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PREFACE.

A COTEEMPORARY remarks, "This is an eventful year for Mr. Spurgeon," and his words are true. The reader must forgive us if in our own magazine we become autobiographical, and rehearse the story of the year 1879, in its bearings upon the work which has found a centre in the Tabernacle. Its earliest hours saw the Pastor a prisoner, unable to rise from the bed of pain, but meanwhile his ever faithful people were busy in creating a memorial of the Lord's mercy to him and to them during their happy union of twenty-five years. Love was busy in a thousand ways, hiving its sweets. A bazaar upon an enormous scale was carried out with enthusiasm, and was in all respects a very wonderful success. Never can we forget the fervent affection displayed by an army of friends to one whose only justification for receiving such love lies in the fact that he loves in return.

The Pastor himself, much against his own wishes, was compelled to take a furlough of three months, during which his pain of body ceased, his spirits revived, and his mind recovered from a pressure which had somewhat overpowered it. The demands made upon head and heart by ministering to so great a congregation, and superintending so many forms of Christian work, will never be known except to him who feels them, and it is no wonder that sometimes the strain is too great, and mind and spirit sink into painful depression, from which there is no recovery but by rest.

We returned in April. The Conference of ministers who had been educated in the Pastors' College met in May, and it was a joyous occasion. The presence and power of God were manifestly felt, and the meetings were consequently full of life and enthusiasm. The number of men who have passed through the College is 548, and of these 432 remain actually in the field and in the Baptist ministry. From the first we have given as good an education as the exigences of the times allowed, but as the demand for ministers is not now so pressing, and the supply of students is also larger, we have been able to allow our young brethren a longer term of study, and the majority of them now remain for three years instead of two. We have never deserved the reproach of lowering the standard of ministerial education, for we laid out our life to raise it. We hope soon to sweep away the last rag of reason for the charge. The gospel and the Holy Spirit are with us far before human culture, but, when we have these, the more a man knows the better.

Soon after the Conference our beloved people presented us with a testimonial of £6,223 10s. 5d., which we had great pleasure in handing over to trustees for the Lord's work. Thus our *Almshouses* are now endowed, so that the support of the aged sisters will never become a burden to the church. For this to be accomplished as a deed of love is pleasant beyond expression to our heart, and we trust it is well pleasing

also to our Lord. If nothing else had been accomplished this would have been an eventful year.

On June 19 we were able to make a fair start with the *Girls' Orphanage*, and this *to us* is the second great advance of 1879. Depression and disaster have been painfully felt in almost every quarter, and many charitable institutions have been advertising their abject poverty, but, to the honour of our gracious Lord, we wish to bear witness that never have our College and Orphanage been so well supported as during this trying season. By the first of October we had bought and paid for the "Hawthorns," and were on the way towards the purchase of the intervening meadow, so that we are at this present able to report the ground in possession and almost paid for,* with seven houses promised, and many other helps. Well may we say, "What hath God wrought!" We know that all this entails upon us more responsibility, but we know also that God can and will give strength sufficient for the burden, and send supplies equal to the demand.

It is also a great joy to us that all the various agencies are well officered, and all properties are in the hands of fitting trustees. We are aided by business men whose watchfulness is stimulated by their love to Jesus and his work. A gracious tone pervades all, and the Holy Spirit is using every agency for the glory of God. Prayer is more fervent than ever. Unity and concord reign. All is well with us!

O that we could do more for Jesus! Our Colportage, which is a great blessing to thousands, does not yet increase to dimensions worthy of its value. It is no small thing to have seventy or eighty workers diligently engaged in spreading healthy literature and visiting the poor; but we ought to have four times as many, and would have them if the funds were forthcoming.

Our Evangelists have had the greatest success. Each one of the three has been made of God to be a mighty soul-winner, and this is reward enough. Those who support them may rejoice right heartily.

If we might be so bold, we would beg our readers to increase the sale of this magazine and the weekly sermons. Such an effort, if successful, might produce great results. Souls might be saved, friends might be found for our work, and truth might spread.

O that we could do more for Jesus! Reader, do you not utter the same desire? He deserves to be made known where'er the sun pursues his daily course. Let us labour to publish his fame abroad. Brother, sister, do your own part, and help us, for Jesus's sake.

Yours to serve through life,



* Writing this on November 12, we calculate that we need £750 more to meet present liabilities. A legacy of £1,500 is not yet actually paid, but it is included in our estimate. We hope the £750 will come in before the New Year.

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THE

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Twenty-five Years ago.

A FRAGMENT BY C. H. SPURGEON.



TWENTY-FIVE years ago we walked on a Sabbath morning, according to our wont, from Cambridge to the village of Waterbeach, in order to occupy the pulpit of the little Baptist Chapel. It was a country road, and there were four or five honest miles of it, which we usually measured each Sunday foot by foot, unless we happened to be met by a certain little pony and cart which came half way, but could not by any possibility venture further because of the enormous expense which would have been incurred by driving through the toll-gate at Milton. That winter's morning we were all aglow with our walk, and ready for our pulpit exercises. Sitting down in the table-pew, a letter was passed to us bearing the postmark of London. It was an unusual missive, and was opened with curiosity. It contained an invitation to preach at New Park Street Chapel, Southwark, the pulpit of which had formerly been occupied by Dr. Rippon,—the very Dr. Rippon whose hymn-book was then before us upon the table, the great Dr. Rippon, out of whose Selection we were about to choose hymns for our worship. The late Dr. Rippon seemed to hover over us as an immeasurably great man, the glory of whose name covered New Park Street Chapel and its pulpit with awe unspeakable. We quietly passed the letter across the table to the deacon who gave out the hymns, observing that there was some mistake, and that the letter must have been intended for a Mr. Spurgeon who preached somewhere down in Norfolk. He shook his head, and observed that he was afraid there was no mistake, as he always knew that his minister would be run away with by some large church or other, but that he was a little surprised that the Londoners should have heard of him quite so soon. "Had it been Cottenham, or St.

Ives, or Huntingdon," said he, "I should not have wondered at all; but going to London is rather a great step from this little place." He shook his head very gravely; but the time was come for us to look out the hymns, and therefore the letter was put away, and, as far as we can remember, was for the day quite forgotten, even as a dead man out of mind.

On the following Monday an answer was sent to London, informing the deacon of the church at Park Street that he had fallen into an error in directing his letter to Waterbeach, for the Baptist minister of that village was very little more than nineteen years of age, and quite unqualified to occupy a London pulpit. In due time came another epistle, setting forth that the former letter had been written in perfect knowledge of the young preacher's age, and had been intended for him, and him alone. The request of the former letter was repeated and pressed, a date mentioned for the journey to London, and the place appointed at which the preacher would find lodging. That invitation was accepted, and as the result thereof the boy preacher of the Fens took his post in London.

Twenty-five years ago—and yet it seems but yesterday—we lodged for the night at a boarding-house in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, to which the worthy deacon directed us. As we wore a huge black satin stock, and used a blue handkerchief with white spots, the young gentlemen of that boarding-house marvelled greatly at the youth from the country who had come up to preach in London, but who was evidently in the condition known as verdant green. They were mainly of the evangelical church persuasion, and seemed greatly tickled that the country lad should be a preacher. They did not propose to go and hear the youth, but they seemed to tacitly agree to encourage him after their own fashion, and we were encouraged accordingly. What tales were narrated of the great divines of the metropolis, and their congregations! One we remember had a thousand *city* men to hear him, another had his church filled with *thoughtful* people, such as could hardly be matched all over England, while a third had an immense audience, almost entirely composed of the *young men* of London, who were spell-bound by his eloquence. The study which these men underwent in composing their sermons, their herculean toils in keeping up their congregations, and the matchless oratory which they exhibited on all occasions, were duly rehearsed in our hearing, and when we were shown to bed in a cupboard over the front door, we were not in an advantageous condition for pleasant dreams. Park Street hospitality never sent the young minister to that far-away hired room again, but assuredly the Saturday evening in a London boarding-house was about the most depressing agency which could have been brought to bear upon our spirit. On the narrow bed we tossed in solitary misery, and found no pity. Pitiless was the grind of the cabs in the street, pitiless the recollection of the young city clerks whose grim propriety had gazed upon our rusticity with such amusement, pitiless the spare room which scarce afforded space to kneel, pitiless even the gas-lamps which seemed to wink at us as they flickered amid the December darkness. We had no friend in all that city full of human beings, but we felt among strangers and foreigners,

hoped to be helped through the scrape into which we had been brought, and to escape safely to the serene abodes of Cambridge and Waterbeach, which then seemed to be Eden itself.

Twenty-five years ago it was a clear, cold morning, and we wended our way along Holborn Hill towards Blackfriars and certain tortuous lanes and alleys at the foot of Southwark Bridge. Wondering, praying, fearing, hoping, believing,—we felt all alone and yet not alone. Expectant of divine help, and inwardly borne down by our sense of the need of it, we traversed a dreary wilderness of brick to find the spot where our message must needs be delivered. One word rose to our lip many times, we scarce know why—"He must needs go through Samaria." The necessity of our Lord's journeying in a certain direction is no doubt repeated in his servants, and as our present journey was not of our seeking, and had been by no means pleasing so far as it had gone—the one thought of a "needs be" for it seemed to overtop every other. At sight of Park Street Chapel we felt for a moment amazed at our own temerity, for it seemed to our eyes to be a large, ornate, and imposing structure, suggesting an audience wealthy and critical, and far removed from the humble folk to whom our ministry had been sweetness and light. It was early, so there were no persons entering, and when the set time was fully come there were no signs to support the suggestion raised by the exterior of the building, and we felt that by God's help we were not yet out of our depth, and were not likely to be with so small an audience. The Lord helped us very graciously, we had a happy Sabbath in the pulpit, and spent the intervals with warm-hearted friends; and when at night we trudged back to the Queen Square narrow lodging we were not alone, and we no longer looked on Londoners as flinty-hearted barbarians. Our tone was altered, we wanted no pity of anyone, we did not care a penny for the young gentlemen lodgers and their miraculous ministers, nor for the grind of the cabs, nor for anything else under the sun. The lion had been looked at all round, and his majesty did not appear to be a tenth as majestic as when we had only heard his roar miles away.

These are small matters, but they rise before us as we look over the twenty-five years' space which has intervened: they are the haze of that other shore between which rolls a quarter of a century of mercy. At the review we are lost in a rush of mingled feelings. "With my staff I crossed this Jordan, and now ——" Our ill health at this moment scarcely permits us either to hold a pen or to dictate words to another, we must therefore leave till another season such utterances of gratitude as the fulness of our heart may permit us. Common blessings may find a tongue at any moment, but favours such as we have received of the Lord throughout this semi-jubilee are not to be acknowledged fitly with the tongues of men or of angels, unless a happy inspiration should bear the thankful one beyond himself.

