periodically assailed, had the effect, in the providence of God, of raising up powerful friends: among others, the court of Gotha expressed their sympathy; while, from the Elector of Brandenburg he received the appointment of professor at Halle, there to find his true vocation in ministering to the necessities of the poor inhabitants.

The town of Halle, since the days of Francke, has seen many revolutions, both social and political. Its university, twice dissolved by the First Napoleon, was once famous, and it became a favourite resort of students, who, by the way, were not allured by anything attractive in the town itself; for Halle is rather a dull little city. The operatives of its salt works possess some curious traits of character, and appear to retain a distinctive physiognomy, supposed to prove their descent from the aboriginal tribes of the district. But whatever lack of interest we may discover in the town, as a town, Halle must always enjoy the prestige of having once been a centre of evangelical truth, whence the gospel spread over the surrounding territory.

When Francke arrived at Halle in 1692, to settle in the pastorate, he found the prospect not only gloomy and unpromising, but discouraging to a degree more than ordinarily disheartening, even for those disheartening times, and he might have fled from the new appointment in disgust, had he not been a man to whom the sight of abounding sin only suggested the necessity of using strenuous endeavours to repress its ascendancy. "O God, I am thine," he exclaimed on reaching the place which his work was destined to make for ever after memorable, "O God, I am thine; make me a blessing to this town." He did not arrive a day too soon; for Halle, as a community entirely resigned to pleasure and vice, may be said to have become completely demoralised. The preceding pastor had even been superseded for loose living. Because drinking, pleasure-seeking, and poverty reigned unchecked among the people according to their circumstances, truth, and righteousness languished, till the vicinity promised to be overwhelmed with a heathen-like darkness.

Francke soon made a beginning in the work of reformation. The neighbours, one and all, in the first instance, were invited to attend family prayer at the pastor's house; and, by this means, his own fire-side immediately became a centre of religious influence. But enemies increased as the field widened, and their rage was apparently stimulated by Francke's success. So busy was evil report, that many persons of position in the distance, in thorough honesty, set him down as of little worth, and a busy-body. Dr. Stryk, of Wittenberg, on being invited to Halle, at first refused to listen to the call, because he would not risk his respectability, by associating with one of whom he had heard so indifferent a character. As Stryk was a man of high reputation, whose services were worth securing, efforts were made to induce Francke to resign, and accept another appointment—a procedure he refused to adopt, while conscious of his integrity in promoting the cause of righteousness. By dint of some coaxing, Stryk was at last prevailed on to settle at Halle, and once there, he became gratefully astonished to find the supposed firebrand, so often depreciated, nothing more repulsive than an enthusiastic and successful evangelist.

Success soon crowned the untiring and prayerful efforts put forth by the pastor. The morning and evening prayer-meetings, which the neighbours were solicited to attend, were now crowded, and, ere long, his sermons in the church were correspondingly successful. But as the prospects of reformation brightened, so did the worldly and indolent clergy of the town begin to raise loud complaints in the tone of injured innocence. Francke was making friends by unfair means, and by the agency of domestic meetings at his manse was artfully contriving to fill the church. Their clamour became the occasion of an inquiry, but this resulted in nothing more satisfactory to those who supposed themselves wronged, than the substitution of the parish church for the minister's parlour, for the accommodation of people who came morning and evening to worship with his family. The large twice-a-day congregation was not only a rare spectacle; it revealed a state of feeling unparalleled in the history of the town. Reformation of manners was progressing apace, when crowds, so lately indifferent, began and ended the day with God.

Francke possessed a heart tenderly susceptible of pity when touched by the necessities of the poor. It was a custom at Halle for charitable persons to have stated days whereon to distribute assistance to the needy. The town contained few wealthy inhabitants, and the suburb where Francke had stationed himself was the poorest part of a poor district. On coming into his appointment, the pastor selected Thursday as his charitable day; and although he possessed little to distribute in almsgiving, having been compelled to borrow money to effect his own removal, he never sent really necessitous callers away without giving what he could afford, nor without instructing them in the word of life. Thus did his charitable works begin. First, he gave away such money as he could afford to part with conveniently. As the work widened, the students of the college were invited to assist; and then, when funds were received from the public, his own parlour had its collecting-box, with suitable inscriptions.

Though probably his progress had been imperceptible to Francke himself, the time had now come for the great work of his life to be earnestly commenced. The collecting-box, with its scriptural invitations to liberality, had with constant but varying success done duty for some years; the sums cast into it had been small, but, because cheerfully given, they had been welcome, and the good already effected was by no means insignificant. Now, however, a comparatively trivial event became instrumental in changing the whole aspect of affairs. One morning a certain visitor put as much coin in the collecting-box as amounted to nearly a sovereign in English money; and this spontaneous offering of what appeared to Francke a large gift, awakened in his mind a train of imaginings destined to lead to great practical results. Eighteen and sixpence would serve as the nucleus of some beneficent undertaking. "I'll even take this for the foundation of a charity-school," exclaimed the good tutor, and never, probably, did human resolution, suddenly taken, bear richer fruit.

The next step was also thoroughly characteristic of the man. From no spirit of petty independence or lofty self-reliance, but from simple faith in God, he ignored the counsel of "judicious" friends; fearing to embarrass himself with human advice, Francke the more zealously sought divine direction. He thought that the cautions of over-carefulness would only hamper him, and therefore he did not consult with flesh and blood. On the very day of his receiving the eighteen shillings and sixpence, the work of education was begun by his purchasing eight shillings' worth of books: some children were gathered together, whom a student instructed in an apartment furnished for their convenience, and where a box fitted on the wall bore the inscription:—**HATH PITY ON THE POOR LENDETH UNTO THE LORD.**

Francke's first attempt at juvenile education consisted in founding a day-school; but it soon appeared that the poor children, whom he undertook to instruct and discipline, lost the good ministrations of the day by associating with loose companions in the evening. On this account the tutor determined to board and lodge a few of his youthful clients. The children were of two classes; those who proved their comparative respectability by paying a penny a-week, and those who

were ragged and utterly neglected. Just at this time a friend encouraged this new and bold idea by subscribing seventy-five pounds, so that, as the week progressed, Francke found the way open, and himself prepared for greater victories in the future. By taking one good step we are emboldened to take another. Only accustom yourself to what is good, and good will germinate, and by the blessing of God become fruitful. It is not well even for the poorest to check the growth of their generous emotions by excluding themselves from opportunities of charity. Christ commended the poor widow for giving two mites. "If one hath but courage to bestow one groat upon the poor," said Francke, "he afterwards will be as willing to part with a crown." Thus originated the great hospital at Halle. It was a day of small things. Its founder was sustained by no patron. He begged of no opulent friends; but, as his monument significantly tells us, **HE TRUSTED IN GOD.**

About this time, or in May, 1696, such children as Francke was able to receive were placed out to board with persons in whose pious uprightness he had confidence, and who were competent to instruct their charge. But very naturally, the demand for accommodation soon exceeded the supply, till two opportune benefactions, one of a thousand and another of four hundred crowns, gave the work an impetus, and while coming as a blessing, were equivalent to a command still to go forward. A convenient house was now purchased for twelve resident scholars, who were placed under a tutor.

Having put his hand to the plough, by beginning a good and great work, Francke saw its dimensions widen daily, and he soon found himself committed to a scheme of philanthropy, the magnitude of which was worthy of his faith and energy. Because the home accommodation already provided became inadequate for the proper housing of the orphans in course of training, the idea of building a hospital occurred. There was only this alternative; a large institution would have to be provided, or a number of separate homes must be hired, and this latter plan the pastor showed an unwillingness to adopt. He preferred the bolder, the more lasting, and more honourable method, and time has shown the wisdom of his decision. To follow him in all these workings is eminently instructive. His faith, like a generous plant, grew and became more fruitful by cultivation; and Francke took care that his undertakings were never smaller than his faith. From the human standpoint, at this juncture, little could be discovered of what worldly wisdom would call encouragement. His own resources were scarcely equal to providing funds for the erection of a decent stable; how, then, could he build an orphan-house? Lacking the gold which the world most values, he did not want for "judicious" advisers. Numbers there were who descried breakers ahead; but to their obliging cautions Francke paid little attention. There were others sufficiently magnanimous to propose a compromise; these advised that the orphanage should be constructed of wood, and not of expensive stone; and the fears of such alarmists would have prevailed had not the pastor's faith once more asserted its ascendancy. Like a brave vessel, momentarily endangered by a squall, he soon found himself righted, and safe in the appointed track. He resolved to proceed with the work, and, at

all hazards, to do it well; acting under the strong conviction that prosperity would crown his endeavours. One encouragement followed in the wake of another, till they assumed a shape somewhat equivalent to a divine command:—*Build it of stone. I will pay the charge.*

The foundations of the asylum were laid in July, 1698, of which occasion Francke writes: "I was now to wait upon God, and, from week to week, to receive at his hands what he would be graciously pleased to furnish me with for carrying on the work."

That work, indeed, had its abounding difficulties. The faith of Francke included in it nothing of presumption, so that, though he ever expected divine assistance, he never looked for exemption from trouble. While the great hospital was in course of erection, its chief promoter had to bear with the criticisms and witticisms of onlookers and enemies—a company embracing the cynical, the worldly, and the over-wise. Some thought the hospital absurdly large; others remarked that it was extravagantly beautiful. But such things gave the pastor no perplexity; and his reply to all cavils was one which none could gainsay: "When the Lord hath finished this house, he will be as rich and as able to provide for the poor that are to lodge therein as he was before." Nevertheless, it would be wrong to suppose all went easily, or that the work was not occasionally tested by seasons of sore necessity. On one memorable Saturday, while the walls of the hospital were in progress, no money remained wherewith to pay the workmen their weekly wages. It promised to be a trying and humiliating crisis; and Francke sought a little relaxation in walking abroad, and meditating upon God and his goodness in creation: by earnest reflections of this kind he raised his spirit into a condition the very reverse of despondency. On returning home, his faithful steward, Newbauer, inquired, "Is there any money?" "No," replied Francke, "but I believe in God." A few minutes later, thirty crowns were received, or exactly the sum needed for the day's necessities.

(To be continued.)

The Waifs and Strays of London Streets.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

(Continued from page 420.)

WHAT, then, is a faithful ragged-school teacher but a most valuable servant of his country, pledged to do whatever a loving soul, strengthened by prayer, can accomplish in the work of blessing the needy and ignorant? Such are philanthropists of a noble lineage, and whether they be paid or voluntary agents makes little difference if they have really mastered their profession, and are in love with it. To reclaim no more than one "Neverfail" might repay for years of toil, and add a jewel to an immortal crown. Teachers are necessarily a self-denying race; but that self-denial has its sure reward, and its mighty stimulus. The ordinary looker-on scans the city's broad moral wastes, and on realising how little has been done, and how much yet

remains to be accomplished, he despairs; but the enlightened teacher works on in joy and thankfulness, encouraged for the future by remembering the past. In his eyes evil is not the monarch of the world, but an enemy invading the domain of a righteous God, and destined ultimately to be cast out with ignominy, therefore the teacher fights on bravely, whatever his immediate success may be.

Model teachers love children as by instinct. Hating only sin, they are patient and longsuffering with the little sinners, though the opposition of their fallen hearts to the gospel be fierce and prolonged. The trials of such are only known to God and themselves. All children love fun, and this predilection in the roving adventurers of the street sometimes vents itself in so rough a fashion that the planting of a successful ragged-school is frequently nothing less than a great moral conquest over the juvenile populace of a whole district. What to an unknowing observer would appear as rank insult is to the wild children harmless frolic, and they at first act like so many untameable creatures whom none can control. Noise unbounded and riot unlimited often attend the commencement of a school, but the work is none the less hopeful, and assuredly none the less needed, because of this tumult of the adversary. The harder the struggle with their untamed natures, the more complete their final subjugation, and grand victories are those which the gospel wins over the young Philistines of our great city.

In this manner Dr. Barnardo persevered and conquered in Stepney, and others can narrate a similar experience. The teacher who has been the butt for ridicule, and esteemed only as a funny man whom it seemed impossible to ruffle, suddenly assumes a new character before the boys when they voluntarily surrender to his authority. They find him different from what they had supposed, and better than they imagined a man could be, and by-and-by learn to respect him as their one trustworthy earthly friend. Perhaps the young Arab never knew until he met with his new adviser how far it was possible for one human being to befriend another. The teacher becomes his daily counsellor as well as his religious instructor, a sharer of his joys and a sympathiser in his sorrows.

He is a successful worker in the church who, with a strong and ready hand, can do little things for Christ. Has the reader ever heard of the giant who roamed about the world bewailing his fate, because there was nothing he could find to do worthy of himself? He was conscious of possessing great powers, and he longed for an achievement worthy of his capacity, but knew not what to undertake. It happened that there flowed a river through the country, the waters of which were broad and deep. One day a tiny girl was gathering flowers from the bank, and fell into the flood. The effort of putting forth his great arm and bringing the drowning child to land was scarcely sufficient to establish his reputation, but he performed the humble action, and in so doing felt more satisfaction than if he had slain a thousand men. Henceforth he found his sphere in bearing little ones across the torrent. Have you a giant's powers? If you stretch forth your arm and save but one from the gulf of ignorance and misery, you have not lived in vain; if the sweetness of that one success binds you for ever to the work, happy are you.

Our London waif is the tenant of a little world of his own, the deity of which is "luck." Though his opinions on any one subject in life are not very clearly defined, he does not believe that rich people are better than himself. They are merely more "in luck's way," and if he can lay hold of a portion of their superfluous wealth, he considers himself to be happy and clever. He entertains crude notions on political economy. He does not quite comprehend what you mean by its being a man's duty to earn his own living, but he esteems him "a flat" who does not get all he can, and how he can. Provided he enjoys enough to eat through the day, and has some kind of a lodging to lie down in at night, his contentment is no sham, being of a sample which might shame many people far more favoured. Who, while passing along our main thoroughfares, has failed to notice the street boy's flow of spirits? How small an acquisition brings him gladness, and how well-nigh impossible it is to banish his good spirits. To-day he is "in luck;" the cares of to-morrow are far away, and do not ruffle him, or spoil his appetite. Now the tables are turned; he is "out of luck;" never mind, his chance will come, and he has known darker times. His daily life has its varieties and contrasts. He knows the meaning of trouble while he abides in his wild condition, but he learns that lesson far more fully when he aspires after better things. Taunts, ridicule, and even brutal ill-usage have attended one and another whenever the effort has been made to forsake evil and follow good. Then, indeed, does the enemy threaten and roar. Instances occur of lads who, turning from their old companions, and commencing a new life by joining the Shoe-black Brigade, have had box and bottle broken, and have even been kicked in the face by cowardly fellows. Many ragged boys find it a battle to break away from bad companions; but having left them, and having taken their place among nobler spirits, hope leads on, and the idea of retreating is scouted.

Do not the misfortunes of the young and ignorant cry to the strong to "come over and help" them, and is not their need a more powerful appeal than verbal eloquence? A gentleman while travelling in Ireland encountered a beggar in a most deplorable condition. As the man remained silent, the gentleman said, "Why, man, if you are in want, why don't you beg?" "I am begging, your honour," replied the man. "Well, but you did not say a word when I passed you," continued the other. "Of course I did not, your honour," was the reply; "but see how my skin is crying out through the holes in my trousers, and hark how my bones are crying out from my body. Look on my sunken cheeks, and withered hands and shrunken limbs. Man alive, isn't it begging I am with a hundred tongues?"

Most trustworthy informants as to their real condition are the boys themselves, and a ready examiner may at all times draw from them information of interest and value. We have been much interested while, for the time being, occupying the post of teacher in a London ragged-school. One week-day afternoon we met with about seventy children who gathered knowledge under one paid teacher, and though the number heavily taxed both the patience and the capacity of the good man, he managed remarkably well, and was complete master of the situation. Order and attention reigned, for the teacher's heart was in

the work, and the school was ruled by love, and not by fear. Going up to one class we gave them a sentence of dictation about the cotton-plant, such as might be taken from any ordinary book, and the readiness shown by several boys was surprising. The spelling was correct and the handwriting good. They next were required to turn to a chapter in the New Testament, and while the forwardest were fluent readers, all were able to read sufficiently well to master the sense. After these exercises, the school generally was questioned on Scripture history, and the answers returned were equally creditable. Then followed arithmetic, with certain puzzling queries which in the main were also answered satisfactorily. Did the youngsters' knowledge extend further? Were they familiar with the rudiments of geography? They knew a little, and as the tutor with seventy scholars glanced ominously at his mapless walls, he intimated that his pupils might have done more had all the requisites been at command.

Visits paid to ragged-schools will extend our acquaintance with human nature, and teach us lessons of contentment. In many children there is a greater eagerness to learn than is usual in children of a more favoured lot, and this is peculiarly the case with those who, supporting themselves by their own work, devote their spare hours to school. While working and learning, they are taught to trust in God, and not a few become beautiful examples of this gospel virtue. A little fellow not ten years of age was employed by a lady to sweep snow from the doorstep; her kind heart pitied the boy's pinched appearance, and her compassion was strongly excited. This lad had a hard life of it, for he supported himself by the labour of his little hands, and braved all weathers. But did he not feel discouraged and afraid to be alone in this world? The sweeper, outcast though he was, knew nothing of the misgivings suggested by the lady's questions. He had faith, and acted accordingly. "Don't you think," he cried, "that God will take care of a feller if he puts his trust in him and does the best he can?"

However the case may have been in former days, none who are acquainted with ragged-schools associate crime and dishonesty with a lowly lot, or even with rags; for though the children of the gutter may seem to inherit crime by a dreadful entail, yet, as a matter of fact, many escape the calamity, and deserve double honour and consideration. Give the discipline of kindness instead of the coldness of indifference, or the harsh reproof of the gaol to those who have begun to fall, and their moral ailments are soon healed. A lad is observed as if idling in the street; you pass along and ask yourself what the young rascal's object can be. Perhaps you conclude he is looking for a chance to pick pockets, or to lay hands on any plunder which may catch his eye. A more discerning friend than yourself passes, and perceives that he is not a thief, he is hoping to obtain work, and if successful he will appropriate the proceeds to the comforts of a blind mother. Well may any good Samaritan feel anxious to preserve such a boy's spirit of independence, and so the wise benefactor instead of tending a pauperizing gift offers the loan of a shilling. The loan is thankfully accepted, the capital is speedily traded. To that boy that shilling meant a new start in life, he prospered in the use of it, and faithfully returned it according to agreement.

Other welcome traits in the characters of London street waifs are their willingness to be interrogated, and their openness in speaking about themselves. A gentleman while walking home in the evening encountered about a dozen boys, and feeling desirous of pressing the claims of the gospel upon their notice, he did so until tears filled their eyes. He next called on those who loved the Saviour to hold up their hands, and up went a dozen hands immediately. He then explained those words, "If ye love me keep my commandments," afterwards giving to each boy sufficient to procure supper and lodging for the night. A short time afterwards the gentleman was accosted by a delighted shoe-black, whom he recognised as a member of his wayside congregation. As that boy had decided on devoting himself to the service of Christ, some questions were now asked regarding his promise, and he answered emphatically that he had kept his word. He accepted a copy of the New Testament with great delight, and gave ample evidence of conversion by his general conduct.

Teachers who are accomplished in their art readily adapt themselves to circumstances, and become as children for the children's sake. It has been justly said that we do not make fools of ourselves by speaking the language of childhood, but by so doing rather show a mature wisdom. Indeed, the nature which cannot unbend does not understand the wants of children, and it is a mark of genius when persons of the highest attainments excel in the high art of effectively instructing the lowly. A writer in *The Times* once referred to an English premier whose strict etiquette was notorious; yet he would romp on all fours with his little girl, and to make himself more resemble an animal would cover himself with his wife's shawl. The man who could command the ear of the House of Commons was no less gifted in little things, and the memory of these in after years, when his daughter was no more, are said to have given a sweet satisfaction which the fame of greater deeds could not afford.

Workers among the poor of London are aware that those who accept the gospel manifest deep gratitude to their benefactors. Once persuaded them of the value of certain advantages, and that these things can be had for the seeking, and they will eagerly seek them, and display considerable heroism in the pursuit. Who has not witnessed the privation which poor parents undergo for the good of their children, and who has not admired the hardship which youngsters themselves will bear for the sake of maintaining their character in the school? We repeat it, when the poor understand that there is real good in religion, and realise its extreme importance, the calm determination with which they go forward to secure the prize is not a little affecting. Our meaning will be made clear by a remarkable circumstance which happened some years ago in connection with the Royal Ophthalmic Hospital. Two Cornish miners presented themselves at the door of that valuable institution, making earnest supplication for the relief which they knew could be administered. While one was totally blind, his companion could see a little with one eye. Poor and footsore they had walked from their distant home, the one who could partially see having guided the other. A strong faith in the power of certain physicians to confer priceless benefits had made those men heroes. What a mixture of hope and fear must have coloured their conversa-

tion during their walk from the Land's End! They wanted sight, and hearing of the hospital in London they pressed forward to obtain it, and richly rewarded indeed they were when they set their faces towards home with their sight restored. Whoever directed those blind men to the hospital was their life-long benefactor, and much more are those who point young sinners to Jesus, that they may find salvation in him.

The condition of the class sought to be reached is greatly diversified, and they have to be catered for accordingly. The school may be set up, but the schoolmaster must suit himself to his scholars. Some will be able to attend during the day; others cannot afford so much time, and for these night classes must be instituted. It might be expected that very few young persons confined at manual labour during business hours would consent to be taught at night; and yet many are found willing to encounter the self-denial. Some will work through a day exceeding twelve hours for a pittance of sixpence or eightpence, and then give their spare hours to their teachers.

A valuable adviser indeed may a teacher prove to those whose morning of life is clouded with the sorrows of poverty and sin. The teacher who excels in his calling will utilise all the knowledge he can command, and will endeavour to advise his constituents in all exigencies. Perhaps his *protégé* has no home, properly speaking, but "sleeps out" when the lodging-house threepence is not forthcoming; such have many heart-rending stories to tell. If the youth is a step above the mere outcast, and is in work, his difficulty will often be how to keep body and soul together on the trifle he is able to earn. If his family are respectable, a sick father, or a weakly mother, may add to the child's perplexities, the lowest depth of all being reached when drink is the bane of his house. Teachers who show this readiness will turn out good scholars—scholars adapted to their calling in life, and imbued with the principles of Christianity, and what higher reward can a man desire? It were as well not to teach at all as to present knowledge in a form which is beyond comprehension. A very learned man who cannot descend to their level is in our waifs' eyes "a muff," and is by them so designated. A wise teacher will adapt himself to times and circumstances; his action will tally with that of a certain farmer, who, when complimented on his fat chickens, replied, "I chops it up small for 'em."

Of course it will be expected that when children are trained as impostors by natural guardians, impostors will be found among them, but they do not, as a rule, refuse to speak about their tricks. A story is told of a Lord of the Admiralty who, meeting a ragged urchin in the streets of Worcester, inquired of the boy where he lived. The latter replied that he did not live anywhere. "Where are your father and mother?" continued the gentleman. "Never had any, as I knows of," replied the urchin. "How do you live?" was still asked. "Why," said the other, "I begs when people gives me anything, and when they won't I steals." What candour could surpass this?

Imposture is not difficult of detection, and once detected we should beware of affording encouragement to that detestable vice. We would not be misunderstood. The young vagabond who does nothing more than play pitch-and-toss, romp and steal, is not an impostor in the sense

now intended. He does not entirely live a lie, for he makes no secret of his depredations before any who choose to converse with him. There are others, however, who are trained to a life of infamous imposture, and the chief hindrance to their reformation is the encouragement accorded by a mistaken public. An example may be quoted in the foreign boy, who carries an English begging petition he cannot read, the purport of which is that the bearer has recently embraced Christianity. The "sailor dodge" is another favourite scheme with this fraternity; flaming pictures of fire, tempest, and shipwreck sufficing to draw forth a harvest of coppers: Perhaps more successful still is the "cripple," whose chief appeal to sympathy centres in an ulcerated leg. What a picture of dejection and woe the creature looks, for as you drop a trifle into the hat held out with tremulous hand he seems to have scarce strength enough to mutter any thanks, if he even deigns to make such an attempt. In him, at any rate, you think you have really found the personification of despair. Still, however, it may comfort you to know that so far as money is concerned the "cripple" is not very badly off. As the livelong day passes, one and then another replenish the hat, until by sunset, or by the time when he chooses to retire, he possesses a good round sum. Should your pitying eye happen to be near when he rises to depart homewards you might learn something in the course of five minutes—a lesson calculated to modify your opinion of beggars for the rest of your life. See the "cripple" gather together his writing materials and uneasily hobble away as if in pain. Then he halts, leers this way and that way, so as to be sure that no "soft tommies" are taking notes of his movements. Meanwhile, his back suddenly grows straight, the "sore" is removed from the leg, carefully pocketed for future use, and away goes Mr. "Cripple" at a brisk pace towards some beggars' rendezvous, where he will take stock of his "baggings," replace his rags by a suit of comfortable clothes, fare sumptuously, and spend the rest of the night in riot and sensual amusements. The children of such characters are not likely to make truth a matter of very great consideration, and if they lie and steal, who can wonder?

The boy as we have shown him, at his best and worst, is one thing, the waif's female counterpart is another. Her case is often more deplorable and more difficult to relieve. It is not always easy to find the street girl a situation in the world, for there are a hundred things for boys to do to one which would suit a girl. Boys can black boots in the street, join a messenger brigade, enter into training for the naval or merchant service, or learn various handicrafts; but to the girl the door to all these is permanently closed, her sex alone seeming to constitute a crowning misfortune. Who has not seen and pitied her, alone, unfriended, the victim of temptation? Shoeless, bonnetless, and wearing a tattered gown, she has none of the charms which make up female loveliness; yet she has several characteristics which mark her out as capable of excelling in better things. She surprises you with her cunning, but it is cunning of an animal kind. You look into her face, and if wanting in artlessness the eyes look like those of persons old in sin. She is early initiated into the art of begging and deceit. Whether the season be fine or inclement she runs hither and thither, worrying passengers with a persevering impudence such as boys might

despair of copying, and her stock arguments are a broom and a box of fuses. Glancing at her as you hurry along you learn to pity her, as well you may. What a life has hers been! Ere she ran alone she was nourished with beer and gin, and hence a craving for stimulants became part of her nature. As she approaches womanhood, if not rescued, her language is foul and deceptive, her education having been little better than a discipline in sin. Do we relinquish hope while asking, What shall be done with her? Only let her alone and she will ripen into one of the chief curses of the city, her fate appearing the more shocking when contrasted with what might have been had she been subjected to a different rearing. Let her alone and you inflict an undeserved wrong; but, though chief sufferer, the street girl will not live unavenged, she will ruin others as she falls lower and yet lower. It were wise, then, not to leave her alone. Rather take her from the school of the streets and place her in the school of thrift and Christian discipline. The lines of womanliness are never entirely effaced; you may think that her best instincts are dead, but they are merely shrivelled through exposure to evil influence. Hundreds of such have been reclaimed, and have become by the grace of God true-hearted women, an honour to the church, and a blessing to their future associates.

The improvidence of the lower orders is a master hindrance to their social elevation. Could we teach them thrift we should introduce them to new enjoyments and new opportunities, while the young would less frequently be dependent on charity for their start in life. We refer especially to girls. A thrifty girl is a benefactor of her country, while a slattern is a burden to herself and others, and this fact is so well understood by Dr. Barnardo that he hopes to be as great a friend to girls as he has heretofore been to boys. It is hoped that no girls who will henceforth pass through the Home at Ilford will be either bad housewives or indifferent companions. We must aim high would we secure a large reward, and here we have a field of labour, as well as of promise, of which we shall do well to take advantage. Immense service will be rendered to the community if female street wanderers can be transformed into well-trained domestic servants. Unattractive as they are, these girls will be the life-companions of men in a coming generation, and if their husbands are expected to appreciate home, home will need to be something different from what the girls themselves have known. Incompetent housewives are among the sorest evils of our day. Even when in receipt of ample means the slatternly wife fails to make the best of what she has, and this is traceable to defective early training, or to no training at all. The education of poor girls must be of a kind to yield the best results. The plan adopted by Dr. Barnardo at the Ilford Home, where each girl will be thoroughly prepared for service, is the most effective of its kind, if indeed it be not unique. We have heard of a pastor in Cheshire who founded a kitchen for educational purposes. The girls were taught to cook for the sick and poor, and thus he conferred a large amount of benefit on needy parishioners with an income of less than a hundred pounds a year. Such examples show how much may be done with but little means where common sense is allowed to rule.

(To be continued.)

The Necessity of Regeneration because of Human Depravity.

A PAPER READ AT THE CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

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OUR subject is "the necessity of regeneration because of human depravity," and the importance of having right views upon it cannot be over-estimated, as error here would be prolific of most dangerous consequences. It will be seen that it embraces two of the most vital truths of religion—truths so essentially connected, that the admission or denial of the one involves the admission or denial of the other, and according to the views we hold of the one, our conceptions of the other will be regulated. If it can be proved that man is depraved, the absolute necessity of his being regenerated will be obvious. Without, therefore, attempting any artificial divisions, and with the conviction that we can offer nothing new upon so familiar a theme, we shall endeavour, in the first place, to ascertain the truth of man's depravity, and then show his need of regeneration, as based upon that fact.

First, IS MAN DEPRAVED? This is a question which will meet with various answers. The moral condition of man has been a controversial theme in all ages. Some, accepting the Pelagian theory, deny the innate corruption of man, and treat the doctrine with invincible repugnance; others, holding the Augustinian view, give their unfeigned assent to the truth of the thorough defilement of human nature, while others, adopting a theory of compromise, believe it with considerable modifications. For ourselves, we believe that man is totally depraved, a truth which we think can be established by Scripture, by our observation of others, and by our painful experience of the evil dispositions in our own hearts.

By depravity is not meant simply the absence of original righteousness. This would not sufficiently account for the potency with which evil asserts itself in human nature, nor for the positive character which the Scriptures assign to it. Neither is meant the sway of the sensuous part of our nature over the higher faculties, for many sins cannot be attributed to the body at all. But by depravity we understand a positive proneness to evil, arising not from the infusion of any "positive evil quality into the soul," but from the "essentially active nature of the soul," unchecked by the possession of any habit of holiness; so that, to use the language of Professor Hodge, "Depravity which President Edwards says comes from a defective or primitive cause, instantly assumes a positive one." This, we affirm, is found in different degrees in different individuals, but in all with sufficient palpability to prove that it is universal. Even heathen philosophers recognised the fact that men were born mere slaves to their appetites, and subject to the sway of their passions. Unaided by the light of Revelation, they asserted that men of themselves were destitute of true knowledge, purity, and reason. Plato defined man a biped without feathers; and Diogenes, who it appears was not acquainted with the tradition on which this conception was based, and to exhibit, as he thought, the folly of such an idea, plucked all the feathers from a cock, and, placing it in the midst of the Academy, exclaimed, "There is one of Plato's men." We smile at the philosopher's definition, but it implies a belief that man was once in a morally superior condition, but had become degenerated through sin, and, compared with his previous state, he was like a bird would be when stripped of its feathers, and unable to fly; a truth which, in its real meaning, many with an evil heart within them, and an open Bible before them, have yet failed to learn.

If man be not depraved from birth, his present moral and religious state is

an inscrutable mystery; indeed, it cannot be accounted for. We see him with gigantic powers, splendid genius, unappeased yearnings—evidences that he was made for a nobler life than the present; and all these associated with meanness, suffering, degradation, and vice of every kind. Conscious that he must die, yet dreading the prospect as he would the meeting of a grim tyrant; knowing that there is a God who speaks to him in the groans of the dying Saviour, and to whom he must give an account at the judgment, and yet living in open rebellion against him, and even treating with disdain the blood of his dear Son. What can explain this strange mixture? Is this how man came from the hand of Deity? Our common sense and Christian feeling shudder at such an imputation. Then whence did man's present condition arise?

To trace it to accident is a very unphilosophical and a very unsatisfactory way of accounting for it. They who refer to this as the cause of man's wickedness must explain how it is that there is such a uniformity of evil; for surely if man became accidentally bad, we should have specimens of some retaining their original integrity. It is a singular accident that men should be universally evil.

To trace it to the influence of defective training and universally bad example would expose us to equal difficulties, and, indeed, is only another way of saying that depravity is the effect of depravity. That example exerts a potent influence we fully admit, especially on children who have strong imitative faculties. But how does it happen that children in the earliest stage of infancy, before example operates much upon them, manifest very unmistakably the evil of their natures? And how is it to be accounted for that many a child blessed with the influence of godly parents, trained by the ministries of a loving home, instructed in the truth of Jesus, and for whose weal the parental suppliants besiege the mercy-seat with daily prayers; that such an one grows up extremely wicked, and in some cases curses her who bore him? And then how is it that nature, if it be true, is not more influenced by virtue than vice, and does not in some instances resist the evil that besets it, and rise superior to the tempting circumstances? Besides, whence came the first evil example?—an inquiry which would lead us back through an infinite series, to the first parents themselves, through whose fall we became corrupt. These and kindred questions reduce the theory of imitation as an explanation of man's degraded condition to little less than absurdity.

It may, however, be said that we have taken for granted what was to be proved, and therefore very briefly we enter more directly upon the proof that man is universally depraved.

To this *the Scriptures* bear clear and decided testimony. The whole tenor of the inspired record bears upon the fact that "the whole world lieth in wickedness." Time forbids our adducing proof passages,* nor is it necessary, as they are familiar to all.

Is not the universality of man's sinfulness implied in the unity of the race? There is a oneness in the human family; man is linked to man by ties the most intimate. According to Scripture, "God hath made of one blood all nations that dwell upon the face of the earth." Will it not, therefore, follow that if our first parents were sinful their descendants must be? It were impossible if the fountain be polluted that the stream should be pure; for "who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" Whatever mystery may shroud the precise manner in which depravity is propagated, the fact seems clear, to use the language of a modern divine, "that impure natures cannot propagate their life in a progeny unmarred and perfect." So that on physical grounds,

* The reader may consult the following among others:—Genesis vi. 5; viii. 21; Psalm xiv. 1, 3; li. 5; cxxx. 3; cxliii. 2; Job xiv. 4; xv. 14, 16; Ecclesiastes vii. 20, 29; Isaiah liii. 6; lxiv. 6; Jeremiah iii. 25; xvii. 9; Micah vii. 2; John iii. 19; Romans iii. 9, 23; v. 12; xix. 8, 7; Galatians iii. 22; Ephesians ii. 3; 1 John i. 8, 22; v. 19.

granting the fall of Adam, the universal reign of sin accords with reason. As according to science the vibrations occasioned by the throwing of a pebble into the ocean travel from molecule to molecule, till they reach the very ends of the world, so the evil that resulted from the sinful act of one natural head is transmitted from sire to son, and extends to every individual of our species. The leaven of evil permeates the whole mass of humanity, and no one can escape the corruption by which the whole is distinguished. He would betray a strange mind who, while human nature as a whole is degenerate, should deem himself free from the common evil. If the tree is corrupt, no branch can boast of its health. On this principle—the oneness of the human family—the apostle Paul elaborates his argument in the fifth chapter of his Epistle to the Romans. He there regards the human race as an organic unity, represented by Adam, our national and federal head; and from that fundamental fact he reasons, showing that because “by one man sin entered into the world,” we are all sinful, and are treated as such by God in the arrangements of his sovereign mercy. Yes, we are one family; the same blood circulates in all veins, the same evil lies in all hearts, and is propagated from one generation to another, manifesting itself in various developments, but in every case in the estrangement of the affections from the only true and living God.

The universal reign of sin obtrudes itself upon us with startling prominence as we read *the page of history*. If we trace mankind from the very beginning, it will be seen that their ways have been characterised by gross wickedness. How soon they departed from the true God, and wandered in paths where deadly vapours quenched the light that guided them; for while there were a few whom heaven preserved from the prevailing apostasy, the multitude had become so degenerated as to have lost all traces of Jehovah, embracing on the one hand the cold belief of atheism, and on the other the absurdities of Polytheism. The false religions with their multiplicity of deities, their unhallowed shrines, their barbarously cruel rites, and obscene practices; the fields of battle drunk with the blood of the slain; the profaneness, the profligacy, the infamous lusts, the flagitious acts that have disgraced men’s characters, and are enough to bring the crimson hue to the cheek,—all concur in bearing testimony to the radical defect of man’s nature. We have never heard of a nation or tribe, near or remote, in antiquity or in modern times, whose history did not confirm the truth we are trying to establish. The discoveries of modern navigation have brought to light tribes and territories before unknown, but they have never introduced us to a branch of the human family which was an exception to the rule. If you wish for a true delineation of man’s character when surrounded with all the elevating influences of the beautiful and the sublime, and enjoying the advantages of culture, refinement, and civilisation, read the description the apostle Paul gives of the imperial city in the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, and it will be impossible to do so without veiling the face.

But lest it may be said that we have drawn our illustrations from the worst of nations, and from the darkest ages, we will turn to that territory that boasts the title of the Holy Land, where Sharon’s fair and bleeding rose once shed his fragrance; and we shall be furnished with a painful evidence of the sinfulness of man. The Jews were a nation singled out from all others by the sovereignty of God; they enjoyed the very focus of celestial light, were favoured with visible displays of the Deity, cultured amid the splendours of their solemn ritual, blessed with the sacred ministry of the priesthood, the instructions and warnings of their holy seers; they were, to use the Scripture simile, a vineyard for which the Divine Husbandman had done all that was necessary to make them fruitful; but sad, lamentably sad, as the result of all this care, they brought forth wild grapes; God had brought up children, and they had rebelled against him. Such was their moral character and approaching doom, that our Lord, when surrounded by a crowd, who crowned him with their loud hosannas, wept over them tears of the deepest compassion; and at last their atrocity reached its climax, when their hands were imbrued in the blood of their

murdered Lord. If in circumstances so favourable for the development of virtue we find such a startling proof of man's abounding wickedness, where may we expect to find him good?

If we descend from the history of nations to *the history of individuals*, we shall find additional confirmation of the scriptural doctrine of human depravity. We are willing to select those who have been celebrated for their moral goodness. Those applauded moralists who framed systems for the promotion of virtue allowed in those very systems the prevalence of motives inimical to the end in view; and while in public they pronounced censures on the evils of others, in private they were guilty of gross wickedness. Even Socrates recommended divination, and was addicted to incontinence and fornication. But even if their private characters would bear the same scrutiny as their public lives, there would still be something wanting to constitute them good: we have to contemplate man in his relation to God before we can ascertain his true character, and if love to the Creator and Lord be absent, man's virtues are but mere shadows. Mere human and natural morality has been termed, in its perfect state, only an ingenious mosaic, the least concussion of which makes it a heap of variegated rubbish. There was much truth in the statement of Augustine, "that good works, before conversion, were but splendid sins." "Talk they of morals; O thou bleeding Lamb? The grand morality is love of thee."

We are not beguiled by the comeliness of external morality. Flowers of exquisite loveliness may decorate a grave, but they do not conceal from us the fact that corruption is beneath: even so man's exterior may be, according to the human standard, virtuous, but we do not forget that it covers a "heart" that "is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked."

To this melancholy fact *the experience of the holiest men* bears unequivocal testimony. They confess that prior to conversion they were under its dominion, and that even now the new life has the ascendancy, the evil is not entirely eradicated, but occasions constant conflicts in their hearts. They groan, being burdened, and often look forward with joyous anticipations to the dissolution of this earthly tabernacle, when they shall be free from the body of sin and death. David with heaving breast and penitential tears, Isaiah prostrate before the revealed glory of God, Jeremiah, Daniel, Paul, and the beloved disciple, all unite in the painful and humiliating confession of their sinfulness; and that confession awakens an echo in all who know their own hearts. Who is there amongst us who is not touched with a consciousness of the evil that dwells within, and to whom it is not a source of constant grief that he should have a heart prone to wander from the God he loves? An agonising sense of innate weakness often calls forth the prayer,—

"Lord, we are blind, and halt, and lame,
We have no stronghold but thy name;
Great is our fear to bring it shame,
Let us not fall, let us not fall."

There was but one solitary exception to the universal rule, one perfect model of human excellence; between whom and sin there was no affinity; whose nature sin could not touch; and were it not for his lovely character, humanity would have been barren of reproachless excellence. He stands out separate from sinners, in sublime isolation from the whole world, adorned with the novelty that attracts and the beauty that charms, the altogether lovely,—the only relieving feature in the dark picture of man's history.

"For sin hath laid waste
Not here and there a country, but a world;
Dispatching at one dire extended blow,
Entire mankind, and for their sakes defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands."

We conclude this part of our subject in a few words, by affirming that depravity is universal with regard to *individual man*—in other words, man is

totally depraved. Every faculty is corrupted by the fall. The intellect is darkened and holds communion with the grossest superstition and most palpable error; the judgment is biassed and unsteady in its operations; the memory is unfaithful and more easily retains the evil than the good; the affections, which should be centred on God, are impure, and fixed on objects unworthy an immortal being; the imagination revels in scenes of uncleanness; the will, averse from holy restraint, asserts its rebellion against God; and the conscience, seared and defiled, no longer holds the sway, her sceptre has fallen from her hand, she is no longer to be trusted as man's safe guide; under her bidding a Saul thinks he does God's service in persecuting the followers of Christ. The whole head is sick, the whole heart faint, the entire mind is enmity against God. Man universally and totally is a fallen creature. Where, then, is the dignity of which some fondly dream? What dignity can belong to a being who gives God no share in his affections, who spurns the voice of love and mercy that sounds aloud from Calvary? A strange incongruity, truly, to ascribe such an attribute to such a being! The most conspicuous feature in man is not dignity, nor even suffering, but sin. Sin has robbed him of moral beauty, the crown has fallen from his brow, and all the dignity he has is that of a culprit over whose head the sword of justice gleams, and the continuance of whose life depends upon the mercy of his sovereign. There may be traces here and there of man's original greatness—touches of tenderness, expressions of noble impulses, lofty aspirations which remind one of that primitive state from which he has fallen—but still the temple is in ruins, its light is quenched, its pillars are broken, its walls are shattered, and over all is the dreary inscription—Ichabod, Ichabod, the glory of the Lord is departed.

We have thus dwelt at considerable length on the fact of man's depravity, deeming it important to do so, as on the nature and extent of that truth the need of regeneration entirely hinges; and having endeavoured to prove that man is depraved, it will be easy to show that HE NEEDS REGENERATION. To develop this truth we remark, in the first place, that some moral change is needed to fit man to perform the duties and enjoy the privileges of religion. Is not man conscious that some alteration is required before he can have fellowship with his Maker, and find enjoyment in spiritual exercises? No true observer of human character doubts this necessity, and no one who is faithful to his convictions will deny it. It has been said that "the great religious systems of the world have been founded on the conviction that man must be changed. Be the gods what they may, man must be changed to be at peace with any deity." And it would seem from the various religious rites which men have instituted, that it was felt in a pre-eminent sense in relation to the true God. If any one should question this necessity we should conceive it needful to repeat the ancient precept, "Man, know thyself," for a little introspection would suffice to remove all doubts upon the matter. The tastes and habits of man in his natural condition are not in harmony with those of a religious man, and are such, therefore, as to morally incapacitate him for the performance and enjoyment of holy duties. There must be a spiritual mind to appreciate spiritual things. To be enraptured with sweet sounds of music requires a musical ear; to gaze with deep appreciation upon some exhibition of artistic skill pencilled on canvas, or embodied in sculpture, requires a taste for art; and, on the same principle, to understand and appreciate religion necessitates a religious disposition. "The natural man understandeth not the things of the Spirit of God . . . because they are spiritually discerned." Nor is he able to serve God with acceptance; not having complied with the first great requirement—"My son, give me thine heart," utter worthlessness is stamped on all he does. His worship is mere formality, his oblations are vain. How can the dead sinner present a living sacrifice, the carnal mind please God, the heart that treats with indifference the atonement of Christ render acceptable spiritual worship? "To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."

It will be clear from this that man unchanged is unfit to enter or enjoy the kingdom of heaven. To talk of man in his sinfulness entering heaven is utter nonsense. There must be some congruity between man and his circumstances to make him happy in them. It is obvious that were one raised by a sudden turn of fortune from the lower to the higher extreme of social life, he would be unfit for the position, and consequently unable to enjoy it. Heaven is holy, into it there entereth nothing that worketh abomination or maketh a lie. Over the pearly portals of the Celestial City might be seen the inscription, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." As the high priest must first be cleansed at the brazen laver before he dare enter the holy place, even so must man be cleansed of his defilement ere he can enter the heavenly sanctuary. The feet that tread the holy courts must be clean; the hands that wake the golden harps into tuneful melody must be clean; the lips that swell the everlasting song must be clean; he who shall stand in the blaze of the beatific vision must be transformed into the Saviour's likeness: to see him as he is we must be like him:—

"Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb."

If it were possible for the natural man to elude the vigilance of the angel guard, and to gain admittance into the new Jerusalem, it would be no heaven to him. With sin unrestrained and life impure, what enjoyment could he find amid the company of the glorified? How distasteful the joys, how uncongenial the atmosphere, how wearying the service, how unsuitable the society. The light that streams from the Lamb flashing upon his dark soul, would fill him with constant misery, yea, turn heaven itself into a hell, so that his feelings and history would be photographed by the words of the poet:—

"Each way I fly is hell—myself a hell."

We are brought, then, to remark in the second place, that *nothing less than regeneration will meet man's necessity*; in other words, he needs a new life. Nothing less than this will produce in him that disposition and holiness without which no man can please God. The renovation must be as extensive as the lapsed condition into which he is brought by sin; and as sin has affected the *entire* man, and *every* man, the change required is *thorough* and *universal*.

Philosophers and moralists have advocated theories for the amelioration of mankind which might have suited those who had started on the road to perfection, but are practically useless to fallen men.

There is the theory of development, which is to do so much good for the race; the germs of goodness that lie concealed and repressed in the heart are to be developed under the process of improved and attentive culture. A beautiful theory most certainly. It would be of service if the assumption on which it is based were true. If man possessed that innate goodness of which these theorists boast, the reasonableness of their system would be clear. But since he is totally depraved, such a theory, if applied to him in his natural condition, would be useless. "By the law of perpetuity," says a writer, "a moral being tends to be always what it has been and is. It is this which renders guilt so fearful. The law of guilt is to perpetuate itself. Once a sinner always a sinner, expresses the tendency of a depraved mind." From this it is evident that without a radical change development would be but the development of a sinner in his sins, by which he could never reach the ideal of holiness the gospel sets forth, and to which God requires him to be conformed. There were more reason to believe a monkey could develop into a man than a sinner could develop into a saint. The Bible recognises two distinct classes of men—sinners and saints, the carnal and the spiritual, the living and the dead; and if the transition from the one state to the other could be effected by mere development, these emblems would be foolish extravagances of speech, and totally untrue in

the conception they give of human character. Midnight darkness never grows into the burning splendour of the noonday sun; death never merges into life. Develop the saint if you will, but regenerate the sinner; breathe life into the dead, then talk of development.