The following items must, however, be recorded: they are but as a handful gleaned among the sheaves. To omit mention of them would be ingratitude against which stones might justly cry out.

A church has been maintained in order, vigour, and loving unity

during all this period. Organised upon the freest basis, even to democracy, yet has there been seen among us a discipline and a compact oneness never excelled. Men and women associated by thousands, and each one imperfect, are not kept in perfect peace by human means; there is a mystic spirit moving among them which alone could have held them as the heart of one man. No schism, or heresy, has sprung up among us; division has been far from us; co-pastorship has engendered no rivalry, and the illness of the senior officer has led to no disorder. Hypocrites and temporary professors have gone out from us because they were not of us, but we are still one even as at the first; perhaps more truly one than ever at any former instant of our history. One in hearty love to our redeeming Lord, to his glorious gospel, to the ordinances of his house, and to one another as brethren in Christ. Shall not the God of peace receive our humble praises for this unspeakable boon?

That church has continued steadily to increase year by year. There have not been leaps of progress and then painful pauses of decline. On and on the host has marched, gathering recruits each month, filling up the gaps created by death or by removal, and steadily proceeding towards and beyond its maximum, which lies over the border of five thousand souls. One year may have been better than another, but not to any marked extent; there has been a level richness in the harvest field, a joyful average in the crop. Unity of heart has been accompanied by uniformity of prosperity. Work has not been done in spurts, enterprises have not been commenced and abandoned; every advance has been maintained and has become the vantage ground for yet another aggression upon the enemy's territory. Faults there have been in abundance, but the good Lord has not suffered them to hinder progress or to prevent success. The Bridegroom has remained with us, and as yet the days of fasting have not been proclaimed, rather has the joy of the Lord been from day to day our strength.

The gospel of the grace of God has been continually preached from the first day until now—the same gospel, we trust accompanied with growing experience and appreciation and knowledge, but not another gospel, nor even another form of the same gospel. From week to week the sermons have been issued from the press, till the printed sermons now number 1450. These have enjoyed a very remarkable circulation in our own country, and in the Colonies and America; and, besides being scattered to the ends of the earth wherever the English tongue is spoken, they have been translated into almost every language spoken by Christian people, and into some of the tongues of the heathen besides. What multitudes of conversions have come of these messengers of mercy eternity alone will disclose: we have heard enough to make our cup run over with unutterable delight. Shall not the God of boundless goodness be extolled and adored for this? The reader cannot know so well as the preacher what this *printing* of sermons involves. This is a tax upon the brain of a most serious kind, and yet it has been endured, and still the public read the sermons,—best proof that all their freshness has not departed. Oh Lord, all our fresh springs are in thee, else had our ministry long since been dried up at the fountain, the unction would have departed, and the power would have fled. Unto the Eternal Spirit be infinite glory for his long forbearance and perpetual aid.

Nursed up at the sides of the church, supported by her liberality, fostered by her care, and watched over by her love, hundreds of young men have been trained for the ministry, and have gone forth everywhere preaching the word. Of these some few have fallen asleep, but the great majority still remain in the ministry at home and in the mission field, faithful to the things which they learned in their youth, and persevering in the proclamation of the same gospel which is dear to the mother church. When we think of the four hundred brethren preaching the gospel at this moment, of the many churches which they have formed, and of the meeting-houses they have built, we must magnify the name of the Lord who has wrought by so feeble an instrumentality.

Evangelists are now supported by the agency at the Tabernacle, and sent forth hither and thither to arouse the churches. Upon this effort a special blessing has rested, enough to fill all hearts with delighted thankfulness.

During a considerable period hundreds of orphans have been fed, and clothed, and trained for time and eternity beneath the wings of the church of God, and many scores of these are now engaged in honourable business, prospering in life, in membership with Christian churches, and delighting to own themselves in a special manner children of the Tabernacle, sons of the Stockwell Orphanage. This is a well-spring of joy sufficient for a life. Those who have laboured with us in this holy work have a wealth of satisfaction in looking back upon the way wherein the Lord hath led us in this benevolent enterprise. Both the providence and the grace of God have been abundantly illustrated in this delightful service. If the story could ever be fully written—as it never can be—it would redound to the praise of the faithful, promise-keeping Saviour, who said to us at the first, “My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.”

Nor is this all, nor can all be told. An army of colporteurs at this present moment covers our country; ninety or more men are going from house to house with the word of God and pure literature, endeavouring to enlighten the dark hamlets, and to reach the neglected individuals who pine alone upon their sick beds. Priestcraft is thus assailed by an agency which it little expected to encounter. Where a Nonconformist ministry could not be sustained for want of means, a testimony has been kept alive which has sufficed to fetch out the chosen of the Lord from amid the gloom of superstition, and lead the Lord's elect away from priests and sacraments to Christ and the one great sacrifice for sin. This work grows and must grow from year to year.

The poor but faithful ministers of our Lord have had some little comfort rendered to them by a quiet, unobtrusive work, which has supplied them with parcels of useful books: a work which is only ours, and yet most truly ours, because it is performed in constant pain and frequent anguish by her who is our best of earthly blessings. *The Book Fund* has a note all its own, but we could not refrain from hearing it as it swells the blessed harmony of service done during the twenty-five years. “She that tarried at home divided the spoil.”

Time would fail us to rehearse the whole of the other enterprises which have sprung up around us, and were we inclined to do so and to become a fool in glorying we should not be able, for bodily weakness

plucks us by the sleeve and cries "*Forbear.*" We will forbear, but not till we have exclaimed, "What hath God wrought!" Nor till we have noted with peculiar gratitude that to us is doubly fulfilled the promise, "Instead of the fathers shall be the children." Our sons have already begun to fulfil our lack of service, and will do so more and more if our infirmities increase.

It was right and seemly that at the close of this period of twenty-five years some testimonial should be offered to the pastor. The like has been worthily done in other cases, and brethren have accepted a sum of money which they well deserved, and which they have very properly laid aside as a provision for their families. In our case it did not seem to us at all fitting that the offering should come into our own purse: our conscience and heart revolted from the idea. We could without sin have accepted the gift for our own need, but it seemed not to be right. We have been so much more in the hands of God than most, so much less an agent and so much more an instrument, that we could not claim a grain of credit. Moreover, the dear and honoured brethren and sisters in Christ who have surrounded us these many years have really themselves done the bulk of the work, and God forbid that we should monopolize honour which belongs to all the saints! Let the offering come by all means, but let it return to the source from whence it came. There are many poor in the church, far more than friends at a distance would imagine—many of the most godly poor, "widows indeed," and partakers of the poverty of Christ. To aid the church in its holy duty of remembering the poor, which is the nearest approach to remembering Christ himself, seemed to us to be the highest use of money; the testimonial will, therefore, go to support the aged sisters in the Almshouses, and thus it will actually relieve the funds of the church which are appropriated to the weekly relief of the necessitous. May the Lord Jesus accept this cup of cold water which is offered in his name! We see the Lord's servants fetching for us water from the well of Bethlehem which is within the gate, and as we see them cheerfully and generously setting it at our feet we thank them, thank them with tears in our eyes, but we feel that we must not drink thereof; it must be poured out before the Lord. So let it be. O Lord accept it!

What's your Persuasion?

SOME years ago a visitor said to a poor wounded soldier, who lay dying in the hospital, "What church are you of?" "Of the church of Christ," he replied. "I mean, what persuasion are you of?" "Persuasion," said the dying man, as he looked heavenward, beaming with love to the Saviour, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus." None should rest contented with any hope less sure or bright.
—*From Day to Day.* By ROBERT MACDONALD, D.D.

Pastorless Flocks.

OUR excellent contemporary *The Watchman*, of Boston, United States, has an article upon American churches and their difficulties in finding pastors which is singularly applicable to the condition of things in England. We quote the whole paragraph:—

"It is sad to see sheep without a shepherd, and as sad to see a church without a pastor. At the present time a number of our most able churches are in a pastorless condition. The First Church in Cleveland has no successor to Dr. Gardner. Emanuel Church, in Albany, has not filled the place of Dr. Bridgman. The First Church in Chicago comes into the number of the pastorless. The old First Church in New York, for the first time in many years, has a vacant pulpit. Warren Avenue Church, in Boston, still waits. The Tabernacle Church, Albany, parts with Rev. Frank Morse, and puts up the sign, 'Pulpit to let.' The Fourth Church in Philadelphia mourns the withdrawal of its favourite. Other great churches are without pastors. The question arises, 'What is the matter?' We ask not why the pastors left, for in most cases the reason is obvious. But why is not the pulpit filled? Why should Emanuel Church and the Cleveland Church be so many months in securing a new minister? There seems to be a false taste prevailing in our churches which prevents any speedy settlement of a pastor when a vacancy occurs. The habit is to send all about the country to find some wonderful man to do some wonderful work. When a 'supply committee' is chosen, they look over the field, and get their eyes upon some brilliant man who is supposed to stand at the head of the list. They have the most important field in the country, and feel sure the genius will come. They call, and the call is declined. Then the committee strike a notch lower. Now they are sure, but the elect says, 'No.' Then they try again—a notch lower, with the same result. By this time the committee has learned something. The church is taught humility, and a call is given to some fair man, who accepts, and the machinery gets in motion again. What is to become of these great pastorless churches? They are too big for our theological institutions to fill. They are too important for an ordinary race of ministers. They find nobody in the country equal to their necessities. What is to be done? We might import Spurgeon, but he refuses to be imported. We might call Hugh Stowel Brown, but he will not come. Certain it is that churches must be more moderate in their wants, or we must have a new race of ministers raised up by some special providence. As it is, we have too many big churches, or too many little men. The churches are often made big by fictitious means. They become swollen by self-laudation. Is there no way to swell the ministers? We know of a lot of men good enough for the best of the vacant churches if they could only be swollen a little. An institution to inflate ministers so that they would *fill* vacant pulpits is a desideratum in our times, when so many churches find it so hard to obtain the men they want."

Mr. Watchman is wickedly poking fun when he talks about inflating ministers. No preacher would be improved by being "swollen," and we are quite sure that *The Watchman* would be the very first to object to the process. The remedy lies in the opposite direction. Churches need to be brought down from their exalted notions of themselves, and their self-laudation must come to an end; or else the old proverb will find illustration in unexpected quarters—"Pride goeth before destruction." When Christian men grow dainty and quarrel with the bread of life because it is not baked in silver tins they are evidently in a sickly condition, and are in need of something else besides an able preacher. When they are strong and vigorous they can feed on good, wholesome spiritual meat, served up without the condiments of genius and sensationalism: let them judge themselves, and see whether this strength does not still abide with them, and if so, let them shake off their whimsies, and sit down to homely fare, like their brethren.

We know at the present moment churches which are worthy of all honour from their past history, their position, and their liberality to the cause of God—churches which it would be an honour to any man to preside over, for they are composed of intelligent, thoughtful, Christian men; and these churches cannot find a minister in all her Majesty's three kingdoms. It would be an injustice to charge any one of the members of those churches with self-conceit, for personally and privately they are each one sober-minded and lowly; but there is a certain something called "the church and its status," of which they are very proud, and when they meet together in their corporate capacity this "church and status" is paramount in their thoughts, and they are as puffed up about it as they well can be. "We must have a man of the first order. It matters not how long we wait, nor where we look, nor what we give; our church is of such a character and occupies such a position that only a first-class preacher can be thought of." Filled with this idea, these brethren have heard some of the excellent of the earth, and have enjoyed their ministry; but they have conscientiously denied themselves the privilege of inviting them to the pastorate, because they have felt that these admirable brethren were lacking in classical attainments, or in brilliant oratory. For themselves, and for their children, the esteemed ministers whom they have heard were all they could desire; but there were learned men outside, or men supposed to be learned, persons of influence, or persons thought to be influential, hovering round the church doors, and for the sake of these the sound, edifying divine must be put on one side while they looked for a brother who would be abreast of the times, and would meet the philosophical turn of thought so current among "our more thoughtful young men." We confess to a smile as we write the last five words; for we have heard of these gentlemen so often that we have the same awe of them as of "the Conservative working-man." These churches have several times hit upon the right men, as they thought, and have endeavoured to entice them away from the congregations over which they were settled, but their invitations have been respectfully declined. They are still looking out, and probably will be looking out for anything under the next quarter of a century, unless they can modify and moderate their notions of what they ought to find in a minister.

Besides the risks which they run by remaining so long pastorless, risks by no means to be under-rated, there is one which they forget, namely, that when they do make their choice they will probably select a man far less worthy of their election than several whom they have passed over. The old story of the boy in the wood who needed a stick, but felt that with so many around him he should be sure to meet with a better one by-and-by, has been repeated hundreds of times. That worthy, as we all know, came at last to the end of the copse, and was obliged to cut any one he could find, having passed by scores of better ones earlier in the day.

One of the best things that a church can do is to catch a minister young, and train him for themselves. Some of the happiest and longest pastorates in our denomination commenced with the invitation of a young man from the country to a post for which he was barely qualified. His mistakes were borne with, his efforts were encouraged, and he grew, and the church grew with him. His pastorate continued for many a year, since he was under no temptation to leave for another position, because he felt at home, and could say, like one of old, "I dwell among mine own people." If our large churches will not try young men, but must all be provided with tried, experienced, eminent pastors, there will probably be many vacant pulpits, and a great many reasons for their being vacant will be stated by letter-writers in the religious newspapers—reasons all more or less amusing because they show how men can spin theories, as spiders spin webs, out of their own interiors, making a little substance go a very long way. God has promised to send the churches pastors according to his own heart, but not according to the hearts of those who say "Our pulpit is one of the most important in the denomination, and therefore we want something more than sound gospel preaching." Our Lord will never suffer the churches to be destitute of soul-winning and edifying ministers, but he has never promised to give them orators, poets, philosophers, and deep thinkers. The gifts of the Spirit he will not withhold, but there are gifts of mind which are rare, and always will be rare so long as the earth remaineth, and these he may not see fit to give to a larger average of men in this age than in former periods. If the churches direct their choice by these rare mental attainments, the selection of a pastor will be difficult in all cases, and growingly difficult as the number of our churches shall be multiplied.

We by no means suggest that pastors should be chosen in a hurry, or that intelligent churches should select ignorant ministers, or that zeal and spirituality should alone be considered in the election; on the contrary, we heartily recognise the need of care, and we sympathize with the difficulties felt by our larger churches in finding suitable preachers. It is far better to wait for years than to be carried away by a few starring sermons, and choose a man who will cling to the church like a limpet, and suck out its very life like a fungus. Better no man than the wrong man. Our larger and more educated churches might with advantage have refined and learned men as their leaders. We believe that the more a man knows the better, and the more culture he has the better; but at the same time education, refinement, talent, and culture are not everything, and the admiration of them may be carried

a great deal too far. Gifts may be exalted above graces, and the flowers of nature made to rival the fruits of the Spirit; and this will be a grievous error. We also believe that large and influential churches should, as a rule, look out men of considerable experience and proved ability to be their spiritual overseers, but even this may be overdone, and so much overdone that, when the Lord sends the right man for the place, he may be rejected, because of his youth, to the church's serious loss. Let the highest and holiest ends of the gospel ministry be well considered, and let a pastor be sought for mainly with the view of edifying the church and glorifying God, and we are persuaded that a pastor will be found ere long. Let the brethren meet in prayer continually, and lay their case before the great Head of the church, and we feel persuaded that he who holds the seven stars in his right hand will find a star for each pleading church. We are far from wishing to insinuate that the pastorless churches have not prayed already, but we would urge them to greater importunity in supplication, and beg them to couple with their earnest request a full resolve to have a man not so much of their own choice as of the Lord's own choosing. We may not succeed when we pray for a pastor after our own ideal, but we cannot fail when we lay all our wishes and desires at the Master's feet, and cry, "Send by whomsoever thou wilt send." This business must become more divine and less human; we must look *up* as well as look around, and we shall find the upward glance to be the more successful.

C. H. S.

Eternal Punishment.

A VENERABLE minister, with compassionate earnestness, once preached a sermon upon eternal punishment. On the next day some thoughtless men agreed that one of their number should go to him, and, if possible, draw him into a discussion. He went accordingly, and began the conversation, saying, "I believe there is a small dispute between you and me, and I thought that I would call this morning and try to settle it." "Ah!" said the good man, "what is it?" "Why," he replied, "you say that the woe of the finally impenitent will be eternal, and I do not think it will." "Oh, if that is all," he answered, "there is no dispute between you and me. If you turn to Matthew xxv. 26, you will find that the dispute is between you and the Lord Jesus Christ, and I advise you to go immediately and settle it with him."

Why Negroes are Baptists.

AT the American and Foreign Bible Society's annual meeting last year, one of the speakers, the Rev. Mr. Lodge, said, "In answer to the question, why so many of the coloured Christians are Baptists, he said he was of the opinion of an old Negro Baptist, who, when asked why this was so, replied, 'We cullud folks hab no book larnen, so we're forced and druve to take de Bible straight as it read, and we could come to no other conclusion.'—*Baptist Almanack*."

A Saturday Night at Northampton.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

HAVING long desired to see Northampton, the capital of the leather trade, we accomplished our purpose on the second Saturday of last October, one of those bright, bracing autumnal days which are the glory of the fall of the year in our English climate. The train, by the Midland route, passes many spots of great historical interest. At Bedford we are in the county of Bunyan and of numberless Puritan associations; and while we are passing the still delightfully quiet village of Olney, we naturally think of poor Cowper—of his hares, his gardening, and his summer-house study, then of his charming letters, which now rank with our standard literature. Busy Northampton is reached at two o'clock, just when the factories are closing for the week, and the work-people are turning out for half-a-day's marketing and relief from toil. If it were not for certain drawbacks, a Saturday afternoon in a provincial manufacturing town would constitute one of the happiest sights of England. Unhappily many drawbacks are painfully apparent; and to some of these, as well as to the means used for their extinction, we purpose devoting the present paper.

Northampton is an ancient town; so old, indeed, that archæologists are not able to give an account of its origin. Through the Dark Ages the place repeatedly suffered from the warlike factions which then distracted the nation. It has seen sieges and battles too numerous to mention; and its area has been wasted twice by fire. Though fortified in the Parliamentary interest during the civil war in the seventeenth century, one of the principal churches glorifies the memory of Charles II., by retaining a statue of that royal merry-andrew over its main entrance. In walking through the main thoroughfares the sight-seeing tourist will find plenty of objects worthy of attention; and if he cares to ascend the tower of the ancient round church of the Holy Sepulchre, the view will amply repay him for the trouble and risk of climbing worn narrow steps and old ladders. Localities of special interest can be pointed out in various directions; but as our present business lies in the streets below, we have not leisure sufficient to give them attention.

Probably we should not be exceeding the truth if we were to say that Northampton has trebled its population in fifty years. In 1833 there were some thirteen hundred boot and shoemakers resident in the town; but we have in our own time heard of a manufacturer who would occasionally employ a thousand people on his own account. In the old days of slower travelling Northampton boasted much of the extensive traffic brought by those waggons and coaches which passed daily to and fro along the Great North Road; and so carefully were vested interests protected that the railway company were frustrated in their wishes to place the town on the main line. The coaching traffic contributed to enrich certain classes of the population; but the era of railways has brought a commercial activity and a general prosperity which never entered into the dreams of a former generation. Though the extensive stables of some favourite hostleries may still remain desolate, only to remind us of the days that are gone, great factories have arisen in their stead, and

streets of suburban villas, standing where hedgerows used formerly to luxuriate, all tell the same story of spirited enterprise and abounding wealth.

If we turn our attention to the industrial population, we shall find that they are injuriously affected by two giant enemies—Drink and Infidelity. If they were all clustered together, the public-houses in this one town would form a large sized village; for in certain spots they appear to stand as thickly as stacks in a rick-yard. But as rivers must have their springs, so must drinking-shops have their sources of supply; and, accordingly, several extensive breweries have during the last few years arisen in Northampton. In conversing on local matters, one hears some ominous references made to the “brewing interest;” and we need only look at the great buildings, with their tall chimneys and powerful machinery, to understand that that interest is very strong indeed. A vast proportion of the workpeople’s earnings must go in exchange for drink; otherwise brewers and publicans would be less thriving than they are. Abroad in the streets on Saturday night we see enough to confirm this testimony. The taverns are doing what the vulgar call “a roaring trade”; and in the low parts of the town the riotous talk and Bacchanalian songs of a “free and easy” make night hideous, while they show how readily youths and girls will crowd the path to ruin. Some hours later, or after eleven o’clock, other sights and sounds are met with which still testify that when the drink is in the wits are out. Drunken people stagger hither and thither across the path of orderly passengers, they fight and quarrel among themselves, and create an uproar at home in a manner too sadly characteristic of their class to need depicting. The vested interests of great brewers and wealthy publicans are necessarily built upon no more worthy foundation than the shame and misery of a large proportion of the working classes.