There is also the theory of reformation, which is good so far as it goes; but it does not touch the moral malady within. We have heard of a farmer who had a very low, moist, and disagreeable spot on his farm; and, instead of remedying the defect by drawing the water from it, he planted mosses, ferns, rhododendrons, and the like over it; and thus decorated with flowers it became one of the prettiest parts of his farm, though it still retained its original character. A homely illustration of what mere reformation does for man; it beautifies the outward man, makes him more comely, but it leaves the heart as evil as ever. The reformation which does not spring from a new life is radically defective. It is not enough to crucify the old man, we must put on the new man. It is not enough for the evil spirit to depart, for the house to be swept of all that offends the eye, and garnished with many external ornaments, a new spirit must enter, or the last stage of that man may be worse than the first. True reformation will follow as the inevitable result from the infusion of a new spirit: under the inspiration of a new life man will cast off his evil deeds, and relinquish his old habits, as trees throw off their withered foliage, or as birds when moulting assume a lovelier plumage by the inward operation of vital power. The change man needs is radical. You may robe the dead in loveliest attire, paint their cheeks with ruddy hues, and apply to them the quickening electrical forces, so that they shall startle into motion as scientific wonders, but still they are dead, and no skilful effort of man can bring them to life. Since man is spiritually dead, all talk of development or self-reformation is a solemn mockery.

We observe, further, that because of man's depravity *regeneration must be the work of God*. Were the change needed merely outward and moral, it might be effected by human endeavour; but as it is inward and spiritual, nothing less than divine power can accomplish it. It is God's prerogative to change the heart, to rebuild the fragments of his own image; and his glory he will not give to another. As, in the material creation, life, order, and beauty emerged out of chaos by the power of the divine Spirit, so in the spiritual, the soul's new creation is the result of the same almighty influence. No truth is more conspicuous in the teaching of Holy Writ. It is couched in direct statement, it is illustrated in bold and striking figure, it is exemplified in sacred biography. The translation of the soul from the power of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son is always represented as an achievement of omnipotence. Every spiritual awakening is a fulfilment of the truth, "You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins."

No agency of itself can produce it. God never instituted any means to supersede the Spirit's influence. Not to mention other means, there is the inspired Word—an established and most powerful agency in the execution of the divine will, and with which God seems invariably to work in the conversion of the soul; but even that could never become the power of God unto salvation unless energised by the direct influence of the Holy Ghost. The divine power may be so blended with the force of truth that it may be impossible to separate them in our experience; still they are distinct from each other, and both are absolutely necessary to the regeneration of a responsible agent. Something more than what is termed the "book spirit" is required to convert the soul. The truth is but an instrumentality, and must be employed by its author to accomplish its end. It is a sword, and kills only as it is wielded by omnipotence. It is an incorruptible seed, but only grows in soil prepared for its reception. It is the voice of God, but ears must be opened to receive its message. It may be uttered with the eloquence of an Apollos, with all the culture and enthusiasm of an apostle Paul; it may be preached with such impressiveness as to confound sceptics, enchant an Agrippa, or make a Felix

tremble like an aspen leaf in the breeze; and yet when the voice ceases the influence will die away from the hearers as the music of the Æolian harp dies away when the winds no longer sweep its strings. So true is it that Paul plants, Apollos waters, but God alone can give the increase. It is necessary, however, that we go deeper—that we look into the sinner himself to discover the reason why regeneration must be the work of God.

And in the first place, the need of divine influence is seen in the fact that *man is unable to change his own heart*. We do not mean to assert that man has no natural ability; to do so would be to herd him with maniacs, and to deny his responsibility. Whether, however, this natural power be sufficient of itself to enable man to make himself a new creature is what we question. We are aware it is a moot point with certain divines, who maintain that all man's inability resides in the will; and that whatever God has commanded, man can, in and of himself, perform. With all deference to their judgment we cannot agree with them. That a man with a totally depraved nature, confirmed in sin by the powerful influence of inveterate habits, can by mere reflection regenerate himself, is what we cannot believe. Such a theory does not in our humble judgment, make sufficient allowance for the effects of the fall. Does not the description the Scriptures give of the sinner imply that he needs power as well as disposition? He is dead, which, if it mean anything, implies the withdrawal of spiritual life and the universal prevalence of corruption. Sin has prostrated his powers, so that he is "without strength;" without strength to surmount the difficulties that beset the soul in the work of the new creation. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil." The apostle explicitly states that our ability to comply with the divine command is from God. He worketh in us both to will and to do. Man may ruin himself, but cannot restore himself. An evil deed may shatter a constitution which the effort of a lifetime cannot remedy. Such is our view of man's depravity, that we should as soon expect the dead to rise from their tombs by their own power, as the spiritually dead to new create themselves by their own exertions; should as soon look for the shattered fragments of a temple to reconstruct themselves into a structure of comeliness and beauty, as to expect the ruined temple of man to fit itself for God's indwelling without the intervention of superhuman might.

Does not the experience of the Christian confirm this truth of man's inability? He feels in his spiritual conflicts that were it not for the divine sufficiency he must lay down his weapons in utter despair. He recognises many duties which of himself he is unable to perform; he sees before him the divine ideal of holiness, and would fain reach it; but while to will is present, how to perform he finds not; he knows he can only work out his salvation as God works in him to will and to do. The apostle Paul felt his incapacity to such an extent that he could neither *think, pray, work, nor live* without the strength of God; and our Saviour taught us that without him we could do nothing. If this is the case with regard to those who have life, much more will it be so with regard to those who are dead. If the tree through whose veins the vital streams flow cannot subsist without the nourishment it draws from the elements of the soil, the air that encircles its trunk, the dew drops and rain drops that glisten on its leaves, and the sunbeams that play in its foliage, how can the dead tree perform any vital functions whatever?

It is to this sense of helplessness that God designs to bring the sinner; and it is not till the soul feels utterly prostrate, entirely dependent upon God's will and power for salvation, that there is hope of him:—

"'Tis perfect poverty alone
That sets the soul at large;
While we've one mite to call our own,
We get no full discharge."

Should it be asked, "Is man lost for want of power?" we reply, "No," but because he rejects the power which can save him. There is a living God willing

to bless if man were disposed to be blest. It is want of will, not want of power, that prevents his being saved, and that ensures his eternal condemnation.

This brings me to the last point, viz., That *man is unwilling to be saved*, and therefore needs the influence of the Holy Ghost. Much debate has been held upon the freedom of the human will, and whatever self-determining power philosophers may say there is in the will, it is a fact asserted by Scripture, confirmed by experience and universal observation, that man does not come to God except the Spirit draw him. The only satisfactory reason that can be given for man's willingness to be saved is found in the words of Scripture—He worketh in us *to will*. Over every conversion must be written, "Which were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."

It is a lamentable truth that man will not surrender to God. Surrounded with means stamped with divine authority, and calculated to lead the mind to earnest seeking after God; invited by all the allurements known to the universe, by the attractiveness of divine love, the blessings of providence, the revelations of truth, the ministry of holy men, "the death of the cross," and the glories of the spirit world; and warned by the voice of conscience, the nearness of death, and the dread realities of eternity, still he will not be saved. What more melancholy proof of his depravity do we require, and what more clearly exhibits the need of the Divine Spirit to change the heart? Thank God, the Spirit is promised, he is engaged to elevate man above his moral debasement, and re-invest him with a moral dignity that shall ultimately make him like unto the angels of God, and perfect as his Father in heaven is perfect. It is this which inspires the servant of Christ with confidence in the success of his work, and assures the church of final triumph, when God shall be glorified in the purity and blessedness of a regenerated world.

Notices of Books.

The Baptism of the Holy Ghost, by Dr. ASA MAHAN; and *The Enduement of Power*, by C. G. FINNEY. Elliot Stock.

Our copy is very badly printed upon the thinnest and poorest paper which could be manufactured, unless special machinery were invented, or cobwebs could be used instead of rags. We feel prejudiced against a book when we can scarcely read a page because the letter-press on the other side shows through. Dr. Mahan's book will be greatly prized by brethren of the perfection school, and it will do good to others also, if they will read it with candour, and make allowance for peculiarities of expression. We value every attempt to arouse professors from their usual state of spiritual coma; we have no fear of their becoming too hot, and even if they did, we have divine authority for preferring that condition to lukewarmness. It is quite clear that a very high

state of consecration and communion may be reached by the power of the Holy Spirit, and it is equally clear that such a state of heart girds a man with most remarkable power, and therefore we cannot be too earnestly urged to press forward to the things beyond and above us.

The Old, Old Story. In raised type. By the Society for providing Cheap Literature for the Blind. Passmore and Alabaster. Price Sixpence.

HERE is a noble opportunity to cheer the heart of some blind person at small expense. The type is the same which is used in ordinary printing, but being *raised* it can be read by the blind. Our young friend Mr. Henry Passmore is trying to raise funds to spread scriptural literature among the blind, and we wish him the best success in his earnest efforts.

We constantly receive copies of the current magazines, and are glad that we can honestly praise the monthly periodicals as a class. We are pleased to know that so much good literature enters month by month into Christian homes. *The General Baptist Magazine* (Marlborough and Co.) is the best edited of denominational periodicals. The last number was alive *all through*, and this is more than we can often say of a magazine. *The Baptist Magazine* (Yates and Alexander) makes gallant struggles, but is rather characterised by weight than vivacity. We wish our beloved brother Mr. Lewis the utmost success, but the management of the "Baptist" is, as we know by experience, no easy task. *The Churchman's Penny* (Macintosh), a magazine for evangelical Episcopalians, is exceedingly well conducted. *The Hive* (Elliot Stock) deserves its name; is full of honey for working Sunday-school teachers. *The Church* (Elliot Stock). This is a good periodical for giving away, and *The Appeal*, which is its complement, costing only one half-penny, is still better for that purpose. *The Marlborough Monthly Magazine* (Hutchings, Bouverie Street), the organ of our neighbours at Marlborough Chapel, Old Kent Road, shows that our friends are energetic and enterprising. Few congregations would be able to have a periodical all to themselves, it is rather an expensive luxury. *The Argonaut* (Hodder and Stoughton). The class of persons who will appreciate this kind of literature must be small. It is scholarly and sound, but the reverse of popular. *The Gospel Magazine* (Collingridge). Sixpence. One of the oldest and most spiritual of our periodicals; once edited by Toplady, and now by Dr. Doudney. It contains strong meat, and some of its articles are more pious than able, but the experienced believer always finds in it a store of food for his soul. We should think it an ill omen if such a magazine lacked subscribers. *The Christian Treasury* (Groombridge). Dr. Henry Bonar edits this favourite monthly—we need not say more. *Onward and The Onward Reciter* (Partridge) are two of the best of the penny magazines issued by the total abstiners. They are especially strong in the poetical department. *The Christian*

Evidence Journal. Edited by B. Harris Cowper (Hodder and Stoughton). This must be an invaluable help to those who have to argue with sceptics, a task for which we have no taste, but one which it is needful for some to undertake. Those who are called to it should do it thoroughly well, and this magazine will furnish them with weapons. *The Evangelical Repository* (Hodder and Stoughton). Price one shilling. This represents the Evangelical Union of Scotland, and exhibits much scholarly power in the editor, as well as zeal for the salvation of souls. *The Baptist Messenger* is always a good pennyworth; this we say not so much because it contains one of our sermons in each issue, but on account of its other contents. We cannot on this occasion notice any more of the prolific race of magazines.

The works issued by MESSRS. CASSELL, PETER, AND GALPIN are always excellently printed and illustrated, and yet are produced at an extremely low price. Their publications astonish us with their great variety and uniform superiority. *The Quiver* maintains a high position as a periodical. *The Popular Educator* is a national educational power. *The Biblical Educator* is to the Scriptures what the "Popular Educator" is to general knowledge; every Bible reader should purchase it. *Keble's Christian Year*, in parts, is profusely adorned with engravings. *Doré's Bible* is a luxury of art, worthy of the table of the millionaire, yet brought within the reach of working men. *Little Folks* for the children has distanced all competitors. *The Arabian Nights*, in numbers, will meet with many purchasers; but we hope *Cassell's Bunyan's Pilgrim* will secure a tenfold larger number of purchasers.

Substitution. By the Rev. HELY SMITH, Rector of Tansley, Matlock. Hunt and Co.

PLAIN truth, positively stated. We bless God that there is yet "a remnant according to the election of grace" left in the Church of England. This six-penny pamphlet inculcates particular redemption in that downright, hearty, honest style which becomes daily more and more rare.

Antonio, the Italian Boy. By C. W. DENISON, New York. Nisbet & Co.

A VERY thrilling story of the kidnapping of the son of an Italian nobleman, the cruelties he endured from his captor, the money he earned him by his musical talents, and his ultimate restoration to his sorrowing parents. The story professes to be true, but its situations and scenes have a very theatrical appearance, and the actors behave very differently from ordinary folks. Nevertheless the tale is effectively told, and will abundantly repay perusal.

Protestantism: its ultimate Principle.

By R. W. DALE, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

A NOBLE lecture. The substance of it was delivered to the Christian Young Men's Society in Exeter Hall last March, and Mr. Dale followed wise advice when he printed it. The appeal to our experience of the power of true religion is well put; we feel sure that the effects of the gospel is its best evidence, and the phenomenon of conversion its surest proof. Men of science are for ever arraying their facts, or supposed facts, against the gospel; we also have our facts, and we have been far too chary in quoting them in defence of our faith. Personal contact with God puts an end both to the superstition which demands a priest, and the unbelief which rejects the Scriptures. We should like some of Mr. Dale's utterances to be written upon the pulpits of certain preachers, such for instance as the following—"To doubt is to be ignorant, and ignorance is to be deplored as a calamity, not defended as a right."

Scripture History, from the Creation to the Birth of Christ. For the use of Schools and Families. By ANDREW THOMPSON. Edited by C. M. MONEY. Third Edition. Bagster and Sons.

WRITTEN in the form of question and answer this book will not attract every reader, but we judge that those who seek the instruction of their families will find the method helpful rather than otherwise. The work is a complete guide to Old Testament History, and will be especially useful to young people.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, ever mindful of the young, has just issued quite a little parcel of beautiful juvenile books, which are thoroughly good. *Fred Kenny, or Out in the World*, has a beautiful coloured frontispiece; and so has *Charlotte, the Hindoo Orphan*, by the great and good Dr. Duff, whose name will, we are sure, command a host of purchasers. *Ethel Rippon, or Beware of Idle Words*, by Mrs. Sargent, is a sweet little thing. *Geordie's Tryst* is a capital Scotch Story, and there are several others which will make young hearts gladder and better, and therefore we wish them plenty of buyers. We thank God there is so good a society, and that it finds such useful writers to dedicate their talents to young England.

Davie Blake, the Sailor. By Mrs. SEWELL. Jarrold and Sons.

A TERRIBLE book for those to read who send poor sailors to sea in vessels, well insured, intended to go down, or sure to do so. The story in good ringing rhyme, or plain blank verse, peals out an indictment against those detestable customs which allow crimps to devour our sailors, and almost force them to be vicious. God send better times to all our brave mariners, and a greater care for their men to all owners of our ships. They who send men to sea in vessels which they might reasonably expect would go down in a stiff gale are murderers in the sight of God, and ought at least to be regarded as guilty of manslaughter by the laws of man.

The Epistle of the Apostle Paul to the Romans. A New Translation, with Notes. By JOHN H. GODWIN, Hon. Prof. New Coll. Lond. Hodder and Stoughton.

NOT to our mind at all. The interpretation of Romans ix. is a mere evasion of its plain meaning, and the same is true of many other passages. The whole book bears the same relation to exposition that sawdust does to the tree of life. By a process of explanation, the doctrines of grace are evaporated from the epistle, and that which remains is not one-half so much Paul's doctrine as the doctrine of the Professor himself.

George Mostyn : the Story of a Young Pilgrim-Warrior. By JOHN CLIFFORD, M.A. Passmore and Alabaster.

A NARRATIVE illustrating the work of grace in the soul of a young man, who is led into peace with God, and after some struggles avows himself a believer, and casts in his lot with the church of Christ. The story is not sensational, but just the thing for the younger members of a staid Christian family; we hope that hundreds will read it to profit.

The Book of the Bunyan Festival. A Complete Record of the Proceedings at the Unveiling of the Statue. James Clarke and Co.

A MEMORIAL most fitting, and most worthily executed. The gift of the statue by the Duke of Bedford, and the delivery of speeches by dignitaries both in Church and State in honour of the Baptist tinker, constitute a truly historical event, and it would have been a grave omission had no chronicle of the proceedings been prepared.

Kind Words; A Magazine for Young People. Price 3d. Henry Hall, 56, Old Bailey.

Few would believe the fearful amount of scandalous literature which is sold to boys at the little newspaper shops. Rawhead and bloody-bones tales, lives of burglars and highwaymen, and even worse stories are freely sold and greedily read. The best way to meet this great evil is to offer thoroughly interesting matter, got up in an attractive style, for lads. As a step in this direction, we welcome and commend "Kind Words." We hope it will supplant a portion of the abominable trash which youths are tempted to purchase nowadays. The power to read is a peril rather than a benefit, unless it can be exercised upon right material; an appetite is only a blessing when it can be satisfied with good food. If school-boards succeed in creating mental hunger, means for supplying the needful nutriment must be used, and every author and publisher who attempts it deserves encouragement.

Notes.

IN connection with the Tabernacle the most interesting event has been the opening of the new buildings for the Pastors' College. This very convenient and commodious structure is not yet quite completed, and has not been occupied by the students for regular class work, but being sufficiently advanced for public meetings the opening services have been held. On Friday afternoon, August 28th, the President gathered around him all the students in the Lecture-room, and after praising God for finding the means for the building, he gave an address, and then the brethren united in pleading that the instructions given and received in that room might be attended by the divine blessing, so that able ministers of the New Testament might be there equipped for service. The meeting then moved into the room set apart for Prayer and the Communion, and there supplicated the Lord to be ever attant unto the voice of our cry, and make us men of prevailing power in prayer. The next adjournment was to the large hall, where the College public meetings will be held, and there prayer was

presented on behalf of friends and helpers, that they might be blest in return for their kindness, and encouraged to help us still. Moving once more, the brotherhood met in the *Common Room*, where the men meet in free conversation before and between classes, and there all united in the petition that in our leisure moments, in our lighter communications, none of us might grieve the Spirit of God. Thus with prayer and song four important parts of the house were set apart for their holy uses. Much power was felt, and a sense of acceptance in prayer enjoyed, and therefore we know that we have the blessings which we then sought for.

In the evening of that day the pastor had invited the sisters who form Mrs. Bartlett's class to tea, and he availed himself of the opportunity to invite them into the New College. They came with much delight, and each one brought an offering, enclosed in a paper, and marked with her name. The giving was done with great order and quietness, with perfect unanimity, and with eager joy; no one held back, and no one needed the slightest approach to

pressing. We had a lively, earnest, spiritual meeting, an earnest of the expected blessing. The immediate conversion of souls was aimed at, and one at least found joy and peace through believing. Thus the Lord set his seal to the consecration, and made the place the very gate of heaven. To Mrs. Bartlett and her loving children we would express our thanks, not merely in passing words, but upon this more enduring page. With scanty means, and many calls, these godly women brought in upon the spot \$64, or more, and, not content with this, others gave afterwards: and some even came again and again to the subsequent meetings, bringing an offering each time, for in no case did any one appear before the Lord empty.

With this help, and including all former donations, the President reckoned that he would still need £2,000 to finish his work. Some of the papers speak of that amount being needed to *remove the debt*; but we have never had a debt, or thought of such a thing; we have paid all demands on the spot, and shall be able to do so to the last penny; for if anything cannot be paid for, it cannot be had. We cannot be said to be in debt until the time to pay an instalment arrives, and down on the nail we have paid each portion hitherto, and have no fear as to the rest. There are other stewards of the Lord who will yet be moved to send us help, and we shall not be left at the last any more than at the first.

The following circular was issued to the church and congregation at the Tabernacle, who were divided into four portions and invited on four successive evenings.

"Aug. 24.

"Dear Friend,—Notwithstanding the gracious help sent to the College by the Providence of God I still need at least £2,000 to complete the whole of the work, and perhaps more. I should feel it a special token of our fellowship with each other if every seat-holder and member of the church would have a share in finishing this holy work. To give all an opportunity I intend asking the friends to tea in parties, earnestly hoping that each one will bring a personal offering.

"If you can come, please bring the enclosed ticket, *and if not please return it to the friend who will come round to your seat.* This will save us much trouble.

"Yours most truly,

"C. H. SPURGEON.

"The evening will be spent in the New College Buildings."

In response to this, a goodly company met on the evening of Sept. 8th to tea, and brought in with gladsome readiness the sum of £292, to which Mr. Greenwood added £130, in the hope that the amount might on each evening reach £400, and thus, leaving only £400 for outside friends, the whole £2,000 would be raised at once. This suggestion was not carried out, but it showed the noble spirit of the proposer. It was not the President's wish to put on any pressure, or perhaps the thing would have been done; but it was well to leave the entire matter to the free, spontaneous movement of the people, and they did nobly. What loving words they gave their pastor! Their grips of the hand he will never forget, and the messages of respect and affection written within the papers and envelopes were as precious as the gifts they enclosed. Brethren W. S. Lewis, Francis Tucker, Dr. Burns, C. Kirtland, and W. Orsman addressed us, and tendered fraternal congratulations; the friends circulated through the rooms, and one of the happiest of evenings came to a gladsome, praiseful close.

On Friday, 11th, the rain came down in torrents, and we wondered that so many weathered the storm. Our numbers were smaller, but the spirit of hearty love was the same, and £126 was freely offered. We had a noble platform, including Drs. Brock and Landells, with our brethren Clifford, Bailhache, Cuff, Rogers, J. A. Spurgeon, and Bernard. It was another evening of the presence of God. The tithes were brought into the store-house, and the blessing began to be poured out, and will yet come in greater abundance.

On Tuesday, 15th, a large number of our friends came to tea, and still more to the meeting in the College Hall. The contributions, amounting to £301, were given in with the same cheerfulness as on former occasions, and the same kindly wishes were uttered. Our friends Dr. Underhill, Pastors H. S. Booth, Newman Hall, and David Jones, Mr. Carr, and Drs. Fish and Yerkers, from America, gave us hearty words of good cheer, and our hearts were made glad. If anything in this world could afford perfect content it might be found in a pastor's heart when he found himself so generously supported in a work most dear to him.

One more evening remained; and making our preparations on the same scale as before, we looked for about the same number of friends, but Wednesday, 16th, exceeded all other nights. The

number present filled our hall to its last inch, and as we sat receiving the people's gifts, there seemed to be no end to them. The sums were smaller, but the heartiness of the gifts was rather greater than less. The wish was expressed by scores that they could bring a hundred times as much. Heaping up their little parcels on the table, they made such a hillock that a large basket had to be sent for to contain it all. Never was greater enthusiasm or warmer zeal expressed in any cause. The people gave willingly, for they had a mind to the work. Though no large donor mingled in the willing throng, the amount rose to £163, and thus the four evenings, with subsequent ingatherings, supplied the £1,000 for which we asked at the first. It only remains by a good bazaar, and the help of our readers, to put the other £1,000 into the treasury, and this blessed labour will have been joyfully accomplished. To God be all the glory. We must not omit to say that the speakers on the last occasion were our valued brother Pastor W. G. Lewis, who thus, like Mr. Rogers, put in a second appearance, Mr. Harley, from Savannah, W. Olney, and Mr. Harry Brown. Each speech was fired with the general fervent feeling, and all went on with a zest and a swing not often seen at public gatherings.

The bazaar for the last stone of the College will be held immediately after Christmas, and we beg for the hearty co-operation of our friends in the final effort.

On Monday, Sept. 21, we had the great joy of baptising our two sons, in the presence of an immense assembly of our beloved flock, who again displayed their hearty union with their pastor and his family in ways most touching to our heart. The Lord has dealt well with us indeed. It was a crowning joy that their long-suffering mother was able to be present for a few moments to see her two boys yield themselves to be buried with Christ in baptism.

The month has been full of spiritual blessing as well as other mercies. Many are coming forward to confess their Lord, a spirit of prayer abounds, the prayer-meetings and week-night services are unparalleled in number, and the crowds on Lord's days eager to hear the word are greater than ever. All glory be unto the Lord, who prospers his own truth. If Satan should roar again we shall not be at all surprised; it will be the decisive token that good is being done.

We are pleased to see how much Mr.

Crabb is beloved by the church in Rotherham, who have given him a handsome testimonial in token of their respect for him, and of thankfulness at his election to remain with them rather than remove to a more remunerative sphere of labour.

Mr. Jeffery, a much beloved student, has settled over the church in St. Paul's Square, Southsea. May the richest prosperity attend him. Our dear brother Mr. Mayers will, we trust, strengthen the hands of the brethren in Bristol; his place in Battersea is ably supplied by Mr. Bax, of Faversham. Mr. Davidson has removed to Chipping Sodbury. Mr. Williams has finished his studies with us and commenced at Clay Cross; Mr. Rotham has settled over the church at Stourbridge; Mr. W. Townsend at Enfield Highway; Mr. Soames at Crook, and Mr. Kitchener at Walsingham, both in Durham; and Mr. Askew at Burton-on-Trent.

The Colportage Secretary reports that new agents have, during the past month, been sent to Sheffield, Evesham, and Downton; making in all thirty-five colporteurs *now at work* in connection with our Society. We were afraid that this society would turn out to be one child too many, but it grows finely, and will, by God's blessing, do a grand work for this priest-ridden land, if the sinews of war are still forthcoming. Forty pounds a year will secure an agent in any district, so long as our funds hold out. No other agency is so cheap or more effective.

We are very grateful to a friend who has again sent a pig to the Orphanage, and to another who has sent some fowls, and we are also much obliged for an offer of a truck of coals. We hope other farmers, coal owners, gentlemen, and ladies will follow the good example. Gifts in kind are very gratefully received at the Orphanage, and when they are articles of food they pleasantly vary the diet. Our funds are low at present. We hope friends will not imagine that we have received a large legacy and need no more aid; the legacy is not paid yet, nor can we expect it to be, and while the wheat is growing boys need bread. Not that we have any fear, only we are bound to keep the orphans' friends well posted up as to their needs.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—August 27th, twenty-three; September 3rd, twenty-one. September 21st, by C. H. Spurgeon, two.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th to September 19th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
J. W.	1 0 0	Mr. Townsend	0 5 0
Messrs. W. and R. Salmond ...	25	0	0	Mr. E. F. Abbott	1 3 9
Two Friends at Ceylon	5 0 0	Profit of Excursion, United Bible
Miss Henry	4 0 0	Class	3 14 0
A Friend to the Cause, per Mr. Skinner	10 0 0	Mr. T. Kennard	0 10 0
The Mercies of a Gracious God ...	25	0	0	Mr. A. Ager	0 2 0
Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Keys	1 1 0	A Country Friend	1 0 0
Mr. E. Roe	0 5 0	Miss R. Swain	2 0 0
Per Mr. John Baker	1 0 0	Mrs. Hinton	0 10 0
Mrs. Macpherson	1 0 0	A. K.	5 0 0
B. W. Folkestone	9 10 0	Mr. S. Wilson	2 2 0
A Friend at Stockton, per Rev. G. Rogers	1 0 0	Mr. S. Watson	0 10 0
An Aged Friend	2 0 0	Mr. D. G. Patterson	0 5 0
Mrs. Jack	5 0 6	A Friend, Scotland	20 0 0
Mrs. Dafforne	0 2 6	Weekly Offerings at Tab., Aug. 23	36 0 6
Mr. R. Hanbury	50 0 0	" " " Sept. 6	25 14 6
Messrs. Cory Brothers, Interest Cardiff and Swansea Colliery Company	31	5	0	" " " " 13	33 14 0
I. F.	1 0 0				
A Sermon Reader, Melrose	0 10 0				
							<u>£343 5 11</u>

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th to September 19th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
A Thankoffering	0 5 0	S.	0 4 0
J. B. C.	0 10 0	Mrs. Gloag	5 0 0
Wednesfield Heath	0 10 0	In Remembrance of a Darling Boy	0 5 0
Messrs. W. and R. Salmond ...	25	0	0	West Linton	5 0 0
Mrs. Cassin	1 0 0	Mr. T. Kennard	0 10 0
Mr. A. F. Coles	0 5 0	1 Peter iii. 1 to 5	0 5 0
Mrs. Newbury	0 10 0	Mrs. Elias	5 0 0
W. P., 205	0 10 0	Mr. J. P. Tulloch	0 10 0
Mr. and Mrs. Arres	1 0 0	Jessie Fyfe	0 10 0
Mr. J. Henderson	1 0 0	Mrs. Ewart	1 3 0
Miss Henry	1 0 0	Miss Katie Turnbull	0 10 0
A Friend to the Cause, per Mr. Skinner	40 0 0	Northampton	0 10 0
Mr. E. Williams	0 5 0	Mr. J. R. Hinton	2 10 0
Mrs. Lofthouse	0 10 0	W. W.	20 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Keys	1 1 0	Mr. R. Hindle	1 0 0
Friends, per Mr. John Baker	2 10 0	Mrs. Camps and Children	1 10 0
Mr. A. Harrison	0 7 6	A. Orders	0 3 8
Mr. E. Lewis	1 0 0	Mr. R. Keevil	10 0 0
Per Editor "Christian World"	1 2 0	A Debtor to Free Grace and Dying Love	0 3 5
First Money received after returning home	0 2 0	Mrs. Robinson, South Australia	1 0 0
Mr. A. Mills	0 7 6	Z.	0 5 0
Odd Farthings and Halfpence taken at the Metropolitan Store	0 11 8	Clara	0 5 0
Mr. H. Young	2 0 0	Cranmer	0 2 0
J. Paington	0 5 0	Mrs. Guest	0 5 0
S. H.	0 2 6	Mr. Lloyd	1 5 0
Mr. R. Beck	1 0 0	Mrs. Hinton	0 10 0
An Aged Friend	3 0 0	F. W.	4 0 0
One who never hears a Sermon	0 5 0	E. H. B.	1 1 0
Mrs. Fowler	0 3 8	Mr. H. Williams	5 0 0
Stychbrook	0 5 0	Mr. T. Osborne	5 0 0
An Octogenarian	0 13 0	Collected by Master S. C. Spurgeon	1 0 0
Mrs. B. Beat	1 0 0	Mrs. Morrison, per Mr. Cameron	0 10 0
Mrs. Penaluna	1 0 0	W. J. B.	1 0 0
Mrs. McLeod	1 0 0	Mr. Wadland	0 5 0
Mr. E. Hanbury	50 0 0	Collected by Mr. D. Roger	5 14 6
Mr. A. Smith	0 2 6	Mr. D. Macpherson	0 10 0
A Thankoffering	0 5 0	Prize from Eisteddfod	0 7 6
Mr. J. Lock	0 10 0	E. and G. G., Wolverhampton	0 10 0
				A. K.	5 0 0
				Mrs. Bent	0 5 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		
Mr. S. Wilson	2	2	0	0			
A Widow, Annan	1	0	0				
Mrs. Chillingworth	0	10	0				
Rebecca	0	1	0				
Mr. W. H. Snell	1	1	6				
Mr. G. Cowan	1	0	0				
Mrs. Tyrer	5	0	0				
Annual Subscriptions.				Mr. J. Long	...	1	0	0	
Per Mrs. Withers:—				Mr. J. Withers (quarterly)	...	0	5	0	
Mr. W. J. Palmer	...	2	0	0	Mrs. Blackman	...	0	1	1
				Mr. G. Palmer	3	6	1
				Mr. R. Pinkerton's Sunday Class	5	0	0
				A Country Friend	2	2	0
						...	1	0	0

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—Provisions:—Bushel of Peas, Mr. R. May; Ditto, Mrs. Lawson; Sack of Oatmeal, Anon.; a Pig, Mr. T. B. Thomas; 120 Eggs, Janet Ward; Small Basket, ditto (many broken), Mrs. Grange; 20 Fowls, Messrs. T. Evans and Son; 1 Sieve of Plums, Mr. Bath; 3 dozen Bunches of Carrots, Mr. Parker.

CLOTHING, &c.:—50 Linen Collars, Miss Marshall; 12 Comb Rags, Miss Eastley.

FOR SALE ROOM, &c.:—24 French Dolls, 1 Bracket (Jersey), Miss Le Bœuf.

GENERAL:—7 Scripture Cartoons, Mr. Barton; 2 Knitting Machines, Miss Clugston; 11 Pairs Knitted Stockings, Anon.

DONATIONS, &c.:—Miss Simms (collected by), 10s.; Miss Tapp, ditto, £1 6s.; Miss Jenkins, ditto, £1 6s.; Miss Brindle, ditto, £1 6s.; Friend at Eveham, £1; Miss Bamber, £1; Miss Eastley, 11s.; The Girls of the Stockwell College Training School, per Miss Potter, £1 0s. 1½d.; 26 Coins in Pillar Box at Orphanage Gates, 6s. 8½d.—Total, £9 8s. 10d.

College Buildings.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th, to September 19th, 1874.

The Mercies of a Gracious God, £20; per Mr. John Baker, 10s; Mr. Pasfield, 10s; W. B. Folkstone, £9 10s; Mr. R. Hanbury, £30. Total, £30 10s.

Mrs. Bartlett's Class.—S. A., 1s; Mrs. Jones, 6s 6d; Mrs. Henderson, 6s; Mrs. Spicer, 1s; Miss Cliverd, 17s; Miss Skinner, 5s; The Widow's Mite, 2s; Mrs. G. Beckham, 10s; S. Oliver, 2s; Miss Hallett, 10s; Mrs. Urquhart, 1s; Mrs. Clara Bolam, 5s 6d; Mrs. Morris, 1s; Mrs. Mitchell, 2s 6d; A Friend, 3s 6d; Miss Hearneden, £1 1s; Miss Lilly Weir, 7s; Miss Price, 17s 6d; Mrs. Eustace, £1; Miss Stevens, 5s; Master S. Rowe, 5s 2d; Master George, 2s 6d; Mrs. B. Halcrow, 2s 6d; Miss Langton, 2s 6d; Miss Bridge, 2s 6d; A Widow, 1s; Mrs. Howling, £1; Mr. Fremlin, £1; M. Meldon, 1s; Master W. Edwards, 1s; E. Stanfield, 2s; Miss Lawrence, 2s 3d; Miss Macdonald, 10s; Mrs. Newbatt, 6s; M. D., 5s; Mrs. Richardson, 8s; Ellen Kummings, 10s; Mrs. E. Bartlett, £1; E. M., 2s; M. Moody, 6s 6d; Miss Phillips, 5s; Mrs. Howells, 13s; Mrs. Smith, 5s 6d; A. Watts, 11s 6d; Mrs. Bullock, 1s; M. R., £1; Mrs. Gay, 5s; Mrs. C. Fidge, 2s; Mrs. Culverhouse, 16s; Caroline, 10s; Mrs. Jarman, 2s; X., 10s; M., 1s; Mrs. Brooker, 10s; M. A. Humphreys, 1s; Mrs. Bartlett, £14; Mrs. Baslett, 2s; Mrs. Dutt, 9s 6d; F. Bird, 16s; Mrs. E. Watts, 17s; Arthur, 1s; Mrs. H. Wall, 5s; Mrs. Pantlin, 1s; Miss Palmer, 10s; Miss E. S. Budge, 2s 6d; Mr. and Mrs. Bantick, £1; Miss Haseldine, 1s 6d; A Sister, 1s 6d; Antan, 12s; Mrs. Hughes, 5s; M. Baldwin, 2s; Mrs. Ferrar, 7s; Miss Carter, £2; A. Taylor, 7s 6d; M. Frost, 4s; Miss Wright, £2 11s; Mrs. Smith, 5s 6d; L. Munday, 8s; Mrs. C. Drew, 2s 6d; Mrs. Butler, 3s 6d; Miss Wallington, 5s; E. J., 1s 6d; A. F., 4s; Miss Richardson, 2s 6d; Mrs. Langton, 2s; Mrs. Jones, 2s; Master H. Bartlett, 5s; Mrs. Parker, 10s; Mrs. Fern, 3s; Miss Ivimey, £2 4s 6d; A Widow's Mite, 1s; Master V. Bartlett, 10s; Berridge, 3s; Ryler, 1s 6d; E. A., 2s 6d; Miss M. Bartlett, 10s; Mrs. Fathers, 3s; Mr. Dowling, 2s; Miss H. Swain, 6s; J. Grainger, 1s; Miss M. A. Wyness, 8s; A Friend, 2s; Mrs. Healey, 6s; Sarah Cooper, 5s; E. Chapman, 10s 6d; Mrs. Allen, £1 5s; E. M. Deacon, 5s; Mrs. Raybould, £1; Mrs. Fisher, 7s; S. Neal, 5s; Mrs. Baldock, 8s; M. S. Freeman, 2s; Mrs. Swanton, 1s; E. Cockle, 1s; M. Jenkins, 1s; Mrs. Doddington, 2s 6d; Mrs. F. Beves, 10s; Eustace, £1; L. Watts, 10s; Mrs. E. M. Spong, 1s 6d; A. and B., 3s; Mrs. Williams, £1; S. A. J., 3s; W. M., 2s 6d; E. S. Curtis, 5s; Boadicea, 1s; Collected by A. B.—Mrs. Davis, 2s 6d; S. B., 1s; Mr. Stevens, 1s; B. A., 5s; S. H., 5s; Miss Whitaker, 2s; Miss Curclum, 5s; per Mrs. Bartlett, £1. Total, £34 13s 2d.

September 8th.—Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford, £1; Mr. Harvey, 2s 6d; Mr. E. Jones, 10s; Mr. John Woodford, 2s 6d; J. A. F., £2 10s; Mr. W. H. Reading, 2s; Miss Bryington, 2s 6d; Without Names, 5s; Mrs. Kent, 10s; Mr. E. Hillman, 5s; A Friend, per T. J. Dunn, 2s; Mrs. Ruck, £1 1s; £283, £5; E. M. K., 10s; E. S. M., 10s; G. H. P., £1 1s; Mrs. Scott, 10s; Mr. Brackett, £1; Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford, £1; Mr. Ward, £1; Poor Help, 4s; M. A., 1s 6d; Miss Low, 2s 6d; No Name, 2s; F. G. H., 5s; Miss L., 7s; A Friend, 4s; Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, £1 11s 6d; Miss M. A. Stocks, 4s 6d; M. Jones, 10s; A Widow's Mite, 10s; Mr. and Mrs. Parker, £1; Miss Larwood, 5s; W. A. M., 5s; Miss Drake, 10s; Mrs. Davies, £1; Mr. W. Aslett, 5s 6d; Mr. J. Coverdale, 5s; Mr. Gillespie, £2 2s; Mrs. Tucker, 2s 6d; Mrs. Dow, 5s; E. Mc.D., 5s; Mr. and Mrs. Drayson, 10s; Jas. and F. Freeman, 10s; L. V., 2s; Mr. M. Chilvers, £1 1s; Mr. E. B. Hildge, 7s; A Friend, 5s; Mrs. Mills, £5; Mrs. H. Smith, £1 1s; Mr. J. Smith, £3; Mrs. J. Smith, £1; Mrs. H. Smith, £1; Miss Marsh, £1 1s; Mr. and Mrs. Cook, £2; Mr. E. J. Boot, 10s; Mr. and Mrs. Tarrant, £1; Mrs. Kettle, 5s; Mr. Ching, 10s; A. D., 2s 6d; Mr. E. W. Sanders, 5s; Mrs. H. M. Brown, 10s; Mrs. Walker, 10s; Mrs. Stone, 5s; Mrs. Franklin, 2s; Miss Cornish, 5s; E. S., £1; Mrs. Bridges, 5s; Mrs. Dillon, 5s; No Name, £1 1s; A Friend, 7s 6d; Mrs. Alice Marsh, £1 1s; Miss Blockedge, 2s 6d; C. G., 5s; A Member, 5s; Mr. H. J. Brown, 5s; Mr. Chilvers, £1 1s; Mr. Cox, 3s; Mrs. Maynard, 2s 6d; Mr. and Mrs. Cockerell, £5; Mrs. Morris, £1; E. J., 2s 6d; E. S., 3s; S. 3s; Mrs. Hall, 10s; No Name, 3s; Mrs. Clements, 4s; Mr. Gowing, £1; Mr. H., £1 1s; Miss E. Brook, 2s 6d; Widow's mite, 10s; G. T., £1; Mrs. Lawson, 5s; No Name, £1 1s; E. F., 5s; K. F., 5s; F. F., 5s; Baptist Chapel, Marsh, £2 2s; Mr. Denby, £1 1s; Mr. and Mrs. Gamage, 10s 6d; Miss Woodington, 2s 6d; Mrs. Prout, 5s; Miss Hughes, 5s; Mrs. Humphrey, 5s; Mrs. Abbott, £1; No Name, £1; J. W., 4s; Mrs. Pangbourne, 3s; G. H., £1; Mr. W. Higgs, £30; Mr. Baker, 6s; Mr. Wood, 2s; No Name, 5s; Miss Burnett, 5s; Mrs. Seakins, 5s; S. F. W., 3s; Ebenezer, 5s; Mr.

and Mrs. Muller, £2; Miss Branstons, 5s; Misses C. and M. Heath, £1; No Name, 4s; Miss Winslow, £2; Miss F. Jones, 10s; A. D., 2s; Miss Vining, 10s; W. W., 5s; Mr. G. Devenish, 5s; M. A. J., 5s; Miss Dale, 5s; Mr. G. Hawtin, 2s; Mr. and Mrs. Bloodworth, 10s; A. Friend, 5s; Mr. and Mrs. Pash, 5s; Mrs. Gockshaw, 5s; Mr. Townsend, 10s 6d; Mr. J. Calsell, 5s; Mr. J. Maynard, 2s 6d; Mrs. H. Hawtin, 2s; Mrs. Osborn, 3s; Miss E. Gamage, 5s; M. A. W., £1; E. Pyne, 2s 6d; D. F., 5s; Mr. T. H. Olney, £20; H. H., 5s; Miss E. Tabor, 10s; Mrs. Taylor, £1; Mr. E. Romang, £2; Mr. Gunnage, £1 1s; W. Black, 10s; Mr. M. Romang, £2; L. C., 10s; J. S., 10s; Poll Shock, 10s; L. A. H., 10s; Mr. C. Davies, £1; No Name, £1; Annie Everett, 2s 6d; Mrs. Strickland, 10s; A. Friend, per Mrs. Hooper, 10s; M. Brooks, 2s 6d; Mrs. Barrett, 4s; Mr. N. Read, 5s; Mr. Hickingbotham, 5s; Mrs. J. Spawwick, 2s 6d; Mr. W. Newdick, 2s; Mr. W. C. Graves, 10s; Mr. B. Spawwick, 2s 6d; Mrs. Crisp, 10s; J. P., a Thankoffering, 10s; Miss Keys, 10s; Miss D. Perrett, 10s; C. S., 5s; Mr. H. D. Ashton, 10s; No Name, 2s 6d; Mr. J. Burnett, 5s; Miss Prier, £1; Miss Chilvers, 10s 6d; Mrs. Buck, 2s; No Name, 10s; Mrs. E. Smith, £1; No Name, 2s 6d; Mr. H. A. Suter, 7s; Mr. J. Medlicott, 2s 6d; Mr. E. Fergusson, £1; Mrs. Romang, £1; Mr. and Mrs. Payne, 10s 6d; Mr. Tanner, 2s 6d; E. A. O., 5s; Mr. T. Scott, £1 1s; Mrs. Armstrong, 5s; Mrs. Cripps, £1 1s; N. A. G., 10s; M. A. C., 4s; J. H. B., 10s; No Name, 2s 6d; Mrs. Tunstall, £1; H. W., 5s; J. P., 2s; Mrs. Wainwright, 2s; Miss Gilbert, £4 10s; E. J. G., 10s; Mr. Fryer, £1; Mrs. E. S. Boot, 10s; Mr. J. W. Grose, 10s; Mrs. Jolliffe, 1s 6d; Mrs. Mulford, 2s; The Misses Dransfield, £50; Mr. and Mrs. Potter, £5; W., £1; Mr. Kinnean, £1; R. L., £1; Mr. Denham, 10s; Mr. Keen, £2 2s; Odds and Ends, 5s; Miss Burman, 5s; Anne, 5s; Mr. Air, £1; Mr. and Mrs. Russell, £1; Mrs. Forsyth, £1; Mr. Hampton, 2s; Mr. Clarkson, 5s; A. Brick, 5s; Another Brick, 5s; Mr. Brown, £1; Mr. Rainbow, £1; Mr. Clarke, £1; A. Widow, 2s; Mr. J. Newark, 10s; Mr. Young, 5s; Mrs. Gwillim, £2; Mrs. Durgeon, 3s; Miss J. Ward, 5s; Mrs. Low, 2s; Mrs. Wilcox, 5s; Mr. Stark, £2 2s; Mr. Alloway, £1 1s; Miss Bedford, 3s; Mrs. Carruthers, 10s 6d; Mrs. Green, £2 2s; Mr. Pullen, £1; Mr. and Mrs. Woolard, £2 2s; Miss Fairer, 10s; W. H., 3s; E. A. M., 10s; J. J. J., 3s; Mr. Turner, 5s; Mr. W. Mills, £1 1s; Lizzie, 2s; Mr. Dipple, £1; Mrs. Dipple, £1; Mr. J. M. Cox, 5s; Mrs. Saunders, 2s; Miss Keys, 5s; Mr. Spry, 10s; Mr. Gibbons, 5s; Mrs. Foster, 10s; S. R., 3s; A. Hill, 2s 6d; A. G. H., 3s; Mr. Jenkins, £2 2s; Mr. Harrison, £1 1s; Mr. Smith, 2s 6d; Mr. E. M. Mills, 5s; Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, 6s; Odd, 3s; Miss Blackshaw, 10s; Rev. S. Cowdy, £1. Small sums, 8s 6d. Total, £292 7s.

September 11th.—F. Hatt, 2s 6d; D. I. T., 2s 6d; Miss Gregory, 2s 6d; Mr. Thomas, £1; Mr. Mitchell, 2s 6d; Miss Cane, 2s 6d; Widows' Mites, 6s; Mrs. Green, 2s 6d; Susan Green, 2s 6d; One Family, 9s; Mrs. and Miss Skinner, 4s; Mrs. C. H. Price, £1; Mr. Adams, 10s; Mrs. Johnson, 2s 6d; Miss Jane Johnson, 5s; Mrs. Reid, 5s; Mrs. Baxter, 5s; W., 5s; W., 2s 6d; R. W., 5s; A. Friend, 10s; Miss Baxter, 5s; S. P. C., £1; W. Y., 2s 6d; E. M., 2s; Miss Chapman, 10s; Mrs. Ward, 5s; T. Borrett, 5s; Mrs. Duncome, 10s 6d; Mrs. Ward, 7s 6d; Mr. Hopkins, £1; Miss Hopkins, 5s; Mr. Pope, £1; Mr. and Mrs. Nesbitt, £3 3s; A. Friend, £2; Mrs. Johnson, £1 1s; S. and E. Pettifer, £1; Mr. Pudgett, £1 10s; Mrs. Jennings, 10s; Mr. Morris and Friends, £3; Mrs. Morris, 6s 6d; Miss Larkman, 5s; Mr. and Mrs. Underwood, 10s; Jane Smith, 4s; Miss C. Hitchings, 10s; A. Friend, 4s; Mrs. McLehann, 5s; Mr. Tamplin, 2s 6d; Miss Smith, 4s; A. Gamage, 2s 6d; R. H. Welch, 10s; A. Friend, £1 5s; M. B., 5s; Mrs. T., 5s; E. B. P., 5s; E. M. S., 2s 6d; Mrs. Fisher, 5s; R. T. Scott and Friends, £2 10s; C. C. A. Masters, 10s; C. Russell, £1; I. Sadler, £1; I. E. C., 5s; Miss Amelia Morris, 6s 6d; A. Friend, 2s; Mr. Swaffield, 5s; Mrs. Turner, 10s; Mr. John Nicholson, 10s; Mrs. Warren, 10s; W. W., 10s; Miss Jones, 10s 6d; Miss Amery, 10s; S. M., 5s; E. Strugnell, 5s; H. Z., 3s; Mr. John Nicholson, 10s; M. A. F., 10s; Miss Parnell, 10s; Mrs. F. Jones, £2 2s; Mr. and Mrs. C. Liberty, £1 1s; Mr. F. Chapman, 5s; Hannah Hudson, 5s; S. W., 10s; Mrs. Sharpe, 10s; F. Butcher, 2s 6d; Mr. Chandler, 10s; H. Dickinson, 3s; Mrs. Borrett, 5s; Alice Christopher, 2s; Mrs. Halcrow, 2s 6d; Mrs. Latimer, 5s; T. J. Latimer, 5s; M. Latimer, 5s; Rhoda Nicholson, 2s 6d; A. Well-wisher, 10s; A. B., 2s 6d; C. H., 10s; F. H. Cockrell, £1; Emma Baker, 5s; Arthur H. Jones, 10s 6d; Mrs. I. S., £1; Mrs. Siddons, 2s 6d; Mr. D. Chandler, 10s; Mrs. Brierley, 2s 6d; S. A. Hunt, 5s; C. L., 2s; E. Swain, 5s; Mr. Prout, 10s; per Isabella Ward, £2 10s; A. Friend, 2s; Martha Daintree, 2s; A. Badenoch, 10s; Miss Hall and Friend, 2s; Mrs. Knapp, £1 1s; John Turner, £2; A. Friend, 12s 6d; E. Kitchener, 2s 6d; Miss M. B. Jones, 10s; Mrs. Skinner, 10s; S. N. H., 10s; J. H. H., 10s; E. B. F., 3s; Eliza Rushton, 2s; Alice Bone, 10s; Mr. Galloway, 10s 6d; A. Friend, 5s; A. Davies, 3s; Mrs. Mulley, 10s; Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Frowd, £1; Mr. M. Eldred, 5s; E. Christopher, 2s; G. Christopher, 2s 6d; E. Bartlett, 5s; Mary, 5s; Mrs. Siddons, 2s 6d; Mr. Knapp, £1 1s; H. E. Pankhurst, 5s; Widows' Mite, 2s 6d; Mrs. Chandler, 5s; E. Glover, 5s; Mr. Fisher, 5s; Mrs. Swaffold, 5s; Mr. R. T. Jefferson, £1; Mr. Kinnard, 10s; C. S. B., 10s; H. H. P., 5s; S. B., 3s; Miss S. Farmer, £2; Martha Romang, £1; H. Briley, 2s 6d; Mr. C. Wakeley, 2s 6d; F. Gay, 2s; Mr. N. C. Hogg, 5s; E. G., 10s; I. D. G., 5s; E. E. Stuart, 2s 6d; Miss Fitzgerald, 2s 6d; Mr. E. Alston, £1; G. Bryant, 2s 6d; E. Sharrard, 5s; Miss Morrison, 10s; E. M. Swaffield, 2s; H. V. Wood, 2s 6d; F. W. S., 5s; A. N., 4s; Ellen Collier, 5s; M. A. Bennett, 10s; Mrs. Baker, £1; Miss C. Watts, 2s 6d; I. J. Latimer, 5s; E. Bowes, 5s; Mrs. Mackay, 5s; Mr. Simmonds, 5s; J. Choat, 10s 6d; Mrs. Golding, 10s; Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Barr, 10s; Jane Hill, 5s; Mr. Pankhurst, 5s; A. Friend, 4s; Miss Skinner, 5s; A. Friend, 2s; E. Freeman, 5s; M. Romang, jun., £1; Tee Hay, 5s; Mr. J. E. Tyler, 10s; W. Q., 5s; Mr. G. Newman, 10s; Miss Gammon, 10s; Miss Burrows, 10s; A. Friend, 5s; 41s, 2s 6d; L. F. T., 2s; Mr. F. W. White, £20; H. C., 5s; The late Mr. W. Fisher, £5; Mr. Chappell, £2 2s; Mr. Tapscott, £1 1s; A. Seat-holder, 5s; Mr. J. Brewer, £2 2s; Mr. C. Allard, £1; Dr. Burns, £5; Mrs. Hogg, 10s; J. M. R., 6s. Small sums, 4s 9d. Total, £126 2s 9d.

September 15th.—Mr. H. Olney, £10; Miss E. Black, 2s; Mr. Dowsett, £1; Mr. Hollier, £1 1s; Mrs. Hollier, £1; Mrs. Rogers, £1; Miss Cornish, 5s; J. Armsted, 2s; Mrs. Anstey, £1; A. Friend, 2s; Mrs. Bydewell, 2s 6d; Mr. Marryat, 5s; Mr. Leaver, 4s; Mrs. Davies, £1; F. F., 3s; Mrs. Lutley, £1 3s; Miss Charlesworth, 10s; Master W. Charlesworth, 10s; Master A. Charlesworth, 10s; Rev. V. J. Charlesworth, £1 1s; Mr. Roberts, £10; Mr. W. Hall, £2; Mrs. Brewer, 5s; Mrs. Pullen, £1 1s; Mrs. Lane, 18s 6d; Mr. Whitehead, £3; Mr. Gardiner, £1; Mr. Goodwin, £5; Rev. S. H. Booth, £1; Mr. Collins, 5s; B., 2s 4d; Mr. H. Mansell, £5; Miss Moon, 5s; Mr. and Mrs. Allenby, 5s; Mr. Simmonds, £2; Mrs. Lewis, 10s 6d; Mr. Davies, 4s 6d; Mr. Doyle, £5; A., £5; W. H., 2s 6d; Mr. R. Evans, £10; Mrs. Cook, £10; Mrs. Spry, 10s; Mr. W. Olney, £10; Mr. King, 5s; Mr. F. Austin, £3 3s; Mr. A. Austin, £1 1s; M. A., 10s; Mr. Brightwell, 2s 6d; H. M., 10s; T. A., 10s; E. T. B., £1; Mr. and Mrs. Harden, £1; No Name, 6s; Mr. Davies, 5s; R., 2s; Miss E. Hayward, 5s; J. W., 2s 6d; Mr. and Mrs. Fincher, 3s; A. Brick, 2s 6d; Sarah Bradley, 5s; Mr. Cowper, 4s; Miss H. G. Mills, £2 2s; Mr. Vickers, £5; E. I. B., 3s; Miss French, £1 1s; Mrs. Bowery, £1 1s; Mr. C. Dice, 5s; Mr. W. I. Groves, 10s 6d; Mrs. Samuel, 5s; C. C. R. S., 7s; Mr. Shoobridge, £3; Mr. T. Haynes, £1; Mr. E.

Heesom, 7s; Mr. Slater, £1 1s; Mr. I. Mills, £5 5s; Mr. Cook, 5s; Miss Rains, 10s 6d; Mr. W. Northeroff, 10s; Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, £2; Mrs. Kelley, £1 1s; O., 5s; Mrs. Hicken, 5s; Mr. Freer, 2s; Mrs. Brown, 5s; J. W., 2s 6d; No Name, 5s; Mrs. E. Spurdens, 3s; Mrs. Toogood, £1; Mrs. Shipway, 2s 6d; Mrs. Davis, 5s; E. Brownridge, 5s; J. Brownridge, 5s; Mrs. Buckmaster, 10s 6d; No Name, 2s 6d; No Name, 2s 6d; Mr. Llewellyn, £1 1s; Mr. J. Barrett, £1 1s; Miss Sharp, £1 1s; E. Vernon, 6s; Miss Maria Wright, 5s; Mr. Marshall, 10s; Mr. Crisp, 1s 6d; Mr. C. Neville, £2 10s; Mr. Frost, 10s; Miss E. Cornish, 10s; Annie Waters, 5s; No Name, 2s 6d; C. H., 5s; Mr. Carr, £5; Mr. Lina, £1; Mr. Taylor, £1; Mrs. Hannington, £1 1s; E. Latham, 2s 3d; Anne Sinclair, 5s; No Name, £1; A Mite 1s 6d; No Name, 2s; W. Warren, 2s 6d; Mr. Joyner, 5s; Miss E. Pile, £1; Mr. W. Smith, £1 10s; Mrs. Davis, 5s; H. P., 10s; Mr. and Mrs. Callard, 5s; Mr. and Mrs. Vickery, 10s; Mrs. Hitchings, £1; Mr. Pritter, 7s 6d; L. C. C., 2s; Mr. W. Simpson, 2s 6d; Mr. and Mrs. Thorne, £1; Four Friends, £2; Mrs. Thom, 10s; Mrs. Newham, £1; S. W., 10s; A Working Man, 5s; Mrs. Earl, £1 1s; Mrs. Gower, 5s; Mr. Resh, 10s; Mrs. Ilinton, £1; Mrs. Evans, 10s; Mr. W. J., 5s; S. T., 5s; Mrs. Newman, £2 10; Miss Messent, 5s; Mr. Jackson, 10s; S. Padbury, 10s; Charles Gibbons, 2s; M. A. Pink, 2s 6d; H. W., £1; Miss Sadler, 10s; Mrs. E. Taylor, £1 1s; Mr. Sabine, 2s 6d; C. W. F., 2s; A Friend from W., 10s; Miss Splidett, £2; Mr. C. Davies, £3; Mrs. Ellis, 2s; Mr. Morris, 5s; Mrs. Vears, 2s; Mrs. Phillips, 5s; A Friend, £1; Mr. Hobson, £10; Mr. J. Blake, 2s; Misses Ratcliffe, 10s; Annie, 10s; Mrs. Rains, £3 3s; Mr. Greer, 10s; T. Goodwin, 10s; Mr. Newman, £2 10s; Mrs. McLanahan, £1; Mr. Binfield, 5s; Mr. Carley, 10s; E. Barrett, 3s; Mrs. Morgan, 10s; Mrs. Thomas, 10s; H. Biltter, 5s; Miss Day, £4; Mrs. Barnden, 2s 6d; A Well Wisher, 3s; J. J., 4s 6d; G. G., 5s; Mr. Flaxman, £1 1s; Mr. Rea, £5; Messrs. M. and E. Marshall, £1; P. A. J., 2s 6d; Mrs. M. Matthews, £1; Mr. Kelley, £1 1s; No Name, £1 1s; R. A., 10s; James and M. Moss, £1; Mrs. Norrington, 3s; Miss J., 2s 6d; Mr. J. Nodder, 5s; F. C. B., 2s 6d; The Grange, 10s; Mrs. May, 5s; Mr. S. Hobill, 10s; Mr. Roberts, £2 2s; Mr. T. Romang, £1; Mr. S. Romang, £1; Mr. J. Hall, £1 1; Mr. Narrington, 5s; No Name, 5s; Mrs. Wooster, 10s; Mrs. Hubbard, 10s; Mr. and Mrs. Clements, £1; E. J., 2s 6d; Mr. Barnett, 5s; Mr. H. E. Boot, 10s; Miss Lydia E. Boot, 5s; Miss Wade, £5; Miss M. Wade, 5s; Mr. Greer, 2s; Mr. G. H. Payne, 10s; No Name, 5s; T. Ballard, £1; Miss Osborn, 5s; Mr. and Mrs. Sexton, £2 2s; L. Hubbard, 2s 6d; Miss George, 4s; Mr. Fitchett, 10s; No Name, 5s; No Name, 5s; No Name, 2s; No Name, 7s; W. and H. King, 10s; Mrs. Pike, 10s 6d; Mrs. Crisp, 1s 6d; Miss Shevier, £1; Alice Kimber, 2s 6d; Mrs. Kimber, 5s; Miss Harrison, 2s; C. R. J., 2s; A. J. S. T., 5s; Mr. Heard, £2; C. F. S., £1; Miss Harland, 10s 6d; Mr. Luff, 7s 6d; Two Young Ladies, 2s; Miss Prothro, 5s; E. Fosbury, 5s; Mrs. H. Fryer, 10s; Mrs. Luff, 7s 6d; F. A., 5s; Mrs. Ramscurr, 2s; A. B., 2s; T., 2s; Mr. Allen, 3s 6d; R. Palmer, 5s; A Thankoffering, 10s; E., 5s; Mrs. Mullard, 5s; Mrs. Shevier, £1; Student, 2s; Miss Allen, 5s; Mrs. Allen, 3s 6d; G. Newstead, 10s; No Name, 5s; Miss Hincley, 10s; J. Freeman, 5s; A Friend, 2s 6d; Mrs. Downing, 10s; Mr. Hall, 10s; Miss Hubbard, 5s; Mr. Froggatt, 2s 6d; No Name, 10s; C., 3s; Mrs. Kerridge, 3s; Mrs. Shimpley, 2s 6d; Mr. Ellis, 10s; Mr. Thom, 10s; M. E. Fry, 1s 6d; Mrs. W. Payne, £2 2s; P., 3s; Mr. J. Berry, 5s; No Name, 10s; Q., 4s; Miss Greer, 5s; D. E. F., 5s; No Name, 10s; H. Frogett, 2s; L. Deilbee, 5s; Mrs. Green, 5s; Mr. T. Fuller, 5s; M. Hammond, 6s; A. D., 3s 6d; C. S., 5s; Mrs. Worth, 1s; Mrs. C. Pile, 5s; Miss Gillard, 5s; Mrs. Boot, £1; T. Rogers, 21s; Mrs. Bartlett, £2 2s; M. Whitaker, 5s; No Name, 5s; Mrs. Buckmaster, 10s 6d; Mrs. Waight, 5s; Mr. and Mrs. Walls, 10s; Miss Hellier, 10s 6d; No Name, 10s; R. Hamilton, 2s 6d; Mrs. Williams, 10s; M. A. Gatehouse, 5s; Mr. Keely, 10s; Mrs. Keely, 10s; Two Friends, 3s; S., 2s; Mrs. Scott, £1; Small Sums, 10s; Mr. Blake, 5s; Mrs. Wilson, 10s; Mr. R. Bowman, £2 2s; Mr. T. Mills, £1 1s; James Wilson, 7s 4d; Mr. Izard, £1; Mrs. Griebel, 10s; Mrs. Hockey, 5s; E. L., 5s; E. W., 5s; T. B. L., 5s; Mr. Orams, 5s; Mr. Gubbins, £1; Mr. P. Headly, 2s 6d; W. G., 10s; W. J. B., £2; Two Friends, 2s; M. Grisold, 1s 6d; Mrs. F., £1; W., 3s 6d; Mrs. Burgess, £2 2s; W. S. Payne, 5s; E. S. W., 2s; Mr. F. Norris, 10s; Dr. Underhill, £3; American Dr., £1; E. W., 2s; Mr. C. Murrell, £2 17s; Mr. Hawkins, 10s; Mrs. Wallis, 5s. Small sums, 20s. Total, £301 9s 5d.

September 16th.—Mr. J. Cox, 5s; Mrs. E. Harris, 5s; Mr. Clare, 2s; B. Romang, 10s; Mr. T. Burn, 2s; T. A. Morris, 2s 6d; Mrs. C. A. Day, 5s; Miss M. A. Candelin, 2s 6d; Dr. Jones, £1; Miss E. Brooks, 2s 6d; Mr. Chapman, 2s 6d; Mrs. Young, £1; Miss H. Candelin, 2s 6d; Mrs. Beavis, 2s; C. E., 2s 6d; Josiah Romang, 10s; Mr. G. Brown, £1; Miss Jane Brown, 10s; Mr. Young, £1; Mr. Cassell, 10s; Two Friends, 10s; Rebecca Bliss, 1s 6d; M. Banister, 2s; Mr. Martin, 1s 6d; Mr. A. Cassell, 5s; Mrs. Yearron, 2s; Miss O. G. Hudson, 2s 6d; Mrs. Vezey, 2s; Susan Bradford, 2s 6d; J. Pemberton, 2s; Woolford, 5s; C. Maynard, 2s 6d; E. and T. W., 3s; Miss E. Bradford, 10s; E. A., M., 5s; Mr. Eley, 4s; Jane Wheeler, 3s; E. and L. Fudge, 5s; C. C., 2s 6d; Mr. J. Price, 4s; Mr. T. Steer, 7s; Mr. and Mrs. Chate, 10s; Mrs. G. Brown, 10s; Mr. and Mrs. Brook, £1; Mrs. M. Medwin, 2s 6d; T. Hayward, 2s 6d; M. E. Spall, 2s 6d; M. J. Spall, 2s 6d; W. and S. Hice, 5s; F. R., £1; Miss Currier, 5s; Mr. J. B. Spencer, 5s; Miss A. Moore, 3s; Mrs. Gatehouse, 10s; Mrs. Monk, 5s; Mr. W. Rea, £2 2s; Mr. C. E. Harris, 5s; Mrs. Coveney, 5s; Mr. J. Morgan, 10s; M. Stoares, 10s; Mr. E. Harris, 5s; Messrs. Hall, 5s; Mr. F. Craggs, 5s; W. H. W., 2s; Mr. Bright, 11s 6d; Miss L. Day, 1s; Mr. A. J. Chaplin, 2s; Mr. and Mrs. Blundstone, £1; Mr. Reed, £1; Mr. C. Boulton, 4s; Mr. G. Small, 5s; Mr. W. Buck, 2s 6d; Mrs. Adams, 5s; Mrs. Pomroy, 2s 6d; Mr. Medwin, 2s; Mr. Spencer, 5s; Mrs. James Boulter, 5s; Mr. and Mrs. Teakle, 5s; Mr. Hart, 2s 6d; Mrs. Brown, 4s; Mary Kiernan, 5s; Lydia Jerry, 5s; A. Howard, 5s; Mrs. C. Wilson, 7s; E. King, 2s 6d; Mrs. E. Wilson, 2s 6d; Mrs. Gould, 2s; Nellie Hubbard, 2s 6d; E. T. H., 5s; Mr. J. Wardell, 5s; Mrs. Boulter, 5s; Mr. and Mrs. Bantick, £1; Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, 5s; A. Hammond, 2s 6d; Mr. and Mrs. Dennis, 5s; Mrs. Bowker, 5s 6d; Mr. Willcox, £1 2s; Mrs. Taylor, £1 1s; Mr. Reed, £2 2s; Mrs. Ballard, 10s; Mrs. Cline, 5s; E. Mackie, 2s 6d; Mrs. Marriott, 2s; Mr. F. Bond, 10s; Mrs. Goodwin, 5s; Mr. Doddington, 2s 6d; Miss Crockett, 5s; Miss S. C. Wheatley, 10s; Mr. J. H. Owers, 2s 6d; E. A., 5s; Mr. and Mrs. Brock, 5s; Mrs. Fastier, 6s; Mrs. Ashley, 2s 6d; Mr. L. French, 3s; C. E. Cocking, 5s; M. J. Cocking, 5s; Clara B., 2s; Emily B., 2s; Mr. D. Mear, 2s 6d; Emma Parfitt, 2s 6d; Mr. G. Blackett, 2s; Mrs. K. Wheatley, 10s; Mr. G. Marsland, 2s 6d; Mr. H. Mitchell, 4s; Mr. H. Barrett, 5s; L. E., 2s; A. H., 2s; Mrs. E. Williams, 10s; Mrs. Watkins, 2s; Miss J. Green, 2s; Miss Stone, 5s; Mr. Court, 10s; E. Groom, 5s; Mr. Day, £1; Mrs. Day, £1; Miss J. Day, £1; Mrs. Priestly, 2s 6d; Mrs. Curney, 10; Mrs. C. D. Hall, 2s 6d; Y. S., 5s; Mrs. M. Hall, 3s; E. S., 2s 6d; Miss Bray, 2s 6d; Mr. and Mrs. Pudney, 5s; Mr. F. Morris, 5s; Jane W., 5s; S. Abbott, £1; Mr. E. Brice, 3s; Mrs. Abbott, 10s; Mr. G. Hall, 5s; E. S., 5s; Mr. T. Mitchell, 5s; Mr. H. Blundstone, 5s; Miss E. Roberts, 2s 6d; Mr. W. Hubbard, 2s 6d; Mr. Raybould, £1 10s; E. Ward, 5s; Mrs. Cornell, 5s; Mrs. Barnes, 3s; Mr. G. A. Green, £1 1s; Mr. E. Debby, 2s; Mr. G. W. Johnson, 10s; Mr. S. Cramp, 3s; Mrs. Seakins, 4s; Mrs. Paris, 5s; Mr. R. O. Cocking, £1 1s; Mr. and Mrs. Stracey, 5s; Mr. Evans, 2s; Mrs. Pearce, £1 1s;

Miss E. Pearce, £1 1s; E. M., 10s; Mrs. Allum, 5s; Mrs. Duncombe, £1; Mr. J. Whitmee, 5s; Mr. H. Barnes, 5s; Mr. J. Lewis, £1; Mrs. Witton, 2s 6d; Mr. C. Paris, 4s; Mr. W. W. Rogers, 2s; Ellen Groom, 3s; Susan Cornell, 2s 6d; E. Norman, 2s 6d; T. Crowther, 5s; Ruth, 5s; William Green, 10s; A. Yeoman, 2s; Mrs. Tanner, 2s; Miss Leonard, 5s; J. Hound, 6s; W. Davies, 3s; Mrs. Bateman, 10s; Jane Mitchell, £1; Jane Groom, 2s; Mr. and Mrs. Izod, 10s; M. A. Padgett, 2s 6d; No Name, £1; A. W. R., 10s; Mr. A. Clark, 4s; Miss Descroix, 2s; E. Pawley, 3s; Mr. E. Priestley, 2s 6d; Mr. R. Groom, 5s; Mr. O. A. Hockey, 2s; Mr. M. A. Burton, 5s; Miss Dummer, 10s; Miss Wilson, 4s; Miss Hampton, 5s; Mrs. C. Grant, 5s; Mrs. Ellen Barrett, 11s; A Debtor, 2s 6d; Mr. Rowbrick, 3s; H. M., £1; Mr. Shepherd, 5s; Mrs. Passfield, 5s; Miss Everett, 10s; G. M., 2s; Friend, 2s 6d; Mr. Fastier, 10s; Odd Sum, £17 15 1d; Mr. Wadland, 2s 6d; J. Hunt, 5s; L. Archer, 5s; Miss Heritage, £2 2s; J. S., £3; 9, Churchyard Row, 2s 6d; A. Ellerington, 4s; Numbers 6, 24, 26, 5s; per Mr. Murrell, £2; Mr. Toogood, £2 2s; Mr. Davies, 5s; Miss Hazell, 5s; M. Wilcox, 2s 6d; Mr. G. Smith, 2s 6d; John Bunyan, 2s 6d; Mr. W. R. Everett, 10s; Thos. and J. Spreadbury, 10s 6d; A Widow, 2s 6d; Mrs. Doddington, 2s 6d; Mr. and Mrs. Crane, 5s; Odd Sum, £2 6s; Bible Class (Mr. Perkins), £14 10; Mr. Rickards, 10s; Miss Jephreys, 2s; Mrs. Scott, 10; E. S., 10s; E. S., 10s; A. C., 5s; Miss Lawson, 5s; Mr. and Mrs. Grant, £1 1s; A Friend, 4s; A Friend, 5s; Mr. Searl, 10s; J., 5s; Miss Fells, 10s; Miss Thompson, 2s; Miss Ney, 4s; Mr. Buckland, £1; Mrs. Hill, £1; Mr. and Mrs. Coo, £2; Mr. Hawkins, £1; George, £1; Hephzibah, 10s; R. H. P., £1; Mrs. Hardwick, 5s; Mrs. Hardwick, 2s; Mr. Willis, 5s; Miss Ranford, 3s; Mr. Sutcliffe, £1; Mrs. Allbury, 5s; No Name, 4s; Mrs. Hall, 5s; Mrs. Biss, 2s 6d; Mr. Lobb, £1; Mrs. Cox, 6s; Mrs. Ainger, 2s; Miss Dixon, 3s; Mrs. Austin, 15s; H. T., 2s 6d; T. A. B., 5s; Mrs. Vince, 7s; B. Padgett, 2s 6d; Padbury, 5s; Mrs. Hill, £1; Mrs. Brown and Daughter, 5s; Mr. Monk, 5s; Mrs. Wilson, 5s; Mr. Miller, 5s; S. H., £1 1s; Mr. and Mrs. Fergusson, £2; C. C., 10s 6d; Mrs. D—, 10; T. R., 10s; H. B. B., 10s; Mr. Armitage, 11s; Mr. Beddall, £1; Mr. Wheeler, £2; Mr. Denwick, 10s; Mr. Goodwyn, 5s; Mr. Everett, £1; Mrs. Lacey, 5s; A Friend, 10s; A Friend, 2s 6d; Mr. and Mrs. Ross, 3s; One of Mr. Brown's Congregation, 10s; Mr. White, 6s; Mr. Hales, 5s; Mr. Craggy, 5s; Mr. T. E. Davis, £2. Total, £162 19s 1d.

September 20th.—Mr. T. Greenwood, £130; F. N., 2s; S. Penning, 2s 6d; Without Name (two), 5s; A. L., 2s 6d; 1446, 10s 6d; Miss Farrant, 2s 6d; A Sister, 5s; C. W., 5s; No Name, 5s; Mr. Angus, £2; Mr. T. Benham, 10s 6d; per Mr. Coo, 2s; Miss Figg, 10s 6d; Mr. Monro, 10s; Mr. Oxley, £1 1s; No Name, 10s; Mr. James Lang, £1; Mrs. Alldis, £1 1s; No Name, 4s 6d; Miss Poulton, 5s; A Thankoffering, 10s 6d; Mr. Stiff, £50. Total, £190 6s. Total received during month, £1,218 7s 5d.

Further Contributions Received by H. Rylands Brown.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Per Rev. I. I. Deane, Broom-		
ley and Broomhaugh:—		
Mrs. S. Richardson ...	0 5 0	
Mrs. I. Richardson ...	0 5 0	
Mrs. P. Marshall ...	0 10 0	
Mr. Silas Angus ...	0 10 0	
Mr. A. Wood ...	0 5 0	
Miss A. Angus ...	0 5 0	
Collection at Broomley		
and Broomhaugh ...	2 2 6	
		4 2 6
Per Rev. Mr. Turner, Tonbridge:—		
D. Phillips, Southboro ...		1 0 0
Per Rev. R. I. Mesquita:—		
Mr. B. Richardson ...	1 0 0	

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Mrs. Duncan ...	1 0 0	
Miss Richardson ...	1 10 0	
Proceeds of Lecture by R.		
I. Mesquita ...	1 10 0	
Mr. A. Richardson ...	2 0 0	
		7 0 0
Per Rev. Mr. Morris, West-		
minster:—		
A Friend ...		0 10 0
Per Rev. Mr. Thomason ...		5 12 6
Per Rev. Mr. Skelly ...		1 7 0
Per P. I. Ward ...		1 0 0
Per Rev. Mr. Sones ...		2 0 0
Rev. A. McDougall ...		1 1 0

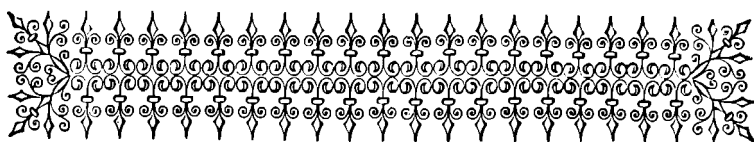
Colportage Association.

	£ s. d.
Mrs. Barber, for Ledbury District	
(quarterly) ...	10 0 0
"H. M." (quarterly) ...	10 0 0
Maldon, Essex, per Mr. S. Spurgeon	
(quarterly) ...	2 10 0
Worcester Evangelistic and Colportage	
Association (quarterly), for	
Three Agents ...	30 0 0
Elders' Bible Class, Metropolitan	
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THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

NOVEMBER, 1874.

Shoes for Pilgrims and Warriors.

A THURSDAY EVENING HOMILY, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.”—Ephesians vi. 15.



THE Christian was evidently intended to be in motion, for here are shoes for his feet. His head is provided with a helmet, for he is to be thoughtful; his heart is covered with a breastplate, for he is to be a man of feeling; his whole nature is protected by a shield, for he is called to endurance and caution; but that he is to be active is certain, for a sword is provided for his hand to use, and sandals with which his feet are to be shod. To suppose that a Christian is to be motionless as a post, and inanimate as a stone, or merely pensive as a weeping willow, and passive as a reed shaken by the wind, is altogether a mistake. God worketh in us, and his grace is the great motive power which secures our salvation; but he does not so work in us as to chloroform us into unconscious submission, or engineer us into mechanical motion, but he arouses all our activities by working in us “to will and to do of his good pleasure. Grace imparts healthy life, and life rejoices in activity. The Lord never intended his people to be automaton worked by clockwork, or statues cold and dead, but he meant them to have life, to have it more abundantly, and in the power of that life to be full of energy. It is true he makes us lie down in green pastures, but equally certain is it that he leads us onward beside the still waters. A true believer is an active person, he has feet, and uses them.

Now, he who marches meets with stones, or if as a warrior he dashes into the thick of the conflict he is assailed with weapons, and therefore

he needs to be shod suitably, to meet his perils. The active and energetic Christian meets with temptations which do not happen to others. Idle persons can scarcely be said to be in danger, they are a stage beyond that, and are already overcome; Satan scarcely needs to tempt them, they rather tempt him, and are a fermenting mass, in which sin multiplies exceedingly, a decaying body around which the vultures of vice are sure to gather: but earnest laborious believers are sure to be assailed, even as fruit-bearing trees are certain to be visited by the birds. Satan cannot bear a man who serves God earnestly, he does damage to the arch-enemy's dominions, and therefore he must be incessantly assailed. The prince of darkness will try, if he can, to injure the good man's character, to break his communion with God, to spoil the simplicity of his faith, to make him proud of what he is doing, or to make him despair of success. In some way or other he will, if possible, bruise the worker's heel, or trip him up, or lame him altogether. Because of all these dangers infinite mercy has provided gospel shoes for the believer's feet, shoes of the best kind, such as only those warriors wear who serve the Lord of Hosts.

We shall at this time first examine the shoes, and then try them on.

I. Our first duty is to **EXAMINE THE SHOES**, which are provided for us by our Captain, and in doing so we are delighted to find that *they come from a blessed Maker*, for the feet of the believer are to be shod with a divine *preparation*. Many preparations and inventions are used for protecting feet, but this is a preparation in which infinite skill has been displayed, and the same wisdom put forth as in the gospel, which is the master-piece of God. Every portion of the gospel is from God, and all the influence which makes it a gospel of peace is his, and we are therefore thankful to find that we are to wear "the preparation of the gospel of peace." It were not meet that he who is helmeted with divine salvation should be shod with a mere human production; having begun in the Spirit, it would be strange to be made perfect in the flesh. We would not be like the image of the monarch's dream whose head was gold and whose feet were clay. We rejoice that all the pieces of armour which compose our panoply come forth from the celestial Armourer, whose productions are without a flaw.

We are glad to find that *the shoes are made of excellent material*, for they are composed of the "preparation of the gospel of peace"; and what better material can there be than the gospel—the gospel of peace, and that peace which grows out of the gospel? This is what is meant. We believe in a gospel which was formed in the purpose of God from all eternity, designed with infinite wisdom, wrought out at an enormous expense, costing nothing less than the blood of Jesus, brought home by infinite power, even by the might of the Holy Spirit; a gospel full of blessings, any one of which would outweigh a world in price; a gospel as free as it is full, a gospel everlasting and immutable, a gospel of which we can never think too much, whose praises we can never exaggerate! It is from this choice gospel that its choicest essence is taken, namely, its peace; and from this peace those sandals are prepared with which a man may tread on the lion and the adder, yea, and on the fierce burning coals of malice, slander, and persecution. What better shoes can our souls require?

What matchless material for girding the pilgrim's foot is that which is here mentioned, namely, the peace which comes from the gospel, the preparation of heart and life, which springs of a full knowledge, reception, and experience of the gospel in our souls! What does it mean? It means, first, that *a sense of perfect peace with God* is the grandest thing in all the world to travel through life with. Let a man know that his sins are forgiven him for Christ's name's sake, that he is reconciled to God by the death of his Son, and that between him and God there is no ground of difference,—what a joyful pilgrim he becomes! When we know that as the Lord looks on us his glance is full of infinite, undivided affection, that he sees us in Jesus Christ as cleansed from every speck of sin, and as “accepted in the beloved,” that by virtue of a complete atonement we are for ever reconciled to God, then do we march through life without fear, booted and buskined for all the exigencies of the way, yea, ready to plunge through fire and water, thorn and thistle, brake and briar, without fear. A man at peace with God dreads neither the ills of life nor the terrors of death; poverty, sickness, persecution, pain have lost their sting when sin is pardoned. What is there that a man needs to fear when he knows that in no affliction will there be any trace of the judicial anger of God, but all will come from a Father's hand, and work his lasting good? Goliath had greaves of brass upon his legs, but he is better armed who wears a full assurance of peace with God through the gospel; he shall tread down his enemies, and crush them as grapes in the winepress. His stores shall be iron and brass, and shod with them he shall stand upon the high places of the earth, and his feet shall not slip. Achilles received a deadly wound in the heel, but no arrow can pierce the heel of the man whose foot is sandalled with reconciliation by atoning blood. Many a warrior has fainted on the march and dropped from the ranks exhausted, but no weariness of the way can happen to the man who is upheld by the eternal God, for his strength shall daily be renewed.

The preparation of the gospel of peace here mentioned must be understood to comprehend more than the legal peace of justification by faith: if we would enjoy the fullest comfort of the well-shod pilgrim we must have the exceeding peace which springs from intimate, undisturbed communion with God. We should pray not only to feel that we have been brought out of our natural enmity into peace with God, so as to be no more culprits but children, but also to dwell in the full joy of our new relationship. It is a sweet thing for a child of God to feel that he is so acting that his heavenly Father has no reason for walking contrary to him. You know right well that as a child of God you will not be condemned and cast away as an alien, but you also know that as a child you may greatly displease your Father, and render it needful for him to frown upon you and visit you with stripes; now this you should with the utmost diligence and prayerfulness labour to prevent. There are times when the Lord of pilgrims hides his face from them in sore displeasure, and then it is very hard travelling. Life is “a great and terrible wilderness” when the Lord's presence is withdrawn. The more a man loves the Lord the more does he suffer when there is a temporary suspension of happy communion between his soul and heaven, and he cannot be happy again till he knows that

he is fully restored to the paternal favour. Oh, child of God, you will very soon have your feet torn with the briars of the way if you do not abide in fellowship with God. When Adam had lost his oneness with God he found out that he was naked, and so will you if you lose your communion with Jesus. Where before you dashed onward as with a charmed life, treading the world and all its cares beneath your feet, you will find yourself pierced with many sorrows, bleeding with acute griefs, scratched, torn, lacerated with trials, losses, crosses and annoyances endless. If we continue in the love of Jesus, pleasing him in all things, jealously watching and carefully observing his will, our mind will be kept by the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, and our road to heaven will be a pleasant one: it may indeed be very rough in itself and in the judgment of others, but it will be so smoothed to us by the peace which reigns within that we shall glory in infirmity, exult in suffering, and triumph in distress, knowing that the Lord is with us, and no harm can come unto us. Thus you see that the peace which comes of justification, and the fuller peace which arises from enjoying the love of God, are a grand preparation for our life's journey, a shoe for the foot unrivalled in excellence.

It is also a grand sandal for a pilgrim's foot when the gospel of peace has fully conformed his mind to the Lord's will. Some children of God are not at peace with God because they do not fully acquiesce in the divine purposes; to them the pilgrim path must be a painful one, for nothing can please them, their unmortified self-will creates swarms of vexations for them; but to hearts which have crucified self, and yielded all to the will of God, the most thorny paths are pleasant. He who can say concerning all things, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight," is shod for all ways and weathers, and may march on undismayed. Fully conformed to the divine will, saints are invulnerable and invincible, "none shall be weary nor stumble among them, neither shall the latchet of their shoes be broken."

"They hold by nothing here below,
Appoint their journey and they go;
Through joy or grief they march the same,
Triumphant still in Jesu's name."

Surely it is when the heart is completely at one with God that the true beauty of the Christian character is seen. Then it is that the heavenly Bridegroom cries out, "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter." Then, too, the church in her tribulation becomes bright and glorious, like her Lord, of whom we read, "His feet are like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace." Shod with perfect delight in the will of the Lord, we are able to surmount all the difficulties and trials of the way, for it becomes sweet to suffer when we see that it is the will of God. Resignation is good, but perfect acquiescence is better, and happy, thrice happy is the man who feels it. No silver sandals were ever so precious, no buskins of golden mail adorned with precious stones were so glorious to look upon as a mind moulded to the divine will, perfectly in tune with the mind of the Lord most High.

The preparation of the gospel of peace, you thus see, is, in many aspects, the fittest help for our journey to the promised land, and he

who has his feet shod with it need not fear the flinty ways, the craggy rocks, or the thorny defiles.

But the gospel of peace has another side to it, for it not only brings us peace with God, but it inspires us with *peace towards ourselves*. Civil war is the worst of war, and for a man to be at discord with himself is the worst of strife; the worst peril of Christian pilgrimage is that which arises from the pilgrim's own self, and if he be ill at ease within himself, his course cannot be a happy one. The prayer of the evening hymn is very suggestive,

"That with the world, *myself*, and thee,
I, e'er I sleep, at peace may be."

It is a most needful matter to have peace at home. It is a cruel case for a man when his own heart condemns him; to whom shall he look for a defence when his own conscience indicts him, and all his faculties turn king's evidence against him? It is to be feared that many believers habitually do that which they would not like to be questioned upon by the rule of the word of God; they have to close their eyes to many passages of Scripture, or else they would be uneasy in their consciences. Brethren, this makes wretched travelling; it is like walking through a wood with naked feet. If you cannot satisfy your own heart that you are right, you are in a sad case indeed, and the sooner matters are altered the better. But if a man can say, before the living God, "I know that what I am about to do is right; and whatever comes of it, I have a pure motive, and the Lord's sanction to sustain me in it," then he proceeds to action with a nimble tread. Such a pilgrim is girt for roughest ways, and will hold on his way joyfully to the end. Rest of conscience shoes us right well, but a question as to the rightness of our procedure makes us barefooted. Come what may, if we order our ways with reverent regard to the Lord's commands, we shall be able to confront the future with serenity, for we shall not have to accuse ourselves of bringing ourselves into trouble by sin, or losing our joys by indulging in forbidden things. When the believer falls into any trouble through having been zealous for God, then may he spread his complaint before God, with the full expectation that he will bring him out of all his difficulties, for is it not written, "The steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord, not one of his steps shall slide"? Oh, to walk in such a way that your conscience is void of offence both towards God and towards man; then integrity and uprightness will preserve you, and your goings will be established. "He keepeth the feet of his saints." "He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

While travelling through the mazes of life, another form of the preparation of the gospel of peace will be of essential service to us, namely, peace with *our fellow men*. The gospel of peace leads us into the closest bonds of amity with our fellow believers, although, alas, it is not always possible to prevent offences arising, even with the best of them. If we cannot make all our brethren amiable we are at least to be at peace on our side, and, if we succeed in this, no great disagreement can arise, for it always needs two to make a quarrel. It

is well to go to bed every night, feeling I have no difference in my soul with any one of the members of Christ's body, I wish well to every one, and love them all in my heart. This would enable us to travel in right royal style over fields which now are often stony with controversy, and thorny with prejudice. Theological conflicts, and ecclesiastical squabbles would utterly disappear if we were shod with the true spirit of the gospel of peace. An unwillingness to think hardly of any Christian brother is a sandal most easy to the foot, protecting it from many a thorn. Wear it in the church, wear it in all holy service, wear it in all intercourse with Christian men, and you will find your way amongst the brethren greatly smoothed; you will win their love and esteem ere long, and avoid a world of jealousy and opposition which would otherwise have impeded your course.

It is well to travel girt with this shoe of peace *with all mankind*. "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." It is barely possible, but aim at it, and if you do not perfectly succeed try again. Unconverted men will not love your religion, for they are carnal; that you cannot help, but you must love them, carnal as they are, and by degrees you may win them to love both you and your Lord. If they will not live peaceably with you, yet give them your love, and live peaceably with them. Be not easily provoked, bear and forbear, forgive and love on, return good for evil, seek to benefit even the most unthankful, and you will travel to heaven in the pleasantest possible manner. Hatred, and envy, and persecution may come, but a loving spirit materially blunts their edge, and oftentimes inherits the promise, "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." If you have to feel, "Now I am going this part of the journey with the view of avenging a wrong," you will not journey pleasantly or safely; but if from the depth of your soul you can say, "When Christ made peace with God for me, he made peace between me and my bitterest foe," you will march on like a hero. Travel through the world as a sincere philanthropist, with your feet shod with love to all of woman born, and your course will be happy and honourable. God grant us that loving spirit which comes of free grace, and is the work of the Holy Spirit, for that is a mystic sandal which gives wings to the feet, and lightens a weary road.

Having thus described these gospel shoes, I should like to say that the feet of our Lord and Master were sandalled in this manner. He was the king of pilgrims, and to him the way was even rougher than it can be to us; but these were the shoes he wore, and having worn them he counsels us to put on the like. "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you," saith he. Evermore while he dwelt in this world he was in fellowship with God; he could truly say, "I came not to do my own will, but the will of him that sent me. He that sent me is with me. I am not alone, because the Father is with me." Ever did he seek the good of his chosen, "having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them to the end." And as for his enemies, he had only prayers and tears for them; he was at peace with all above, around, and within him. That peaceableness of his, that wonderful serenity, was one of the marvellous points in his character. You never find him worried, disturbed, flustered. No, that is our infirmity, because

we put our shoes off and are taken by surprise, but his feet were always shod: he dwelt in perfect peace, and therefore he was the grandest pilgrim and the noblest worker. We cannot need to be better shod than our Lord was; let us sandal our hearts with his peace, and we shall be royally prepared for our journey.

I may add that these shoes are such as will last all our journey through. We feel most comfortable in our old shoes, for they fit the foot so well, but they will wear out at last: these shoes of my text are old, yet ever new, and are like those which Israel wore in the wilderness, of which it is said, "Thy foot did not swell, neither did thy shoes wax old upon thee." The everlasting gospel yields us everlasting peace. The good news from heaven never grows stale, neither will the peace which it brings ever become like the Gibeonites "old shoes and clouted." The man who wears the preparation of the gospel of peace was comforted by it when he was young, and it still cheers him in his later days; it made him a good traveller when he first set out, and it will protect his last footsteps when he crosses the river Jordan, and climbs the celestial hills.

Friends, are ye all thus booted for your life-journey? See ye well to it.

II. We come now to our second business: LET US TRY ON THESE SHOES.

Here our joy is great to find that *they fit perfectly*, and need no tugging and straining to draw them on. By a miracle more strange than magic the preparation of the gospel of peace suits every foot, whether it be that of a babe in grace, or a strong man in Christ Jesus. No man can travel well, much less engage in battle successfully, unless his dress is comfortable, especially that part of it which relates to the feet, and here we have the grand advantage that no foot was ever uneasy when once it had put on this shoe. Mephibosheths who have been lame in both feet even from their birth have found this shoe work miracles, and cause them to leap as harts upon the mountains. The gospel of peace helps all our infirmities, heals all the wounds of our old sins, and suits itself to all our tender places. Whatever the weakness may be, the gospel provides for it; whatever the distress, its peace relieves it. Other shoes have their pinching places, but he that wears the preparation of the gospel of peace shall know no straitness of spirit, for the gospel gives rest to our minds. Real gospel, really believed, means real peace. That which disturbs us is something alien to the spirit of the gospel, but the spirit of Christ is the spirit of peace. Who would not wear such a shoe?

The preparation of the gospel of peace is a wonderful shoe for *giving its wearer a firm foothold*. Surely it was of this shoe that Habakkuk sung when he said, "The Lord God is my strength, and he will make my feet like hinds' feet, and he will make me to walk upon mine high places." When persons are on slippery rocks, or dangerous eminences, where a fall would be fatal, it is well to be so shod that the feet can get grip and hold. Nothing aids a man to stand fast in the Lord like the peace of the gospel. Many professors are very soon thrown over; they are attacked with doctrinal error, and they yield readily; they are assailed by temptation, and their feet go from

under them ; but the man who has perfect peace with God, and who relies upon the Most High, shall never be moved, for the Lord upholdeth him. His shoes have driven themselves into eternal verities, and hold like anchors. Tell him the atonement is not true, preach up to him the bloodless neology of modern thought, and he ridicules the ineffectual attempt, because he knows whom he has believed, and feels a heavenly peace within flowing from the substitutionary sacrifice. Tell him that the doctrines of grace are a mistake, that salvation is all of free will and man's merit ; and he says, "Nay, but I know better. I know the doctrines of sovereign grace to be true by experience ; I know I am God's chosen ; I know that I am called, I know that I am justified, for I know that I have peace with God, as the result of all these." You cannot move him an inch, his creed is interwoven with his personal consciousness, and there is no arguing him out of it. In these days of scepticism, when no man seems to have any resting place, it is well to be so shod that you can and do stand on the truth, and cannot be blown about like thistledown in the breeze.