The market-place is so far a pleasant contrast to all this that it resembles a provision fair. Butchers and grocers have their stalls, and business is as brisk as it always is where there are thousands of working people abroad with wages in their pockets which they are bound to spend. To judge from the large quantity of foreign meat which is disposed of, there is no prejudice among curriers and shoemen against American fed beef and bacon; and to be impartial the samples exhibited of these, as well as the cheese and other articles, are sufficiently tempting to satisfy even a fastidious appetite. The cheap-jack and the quack vendor of universal remedies for human maladies can each command an audience, many of whom, however, are happily nostrum proof. The scene is on all sides as diversified as it is animated.

Again, we turn to a darker phase of life; for the day happens to be what the townspeople call the Michaelmas Mop-fair for hiring servant girls. In past days this was an important institution of the county, and the maidens really stood in rows to be hired like so many intelligent cattle. However picturesque this custom may have been, it has now become obsolete as an ordeal too humiliating and dangerous for country women to undergo with impunity. At the same time the ancient custom lingers, and if it should ever die at all the fair shows a disposition to die hard. As it is, troops of girls living in the outlying

country districts regard the day as a holiday, and come into the town by way of recreation. They may be seen all about the main streets making strenuous endeavours to enjoy themselves, and looking as if they succeeded in doing so in the rough fashion which is alone possible under the circumstances. Still, as night draws on apace the spectacle is not a cheery one; and the notice put up at the Corn Exchange, "A Ball to-night—admission sixpence each"; is not in any sense reassuring. It may be very business-like on the part of the Exchange managers to look well after the main chance, to let no opportunity slip of making money, and so to attract inexperienced young creatures into the arena of temptation for the sake of their sixpences; but we should certainly have respected them more if, in this respect, they had shown less enterprise. A large number of girls, young men, and hobbledehoyes paid for admission; and on looking into the great room we saw enough to convince us that to many such a place might prove the very threshold of ruin. At first sight it seemed perfectly amazing that young women to whom a good name was their capital, and perhaps their only fortune, should voluntarily trifle with a reputation which, like the bloom on summer fruit, is lost for ever if lost at all. The hilarity of the fair without, with its horse laughter and coarse sports, was sufficiently depressing; but it was a stage above the sixpenny ball-room, where the very mirth produced a sickening effect until we were glad to turn away.

While perambulating the streets with a gentleman who kindly acted as guide and informant in general on local topics, we naturally made enquiries respecting the work of the town missionary; and finding that this deserving Christian brother was well known, we turned down a side street, knocked at the door of a certain little house, and before we thoroughly realized the fact, we were earnestly engaged in conversation with a man we looked upon for the first time. Our new friend, who had a very open, cheery countenance, spoke about his work with an enthusiasm which was irresistible. His heart was in his work, and so it had need to be, since he labours in a parish where a third part of the six thousand inhabitants are deists, infidels, and atheists. Did any extraordinary cases of reclamation occur? O yes, many of the conversions were very remarkable. The Bible-reader placed the candle on the table, and sitting down in his shirt sleeves he leaned forward resting on his arms, and narrated one example after another of the triumphs of grace over Northampton secularists. We found that he could also tell of the terrific consequences of dying impenitent. In the course of a quarter of an hour we had come upon the very source of information we were longing to find. We listened with greedy ears, and were beyond measure interested. How came infidelity to strike its deadly roots so deep among the Northampton artisans? What was the temper of its professors? What were the prospects of Christian work in the town? These were the questions we had for some time wished to have answered, and our newly-found acquaintance was the very man to illuminate our understanding.

During some years we have usually regarded Northampton as a dark spot upon the map of England, as one of the strongholds, in point of fact, of the unbelieving world. We found, however, that Atheistical

Secularism was not precisely the kind of thing we had supposed it to be. In itself the system is as deadly as anything which the devil and deluded men could invent; but it is not easy for the human heart to rest upon such a foundation and hush itself into peace. A woman like Miss Martineau might be able to travel, in a few natural stages, from a Socinian meeting-house to the goal of blank atheism; and in a querulous, chattering old age talk about peace, and the breezes of nature; the case is far different with thoughtful working men, who have not quite forgotten their Sunday-school lessons learned in past and happier years. They did not start from the Socinian half-way house; and when they want to be right, and yet all the while can only *hope* that their system is true, it is terribly difficult work to live a Secularist, and to determine to die one. It is comparatively easy to fill the head full of arguments, but, desperately wicked as it is by nature, the heart will not always follow. The Secularist may live the life of a dare-devil, but he is never sure that he is right. There is a vulnerable spot upon his heart, his eye yields before the cold glance of the last enemy. On this account a parish which is confessedly a hotbed of atheism may prove to a devout mind a school of unanswerable Christian evidence. The manner in which secularism breaks down in sickness and death is one of the finest possible testimonies that the gospel alone can supply the wants of man in the hour of need. Let us give a case in point on the authority of our trustworthy friend, the missionary.

A year or two ago there was a man living at Northampton who went by the name of Old C—, and for some years prior to C—'s last illness he was well known to the Bible-reader. Though only an ordinary artisan the man prided himself on his intelligence; he read books and periodicals; he attended "Free thought" lectures; he thought for himself, and whatever he did or left undone in the world the man fully determined to be consistent throughout and to "die like a brick." Being an extreme radical in politics, and an uncompromising partisan of the Secularist leaders, who from time to time visited the town, C— did not care even to engage in conversation, save when talking gave him an opportunity of opposing the claims of Christianity. During five long years the man was visited by the Bible-reader, but nothing could be made of him; it seemed as likely that the heavens would fall as that the unbeliever would yield his positions. He gave out that he was thoroughly decided and satisfied; he intended to hold on as an atheist till the last, and then to reflect credit on his profession by dying as he had lived.

About twelve months before his death C— received into his house a lodger, a single young man, whose mind was soon assailed by his landlord's notions. Because no chance was allowed to go by, these endeavours were partially successful: the gospel was rejected; atheism was hailed as a system worthy of universal acceptance. There was, however, one weak place in the young man's mind—the thought of death inspired him with extreme horror. He could look up to his elder friend and respect his opinions; but still the question would be asked, "*How shall you get on at death?*" "My boy," answered C—, feeling that his pride was touched in a tender place, "if you are with me in the

hour of death *you will see me die like a brick.*" In his own home C—— was tolerably kind and affable, and on this account his lodger became attached to him, and correspondingly prejudiced against Christianity.

In course of time the young man left the house of his old friend, married the woman of his choice, and set up a home of his own. Then came other changes; for as he increased in years C——'s failing eyesight necessitated his going into the workhouse. To a hard working man the sorest cross in life has come when he goes on the parish, and we are not aware that C—— was any exception to the rule. Be that as it may, the young man manifested unwonted interest when he heard of his late landlord's misfortunes, and he heartily, as well as generously, formed his plans accordingly. He had not forgotten the boast about being able to die like a brick, and he wished to test, in a straightforward manner, a sceptic's courage in prospect of death. With this object in view, he actually offered the infirm old infidel a room rent-free, the privilege of being allowed to witness the last victory in an atheist's career being regarded as ample remuneration. The offer was gratefully accepted, without the aged man's being aware of the thoughts which were coursing through his friend's mind.

After leaving the workhouse C—— gradually became weaker, and at last he necessarily remained indoors, without any prospect of being able again to go abroad. The time of sifting and of testing had come. If there was anything supporting in atheism, now let it be proved. In health and strength a resolve had been made to "die like a brick;" if the Bible was not what it professed to be, all things were favourable to the keeping of the resolution. The poor old man sorely needed something to comfort him; for as he lay half blind and helpless he seemed to lack all that was cheering, both as regards this world and the next. The enemy was at the door; what could he say to him? A set of principles that had fed self-conceit in the day of strength were nothing now; or if they were anything they were nothing better than a set of phantoms which had allured him on to destruction, to leave him alone in anguish at last to shift for himself. Through wakeful nights and long monotonous days the man lay thinking of his sad state, and at length he said to his wife, "*I can't die like this!*" What? not after all that he had professed? Not after having declared through a long life that he would close up by dying like a brick? Well, what then; would he like to see the Scripture-reader? He thought it extremely doubtful whether the district visitor would come, but if the wife would make a trial he should be glad. The woman went on her errand, the Bible-reader at once responded to the call, to find C—— helpless in a chair. "O sir," he cried, "I am glad to see you; I was afraid you would not come. I ask you to forgive me the many hard things I've often said." "O, what were they?" asked the reader. "You know, sir, I've often called you the old gospel-grinder," answered C——. "But O, I feel very sorry. I know infidelity can do me no good. I am like a man tossed about on the sea without an anchor. What shall I do?" The infidel having been a sailor in younger years, he used a terribly suggestive simile when he spoke of an anchorless ship; and anxiety marked his features and gleamed out of his eyes as he repeated the question, "What shall I do?" The enquiry called

forth a ready answer, however. The Christian friend spoke about the gift of Christ; but at once found that when he had to explain the plan of salvation it was necessary to begin at the very beginning. Like thousands of others, C—— had rejected the gospel without knowing anything about its nature or the evidence that proved its supernatural origin. He now heard about the law, and for the first time listened earnestly to the recital; but when the sequel came of how Christ died and took away the curse, tears coursed down the old man's face as he cried, "What good news, if I can only get it!" He was assured of God's willingness to save to the uttermost, and after being committed to his Father's keeping in prayer, he was left in a hopeful condition.

On the following day, being Friday, C—— was visited in the morning, and also in the evening. While the hymn "Jesus loves me" was being sung he called out, "Yes, I have it now, now Jesus loves me." While making a further visit on the succeeding Sabbath, the reader was accompanied by the vicar of the parish and the vicar's wife. "O, sir, how good God is," said the dying man to the minister, "He has saved my soul." The vicar spoke about the finished work of Christ and of the joys of heaven. The man's face became illumined with joy as he asked the friends to sing another hymn, "The great Physician now is near." "O sir," he continued, still looking at the vicar, "how beautiful this is; but O the misspent time; it will follow me through eternity." Though the vicar remarked that what God had forgiven would never be remembered, there were still haunting thoughts of misspent time—thoughts which have power to sting and torture, even after the sweetness of pardon is realized. C—— lay for several weeks after this, and persistently called on those around not to weep for him, but to weep for sin and to have faith in God. During the last few remaining days of his life his faith strengthened, and he passed away triumphantly from earth to heaven. If it can be said that C—— died like a brick after all, we shall have to admit that he did so in a manner quite contrary from what was originally intended.