The shoe of our text is equally famous for its *suitability for marching* in the ways of daily duty. Soldiers have little time for contemplating the comfort of their shoes, or their fitness for mere standing, for they have daily marchings to perform. We, too, have our marchings, and as far as some of us are concerned they are no mere parades, but heavy marches, involving stern toil and protracted effort. A soul at perfect peace with God is in a fit state for the severest movements. A sense of pardoned sin, and reconciliation with God, fits us for anything and everything. When the burden of sin is gone all other burdens are light. Since we are no longer on the road to hell the roughest places of our pilgrimage do not distress us. In every sphere a heart at perfect peace with God is the soundest preparation for progress, and the surest support under trials. Try on these shoes, my brethren, and see if they do not enable you to run without weariness, and walk without fainting. All earth cannot find their like, they are unrivalled, they make men like the angels, to whom duty is delight.

These gospel shoes are also an *effectual preservative* from all the ordinary roughnesses of the road of life, although to most of us it is far from smooth. He who expects to find a grassy walk all the way to heaven well mown and rolled, or looks for a highway levelled by a steam-roller, will be sorrowfully mistaken. The way is rugged, like the goat tracks of Engedi, and oftentimes so narrow and so far on high that the eagle's eye cannot discern it ; the blood of former pilgrims stains the way to glory ; yet from all perils to our feet the preparation of the gospel of peace will guard us, from fears within and fightings without gospel peace will surely deliver us. Perhaps we are more vexed with little trials than with great ones, certainly we bear them with far less equanimity ; but a peaceful heart protects alike from tiny thorns and terrible rocks. Everyday vexations as well as extraordinary tribulations we shall bear cheerfully when the peace of God keeps our heart and mind.

Beloved, this shoe is also *good for climbing*. Do you ever practise the holy art of spiritual climbing, God's blessed Spirit leading the way ? Do you ever climb Mount Tabor to be transfigured with your Master ?

Have you watched with him one hour, and seen his conflict and his victory? Have you ever looked from Pisgah's glorious heights upon the goodly land and Lebanon, anticipating the glory to be revealed? Has your spirit ever been away there alone in mysterious communings with God upon the Hermons? I trust you know what climbing work means, and that you have enjoyed rapt ecstatic fellowship with Jesus Christ; but of this I am sure, you can never mount on high if your feet are not shod with the peace of God. Unshod with these sacred sandals, there is no climbing. Only those who delight themselves in the Lord God shall ascend the hill of the Lord and stand in his holy place.

The heart prepared by peace with God is shod suitably for *running* as well as climbing. There are periods when all our energies must be put forth, and we must rush forward at the heroic pace, for at certain passages in life's campaign things must be carried by storm, and every faculty must dash forward at its swiftest speed. We cannot at all times keep up the swiftness which, nevertheless, is occasionally required of us, but the man for a push and a dash is he whose soul abides in peace. Troubled in heart our foot is blistered, our knee is weak, and our movements are painfully slow, but the joy of the Lord is our strength, and in the power of it we become like Asahel, fleet of foot as a young roe. Try on these shoes, my limping brother! What say you?

Lastly, this shoe is good for *fighting*; and that I gather from Paul having put it among the armour. In the old style, fighting meant hand to hand and foot to foot, and then it was needful for the feet to be well protected, and indeed so well covered over as to be useful in assault, for the warriors spurned with their feet as well as smote with their hands, and many a foe was placed *hors de combat* with a heavy kick. Christian men are expected to fight with their feet in the battle against sin and Satan, indeed they must fight with all their powers and faculties. That grand promise has been given us, "The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly." What a tread we will give him when we once have the opportunity! We shall need to have our feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace to break that old dragon's head, and grind his snares to powder, and, God helping us, we shall do it. Our covenant head has trampled on the old serpent, and so shall all his members.

Let this suffice concerning these shoes; but a serious question suggests itself to me. Are there not some of you who have to travel to eternity, and yet have no shoes for the journey? How can the unconverted man hope to reach heaven when he has no shoe to his foot? How will he bear the troubles of life, the temptations of the flesh, and the trials of death? I pray you unconverted ones look at yourselves, and at the way, and see how impossible it is for you to accomplish the journey unless you go to Jesus and obtain from him the grace which will make you pilgrims to glory. Go, I pray you, and find peace in him, and then your life-journey shall be happy and safe, and the end eternal joy, for your feet will be shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.

A Hit for the Boys.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

BLESS their hearts, I had forgotten the boys till one of their number wrote to tell me that he always liked to read the magazine, but sometimes wished I would say a word to him and those of his own age. I am right glad that the boys do read *The Sword and the Trowel*; indeed, I take it as one of the highest compliments which could be passed upon my editorial labours. Do you know, boys, some great swell who did not like my plain way of speaking once took the trouble to write and tell me he had met with some poor negroes who were reading my sermons with great delight, and for his part he did not wonder at it, he said, for in his wise opinion, my discourses were *just such as ignorant black people would be sure to relish*. No doubt he thought I should have a terrible fit of the blues after that slap in the face, but instead thereof I was as jubilant as I knew how to be, and praised God with my whole heart, because even an enemy admitted that the Lord had taught me how to reach the hearts of the poor. It is very clear that what ignorant blacks can understand the intelligent whites may understand if they like; and so I gathered that my sermons were clear enough to be understood by anybody who was not so conceited as to darken his own mind with pride. Now, if boys read *The Sword and the Trowel* it cannot be said to shoot over people's heads, nor can it be said to be very dull and dreary.

But, boys, what shall I say to you? You are growing up, and will soon be men, and therefore I will not write to amuse you, for you are getting out of that, but will ask you to put on your considering caps and be sober for a few minutes. I hear that you think yourselves too old to go to Sunday-school, now that you are getting on to fifteen or more. Well, there's something in that! Of course you do not want to learn the same elementary things as when you were quite children; you almost feel your whiskers coming through, and therefore you are conscious of becoming *young men*, and therefore do not want to be treated like babies! I say again, there is something in that! But I do not think there is very much. I think many boys make great donkeys of themselves by trying to be men before they are so. I have smiled at them myself, and wondered how they could be so absurd. Their little stick-up collars, and other silly mimicries of older folks, make them look like mannikins, and not at all like men: they might have made first-class boys, but as men they are very third-rate indeed. Cæsar thought he would rather be first man in a village than second in Rome; and I think I would rather be first among boys than be the last joint in the tail of the hobbdehoya, who are neither men nor boys. A word to the wise will be sufficient here.

So you feel too old to be with your teacher any longer? Well, what do you mean to do? Will it not be well to ask admission into a senior class? With a superior teacher such a class will be of great service to you, even for years to come, and you need never feel that you are beyond it, till you become a teacher yourself, or engage in some other

work. It is well to be either taught or teaching, and it is best of all to be both a scholar and a teacher throughout the whole of life. We have classes at the Tabernacle in which there are men of thirty and forty, and I remember one dear old boy of eighty who was the pet of one of the classes, and one of the happiest scholars of the whole bunch. If you can get into such a class you will never feel that you are too old for it. A man who is too old to learn is a great stupid; he may think himself a knowing one, but he knows nothing aright, or he would have a teachable spirit. Don't get notions into your head that you are a somebody, or else I shall be sure you are a nobody. Stick to the old class as long as you can, and when in all soberness you feel that you have outgrown it, then find a better; ask the superintendent about it, or consult your pastor, and something will soon be done for you, at least I hope so.

I earnestly trust that you are not trying in a side way to leave the school altogether. If you mean that, say so, and look the matter in the face, but do not begin finding fault with the teacher and the school, merely because you want to make an excuse for taking yourself off. I have heard of lads who have gone out walking on Sabbath afternoons, because they were too big for Sunday-school, and I very sincerely hope that you are not bent on the same folly. Perhaps you say to me, "What's the harm of walking out on Sunday?" Well, I will tell you. I have seen some of the best lads I ever knew, whom I really hoped were converted, who have taken to this walking business, and not one of them is now worth a button, for any good purpose whatever. My hope was that by this time they would have been among my best workers, flourishing in business and happy in the service of God, but it is not so. The day they left the house of God for "pleasant strolls" was the day of their doom; they became by degrees careless, idle, boastful, loose in talk and loose in life, and made Satan more and more their lord. Whether a thing is bad or not may be seen by its fruit, and there's the fruit of being "too old for Sunday schools and classes." Now, I am sure you do not mean this. You would be sorry to grow up to be despisers of God, and holy things, and therefore I charge you do not take the step which in almost every case leads to such an end.

You have now come to a sort of turning point in the road of life, and it will be well to pause and take matters into account before you go one way or another. Perhaps some very doubtful companion is in a hurry for your answer,—let him wait. *He* would not stand it any longer, he says, but what is that to you, do not be led by the nose by him. Satan tells you that the way of the world and sin is the road to happiness, and to hear idle boys and girls laugh you might almost think so; but looking on a little closer it does not turn out to be so. Did you never notice how hollow the laughing of ungodly young men always sounds? An old friend of mine used to make jokes in which nobody could see the fun but himself, and I have heard friends whisper to one another, "Why don't you laugh? Try and laugh and please the good old soul." But you know it was very awkward to have to laugh to order, and that is just what most of the gay people in the world do, they mimic mirth, and have hardly a taste of real joy. All is not gold that glitters, and

there is a kind of glitter which says as plainly as it can, "This is not gold, but I want you to think it is." It is a silly fish that jumps at every bait; do you wait a while, and look before you leap. If on the whole it would be best to give up all good things and live a wicked life, and die a wretched death, and be lost for ever, you can do all that without being in such a dreadful hurry. Do look about you, and use all the wits you have, so that when your choice is made it may be done with your eyes open, and you may not be quite like the pigs which the farmer carries to any market he likes.

When I was just fifteen, I believed in the Lord Jesus, was baptised, and joined the church of Christ, and nothing upon earth would please me more than to hear that those I am writing to had been led to do the same. It is twenty-five years ago now, and I have never been sorry for what I then did; no, not even once. I have had plenty of time to think it over, and many temptations to try some other course, and if I had found out that I had been deceived or had made a gross blunder I would have made a change before now, and would do my best to prevent others from falling into the same delusion. I tell you, boys, the day I gave myself up to the Lord Jesus to be his servant was the very best day of my life; then I began to be safe and to be happy; then I found out the secret of living, and had a worthy object for my life's exertions, and an unfailing comfort for life's troubles. Because I would wish every boy who reads these lines to have a bright eye, a light tread, a joyful heart and overflowing spirits, I therefore plead with him to consider whether he will not follow my example, for I speak from experience, and know what I say. Once as I stood musing at a window I saw a fly upon it, and made a brush with my hand to catch it. When I opened my hand the fly was not inside, but still in the same place on the glass. Scarcely thinking what I did, I made another rush with my hand, and thought I had captured the insect, but with the same result;—there was the victim, quietly retaining his place in spite of me. *It was on the other side of the glass,* and when I saw that it was so, I smiled at my own folly. Those who attempt to find pleasure out of Christ will experience a like failure, for they are seeking on the wrong side of the glass. When we are on the side of Jesus, and, having believed in him, are cleansed and forgiven, then our pursuit of joy will be successful, but till then we shall labour in vain, and spend our strength for nought. It is of no use digging for coal where the geological strata show that there cannot be any, and equally useless is it to try after happiness where God's word and the experience of those who have gone before us assure us that happiness cannot be found. But then it is all the more needful that we should seek it where it can be had, and give ourselves at once to the search. He who believes in the Lord Jesus is blessed in the deed. What hinders you from so believing? Boys, why should you not, while yet you are boys, believe in the Lord Jesus unto salvation? May the Spirit of God lead you to do so.

We are looking to you, boys, for our future teachers, deacons, elders, and ministers. As a general rule, I find that the best working Christians were converted when they were young. A tree which has been long planted is the more likely to bring forth much fruit. Our great

Captain has found some of his bravest marshals among those soldiers who began as drummer-boys in the army. It is not possible to begin serving the Lord too soon; if we would be eminently useful, the earliest moment is upon all accounts the best. To whom are we to look for successors to ourselves and your fathers but to the uprising race of our sons? The grand old banner of the gospel has been carried by your sires unto this day, will you not uphold it as they have done? Soon must we pass away, for our hair is turning white; it will be our greatest joy if we shall know that our sons will take care that the Lord's work goes on. It will make our hearts leap within us if we see you enlisted in the army of the bleeding Saviour; but if you prove false to your fathers' God, it were better for you and for us that you had never been born. Do not imagine that you cannot now be Christians; the gifts of our heavenly Father's love are not reserved for a certain age: boys may be saved, boys may be workers for Jesus, boys may bring great glory to God. Hence it is that just now, at this particular turning point in your lives, we are anxious to see you resolute for the right way. May the Holy Spirit incline you to resolve to be the Lord's. Others may despise your conscientious choice and make mirth of your holy carefulness, but what matters it? Some of us have been laughed at for these twenty years, and are none the worse for it; we have had all manner of evil spoken falsely of us for Christ's name's sake, but we are all the happier for it. Oh, boys, if you are renewed in heart, and become for life and death the Redeemer's, none can really harm you; all must be right with him who is right with God.

Hold on, then, to the school, and when you cease to be taught, become teachers. Hold on by the Sabbath-services, and all the ordinances of the house of the Lord, and say like Ruth to Naomi, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Since I wrote the above paragraphs I met with a capital book, entitled "The Children's Hour," by Mr. Charles Bruce,* and it occurred to me that one of its very telling chapters would just piece in with mine, and might do you good. I have put it in small type, for my space is precious and your eyes are good.

"In a green and fruitful valley, formed by two high hills, stood a cottage, covered with ivy and honey-suckle, and with the monthly rose growing near the door. Its roof was a thatch of yellow straw; its walls were brick and cement, whitewashed over, and the door of good stout oak. The front windows of the cottage looked into a small flower garden, and from thence down the village street; the door and windows at the back opened into an orchard of fruit trees, and beyond them into green meadows.

"When the morning sun peeped over one of the two hills it flooded the cottage and all around it with bright light; and when it sunk to rest behind the other, the evening sky was flushed with rosy splendour, and its last beams lingered on some of its windows. In the quiet hush of evening, or the still deeper solemn hush of night, could be faintly heard the everlasting moan of the restless sea as its waters beat upon the shore miles and miles away.

"The rooms of this cottage were plainly but tastefully furnished; carpets

* *The Children's Hour. Addresses to Young Congregations about Houses, Flowers, Ships, Books, &c., &c.* By Charles Bruce. Our friend Mr. Paxton Hood introduces this book with a commendation, and it richly deserves his good word. To Sabbath-school teachers it would be very useful and suggestive. The addresses are fresh, lively, tolling, and in all ways admirable.

were spread upon the floor, curtains arranged at the windows, books scattered over the tables, and a few choice paintings and water-coloured drawings hung on the walls, representing incidents of heroic adventure and achievement. On a table in the best room stood a curiously made lamp, but not burning; either there was no oil or some one had neglected to trim and light it.

"In this cottage dwelt a handsome youth, with blue eyes, golden hair, and delicate skin; he had attained to that age when the boy was merging, or rather growing into the young man, and began to feel all the restless impulses and ambitions which mark that period of life. He had lived all his life in the cottage, but until very recently had never thoroughly realised that the cottage and all it contained was his own. Now, however, he was very proud to be able to call it his, and took great pleasure in adorning and making it beautiful; since the fact of ownership had dawned clearly upon his mind, he it was who had hung the pictures on the wall and scattered the books upon the tables. He was never weary of walking from room to room, saying to himself, '*This is all mine!*' He would gaze upon the pictures and long to do deeds as brave as were there depicted, deeds that should live in song and story; and he would dream and dream of what he would achieve when he went out into the world to do his life's work, until the walls of the cottage seemed to fall away, and the whole world was spread out before him, and he saw himself doing some heroic action among the tumultuous shouts of throngs of innumerable people.

"But always, in the interval between each dream, he heard a *knocking at the front door of the cottage*, and always, as he inclined his ear and listened, he would think of his untrimmed lamp, and perhaps take it from the table, while he murmured, 'I ought to open the door.' But straightway he would push the lamp on one side, saying, 'Time enough yet! I will dream one more dream!' Then the knocking would cease.

"One day, when he had grown tired and dissatisfied with his dreaming—for, however pleasant, there is little satisfaction to be derived from mere dreams—the knocking sounded louder than ever at the door, so loud, indeed, that it quite disturbed him, so much so that he determined to open it and let the applicant in, but before doing so thought it would be as well to trim his lamp. Now when he took the lamp into his hand, and began to examine it, he found it had grown quite dim, and in one or two places even a speck of rust appeared; not liking his visitor to see it in that condition, he took a piece of leather and set to work to clean it.

"While rubbing away at this self-imposed task, the youth fancied he saw a group of gaily-dressed young men pass the window, while their shouts of merry laughter seemed to float musically on his ear; discarding his lamp, he rushed to the window to make sure his eyes and ears had not played him false; but by the time he reached it the group had vanished, and all he saw was a travel-stained man, standing patiently knocking at the door. Immediately after a loud knocking was heard at the back of the cottage, and loud voices demanding admittance. Neglecting the weary traveller at the front, he hurried from the room, and throwing wide open the back door, bade whoever were there to enter, and they should receive a most hearty welcome. In answer to this invitation a troupe of gaily-dressed, bright-eyed, frolicsome youths stepped in, bearing in their hands, and on their heads, flagons of wine and baskets of grapes; these were followed by young damsels playing tambourines and rattling castanets, laughing and dancing as they came.

"Soon the whole cottage resounded with boisterous mirth. The first thing the merry youths did on entering was to seize upon the half cleaned lamp, and throwing it from one to another, ridicule its shape, its make, its colour, the purpose for which it was made, and the folly of retaining so useless an article, until its owner grew quite red with shame, and snatching it from one of the group threw it into a disused cupboard, whereat the laugh grew louder, the jest broader, and the merriment more uproarious. Wine was drunk, songs were sung, and dances were danced.

"The owner of the cottage tripped it gaily with the rest, drank as deeply and laughed as loudly, while in his heart he said, 'This is just what I wanted; I got tired of dreaming; I wanted excitement; I wanted merriment; I wanted to enjoy life: this is life!'

"And the drinking, and the song, and the dance went on; they became intoxicated, they grew mad with merriment. The knocking at the door was unheeded, indeed, never heard; or perhaps the weary applicant had gone away. The hours sped swiftly on, and it was far into the night ere the merry group took their departure, leaving their host fast asleep in bed.

"At midnight, when the young man had slept off some of the fumes of the wine which had mounted to his brain, he suddenly awoke. The room was in total darkness, and all seemed as silent as the grave; indeed, he could only hear the roaring of the distant sea, but that served only to make the silence seem deeper, while it sent a thrill of fear through his heart, for there was a rumour which had floated to his ears to the effect that one day that sea would burst upon the village and wash it away. Suddenly he was startled by hearing a *knock at the door!* He sat up in bed to listen. Yes, his ears had not deceived him; there it was again! clear and distinct it fell upon his ear, one long continuous knocking. Surely it must be the traveller he saw there in the morning. Should he get up to let him in? No, he was ashamed; he knew he had been unkind and neglectful in not opening the door before. So he buried his face in the pillow, and threw the bedclothes over his head, that he might not hear.

"Morning light usually brings reflection, and as the light of the sun poured into his room the young man thought how foolish he had been to waste a whole day in boisterous mirth when the time might have been turned to a far better purpose. And as he thought thus, there came the traveller's *knock at the front door*, but ere he could move to open it he heard the merry shouts and the loud summons of his yesterday's companions. For a moment he hesitated which of the applicants he should let in, he felt that both could not, or would not, enter at the same time; if the traveller entered, his merry friends would depart; and if they entered the traveller would cease his knocking. Meanwhile both were growing importunate.

"I think," murmured the young man, slowly pacing backward and forward, now to one door and now to another; 'I think I will just speak to my merry friends, and tell them I can no more entertain them; yes, that will be best. Afterwards I can let in the traveller.'

"He opened the back door, but before he could utter a word, in trooped the gay throng with laughter, and song, and dance, and yesterday's scenes were enacted over again. Day after day, day after day, the same gay troupe paid their visit to the young man, who never hesitated now to open the door to them and bid them welcome: he ceased to pay any attention to the other knock, and, indeed, he but seldom heard it. Sometimes at night, when he awoke from a fevered sleep, it would fall upon his ear, but at those times he would bury himself in bed that he might not hear.

"At last he grew weary of his gay friends, he became sad in the midst of all their fun and jollity; their wine, and song, and dance lost their charm and freshness, they grew stale and unexciting, so much so that, one morning when the troupe paid their accustomed visit, he disregarded their knocking, and, instead, said to himself, '*I said of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doeth it?*' And as the words fell from his lips he heard a *knock* at the front door.

"Is it the traveller again?" he exclaimed, starting up; 'no, no, I cannot let him in, I have other things to do; I must live down this folly, and realise some of my early dreams.'

"Now as he looked up at the pictures on the wall, to recall those youthful dreams to his mind, he found them half defaced by wine stains, and some even torn. 'See what my folly has done!' he exclaimed; 'my pictures are spoiled,

their freshness is gone, I can scarcely make out their subjects. Fool, fool, that I am!

"The knock at the front door sounded louder and louder."

"I will put an end to all this folly, I will win me a name;" and so saying the young man rushed from the room, and opening the back door, darted right through his gay friends, unheeding their cries, and sped like the wind down the valley.

The cottage remained empty for years. The traveller still occasionally returned to the door and knocked, but only the hollow echo of his own knocking replied to him. Every now and again news of the young man found its way to the village. He had become a soldier, and was winning renown on the distant battle-field, his deeds of prowess and valour were recited at many a fireside, his bravery became the theme of story and song, and the Queen conferred high honours upon him; and people looked upon him with admiration, and sometimes even with envy, because of his fame.

"One evening, in the still twilight, he returned to his cottage. 'How many years have passed since I last entered here!' he said to himself, as he paused upon the threshold, and peered into the rooms. 'How narrow and contracted the rooms appear, how dull and uninteresting! I declare,' he continued, entering, 'all the pictures are faded, and the furniture faded and covered with mildew. I have had no time to see to things, they have all gone to rack and ruin. And what have I gained since I was last in this room? I have done great deeds, men have bestowed fame and honour upon my name. I have become a power in the land. Yet I am not satisfied, I want something else.'

"And as he thus communed with himself, he was startled by a *low, but clear and distinct, knock at the door.*

"Ah!" he exclaimed, starting and looking round, "*it must be that traveller come again,—I know his knock.*"

The knock was followed by a sweet voice of entreaty, requesting admittance and rest for the night, promising to repay a hundredfold all labour and expense.

"I wonder," said the inmate, "where my lamp is! I feel half inclined to open the door!"

"While he stood hesitating, with one hand half extended towards the door, a stranger entered the room from the back of the cottage, the door having been left unlatched. This stranger wore robes of embroidered gold, with buttons of gold, and with diamond studs in his shirt front, and diamond rings on his fingers; and as he walked, he rustled crisp bank notes in his pocket, and jingled his gold and silver coins. The face of this stranger was the worst feature about him, it was hard and seamed with wrinkles, and yellowish in hue, while his eyes had a cold metallic glitter in them.

"He touched the owner of the cottage upon the shoulder, saying, 'So you are tired of winning fame, of seeking 'bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth;' come with me and you shall win riches, wealth, untold gold; the race of wealth never tires, it always brings satisfaction.'

"But I must open this door," said the owner, 'hark at the knocking.'

"Time enough to open that when you return replied the stranger; 'besides, you will be able to entertain him better when you are rich. Come!'

"And the man arose and went; and very speedily became thoroughly absorbed in his search after wealth, it became quite a fever, a passion with him; and it was very instructive to observe that the more money he gained the more he wanted, the more he grasped at. He heaped it up in piles in his cottage, every room contained money, gold; but some of it was wet with tears, and some even red with blood, for it had been wrung from the widow and the orphan, and it had caused the death of more than one; still it was gold, gold, gold! and it was gold the man craved for, gold his eyes gloated over, gold that his fingers so eagerly clutched. He grew old and feeble in this pursuit of wealth, his flesh wasted, his skin wrinkled, his joints became stiff. And

when he became too old to gather more, he retired to his cottage, to feast his eyes upon what he had already heaped together.

"But one night, while, as usual, he sat counting his money, he felt a strange sensation steal over him, he scarcely knew what it was; it was a kind of want, an inward craving, which his gold could not meet and satisfy; neither could those sheets of newspaper, and stars and crosses which he had hung up about the room, and which told of his deeds of valour and the fame that had been heaped upon his name; neither could the recollection of those days of mirth and mad revelry, though they stood out clear before him, serve to satisfy this craving want which increased more and more.

"In the midst of his despair he heard *once again the knock at the front door!* Had the traveller returned who had promised him rest and peace? He started from his chair, and, with head bent forward, listened to hear it once more! How solemn the silence! He heard the 'click clack, click clack, click clack' of the clock, and glancing involuntarily up at it he saw it was *nearly twelve o'clock!* He heard the hoarse roaring of the distant sea! *Distant? Why, it seemed almost at his very doors,* and sounded as though it was coming nearer and nearer every moment. What could it mean? Then, too, a wind began to rise, at first like a moan, and then like a shrill wail, then it increased in volume, and tone, and violence; it beat furiously on the walls of the cottage, it rattled at the windows—oh, it was a fearful wind!

"But through all the noise and turmoil came the clear, low knock to the listener's ear. 'My lamp, my lamp, where is my lamp?' cried the man, 'I must open the door!' He routed everywhere for his long discarded lamp, but could not find it. The storm outside was increasing; in despair he rushed to the door, to throw it open and admit the suppliant. Fancy the man's agony of terror when he found he could not open the door! He was too feeble, and the door had remained too long closed; it resisted his utmost efforts.

"For the key was stiffly rusty,
And the bolt was clogged and dusty;
Many-fingered ivy-vine
Sealed it fast with twist and twine;
Weeds of years and years before
Choke the passage of that door!

How the man tugged and pulled, how he cried, '*O angels, sweep the drifts away—unbar my door.*' How despair lent him energy and strength; how he shouted again and yet again, '*Push, traveller, push, the door only sticks.*' But there was no voice to answer, and the knocking had ceased, the applicant had gone away never to return. *Too long* had the door remained unbarred, it was never to open now.

"While the man was still vainly trying to pull it open, and just as the clock struck twelve, a mighty gust of wind, and a huge, fierce wave from the encroaching sea, together dashed against the cottage and swept it, man and all, away into the storm, and darkness, and night.

"*And there was heard a noise as of weeping and wailing.*"

Nuts to Crack.

THE Christian is one who is to be plainly seen, and yet his life is hidden; he is a man in the world, but not a man of the world; he converses with other men, and yet his conversation is in heaven.

He is one who lives to die, and dies to live; yet he is dead while he lives, and lives when he dies.

He is one who lives in another, and for another; he seeks not himself when he aims most at his own good; God is his all, and his all is God; he aims at no end but the glory of God, of which there is no end.

The Waifs and Strays of London Streets.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

(Concluded from page 477.)

FROM the personal narratives of the little Arabs of London we learn that children do not become vagrant or criminal merely because they are poor and unfortunate, but almost invariably because of evil youthful associations, and also because no other path is open to them. The workhouse is scarcely a less danger to these hapless creatures than the streets, for in very few workhouse schools are habits of self-help, or self-reliance, inculcated; indeed, how can they be? Workhouse schools were becoming more and more notorious on account of their bad moral influence, and the quality of the education imparted has until lately been contemptible. We have heard of a large assembly of wretched children being superintended by an old man, a quondam convict, who had sought refuge in the workhouse as the only place wherein he could enjoy a free lodging: such schoolmasters are now however superseded, and a better state of things has begun. The personal history of those who are victims of the great social evil pretty frequently begins in the workhouse; there they learn their first lessons in immorality, and go forth ready to put them in practice.

The girl-waif left to shift for herself is perhaps the most deplorable object in creation, and if she be driven by misery into vicious courses she deserves pity as well as reproof. In what her suffering frequently consists may be inferred from a teacher's adventure thus narrated in the organ of the Ragged School Union:—

“One day when I was passing through St. Giles's a man stopped me and said, ‘If you please, sir, there is a girl sleeping under the stairs of No. — in the court.’ This court is inhabited by Irish labourers, costermongers, army workers, coal porters, and others of the same class. When night came I went to see whether the girl was in her lair. It being quite dark, I asked one of the inmates of the house to lend me his candle that I might seek for the lost one. ‘God bless me, sir,’ replied he, ‘no girl sleeps *there*.’ ‘I am told there is,’ was my answer. ‘Why, sir, don't I live in the house, and I have not seen any girl,’ said he. ‘Never mind,’ I responded, ‘I will go and see.’ Away we went, down—down the dark and dirty stairs—he carrying a flaring candle in his hand. When we got opposite the cellar-door we found a kind of dog-hole. Having seen it before, I knew it was nearly filled with ashes, oyster shells, rotten vegetables, old hampers, and other filthy accumulations. I pulled open the door, and as my companion held his candle over my head I gazed into the awful den. There was the girl! She looked like a heap of rags and tangled hair. As the light fell on her sleeping form her heavy breathing ceased, a deep sigh came from her lips, and then she moved—moved, moved until she rose—and crouching on her hands and feet she glared at me through her hair, which fell streaming over her face and neck. She had such an unearthly and fearful look that my companion gave a loud cry of horror and sprang back. Speaking gentle and soothing words, I held out my hand, and when she took it I drew her out of the ‘horrible pit.’ When I had got her out I found her torpid with cold and faint with hunger, she having slept there for two weeks and been twenty-four hours without food. I immediately obtained her something to eat, then found her warm lodgings in the room of a poor family, and the next morning I had the pleasure of seeing her admitted into a girls’ dormitory.”

The extreme need of such subjects constitutes their claim, and they appeal loudest when rags, misery, and ignorance speak for themselves. Were these children's shocking ignorance of morality, and of God, disguised by goodly coverings we might perhaps turn aside with indifference; but the guilt is ours if we do so when the sunken cheeks and inflamed eyes of starving children implore us with a more powerful eloquence than ever dwelt in words. Is it not the sinner's need that prevails with Christ? Should not the miseries of these poor outcasts prevail with us? Perhaps the Lord allows them to be thus outwardly wretched that their deeper spiritual needs may find expression thereby, and our attention may be called to it.

We will now point out one or two special evil influences to which waifs of the street are exposed, and from the power of which legislation might partially protect them. No sooner have these children learned to read than an enemy appears in pernicious literature, which is written so as to elude the penalties of Lord Campbell's Act, and yet is grossly immoral. It is believed by those who are in a position to judge that the licentious press has slightly amended its ways during the last fifteen years; be this as it may, its traffic is still extensive, and the worst part of the business is that the poison is more than ever prepared for children, and made attractive to juvenile tastes. There are several grades of this demoralising trash, and the whole taken together represents a stupendous evil, whose moral blight reaches far beyond the habitations of the poor. The worst samples are those of the "Holywell-street" type, and these vile prints will continue to be vended so long as depraved readers with money in their pockets demand a supply. The obscene books of this class are not, however, provided for the poor, many of the most objectionable being sold at prices such as happily place them far beyond the reach of humble people. Next come the serial tales and song-books, which Acts of Parliament do not suppress, because they manage not to outstep the bounds of decency in language though they overleap the limits of sound morals. As the offspring of depraved minds these also pander to a corrupt taste, but can only be counteracted by something purer provided in their place. Ordinary newsvendors and book-sellers do not usually trade in these productions, but little back-street shops, the staple of whose traffic is bacon, sweet-stuff, or bad tobacco, eke out their income by distributing moral poison among the youth of the neighbourhood. Little girls who admire what is dashing and romantic, and boys who seek to excel in deeds of chivalry, revel in this low trash, and this fact calls loudly on all teachers to guide, and as far as possible superintend, the reading of their scholars. Another class of serials, and in literary merit raised high above those mentioned, it were superfluous to speak about at length. They are not openly immoral, but they are sensational, and their influence is evil. They enervate the intellect, generating a taste for what is unhealthy and exciting. A vast capital is embarked in these productions; they are widely read, and are undermining the foundations of virtue among us. The church, in some instances, is unsuccessfully endeavouring to counteract sensationalism by sensationalism, but there is only one way of meeting the encroachments of a corrupt press—namely, by

providing what is pure and attractive, and putting it in the way of the young.

Even more baneful in its effects than street literature is that chief among moral curses, the penny gaff. The penny gaff is an institution specially provided for the street Arab class, and includes an educational apparatus befitting a devil's school, where moral defilement without stint may be received. Did neglected children pass all other ordeals without coming to grief they would surely be wrecked in a place which has all the worst features of the low theatre, without one redeeming quality. The houses are kept by illiterate poltroons who have neither feeling nor principle, being as heartless as they are ignorant. Religion is blasphemed without blush, morality is held up to ridicule, and honesty is scorned as effeminate. The heroes held up to admiration are lawless desperadoes, who if they meet with just punishment are represented as having suffered legalised martyrdom. What is nightly to be seen in such places it were indelicate to depict, but thus much may be revealed—the people who arrange the programme take care that the bill of fare shall be replete with what is villainously obscene. Once entangled in the meshes of this enemy, a child is morally lost; for when robbery is extolled as chivalrous, and consideration for female honour is shown to be weak-minded, what youth can be expected to escape contamination or to be very particular about pilfering from his employers or parents in order to enjoy himself in sensual indulgences? Bad results at once show themselves in those who frequent the gaff, dismission from respectable service being one of the first-fruits of a child's love for low pleasures. What, however, cares Mr. Gaff-keeper for consequences? On becoming a thief a boy or a girl is more likely than ever to relish the abominations provided, and Mr. Gaff-keeper's anxiety only extends to his pocket. The gaff as it now exists in London is a school for rogues, and strongly stimulates the worst passions of the young. Being of this character these pest houses should be dealt with by the State according to their deserts, for while we cannot make good citizens by Act of Parliament we can do much to preserve youth from demoralisation. We cannot cure disease by government edicts, but we can enact proper sanitary measures for preserving the healthy.

Of the baneful influence of the penny gaff the street wanderer himself is a trustworthy witness. Some years ago an urchin named James Anderson was arraigned before a London magistrate for robbing a till. Stealthily did the infantile rascal creep into the shop, put his tiny hand into the drawer and carry away the coins, four shillings having been found on him when arrested. The father of the thief attended to explain his son's antecedents. James had taken to frequenting a gaff in the Euston-road, and neither scolding nor beating produced any deterrent effect upon him. After the magistrate had listened to the explanation the following dialogue ensued:—

Magistrate. "Who told you to go to that place?"

Boy. "No one, sir. I went with another boy, a cripple. I have been there about six times."

Magistrate. "Were there many people there when you went?"

Boy. "Yes, sir, it was always crowded."

Magistrate. "And what did you see there?"

Boy. "Oh, they give us about three songs; then there's some actin'; then they puts down the blind, and that's all you see."

Magistrate. "What kind of acting was it?"

Boy. "Oh, murderin' and that!"

As opposed to this immoral teaching, observe how the discipline of a good school draws out the best traits in a lad's character. Do we talk of chivalry? There are many noble-spirited fellows among street-waifs who only need help to enable them to earn our admiration. During a ragged-school summer excursion a little girl lost her railway ticket, and could not pass the barrier. A boy who saw her crying gave up his ticket. Another boy on hearing of the occurrence copied the example, for one more girl was found in a similar predicament. Those boys walked to London, a dozen miles, and thereby performed a deed of which any real gentleman might be proud. Such rough diamonds should not be allowed to lie in the mire, they should be cut and polished for the Redeemer's crown. Alas, how many noble spirits are daily ruined by the immoral novel, or by the still viler penny gaff.

Work among juveniles in London has its bright side, but so much remains to be done that were not God with the workers they might hang down their feeble arms in despair. English charity is frequently extolled both by tongue and pen, but we might ask, Does England fully appreciate the responsibility of her position towards her forlorn little ones? We know what the condition of the outcast classes is, and we also know that if the better part of the nation were to determine that ignorance and crime should no longer stain our national name many appalling evils would speedily come to an end. Is it not true that the prosperous classes are occupied with present enjoyment, and are sadly deaf to the cry of the outcast and the perishing? Philanthropic workers have been taught by experience not to look to the rich for succour, and they have also to lament that the majority even of those who support the good cause do not give in proportion to their means, or their professions of zeal. If those who are blessed with abundance were to make out a yearly balance-sheet of what they have received and of what they have dispensed, they would perhaps be both surprised and ashamed. The needy seldom find friends among those who dwell in luxury; and yet God has ordained that a great duty should have attached to it a great promise—"Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."

We now purpose looking at some of the results of ragged-schools. The first voluntary teacher of whom history takes account was John Falk, a German, who commenced work in his native land early in the present century. In a worldly sense Falk was an unfortunate man, but no one who benefits his race can truly be unfortunate. As his ragged constituents yielded him no remuneration, he did not espouse philanthropy for the sake of gain. He was a member of the extensive tribe of unsuccessful authors, his reputation as a writer being no more than that of "a small-beer genius." Falk, however, was not to be snuffed out by failure in one direction, and when discouraged by publishers he set his heart on higher things.

At the close of the great European war, Germany had many orphans for whom no one seemed to care. Having a large heart, Falk determined on devoting energy and substance to their help, but he was sorely mortified when friends looked coldly on his efforts and gave grudgingly to his work. Falk was a man of indomitable zeal when he found his proper work. He is said to have possessed only one idea, but that one was worthy of a genius. He gathered hundreds of scholars, to whom he first taught Christ, and then introduced them to useful industries. "Could you see us," he once wrote, "you would rejoice and bless God. The children of robbers and murderers sing psalms and pray; boys are making locks out of the insulting iron which was destined for their hands and feet, and are building houses, which they formerly delighted to break open. Yes, it is indeed true that, where chains and stocks, the lash and the prison, were powerless, love comes off victorious." This last remark will testify to the justice of what we formerly said about the influence of prison discipline. Some idea of the efficiency of this noble master and his ragged band may be inferred from the fact, that when in 1821 the school was compelled to shift its quarters, new premises were erected by the scholars themselves under Falk's supervision.

The example set by Falk should stimulate Christian workers of every grade. Many lessons also come home to the heart while looking at the work of a man like the late John Dereham, of Exeter, who from a lowly origin rose to win the distinction of being a benefactor of poor children. In early life this man lost his wife by death, in addition to which crushing affliction he became heavily involved in debt. Standing one day before a window, in a disconsolate mood, an afflicted cripple passed along the street, and Mr. Dereham became suddenly conscious that, sorrowful as he was, his lot was not so hard as that of the poor man before him. He turned from the window with seeds of hope germinating in his heart. From that hour he trusted in God, and worked with energy and perseverance. He prospered, and rose step by step, until he was a rich, respected man, whose wealth and influence were devoted to God. He was known as a teacher of poor children, and the recognised friend of all who were either in want or suffering. When his end came, he died regretted by the citizens of Exeter, and left a proportion of his estate to the local charities.

What are called the outcast classes of great towns have often enough been compared to moral wastes, but wastes are undeveloped gardens. A farmer enters into possession of an extensive tract of land, which no one has ever cared to cultivate, and does so because he has discovered sufficient wealth in the soil to repay him for his labour. He sets to work actively and hopefully, dividing the bare-looking plain into fields, making fences out of the rough stones, setting plough, harrow, and manure-cart to work until the wilderness blossoms into fruitfulness, and the highest in the land alight to admire what has been achieved. This is no fanciful picture, for the Queen and the Prince Consort once visited the land of a Scotch farmer who had done all that is described. Lookers on may have said that a miracle had been wrought; but the moral wastes of London, as cultivated by the reclaimers of children, have been subjected to a greater miracle; nor

have other towns been behind in the same blessed work, for, years ago, it was said that the streets of Dundee and Aberdeen had been cleared of all their ragged wanderers.

It is natural to look for results in happy homes and amended lives, for as visible fruits these are the most encouraging; nevertheless, the fruits of labour among the Arabs of London are none the less precious when seen in happy death-beds, and such there have been in countless numbers. After all their fond care and seed-sowing, teachers are pained when the objects of their solicitude are cut down at a tender age. Philosophy has tried to reconcile man to the encroachments of death upon youth, poets have warbled consoling stanzas upon the theme, and Christianity has inculcated a submissive spirit, but still these early deaths are painful events, and none feel them more keenly than teachers who have loved the souls of the little ones. Why, however, should kind hearts grow heavy? It is for another world they are working, and the victory is not less complete when early piety obtains an early reward. Many singular triumphs of faith are exemplified in young converts taken from the streets. One who is lying in his last illness learns that tracts are being distributed in the court below, and desires to have one. Hearing of this request, the minister enters the house, and finds a little fellow in bed, rejoicing in Christian hope. Is he not afraid to die? "Oh, no," he answers. He is young, and the world might be supposed to retain attractions for youth. That may be, but he is sure of heaven. "I feel that Jesus will get God to take me," he cried. That boy was typical of hundreds of others who have found a Saviour in the ragged school.

We once heard a preacher contrast the difference between preaching to sermon-proof people and appealing to those who have dwelt in sin, and have never heard of mercy. It was shown that the depraved might be more hopeful characters than the gospel-hardened. The one might be lectured without effect, but the depraved would catch the heavenly fire, as readily as stacks of straw when a match is applied to them. This is a faithful representation of a great truth, and it is delightful to see how children learn to value the gospel even after having lived among the worst associations. The gospel comes, Christ enters the heart, and the child becomes a pattern to older people. A poor woman once called at a school to bear witness to the benefit which herself and her daughter had received. Jane—that was the child's name—was overheard telling another child about the wonderful things of God: "My teacher says we cannot be good unless we ask God to make us so; let us ask our Father in heaven to make us good children." Falling on their knees the two offered a prayer which was doubtless heard in heaven. The mother looked on, was moved at the sight, and her heart was touched. "I have never since that time," she said, "let a day pass without imploring God to grant me the blessing of a new heart." Is there any missionary who can unconsciously live and preach the gospel so convincingly as a child of tender years who has learned to estimate the worth of the unsearchable riches of Christ?

The squalor amid which the lower classes in London live, joined to their drinking habits, necessarily blunts their moral instincts, until they see nothing attractive in any different life from their own. Every

amateur reformer is ready with a prescription for healing their sins and woes. One says, send them to the colonies; another would educate them; and at a social science congress it was maintained that the people must be freed from base surroundings before any good, either sacred or secular, can touch their hearts. The Christian worker, however, accepts no such doctrine. The gospel he believes will go straight home to sinners as they are, and by striking at the root of evil associations free them from thralldom, raise them from the depths of sin's horrible pit, and bless them with light and liberty. We have seen how scholars carry home the word to reprobate parents, and when the message thus communicated bears fruit in conversion the blessed results are the highest encouragement a teacher can receive. There was a lad who attended school whose father, an inveterate drunkard, was a working carpenter, and well able to pay for his son's schooling. Under the peculiar circumstances this lad was admitted into the "ragged" class contrary to the rule, his sire being an abandoned character, spending his earnings on himself. That boy spoke about what he learned at school in his father's hearing, little thinking he would thereby become the means of a drunkard's reformation. He merely intended to give some specimens of the lessons learned; but the words spoken were gospel words; the drunkard listened, began to think, was convicted of sin, and became a changed character. He called at the school to thank the teachers for what they had done for his son, and being no longer under the thralldom of drink he placed the boy in a school where he would be paid for in an honourable manner.

Perhaps there are no more convincing testimonies to the good results of ragged school work than the homely speeches of those who attend "old scholars'" meetings. At these assemblies the veritable subjects who have been reclaimed are congregated. They were once ragged and undone, but rescued and started in the world, they are qualified to speak for themselves, and are entitled to the deference paid to trustworthy witnesses. If a "tea," or something of that kind be arranged, the "old boys" come in force, and bring their wives to form a social gathering of an enjoyable character. At the tables friends meet together, whose friendship began under unpropitious circumstances, and they tell of hardships overcome and of victories achieved. Then come the speeches. One rises to contrast the forlorn condition of his boyhood with his present advantages, and acknowledges that under God he owes all to the school. While still young he lost a leg by amputation, but, apprenticed to a tailor, he subsequently prospered. Another, remembers the school in its beginnings, when the boys were few, and when the schoolroom was perhaps merely an arch beneath a railway. In those days he has starved for thirty-six hours, but at present he can point to a thrifty wife and happy home. Whence came these blessings? Under God, all came from the school. The second speaker has scarcely sat down, when a third is on his feet, to corroborate all that has been spoken. He came to that place quite a little fellow; and, after attending five years, was put into a situation, and a grand start in life was given when he won a school prize of ten shillings' worth of carpenter's tools. Thus one after another tells a different story, but all alike testify to the grand truth that a little judicious

help given at the right time may save a human being from moral and even physical death, and furnish society with a faithful servant.

The testimony of scholars at home is sufficiently convincing, but many old scholars go across the seas, and if it can be shown that these also sustain a good profession in the colonies, the success of their home trainers must be considered still more complete. The friends of street waifs in London evidently confer a boon on the colonies, by assisting poor children to emigrate, for those great settlements which properly object to being plagued with the criminal refuse of the mother country, gladly receive emigrants from institutions like that of Dr. Barnardo. It is well known that "Lord Shaftesbury's boys," as they are frequently designated, readily find employers and friends in Australia and the sister islands. This is good fruit indeed.

With large results before our eyes to stimulate new efforts, it might be expected that none would call in question the blessings conferred on the country by child-reclaimers; but the good work has met with bitter opponents, and especially in its earlier days. The testimony of untrustworthy witnesses was procured and paraded by those who thought it unfair to children of better parents that waifs of the gutter should be placed in situations which others might be glad to fill. It is impossible to satisfy all opponents, but an effective reply to unreasonable cavilling is, that workers like Dr. Barnardo, and others in sympathy with him, open fields of enterprise for themselves; but even were the most unfortunate of our street children only assisted to stand as competitors in the labour market, it would be hard to show why they should not be entitled to live and work like other people. The Christian worker among these children soon finds that the religion he professes requires him to help the needy in temporal things if he would succeed in showing them the way of salvation. Hence the origin of the multifarious industries which are now part of the restorative machinery; and more important still, the opening of the colonies to these hopeful emigrants. The reclaimers of the young are not moved by Utopian ideas. They merely wish to transform their charge into Christian working people, and when boys become the valued helps of farmers in the New World, and girls the adopted daughters of childless employers, a rich reward is vouchsafed. From the Home in Stepney-causeway children are continually being sent out into life; they go to various parts of our foreign dominions, and rarely do they disappoint their friends. These are grand results, and sufficient to swell our hearts with gratitude. Who can think of what Dr. Barnardo has done; who can take into account the twelve hundred girls taken from London courts and alleys by Miss Rye to be transferred to an American clime; and who can look on the eighteen hundred boys whom Miss Macpherson has in a similar way taken to Canada; and not confess with heart and tongue that the School and the Industrial Home are among the institutions of the age which Christ is owning and blessing?

Who among us knows what he is doing while engaged in God-like actions? We are unprofitable servants, meriting no reward, but none the less may the return be rich beyond what we dare to anticipate even in our happiest moods. We have read of a traveller who halted at a

wayside cottage where he found a widow and her children just about to eat their last loaf. The woman freely offered a share of her meal to the stranger, and did so for a good reason; she had a son wandering about the world, and she acted as she desired others should act if they encountered her absent child. That woman was actually entertaining her own son, who had come from a distant shore with sufficient wealth to make easy his mother's age. Have any lost a child by death? Cherish its memory by blessing those who are children of our common Father. Have any lost sight of a child through waywardness? Take pity on these waifs and strays of the street; do them that kindness you would be glad to ensure to your absent boy. Conscience impels you to do what you can, the workers themselves invite your co-operation, and Christ himself condescends to speak words of encouragement—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these . . . ye have done it unto me."

Singing and Revivals.*

BY HENRY C. FISH, D.D.

LET it not be thought that this is an unimportant topic. Singing is an auxiliary to prayer, and to all Christian work.

The power of music all acknowledge. At a critical moment during the battle of Waterloo, Wellington discovered that the Forty-second Highlanders began to waver. On inquiry as to the cause of an occurrence so unusual, he was informed that the band had ceased to play. Instantly he gave the command that the pipes be played in full force. The effect was magical. The wavering Highlanders rallied; and solid and impregnable as the fort of Gibraltar, with tattered colours and blood-drenched swords, they went forth to win the hard-contested field.

There are reasons for the effectiveness of music. One is found in the well-known influence of mental associations. Cowper says:

"Wherever I have heard
A kindred melody, the scene revives,
And with it all its pleasures and its pains."

This is not poetic exaggeration, but simple truth. The power of such associations can scarcely be over-estimated. We all understand it. There are melodies which enter into the tenderest memories of childhood, and have gone singing to us in all life's way, like the airy voice of some guardian angel. They sigh in our sickness, and syllable our joy.

We could specify some special hymns which have grown in our hearts. We sang this one, perhaps, the morning that our child died. We sang that one on the Sabbath evening, when, after many years, the family

* Our publishers are about to issue, by request of the author, the valuable work from which this article is extracted. It is entitled, "Handbook of Revivals: for the Use of Winners of Souls." By Henry C. Fish, D.D., author of "Primitive Piety Revived," "History and Repository of Pulpit Eloquence," "Heaven in Song," &c.

were once more altogether. "There be hymns that were sung while the mother lay a dying; that were sung when the child, just converted, was filling the family with the joy of Christ new-born, and laid not now in a manger, but in a heart. And thus, sprung from a wondrous life, they lead a life yet more wonderful. When they first come to us they are like the single strokes of a bell, ringing down to us from above; but, at length, a single hymn becomes a whole chime of bells, mingling and discoursing to us the harmonies of a life's Christian experience."

In this stirring of the mind by the force of mental associations, we see a reason for the power of song.

There is a deeper philosophy in it. God is pleased to accompany it with the energy of the Holy Spirit. He made us to be moved by singing. The soul is a many-stringed lyre, which he touches while working in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure. Hence, the influence of sacred song is to refresh, stimulate, and ennoble the mind. It is calculated, in a very eminent degree, to lift above mean associations, and inspire emotions which are felt in their full intensity where the Lord is worshipped in the beauty of holiness.

Moreover, God often employs it to send conviction to a soul. A wild boy in the streets of London was one day arrested by the voice of singing. He turned aside, and found two or three Christians singing religious hymns. One line struck his mind, and hung to it, so that he went away repeating it. That line was, "Stop, poor sinner, stop and think, before you farther go." Years afterward, in the city of New York, he tried to be an infidel; and for this purpose went to hear Robert Dale Owen. But still there rung in his ears, "Stop, poor sinner, stop and think." Never could he forget those words. That man is now a Christian, and an earnest worker for the souls of others.

Accordingly, God has always sanctioned the service of song. When at his fiat the world sprang into existence, "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." When Israel had passed through the Red Sea on dry land, and saw their enemies engulfed in the returning waves, they all sang praises in an anthem composed by Miriam, the sister of Moses. On the seventh day of compassing the walls of Jericho, when the priests blew with the trumpets in an extraordinary manner, the people shouted with a great shout, and the wall of the city fell down flat. The ark was brought back from its banishment with extraordinary shouting and singing of the whole congregation of Israel. How joyfully does David cry, "Sing praises to God, sing praises; sing praises unto our King, sing praises; for God is the King of all the earth, sing ye praises with understanding. Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee!" Nor did either David or Solomon, the two most illustrious monarchs that ever sat upon the Jewish throne, deem it beneath their dignity to take music under their personal management. It is plain to see what interest was attached to exercises of praise, in the dedication of the first temple. The glorious symbol of the divine presence was not given when the ark was deposited in the holy of holies, but at the glad moment when the song arose, "For his mercy endureth for ever!" Then it was that the "glory of the Lord filled the house," and shone so

transcendantly that even "the priests could not stand to minister." This is not to be regarded merely as a part of the splendid ceremonies of a typical dispensation. There is a moral lesson in it as distinct and significant as that which attends the dedicatory prayer.

With the introduction of the new economy, most of the ancient forms of divine worship were abolished; but singing, though simplified and cast in a new mould, was still retained. Our Saviour gave it the sanction of his own example, no doubt, in his ministry; and at the institution of the Supper *they* sang a hymn (including himself), before he went out to the agonies of the garden and the cross. "Oh! but for one moment even, to have sat transfixed, and to have listened to the hymn that Christ sang, and to the singing! But the olive-trees did not hear his murmured notes more clearly than, rapt in imagination, we have heard them!"

We may be sure that there was singing at that meeting of days before the outpouring of the Pentecostal blessing. And we can see the exceeding fitness in their chanting under such circumstances, the second psalm, for example: "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord, and against his Anointed, *saying*, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us. He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision. Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure. Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion. I will declare the decree: the Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my son, this day have I begotten thee. Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron, thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel. Be wise now therefore, O ye Kings: be instructed, ye Judges of the earth. Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling. Kiss the Son lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little: Blessed *are* all they that put their trust in him!"

After the Pentecostal effusion of the Spirit, the infant church is seen daily in the temple *praising* God. A little onward, we hear the Apostle Paul exhorting the churches "to sing with the Spirit and with the understanding;" "to be filled with the Spirit, speaking to themselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in their hearts unto the Lord;" and to "sing with grace in their hearts;" thus "teaching and admonishing" one another, and in "everything giving thanks."

Singing will also be prominent in heaven. There, in the world of perfection, they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints!" The ascriptions of rapt souls, throughout the Apocalypse, take the form of musical utterance. Those vocal acclamations of palm-bearing saints must be regarded as psalms, songs, hymns, or anthems. Thus must we judge of the Four, and the Four-and-twenty. They sing a "new song," saying, "Thou art worthy," "for thou wast slain!" The

subsequent voice of the "ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands," is the voice of song. The angels and elders, and four living ones, who fall before the throne on their faces, and worship God, cannot but utter the voice of celestial psalmody, as they say. "Amen, Blessing and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might be unto God for ever and ever."

Though we have no specimens of the Hymns and Spiritual Songs sung in the primitive times, except the occasional doxologies of the redeemed in the book of Revelation, it cannot be doubted that the Christians used, not only the Psalms of the Old Testament literally, or accommodated to the circumstances of a new and rising church,—but that they had original lays of their own, in which they celebrated the praises of Christ as the Saviour of the world.

In the middle ages, the Roman Catholic and Greek churches adopted singing as an essential part of public worship; but this, like the reading of the Scriptures, was too frequently in an unknown tongue, by an affectation of wisdom to excite the veneration of ignorance, when the learned in their craftiness taught that "Ignorance is the mother of Devotion"; and ignorance was very willing to believe it. And yet there are hymns which (as one has it) rose up like birds in the early centuries, and have come flying and singing all the way down to us. Their wing is untired yet, nor is the voice less sweet now than it was a thousand years ago. Though they sometimes disappeared, they never sank; but as engineers for destruction send bombs that, rising high up in wide curves, overleap great spaces and drop down in a distant spot, so God, in times of darkness, seems to have caught up these hymns, spanning long periods of time, and letting them fall at distant eras, not for explosion and wounding, but for healing and consolation. There are crusaders' hymns, that rolled forth their truths upon the oriental air, while a thousand horses' hoofs kept time below, and ten thousand palm-leaves whispered and kept time above! Other hymns, fulfilling the promise of God that his saints should mount up with wings as eagles, have borne up the sorrows, the desires, and the aspirations of the poor, the oppressed, and the persecuted, of Huguenots, of Covenanters, and of Puritans, and winged them to the bosom of God.

At the era of the Reformation, Psalms and Hymns in the native tongue were revived in Germany, England and elsewhere, among the other means of grace of which the *people* had been for centuries defrauded. Luther was exceedingly fond of music. He would often say to his despondent fellow-workers, "Come, brethren, let us sit down and sing the forty-sixth psalm":—"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble," &c. Bishop Jewell (1560) speaking of the Reformation and its visible effects, says that nothing helped it more than inviting the people to sing psalms. "Sometimes at Paul's Cross six thousand persons were sitting together, which was very grievous to the papists." Richard Baxter says, "It was not the least comfort that I had in the converse of my late dear wife, that our first exercise in the morning and the last in bed at night, was a psalm of praise, till the hearing of others interrupted it. Let those who savour not melody leave others to their different appetites, and be content to be so far strangers to their delights."

John Wesley prided himself upon the singing in his meeting-houses. His brother Charles was a born hymnist. He wrote about seven thousand hymns, nearly all for special occasions. Many were called out by some great public event, some startling religious experience, or some feeling of sorrow or joy. He was habitually indulging his love of lyric poetry. He composed immortal odes as he rode along the highways from town to town, and mob to mob. The whole soul of Charles Wesley, says one, was imbued with poetic genius. His thoughts seemed to bask and revel in rhythm. The variety of his metres (said to be unequalled by any English writer whatever) shows how impulsive were his poetic emotions, and how wonderful his facility in their spontaneous and varied utterance. In the Wesleyan Hymn-book alone they amount to at least twenty-six, and others are found in his other productions. "They march at times like lengthened processions with solemn grandeur; they sweep at other times like chariots of fire through the heavens; they are broken like the sobs of grief at the grave-side, play like the joyful affections of childhood at the hearth, or shout like victors in the fray of the battle-field."

Dr. Curry, in his *Life of John Wesley*, says, "Aware of the great advantage to be derived from psalmody, he made it an essential part of the devotional service in his chapels. He especially enjoined that the whole congregation should sing; and that (to use his own words) not lolling at ease, or in the indecent posture of sitting, drawling out one word after another, but standing before God, and praising him lustily with a good courage."

Dr. Stevens, in his *History of Methodism*, says, "It was a necessary condition of the evangelical reformation of the eighteenth century that an improved psalmody should be provided. The necessary psalmody was not only provided as a result of the new movement, but was begun even in anticipation of it. The Wesleys published their first hymn-book as early as 1738, the year in which they date their regenerated life; and the next year, the epoch of Methodism, was signalised by the appearance of their "Hymns and Sacred Poems," two editions of which appeared before its close. And now rapidly followed, year after year, sometimes twice a year, not only new editions of these volumes but new poetic works, which were scattered more extensively than any other of their publications through England, Wales, Ireland, the British West Indies, the North American Provinces, and the United States, till not less than forty-nine poetical publications were enumerated among their literary works; and before Wesley's death a common psalmody, sung mostly to a common music, resounded through all the Methodist chapels of the English and American world. The achievement accomplished by Methodism in this respect is alone one of the most extraordinary historical facts of the last century. Its influence on the popular taste, intellectual as well as moral, could not fail to be incalculably great."

While giving the masses divine songs, continues Stevens, Wesley also endeavoured to make them sing. He was continually urging his preachers to set the example, and not only exhort the people to follow it, but to induce them to learn the science of music. "Preach frequently on singing," he said, in the Minutes of the Conference; "suit

the tune to the words ;" "do not suffer the people to sing too slow ; let the women sing their parts alone ; let no man sing with them unless he understands the notes, and sings the bass." "Exhort every one in the congregation to sing ; in every large society let them learn to sing ; recommend our Tune-book everywhere." As early as 1742 he issued "A collection of Tunes set to Music, as sung at the Foundry." He published a small work on "The Grounds of Vocal Music." Three other publications followed these, at intervals, on "Sacred Harmony," adapted to "the voice, harpsichord, and organ."

This Wesleyan singing was a source of great power to early Methodism. Hundreds of hearers who cared not for the preaching, were charmed to the Methodist assemblies by their music. The singing was sometimes heard two miles off.

Whitefield, when once censured for having some of his hymns set to music which was not regarded as *sacred*, said, "Would you have the devil keep all the good tunes to himself?"

Mrs. Sherwood, who knew Henry Martyn in India, says of him, "He had an uncommonly fine voice, and fine ear ; he could sing many fine chants, and a vast variety of hymns and psalms. He would insist upon it that I should sing with him, and he taught me many tunes, all of which were afterwards brought into requisition ; and when fatigued himself, would make me sit by his couch and practise these hymns."

Jonathan Edwards, at Northampton, writes, "There has of late been a great increase of singing." Again he says, "I believe it to have been one fruit of the extraordinary degrees of the sweet and joyful influences of the Spirit of God which have been lately given, that there has appeared such a disposition to abound in that duty (of singing) and frequently to fall into this divine exercise, not only in appointed solemn meetings, but when Christians occasionally meet together at each other's houses." And when objectors found fault with this abounding in singing, he said, "To complain of this, is to be much like the Pharisees, who were disgusted when the multitude of the disciples began to rejoice, and with loud voices to praise God, and cry *Hosanna*, when Christ was entering into Jerusalem."

One who was a hearer at Kilsyth (Scotland), in a revival, said, "When the notes of the congregation began to swell in a psalm of confession, I felt as if it would have *hearted* me,—as if I must give way altogether."

The singing in Dr. Nettleton's meetings was a marked feature. The same might be said of those of later evangelists.

Rev. E. P. Hammond makes much of hymns. In all his meetings hymn-singing is prominent ; all of the hymns setting forth the truth. This hymn-singing attracts the young to the meetings ; it rivets the truth on their minds ; it adds greatly to the liveliness of the meetings.

During the revival of 1857 the demand for cheap hymn books was enormous ; and in the meetings there was no dragging, but all sang with the Spirit ; and the excellent effect was often remarked upon.

Numerous examples might be cited illustrative of the power of singing in revivals. Here is one which came under the writer's observation during a series of meetings in his church. Two worldly young men, who were acting as clerks in a post-office close to the

meeting-house, often spoke to each other of the sweet music ringing out on the evening air. "Let us go in and hear the singing," said one. "Agreed," said the other; and, entering, both were converted.

It is probable that during the revival of 1857-8, the hymn beginning,

"Just as I am, without one plea,"

was the means of bringing peace to many hundreds of troubled souls. In Mr. Hammond's meetings, the hymn,

"Nothing either great or small,
Nothing, sinner, no,"

has been equally blessed of the Spirit.

We answer a few questions which may arise as to singing in revivals.

Should there be much singing in the incipient stages of a revival? No. The meetings then are for confession and contrition. A bowed, self-abased, aching heart cannot sing. Neither can one that is in agony for the souls of others. Singing then is an impertinence. In Gethsemane there were but tears, and sighs, and groans. Mr. Finney has some excellent remarks here: "I never knew a singing revival to amount to much. It dissipates feeling. The agonising spirit of prayer does not lead people to sing. There is a time for everything; a time to sing, and a time to pray. But if I know what it is to travail in birth for souls, Christians never feel less like singing than when they have the spirit of prayer for sinners."

Do it!

MANY men have grand conceptions and fine ideals, and yet never accomplish anything. This arises partly from their indolence, they prefer dreaming of sheaves to hard ploughing and sowing, the conversion of a nation charms them, but the actual instruction of a single ragged child does not attract them; they forget that a loaf actually baked is of more value than a harvest contemplated. Frequently, also, their notions are too fine to be practical; they wear microscopes, and cannot drink for fear of animalcules in the water; they see so much of the roughness of common axes that they will never fell forests till they can do it with the best Sheffield razors with ivory handles. Those kid gloves of theirs, and scented pocket handkerchiefs, prevent their descending among the poor and squalid, they are too exquisite to be useful. Moreover, like Joseph II., Emperor of Germany, they always want to take the second step before they have taken the first; they long to reach the top of the ladder at a stride, the deeds of common-place people they scorn to imitate. They are mineralogists but not miners, astronomers but not pilots, mathematicians but not book-keepers; they are too great to be of any use. Being asked the character of a certain transcendentalist, a Boston merchant replied, "He is one of those men who have soarings after the infinite, and divings into the unfathomable, but who never pay cash." Such are too many of our young men, and, for the matter of that, old men too. Oh, for a touch of common sense to bless these pious dreamers, these spiritual speculators! O man! think as much as you will, and scheme, and plan, but for pity's sake *do something* also. Take that class in the Sabbath-school! Stand up on a heap of stones and preach Jesus to the cottagers! An ounce of earnest action is worth a ton of propositions and suggestions. Let your hand be inventive, and find fit work to do, but, this accomplished, *do it, do it with your might, do it at once*, for there is no work nor device in the grave, whither we are all hastening.

The man whose faith built the Orphan-house at Halle.

(Continued from page 470.)

HERMANN FRANCKE'S experience remarkably exemplified the power of faithful, unpresumptuous prayer. He learned to leave his affairs so completely with his God, that even a denial of his earnest requests failed to bring discouragement. He rested on God, but never tempted his providence. He believed that if we are helped by the divine hand through the difficulties of one day, it is not unreasonable to suppose we shall be brought through the difficulties of many days; and to the perfection with which he acted out this belief his wonderful history testifies. Even while only caring for some dozen orphans,—long before he undertook what the “judicious” thought the daring scheme of rearing a great hospital, he experimentally understood the hardship of being reduced “to the last crumb.” This was literally the case in 1696, and then, in his dire extremity, an unknown friend opportunely remitted a thousand crowns. Is it not always so, that God steps in when our need is urgent? It was also the case when, about the same time, provisions being low, and the prospect altogether dark and disheartening, a messenger brought a letter enclosing fifty crowns. And then, soon after, when the hospital funds were exhausted, we are told how the pastor prayed, “Lord, look upon my necessity,” and seventy crowns came before evening. A still more striking instance, however, of timely succour occurred during the same year, 1696. Both money and provisions were at an end, and in his extremity the steward applied for funds or advice as to his procedure. Being engaged with his classes, Francke resolved on seeking divine direction after finishing what he was about, but it so happened that a letter immediately arrived enclosing a thousand crowns, and consequently, instead of having to seek relief, he raised a song of thanksgiving; confessing the Lord's faithfulness to his promise, “Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear.”

Many other instances occurred wherein the providence of God became encouragingly visible. One day, during a season of deep poverty, when the barrel was empty and the cruse was dry, Francke, seeing no immediate sign of deliverance from his perplexity, became deeply moved while offering the petition, “Give us this day our daily bread;” but he was ere long filled with exultant gratitude, when, in the course of the day, a friend remitted four hundred crowns. The pastor was a man who habitually rested content with the present supplies of Providence. When necessary help came for to-day, he would not mar the lustre of present thankfulness by fretting over the possible wants of to-morrow. He never lost hope, nor the even flow of his spirits. “You seek money of me,” he would exclaim to the faithful Newbauer, in a season of pressing necessity, “but I know of another Benefactor.” The help he received never fell short of his faith. The artizans employed in building the hospital might wait a little for their wages, but it was only for a short while, for some welcome donation soon supplied the

funds. Sometimes the pastor would not know on Saturday morning whence the cash would come for satisfying the workmen in the afternoon, but come it did. His faith strengthened as he progressed in this difficult but honourable course, just as a little child gains confidence to walk by stepping. He so continually treasured up the memory of his experiences in the Christian life, that occasionally, when in the greatest straits, he would find himself praising God for past deliverances, rather than petitioning on account of present requirements. One morning the steward tendered the house accounts, which for their settlement required several hundred crowns. Having nothing in hand, the good pastor could only order his servant to come at dinner-time. Noon arrived, and, being still unsupplied, he could only say "Come in the evening." When evening came, the aspect of affairs continued apparently hopeless, until passing through the hall to accompany a friend to the outer door, Francke found the steward waiting on one side for the money so pressing wanted, while on the other side there waited a messenger with a hundred and fifty crowns, which supplied the demand.

Our recital might savour somewhat of tediousness were we specially to enumerate every instance of providential interposition which encouraged this great and good man and his indefatigable steward. They were continually being reduced to the lowest ebb, and as often finding relief. What will appear yet more strange, they seem to have been subject to gentle rebukes when in any measure they went out of their way to help themselves. Thus, for example, on one occasion of great trial we find Newbauer disposing of some plate which had been recently presented to the orphanage by a friend; but, when evening brought a donation of a hundred crowns, he could scarcely do otherwise than regret his hastiness.

Though want of space will preclude our recording all the wonders connected with the founding of Francke's great asylum, we will mention the more prominent events. On beginning his work he exercised much caution, judging that proper foresight is fully consistent with a reverent faith in divine guidance. On resolving to build the hospital, he purchased an inn near Halle, called the Golden Eagle; but before finally proceeding with the design he sent an agent to examine the plans and workings of the Dutch charitable institutions. Faith is not blind, but uses every faculty she possesses.

Francke greatly valued the faithful prayers of poor believers. He sent a ducat to a needy Christian woman, who, in expressing her gratitude, said the gift had reached her at a very opportune season, and she made it a matter of prayer that her benefactor might be repaid a hundredfold. Francke carefully watched for the divine reply to this petition. Shortly afterwards, in addition to many minor gifts, a legacy accrued to the hospital of five hundred ducats from the Prince of Wurtemberg. He once received five thousand ducats at a moment when his funds were expended, and all beside himself were despairing of being able to continue the work. He seems to have joyed in trouble on the principle that in man's sorest necessity the succour of heaven is sure to be near. He also strongly held to the opinion that undertakings like the institution established at Halle benefited all parties, those who gave no less than those who received, and therefore

he conceived that encouraging Christians in liberality was a work of the most beneficial nature.

Works of the kind undertaken by Francke if they are to succeed must be founded in complete unselfishness, and how well the pastor understood this truth is proved by his entire procedure. While helping the necessitous, and thoroughly sympathising with their trials, he evidently acted on the maxim that he himself must be poor. The way in which he once assisted a friend in difficulty pointedly revealed his whole bearing in this respect. He thought on the way of best aiding his friend's necessities, and finding he had no money to give him he resolved to earn an amount by extra labour; accordingly he curtailed his time of evening relaxation, and prepared a commentary, for which a bookseller gave him twenty pounds, which money the good Doctor gave to his relative.

All classes within reach were the objects of his holy influence; the workpeople who were engaged in erecting the hospital he never overlooked. Every morning they were assembled for prayer, and each Saturday afternoon a suitable address was made to them.

It must be carefully noted by any who would imitate the example of Francke that, securely as he rested on divine strength, and unwavering as was his faith under all circumstances, he never expected exemption from difficulty and persevering labour. His faith, it is true, enabled him to surmount obstacles, and hopefully to anticipate success where others would have hopelessly despaired; yet he expected difficulty and trial, and when they came he manfully endured them. Work and goods were paid for with ready money, and, hence he avoided one master anxiety, he was never involved in debt. Debts were shunned on principle; we wish that all our enthusiastic brethren would make a conscience of doing the same. The credit of a man like Francke must have been good; nevertheless, rather than owe ought to any man he would sell superfluous articles when his stores were short of provisions. When he wanted the means of purchasing candles to prevent the children from sitting in darkness the trial of his faith must have been severe. In some instances help was long in coming, though in the end he was never disappointed. Once the workmen employed on the premises, wanting materials, came to a standstill, and the master had not sufficient money to purchase the necessary stone and lime. Newbauer, the steward, being on the ground, manifested great depression at the dark aspect affairs were assuming, when a man produced a medal he had just picked up, which bore the inscription in Hebrew, thus rendered in English: "May Jehovah crown this building with a happy conclusion." This little episode not only encouraged a renewal of faith, but the piece when sold helped to purchase what the artisans wanted. Such things gladdened the heart of Francke; he might be judged by the world to be "over simple and fanciful," but this was of little moment, provided his brethren in the faith did not mistake his motives. "The whole undertaking," he said, "is not to lay up provision for the body; but to save souls and convert them to life everlasting, and so to use the former as a means only for obtaining the latter."

While tracing the rise of Francke's great institution at Halle, not the least singular part of its history will be found to be the part touching the origin of its extra school accommodation. Having a large

payment by-and-by falling due, the pastor reserved sufficient cash, or about four thousand dollars, for the occasion. One morning, on entering the apartment where the cash was stored, it was observed with concern and surprise that a thief had unsuccessfully endeavoured to enter by the window, doubtless for the purpose of carrying off the prize. Francke, as a ready learner by experience, tried to make all events redound to his advantage. Finding that by keeping money he risked loss and tempted robbers, he resolved to turn his ready money into something which thieves could not break through and steal. A new wing, he said, should be added to the home, and a new wing he accordingly erected; and then a dispensary was added, which proved a great boon to the town. When the paying time for the great bill came round no funds were available for honouring so considerable an engagement, but the God of the orphan soon met their case by moving a generous donor to send them the large amount of eight thousand dollars.

The faithful and untiring efforts put forth by Francke at length commanded a success of a kind unparalleled in his own day. He justly maintained that orphan institutions and schools were the most legitimate and the most potent agency for repressing crime. To Christianise children was to divert the poison of sin from the stream of life at the fountain head. This was his loved and chosen work, but he did more than merely endeavour to benefit orphans, he put forth his hand to comfort the destitute and the distressed by devoting two hours a day to their instruction, comfort, and relief. The success reaped by Francke during his own lifetime became a splendid trophy of earnest perseverance, though he only planted the tree which now for a century and three quarters has been deepening its roots, and widening its branches. Could we have visited the site of the old Golden Lion hostelry at Glaucha, in the year 1705, the stock-taking of the work already accomplished would have made up an astonishing inventory of what, in a few brief years, sanctified genius and industry may effect in the blessed avocation of ameliorating human suffering. The Orphan Asylum contained from one to two hundred inmates, and, as Francke possessed a quick eye for detecting buds of promise in his juvenile constituents, many of the more advanced of the boys had been transferred to a higher department of education. The dispensary attracted sufficient business for the employment of ten persons, while the bookselling and printing occupied twelve others. There were eight separate schools, a foundation for poor widows, an organised agency for collecting alms to relieve the deserving poor, and lodging accommodation for needy travellers. More directly in the service of the church, there was a college for teachers with seventy-five inmates, "being all students of divinity and freely boarded;" and still further to encourage learning a table was daily spread for dining sixty-four necessitous scholars of the University; and there was, to crown the whole, an efficient school for classical and mathematical learning, the students of which paid according to the advantages enjoyed. Before leaving his life-work to others as a noble legacy, the pastor had the high satisfaction of seeing between two and three thousand children regularly instructed in the day and other schools established by his individual energy, while the number of students and scholars daily fed at the

tables of the institution was nearly five hundred. Francke was a benefactor to the district, and a man of mark. The great hospital so increased in magnitude during the first twenty years of its existence, that it became a blessing to the town in a thousand ways.

Here, then, was a man of noble and unselfish nature, whose life-work has survived himself, and proved a lasting blessing to the world. Riches for their own sake, or honours for himself, he never coveted; and money was only prized as a means of doing his Master's work. Nor was he merely fortunate in obtaining for his work the substance of the wealthy and the generous, his genial nature attracted help from people as magnanimous as himself. The pious and high-spirited Newbauer, as steward-in-chief of the household, became to the pastor almost like a second self; and Elers, the manager of the printing and bookselling department, rose to be equally efficient and self-denying. When, on a certain occasion, the King of Prussia, in expressing his sympathy with the objects of the institution, asked Elers of what his wages consisted, he received for answer, "A suit of clothes and a Bible." The king was struck with astonishment at beholding one of a band of men who contemned riches and honour for the gospel's sake. He did not fail to see in this fact one powerful cause of Francke's success, for who would not succeed when gladdened and assisted by such unselfish helpers?

Francke's estimate of his own labours was humble but confident. It was his individual opinion that an acquaintance with the manner in which the hospital sprang into existence would prove something more than an entertaining story, both to contemporaries and posterity, and therefore he took care to let it be known; he thought the recital would honour God, and stimulate some who might come after him to work with corresponding faith; it has done so already, and its power is still exerting itself. He thought, moreover, that the story would supply "Some insight into the many difficulties and trials providence hath carried us through whilst we have been employed about this affair. For though our poor have not suffered want, yet we have met with such hours of probation, in which not only I had nothing, but could not so much as espy any means by which we might be supplied. When I first began to go about this business I thought, indeed, that the Lord in the first appearance or moment of our poverty would presently relieve our necessity; but I did not then know the meaning of that expression, 'Mine hour is not yet come;' providence tracing such untrodden paths that human reason is not able to follow them; and this proves a comment upon Daniel's saying, 'But thou O Lord how long,'"

Thus rose the famous institution at Halle, the strength of its founder being expressed in the motto of his monument, *HE TRUSTED IN GOD*. Francke spent his life unselfishly, and though his days were days of toil they passed happily, as they ever do with those whose joy consists in promoting the welfare of the needy. He spent himself in his Master's service. Nothing was too difficult or too remote for him to undertake. Though the efforts he put forth at home were as magnificent as the faith which prompted them, his solicitude extended to the heathen also, and he was among the first to send agents to foreign lands.

Francke sustained the heavy, but to him welcome, burden of his

multifarious labours until the summer weather of 1727, when he departed to his rest on the 8th of June. His end came rather unexpectedly. His lectures in the University had begun with the session as usual, but, after the first delivery, were relinquished on account of failing strength. He saw that his life-work was finished, and that his end was fast approaching. During the few days on earth which remained to him he loved to be carried into the college grounds, where all was fresh and gay, and there in peaceful meditation he enjoyed the air. On one of these mornings, while sitting in the grateful sunshine of advancing summer, he invoked God's blessing on the asylum and its many appendages. A little later, when several of his coadjutors were gathered around him for the last time, he addressed them solemnly and impressively—"Go then, my friends, and the blessing of God rest on you for ever and ever." Thus lived and died August Hermann Francke, blessed alike in life and in death. His faith and joy in death were a becoming conclusion to the labours and successes of his life.

Christian Spiritualism a Delusion and a Snare.

BY ARTHUR PRIDHAM.

THAT the editor of the *Christian Spiritualist* (Dr. Sexton) is personally sincere in asserting the compatibility of what goes under the name of "Spiritualism" with a genuine Christian faith I readily believe, but that, with such convictions as he avows, he and they whom he represents are themselves living members of the body of Christ, I am compelled sorrowfully to doubt, by reasons which will presently appear.

In a small book,* which received a friendly and favourable notice in the September number of this journal, I have endeavoured to expose, by an ample citation of their own recognised authorities, the true character and working of modern spiritualism generally. My book is declared, indeed, by Dr. Sexton, in his latest number, to be "a most *ex parte* and unfair production;" but a bare assertion cannot alter facts. The "movement which has produced such tremendous effects upon modern society," to use his own description of spiritualism, has by no means been "condemned unheard," as he complains, although it is but too probable that what will be evident to a true and unprejudiced Christian reader of that work may be at present hidden from his eyes. Leaving, however, what I have already stated to the judgment of the Church of God at large, I turn now to examine the grounds on which a so-called "*Christian spiritualist*" claims recognition as a partaker and fellow-worker with those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and who are, by grace, true servants of the living God.

Expostulating with Mr. Spurgeon on his too ready acceptance of the testimony of the *Spirits Tried*, Dr. S., while admitting the variety and often contradictory character of the spirits' communications, protests earnestly against the conclusion that "spiritualism as a whole is opposed to Christianity, and is a delusion of the devil." "Where their teaching," he says, "is erroneous, let it be at once unhesitatingly condemned; but when in accordance with truth, it would be the merest folly in the world to reject it, since it might prove a valuable auxiliary to us in the work in which we are engaged." "Until Christ be in accord with Belial the teachings of spiritualism will never be "in accordance

* *The Spirits Tried, or Spiritualism Self-convicted, &c.* Yapp and Hawkins.

with truth," as will soon be shown conclusively. Meanwhile, with reference to the above extract, it will at once occur to the Christian readers of this paper how very differently a true servant of God estimated such "auxiliaries" from beneath when similarly importuned (Acts xvi. 16—18). It is necessary to bear in mind, in considering the subject now before us, that Dr. S. was until recently an active propagandist of *secularism*, and that his supposed "conversion" was, to use his own terms, "from scepticism to spiritualism." A knowledge of these facts will enable us to refer this bold attempt to identify his creed and his actual pursuits with the faith and work of genuine believers to its true cause; to his present destitution, namely, of the faith of God's elect.

"From darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God" is the true order of a genuine conversion, with the blessed accompanying effects of forgiveness of sins and fellowship with *all his saints* (Acts xxvi. 18; Col. i. 12—14.) Now, it is a standing character of these, both in old and modern times, that they sit down at his feet and *receive his words* (Deut. xxxiii. 3; 1 Pet. ii. 2). And it is by this test that I propose to try the validity of this writer's claims. Since Dr. S. has chosen, as a motto for his journal, a text from the epistle to the Ephesians—a text to which further reference will soon be made—he accepts of course Paul's writings as inspired truth. Now Paul declares explicitly that they who deny the resurrection of the dead are *without the true knowledge of God* (1 Cor. xv. 34). But, says this convert from scepticism to spiritualism, "The truth that there is *no such thing as death*, is the noblest consolation that has ever blessed humanity!" But if this be true, there are assuredly no longer any "dead in Christ," and as a necessary consequence there can be no resurrection of the dead. Here, then, we have at once a deep and irreconcilable difference between Christian spiritualism and apostolic truth. If spiritualists speak, as they sometimes do, of resurrection, they do not mean the quickening of this mortal body, but the assumption of a certain fabled "spirit-form," which occurs, they say, on the decease of this present life. And I may here, before proceeding further, caution young believers generally against the danger in these days of being misled by *words*. Resurrection, heaven, hell, redemption, peace, and many other evangelical expressions are to be met with in the *Christian Spiritualist*, but let none think that they represent in such pages Scriptural ideas. "THE HEAVEN OR THE HELL IS WITHIN US!" exclaims one of these apostles of delusion in the midst of a florid and verbose harangue on "spirituality of soul" in the September number. This may suffice as an example.

Let us look now more closely at the root and basis of this monstrous hybrid which assumes the name of Christian spiritualism. The system represented by Dr. S. "is built," he would have us believe, "upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone"! Great is the long-suffering of God, and there is hope always that the blasphemies of ignorance may be forgiven, but in truth to claim for modern spiritualism such a base as this is to make Christ the minister of sin in a new and utterly outrageous sense. For what, on his own showing, is spiritualism? It is a seeking to the dead (or, as he chooses to phrase it, "the denizens of the other world," for with him, as we have seen, there is *no death*) for consolation, for protection, for direction, and for counsel. They are sent, he dares to say, by the Father of spirits "on errands of mercy and love to his erring children on earth." Heb. i. 14 was but as a dead letter to him, he avers, until he read it "in the light of spiritualism." That is to say, God's angels, whom the Holy Ghost pointedly distinguishes from men, both in the chapter from which he quotes, and especially in the one immediately following (without now referring to other passages of Scripture), not only in respect of their original creation and nature, but also in their relation to God and to the heirs of his salvation, are, in the language of this pseudo-Christian teacher, the spirits only of departed human beings! I am far from charging Dr. S. with inten-

tional deception or dishonesty, but in the service of such a cause as he espouses, God's truth, if used at all, must of necessity be *falsely* used. We find, accordingly, that lie follows lie in the pages of this sincere (I could fain believe) but utterly misguided writer, by a kind of natural sequence, as in the example now before us. For not only is the spirit of truth contradicted by this arbitrary change of angels into departed human spirits, but the Son of God is treated in like manner by the assertion that such spirits are sent back on errands of mercy to this earth. Can he have overlooked or forgotten the reply of Abraham to Dives in the parable of our Lord? (1 Luke xvi. 27—31).

Now, this dealing with the dead is, in the language of the Bible, *necromancy*—a form of departure from the living God which has ever been peculiarly hateful in his eyes. His curse has been pronounced upon it from the first. It forms a special count in his fatal indictment against the Canaanites, and when Israel practised it, with other like abominations, Jerusalem was laid on heaps. (Deut. xviii. 9—14; 2 Kings xxi. 11—13). Yet a man who expects the confidence of Christians as a teacher is not ashamed to say that whosoever "does not see the hand of God in spiritualism must be blind indeed." Has God then changed, that his own hand should cancel thus his ordinance of judgment, and make that a virtue in a Christian which in an Israelite was a mortal sin? For we are not now dealing with typical and temporary ordinances, but with the lasting moral relations of our Maker to ourselves. "This is my beloved Son, hear him," is the voice which now calls to us out of the excellent glory. Does the Lord, then, now by his Spirit, who is sent to guide us into all truth, refer us for our choicest consolations to the spirits of the dead? It would weary my Christian readers to dwell longer on this point.

But, argues Dr. S., modern spiritualism cannot be of Satan, because it is beneficial to mankind, and it belongs to the devil to injure rather than to bless. Dr. S. is a man of culture and ready faculty, a rhetorician by profession, who chooses the "oration" as his favourite method of instructing men. But wisdom of words is most usually foolishness with God, and such reasoning as he has offered to show that the prince of darkness cannot be the author of modern spiritualism proves him to be in knowledge far below the weakest babe in Christ. For how did that old serpent first prevail, if not by means of lying promises of good to man? And does one who claims companionship with God's true servants in their work require to be taught that it is as an angel of light, and as counterfeit ministers of righteousness, that Satan and his ministers have ever practised most successfully within the vineyard of the Lord? But I must quote here his own words: "It was not the habit of Satan in days of old to do good, or to help in any way to benefit mankind. His practice then was to work evil, to shut out the light of God's countenance from men, and to prompt to error and crime. If we now find him doing the reverse of all this, teaching mankind that a God exists who is their Creator and Father, and to whom they will be accountable hereafter for deeds done in the body, then a very different question arises, viz., How are we, when we see the purest and holiest truths taught in connection with any movement, to know that the devil may not after all be the prime mover of the whole thing?" There is a characteristic shamelessness belonging to all anti-Christian teachings, of which the teacher may often be quite unconscious, because the darkness in which he is walking has both blinded his eyes and neutralised his moral sense, and on the above extract this unlovely trait is broadly marked. For the writer cannot be so ignorant of the letter of the Bible as not to know that it is by the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, and not by departed spirits from the grave, that the knowledge of truth, both present and to come, can be communicated to mankind. We have already had before us some specimens of what are here unblushingly called "the purest and holiest truths." We have weighed them in the balance of the sanctuary and have found them to be flat lies against God's written word.

But, indeed, this "difficult" and palpably *ensnaring* question admits of a

ready and a very simple answer, and it is this: God only is good and doeth good. "Whatever," to quote from another paper on the same subject,* "is not or God is *against* him in its operation and effect. Jesus Christ is the Son of the Father in truth and love; the Holy Ghost is the witness who reveals him, and the Scriptures are his open testimony to all who have an ear to hear. God's word is *truth*. All science or knowledge, therefore, purporting to benefit mankind, which opposes that word in its plain significance is *false* science in the sight of God." (1 Tim. vi. 20.) Now, that modern spiritualism, or necromancy, which falsely claims to be a teacher of the way of peace and happiness to men, is a thing essentially contrary to God has been already shown. Then, whatever its pretended benefits to men, it is most evidently of the father of lies, that old serpent which deceiveth the whole world. (Rev. xii. 9.) It stands in the same category with many other false gospels that are in the world. For anti-Christians are many, and often borrow Christian names, but all will be found on due examination alike contradictory of the true record which God has given of his Son.

Let us note, also, the pitiable self-contradiction of this clever but much deluded mind. "Spiritualism nowhere lays claim," says Dr. S., "to be a mode of salvation, neither does it possess any fixed principles with regard to revealed religion." But just now he told us that its mission is to teach mankind the existence of God, the certainty of a future life, the doctrine of personal accountability, &c.; things which Christians usually think have some connection with "revealed religion." I do not stay to comment further on the gross impudence of this Satanic travesty of the "principles of Christ," (Heb. vi. 1) but remark that not only is it true that spiritualism lays no claim to be a mode of salvation, but also that it annuls entirely the Christian idea of salvation by its utter denial of the cross of Christ, while, as we have seen, its heaven and hell are subjective impressions merely, not eternal facts. It is not a mode of salvation most assuredly, but that it is a "heresy of destruction" (2 Pet. ii. 1), must be clearly apparent to the readers of this paper, and has been more largely proved elsewhere.

And may I not fairly ask the writer, in the presence of God's universal church, why he, who claims by profession to be a true disciple of the Lord, has ventured to connect the name of God and of his Christ with a system which, while pretending to confer unparalleled benefits on men, has, by his own admission, nothing to do with either salvation or revealed religion? Is it, then, an error to believe with Jobn and Paul that all fulness dwells in Christ, and that in him are hidden *all* the treasures of wisdom and knowledge? For, according to Dr. S., "the noblest consolation that has blessed humanity" is quite apart from salvation or revealed religion!

It is by the word of his truth that God of his own will begets his real children to himself. (1 James i. 18; 1 Peter i. 23.) The inspired Scriptures are, as the word of Christ, the appointed pasture of his flock. God only can bless men, and his true blessing is tasted by those, and those *only*, who receive it in the gospel of his Son. Yet Dr. S. is not afraid to say that spiritualism, with its necromantic teachings, "has rescued thousands of sceptics from the brink of Atheism, and planted their feet upon the firm rock of Christ!" I mourn and stand amazed at the insatiation that can so express itself. In respect of *verity*, this declaration may vie with the assertion of another spiritualistic writer, who puts "the healing power now possessed by hundreds of mediums" on a par with Elisha's restoration of the dead to life! Faith, says the apostle comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of *God*. "Thousands of atheists have their feet planted on the firm rock of Christ," says Dr. S., "through hearkening to the voices of dead men!"

Is there no solution of this strange and monstrous incongruity? There is, alas, a sufficient as well as truly sad solution. The deceivers of the last times

* Spiritualism: What is it, and whence comes it? Yapp and Hawkins.

are themselves deceived, and DREAMERS is their characteristic name (2 Tim. iii. 13; Jude 8). And even as in natural dreams all contemplated objects are distinctly cognizable, and to the mind of the sleeper are realities so long as his dream lasts, so it is with these men. Themselves still in the darkness of nature, they see nothing clearly but their own imaginations. They may occupy themselves with spiritual things, and handle fearlessly the words of God, but until enlightened from above they have no true perception of what they confidently claim to know and teach (1 Tim. i. 7). Their elaborate arguments are but as delirious ravings in the estimation of a sober mind, while their great swelling words of vanity, which tickle the ears and steal away the hearts of the unwary, allure those who hearken to them far away from the true and only source of life and peace.

With reference to the distinctive boast of modern spiritualism—that it is the only effective opponent of materialism—it is well to notice and remember carefully that these apparent contraries proceed originally from one and the same evil source. Both are false, and both therefore are of the father of lies. They differ in this, that one is the denial of truth, the other the assertion of falsehood; and of these two evil things the latter is by far the worse. For a negation gives no rest to any mind, while a lie may and does give a false rest to a deluded soul. The subject is a truly awful one, but it is incumbent on all who are really Christ's to gird well their loins with truth in these perilous and evil days, and to look these methods of the devil fairly in the face. The keys of death and Hades are in the hands of our risen and exalted Head. He is Lord of the living and also of the dead, and he has spoken of an hour in which all who are in the grave shall hear his voice and shall come forth. In the meantime the spirits of the disobedient dead are kept in Hades, and the spirits of the just are with the Lord. To those on earth whom he is not ashamed to call his brethren his angels are sent forth to minister; but that the spirits of the dead are thus employed is an idea without any countenance from Scripture. To suppose that such spirits come, as is asserted, in answer to necromantic invocations, is to make Jehovah a consenting party to the violation of his own commandment, and a blessing of the thing which he has cursed.

But true as this is, it is not less true that even as God sends his holy angels forth as messengers and ministers of grace, so also Satan, within limits known and fixed of God, is permitted to employ in like manner his ministers of fraud and wickedness. We know, by an express declaration of the Spirit, that to speak lies in hypocrisy is a part of their appointed work. We know also, on the same authority, that miraculous powers are to be put forth by such (1 Tim. iv. 1, 2; Rev. xvi. 14). God intends to send a strong delusion upon those who stumble at his word of righteousness and refuse his embassy of grace. They who love leasing rather than God's saving truth will, alas, be helped to their desire. A lie will address them, and they will believe a lie. It is, therefore, no marvel if lying spirits be (as I cannot doubt they are) judicially allowed to imitate the voices, and even personate the forms of those whom men perversely seek in wilful disregard to God's commands. But it is what these voices utter that reveals unmistakably their origin. Dr. S. may be ignorant of the fact, or may possibly ignore it purposely, but there is in progress of formation a positive *creed* of spiritualism—a gospel of Satanic falsehood, as opposed to the true witness of the Holy Ghost. Full evidence of this has been given in the *Spirits Tried*, and need not, therefore, be repeated here.

I reach, then, on a full consideration of this subject, first, the general conclusion that modern spiritualism as a whole is essentially of Satan, and secondly that of all its phases that which is falsely called *Christian* spiritualism is the *most* Satanic, because the most deceptive and the most elaborately false. It presumes to associate the sacred name of Christ with that which utterly dishonours him, and is on that account to be more watchfully observed and diligently shunned than that which openly blasphemes his name.

Notices of Books.

John Ploughman's Sheet Almanac. One Penny; and *Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanac.* One Penny. Passmore and Alabaster.

Our two almanacs are now ready. The sheet is most suitable for the cottages of the poor, the workshops of artisans, and kitchens everywhere. We have been delighted to meet with it in such places in many instances, and to hear John Ploughman's homely sayings quoted in all companies. The book almanac has for many years commanded a large sale, and has been the daily companion of many a pilgrim along the highway of life. We beg for our two annuals as kind a reception as on former occasions. Like the grotto, they come but once a year, and we hope they will grow in favour.

The Works of St. Augustine. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.

Two more volumes of this most excellent series. Gold in the quartz truly; but although much matter has to be dealt with which is of the earth earthy, there is fine metal enough to repay the trouble. We hate Augustine's views on baptism, as being of the essence of Popery, and we have no sympathy with his reverence for church decrees and councils. He is fearless in his denunciations, and we like the boldness of his utterances, but could wish he had a clearer view of the distinction between truth as revealed in the Bible and truth as formulated by human conclaves. We have no particle of reverence for church dogmas and ecclesiastical resolutions and deliverances. What says the Bible? is our one enquiry, and we go no further. Vol. II. of the "Anti Pelagian Works" is an able dealing with some matters scarcely fit for general reading. Vol. II. of the "Commentary on St. John" we have read with much interest, and sifted out not a little genuine and useful matter. We hope the spirited publishers will be well supported in their efforts to lay the whole works of this great theologian before the Christian public.