An experience like the foregoing would seem to prove very conclusively that however secularism may seem to cover a man in fair weather, it utterly fails when its subjects want a shelter from the storms and ills of life during the weakness of age or disease. In nine cases out of ten which come under the notice of the Christian visitor, infidelity breaks down in the hour of trial. We mention a truth to avoid any show of exaggeration; but in point of fact the proportion is even greater. The testimony of the Bible reader is that the instances in which Secularism holds out consistently without misgiving till the last are very few and far between. This is a cause for thankfulness; but at the same time we need not shut our eyes to the unutterable ruin and remorse which scepticism is capable of bringing down on the heads of its votaries. We are not fond of writing details of this description, though one striking example may be given by way of warning. The man M—— was well known to many in Northampton as a bootmaker; and our friend the reader, who had frequently spoken to him in life about the interests of the soul, also stood by when the messenger of death had come.

M—— was addicted to excessive drinking, and in that respect was unlike

Old C——, from whom he also differed in some other traits of character, being far less sociable and amiable. C—— was naturally good natured ; M—— was a more morose unbeliever. As a rule, he was too proud and self-satisfied even to receive a tract ; and he usually refused to converse on religious topics, excepting when he happened to be the worse for drink ; he would then retail the questions and objections he had heard started by so-called working men leaders at Secularist meetings in the town. Though Northampton is a stronghold of scepticism, the entire fabric appears to rest on no firmer foundation than this : professional lecturers, who make a living by their calling, do their best to revivify old objections such as bring no difficulty to Christian scholars, and which have been answered again and again by competent critics. The artisans who embrace these opinions naturally take the one-sided views of men who are constantly hearing only one side, and thus the mischief extends its fatal empire.

On the last Sabbath of his life, M——, in accordance with the custom prevalent among his class, toiled at his trade through the livelong day, and in the evening found himself suddenly overtaken by a painful internal disease. The doctor who was now hastily summoned at once pronounced the case to be entirely hopeless. On hearing this doleful news the woman with whom M—— had cohabited became so far concerned about her paramour's eternal interests that she was not willing to stand by and see him die like a dog, without prayer or Scripture being uttered at the bedside. In her anxiety or terror she sent for the reader, who attended immediately, as requested. Our friend the missionary is not likely ever to lose his vivid recollections of that Sunday night's experience. He approached the dying man, and enquired in kindly tones about his condition. There was, however, no time for commonplace civilities, for the haggard countenance and the glare of the man's eyes as he stared at the intruder with wild intensity told what kind of a crisis was at hand. "Would you like me to read and pray with you, M——?" asked the visitor. "No, it's too late," was the man's reply, the very room shaking as he spoke. Terrified at what he beheld, the Scripture reader felt the Bible shaking in his hand. Then he endeavoured to offer a silent prayer ; but he felt as though the heavens had become brass, while some invisible influence checked his aspirations. He found that he could only stand motionless and helpless, an unwilling spectator of the scene. Then he was startled by hearing the stricken bootmaker—now a sceptic no longer—call out with shocking emphasis, "He's mocking! He's laughing!" Feeling that his nerves were failing the reader sank into a seat, and asked, "Who is mocking, my friend, who is laughing?" "Why God!" replied the other with a furious stare. Then he would continue, "He's laughing! He's mocking me! Too late! Too late!" The terrified reader could say no more, for he believed that the man was given up by the Lord. His confession was heightened by another incident observed by no one save himself. The Bible he held opened as if of its own accord, and the words which met his eye were, "*I also will laugh at your calamity ; I will mock when your fear cometh.*" So far the scene was altogether a fearful one, but it was not quite ended. The woman, who had usually been recognised as Mrs. M——, stood

within the chamber; and, glancing savagely in that direction, the dying man had a word for her. "Go out!" he shrieked with peremptory earnestness; "Go out; you've helped to damn my soul!" The reader hurried from the scene. The news next heard told him that M—— was dead.

The two cases we have given will show that there are two ways of dying; and that while the pardoning mercy of God can reach to the very gates of destruction, as it did in the case of C——, a man may trifle too long and be surrounded at last with the black night of despair. We give the case as an example, and as a warning. Already good has been brought out of evil; for one of the atheistical school who attended with others on M—— in his sickness surrendered the principles of Secularism once and for ever. It was possible to *live* without religion, but he had seen quite enough to convince him that infidelity was not a thing to be carried into the gathering shades of life's last hours. C—— made a resolve that he would die like a brick; and he died so much better than he intended that some declared he was bought by the parson. M——, on the contrary, held on until it was too late to return, and found that Secularism brought bitterness and confusion. Two trees are before us; is it not fair to judge of them by their fruits?

"There's the Lord's Answer."

MANY years ago, when in my country charge, I returned one afternoon from a funeral, fatigued with the day's work. After a long ride, I had accompanied the mourners to the churchyard. As I neared my stable door, I felt a strange prompting to visit a poor widow who, with her invalid daughter, lived in a lonely cottage in an outlying part of the parish. My natural reluctance to make another visit was overcome by a feeling which I could not resist, and I turned my horse's head towards the cottage. I was thinking only of the poor widow's spiritual needs; but when I reached her little house I was struck with its look of unwonted bareness and poverty. After putting a little money into her hand, I began to enquire into their circumstances, and found that their supplies had been utterly exhausted since the night before. I asked them what they had done. "I just spread it out before the Lord!" "Did you tell your case to any friend?" "Oh no, sir; naebody kens but himsel' and me! I kent he wadna forget, but I didna ken hoo he wad help me till I saw you come riding ower the brae, and then I said, 'There's the Lord's answer!'" Many a time has the recollection of this incident encouraged me to trust in the loving care of my heavenly Father.

Letter from our Brethren in Spain.

BELOVED PRESIDENT,—We are passing through scenes in some points similar to those which the Reformers passed through in the sixteenth century, and through which the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* pass mentally at their winter evening firesides as they read of those times. We thus have some sympathy with D'Aubigné's words in the preface to his "Reformation," where he says that "He was called by the circumstances in which he was placed in Germany and in his own country to take part in struggles similar to theirs (the Reformers') . . . The fields of labour on which he was engaged were, it is true, not extensive; the battles he had to fight were, in comparison to theirs, to use a celebrated expression of Voltaire, but as a tempest in a tumbler—*Une tempête dans une verre d'eau*, while those of the Reformers were like the ocean storms which beat and break to pieces the sturdiest ships."

We labour amongst a *people* as ignorant as that before which a monk could rise and say, "They have invented a new language, which they call Greek, and all who read it infallibly become heretics; and as for the Hebrew, my brethren, those who study it immediately become Jews." The *priests* are as boldly liars as the writer of the decretals of Isidore, and are immoral enough to be described in the main by Luther's words: "Every man feels disgust when he sees or hears of an ecclesiastic." Even their bishops think the priests bad enough to tell them in conclave that the church greatly owes its low state to the immoral conduct of the priests; and as for the *civil authorities*, they join with the ecclesiastical power to give battle to the spreading of the word of God. We are also glad to add that as the *people* in Luther's day longed for something better than the domination of Rome, so we find it now. This may help to explain much that you may read about Spanish work, and it may be, in a special manner, what we are now about to write.

As we told you, when we saw you last, we wish to hire preaching-places in the villages and small towns about Vigo. The last place upon which we fixed was Redondella, a small town scarcely three leagues from Vigo, toward the fanatical town of Santiago. We went one fine morning to spy out the place, and, as we expected, on our arrival we found one firm friend, a man who had been converted at one of our meetings here in Vigo. We left him to look out for a house fit for our purpose. He found one, on which we fixed. But now begins the "tempest." The bishop of the diocese authorises the priests to rent any house which we may be endeavouring to obtain at any cost; and what with their threatenings and promise of more rent, the landlord refused us the house, and let it to the priests. No matter, we got another and a better, and there is no fear of the priests getting it.

We have arrived from Vigo, and have gone down from the railway station to the meeting place. Our friend the carpenter has done his work. There is the little platform, there are the seats, unpretentious enough certainly. Now, thank God for giving us the house,* thank

* What a number of towns and villages in the immediate neighbourhood, easily

God for enabling us to furnish another meeting-place! May many come, and fill it, and may the glory of God fill it too during the preaching. Oh to think that in this place for centuries, if ever, the gospel has not been preached! Two or three men come to the door. "Come in, friends—take seats," and so they do.

Whatever noise is that? The whole town must be up. Shout after shout from dozens of voices! "Mueran los Protestantes!" (Let the Protestants die). If that continue, farewell preaching this night, and farewell congregation too, for what Spaniard ever so desirous of coming will dare pass through the mob, as pass he must if he come to the meeting? Here comes one who has done it, all excited and panting with fear! Hear him! The priests have hired those rascals! They are bearing two large banners, with a caricature of Luther, and the superscription—"Out with Luther!" So gasps out our new comer between breaths; and one who accompanied us from Vigo, bearing a piece of canvas about five feet long, says, "Yes, and here is one of the banners." The fact is, the last speaker, a Christian, not knowing much of Christian practice just yet, had set upon the whole mob and robbed them of their ensign. What could we do?

"You receive the people, and I'll see the magistrate," we said one to the other, and we went into the black and dark night, thinking God alone can make us safely reach the magistrate's office. Here we approach the first crowd. How shall we pass through it? God had provided for it long ago. "One shall chase a thousand." The fear of the Lord was upon the people; and when we approached, crowd after crowd fled as fast as did the Philistines after their champion had been slain. We reminded the magistrate of his duty to keep public order; and returned to our friends. But what howling! What a din of yelling of "Let Luther die! Out with you! out with you! Let the Protestants die! let the Protestants die!" And all this coming from a hundred voices at once. Imagine this repeated as we pass through crowd after crowd, all in the dark, only a feeble oil lamp here and there making darkness visible. Last of all, when we arrived at the most lonely and dark part of the way, the whole gang gnashed and yelled behind us, and we could only think, "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from him;" and, thanks be unto God, we did return with our lives.

"Why ever did you go among such fanatics? Of course, nobody after this came to hear?" Quite the contrary. We are not allowed to advertise our meetings; but no advertisement could have served our turn half so well as this priestly manifestation. Not a person is there, either far or near, who does not know all about our meetings after that most notorious yelling. Do not think the noise represented the feelings of the majority. Now that these men had done all that they could against us as they thought, they fell into the pit which they had digged.

accessible, need the gospel! Of course in every new place we open we have to pay for furnishing and the rent. Money received from the Tabernacle assisted us to furnish this place; and we threaten if we receive plenty of money and prayers from the readers of *The Sword and the Tromel*, to drive the whole of the priests out of Galicia! What more could anybody want, except it be the salvation of the sheep when forsaken by these wolves?

Not only did they announce our meetings to others more favourably inclined, but they even disgusted their own party; and staunch Roman Catholics came to us at the commencement of the service, saying, "We have come to protest against this scandalous affair." One of the principal men of the town came right through the crowd up to the door, and said, "I cannot come into your meeting, my conscience forbids that; but I come to protest against what the priests have done to-night." Another gentleman stood with us in the midst of the crowd in the open market-place, saying, "I am sorry, gentlemen, for what is taking place; but rather than you should be harmed, I will be the first to die." A third passing through the crowd said to the disturbers, "Leave that nonsense. I am going to the meeting, you come along." All seemed hushed as by magic; and during the preaching not a single sound was heard to interrupt, either from within or without. Thus began, continued, ceased, and resulted in good, the machinations of the priests.

"Not a good preparation for preaching," you think. Ah, but there was One there who could say, "Be still and know that I am God"; ay, and beside all that, who could help preaching? Man! See those people crowding into the small room; and others crowding outside too, who had never heard the everlasting gospel before! Why, it would nearly make the dumb speak! Begging help and power from God, we told them about him of whom the angel said to Joseph, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." We told them that he saves from the *punishment* of sin by being punished for us on the cross; from the *power* by his Holy Spirit changing our hearts; from the *practice* of sin in the same manner, for whosoever is born of God sinneth not. Ay, *he himself* saves. Not Mary, blessed as she was and is; not Peter, nor any saint. He came to save his people,—his people, those chosen ones of God, who everywhere recognise their Redeemer, and proclaim him with shouting both Saviour and King.

During the preaching much seriousness reigned. Nods of assent came from every quarter. The fact is, the people during the meeting were being undeceived. Those to whom the priests had said of us,— "They neither believe in God nor Christ,"—saw that the reverse was the case. Those to whom they had said, "They speak evil of the Virgin," heard her praised; and people who had been informed that we were licentious men, heard good works put into their proper place. Yes, and best of all, those who have been from their youth up accustomed to see heaven bought and sold, heard of a Saviour who not only saves without our money, but more, who himself pays in blood the ransom of souls.

All retired quietly, some having stayed a while behind to bid us welcome to the town, and explain that the meeting-place was far too small, and that a crowd had to go away for lack of room. If, after the novelty has passed away, there be necessity, we hope to obtain a larger place from the same landlord.

"You spoke about the civil authorities joining with the priests." Yes, and on Lord's-day last we went to preach, and when in the pulpit giving out the first hymn, the serjeant of police came right into the chapel in full uniform, his sword by his side, and said, "The pastor or

pastors must at once present themselves in the magistrate's office." We were thus taken from our pulpit, obliged to leave our congregation, and on pain of disobedience to go to the magistrate. All that this functionary had to say to us was, "I have complaints that either you, or your dependents, have been publicly propagating your religious views; and I will write to Pontevedra and ask the governor to allow me to proceed against you legally." "We have no dependents; we have made no public manifestation" (it happened this time to be so). "Have you anything further to say?" "No." "Well, *you* have broken the law in a grave matter; *you* have, contrary to law, entered our chapel, taken us from the very pulpit, and have kept our congregation waiting for us. This we have witnesses to prove. Good day."

Now, what can English readers think of such barbarous conduct as this? Here are priests and legal authorities linked together, the latter even breaking, in the most shameless manner, the law which they are set up to enforce. What motives can they have? Of course, they mean to frighten the ignorant. Poor people, what do they know of the law, and how can they understand, but in the sense most unfavourable to the gospel, an armed chief of police taking the minister from the pulpit?

We visited the place again, and had our week-night meeting on Tuesday last, and learned that they are getting up the said case against us. How annoying all this is your readers will understand. We are expecting, at every moment, the police officers to come and haul us away to answer an unfounded charge, perhaps, backed up by a hundred false witnesses; but the Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge, and we calmly look to him. Of course we have written to the English vice-consul here, and by this time he will have asked an explanation of the magistrate as to his illegal conduct; but this would not hinder the case going on against us. We should be glad if you would remember us at the Monday evening prayer-meeting, praying that we may be delivered from these wicked men, and that the congregation may not decrease.

"Yes, yes, but you know very well there are no results in your Spanish work." Indeed! you a reader of *The Sword and the Trowel*, and think any of the students of the Pastors' College preach without souls being saved! The fact is, with respect to much of our work there are results which we can know nothing about for the present. On the seed-plot of many a hundred souls during our six years' labour in Spain the seed of the kingdom of God has been sown. We sowed it broadcast among thousands during our stay in Barcelona; we expect fruit from our preaching in the open-air, from village to village, round about Madrid; thousands have heard in Corunna the word of life; and of Vigo we may say the same. True, we hope there are many results we know nothing about; but also with respect to what we know, we thank God that he has not allowed our efforts to be fruitless. In our last letter we spoke of *five* baptized and received into church fellowship in Corunna. Since then we have received twenty others. Shortly after, we left the little company with its own native pastor, having endeavoured during two years to give him what instruction we could. They continue holding their ground till now, and the last news is that the congregation increases, and others are near the kingdom. In Vigo, where we

now labour, we are neither without manifest fruit nor signs of life. We had baptized our first four, lately we baptized two—a husband and wife. One, anxious about his soul, fastened upon the passage, “Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.” He has obeyed, and does obey the command; and amidst the yells and blasphemies of his own household, continues to do it. Who can doubt the result? The other day a young prodigal came amongst us—a regular rascal. He had been tempted by another Joseph’s mistress to enter into deeper sin than he had been accustomed to. When about to plunge in he got amongst us, God found him, filled him with sorrow and joy—sorrow for sin, and plentiful joy in the Lord. His head, heart, and mouth are full of Christ. Because he confessed him with his mouth he lost his situation. He has obtained other means of getting a livelihood, and is unchanged in his open confession of Christ. This morning an old man who sits at the wayside begging confessed to having received sight from the touch of the Son of David. “I am seventy-seven years of age. My wife, two-and-a-half months ago, was taken from me. The people call me a fool because I believe in Jesus. I can scarcely walk, but night and day the word of Christ is present with me, and I have peace and joy in my heart. Jesus paid my debt on the cross, and at death heaven is mine.” Ah! fruit! we have fruit, and our heart bounds with joy, to hear an old, ignorant man of seventy-seven say, “I found Jesus of Nazareth as he passed by;” the prodigal of twenty, “I have sinned against heaven and before thee,” or any other, amidst the music and the dancing heard by faith, rejoicing in conscious pardon.

“We have fruit such as this, the priesthood and government being unfavourable, withal?” Yes, for God is on our side; and the people know that we are in the right. Wellington, who engaged in a campaign different from ours just about these parts, never departed while the bulk of the population was for him, whether the government showed petty aversion or no. This is our case. The government is hostile, but we have the *vox populi*, and, best of all, the omnipotent *vox Dei*, on our side; and not only have we good comfort, but we, with all engaged in similar services, *are sure to win*.

Yours, beloved President,

Most affectionately,

Vigo, Dec. 2, 1878.

THOS. BLAMIRE,

Placer de Afuera, Spain, 13-2°

J. P. WIGSTONE.

[It is time that these two brethren were not only specially remembered in prayer, but helped also in a pecuniary sense. They depend wholly upon the Lord, and therefore the Lord’s stewards should think upon them for good. We will gladly forward anything which may be sent by us.—C. H. S.]

Loyalty to Christ a Source of Disturbance in the World.*

BY F. C. PIKE, B.A., OF BIRMINGHAM.

THE charm of the meetings held this evening is the earnest purpose which the promoters of them have in view. It is hoped that they may serve to deepen and intensify our spiritual life, and send us back to our work more resolute in our endeavours to advance the kingdom of our Lord. I read the other day of a Scottish clergyman who, being absent from his pulpit one Sunday morning, asked the beadle on his return what sort of a service they had had. The reply was, "Weel, sir, it was ower plain and simple for me. I like those sermons best that jumbles the joodgment and confoonds the sense." And the beadle paid his pastor the compliment of adding that he did not know anyone who was equal to him in that respect. A proportion of the people who attend our places of worship seem to come only for form's sake. If they do not exactly prefer the sermons which "jumble the joodgment and confoond the sense," they cannot be brought to realise that what is said is for a practical purpose, and that no preacher, worth the hearing, would care to preach at all unless he hoped to be instrumental in raising the tone of spiritual life in Christians and in leading sinners to Christ.

The subject on which I have now briefly to speak is *Loyalty to Christ a Source of Disturbance in the World*. It was a saying of Napoleon's, "My dominion ends where that of conscience begins." Our Lord, however, claims to sway a sceptre where earth's mightiest potentates are weak as infants. Men are slow to perceive the nature of his royalty. When he has manifested his glory and satisfied their needs, they would "take him by force and make him their King." They do not see that he *is* a King; they would *make* him one after their poor earthly fashion. Intimate friends ask for places on his right hand and his left hand in his kingdom without any true idea what sort of kingdom that is. Error concerning the Kingship of Jesus has shown considerable tenacity of existence, and caused not a little commotion from the time when "Herod the king was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him," down to the Fifth Monarchy men of the period of the Commonwealth, and their lineal descendants of the present day, whom I will not now name.

Let the error pass, however, and adopt the true view of Christ's Kingship. Is the trouble any less? Christ himself declares that he has come to send fire on the earth, and not peace, but a sword! He makes all who would be his disciples understand that the cross must precede the crown. When Christ is preached on the day of Pentecost, multitudes are pricked to the heart. Wherever the early missionaries go, disturbance is caused among the people. At one place they are brought before the magistrates charged with exceedingly troubling the city. In another the mob shouts, "These that have turned the world

* A speech delivered at Leeds at the evening meetings of the Baptist Union in the Town Hall and East Parade Chapel, Oct. 10, 1878. We were much struck with this address, and, having seen no other verbatim report of it, we are delighted to be able to give it here.

upside down have come hither also." At a third the foremost preacher is stoned and left for dead. In Greece insurrection is made against Paul, for they say, "This fellow persuadeth men to worship God contrary to the law." In Asia Minor the men of Ephesus, perceiving that if the preaching of the gospel is permitted idolatry is doomed, and with idolatry their craft, become furious and raise hour after hour the deafening shout, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," as though truth needed to be made safe by noise, or falsehood could be propped up by blatant breath.