Henry's Outlines of Church History; a brief sketch of the Christian Church from the First Century. By JOSEPH FERNANDEZ, LL.D. Printed and published for the Pastors' College, by Passmore and Alabaster.

HAVING remarked the great excellence of the class books written by Dr. Fernandez, we requested him to prepare for our College a Church History upon the same plan. The Church Histories hitherto in vogue are too cumbersome, too verbose, too involved to be used in schools and colleges, and we entertain the hope that the present work will remedy that evil, and supply a work which all our friends who are tutors can use with pleasure and safety. Every young Christian should be acquainted with ecclesiastical history; it should be taught in every school of a high grade, to young ladies as well as to their brothers. We have fixed the price at 2s. 6d., and we hope that our first edition will be swept from the shelves in a month.

A Humble Companion to the Pilgrim's Progress; being a series of discourses on that great allegory. By the Rev. SAMUEL BURN. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS book is about twice as big as there is any need for, being leaded out to an extreme. Publishers like this style of printing, because it increases prices, and for that very reason we do not like it. When we want to buy paper we need not go to a publisher's for it, we can buy it ourselves unspoiled. Apart from this remark, Mr. Burn's twelve lectures do not call for any critical disapprobation; they are good and sound, and though they do not contain anything very striking or original, they are pleasant and profitable reading, and when heard we should think they were very telling and impressive. The tinker's matchless allegory is a huge nugget of gold, containing enough precious metal for tens of thousands of gold-beaters to hammer out into leaf as long as time endures.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock,"
or, *Christ's message to Laodicea*. By
JAMES CULROSS, A.M., D.D. Morgan
and Scott.

ANOTHER "gem of purest ray serene" from the deep waters of our brother's teeming mind. Above all living teachers we prefer Dr. Culross, he ought to preach to all the ministers in London at least once a week. We do not, of course, mean that he is the most attractive preacher to the masses, or moves the souls of men with lofty far-resounding eloquence, his voice forbids that mode of usefulness; but he has a rich compensation in possessing a ripeness of thought and beauty of expression which in our judgment are scarcely equalled, and not in one instance surpassed, by those of any other living teacher known to us. The world is the richer for every book Dr. Culross sends to the press, and we hope he will live long, and send forth a large number. We shall not just now review the book before us: we have first to digest it, we have only swallowed it as yet. Here are two charmingly simple parables culled without searching.

"Perhaps you have hard thoughts of Jesus. You think him the representative of an angry God, and so you keep him outside. Good men going on errands of mercy sometimes find doors slammed in their faces. The inmates misunderstand them, and reject them in ignorance. So with this heavenly Visitant: men with sin in their hearts imagine that he is come to take their pleasure from them, and to torment them before the time. Some one whose name I do not know has presented the case very truly in these words: A benevolent Christian went once to a poor widow's door, bearing in his hand the help she sorely needed. He knocked long and loud, and went away at last without gaining admission. Why? *Was the widow not within?* She was. *Asleep, perhaps, and therefore did not hear?* No; she was wide awake, and heard all. She sat cowering on the floor with her naked, hungry children, neither making answer nor opening. Why? She was in debt, and thought the knocker an officer come to claim from her what she had not to give. Oh, if she had but known who was knocking, and why he

knocked, she would have opened eagerly, and at the opening life would have flowed in. It is thus that the guilty refuse to open for Christ, even when they hear him knocking. They have hard thoughts of him. They think he comes to demand a righteousness which they cannot give, and to bind them over to the judgment because they cannot pay."

"Perhaps you have not heard the Saviour knocking. There has been such a noise within—sometimes of pleasure, sometimes of passion, sometimes of misery—that his gentle knock has been unperceived. 'I once went,' says an unknown writer,—'I once went to a house in the country to make a call of friendship. It was a bright afternoon, at the close of an early harvest. I knocked at the door, and knocked again. No answer. As I stood, I began to observe the reason why my call was unheeded. A company was assembled within, and a joyous feast was going on. I heard them laughing, but they did not hear me knocking. I turned and went away. The inmates of the house never knew that I had been at the door. They lost nothing by that, for I had nothing to give them; but he who knocks at our door to-day has eternal life at his disposal, and he has come to bestow it.' Oh, if you have never heard his knock before, listen! He is knocking now. Rise, O soul, and let him in."

Josephus and the Bible. Edited by
ALEXANDER MURRAY. Virtue, Spalding, and Co., Ivy-lane, London.

THE design of this book is to show the agreement of the history of the Jews as related by Josephus with the history of the same people as recorded in the Old Testament. In strict adherence to this design, those portions only of the writings of the Jewish historian which coincide with Scripture history are adduced, to which an explanatory narrative and notes are appended. Those who approve the design cannot fail to approve the manner in which it is carried out. To others, those parts of the writings of Josephus which go beyond the Scripture narrative, and yet are in harmony with it, are more interesting and instructive. As a confirmation of the Old Testament Scriptures the comparison of Josephus with the Bible is

invaluable, and especially in our day. If a nation may be supposed to be best acquainted with its own history, and its most learned and most judicious historians to be more credited than those of other ages and nations, the testimony of Josephus to the facts as literally recorded by Moses far outweighs the results of all modern inquiries concerning them. If the Mosaic history of the creation had been a mere allegory, and and its six days' formation so many intervals of many millions of years, and the miracles wrought by Moses and Joshua either myths or the effects of natural laws, it must have been known to the Jews, and consequently to Josephus, much better than to all the critics and philosophers of our times. The account which Josephus gives of the Mosaic history is in the same plain and straightforward manner as Moses himself does, and that with the avowed purpose of giving a faithful record of his own nation. What if his narrative had essentially differed from the Bible instead of being in harmony with it? It is a testimony, we repeat, on behalf of the whole of Old Testament history, which no after learning or research can gainsay. Under this conviction the two volumes have been compiled, and from this they derive their whole value.

Lectures on the Beautiful and Sublime in Nature and in Morals. By the Rev. GEORGE MATHER. Wesleyan Conference Office, 2, Castle Street, City Road, and 66, Paternoster Row.

YES, Mr. Mather, your book is a very readable production, pleasant for an hour when severer themes have wearied the brain, and withal profitable also, for he who wishes to educate his whole manhood must not close his eyes, his ears, or any of the soul's avenues, to things of beauty, lest he shut out joy also. Mr. Mather's style is rather too "sublime and beautiful" at times, but the subject naturally tempted his pen in that direction, and we also may have a rather plainer taste than the majority; certainly many would have been even more florid, and have degenerated into the Della Crusca school of finery. We are most pleased with Mr. Mather's carrying his subject into the domain of morals and religion, for

there both the beautiful and the sublime are to be seen in their fullest glory,—we only wish they were more common. The following extract is not only good in itself, but is a fair specimen of the writer's style and thought. We wish him a large sale for his book.

"I remember once crossing the Isle of Man, from Douglas to Peel, on a coach drawn by four horses. Passing Kirk Braddon and its antiquities, we were soon amidst most picturesque scenery. Cottage verandahs were covered with roses and creepers. Every now and then we dipped into lovely dingles, skirted high hills; and, when about midway, the scenery was of a wilder description. Romantic crags, dark pines waving like colossal plumes, castellated dwellings on the rocks, purple heather, and rushing torrents, combined to make a scene of almost savage magnificence. A white mist-like cloud gathered on one of the mountains, and shrouded its summit; the wind howled ominously; down dashed the rain in pitiless fury, and the storm grew fearful. Amid the rage of elements, up rose a solitary storm bird, breasting the tempest; and, borne on strong pinion, rose higher and higher, battling with the strife of nature, as if in conscious power and triumph. It was deeply impressive. It was not beautiful, but *sublime*. A flock of birds would have been *picturesque*, not grand; *number* would have destroyed the sense of sublimity. It was the *one lone brave* bird, amid the colossal and terrible of nature, defying the tempest in its fearless flight, which awoke the emotion in my heart, and which constituted the sublime. It appeared a fit emblem of the man who, amid the rage of human passions and the fierceness of persecution, remains calm and unmoved in his purpose, presenting a breast which no steel can daunt, and an aggressive movement which no earthly power can withstand; who, nerved with power from God, rises as an eagle-spirit high above the scorn and rage of men, and whose daring soul achieves immortal fame; a man who dares to be a man—who dares to speak the truth, and assert the majesty of conscience in the presence of kings, and who writes his name on the imperishable marbles of eternity."

Notes.

THE Editor has been laid aside during the most of October, but is now better. Change of season brought on a rheumatic affection, which was very painful, but far less severe than on any former occasion, and consequently affords hope of ultimately being removed altogether. It must be a high privilege to be always able to work for the Master with vigour.

The students and the Colportage Society have entered upon their rooms at the new College with great pleasure to themselves. Everybody is pleased, and most of all the President, for, by a legacy which has realised £1,750, the remainder of the amount needed is now furnished, and the enterprise of the new building may be regarded as complete. Blessed be the name of the Lord. Ladies who have worked for the Bazaar are earnestly thanked, and respectfully informed that there will be no bazaar for the College, but any goods they may prepare and forward for the Orphanage will be most thankfully received. There will most probably be a bazaar in February or March, after the Pastor's return from the South of France, to which he will probably repair in January, in order to get through the foggy part of the winter.

Thanks are due for many presents to College Buildings, among the rest to Mr. Neale, of Edgware Road, for two clocks, and to Mr. Stiff for filters and stone ware.

From our College, Mr. Pidgeon has left for Ottery St. Mary; Mr. Near for Stanwick, Mr. Llewellyn for Bowden, and Mr. Williams for Clay Cross. May the good Lord bless each of them in his ministry. Mr. Evans, of Dublin, removes to Wolverhampton; and Mr. Pates, of Aldwinckle, to Bilston; in each case an exchange to a sphere where we trust large promise will be followed by yet greater success.

Our friend and helper, Mr. Dunn, is most anxious to erect Sabbath and Even-

ing Schools in the very poor neighbourhood of Richmond Street, Walworth, where a most useful mission work has long been carried on by him. He has issued an appeal to Tabernacle friends, and begs very thankfully to acknowledge the receipt of £55; we wish it had been £550,—he needs about £1,000. The Board Schools will not remove the necessity of religious teaching, but rather increase it; and we should be glad to have a belt of Sabbath Schools around the Tabernacle. Ritualists swarm in the neighbourhood, and poverty is dense. Who will help to build, in the form of Richmond Street Ragged Schools, a castle of defence against the enemy?

At the Surbiton new chapel thirteen persons were baptised by Mr. Dunn on Oct. 18. This is a good beginning. The Lord send prosperity.

The Orphanage funds are reduced so low that at the time of writing this paragraph we have nothing in hand to go on with: nevertheless we are not afraid that want will happen to us, for the Lord never has failed us and never will. We have a daily demand for £10, and sometimes, when pain makes us low in spirit, the arch-enemy suggests that we shall run aground, but we have not listened to his suggestion for a moment; we believe and are sure that the Lord will provide, and we are looking for abundant supplies with as much confidence as we look for the rising sun. We cannot, however, forbear the remark that those of God's servants who have wealth, and believe that we are faithfully and efficiently conducting the Orphanage, ought not to allow these trials of our faith to happen to us, or to be so frequent. If it be a work laid on the hearts of believers, let them see to it.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—September 24, twenty; October 1, thirteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from September 20th to October 19th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	0	Mr. Hayward	0	2	6
Mrs. Marshall	0	10	Mr. R. Peck	0	3	0
Glasgow	3	0	Mrs. Matthews	0	10	0
Mr. Westrop	5	0	Mrs. Jones	1	0	0
Mr. J. B. Denholm	0	10	G. G.	0	2	6
A Friend, per Mrs. Lester	...	0	10	Mr. G. Garratt	1	0	0
A. H. M.	0	2	Mr. L. Bailey	0	10	0
Mrs. Dring	0	16	Mr. Siddaway	0	10	0
Z. Z.	0	5	Mr. D. Lewis	0	10	0
Mr. H. Mitchell	0	10	Mr. J. W. Fisher	0	10	0
Miss Brown	1	15	Mr. J. Richards	0	2	10

	£	s.	d.
Mr. F. Derbyshire ...	0	2	6
Threepence per Week ...	0	5	6
Mr. A. G., per Mr. H. Olney ...	5	0	0
Part of a Sailor's Tithe ...	1	0	0
Rev. W. H. Burton ...	2	2	0
Mr. W. Marsh ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Stevenson ...	3	0	0
Mr. Finch Hill ...	5	5	0
The Misses Dransfield ...	2	2	0
Collection at Kingsgate Street Chapel, per Rev. W. H. Burton ...	13	5	10

	£	s.	d.
Collection at Drummond Road Chapel, per Rev. J. A. Brown ...	2	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Tab., Sept. 20 ...	37	1	2
" " " " Oct. 4 ...	27	10	11
" " " " " 11 ...	4	30	2
" " " " " 11 ...	23	0	9
" " " " " 13 ...	40	0	3
	£271	6	4

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from September 20th to October 19th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.
Sunday School Teachers, per Miss Easty ...	0	4	0
Mrs. Taylor ...	0	2	9
Mrs. Allbury ...	0	2	0
Miss Fitzgerald ...	0	8	0
A Thankoffering ...	0	5	0
Mrs. T. ...	50	0	0
Basil T. ...	10	0	0
R. T. T. H. M. ...	0	12	0
Mr. W. Mc. Ewing ...	2	0	0
Mr. A. W. Anden ...	0	5	0
W. ...	0	2	6
K. X. Z. ...	0	7	0
Mr. Westrop ...	5	0	0
Mr. J. Armstrong ...	1	0	0
G. C. B. ...	0	5	0
Mr. C. E. Moody ...	0	5	11
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates ...	1	11	0
Mr. W. S. Dendy ...	5	0	0
Mr. J. O. Cooper ...	3	0	0
Mrs. Williams ...	0	10	0
Harvest Thanksgiving Collection, per Mr. T. E. C. Cooke ...	10	12	0
Old Halfpence at Metropolitan Store ...	0	10	7
Mr. H. T. Adams ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Harris ...	5	0	0
Z. Z. ...	0	10	0
Mr. Park ...	1	1	0
A Thankoffering ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Saunders ...	6	9	9
Percy ...	0	10	0
Amy ...	0	10	0
Harry ...	0	10	0
Fred ...	0	10	0
Walter ...	0	10	0
E. M. G. ...	0	10	0
Miss Brown ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Berry ...	0	6	5
Miss Lucy Best ...	0	10	0
Miss Celia Best ...	0	10	0
Miss Mary Best ...	0	5	0
Mr. W. Vince ...	0	3	6
Box on Selindge Counter ...	0	9	6
Mr. R. Turnbull ...	0	19	6
Baptist Church, Eyemouth ...	1	0	0
Mr. James Dougall ...	0	10	0
S. H. ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Glennan ...	2	0	0
T. A. H. P. W. ...	10	0	0
O. B. ...	10	0	0
A. Cobbler ...	1	0	0
Mr. D. Burgess ...	0	2	6
Union Senior Band of Hope ...	0	1	0
Sale of Plums ...	0	11	0
Mr. T. Paterson ...	1	0	0
Every Little Helps ...	0	2	10
Mrs. Davies ...	1	10	0
Mr. E. Gibbons ...	2	2	0
Mrs. Kempster ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Jones ...	0	15	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Howe ...	1	0	0
Thanksgiving Service, per Rev. J. S. Barker ...	1	14	6
H. E. ...	0	3	0
Mrs. Keely ...	0	5	0
Miss A. J. Walsh ...	0	2	0
G. G. ...	0	2	6
Mr. E. Davies ...	0	10	0
Mr. Chessher ...	0	5	0
A Thankoffering for Safe Deliverance ...	1	0	0
Mr. Fry, per Mr. Cecil ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Lamont ...	2	0	0
H. C. ...	0	1	0
N. and Wife ...	1	0	0
Part of a Sailor's Tithe ...	1	0	0
W. A. M. ...	0	3	0
Mrs. H. Fells ...	0	5	0
Miss Thompson ...	1	0	0
A Country Minister ...	0	3	0
J. N. ...	0	10	0
Dr. Green ...	1	1	0
A. F. W. ...	2	0	0
Mrs. E. M. Slatter ...	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Bilbrough, in Memory of a Dar- ling Little Son ...	10	0	0
A Friend ...	1	0	0
Mr. S. Laxton ...	0	10	0
Per Mr. W. Winford ...	5	0	0
Mrs. T. Morgan ...	10	10	0
Mrs. Winter ...	2	0	0
Miss Bamber ...	0	9	0
Mr. W. Cook ...	1	0	0
Miss S. Tutcher ...	1	9	0
Miss Anne Tutcher ...	0	10	0
Mr. Chew ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Raybould ...	1	0	0
Mr. W. Ranford ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Armitage ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Greenfield ...	1	1	0
Mr. Ford ...	0	5	0
Mr. A. Debenham ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Ramie ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Hall ...	1	0	0
Mr. W. Marsh ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Stevenson ...	2	0	0
Friends, per Mrs. Stopford ...	3	12	6
Annual Subscriptions.			
The Baroness de Rothschild ...	2	2	0
Mr. J. Skinner ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Gibbs ...	1	0	0
Per F. R. T. :-			
Mr. C. Tidmarsh ...	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Tidmarsh ...	0	5	0
Mr. Gibson ...	0	5	0
Mr. Underwood ...	0	5	0
Miss Winckworth ...	0	5	0
	1	5	0

£221 0 9



THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

DECEMBER, 1874.

A Double Knock at the Door of the Young.*

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"I have a message from God unto thee."—Judges iii. 20.

MY message is not sharp and deadly like that of Ehud, who when he had pronounced the words drove at once his dagger into the heart of the tyrant king. That was the sharp message from God to him. Mine is a message not of death but of life. If anything be killed by it, I trust it may be that sin which otherwise would have killed us. Young man, young woman, "I have a message from God unto thee"!

In ordinary correspondence through the post there are four special marks which occasionally distinguish our letters, any one of which is sure to draw attention to them. There are, in like manner, four attractive features about the message I have to deliver. You sometimes receive a letter marked "*Important*," or another upon which there is written "*Immediate*." You will see to those at the first moment. Perhaps a third comes, "*On Her Majesty's service*," and you will look to that; but I should not wonder if the most pleasing of all in your eyes is that which is tied round with a green string. It is *registered*, and contains something of value, which you hope may be as precious as you wish. I have four such letters to deliver at this time to my young friends, and I shall ask their earnest attention to them.

* Our "*Bit for the Boys*" has brought us several letters from girls, asking to be remembered. We will attend to that as soon as we can. Meanwhile, the present article is for the young in general, and we hope our older subscribers will kindly read it to their junior friends.

The first message I have to deliver is

"IMPORTANT!"

I cannot take you by the button hole and hold you fast, but I should like you to think I am doing so, while I try to chain your ears and engage your hearts. Like the old mariner in Coleridge's rhyme who detained the wedding guest with his story, so would I try to detain you. Not that I have to tell you any strange legend, or to relate any romantic narrative; but with something practical and earnest I would hold you. Here you find yourself with a career just opening up before you, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, or it may be of one-and-twenty, or five-and-twenty. Infancy at least is behind you, and immediately before you there is the shaping of your life. The reflection you have in your mind, if you judge righteously, will be that since God has created you and endowed you with all the faculties you possess, he has a first claim upon you. From your own point of view it is reasonable that the Creator should demand and expect that the creatures he has formed should answer the ends for which he gave them being, and fashioned them as men, for if you construct a machine you expect to get the benefit of your own handicraft, and if after making it you spend money in its maintenance, you expect it to be useful to you. God has made us, and not we ourselves, and we are bound to render service to him. The breath in our nostrils and the pulsing in our veins come to us from an immediate act of God, and, therefore, every second of our lives we ought to live to him, else we do not live honestly. We are under solemn obligations that our whole life should be spent for him, and to neglect this is to rob God. Young men and women, will you not acknowledge this obligation? As you have any justice in your souls, I charge you to do so. Will you defraud your God? I pray you be not so unjust. You see I am not trifling, I am pleading for God, my message is **IMPORTANT**, most **IMPORTANT**.

It may encourage you to accept this duty cheerfully if you remember that the service due to God which he asks of you is by no means injurious to yourself. In fact his law, when condensed into a sentence, is just this, "Do thyself no harm." There is not a sin which can by any possibility be really for our benefit, neither is there a divine command which can be for our hurt. His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all his paths are peace. Though in the pursuit of right we may have to suffer, the trials which are necessitated by doing right are not for a moment comparable to those pangs of conscience and agonies of remorse which are sure to follow upon the heels of doing wrong. Notwithstanding that the road to heaven is rough in places, it is a smoother road take it for all in all than yonder attractive road to hell, which so many choose. You shall find the service of God to be liberty. If ye be men, ye shall be the more manly through being servants of God. If you be happy by nature and constitution, you shall be the happier through being devoted to his service; and if you be somewhat dull and inclined to gloom by nature, you shall find the sweetest alleviation of your constitutional depression in the grateful love and devoted service of the Most High. I have known the Lord and served him now since I was fifteen years of age through his love and

mercy, and if he were a bad master I would tell you. I would not lie even for him. But I must bear him witness that it is sweet to do his bidding, and had I done it more perfectly I had been happier than I am. But as it is, to have given my heart to him, and to have sought his glory has conferred upon my life its highest joy and its deepest satisfaction. May I ask you to think of this, and to keep on thinking about it, until you have come to this conclusion, that God is God, and you will serve him. I think I hear the good resolve to which you have come. Your heart is yielding to the truth. I hope it is, for the matter is IMPORTANT! MOST IMPORTANT!

But I have other important things to remind you of. One is that you have not to choose how you shall begin life; for you have begun it already. Unconverted as I suppose you now to be, just reflect where the beginning of life has already placed you. You have already broken God's commands. I am not going to raise the question as to at what time a child is capable of knowing right from wrong, and therefore becomes charged with responsibility. You have passed the period of your childhood, and you have gone through, or are nearly through the days of your youth. You have sinned, you know you have, from childhood's earliest days till now. Now before you can talk about serving God, remember the past has to be condoned or rather to be atoned for. How is that to be done? I pray you attend to me while in a few words I deliver the glad tidings of forgiveness by Jesus Christ. It is not the first time you have heard this story, but it may be the first time you ever heeded it. Oh, believe it as I tell you it again, practically embrace it, and obey it, and it will give you relief from the guilt of your past transgressions. God was pleased out of infinite mercy to his elect to lay their sins upon Jesus Christ, his Son, their substitute and sacrifice; and Jesus Christ took all that mass of sin up to the cross, and there and then so suffered for it, that the sin he carried has been put away for ever, and now God can be just, and yet the justifier of the ungodly. You say to me, "Did he carry *my* sin? That is the point I want to know." Those for whom Jesus was an effectual substitute are in due time known by their faith. He laid down his life for his sheep, and he has said, "My sheep hear my voice." If you believe on him your sin was laid upon him. To believe on him is to trust him. You have therefore to put this question to yourself, Am I trusting my whole soul with Jesus Christ, the God-appointed Saviour? For, if you are so trusting, then your transgressions were laid on him and are not on you, for they cannot be on two persons at the same time. Your transgressions are atoned for, and have ceased to be, and you are forgiven. It all hinges on this—do you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ? Do you rest simply and alone in him? If so, you are reconciled to God. It seems strange that any of us should hesitate when such a gospel as this is propounded to us. If the Lord asked some great thing of us we might hesitate, but when he says simply, "I ask nothing of thee, young man, but that thou trust in the blood and righteousness of my Son, and even that trust I will bestow upon thee by the power of the Holy Spirit," 'tis passing strange, 'tis wonderful, and if we did not know the baseness of the human heart it would be incredible, that men should start back and neglect the great

salvation. Do not be yourself so unwise, for of all concerns this is the most IMPORTANT.

Do you know also, my dear young friend—I seem to throw myself back to the time when I was your age, and I freely speak to you as I would have liked at that time to have been spoken to myself—do you know that in addition to the sin you have committed there is in you a tendency to sin, as you must have perceived, even though you may not have examined yourself thoroughly. You never require a teacher to lead you into the wrong path, but you do require a kindly word to conduct you aright. You know that you never want an incentive to evil, for your heart goes that way as a stone goes down hill, or as a spark ascends. There is a tendency that way. You have seen that; you must have done so. That tendency must be taken from you. The needle of your soul points now in the wrong direction; it must be magnetised in some such way that it shall point to Jesus, the true pole. Now this can be done. You cannot change your own nature; as well might a stone turn itself into a bird, or a deadly upas into the vine which beareth goodly clusters. But there is one who can do it: it is the Holy Ghost. He can change the whole bent and current of the mind, can remove tendencies to evil, and inspire aspirations after perfection. “Oh,” say you, “how I wish he would do this for me!” If you believe in Christ Jesus that work is done, that change of nature has already commenced, for there never was reliance upon Christ yet in an unrenewed heart. Wherever there is simple faith in Jesus Christ, you may rest assured that the first principles of eternal life are already implanted, which will go on to grow, and operate yet more powerfully upon your character. “Oh,” says one, “that has taken a heavy weight from my mind: I have been looking for some great mystery!” That is all the mystery. Seeing you have believed in Jesus, you are forgiven: being forgiven, you love God for having forgiven you, and it is clear that you are a changed man, or you would not do that. Because the gospel thus reveals to you the intimate connection between the new birth and faith, it is above all things IMPORTANT.

So, then, I have brought you this *important* message, that the Lord is able to meet your fallen condition,—its sin by pardon, its sinful tendencies by renewal; and if this be done there is before you a useful, happy life, and a glorious immortality. Young woman, if you give your heart to Jesus you are safe for time and eternity. Young man, you have already thought of insuring your life, may your soul be insured and your character insured; and they will be if you believe in Jesus. He will not suffer you to fall away and perish. “I give,” saith he, “unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hands.” The salvation which comes by faith is not temporary, but lasting, yea, everlasting. When the Lord once renews a man, he suffers him not to go back like the dog to his vomit, or the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire; he turns the dog into a child, the sow into a sheep. Renewed men love purity and holiness, their tastes and desires are altered, and they cannot return to their former ways. Thrice happy is that young heart which entrusts itself to the hand of Christ, for when the evil days come and

the keepers of the house do tremble, and the strong men bow themselves, you will have nothing to dread, but will accept the summons to depart with holy calmness and expectant delight. But ah, if there should be no yielding to God, and no faith in Christ, there remains only for you a life of disaster, a death of darkness, and a resurrection to shame, and everlasting contempt. The world's mirage and pleasure's will-o'-the-wisp will deceive for a time, but the sorrow that worketh death will be your portion here, and after death the "for ever!"—the dreadful for ever!—the dreadful for ever of which we will not now speak, and which I pray you may never know by terrible experience. So much, then, concerning the letter which is marked "IMPORTANT."

We shall now pass on to speak of another letter—the same message indeed—but it is marked

"IMMEDIATE!"

I stood a very short time ago by a sick bed, and on it there lay a woman advanced in life, who was gasping heavily for breath. I saw that I had little opportunity for speaking to her about her soul, unless I spoke shortly and quickly to her, as I tried to do. I warned her that she would soon die, and begged her to remember that it would be terrible to pass into another world unprepared. Now you are not gasping as she was; I do not observe any sunken cheeks and glazed eyes, that look like speedy death; but yet we are all dying men and women, and it becomes us to hear the message of God as such, for persons in hale strength, seeming perfectly well, have on a sudden died, as you know. There is no reason known to you why you may not die while yet these words are under your eye. My message, then, is marked "IMMEDIATE." And immediate first, because, young friend, you have already lingered long enough. As the prophet said, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" You that are the children of godly parents, you have been already a long time turning over these matters. You have sojourned long enough in the dangerous realms of indecision. Oh, *immediately* may God grant you grace to decide; *immediately*, I say, because your character is forming at this very moment. I remember a remark of Mr. Ruskin, which I cannot quote in his beautiful language, but the substance is this, that if particles of chaff or dust fall upon the Venice glass while it is being fashioned, you may in vain invoke the north wind to come and blow upon it until it shall become clear and transparent, for the spots will never depart. So with the flaws of youth. The chaff which falls upon the character while yet in process of formation will leave its trace in after years. In the erection of a building, if there should be any mistake in the upper part of the structure it will discover itself by and by, and probably may be repaired; but who has not seen a faulty public structure in which the difficulty of rectifying faults of construction was extreme, because the fault was in the foundation? A crack here, a settlement there, how it spoils the whole! Young man, your early days are the foundation of your life-character. Young woman, these bright days of yours represent the time when your vessel is being freighted for its future voyage; when your barque is far out to sea you will have to suffer for the errors or defects of her lading. Your youth, dear friends, is a very beautiful

thing to be presented to God. God asks for sacrifice the firstlings, a bullock or a ram of a year old; this shows us that the Lord would have our prime of life dedicated to his praise. You will not have another youth: soon it will not be in your power to offer to God your beauty and freshness. You may be able to give him the ripeness of middle age, but not the beauty of youth, unless you at once attend to the message which is marked "IMMEDIATE." Is there not an exceeding preciousness about youth? They gave out that there was a fountain somewhere in the western main whereof if men would drink it would renew their youth, and straightway a gallant Spaniard, as foolish as gallant, Ponce de Leon, with his flotilla scoured the seas for months to discover the fountain of immortal youth, but never found it. His vain quest only shows how precious a thing man counts it, and God counts it precious too. My young sister, give my Lord and Master the flower of your being while yet it is in the bud. Bring him your first ripe clusters, a basket of summer-fruit sweet unto his taste, for well doth he deserve it. But let it be *now*, for the bloom will soon be gone, and the dewdrops will have exhaled. Your *immediate* conversion is the object of our prayers. Your mother never prays for you to be converted in years to come, her prayer is for your *immediate* salvation; our anxiety always leads us to that desire. Have I the faith to believe that this writing of mine will be made useful to your souls? Well, if I cannot go so far as that, I can say my soul thirsteth, yea even panteth that you may be led to give your hearts to Jesus at this instant. That is our prayer, and if it be your parents' prayer, and your friends' prayer, oh, that the grace of God might hear it, and might hear it at this very moment, while yet the last month of the year is with us.

Dear friend, it is possible that if your heart be not given to Christ immediately it never will be, for you may not live to have another warning, or to receive another invitation. Remember, yet again, that if you should be converted in after life, it is probable that your conversion will cost you great pain, which it may not now. When the Lord's children come to him early in the morning they generally come to him rejoicing; but if late in the day they come to him (as they do, for sovereign grace will not lose its own), they frequently come limping and sorely wounded. Oh it is happy, seeking Christ early in the morning. "They that seek me early shall find me," saith he. It is often hard seeking him amid the shades of evening. Sharp affliction is often necessary to men, they will not come to Christ without it; but oh, if we do come without it how much better it is. A gentleman was riding on a coach one day, and the driver observed to him, "You see that off-leader, sir?" "Yes." "Well, when he gets to that white gate over yonder he will shy terribly." "What are you going to do with him?" "Why, just before he gets there, I shall give him something to think about;" and so he did, in the form of several sharp cuts of the whip. Many of us have been like the horse and the mule, which have no understanding, whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle. May you have grace to yield to the influence of gentler means, and it shall be well with you. May his sweet Spirit incline you to do so *immediately*.

I say "*immediately*," because if you should be converted afterwards, the sins of your youth will always trouble you. Mahomet in his early days was poisoned by a Jewish maid, who thought that she should do a good deed if she put poison into his meat. His life was preserved, but when he lay dying, and was full of pain, he said to those around him, "I can feel the poison still in my veins." Many a saved man has felt the sins of his younger days in his bones. I have heard good men say that when a hymn has been sung, a snatch of an old lascivious song has come up before them; and sights which to the unsullied would have suggested nothing but purity, have awakened in them recollections of unclean acts in early youth which have been a cross and a curse to them. May God grant that we may be led in the paths of righteousness from the earliest period, that we may not have to go down to our grave with regrets.

Beloved young friend, wherever you may be, it is not I that invent that word "**IMMEDIATE**." It is the gospel's call. "To-day if you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." What God saith ought to have weight with us. "To-day," then, I pray you, believe in the Lord Jesus. You cannot possibly yield your heart to Christ too soon. Too soon? Too soon? Ah, it is never too soon to be forgiven when you have committed a fault! It is never too soon to have the kiss from the Father's lips when you have offended him, and to hear him say, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." It is never too soon to be happy; it is never too soon to be safe; it is never too soon to be a child of God; it is never too soon to gain an inheritance in heaven. It is never too soon to put on the armour of the holy war, never too soon to enlist beneath the banner of Jesus, never too soon to be the Lord's for time and for eternity.

Thus I have dwelt upon the immediateness of it. May the urgency be felt, and tend to arouse you.

Let us now devote a few minutes to the consideration of a third form of message. A letter marked O. H. M. S. would command prompt attention.

"ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE."

It may be some very unimportant matter, peradventure it is of no consequence whatever, still one is sure to look directly when the envelope bears these royal words on its face.

Now the message I have to you young people is most distinctly "**ON HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE**." We want to enlist you in His Majesty's army. One occasionally sees in certain places announcements such as this, "Smart young men wanted for the Guards." Well, I am a recruiting sergeant. My colours are crimson, and I am eager to enlist both young men and women. I would be glad if I could do a bit of business, and gather up recruits for Christ. Some more aged reader enquires, "Will you not have us old people?" I would be glad enough, but I am not after you just now. The Lord have mercy upon you and save you, but I have just now a message for the young folks. We want them beyond all others to join the ranks of the covenanted warriors of the Lord.

Why? Because they bring fresh energy into the church. This

is much to be desired. A young man, all aglow with youthful ardour and spiritual life, coming into a church sets us all aflame. Everybody wakes up when he begins to pray. Any church in which there is a large preponderance of persons who have passed middle age is likely to be very respectable and excellent, and to possess many of the virtues, perhaps all, but it is not very likely to be consumed with zeal. I seldom hear of persons over sixty setting the Thames on fire. At that mature age people have not, as a rule, any strong proclivities for fervent excitement, and they are of opinion that the Thames had better be let alone. The elders seldom exhibit the enterprise of youth, their business is to take the Conservative side of questions. They are valuable to the church, and cannot be spared, but the church wants some of the fire of youth, sanctified by grace, and made into genuine zeal for the kingdom of Christ. We want you, beloved youths, because the older soldiers are going off the field, and others of us will soon have to think of ourselves as in the same category. Nobody in *our* army ever retires on half-pay; blessed be God they shall have their full joy, even when they can do but little, and they have the pledge of a full heaven hereafter. Still many have been taken away from us, and our ranks are thinned. Oh for recruits to fill up the vacancies! Good women, earnest matrons who were serving in the schools, and in the classes; good men who were preaching in the streets, and doing good in all ways, are falling asleep. Young men and women, step forward and fill the places of your fathers and mothers! We cannot have a better stock; none could be more welcome than your fathers' sons and daughters.

Young men are valuable when converted, for by God's grace how much they may do while yet young. Do you know that John Calvin wrote his famous "Institutes"—a most wonderful production for thought if not for accuracy—before he was twenty-seven years of age? Though Martin Luther did a grand work after he was five-and-forty years old, it is something to say of Calvin, the clearer of the two, that he had commenced his work and wrought wonders when he was seven-and-twenty. Many a Christian man has won his hundreds and some even thousands for Christ before attaining that age. There is power in youth, let it then be consecrated to HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE.

I am eagerly desirous that many of you should be converted, because your influence will tell against the truth and the cause of God if you are not saved. A young man died in New York some time ago whose last expression was this, "For God's sake gather up all my influence and bury it with me!" That was impossible. He might be penitent for his wrong doing, but his evil influence was gone forth and could never be stayed. He had perverted many. His brilliant talk had led some into scepticism, and his immoralities had plunged others into vice; and this mischief could not be undone. Every man living bears in his hand a box. Take off the lid (and it must be taken off), and from it will either stream the seeds of the disease of sin, or a sacred perfume of grace bearing healing for the nations. Our influence will either, under God, be a channel by which his grace works among the sons of men, or else, if let alone, it will become the means by which Satan destroys multitudes.

What shall I say to you with regard to this service of the Lord Jesus Christ? I will write this inquiry—Who is on the Lord's side? Who? Young people, if you have believed, and are on his side, come forward and say so. Take up Christ's yoke early; make a profession of your faith even in your first days, and to life's latest hour you shall never have cause to regret either that Jesus blessed you, or that you lived for him. You shall love him better every day, and the more your days multiply the more will you rejoice in your Lord.

And now the last thing was the letter marked

"REGISTERED."

Is it for you? Registered letters are only for those they are sent to. This letter is directed to the young man who has by grace believed. Here is another addressed to the young woman who has trusted in the Lord Jesus Christ. I will show you the contents: "I have loved *thee*"—thee Mary—thee John—thee William—"I have loved *thee* with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee. I have loved thee and given myself for thee." Catch the words: "I will never leave *thee* nor forsake *thee*. When *thou* passest through the waters, I will be with *thee*; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when *thou* walkest through the fire, *thou* shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon *thee*. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in the day when I make up my jewels." That is for you, young believer, for yourself, all for yourself. Take it to yourself. Wear these gems, for the Lord presents them to you. You are his chosen; you are his redeemed. He will be with you for ever, and you shall be with him for ever. "What, all these mine?" says one; "I have only lately believed in him." They are just as much yours as if you had believed in him seventy years ago, for the possessions of the covenant as much belong to the babe in grace of an hour old as to the man who has fulfilled his threescore years and ten in the ways of the Lord. Take that *registered* letter, rejoice in the sure promises of the God of grace, and may God the Holy Spirit open them up to you, and give you to see that they are all yours, since you are Christ's and Christ is God's.

Farewell, my message is ended as far as I am concerned, what have you to say to it?

IS THERE ANY ANSWER?

Ghost Stories for Christmas.

WE may be very wrong, but we confess a weakness for a ghost story, and cannot help listening to it, and all the more if it makes the blood curdle and blanches the cheek. It is a sort of stolen water, and that, as the wise man says, is sweet. We lived at one time among a people many of whom devoutly believed in apparitions, and wizards, and witches, and all that horrible rout, and often have we heard the most thrilling stories—stories, we believe, in more senses than one. We had sent us for review some little

time ago a book upon apparitions, which claims to be a narrative of facts; and as we read it through we said "Yes, these were facts *where they were done*," and we put the book aside, to be looked up somewhat nearer the end of the year, when our Christmas number might excuse our inserting one or more of the aforesaid *facts*. We are afraid our readers will think us rather a Sadducee, but we are nothing of the kind, nor a Pharisee either; but we do not believe that in nine out of ten ghost stories there is a ghost of truth, and we are not quite sure that we believe the tenth one. The Wesley family undoubtedly were favoured with a very noisy visitant of some sort, and we have no idea what it was, only there is no accounting for the noises which rats make in old houses any more than for the foul gases in new ones. When we meet with a thing which puzzles us we pry into the cause as far as we can, and generally find it out; and if we cannot read the riddle we lay it by to be solved another day, never flying to the old-fashioned resort of dragging in the supernatural. We traced a spirit song after much investigation to a foot-warmer filled with hot water, which was being used by an invalid. We found a band of celestial visitants, who whispered to us all night in a country house, and they turned out to be a nest of birds in a hole in the plaster of the wall at our bed head, which hole nearly came through into the room. Nothing supernatural has ever been seen by our eyes, nor do we think we shall ever be blessed with such visions while in this body, for after seeing Robert Houdin and other wonder-workers we are casehardened against the whole set of tricks and sham spirits, and these are the parents of most of the marvels which set silly people's hair on end. As a general rule, when we hear of an apparition, or anything of the kind, we do not believe it to be other than an illusion or a falsehood. The most wonderfully well-attested narratives seldom bear investigation, they are built up upon hearsay and tittle-tattle, and will not endure a strict examination; like most rumours, they fall like card-houses as soon as the hand of truth touches them. Perhaps a few of them appear to be so far true that we may safely say that they are not yet accounted for except upon a supernatural hypothesis, but we should hesitate to say more. Some are evidently the result of strong imagination, and are true to the parties concerned, affecting their fears and stamping themselves upon their minds too firmly to allow them to doubt.

In many cases religious delusions and errors create a tendency to visions and the like, and the most vigorous repression should be exercised by ministers and other persons of influence. A woman once called upon us in great trouble, for she had seen a human form at the foot of her bed. We suggested that it might be her own gown hanging on a peg. No, that could not be, she believed it was either the Lord Jesus or Satan. We remarked that it did not matter a pin which it was, for many saw the Lord when he was on earth, and our Lord himself saw the devil, and yet was none the worse. To her, however, it was a test matter, and she informed us that she should have known all about it *if she had seen its head*. We enquired how that was, and to our astonishment she told us that she had a likeness of the Saviour, and she should have known him by it, and thereupon pulled out of her pocket a small woodcut which was supposed by her to be like the altogether lovely

One. Our reply was an urgent entreaty to burn the horrid thing at once, and to feel certain that if ever she saw anybody at all like that she might be sure that it was as likely to be Lucifer himself as the Lord Jesus. She was evidently greatly surprised, and we fell fifty per cent. in her estimation, for she had expected to have had the opinion of her own minister, a Methodist, contradicted by our authority. We told her that her minister was a very sensible man, and had dealt faithfully with her in telling her not to be deceived by optical illusions; we question, however, whether we shook her faith, for she had a budget of other wonders to tell us, only our declaration that they were "stuff and nonsense," and our plain statement of the spiritual character of true religion, made her cut the interview very short. Half crazy people come to us in any quantity with such marvels, and we hope we have cured a good many by a little kindly raillery, but a considerable number leave us with the impression sadly confirmed in our minds that there are more lunatics abroad than there are in the asylums.

We do not affirm that ghosts have never been seen, for no one has any right to hazard so broad a statement, but all spirits, as such, must be invisible, and the two sorts of human spirits which we know of are both by far too seriously occupied to go roaming about this earth rapping on tables or frightening simpletons into fits. As for angels, though they also as spirits are not cognizable by the senses, no doubt they have been made visible to men, and there is no reason why they should not be made so now if God so willed it; it would certainly be a wonder, but we do not see that any of the laws of nature need to be suspended to produce it. We can readily believe that those messengers who keep watch around the people of God would be rendered visible to us and to others if some grand purpose could be accomplished thereby, and if the safety of the saints required it. Whether in these days angels or departed spirits ever do assume forms in which they can be seen is the question, and we have as yet *seen* nothing to lead us to believe that they do. Others assert that they have seen such things, but as they generally admit that they would not have believed unless they had seen for themselves, we hope they will allow us to exercise the same abstinence. Our two stories are so nicely balanced *pro* and *con* that when they are read by the advocates of the positive and the negative side we hope they will admire our judicious impartiality. The first story is from "Apparitions: a Narrative of Facts,"* and it is entitled

The Mysterious Horseman.

"The *Traethodydd*, or 'Essayist,' a Welsh quarterly periodical for 1853, contains a biographical memoir of the late Rev. John Jones, of Holiwell, Flintshire; and in that memoir there is an account of as remarkable an interposition of Providence by means of an *apparition*, which resulted in the preservation of life, as any on record.

"I think it will be best to allow Mr. Jones to relate the incident in his own words, as he was often wont to do, merely premising that he was a minister of high principle and unblemished character, and

* Apparitions: a Narrative of Facts. By the Rev. Bouchier Wrey Savile, M.A., author of "The Truth of the Bible," etc., etc. London: Longmans and Co.

renowned throughout the Principality for his zeal and fervour as a preacher of the gospel, and one who showed by his life his just appreciation of what Plutarch has so finely said respecting—

‘Truth

‘Than which no greater blessing can man receive or God bestow.’

“One summer day, at the commencement of the present century, I was travelling from Bala, in Merionethshire, to Machynlleth, in the neighbouring county of Montgomery, in order to attend a religious meeting. I left Bala about 2 p.m., and travelled on horseback, and alone. My journey lay through a wild, desolate part of the country, and one which at that time was almost uninhabited. When I had performed about half my journey, as I was emerging from a wood situated at the commencement of a long steep decline, I observed coming towards me a man on foot. By his appearance, judging from the sickle which he carried sheathed in straw over his shoulder, he was doubtless a reaper in search of employment. As he drew near, I recognised a man whom I had seen at the door of the village inn of Llanwhellyn, where I had stopped to bait my horse. On our meeting he touched his hat and asked if I could tell him the time of day. I pulled out my watch for the purpose, noticing at the same time the peculiar look which the man cast at its heavy silver case. Nothing else, however, occurred to excite any suspicion on my part, so wishing him a ‘good afternoon,’ I continued my journey.

“When I had ridden about half-way down the hill, I noticed something moving, and in the same direction as myself, on the other side of a large hedge, which ran nearly parallel with the road, and ultimately terminated at a gate through which I had to pass. At first I thought it an animal of some kind or other, but soon discovered by certain depressions in the hedge that it was a man running in a stooping position. I continued for a short time to watch his progress with some curiosity, but my curiosity soon changed to fear when I recognised the reaper with whom I had conversed a few minutes before, engaged in tearing off the strawband which sheathed his sickle.

“He hurried on until he reached the gate, and then concealed himself behind the hedge within a few yards of the road. I did not then doubt for a moment but that he had resolved to attack—perhaps murder—me for the sake of my watch and whatever money I might have about me. I looked around in all directions, but not a single human being was to be seen, so reining in my horse, I asked myself in much alarm what I could do. Should I turn back? No; my business was of the utmost importance to the cause for which I was journeying, and as long as there existed the faintest possibility of getting there, I could not think of returning. Should I trust to the speed of my horse, and endeavour to dash by the man at full speed? No; for the gate through which I had to pass was not open. Could I leave the road and make my way through the fields? I could not; for I was hemmed in by rocky banks or high hedges on both sides. The idea of risking a personal encounter could not be entertained for a moment, for what chance could I—weak and unarmed—have against a powerful man with a dangerous weapon in his hand? What course then should I pursue?

I could not tell; and at length, in despair rather than in a spirit of humble trust and confidence, I bowed my head and offered up a silent prayer. This had a soothing effect upon my mind, so that, refreshed and invigorated, I proceeded anew to consider the difficulties of my position.