The heralds of the gospel were loyal to Christ, and they disturbed the world. It was inevitable they should do so in the days when Gentiles were wholly given over to idolatry and Jews hated the name of him who "being a man," they said, "made himself God." But *here and now* why should there be disturbance? Jews have no power to persecute, and idolatry has been swept away long ago. In heathen countries there may be tumult, but why in Christian England—rather say christened England, a very different thing! In truth, however, the opposition to the Christian faith lies deeper than attachment to idolatry. "The carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." The idols may be utterly abolished, yet if the heart remain unchanged when Christ comes, he is a disturber. If we preach Christ, and if we live Christ, we thereby protest against the pride, the selfishness, and the vanity of the world. All sorts of vested interests are touched, and all manner of craftsmen are troubled. Two or three illustrations will suffice to show this. If the bent of a man's mind be to acquire, if his supreme desire is to get gold and hold property, Christ insists upon all this being changed. The poor grasping worldling must learn that renunciation rather than acquisition befits the follower of him who, though rich, for oursakes became poor. If the craving of the heart be for fame, that shall place its possessor high amongst his fellows, the divine King says "that may do for the realms of this world, but in my kingdom he who is willing to be least is on the way to greatness, and they who restlessly push themselves forward will have to take the lowest place of all." If by sheer force of intellect natural man would find out the things of the kingdom and the mysteries of God, the Master lets it be understood that the firmly-fastened gates are not to be forced by human might, but that one of childlike spirit can have the key from his hand, and then they will open easily to him. If the vain and frivolous meet Christ, they learn that life is not intended to be one gay dream, or to be turned into a mad rush after pleasure; but that there must be a serious purpose, and a hard battle against easily besetting sins. Man's whole being has to be revolutionized, if he submits to Christ as King. *Then*, there must, from the very nature of the case, be disturbance in the world, where Christ's claims are urged. Our own souls, in which, alas, the conflict is not yet over, will supply sufficient proof. The cross has not yet lost its significance, nor will it until the world is thoroughly permeated with Christian influence, and entirely conquered for Christ.

How, as a matter of fact, is Christ treated in this world? Leaving out of the reckoning pagan peoples strongly entrenched in their several idolatries, see if there be not something like a vast conspiracy against

the Lord's Anointed. There is the Jew who spits upon the very name of the Nazarene, and who thinks he was rightly nailed to the cross. There is the Mahomedan who regards Christ as a good man, but casts aside the very pledge of redemption, not admitting that he was crucified at all. There is a vast community, bearing his name and claiming to be the one catholic church, which hides the Saviour behind the Virgin, and which out of the very reverence felt for him has allowed its priests to compound the most cunning denial of his claims. And in the church bearing our national name there is fostered a class of men who interpose themselves between the Saviour and the sinners he comes to redeem, bent on enslaving the hearts and minds of the freest people on this earth. Have we not found, too, every now and then, how bitter is the opposition to Christ in the world when some young man or woman has stepped forward to make profession of faith? Relatives and friends knowing that their own lives are bad, and having no hope for the future, resent and oppose, with what seems almost a Satanic malevolence, the beginning of a nobler life in one they should hold dear.

There is peril lest we should settle down in churches, and forget that a Christian profession should be the opening of a campaign rather than the celebration of a victory. We have taken Christ's name that we may obey his will. We are Christ's soldiers, not to lounge about in barrack yards, but to engage in a stern life and death conflict. Let us not mistake; there will be no compromise made with the Leader's sanction, and without it what are compromises worth? They may seal the ruin of those who make them. They will certainly not interfere with the Captain's plan. He speaks plainly enough. If we choose to trifle with great principles, and play fast and loose with his commands, *we* perish, but *he* can wait for truer men to obey his orders and secure the triumph of his kingdom.

It is easy to be blind to the dangers of our times. The world does not persecute as once it did. A softer method pays better. It would coax us out of our faith. Its tone is this: "The days of narrowness are past. Bigotry is dead. A broad tolerance is distinctive of the times. Let bygones be bygones." Under these fine phrases there often lies concealed an evil spirit, like a poisonous viper, whose aim is death to all belief. The lines of the Laureate are perpetually dinned in our ears:—

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

Those lines are well enough in their place, well enough in the place the Laureate puts them: but on the lips of men who quietly assume that *all* doubt is stamped with honesty, and who mean by "half the creeds" the *whole* of the creeds, they are a delusion and a snare. They who so glibly quote the lines usually forget to be just to the poet, and add what immediately follows:—

"He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them: thus he came at length
To find a stronger faith his own."

By all means let us have the "sweeter manners." Let us have "the

larger heart, the kindlier hand," but let us not accept a "faithless coldness," as if it were a heaven-sent boon. The rough style of the centuries gone by is not needed, though that were ten thousand times to be preferred to a smooth subserviency to an evil world. Christians should be genial, of course, but underneath the geniality there must be firmness of principle. What would the beauty which clothes the mountain side be worth if there were not the hard rock not so very far beneath? The graces of Christ should adorn the Christian; yet, be it remembered that when the Lord builds his impregnable church he takes care to have a man of rock to begin with, and living stones from bottom to top.

One thing we may count as certain, men of the world do not mean to yield. They do not mean it even when they are most courteous and complimentary. The Old Adam is there under the smoother exterior, and it will not be long before the innate antipathy to vital godliness is plainly seen by a true disciple of Christ. If our belief in the true atonement Christ has made for our sins be a reality, and if we veritably trust in him both for the present and the future, can there be any question that we ought to be obedient to his lightest word? There is no question in our minds about that, but there is an old nature clinging to us, the influence of which is very strong. Then we have to learn by heart the necessity for the absolute abandonment of all self-confidence, and complete reliance upon a higher power. I know a little girl who when reproved by her mamma for some fault, and told she should teach her little brothers to do right, replied, "How can I do right when there is no right in me?" Now, if we would as frankly confess that "in us, that is in our flesh, dwelleth no good thing," and cast ourselves unreservedly on the grace of God, we should know how to be loyal to Christ, not only in the teeth of the fiercest opposition, but also when the enemy we have to encounter is hidden behind specious promises and enchanting smiles. I was once upon the summit of a mountain in the blackness of midnight. I could not see the ground on which I stood, and could barely discern the form of the guide, who held my comrade lest he should fall, and whose steps I was closely to follow. That guide knew the way. Our guide knows the way. The prospect is often all covered in darkness. We are disappointed and bewildered because of the small progress of the kingdom of Christ. The dark clouds will pass away ere long. The day will dawn: the mystery of God will be finished: and we shall know what it is to enter into the joy of our Lord. Only let us be loyal to him, come what may.

The Double Call.

A GOOD Methodist elder was listening to a young mechanic who thought he had a call to give up his shop and go to preaching. "I feel," said the young ardent, "that I have a call to preach." "Hast thou noticed whether the people seem to have a call to hear thee?" said the shrewd old man. "I have always noticed that a true call of the Lord may be known by this, that people have a call to hear thee."

Luther at the Diet of Worms.*

BY DR. K. R. HAGENBACH.

HAD Luther performed no greater action than the burning of the Pope's bull, and the issue of a few polemical writings, his fame would deservedly have been small, and he would have shared it with those who in every age have sounded the tocsin. But if a man, and especially a Christian, appears *greatest* upon occasions when pure enthusiasm lifts him above passion and its paroxysms; when the pure consciousness of right alone gives him that loftier courage which not even passion, at its highest point, is able to bestow; when, in the patient bearing of his cross, he follows his Lord and Master, then is he great indeed; and it is upon such an eminence, attained by few, that we are now about to behold Luther, on the occasion of his appearance before the *Diet of Worms*.

This Diet had assembled toward the end of the year 1520. The Emperor Charles, whilst at Oppenheim, had requested the Elector of Saxony to bring Luther with him to the Diet, in order that the Reformer might there undergo examination. This, however, was not agreeable to the Papal party, and especially the legates, because it did not seem to them proper that a matter which belonged exclusively to the ecclesiastical tribunal should be decided at a secular Diet. The effort was therefore made to hinder, by any means, Luther's appearance at Worms; another bull had even been launched against him, in which his excommunication was declared in such wise that every Catholic Christian was bound to regard the mere holding of intercourse with him as a sin. Notwithstanding this, Luther was cited to appear before the Diet, and a free imperial safe-conduct was offered him, and Luther showed himself inclined to obey the citation.

At this Diet a number of complaints, emanating from secular quarters, and amounting in all to 101, had been urged against the Pope; and even those who were unfavourable to the cause of Luther—Duke George of Saxony, for instance—agreed in these complaints. The relation which the Diet sustained towards Luther resembled the relation sustained by the Synod of Constance towards Huss. Men wished for a reformation, but hated the reformer; they were desirous of victory, but shunned the conflict. Luther, indeed, anticipated a fate similar to that of Huss, but, nevertheless, went resolutely to meet it. "If I do not return," said he to his beloved Philip Melancthon, as he took leave of him, "if I do not return, and my enemies murder me, I conjure thee, dear brother, not to cease to teach and to stand by the truth. Work, meantime, for me also, because I cannot be here; thou canst do better than I. It is not of much consequence what becomes of me if thou remain. The Lord has a learned warrior left in thee." Luther then tore himself from the arms of his friend and set out for Worms. He was accompanied by his colleague, Nicholas Armsdorf, and by the learned professor of law, Jerome Schurf, who was his advocate at the

* Our readers have no doubt seen several accounts of Luther at Worms, but there are points about Dr. Hagenbach's description which will be new and striking, at least: they are so to us.