"At this juncture my horse, growing impatient at the delay, started off: I clutched the reins, which I had let fall on his neck, for the purpose of checking him, when happening to turn my eyes, I saw to my utter astonishment that I was no longer alone. There, by my side, I beheld a horseman in a dark dress, mounted on a white steed. In intense amazement I gazed upon him; where could he have come from? He appeared as suddenly as if he had sprung from the earth. He must have been riding behind and have overtaken me. And yet I had not heard the slightest sound: it was mysterious, inexplicable. But the joy of being released from my perilous position soon overcame my feelings of wonder, and I began at once to address my companion. I asked him if he had seen any one, and then described to him what had taken place, and how relieved I felt by his sudden appearance, which now removed all cause of fear. He made no reply, and, on looking at his face, he seemed paying but slight attention to my words, but continued intently gazing in the direction of the gate, now about a quarter of a mile ahead. I followed his gaze, and saw the reaper emerge from his concealment and cut across a field to our left, resheathing his sickle as he hurried along. He had evidently seen that I was no longer alone, and had relinquished his intended attempt.

"All cause for alarm being gone, I once more sought to enter into conversation with my deliverer, but again without the slightest success. Not a word did he deign to give me in reply. I continued talking, however, as we rode on our way towards the gate, though I confess feeling both surprised and hurt at my companion's mysterious silence. Once, however, and only once did I hear his voice. Having watched the figure of the reaper disappear over the brow of a neighbouring hill, I turned to my companion and said, 'Can it for a moment be doubted that my prayer was heard, and that you were sent for my deliverance by the Lord?' Then it was that I thought I heard the horseman speak, and that he uttered the single word, '*Amen.*' Not another word did he give utterance to, though I tried to elicit from him replies to my questions, both in English and Welsh.

"We were now approaching the gate, which I hastened to open, and having done so with my stick, I waited at the side of the road for him to pass through; but he came not; I turned my head to look—the *mysterious horseman* was gone! I was dumbfounded; I looked back in the direction from which we had just been riding, but though I could command a view of the road for a considerable distance, he was not to be seen. He had disappeared as mysteriously as he had come. What could have become of him? He could not have gone through the gate, nor have made his horse leap the high hedges which on both sides shut in the road. Where was he? Had I been dreaming? Was it an apparition, a spectre which had been riding by my side for the last ten minutes? Could it be possible that I had seen no man or horse at all, and that the vision was but a creature of my imagination? I tried

hard to convince myself that this was the case, but in vain ; for, unless some one had been with me, why had the reaper resheathed his murderous-looking sickle and fled ? Surely no ; this mysterious horseman was no creation of my brain. I had seen him ; who could he have been ?

"I asked myself this question again and again ; and then a feeling of profound awe began to creep over my soul. I remembered the singular way of his first appearance—his long silence—and then again the single word to which he had given utterance ; I called to mind that this reply had been elicited from him by my mentioning the name of the Lord, and that this was the single occasion on which I had done so. What could I then believe ?—but one thing, and that was, that my prayer had indeed been heard, and that help had been given from on high at a time of great danger. Full of this thought, I dismounted, and throwing myself on my knees, I offered up a prayer of thankfulness to Him who had heard my cry, and found help for me in time of need.

"I then mounted my horse and continued my journey. But through the long years that have elapsed since that memorable summer's day, I have never for a moment wavered in my belief that in *the mysterious horseman* I had a special interference of Providence, by which means I was delivered from a position of extreme danger."

Our second extract is from Mr. Talmage's "Christian at Work," a very lively, interesting, vigorously conducted paper ; the extract is entitled

A True Tale of a Ghost.

"The first settlers of many of the New England towns laid out their graveyard at the centre of the town, and built up the village around the burying ground as if to keep in sight and have a tender and watchful care over their dead. Upon this public square—a part of which was consecrated to burial purposes—were usually erected all the public buildings.

"About the time of which we write, there was much being said and published about witches and ghosts in various parts of the country ; very exciting accounts of their being seen and of their strange doings were told, until ghost stories became the topic of gossip in the shop, at the tavern, and at all the village gatherings by night and by day. About this time the ghosts made such a demonstration at Morristown, New Jersey, as to call forth a printed pamphlet of some fifty pages, giving the details of their midnight behaviour, &c., which was read and discussed by old and young, by mothers and grandmothers, until many actually became so timid that they dared not venture out after dark, and children would not go to bed alone. The more people talked about them, the more ghosts were seen ; but always at night, and usually when it was very dark.

"It was late in the month of November that some persons in Guilford, Conn., returning from a party one dark, dismal night—when the winds whistled and the signs creaked upon their hinges as they passed the old graveyard—saw a large white object moving slowly about among the tombstones, and they all unhesitatingly pronounced it a ghost. It could be nothing else. Such an object in such a place, at

such a time of night, must be a spirit of some departed one. Owing both to the fact of the parties being persons of character, and to the feverish state of the public mind, no small sensation was created in the usually quiet old town, and even put the more intelligent people to wonder what it all meant. The next night it was seen again, and for several succeeding nights, by different persons, whose statements of the facts could not be questioned. At last curiosity ran so high, and the facts being unquestioned that there was a real live ghost to be seen every night about midnight in the graveyard, several young men of respectability, who supposed they possessed courage, agreed to arm themselves with lanterns and clubs, and go out the next night and ascertain what it really was that had wrought up so many minds to such a degree of apprehension; and if it was the unquiet spirit of some departed one, to learn, if possible, what it wanted or what was its object in coming every night to disturb the peace and quiet of so many harmless people. They accordingly all met a little before midnight to carry out their plan, but seemed rather reluctant to set forth upon their desperate errand. However, they approached the graveyard; but they had not proceeded far when, sure enough, there was the very identical ghost confronting them, and slowly moving on towards them. This brought them all to a halt, trembling with the cold chills of fear, in the stillness of midnight darkness, not a word spoken by any one. In a moment more they all simultaneously turned and fled.

"The very next night after these brave young men had failed to communicate with the ghost, just at twelve o'clock, in the dead darkness of midnight, when the silence of the sepulchre brooded over the town, the people were aroused from their slumbers by the tolling of the bell high up in the belfry of the old 'meeting-house,' upon the other end of the public square. The next night the same thing occurred again, and, in connection with the current stories of the ghost, now began to excite no small degree of interest among all classes of the community. Several arose from their beds and went out to the meeting-house, and there called to the sexton to know what it meant. But they found the doors all locked and no sexton there. Was the town haunted? At last it was unanimously resolved that something must be done to unravel the mystery. So the next night six of the most resolute dare-devils in the town were bargained with to go into the graveyard and await the approach of the ghost, and when he appeared, to respectfully demand his business, and what his ghostship really wanted.

"The night was fearfully dark and dismal, and when all the inhabitants had retired for the night—with not a light to be seen in any dwelling, and the profound stillness of midnight darkness was spread over the borough—these six young fellows walked out and took a stand near where the ghost had been several nights seen, and waited with no small degree of anxiety for nearly two hours, with their eyes turned in every direction, when, behold! in the dim distance was seen approaching them a large white object moving slowly towards them, or towards the spot where they stood. They all watched with fearful tremor. They were near the centre of the grounds enclosed. No one spoke aloud or moved a limb. Some began to feel cold chills creep over them as they cast about in their own minds for a chance

to retreat now, as the object, with a heavy tread, approached, and uncertainty began to take possession of them all. But here they were, and they had all sworn to see the end of this mystery or perish in the attempt: and the end seemed fast approaching that was to put their courage and manhood to the test. The object on which all eyes were fixed, to discern through the darkness something more clearly, had now reached very near them, and as several were on the eve of turning to run, Fred Meigs, one of the party, who never knew fear under any circumstances, burst out laughing, when they all stepped forward and, behold! Mr. Lot Benton's old white mare, that for several nights had found her way out of the barn-yard near by, and quietly walked out to graze on the high grounds in the graveyard. And here was solved the puzzle of the ghost. But the bell tolling at midnight in a quiet old New England town for three successive nights, without the aid or knowledge of the sexton, yet remained an unsolved mystery. So the next day after the interview with the ghost, that matter was taken in hand, and with more boldness since the ghost had been discovered, when the fact was developed that a reckless fellow, who had become familiar with the excitement that had for some time existed concerning the ghost in the graveyard, had one night, after dark, undiscovered climbed, by ways best known to himself, into the belfry, and tied a twine string to the tongue of the bell, descended again to the ground and led the string to his chamber window, and there he sat for three nights fanning the excitement of the ghost stories by tolling the great church bell at midnight, until the whole town became alarmed or frightened with a superstitious dread of something—they knew not what. With these discoveries all interest in ghosts and witches ceased, and the people settled down into their usual quietness and sober orthodoxy.”

C. H. S.

One Convert Wins others.

MR. WILLIAM BOOTH, in his magazine, writes:—"About a month ago one of our people, who had herself been a drunkard, was standing at one of the open-air services on the waste, when she observed a woman who had formerly been one of her bad companions suddenly leave the crowd and walk quickly away. Hurrying after her, she found this poor drunkard in great distress about her soul. 'Oh!' she said, '*I listened to the speakers; but when I saw you standing there so wonderfully changed from what you used to be, I could stand it no longer.*' She was induced, however, to return to the meeting, and then to attend the service in the hall, where she found salvation. She is now another living witness of the power of Christ to save the drunkard. May God preserve her faithful unto death!"

The Reverend Thomas Vasey,*

WESLEYAN MINISTER.

IF by the proverb, "A man is not a hero to his valet," it is intended to affirm as a universal truth that intimacy of acquaintance destroys reverence or respect, we venture to record an emphatic denial. That "Distance lends enchantment to the view" we fully admit, but we do not thereby surrender our belief in the converse proposition. The awe with which many of his contemporaries regarded Johnson became in Boswell, who was familiar with the detail of his daily life, veneration and esteem. None but an intimate friend of Arthur Hallam could have written "In memoriam." It stamps a biography with greater value, in our estimation, when the author's verdict, if a just one, is also the testimony of a personal friend. We are free to admit, however, that affection may add colour or tone to the medium through which the subject is viewed, but this only gives to the portrait the naturalness which enables us to pronounce the likeness speaking. Given the necessary literary ability, the widow is the best biographer of her husband. She is, of necessity, better acquainted with his faults and foibles than any one else; knows more of the working of his inner life than an ordinary friend or companion, and, having seen him in all possible moods, can form a truer judgment of his traits of character than the most ardent admirer in a remoter circle. In the biography before us Mrs. Vasey has borne a loving but candid testimony to her husband, for whom she cherished a justly merited veneration, and, lest she should be betrayed into anything like partiality, she has enlisted the co-operation of several friends who knew him at different periods of his career. The result is a full-length portrait of a man whom we describe as the Reverend Thomas Vasey, at the risk of episcopal censure, but with the approval of multitudes by whom he was revered.

Thomas Vasey was born in 1814, at Halifax, Yorkshire, of Wesleyan parents—his ancestors having been followers of Wesley himself. His father was a preacher of some note, and died when quite a young man, leaving a widow and four children, of whom Thomas was the second. There was nothing very remarkable about his boyhood, beyond his hatred of oppression and injustice and his fearlessness of danger. Playing near a saw-pit, on one occasion, he suffered a severe fall, and the doctor thought he had fractured his skull, and that, if he recovered, his reason would be gone. When at length he awoke to consciousness, he exclaimed, "Mother, I have forgotten to say my prayers." "Praise the Lord," was the reply, "Thou's not cracked yet, Tom." At eight years of age he was sent to school, where, under the head master's influence, his early religious impressions were deepened, and many traits of his character strengthened. Here also was laid the foundation of that mental discipline which directed his pursuits for knowledge through life. On leaving school he entered the office of Mr. Pantou, of Sunderland, and started business with the fixed determination of not

* This article is gathered from the Life of Thomas Vasey, by his Widow, published by Eliot Stock. It contains an admirable likeness, is neatly got up, and deserves a good sale.

being a burden to his widowed mother for clothes or pocket money. This involved much self-denial on his part, as he had to wear his clothes after they had become threadbare, and deny himself many comforts. Such an example is worthy of commendation, and every youth fairly started in life ought to consider himself bound to tax his parents as lightly as possible. The cultivation of the habit of self-reliance should be one of the earliest efforts, as it is one of the most important habits to a young man. Young Vasey now began to devote his energies to mental culture, and, in company with a young man of a kindred spirit, wrote essays on a variety of subjects. In this way he acquired a store of knowledge and a habit of thought which stood him in good stead in after life. His mental progress, however, did not satisfy the craving of his soul, and he yearned after pardon and peace. We are not, therefore, surprised to find him at the "Penitents' form" of a Methodist prayer meeting. His distress, from his conviction of sin, was intense, and he was six weeks before he could rejoice in a full salvation. When, at length, his deliverance came, he united with the church and became a useful worker in the Sunday school. In many other ways also he sought to "do good and to communicate." The diary which he commenced at this date reveals his struggles to gain the mastery over evil and to "perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord."

He was thorough in everything he undertook, and his progress was rapid. From his diary we make the following brief extracts to prove how whole-hearted he was in his consecration to Christ.

"I am willing that the Lord should be exalted in my salvation and everything of self to be abased. Oh that He would make me a vessel fitted for the Master's use."

"I want to have my soul emptied entirely of all that is contrary to God, and filled with all His fulness."

"I have learned the necessity of having both body and mind in subjection, that I may have power to employ either in the service of God."

The conviction that he was to enter the ministry grew and strengthened with his experience. He was accepted by the Conference at the age of twenty-five, as a probationer, and commenced his labours at Exeter. His fixed determination was to win souls for Jesus under every sermon, and to this he directed all his energies. Within two years his health gave away, and his retirement for a year was ruled to be absolutely necessary. He writes, "Whether I regard my present state or my future prospects I am quite in the dark, and cannot form the least idea of the direction in which my present path is leading me. Of one thing only I am sure, that I am reaping present spiritual advantage from the visitation; I am saved at all times from murmuring. On many special occasions I am filled with thankfulness to God that He should so visit me, and occasionally I can even adore his wisdom and goodness in taking such pains to wean me away from the idols of the heart, and, by cutting off all other sources of spiritual happiness, to bring me to rest in Him only as my all-sufficient portion."

In September, 1841, Mr. Vasey's health having been restored, he resumed his ministerial duties and entered the Durham circuit. Here he established his reputation as a minister, and success crowned his

efforts. He was as laborious as a student as he was diligent as a preacher. While preaching at Wallsend on one occasion, "his appeals were so powerful and convincing, that a poor man in the congregation, stricken in conscience, cried out for mercy. Mr. Vasey descended from the pulpit, and himself and others prayed with him until he found peace with God, *after which the sermon was resumed.*" This may have shocked the sense of propriety in some of the more fastidious members of the congregation, but, to our mind, it was a noble thing to do. When a man is in earnest about souls he has no time, and less inclination, to study the proprieties of etiquette. Had Mr. Vasey been reading a moral sermonette, the interruption would have disconcerted him; as it was, to leave the pulpit and pray with a poor distressed soul was in harmony with the service, and most congenial to his feelings. In 1844 Mr. Vasey received full ordination, at the Conference held in Birmingham, and returned to labour in the Bishop Auckland circuit. His widow says, "his longing to see souls saved was so intense that, if he did not witness good done under his ministry, his depression was extreme, but if he saw sinners brought to Christ, and believers built up in their most holy faith, his joy and gratitude overflowed." That ordination was necessary in such a case we are disposed to question. He had proved his qualification and his call to the ministry, and wanted no imposition of hands to stamp his gifts with validity. He was already approved by the Wesleyan body, and therefore needed no introduction. We can only regard it as a lingering remnant of the sacerdotal system which we would gladly see purged out from our Nonconformist churches.

Mr. Vasey, now fully ordained, was appointed to the City Road Circuit, in London, which is regarded as a position of honour in the Wesleyan system. In accepting it he was prompted more by his desire to obey the ruling of the Conference than by a spirit of ambition. His London appointment included the office of Secretary to the Wesleyan Education Committee, and it fell to his share to assist in the establishment of the Normal Training School at Westminster. He was a thorough believer in the necessity of a religious basis of education. He laid down this postulate—"That no system of national education can answer the purpose intended by it, unless it combines the elements of secular and moral training, and it must be an integral part of education to teach the children their duty to God and their neighbour."

After leaving London Mr. Vasey was appointed to the Hull, Bradford, and Leeds circuits respectively, where his success continued unabated; and in 1860 he returned to London, and laboured in the Hackney circuit. Nothing very remarkable appears to have occurred during these years of his ministry. His labours were incessant and his progress continuous. He reaped largely during his life, but left much good seed in the ground, to spring up after his removal. To many his name is a fragrant memory; and they will be grateful to the widow for this biography. Young men who are seeking for stimulus or encouragement at the commencement of a Christian career, may read the book with great advantage and profit. Its literary merits may not attract them, but the gracious aroma which pervades every page will prove as refreshing to their spirits as the dew to the thirsty earth.

We cannot forbear to quote portions of a list of topics for daily prayer, found amongst Mr. Vasey's papers, and we commend the example as one worthy of imitation :—

"SUNDAY.—My own soul; to preach in the spirit of love; dependence upon God; mistrust of self and preparation, &c., &c. Ask for special insight into my subject, and for sympathy with the souls of the people.

For all Christian ministers and congregations. For all Christian missionaries.

MONDAY.—For a blessing on my own labours yesterday; and, if I have had a good day, to be saved from self-complacency and undue self-reliance. If discouraged, to plead the promise (Is. lv., 10-13).

For my relations, dwelling on their circumstances.

TUESDAY.—For my own circuit, in all its interests.

For my colleagues, by name.

For all the officers, stewards, leaders, local preachers, Sunday school teachers, tract distributors, prayer leaders and visitors of the sick.

For the following unconverted members of my congregation.

* * * * *

For the day school and the teachers.

For the members of my class.

For the young people of my Bible class.

For my chief coadjutors in the work of God.

For the new converts.

WEDNESDAY.—For Methodism; the uncorrupt preservation of its doctrines, especially salvation by faith for all; * witness of the Spirit; entire holiness. For the maintenance of its aggressive spirit.

For Methodist institutions and agencies; Theological Colleges; Normal Training School for Teachers; Week-day and Sunday Schools; and especially for the great Missionary work. For the Methodist preachers, that they may be upheld in their integrity, moral excellence, and spirituality, with a special unction of the Holy Ghost.

For the young men, and for the supernumeraries; also, for students in the colleges.

For the Methodist people, that they may be saved from a worldly and lukewarm spirit; may have the spirit of individual zeal and effort, and be kept in unity and peace.

Special prayer for rich Methodists, and for educated young men to be brought out into the ministry; also spiritual gifts for leaders, &c.

THURSDAY.—For the Church universal.

The Church of England, increase of purity, spirituality, and unity.

Dissenters, preservation of the truth; increase of experimental religion; to be saved from a spirit of political partisanship.

Various branches of Methodism at home and abroad. For the Church of Rome, that it may be recovered from its apostasy, and for all good people who may be in it, that they may come out of it before the final plagues of God come upon it.

For the Greek church, that the Scriptures may be more widely cir-

* We quote these expressions as we find them, but do not agree with every one.—ED.

culated among its members, and its rites and ceremonies be conformed to the Word of God.

For the Armenian and Coptic churches of Germany, Sweden, and Denmark.

For the Moravians.

FRIDAY.—For my own family. For my dear wife, that she may be comforted and strengthened both in body and soul, and have a sanctified use of her affliction.

For each of our children, by name, that they may have converting and restraining grace; be preserved in health, and helped in their education.

For our domestic servant, that she may be blessed religiously by coming to our service, and be made happy in the love of God.

For each of the following kind friends:—

* * * * *

SATURDAY.—For direction as to choice of subjects for preaching on Sunday, and for a perfect moral preparation by freedom from irregular passions, inferior or impure motives, &c. Special prayer for friends in affliction or adversity, by name."

The habit of daily prayer implied in this range of subjects must have proved the formative agent of a holy character, and contributed to his success as a preacher. It reveals a truly catholic spirit, which was one of the charms of his character. The example is highly to be commended, and cannot be followed without a corresponding blessing. Every minister should have the scope of prayer clearly defined, that he may overlook none for whom he ought to pray. Selfishness cannot exist in the heart of a man, who, at the throne of grace, is the King's remembrancer of the woes and wants of the whole brotherhood of man. And if Christians everywhere were to adopt a similar method, the agencies of the church would derive a power for good beyond anything we have ever seen.

During his labours in his last two circuits, at Harrogate and Newcastle, symptoms of declining health betrayed themselves, and it became evident that his career was drawing to its close. Whilst walking one day in company with a friend, he remarked that he often felt so ill whilst preaching he should not be surprised if he fell dead in the pulpit, adding, "I could not desire anything better." When his disease had progressed, and he was lying prostrate, he said, "Dying is serious work. It is a solemn thing for a human soul with intelligent perceptions of what it is. But Jesus is near to help, and to save, and through him I shall have the victory. Satan does not reign, death does not reign, the grave does not reign, but Jesus reigns! Glory to God! What could I feel better than this? I should like to go on to the landing, and let all the house hear me shout glory! O how good God is to unworthy me. I feel that there is nothing in me; so poor, so lean I am in myself, but glory to God, I have the faith of Christ in my soul, I am sure that through Him I shall be accepted and saved. I feel now as ready to die as to go into the next room. It is only rising to a higher position, like going from breaking stones to a more respectable vocation. I should have been glad to have lived longer, but I do not wish to live from any selfish feeling or family motives, but to do more good. I believe, however,

that God will give me work to do in His upper Kingdom. I feel sure of this." On another occasion he said,—“Welcome, illness! welcome, death! What is death? It is the passport to glory. It opens the door to the kingdom of heaven. My Covenant God will do all things well. I shall find all I want, the wedding garment and the wedding ring. It is all joyful, nearer and nearer home.” The Rev. Josiah Pearson calling, he described a revelation he had :—“My Master has been, and He stood before me; bade me come to Him; opened His arms. I went straight to Him. He put His arms around me, and then pressed me to His heart! Oh it was fine! Glory be to God! I am unspeakably happy! If this be dying, God’s servants need not fear death. Praise the Lord.”

After pronouncing a benediction on his family, his mind began to wander, but at last, as though conscious his hour was come, he clasped his hands and said, “Lord Jesus, into Thy hands I commend my spirit,” and fell asleep. Thus ended the earthly career of one who lived to serve his generation by the will of God. Let the sceptic read the last chapter of the life of Thomas Vasey, and he must admit there is something in Christianity, after all, which is not known to philosophy. Let the timid, doubting Christian learn to trust in the same gracious Saviour, and the gloom of the last dark valley, which unbelief has made him dread, shall be dissolved by the light of the Saviour’s countenance, and he, too, shall pass triumphantly home.

V. J. CHARLESWORTH.

Pulpit Sayings of Rowland Hill.

THE grace that leads to Christ, previously comes from Christ; if I live on him, I feel that I am enabled to live to him; there is nothing will teach me to live above the world, but living upon Christ.

Ever may we be looking to God to implant the *principle* of holiness, and then we may depend upon it we shall abound in the *practice*.

Do not strive to make yourselves holy by working, but by believing by living out of yourselves, entirely on the strength of Christ; the believer’s life is a life hid with Christ in God.

I am an old man, and must soon have done with preaching: it will not do for me to talk about trifles just to please the ear; I do no good here, unless I do good to your souls while you are here: better gain one soul to Christ than gain the admiration of thousands.

What is to be done with those professors who are half for Baal and half for God? They know so much of religion that they are spoiled for the world; they do not go *very often* to the play-house, only now and then as a *rarity*—God keep us from the devil’s *rarities*! Do all that come to the Lord’s Table prove themselves to be what they ought to be? I would they did! I think if the devil could pick out from among the professed people of God those that belong to him, he would have a pretty good picking; if I am not fit for earthly communion, am I fit for the communion above?

I must have a more enlarged mind for a better world—I must have a bigger vessel for bigger joys; *sinner as I am*, I have no more sins to answer for than if I was an angel, for my Saviour has paid the uttermost farthing; if we had one sin to answer for we must lose heaven.

Could I see my name written in the brightest colours, in the Lamb's book of life, I would not take that as so good an evidence as having his lovely law written and engraven on my heart.

Am I to be contented with my imperfections because I have discovered them?—Verily not. Would to God, that while we are living in an imperfect state, we may agonize on account of it.

Never attempt one duty without God; you may attempt ten thousand with him.

“Ye are not your own.” Your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost. Is that an unmeaning metaphor, or an over-worded expression? When God enters the soul heaven enters with him. The heart is compared to a temple—God never enters without his attendants; *repentance* cleanses the house—*faith* provides for the house—*watchfulness*, like the porter, takes care of it—*prayer* is a lively *messenger*, learns what is wanted, and then goes for it—*faith* tells him where to go, and he never goes in vain. *Joy* is the musician of this temple, tuning the whole soul to the praises of God and the Lamb; and soon this terrestrial temple shall be removed to the celestial world, for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised.

There is not one thing that a good man has, but what is a blessing to him; God blesses to his people those things that appear to be curses. There is no joy like joy in God—he has commanded me to do nothing but what I shall find a blessing in doing.

If ever angels drop a tear, it is when professors disgrace the cause of God; if ever they rejoice more than common, it is when he is glorified in the sight of his enemies.

Where you die, *when* you die, or by what means, is scarcely worth a thought, if you do but die in Christ.

“My God shall supply all your need out of his riches in glory, by Christ Jesus.” Do I imagine that these eyes will exhaust the light of the sun? So it stands with the fulness of Christ, it can never be exhausted.

I think I should preach better if you were better hearers. You do not know what a blessing you draw down upon ministers when you come to hear in a spiritual praying frame of mind.

I don't know how you feel, but I know how it is with me; if it was for nothing else, I ought to blush every hour I live that I cannot recognise God as I could wish, in prayer and all the ordinances of God's house. Read the 139th Psalm, and may the lessons contained therein teach you to militate against your natural atheism.

What will my mind be two hundred thousand years hence, when I shall have been growing all the time? Oh God forbid that we should neglect our souls, and think them little things, when they will be en-

larging and increasing in knowledge to all eternity. Don't degrade yourselves, little as you are now, you are to grow eternally.

Do nothing without God ;—Moses dealt beautifully with God when he said, " If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence."

The Lord careth for the righteous—he knoweth all their sorrows. You and I are very ignorant creatures, we do not know how much trouble we need ; remember, you can't have your souls in kinder hands—he knows what you need ; our dear Physician knows precisely what is best. Be quiet and contented, then—don't direct him, but let him direct you ; this is the way the people of God learn righteousness.

I would not be found *anywhere* where prayer would be inconsistent—I can't pray at a *horse-race* or at a *playhouse*—and who, we ask the question, would like to spend his last breath in a playhouse ?

I think that sermon is not worth a rush that has not got the *Redeemer* in it.

There is no dealing with God till we are born again. You that are shopkeepers, did you carry on your trade before you were born ?

We are beginning a new year—begin well with Christ. Perhaps the reason I don't preach better, is because you do not pray more ; and the reason *you* do not profit *more*, is because you do not pray enough for a blessing : I feel it important work to preach, and may you feel it important work to hear. May you begin, continue, and end this year with God.

Here were three thousand pricked to the heart, these were the first fruits. When they heard that Christ had been wounded for *their transgressions*, they were pricked to the heart ; this produced repentance ; I tell every penitent not to be contented with superficial repentance, but pray that it may sink deeper and deeper in his heart. If you continue in the practice of repentance, you will not run into sin.

If I were as holy as Gabriel, I should be the humblest of you all, for then I should know that I was the most indebted to the God of all grace.

The devil will not mind if you make a little elopement, provided you return to him again.

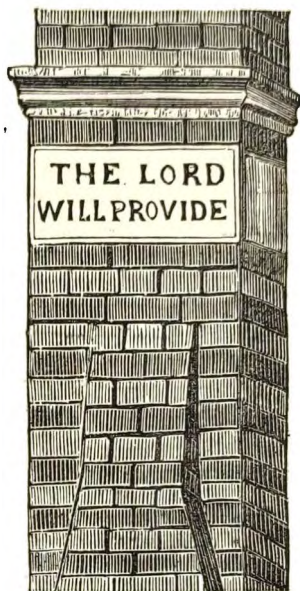
I am glad the Bible is so spiritual, the Lord make me spiritual and then I shall relish it.

We trust to a horrid lie when we trust to anything in self.

We cannot shine with rays of our own, but we must shine if we are shone upon by the Sun of righteousness.

There is in a Christian a lovely propensity to cleave to Christ, as the ivy clings to the oak.

Our Orphanage.



WHEN the Stockwell Orphanage was built we caused to be printed upon one of pillars of the entrance gate the words, "THE LORD WILL PROVIDE," as seen in the accompanying wood block. This we did as a public testimony of faith in the living God, and as a lesson to all who entered. Often have the words refreshed us as we have gone into the building; we felt that we had publicly pledged ourselves to rest in the faithfulness of our heavenly Father, and had put his own word in the forefront to be tried and proved. How has it turned out? Glory be to God, he has provided all along, and at the close of another year we bear witness to his faithfulness. There have been several pinches, but never a want, never an hour in which we have stood in real need, and this is much to say when, including all the staff, there are some two hundred and sixty mouths to be filled. Of late we have had a serious source of difficulty, but we shall surmount it by divine help, though for awhile it operates against us. A deceased gentleman left us a legacy, of which we heard some three months ago; this was published in the newspapers, and everybody at once said, "The Orphanage has plenty of funds, there is

no need to send any donations." They forgot that legacies are not generally paid for twelve months after death, and that in the meanwhile we could not feed our boys upon the air, neither dare we run in debt on the strength of money yet to come. We have not received a penny yet, and cannot reasonably expect to do so for some months, yet meanwhile the brook Cherith runs low. The Lord will, however, bring us through right enough, and we publish again our assured conviction that THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

We have just lately buried from the Orphanage a sweet child, named Willie Young. He has been pining away a long time, but it has been delightful to see in how holy and happy a manner he has passed away. The Infirmary has long been his abode, but his chamber has not been a sad room, but as cheerful as any in the place. Mr. Charlesworth has gathered up a few of his last words, which we now subjoin.

"When I am gone ask Mr. Charlesworth to tell the boys to love God, to give their hearts to Jesus while young."

"Give my love to Snook," (another invalid boy, now at Ventnor) "tell him I shall be looking out for him."

"God is so good to send me medicine to ease my pain: I do thank him."

"Do you think I shall be in heaven to-night? I hope I shall."

"Call mother: I want her! 'Mother, I am safe in the arms of Jesus.'"
(repeated several times.)

His face was a true index of the state of his soul. He was full of joy, and his face was radiant with smiles. Once he said, "My pains are sharp," and when asked if he was not happy in Jesus in spite of pain, he exclaimed, "Oh, yes." When he experienced a relief from pain, he said, "Thank God, the pain is removed from my chest."

He never uttered a single word of impatience, and never received the slightest attention from his devoted nurse without expressing his gratitude.

When too ill to speak, he smiled and nodded his head in grateful acknowledgment of kindness shown. Towards the last, when his sufferings were very great, he said, "Ask God to take me home *soon*." Those who were watching by his bedside spent a few seconds in prayer, and in three minutes afterwards the dear little sufferer was gone to be with Jesus. Happy release! Glorious victory!

Other dear lads who have gone from us with a similar disease have died happily also, and though we have rich fruit on earth in the lives of boys now occupying honourable posts in life, we reckon these in glory to be among the choicest flowers of our dear Orphan Home at Stockwell.

The Disciples.—Peter.

BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIS, MANCHESTER.

HONEST, outspoken, blundering Peter is a favourite with all men. He bears about him a refreshing breeziness of humanity which makes us imagine we should recognise the hearty bearing of the good fisherman wherever we met him. Doubtless greater reverence is due in the conception of an apostle, but we cannot help the fact that Peter is to our mind more brotherly than saintlike; we find it difficult to petrify him into a stone saint to be set up in an appropriate niche of our imagination: even when we succeed in decorously placing him there, his very unspiritual "I go a fishing" dissolves the illusion, and we can hardly persuade ourselves that the vigorous spray is not dashing in our faces as we involuntarily make the rejoinder "we also go with thee." That this genial uncloistered disciple, the only one of whose wife we read in so many words, should be selected as the patron saint of the celibate popes and priests of the Romish church has always struck us as an instance of the facetiousness of the cloister; no doubt, fat priests have relished the broad humour of the imposition, and have reaped merriment enough from its success in the credulous world outside.

Perhaps there is nothing more noteworthy in the life of Peter, and, we may add, more beautiful, than the ripening of character visible in him. His life opens like a blustering March morning, and his immaturity is evident throughout the time of his companying with Christ. Pentecost ushers in the calmer noon of his career. From that period there is, with but one exception, an admirably quiet dignity in marked contrast with the rash impulsiveness with which we were formerly familiar, and as the mellow evening set in he became sweet and full as a ripened fruit. It is a blessed thing to hang as he did in the warm glow of the sun of righteousness till the acidity of the unripe nature is improved into the mellow sweetness of the full Christian character. His letters (written in this latter period) glow with warmth and radiance drawn from a sunnier world than this. Never was the wholesome effect of discipline more admirably exemplified than in his case who thus expressed his wish for the brethren to whom he wrote "The God of all grace who hath called us into his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you."

To illustrate more fully the characteristics at which we have hinted we note that the first period of his life is chiefly marked by impulsiveness. With Peter the present was all; he acted and spoke on the feeling that was uppermost at the moment; in the surging sea of his mind a totally different emotion might the next moment rise to the surface, but there was no weighing of future contingencies. To use his own words he was "blind and could not see afar off," and so he became the sport of impulse; oftentimes it cast him into the fire; as often into the water. One moment he shrinks from suffering Christ to perform any menial act upon him, "Thou shalt never wash my feet;" in the next a word

of explanation plunges him headlong, and he cries, "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head." The valour of the night subsides into the cowardice of the morning; overnight he will not flinch from dungeon bars, "I will go with thee to prison and to judgment;" he will outstand the unfaithfulness of all the world, "Though all men forsake thee, yet will not I;" he will face the king of terrors himself, "Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee;" circumstances change, and, overshadowed with some possible penalty, he denies that he is a disciple. Nay, like a thistle-down before the whirlwind, he is the sport of the gust of impulse which hurries him to lengths beyond all necessity. There are few in Jerusalem absolutely ignorant of Christ, and to repel the imputation of discipleship it is not necessary to disclaim all knowledge of him, yet he swears "I know not the man;" and all this notwithstanding the deep generous love that burned in the heart of this rude fisherman, who, when Christ, after a laborious day, is to pass a night in his boat, will delicately place a pillow for his head; who, after any short separation, must be ever the first to reach his Master, whether on the waves or through them.

From this peculiarity of temper arose his outspokenness; he thought aloud. The collector of the temple tax asked him, "Doth your Master pay tribute?" "Yes," said he, and then went in to ask Christ whether he paid it or no. On the mount of transfiguration he half unconsciously utters the vague thoughts that are passing through his mind about the erection of booths; this is he also who, all unwitting of the mercenary aspect of his words, innocently says "We have left all and followed thee; what shall we have therefore?"

A character so governed, or rather enjoying such an immunity from government, will ever be inconsistent. Peter was a double man; two natures in him bore alternate sway. He was both Barjona, the son of a dove, and Peter, a rock. In a frenzy of faith he climbs down the ship's side to walk on the waves; in a tremor of fear he sinks. He sublimely confesses the divinity of his Master, and then pulls him by the sleeve for what he conceives to be an imprudent utterance. In the garden he smites off an ear (where doubtless he aimed to cleave the head) and yet follows the Master he would thus desperately defend "afar off." Nevertheless who can fail to be deeply moved while contemplating the timid but warm affection that still *followed* Jesus, though, in that dark time of peril "afar off," and was unable to restrain itself from entering in "to see the end." And who is there but looks pityingly on the succession of startled denials which saddened that gloomy night, when he beholds in the lonely man weeping in the darkness the bitter heartbreak which his unfaithfulness cost him. O weeping disciple, thy tears have reclaimed many another sinning one to penitence and faith who else might have sunk into the black deep of despair.

In the second period of his life, that of the Acts of the Apostles, there is a vast increase of force and dignity. Over Peter's gaunt, seething, incoherent nature the Spirit as in old time brooded, and from the chaos evoked order, beauty, strength. The descent of the Holy Ghost furnished the power which wrought this transformation; but are we not to recognise an influence which preceded this? Was there no power exerted on Peter from the interview he had with Jesus after the resurrection? This most sacred of all the post-resurrection scenes is the least described; the excited words of the disciples, "The Lord is risen, indeed, and hath appeared to Simon," and Paul's meagre statement, "And was seen of Cephas," are all we have. Where did it take place? Had Peter in his heavy grief sought the shades of Gethsemane where his Lord had agonized? Is it there he "sitteth alone and keepeth silence?" Did his tears fall on the soil that had been bedewed with the sweat which was, as it were, "great drops of blood?" Did the risen One, revisiting the scene of his mental conflict, find the penitent there? Was Gethsemane the trysting place where Jesus relieved dark apprehension and conveyed the bliss of pardon? We understand why the curtain is drawn around this interview. Happy Peter,

thou hearest words not lawful to utter. Thou hadst seen thy Lord when being reviled he reviled not again; when denied, he turned on the faithless one a look of only sorrowful love; now thou art assured from his own lips that he bore all these sins, thy last and bitterest among the rest, in his own body on the tree. We leave thee to a blissful mournful privacy to which we ourselves are no strangers; thou wilt after this be able to speak with a deep feeling, which few can rival, of the "preciousness" of Christ.

From this point the stream of Peter's life runs with greater quietness, but also with increased depth and force. He presides at the ten days' prayer-meeting which is to usher in the Pentecost, and might not a ten days' prayer-meeting usher in a Pentecost now? The day being fully come, he is the chief speaker to the excited crowd. His reputation for power increasing we find him with John healing the lame man at the gate Beautiful. He is terrible as an Old Testament prophet in his denunciation of Ananias and Sapphira. In his progress through the city his very shadow works miracles. Dorcas is raised to life at Joppa; Cornelius converted at Cæsarea. Imprisoned, he experiences an angel deliverance to the amazement of the simple Christians who were praying for his liberation. At the assembly, called at Paul's instance, concerning Gentile circumcision, his weighty word allays the rising excitement. The one weakness was dissimulation at Antioch, when he shrunk from carrying into practice before Jewish spies the broad Christian principles he had advocated at Jerusalem; but even then he received meekly Paul's sharp rebuke, and when, in after years, writing amongst others to the Galatians, called attention to that very epistle of his "beloved brother Paul" which contained the account of his own weakness and rebuke. One hardly knows whether to admire most the fearless adherence to principle which made the one apostle withstand the other to his face, or the self-control and generous candour which enabled the other with such noble grace to receive the rebuke.

But the radiant evening of his life is the most attractive. He writes of love with all the sweetness of John: "Love one another with a pure heart fervently. Love as brethren." His first epistle is an unrivalled delineation of the spirit in which suffering for Christ's sake should be endured; he learned it of Him who was meek and lowly in heart, the great Exemplar whose lessons were never to be forgotten. In the allusion to the meekness of Christ "who, when he was reviled, reviled not again," we trace the vivid memory of the scene in the High Priest's house in which he himself had played so mournful a part. The impulsive nature has now been entirely changed; like the trampled balm which only yields the more lavishly its benison of perfume, he gives forth nought but benediction. He has become like Christ; his rule is "not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing." He alludes serenely to his approaching death, long ago predicted by Christ, "knowing," he says, "that I must shortly put off this my tabernacle," a beautiful expression involving a grand view of dissolution: the man stands erect superior to death, emerges from his tent, and leaving it in the charge of that dark servant, travels onward to his mansion. Ere he departs on the bright journey he thinks of the precious blood of Christ with which he has been redeemed, recalls to memory the season of marvellous revelation and fellowship on Hermon, the mount of transfiguration, and then looks upward for whatever glory is to be revealed in the transfiguration world above. His death, a violent death, is supposed to have occurred in Nero's reign, about 30 years after it was foretold by his master on the lake shore; he was crucified, some say in an inverted position; but the sentence of Jerome thus interpreted is susceptible of another rendering, and no certainty can be gathered from it. His last written words are worthy of a life-long pondering, "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

His connection with Rome lies in the fact that he was probably never there; the slender thread on which his Romish residence hangs is that he addressed his first epistle from Babylon. We are happy to notice that Rome so

well knows her name, but the symbolic appellation was not applied to her until years afterward, when John wrote the Book of Revelation. Yet this wresting of scripture has well enough suited and answered the devil's purpose. The truth is Satan needed a plausible foundation on which to build his church, and he found it in Matt. xvi., and though the foundation to which Christ referred was His own Deity confessed by Peter, the apostle himself being but a stone to be built thereon, Satan perceived the opportunity of perverting Christ's words. "It is written," said Satan, omitting the previous words, "thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church ;" this being settled, it was convenient to have Peter installed as a resident in Rome, its head quarters.

Christ did, indeed, intrust Peter with the keys of the kingdom of Heaven, two in number, one wherewith to open it to the Jewish, and the other to the Gentile world. The first key he used on the day of Pentecost, and as the great door swung wide three thousand pressed in. The other he applied when, after the vision of the all-inclusive sheet, God sent him to Cornelius, and the Gentiles also gained admission. Since then both doors have been left open, and it is immaterial who has the key of an open door.

There is a tradition gravely received by some that during his stay in Rome he was opposed by Simon Magus, whom he had met in Samaria ; that Simon, to prove his superiority, undertook to fly in the air before the emperor, and that Peter, in the exercise of his divinely derived prerogative, dropped on his knees and illustrated his power in prayer by causing the flying wizard to fall and break his neck ; all which is much of a piece with tradition in general.

We cannot close without pointing from Peter's life a warning against vain confidence. Much canvas and little ballast will not safely cross the high seas ; when Christian doth vaingloriously smile, he is near the stumbling stone. On the other hand, the Lord's tender love is meltingly illustrated in his most erring followers ; and none need despair, since it is written "The Lord turned and looked upon Peter."

My Dream.*

I SAT down in an arm-chair, wearied with my work. My toil had been severe and protracted. Many were seeking the pearl of great price, and many had found what they sought. The church wore an aspect of thrift and prosperity, and joy and hope and courage were the prevailing sentiments on every hand. As for myself, I was joyous in my work. My brethren were united. My sermons and exhortations were evidently telling on my hearers. My church was crowded with listeners. The whole community was more or less moved with the prevailing excitement, and, as the work went on, I had been led into exhausting labours for its promotion.

Fired with my work, I soon lost myself in a sort of half-forgetful state, though I seemed fully aware of my place and my surroundings. Suddenly a stranger entered the room, without any preliminary "tap" or "come in." I saw in his face benignity, intelligence, and weight of character ; but, though he was passably well attired, he carried, suspended about his person, measures, and chemical agents and implements, which gave him a very strange appearance.

The stranger came toward me, and, extending his hand, said, "How is your zeal ?" I supposed, when he began his question, that the query was to be for my health, but was pleased to hear his final words ; for I was quite well pleased in my zeal, and doubted not the stranger would smile when he should

* We do not know who is the author of this striking piece. We have taken it from the "Canadian Baptist," a very excellent Baptist weekly, published in Toronto.

know its proportions. Instantly I conceived of it as physical quantity, and put my hand into my bosom, and brought it forth and presented it to him for inspection. He took it, and placing it in his scale, weighed it carefully. I heard him say, "One hundred pounds!" I could scarce suppress an audible note of satisfaction, but I caught his earnest look as he noted down the weight, and I saw at once that he had drawn no final conclusion, but was intent on pushing his investigation. He broke the mass to atoms, put the crucible into the fire. When it was thoroughly fused he took it out and set it down to cool. It congealed in cooling, and when turned out on the hearth, exhibited a series of layers or strata, which all, at the touch of the hammer, fell apart, and were severally tested and weighed, the stranger making minute notes as the process went on. When he had finished, he presented the notes to me and gave me a look of mingled sorrow and compassion, as without a word, except "May God save you," he left the room. I opened the "notes," and read as follows:—

Analysis of the zeal of Junius, a candidate for a crown of glory.

Weight in mass...	100 lbs.
Of this, on analysis, there proves to be,—					
Bigotry	10 parts.
Personal ambition	23 "
Love of salary...	19 "
Pride of denomination	15 "
Pride of talent	14 "
Love of authority	12 "
Love to God	} Pure...	4 "
Love to man		zeal	3—100

I had become troubled at the peculiar manner of the stranger, and especially at his parting look and words; but when I looked at the figures, my heart sank as lead within me. I made a mental effort to dispute the correctness of the record, but I was suddenly startled into a more honest mood by an audible sigh—almost a groan—from the stranger, who had paused in the hall, and by a sudden darkness that was falling upon me, by which the record became at once obscured, and nearly illegible. I suddenly cried out, "Lord save me!" and knelt down at my chair, with the paper in my hand and my eyes fixed upon it. At once it became a mirror, and I saw my heart reflected in it. *The record was true!* I saw it, I felt it, I confessed it, I deplored it, and I besought God to save me from myself with many tears, and, at length, with a loud and irrepressible cry of anguish, I awoke. I had prayed, in years gone by, to be saved from hell, but my vow to be saved from myself now was immeasurably more fervent and distressful; nor did I rest or pause till the refining fire came down and went through my heart, searching, probing, melting, burning, filling all its chambers with light, and hallowing my whole heart to God.

That light and that love are in my soul to-day; and when the toils and tears of my pilgrimage shall be at an end, I expect to kneel in heaven, at the feet of the divine Alchemist, and bless him for the revelations of that day, that showed me where I stood, and turned my feet into a better, higher, narrower path.

That day was the crisis of my history; and if there shall prove to have been, in later years, some depth and earnestness in my convictions, and some searching and saving pungency in my words, I doubt not eternity will show their connection with the visit of the Searcher of hearts, at whose coming my sins went to judgment beforehand, and I was weighed in the balance and found wanting.

“As Weel Quarrel Noo.”

ON one occasion a small laird was waited on by a neighbour to request his name as an accommodation to a bill for £20 at three months, which led to the following colloquy:—

“Na, na, I canna do that.”

“Why for no, laird? ye hae done the same thing for ithers.”

“Aye, aye, Tammas; but there’s wheels within wheels ye ken naething aboot; I canna do’t.”

“It’s a sma’ affair to refuse me, laird.”

“Weel, ye see, Tammas, if I was to pit my name till’t, ye wad get the siller frae the bank, and when the time cam round, ye wad na be ready, and I wad hae to pay’t, sae then you and me wad quarrel; sae we may just as weel quarrel noo, as lang as the siller’s in ma pouch.”

The Words that Move.

SCOLDING the gospel at people is not the most effective way of presenting God’s message to man. The wrath of man worketh not God’s righteousness, nor man’s salvation.

“Were you ever a fisherman?” said an aged Christian to a student of divinity. “Yes, I have fished with the rod at the rocks,” was his reply. “Oh, but I mean with the net?” “No, I never did.”—“Well, if you had ever done that, you would have known that when there is thunder, the fish go to the bottom of the sea.”—“Yes, I know that to be a fact.”—“Well, my young friend, there are very many ministers who don’t seem to think of that.”

Not like hail, and snow, and hurricane, and tempest, does the gracious word of God come most effectively to the hearts of men. The words that break hearts, come from hearts that are broken. Said Moses:—“My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew; as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass: because I will publish the name of the Lord: ascribe ye greatness unto our God.” Deut. xxxii. 2, 3.

“Many years ago,” says a writer in the “Oberlin Evangelist,” “we knew a Gospel minister who had been preaching many a pointed sermon on many an anxious Sabbath, to stir up his people to the work of the Lord. Hope long deferred began to threaten heart-sickness; it was clear that no particular impression was made on the hearts of the people. At length, under circumstances divinely ordered, his feelings became intensely earnest for the conversion of several of the youth in his congregation. It seemed to him like a mighty baptism of love and prayer for their souls. When the next Sabbath brought him before his people, he tried to tell them, in a plain, simple way, how he had felt for the souls of some of their children, and naturally made some allusions to the need of repentance, and of first love in the church. It was remarkable, however, that not one stern word fell from his lips. He spoke freely of his own sins, sparingly of theirs. In fact, it seemed to him that day as if it would be a great relief to him if, somewhat like his Master, he could bear the sins of his beloved people on his own soul, at least so far as to bow before God, and repent of them all, and especially in view of his own responsibility for those sins. It was natural that he should speak with some feeling of the freeness of pardon through Christ, even for such grievous sins, this truth being fresh and blessed to his own soul.

“That day was an era in that church. The house of God was another Bochim, and many an aching heart found relief in tears. The people of God repented, and came up with one heart to the help of the Lord, and many were turned from their sins to praise redeeming love. We noted the lesson at the time, and have ever since deemed it a forcible example of how those who labour for Christ should bear themselves towards their tardy, and, perhaps, back-slidden brethren.”

Notices of Books.

Chief Women; or, Higher Life in High Places. By Mrs. GORDON. William Hunt and Co.

A REMARKABLE book, calculated to be of great service to Christian ladies, by stimulating them to heroic service. We need more "chief women," and such a book by one of their own sex may be a chief means of bringing them out.

Memoirs of a Huguenot Family. Translated and compiled from the original autobiography of the Rev. JAMES FONTAINE. Religious Tract Society.

INTERESTING certainly, and illustrative of a very energetic type of character, but beyond this we see no use in printing it. Mr. Fontaine was not our ideal of a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Trading and fighting seem to have been more natural to him than preaching, and accordingly the autobiography has in it a lack of the element which we expect to find most abundantly manifest in a sufferer for Jesus' sake. The stern, sharp, decided, shrewd elements of character are well seen here, but we should have been glad to see more of the grace which provides balancing characteristics and makes the man complete.

Milk for Babies, and Children's Bread. Bible Catechisms, compiled to aid Parents and Teachers. By SAMUEL B. SCHIEFFELIN. New York.

THESE catechisms are issued by their author not for any particular denomination, but for all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. In this intention he has certainly failed, for no Baptist could possibly use a catechism which teaches the baptism of infants. In other respects the writer has succeeded up to the average of catechism makers. We are growingly of opinion that a good catechism is one of the best means of instruction which can be employed, if it be made the text for further discourse. The habit of hearing children repeat the answers and there leaving it, has put the whole matter under a cloud, but we hope that Sunday School teachers will yet see the wisdom of a judicious use of catechisms.

In the Holy Land. By the Rev. ANDREW THOMSON, D.D., Minister of Broughton Place Church, Edinburgh. Nelson and Sons.

ONE of the very best of books on the Holy Land. "The Land and the Book" we place first, and this is worthy to stand side by side with it. We commend it earnestly to our ministerial brethren and to all readers, for it is an interesting as well as an instructive journal of travel. It is a noteworthy volume altogether.

Footsteps in Life's Pathway. Addresses to Children. By the Rev. LEWIS WEAVER, author of "Theological Discussion," &c. F. E. Longley, 29, Farringdon Street.

It is not an easy matter to produce an address to children worth their hearing, and when it is once done the speaker ought to preserve his work, and print it for the good of others. Don't therefore let every teacher send his talk to the press! What a mass of rubbish would then roll upon the reviewer's table, and place him in imminent jeopardy of his life. Really good, telling addresses to children are even scarcer than live sermons, and they are not more than one in a hundred of printed sermons, if so many. Mr. Lewis Weaver's addresses are not the very best we have ever seen, but they are good,—sound in doctrine, earnest in spirit, and tolerably interesting. Here and there we should like more plainness of speech. What do children know about "the necessary condition of our filial relation to God"? What will they understand by "athletic competitions"? What answer could Mr. Weaver expect to the question, "Don't you remember that *Stier* says—"? Our children at the Tabernacle are quite up to the average, but we have never heard of one of them reading *Stier*, and they certainly cannot remember what they never knew. In many a school if a learned brother had put such a question, and waited for an answer, he would have received some such reply as the following, "We never heard the gentleman's name. The only *steer* we ever heard of was a bullock."

For convenience of parents who may wish for books for presents for the children we have grouped together a number of juvenile works.

The Religious Tract Society, always up to the mark, issues a very pretty packet of very pretty *bookmarkers*, with texts upon them; also a very greatly improved birth-day text book, entitled the *Home Circle*. Either of these would make an elegant Christmas present, and so would either of the two pocket-books which they have sent us—*The Young People's*, or the *Scripture Pocket-Book*. We like to see on the part of this Society so much enterprise and readiness to turn every form of literature to religious service.

The New Child's Own Hymn Book, edited by JOHN CURWEN. One Penny. Tonic Sol-fa Association, 8, Warwick Lane.

EVEN when penny hymn books are so plentiful, this is a noteworthy one. We cannot tell how it is produced at the money. One remark, however, we cannot withhold. We wonder what is the sense of making children sing, "We plough the fertile meadows." If children or their teachers were to set to work ploughing "fertile meadows," it would be a very mischievous business. Why should *fertile meadows* be ploughed up? In several children's hymns there is a sacrifice of sense to pretty language, and we do not mention this instance to censure Mr. Curwen, but merely to strike at the common folly. It did, however, occur to us that the hymn must have been written by a cockney, who had the idea that meadows were ploughed every year, like arable land. We observe that a Mr. Smith had to do with the hymn, and as there is a family of that name in London, we are confirmed in our idea.

Little Rose-bud's Album. With one hundred and thirty illustrations by Sir John Gilbert, Harrison Weir, &c. Partridge and Co.

LARGE type, first-class illustrations, gorgeous binding. Any little lady who gets this for a present will be sure to jump for joy.

The Land of the Pigtail, its People and Customs, from a Boy's Point of View. By BENJAMIN CLARK. Sunday School Union.

CAPITAL reading for boys, only it contains so many venerable jokes that we think Mr. Clark's next door neighbour must be Joseph Miller. The frontispiece illustrating the pun of *Tu doces*, or thou tea-chest, is really too much of an antiquity, and there are several other pieces of wit which date from a still earlier period. Notwithstanding this criticism, we could not mention any book for juveniles from which they would learn so much about China, or learn it so pleasantly.

Two Little Hearts. By SOPHIE SPICER. James Nisbet and Co.

A SWEET and godly story, every way likely to benefit the young reader.

Charley Laurel: a Story of Adventure by Sea and Land. By W. KINGSTON. Sunday School Union.

MR. KINGSTON cannot fail to interest boys, for he keeps the game alive all through. His stories are not always of the most probable character, but his moral is always good, and as boys will have tales of the sea, we are glad to see healthy ones provided for them.

The Old Sailor's Story. By GEORGE E. SARGENT. Religious Tract Society.

ANOTHER yarn of the same marine materials, of which much the same may be said as of the former.

Kitty Bright, the Flower Girl: Harry's Perplexity: Home, Sweet Home, and the other monthly shilling volumes of the Tract Society are all excellent; they supply our children with attractive literature, saturated with the religious spirit. One of the greatest difficulties of parents used to be the selection of books for the boys and girls; no such difficulty exists now, at least so far as story-books go: the business is now more likely to be overdone than left in the background. *The Sunday School Union's* two books, *After the Holidays* and *The Ferryman's Daughter*, are much of the same character, and are charmingly written.

Gift Books for the Young, Packet G.
Sunday School Union.

A DOZEN very superior little penny books done up in a packet, for one shilling. If the Sunday-school Union goes on publishing at this rate, it will become a formidable rival to the Religious Tract Society. Competition is healthy.

The Child's Own Magazine, in a pretty paper cover. Sunday School Union.

First class every way, and very cheap.

Golden Sayings for the Young. A book which we trust God will bless to many little readers. It is full of engravings, which always help to make good words more telling to juvenile minds. We cannot say we admire the execution of *all* the cuts; some are splendid, and others are below par, but we do not suppose the youngsters will know much about that; at any rate, we recommend Aunt Bountiful to try Miss Annie by making her a present of it.

Religious Poems. By the author of "Stepping Heavenward." Nisbet and Co.

POETRY again! This grunt rose as naturally to our lips as the words "cold mutton again!" to the hungry husband who had looked for better fare. The cross and burden of our reviewing lies in the poetical department; we can never please the authors, and the authors do not often please us. Why do they print? It cannot be for profit, their minds are far above so base a consideration. It must be from the notion that they bestow pleasure, and we can assure them that they are greatly mistaken. If we never saw another fresh book of verses while dwelling in this "vale of tears" we could manage to subsist upon the old ones, and should not "bedew our pillow with the briny drops," as one of our friends would put it, though salt in dew would be a remarkable novelty. There are exceptions, and we hope each sensitive poet will have the good sense to rest assured that he is one of them, and we make especial allowance for those who issue their verses modestly, for private circulation, and do not go above half-a-dozen pages at a time. It is the books, the big books, *to be reviewed*,

that we are sore about, books of which we have two, three, four copies sent because we have forgotten to review them, books we wish we could forget, and which we never mean to say anything about for fear our memory should be cruel enough to remind us of them. If we did review some of the volumes which come to us we should awaken "the noble rage" of those whose eyes are "in fine frenzy rolling," and if we must out with the truth, we are afraid of what might happen in such a case. We don't wish to hurt anybody, nor to be hurt ourselves, and therefore we quietly forget.

After thus easing our mind we feel better, and in a gentler mood, and therefore allow that the "Religious Poems" are not so very bad after all; in fact, they are endurable, yes, they can be read, and even with a degree of pleasure. We are thawing, and will even go as far as saying that we have read many verses which are a great deal worse than these, and that some of them are really good. The spirit and the doctrine are all we could desire, and the versification is correct and pleasing; that is no more than we are bound to say, and considering our state of mind, it is a good deal. Cover a man over with rhyme ants and see if they do not make him rather irritable—that's all. Is not this little hymn from the book before us a very pretty bit? We are all right again after reading it, but we hope our readers will be grateful to us for undergoing such toils and dangers among the poets, and will appreciate any spoils with which we can enrich them. The hymn is entitled "*God's Saints*":—

"God has his saints upon the earth
Who love him more than I,
Whose hearts are more attuned to his,
And yet I know not why.

"Who has more reason to fall down
Before the Father's face,
To thank him for his sparing love,
For his redeeming grace?

"Whose tears of gratitude should gush
From fountains full and free,
At memory of more tenderness
Than thou hast shown to me?

"Lord, make me love thee! take my heart,
Establish there thy throne;
I would be thine, would have thee mine,
Oh, make me all thine own."

Thoughts for the Million; or, Buds, Blossoms, and Berries. By JOHN HENRY GORDON. Houghton and Co., Paternoster Row.

A CONSIDERABLE number of these laconisms have appeared in earlier numbers of this magazine, and therefore our opinion of them will be self-evident. We do not accept every one, but they are for the most part very admirable, and some are worthy to be called proverbs. The book is *condensed thought*. Scatter these gems among your platitudes, ye wearisome divines, and your people will no longer find that patience has her perfect work in listening to you. Here is a sample of these thought-germs:—

"That our humanity might adopt, or possess God in *Jesus*, God possessed, or adopted, our humanity in *Christ*."

"John's Gospel is the summer of the four."

"We are too ready with the phrase, 'Here *endeth* the lesson,' and that in the case of many lessons which should never end—here."

"Pride—ignorance on stilts."

"They say that that iron ore which is the best *when* worked is the worst *to* work, and there are no natures, surely, of whom, if God does not, I ought to, despair."

"It should be with the love of God as it is with the true love of husband and wife—you should feel, every day, that you never enjoyed it so much before."

"Pull the cord—of instant prayer—if you want to communicate with the Guard of life's train."

"'Tis a service of song, indeed, when men sing at their service."

"Sin—short for suffering."

"Idolatry—worship downwards."

"Bigotry—belief, 'with a vengeance.'"

"Chance—the insolent hope of the insolvent."

"Atheism—God conspicuous by his absence."

"If we cannot keep ourselves warm in Christ's service, it is because we do not serve him in his light."

"The 'golden age' of the church's history is, by divine paradox, the age when she thinks least of gold."

"It is not enough for us to 'embrace

Christianity,' as a system; Christianity must embrace us, as persons, ere we 'bring forth fruits meet for repentance,' or that 'fruit of the spirit' which 'is in all goodness, and righteousness, and truth.'"

"Christ drew himself up to the full height of his divinity on the cross, and died, that lowest depth of our humanity, at that elevation, consummating his sacrifice for earth's guilt, 'twixt the heavens he propitiated, and the earth he redeemed.'"

"There are deserts of the torrid as well as of the frigid zone—Sahasas of heat as well as Siberias of cold; and the 'happy medium' remains as the wise man described it in his prayer: 'Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me; lest I be full, and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.'"

"Oh! the treasures of the deep waters—of God's afflictions!"

The Temple, its Ministry and Services, as they were at the time of Jesus Christ. By the Rev. Dr. EDERSHEIM. Religious Tract Society.

EVERY student will see at once that this supplies a very great lack, and is a most important aid to the understanding of the New Testament. We suggest that it be a new year's gift to the pastor; we do not mean from his church, for it is not large enough from that, but from some private individual who wishes to show his regard in a useful way.

Leaves from the unpublished Journals, Letters, and Poems of Charlotte Elliott, author of "Just as I am." Religious Tract Society.

IN Miss Elliott is fulfilled the promise of the psalm—"his leaf also shall not wither." After her fruit has been gathered, in the form of precious hymns, her scraps and odds and ends, like fragrant leaves, are also treasured up by many. This second volume of her remains will be valued for the sake of that which has gone before; and although we do not discern any great intrinsic value in it *per se*, we are glad to see it in print as a sequel to the "Selections from the Poems."

Meyer's Commentary on the New Testament. T. and T. Clark, George Street, Edinburgh.

WE congratulate the publishers upon bringing this commentary within the reach of English readers. It displays a vast amount of learning and of critical investigation in defence of the true faith. Though sympathising more with Lutheran than with Calvinistic views, it is substantially on the side of gospel truth. Germany has much to answer for in the sceptical tendencies of modern times, and especially for the association of such tendencies with great literary research, by which to doubt the highest and best authenticated truths has come to be regarded as the sure sign of intellectual greatness. It has done much, however, and will, it may be hoped, do still more, not only to eradicate this wide-spread evil, but to rise far above it. The Commentary of Dr. Meyer is a valuable contribution in this direction, and like Bengel's "Gnomon" meets the most studious and subtle sceptics on their own ground, and proves that it is a sign of greater intelligence and truer scholarship to believe than to doubt the plain meaning of the inspired record. Let not our English theologians who have been captivated by the loveliness of the aberrations of certain German authors be less ready to follow those who are able to conduct them back to paths of holiness and peace. All attacks upon the claims of inspired truth have eventually tended to strengthen its strongholds, but mean-

while many fickle minds have been irrecoverably injured by them. It must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh, and to those who are led astray by him. All honour to the men who devote their great literary attainments and unwearyed labours to guiding others into the way of truth.

Symbols from the Sea; or, the Port, the Pilot, and the Passage. By W. H. BURTON, of Kingsgate Street Chapel, Holborn. Dickinson.

WE are much pleased with this first volume of our friend Mr. Burton, whom it has ever been the joy of our heart to have known for years as a student in our College, and as a minister of the word. When we are ill, we always feel that our people are all right, and will be well fed, if Mr. Burton is in the pulpit. He is very bashful over this book, and rather afraid that we shall dash his symbols to pieces, but indeed we could not in justice do anything of the kind, but must give the whole work our hearty word of praise. There is salt in it all through, and depth, variety, breadth, and power are manifest—what more can be said of sermons upon the sea? Captain Burton is steering for a good Port, his sound doctrine makes him a good Pilot, and we wish him a good passage.

Sunday-school Teacher's Pocket-book, and also the *Teacher's Diary*, by the Sunday-school Union, are the best things of the kind: we have used the pocket-book for years.

Notes.

WE have had great joy this month in seeing our brother Mr. Wigstone, who, together with Mr. Blamire, is labouring in Madrid. These two beloved students of our College went forth to Spain in faith, trusting that the Lord would supply their needs, and he has done so. They work hard in preaching daily in the villages around Madrid, and in the sale of Bibles and tracts in the city, and many were the pleasant details which Mr. Wigstone gave us. He little thought how much he cheered us in our work, but to hear of the labours of himself and fellow-worker was balm to our mind. If our College only sent out one earnest labourer for

souls, whom God blessed to the conversion of men, we should praise God to all eternity, and when we hear from one who has been abroad the recital of the Lord's goodness we are comforted and stimulated to new exertions. Two young, strong, healthy, earnest, common-sense, spiritually-minded men, located in Madrid, must, under the blessing of God, do something for their Lord, and, if nothing more, they will be laying the foundation of greater works, which will appear in future days.

Our friends may, perhaps, remember that we some time ago pleaded for the sending forth of evangelists, and as

beginning we resolved to support our earnest brother, Mr. Higgins. We did not know whether others would think well to join us in the venture, but resolved if they did not do so to support the brother personally. We have had £10 sent us towards it and no more, the rest of the support comes from our own purse, and though we have a thousand calls upon our resources, and are not rich, we are glad to enable this good brother to go about preaching the word, for he is a man on fire with love to Christ and souls, and where he goes a blessing follows. At the same time we are willing to divide the honour and the cost with any who will take a share in the effort. Since May 4, when Mr. Higgins commenced at Coalville, in Leicestershire, he has been hard at it. Some of the entries in his journal will show his energy, which has never flagged.

May 5, *Coalville*.—Preached in the brickyard to the labourers at dinner-time. Cottage meeting in the afternoon. Preached in the open-air and in the chapel in the evening.

Hammersmith.—Had a week of services at Mr. Honan's. Preached seven sermons. From a letter received since, have heard that some were blessed.

Bulwell.—Preached twenty-three times. Found the church in a very low state, both financially and spiritually. They were revived in both ways, and brother Crouch has now gone there.

Mr. Higgins has been to Coalville, Hammersmith, Mansfield, Hucknell Torkard, Gravesend, Barking, Coventry, Bushey, Bovingdon, and King's Langley, Barking Road, Trowbridge, Bulwell, Portslade, Uffculme, and Prescott. Mr. J. Cruickshank has written us the following letter, which we commend to the attention of the ministering brethren of the College Association, for whose special service Mr. Higgins was set apart:

"Uffculme, Devon, Nov. 6, 1874.

"My dear President,—We have been favoured with a visit from your excellent evangelist, Mr. Higgins. He conducted a series of services extending over ten days, and I feel it is but right that I should drop you a line to say how much his visit was appreciated by the people, and owned of God to the quickening of our spiritual life, and the awakening of the unsaved. We laboured together for weeks in prayer, and verily God gave us the days of heaven upon earth. The meetings have proved that the blessed old, old story of redeeming love has not lost its power to attract and save, and that the

name of Jesus has still its sweetness. I am sure I convey to you the feelings and wishes of my people, when I say that we are very thankful to you for having such a zealous labourer accessible to us and other churches.

"I suggested to Mr. Higgins that if he could have a small corner in the *Sword and the Trowel*, to publish his engagements a month in advance, it would be a guide to those brethren who might wish to secure his help; and when at a distance from London, as here, in the West, or in the North, several brethren could, and I doubt not would, arrange to have him in succession, which would at least save a deal of travelling.

"Praying that much blessing may rest upon your manifold engagements, I remain, yours very sincerely,

"J. CRUICKSHANK."

While thinking the matter over it has seemed to us almost a ridiculous thing to have only one brother evangelising when fifty could be usefully employed. Our friend Mr. Higgins is a married man, and has to be constantly travelling, and so absent from his good wife, and denying himself much comfort; and if he is willing to make such sacrifices and labour hard for a bare maintenance there ought to be no trouble in supporting him, and a dozen more like him. The experiment with one has worked so well that we are willing to advance if the way opens.

The Orphanage boys have held a meeting and passed a resolution. This very important document we publish by request.

"Resolved,—That our heartiest thanks be given to the generous friends who have sent Christmas presents in former years, and that our kind President be requested to publish the same in *The Sword and the Trowel*.

"Signed for the whole of the boys,

J. J. HANKS.

W. WOOD.

"Nov. 16th, 1874. E. G. TIDDE."

The resolution is well-timed and suggestive. We hope to spend Christmas-day with our large family, and hope that it will be as bright with generous gifts of love as former days have been. Not only the boys but the trustees and the President render sincere thanks for kindnesses innumerable shown to the Orphanage.

The Colportage Society pursues its useful course, and located in its admirable quarters hopes to grow rapidly. During the present month a second colporteur has commenced work in the Isle of Wight, and we have several more applications to

appoint agents in *new* districts as soon as suitable men can be obtained. At present we need several who are members of a Baptist church, for several districts ask for men of that denomination. For the direction of brethren who are willing to undertake the work we would say—the colporteur must be an earnest, godly man, and a member of a Christian church. He should have had some experience in Christian work, which will enable him to gain access to the families he calls upon, and to utilise the opportunities thus afforded of speaking a word for the Lord. He should also be able to speak in the open air, cottage meetings, etc. He will require considerable *tact* in dealing with various characters, and an undaunted spirit to persevere amid difficulty and opposition. As the home of the colporteur is usually placed in the centre of a district of villages, which he is expected to visit regularly on foot, good physical strength is necessary to enable him to carry a knapsack, with books sufficient for the day's sales, over considerable distances. This Association does not pay its agents by a commission upon books sold, but by a fixed weekly salary of 22s. for single men, and 24s. for married men. A good man specially adapted to work among sailors and labourers about the London Docks has been strongly recommended to us. Will any of the Lord's people enable us to set him at work by subscribing the necessary £40 per annum? All information regarding the operations of the Society, etc., may be obtained from W. Corden Jones, General Secretary, Temple Street, Newington Butts, S.E.

Nov. 2.—In the evening a praise meeting was held of the most delightful character. The Lord was magnified for his nature, his providence, his redemption, the gifts of his Spirit, his special favour to his church, and the joys which he has laid up for us in heaven. The more of such meetings the better.

Nov. 9 was kept as a day of prayer at

the Tabernacle by meetings at morning, and at noon, and in the evening. The churches in the neighbourhood belonging to the London Baptist Association gathered with us for prayer and communion. With one exception all the ministers were present, or sent loving letters of apology for absence. The heartiest love prevailed, and all felt it good to be there.

Nov. 24.—A special meeting was held for young men; it was well attended, and the hope was felt in many bosoms that it commenced a period of great blessing among young men. Messrs. Charlesworth, W. Olney, Davis, and others delivered most earnest addresses, and the Pastor was in the chair.

Mr. Jeffery has had a most interesting meeting at his settlement at Southsea. May the richest success attend him.

Of our students, Mr. Bristow has settled at Peter's Creek, near Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; Mr. Vaughan, at Surrey Lane, Battersea; Mr. Burnham, at Finehead, Somerset; Mr. Greer, at Braunston, Northamptonshire; Mr. Roberts, at Ashford, in Kent; and Mr. J. Skelley, at Spaldwick, Hunts.

The fourth volume of "The Treasury of David" will be ready for publication at the commencement of the year. This, with "The Interpreter," the yearly volume of sermons, the annual volume of the magazine, the two almanacks, and "Flashes of Thought," make up a tolerably large contribution to the press for one year.

The boys of the Orphanage are prepared to give a Service of Song in any of the London chapels where friends would give the proceeds to the Orphanage. They can sing thoroughly well, and friends by giving them the use of their chapels would lose nothing and help us much.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—October 26th, twenty-one; October 29th, twenty-one; October 30th, one.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from October 20th to November 19th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. G. Seiwright	0 10 0	P. A. V. H.	1 1 0
Mr. J. Seiwright	0 10 0	Mrs. Rushdale	3 0 0
Mr. C. Urquart	0 2 0	C. S. B.	5 0 0
Mr. J. Hackey	0 5 0	Miss Peachey	0 5 0
E. B.	1 0 0	A Thursday Night Hearer	5 0 0
Mr. J. H. Mills	0 10 0	Mrs. Wilkinson	2 0 0
Mrs. Howard	5 0 0	Collected by Miss Jeph	1 7 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss S. Powney	Mr. J. B. Thomas
Per Mr. G. Aubrey	Collection at Grosvenor Street Chapel,
J. H. E.	Manchester
Miss Burls	A Friend, per Mr. F. R. B. Phillips
Mr. S. Sprague	Mrs. Wood
Collected by Mrs. T. Keys	Weekly Offerings at Tab., Oct. 25
Mrs. Conder	" " " Nov. 1
Rev. J. Green	" " " " 8
Mr. F. Howard	" " " " 15
Mr. W. Lindbrook
Mrs. Hull
Mr. W. A. Butterworth
					£196	3	0.

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 20th to November 19th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. James Smith	Mrs. Gaylor
Mr. J. Daniels	Ardgye
Per Miss Jesson:—	Mr. J. Anderson
	£	s.	d.	Mr. and Mrs. Sangster
Mr. R. Carrier	J. H.
Mr. Pickard	E. W.
Mrs. C. B. Robinson	J. R.
Mr. Stanyon	Mr. E. Morgan
Mrs. Hill (Melton)	Per Mr. T. Bayce
Mrs. Nunnerly	A Friend
A Friend (Market Harborough)	Mr. James Smith
Mr. C. Smith	Mrs. James Smith
Misses Bennett	Mr. H. Smith's box
Mrs. Eames	Mr. G. Hilder
Miss Eames	Ensign F. Flanagan
Miss Raynes	First Fruits
Miss Cooper	Mr. E. J. Upward
Mrs. Barrow	Mr. E. L. Wallis
Mrs. Wardle	Mrs. Sillibourne and daughter
Miss Jesson	Mr. C. Crighton
	6	10	0	C. Y. B.
Mr. G. Seiwright	J. B. of E.
Mr. J. Seiwright	Miss Burls
Two Friends	Church at Swaffham
Odd farthings and halfpence taken at	M. T. and Friends
Metropolitan Store	Church at Park Road, Peckham
Mr. J. H. Mills	Mrs. M. J. Bolton
Mr. M. Ford	Mr. W. Clark
X. Y. Z.	Mr. Chambers
Mrs. Howard	Mrs. Marshall
Mr. G. Grosse	Collected by Miss A. Sibery
Godalming	Collected by Mrs. Salisbury and Mrs.
Mr. Walmsley	Sibery
P. A. V. H.	Mr. Marsland
Mr. Woodward	An Increase as the Lord hath prospered
G. H. B.	us
Phillis	Boxes at Tabernacle Gates
G. S. B.	Given to Mr. Spurgeon
Mrs. Bullock	Mrs. Izzard
Mr. A. Harrison	Mrs. H. Brown
E. B. I.	Mr. A. R. Gray
Mrs. Combe	Mr. J. Cook
A Thursday Night Healer	Bank Note 51,116
A Few Friends at Brockley Road, per	A Friend
Mr. Salisbury and Mrs. W. G. Phillips	Mr. Simpson
Mr. Wigney	Mrs. Pickworth
Miss Peckham	A Friend, per Miss J. Kemp
S.	Miss Sambourne
Mr. J. Hart	Mr. J. Naylor
Miss S. Powney	Mr. A. Colvin
Not One Good Thing has Failed	Mr. J. Cox
Miss Willcox	Miss Aldred
Mr. H. Slade	Mr. Macpherson
Mr. Dodd	Mrs. Willcox
Mr. Marshall	Mrs. Peaple
D. O.	Miss Gough
Peat Tree	S. G. Aberystwith
Mr. G. Emery	Mr. G. Rodenhurst

	£	s.	d.
Mr. R. France	0	5	0
Mr. W. C. Little	1	0	0
Mr. E. Nye	5	0	0
Mr. W. A. Butterworth	1	1	0
A Friend	50	0	0
Mrs. Hinton	1	10	0
Mr. J. Hector	2	0	0
Mr. T. Greenwood	25	0	0
W. J. B.	2	6	6
Miss Wade	2	7	7
Compositors and Readers at Clement Brothers, 170, Strand, per Mr. J. Pickering	0	15	3
Brentford Town Hall Sunday School, per Rev. W. Smith	0	19	2
Mrs. Gooding	2	8	4
Mrs. W. Colthrup	0	10	0
A Thankoffering	0	10	0

Annual Subscriptions:—				£	s.	d.
Rev. J. J. Dalton	1	0	0			
Mr. F. Howard	1	1	0			
Per F. R. T.:—						
Mr. C. Tidmarsh	0	5	0			
Mrs. C. Tidmarsh	0	5	0			
Mr. Gibson	0	5	0			
Mr. Underwood	0	5	0			
Miss Winckworth	0	5	0			
Mrs. Nelson	0	5	0			
Mr. Fritchard	0	5	0			
Mr. J. Neyers	1	15	0			
	2	2	0			
	£105	2	1			

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—PROVISIONS, &c.:—22 Sacks of Potatoes, Mr. Hogbin; Six Joints of Meat, Mr. J. L. Potier; A Sheep, Mr. Peter Cowell; a Sack of Flour, Mr. Nye; 56 lbs. of Baking Powder, Mr. Freeman; A round of Boiled Beef, Mr. Toogood; 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward. Some Apples and Pears from following friends—Mr. Olney, Mr. Raines, Mr. Appleton, E. F. B., Mrs. Spurgeon.

GENERAL:—Van-load of Firewood, Mr. Keen; Ditto, Jonas, Smith and Co.; 8 Tons of Coals, Mr. Alderman Allott; 70 Pieces of Sponge, Mr. Spratley; some Crocus Bulbs for Garden, Mr. Norton; 27 Old Hymnbooks, 5 New ditto, 1 Large ditto, 63 Miscellaneous volumes, and 1 Croquet Set, Mr. Marshall; 6 Scarves, 1 Box of Shells, 1 ditto Spelling Game, K. and E. B.

CLOTHING, &c.:—15 Pairs Stockings, Francis and Williams; an Antimacassar, E. P. H.; two Ladies' Belts, Beaded, E. Wilson.

DONATIONS, &c.:—Mr. Kingston, £1; by Sale of Antimacassar, 15s.; Mr. Clark, £1 ls.; Collected by Girls of the Practising School, Stockwell College, per Miss Potter, 16s. 4d.; 21 Coins in Orphanage Pillar Box, 5s. 6d.—£3 17s. 10d.

College Buildings.

Statement of Receipts from October 20th to November 19th, 1874.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. G. Seivwright	0	5	0
Mr. J. Seivwright	0	5	0
Mr. G. Will	0	2	0
L. C.	0	10	0
G. M. B.	1	0	0
Mrs. Perratt	0	10	0
A Sermon Reader	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Deverell	2	0	0
Annie	0	5	0
Mrs. Brown and Sons	2	2	0
	£7	4	0

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.
Minchinhampton District, per Rev. H. A. James	20	0	0
Sheffield	10	0	0
Croydon	10	0	0
North Staffordshire Baptist Association District No. 1	10	0	0
Mrs. Blair, for Stafford District	29	0	0
Robert Abrahams, Esq., for Witney District	10	0	0
Elders' Bible Class, Metropolitan Taber- nacle	5	0	0
A Friend	100	0	0
C. S. B.	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Westrop	5	0	0
Miss Burls	2	0	0
Mr. A. Miller	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hillier	1	1	0
Rev. W. H. Payne	0	5	0
Miss Harriet Howard	0	1	0
Part of Collection at the Metropolitan Tabernacle	20	2	6
Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	1	6	6
	£220	16	0

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.

REPORT

OF THE

PASTORS' COLLEGE,

1873-74.

Report of C. H. Spurgeon.

YEAR after year I have had to tell my friends the same tale. The continued blessing of the Lord has been with us throughout, and therefore we have not been compelled to vary our story with lamentations and woe. Our aim from the first has been to glorify God by the spread of the gospel, and in that object we have obtained cheering success. Nearly three hundred brethren are now bearing witness to the gospel of our salvation as regular ministers who were trained among us, and a more considerable number are acting as evangelists, colporteurs, and lay-preachers; indeed, under the last designation, we have trained several hundreds of young men. Our principle as to reception into the College with a view to the regular ministry is this:—We receive only those who have preached for about two years, and have proved their calling of God; and these we do not pretend to make into preachers, but simply to aid them to obtain an education. We have no lack of applicants, indeed we are able to make a careful selection, and reject very many, and yet to accept as large a number as we need. Young and ardent spirits are evidently attracted to us, for such have appealed to us from places far away in America, and from different countries of Europe, as well as from every denomination of Christians at home.

It has been frequently hinted that our course of study is so short that our men will not wear. Our reply is an appeal to facts, and by those facts we are content to stand or fall. If the men of any other College had done better in that respect, there might have been a reason for our altering our plans, but such is far from being the case. I requested my friend Mr. Rogers to give me a note of his observations upon this head, and he sent me the following :—

“ Having visited many of the settlements of the students during the year, in various parts of the country, I am able to speak with some degree of confidence of their adaptation for the work for which they are designed. As the characters formed and the acquirements made at the College are for the accomplishment of a certain end, it is due to those who befriend it to be informed how far it has contributed and is still contributing to that end. If that end be the publication of a plain and straightforward gospel in a plain way, with a direct view to win souls for Christ, it has certainly not failed in its design. Nor does this apply to some few only whose success has been more signally displayed, but as a rule and with few exceptions amongst the nearly three hundred students who are zealously engaged in this work. It is not easy to judge while our students are in College what they will become when thrown upon their own resources, but in general they have exceeded rather than come short of the expectations which had been formed concerning them. Many who have been timid and diffident during the whole course of their studies, and have seldom ventured to take part in collegiate criticisms and discussions, have, soon after entering upon a sphere of labour, gained confidence in their own powers, and found ease and encouragement in their work. Their qualifications when put to the test have dispelled their fears, and evinced both to them and others the adaptation of their training to the end they had in view. The kind reception they have met with, the interest awakened in their ministry, and the early instances of actual usefulness, have quickened their activity and zeal. The fact of a student from Mr. Spurgeon’s College coming into a neighbourhood has excited an attention that has been turned to good account, not to temporary merely, but to permanent good ; insomuch that cold and dying churches have been quickened into newness of life. As my visits have generally been some few months after the pastorate has been assumed, and I have often revisited the same sphere of labour after several years of ministration of the same pastor, I have had abundant opportunity for judging the capability of the students for permanent acceptableness and growing usefulness among the same people ; and I have no hesitation in affirming, though much has been insinuated to the contrary, that they will compare most creditably in this respect with the students of any other similar institution. The men who preach extemporaneously, and who preach a full gospel, and preach from the heart, less need a change of sphere than those who read highly elaborated sermons and preach less from the heart than from the head. The success of our students depends upon the fact that, like the first gospel-preachers, they cease not to teach and preach Jesus Christ, and in his name to look for signs and wonders following. This has

secured for them the friendship and goodwill of all who love the old truths, and have no sympathy with the innovations of modern times."

Some have laboured under the fear that too many preachers would be thrust forth—a pusillanimous fear scarcely worthy of a reply. It may, however, suffice to say, that a large portion of our brethren have made their own spheres, and so cannot be charged with crowding out other ministers; and another considerable company have gone abroad—to America and elsewhere—where they were greatly needed, and more are about to go. Our field is the world. Our heart pleads continually for the missionary spirit to move among our brethren, that very many of them may carry the gospel to the regions beyond, both in our own land, among the churches of America, and the colonies, and, better still, among the heathen. This prayer has begun to receive its answer, and will have, in future days, a plentiful reward. The world is all before us, and the more heralds of the cross the better for the dying multitudes.

The New College Buildings are nearly completed, and their occupation is looked forward to with great expectations, for at present we dwell as in dens and caves of the earth in the underground rooms of the Tabernacle. How earnestly I wish that some generous friends, who have not helped me in this erection, would furnish me with the three thousand pounds which I still need to finish this work. The needed money will come I am certain, but from what quarter I know not. It is with deep gratitude that I record the fact that the brethren who were educated in the College have raised £1,000 towards the amount, which I have already received. May the Lord reward them for their love to this work.

Our general funds have, during the past year, never given us a moment's thought. They have been left to the Lord by simple faith and he has supplied them, as he always will. Our beloved friends at the Tabernacle supplied £1,873 by the weekly offering last year, and so greatly cheered their Pastor's heart. We want £5,000 per annum at the least, and, if we could be entrusted with more, we could use it most advantageously in helping men to break up new ground and form fresh churches. If we could maintain some gifted and warm-hearted brother, as a travelling evangelist, to stir up the churches, the Holy Spirit might make him of great service. For many reasons, we pray that the means at our disposal may be increased, for we believe there is urgent need. Several dear friends, who have been my faithful helpers, have been taken home to heaven this year; will not others take their places and see that the good cause suffers no lack? The guests at Mr. Phillips' supper have hitherto contributed a large part of the annual income, and to him, and to them, all of us are deeply grateful, and yet more to our heavenly Father, who has inclined their hearts to aid us so generously. We shall be rich indeed if we have their prayers as well as their gifts.

The statistics of the churches in which our brethren labour are still most gratifying, and we refer our kind subscribers to them as their best reward.

To our ministers in foreign parts we have, at the request of the Conference, written the following letter, with which we conclude these brief notes. It will show the union which is maintained among us when college days have long become memories of the past :—

CLAPHAM,

September 30th.

BELoved BROTHER,

I have been requested to salute you in the name of the Conference of brethren in connection with the Pastors' College, and I do so most heartily. Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you. But I must also add the assurance of my own sincere love to you, and earnest desire that the Lord may be with you. Oceans divide us in body, but we are one in Christ, and by his Spirit we are knit together in one fellowship. We who are at home have enjoyed a considerable measure of the divine blessing, although we earnestly desire to see far greater things: our prayer is, that you who are abroad may be far more successful than we have been; may you yet do great things and prevail. Your trials are peculiar, but your God is all-sufficient. The minds of your people are tinged with the special circumstances of the country, but the gospel is as suitable to them as to our own countrymen. Hearts are hard in every place, but the Spirit works effectually with the Word, and subdues wills most obdurate, to the obedience of the faith. Be of good courage, your God and ours is faithful to his promise, he will not leave you to be put to shame.

I feel sure, my beloved brother, that your growing experience must have endeared to you the gospel of the grace of God. I feel more and more every day that nothing but salvation by grace will ever bring me to heaven, and therefore I desire more and more explicitly to teach the grand truths of electing love, covenant security, justification by faith, effectual calling, and immutable faithfulness. Love to souls as it burns in our hearts will also lead us to preach a free as well as a full salvation, and so we shall be saved at once from the leanness of those who have no doctrine, and from the bitterness of those to whom creed is everything. The happy *via media* of a balanced ministry we have aimed at, and succeeding years confirm us in the correctness of our views.

I pray you, in these evil days be firm, clear, and decided, in your testimony for the truth as it is in Jesus; nothing else will keep us clear of the blood of men's souls. May the Holy Ghost anoint you anew for the struggle which lies before you. By the love which has long existed between us, I beseech you be faithful unto death. I reach my hand across the flood, and grasp you lovingly, and my heart goes with the word—the Lord bless thee, my brother, and keep thee, and lift up the light of his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

All goes well at the Tabernacle. Our beloved friend, Mr. Rogers, is still among us, enjoying perennial youth in his advanced age. The other Tutors are strong to labour. Our brethren are multiplied, and, as a body of ministers, they are such as you may remember with satisfaction. I am obliged to lithograph this letter, because I could not

write so many copies, but in each case the signature is with my own hand, and I pray you, dear brother, do not look upon the lines as mere official writing. I love you in my heart; accept that love and the hearty greetings of all our brotherhood at home. Remember us in your prayers, especially remember me. By the memory of happy days in the past, when we looked each other in the face, do not forget us, and far more, do not forget your allegiance to our common Lord. Blessed be *His* name for ever. We live alone for *His* glory. May he reign gloriously in your congregation. The blessing of the Triune God be with you, dear brother.

Yours for ever heartily,

C. H. SPURGEON.

Vice-President's Report.

HAPPILY our Report can be made in terms nearly identical with those of previous years. Our system of instruction has shaped itself according to actual requirements, and the continued confidence of the churches leads us to believe that the results are satisfactory.

Class work has gone on with quite an average amount of application and consequent success. No case calling for discipline has arisen during the year, and the evident spiritual life of our young brethren augurs well for their future usefulness. We have had valuable assistance from some of our ministerial friends, and our special thanks are due to the Rev. J. Clifford, M.A., and to the Rev. Elvay Dothie, B.A., for able lectures delivered in the course of the past session.

With renewed vigour we prepare for another year's campaign. One thing is clear, that good men are still at a premium, and that the demand for such augments year by year. All care in selection, and faithfulness in weeding out the inefficient brethren, will always leave some few who are not equal to the many and heavy calls which a pastorate in our country inevitably makes.

Our number of unsuccessful students is happily very small, while in several cases, where we once feared total inefficiency, some other sphere of labour has opened up, in which the brethren have amply repaid, by increased usefulness, all the time and expense devoted to them in College. Our opinion is confirmed, however, continually, that we cannot aim too high in our attempts to raise a soundly evangelical and well-educated Biblical Ministry for our denomination.

There can be no doubt that the struggle of our country churches to maintain an educated pastorate intensifies rather than diminishes every day. We are constantly applied to for men of the first order of talent, for some rural district or country town, because, unless such a one can be found, the probabilities of success are very few, and the difficulty of maintaining their present position almost insuperable.

We cannot retain our young people unless the life and interest of the public teaching is sustained alike by vigour of thought, and freshness of illustration, as well as by deep piety and ripened experience. We must have for our smaller as well as our larger churches, "workmen who need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

There is a loud demand for such men on every hand. We do not believe that the spirit of self-consecration has died out of our churches, nor that men of the right stamp will be wholly lacking; but we want many more of our best young men from the families of our church officers and leading members. We see the sacrifice this will entail on some, who must forego pecuniary advantages, to exist upon the very limited income which our churches, as a rule, offer to their pastors. Our ministers must be better paid, or our pulpits will not long continue to be filled with cultured and able men.

We call attention to this, as we foresee how much it is likely to affect us in the future. Already many of our young men have sought and found in America and the Colonies wider spheres of usefulness combined with much more of personal comfort in their work. We are glad of it, and hope that many more will follow, and thus escape the anxiety of straitened means, to do not less, but often more work for our one Lord, one faith, and one baptism. The area of our work is thus enlarged, and it assumes proportions perfectly gigantic. In the name of God we will go forward to meet it. The harvest truly is great, and the labourers few, pray ye the Lord of the harvest, to thrust forth more labourers into his harvest.

J. A. SPURGEON.

Our Tutors' Reports.

I HAVE to report with thankfulness that the course of studies under my own immediate superintendence, during the past year, has been uninterruptedly pursued, and attended with some satisfaction, I trust, both to myself and others. Lectures in Theology and Biblical studies have been regularly delivered. The plan adopted during the year, of giving more frequent opportunities of criticising sermons has answered well, and the discussions have maintained their usual interest and profit. The more private classes, for Mathematics, Logic, Hebrew, the Greek Testament, Homiletics, Pastoral Theology, and English Composition, have been continued; owing to the changes which are unavoidably made during the year, for mutual accommodation in the arrangement of the several classes by the tutors, some of these may not have been so far pursued and so numerously attended as might have been desired, but the time employed in them, has been sufficient, it may be hoped, to give considerable attainments in some of those studies, and a stimulus for further acquirements in all of them. The attention given by the students to their studies, continues to evince their eagerness to gain that information, and to exercise those gifts which may best qualify them for the one great work to which they have devoted themselves, and which is continually kept in view.

G. ROGERS.

THE past twelve months leave a very satisfactory record of painstaking work. The progress of many of the brethren has been marked and rapid, showing a great degree both of diligence and aptitude. The diligence in some cases has been much more observable than the aptitude, it being at first the only visible thing that could warrant the pursuit of such studies, but never failing at length, to create, or to arouse the needed talent. Our class-work, I believe, has had a general healthful effect upon the mind; it has served, in no unimportant way, to discipline the faculties, and cultivate the taste. With a view to such results among others, the subjects of the senior classes have been chosen: these subjects have been the *Ars Poetica*, and *Carmina*, of Horace, the sixth Book of Virgil's *Æneid*, the *Hecuba* of Euripides, and Demosthenes *De Corona*. As bearing, however, more directly upon the preaching of the Gospel, the reading of the Gospel by John, the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistle to the Hebrews, in the original Greek, has been naturally the most entertaining of all our work, and the most beneficial. No pains have been spared in bringing to bear upon the text the most certain results of recent criticism and research, in order that the real meaning might, if possible, be fairly and fully elucidated. The value of reading the New Testament in this manner, is unspeakably great to every faithful minister thereof.

D. GRACEY.

THE classes comprising the department of the Pastors' College under my care, have this year been enabled to get through a good amount of work satisfactorily; this they have accomplished only by hard study, continuous effort, cheerfully put forth and sustained by a deep sense of duty to Him who has called them, and a conscientious appreciation of the requirements of the man who desires to be wise in winning souls. The success of this year of study, I cannot help thinking, is due to fixed seasons of devotion and prayer. All have been constrained to much prayer, and regularly once a month the work of intellectual culture has been arrested, and the greater part of one day has been set apart to wrestling with God for special help in our particular studies, and increased supplies of grace, zeal, fire, and vital energy in that form of spiritual life essential to him who is to live and die catching men.

The subjects of study in my department are as follows—

English. All the branches of a plain and thorough Education therein are regularly and daily taught. The text books are:—for *Grammar*, Angus's Hand Book of the English Tongue, Fleming's Analysis of the English Language; *Composition*, Bain and Cornwall's Treatises: *Analysis*, Milton according to Morell and Angus's system.

Geography. Text Books: Cornwall's General Geography, and Blackie's Geography of Palestine.

Bible, General Knowledge. Text books: Angus's Handbook of the Bible.

Metaphysics. Text Books: Whateley's Elementary Logic, Sir William Hamilton's Lectures on Metaphysics, Wayland's Ethics, Taylor's Elements of Thought, and Butler's Analogy.

A. FERGUSON.