Diet; a nobleman, and his own brother, James Luther, also went with him. The imperial herald, Caspar Sturm, in his robes of office, and bearing the imperial eagle, rode on horseback, with his servant, in advance of Luther and his party. Justus Jonas, who had recently received a call to Wittenberg, travelled from Erfurt to Weimar to meet the Reformer. Luther's journey resembled a triumphal procession, although he was under the ban of the Pope. His reception at Erfurt was particularly brilliant. The rector and the professors of the university met him at Nora, a village on the borders of the Erfurt territory, at a distance of about two leagues from the town; in this party there were forty men on horseback, besides a number who followed on foot. The rector, Crotus Rubianus, and the learned Eoban Hesse, greeted the distinguished guest with orations and poems. Surrounded by a mass of human beings, the waggon which contained Luther and his friends drove into the city, whose streets, gates, and roofs were crowded with spectators. After much persuasion, Luther preached a sermon in the church of the Augustinians, in presence of a numerous audience. In this sermon, which was against work-righteousness, he declared that among three thousand priests it would be difficult to find four upright ones. During the sermon there was some confusion in the gallery, which threatened to fall on account of the crowd. Luther, remarking this, exhorted the congregation to pay no regard to this "devilish sport," nor to suffer their minds to be drawn off from their devotion. Tradition afterwards affirmed that the devil on this occasion moved a stone from the gable of the church. A similar anecdote is related concerning a sermon preached by Luther in Gotha. At Eisenach he fell sick, but recovered "upon the letting of some blood, and the taking of a cordial that the physician gave him." "When he entered a town," says a contemporary, Frederick Myconius, "the people flocked together to see the wonderful man who was so brave, and who dared make a stand against the Pope and all the world, that held him to be a god, in opposition to Christ. Some gave him poor comfort, telling him that, because there were so many cardinals and bishops at Worms at the Diet, he would speedily be burned to powder, as Huss had been at Constance, but Luther answered such men as follows: 'And if they should build a fire between Wittenberg and Worms that would reach up to heaven, in the Lord's name I would appear, and step into behemoth's mouth, between his great teeth, and confess Christ, and let him do his pleasure.'" As the friends of Huss had once been anxious to turn him from his purpose, so the friends of Luther were desirous of dissuading him from carrying out his intentions. At Oppenheim he was met by Bucer, who was then in the service of the Knight Francis Von Sickingen, and who offered him the castle of the latter, the Ebernburg, as a secure residence. It was thought that he might there come to an understanding with Glapio, the confessor of the Emperor, who was commissioned to dispute with him, without its being necessary for him to go to Worms. But Luther answered: "I will go on; if the emperor's confessor has anything to say to me, he can say it at once." Spalatin also, the court preacher of the Elector of Saxony, and the intimate friend of Luther, advised him, by a post messenger, that he must not go immediately to Worms. It was then that Luther uttered his ever memorable

speech : " And if there were as many devils at Worms as there are tiles upon the roofs, I would go thither." This, manifestly, is the moment in Luther's life when he appears at his greatest ; he has reached the culminating point of manly strength and decision ; he is far removed from all visionary fanaticism and arrogant assumption, and elevated above all the considerations of human weakness. He stands forth a hero in the hand of God, resting only in that faith which is mighty in the weak. He was, subsequently, himself unable to comprehend this boldness, and looked upon it as a miracle, due entirely to the grace of God. " I was undismayed " (he declared at a later period, in regard to his condition of mind, so incomprehensible to himself) " and afraid of nothing. God is able, I doubt not, to make a man so mad-brained. I know not whether I should be so joyous now." And Matthesius, his pious biographer adds : " Thus does the heart expand within the body, giving strength and courage to both preachers and warriors." On the 16th of April, 1521, at ten o'clock in the morning, Luther entered Worms in company with his escort ; many of the nobility had met him outside the city, and over two thousand persons escorted him to his lodgings. Let us hear his own description of his arrival : " Thus, with my hood on my head, I drove into Worms in an open waggon. All the people poured into the streets, desiring to see Dr. Martin, the monk. I drove to the Hotel of Duke Frederick, who was troubled on account of my having come to Worms."

On the morning after his arrival he was cited by the Hereditary Marshal of the Empire, Ulric Von Pappenheim, to appear before the assembled Diet. Pappenheim himself called for him at four in the afternoon, and went before him in company with the Imperial Herald. They had to work their way through an immense crowd, and, because the streets were overflowing with human beings, were frequently obliged to pass through the adjoining gardens to reach the " House of Judgment," as Luther called the place where the Diet was convened. At the door of the hall the grey-haired warrior, George Frundsberg, was stationed. This veteran tapped Luther on the shoulder, saying, " O little monk, little monk ! thou art marching now to make such a stand as was never known either by myself or many another officer in the hottest battle. If thou art in the right, and sure of thy cause, go forward in God's name, and be of good cheer, for he will not forsake thee." Thus greeted, Luther entered the hall, and found himself in the midst of the assembled lords of the Diet. Near the Emperor sat the Archduke Ferdinand, his brother ; and besides these two high dignitaries there were six electoral princes, twenty-eight dukes, thirty prelates, a number of landgraves and margraves, archbishops, bishops, abbots, deputies from cities, and ambassadors from almost all the kingdoms of Europe, making an assemblage of about two hundred illustrious personages. The two papal legates, Marimo Caraccioli and Jerome Alexander, were all present. Several thousand persons were assembled in the passages, the neighbouring streets, and about the windows. On a table in the middle of the hall lay Luther's books. John Von Eck, chancellor of the Archbishop of Treves (not to be confounded with Eck of Ingoldstadt), asked him if he acknowledged these books to be his, to which Luther replied in the affirmative. He was then asked

whether he would recant them. This question he desired time to consider. The next day he was again sent for at four o'clock in the afternoon to attend the Diet; but it was not until six that he gained admission to the hall, the crowd outside being so great. Permission to speak was now granted him, which he accordingly accepted. He began by excusing himself with much modesty for any offence against form that he might commit during his discourse, or for any mistake that he might be guilty of in the use of the titles of those in whose presence he stood, "not having been brought up," as he said, "in courts, but in the cloisters, and therefore unaccustomed to speak before great lords." He then defended himself in regard to the books which he had written, showing that it was impossible for him to retract any of these, so far as the essential contents of them were concerned, although he acknowledged that he might now and then have used more vehement expressions than were consistent with his station. "But," he continued, "I being a man and not God, cannot help or defend my poor books in any other way than that pursued by my Lord and Saviour with reference to his doctrine. When he was questioned by the high priest's servant, he said, 'If I have spoken evil, prove that it is evil.' Now if the Lord, who knew that he could not err, refused not to listen to testimony against his doctrine, even from a mean and contemptible servant, how much more should I, who am but dust and ashes, and apt to err, challenge testimony against his doctrine? Wherefore, by the mercy of God, I entreat your imperial majesty, your electoral and princely graces, or any other person of high or low degree, who may have the requisite ability, to bring testimony against me, to prove by prophetic and apostolic Scriptures that I have erred. If I be convinced of this, I shall be willing and ready to recant all error, and will be the first to fling my books into the fire."

These words, and many besides, were spoken by Luther, at first in German, and then, at the emperor's request, in Latin. But his opponents were not satisfied. The electoral official Von Eck demanded that he should give a short and positive answer as to whether he would recant or not. Upon this Luther said, "Since your imperial majesty and your electoral and princely graces desire a plain, simple, and positive answer, I will give you one which shall have neither horns nor teeth,—namely, unless I am conquered and convinced by the testimony of the Holy Scriptures, or by open, clear, and distinct grounds and reasons,—for I believe neither Pope nor councils alone, because it is manifest that they have often been mistaken and contradicted themselves,—unless, therefore, I am convicted [of error] by passages that I have myself cited, and my conscience is thus taken captive by the word of God, I can and will recant nothing, for it is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against one's conscience. *Here I stand. I can do no otherwise. God help me. Amen.*"

After having thus spoken, he was dismissed, with an escort of two men. Some noblemen who thought that he was being led away prisoner, made emphatic demonstrations against such a procedure, but professed their satisfaction when they heard that he was only about being conveyed to his lodgings.

Luther's discourse made a powerful impression upon the minds of

those who heard him, and several of the princes and counts who were present at the Diet visited him at his inn. Duke Eric, of Brunswick, sent him a can of Eimbecker beer by a page. Luther, upon seeing that no harm was meant him, took a draught of the beer, and said, "As Duke Eric has this day remembered me, so may the Lord Jesus Christ remember him in his last struggle." Eric thought of these words upon his death-bed, and desired a page who stood by—Francis von Kramm by name—to refresh him with the consolations of the gospel. The young landgrave, Philip of Hesse, afterwards one of the most active promoters of the Reformation, was among the number of those who visited Luther: at his departure he shook the Reformer by the hand, saying, "If you are in the right, Doctor, may God help you!" That which was of special importance to Luther, however, was that his own sovereign, the Elector Frederick the Wise, was won over entirely to his side, and being, as it were, mailed and armed by Luther's speech, he henceforth took more vigorous measures in defence of his cause. The very same evening, before supper, the elector sent to Luther's inn for Spalatin, received him in his cabinet, and made the following remark to him: "Father, Dr. Martin spoke well before the emperor and all the princes and estates of the empire. He was but far too bold for me."

Water the Roots.

ONE sweetly says, "In a window this summer there was a flower-pot, containing a plant whose use it was to be odorous and beautiful. The leaves were just beginning to curl up. I poured a cupful of water into the saucer in which the flower-pot stood; and a child looking on asked, 'Why did you not rather pour water on the leaves?' It was a child that asked, and I explained the reason; adding, that when God would bring beauty and fragrance and healthfulness into our lives, he waters us at the root." It is even so; and yet how many are there that are just like that child. The leaf is everything to them, the root nothing. "Why dwell so much on the love of Christ," they say, "and on faith in him, and on atonement and conversion, and the other doctrines of grace, when, after all, it is better morality we need, and better living and acting?" They forget that there is nothing more practical for all kinds of true work than the letting the love of Christ "get in about the roots of our being."

In O. O.

AN Irish gentleman, pointing to a young man, once said, "Is he an O. O.?"—"What do you mean by O. O.?"—"I mean," was the reply, "is he out and out for Christ?" This is what all ought to be who bear Christ's name. "When all who belong to the Lord," one says, "are willing to speak for him, willing to work for him, willing to die for him, then Christianity will advance, and we shall see the work of the Lord prosper.—DR. ROBERT MACDONALD.

The late Jonathan Watson, of Edinburgh.

A FEW weeks ago there quietly passed away from our midst a cotemporary of Carey, Marshman, Knibb, and the Haldanes, namely, Jonathan Watson, for so many years the best known Baptist Pastor in Edinburgh. We remember meeting him once or twice, but our personal acquaintance was slight. He was a solidly good man, and his light shone brightly even to the end. Our readers will be glad to peruse the following tribute to his memory, which fell from the lips of Dr. Andrew Thomson when preaching his funeral sermon in Dublin Street Chapel, November 3, 1878.

"I have spoken in the body of my discourse of the instructive diversity of the times and circumstances in which good men leave the world, and of these as always a matter of divine appointment and arrangement, the Master in every instance signifying by what death they should glorify God. In the case of your departed senior pastor, Mr. Watson, life was prolonged to an unwonted period, and his active ministry extended over a length of years that is reached by very few. He died in the eighty-fourth year of his age, and in the sixty-fourth of his ministry, and thus almost approached the old patriarchal measure. In him the words of the Book of Job were accomplished: 'Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season.'

"It is not necessary that I should present you with more than the shortest biographical notices of our departed father. These have already been supplied to you by other means. You have been told of his early and thorough secular education in the academy of his native town of Montrose, and of his yet more important Christian education in a truly Christian home, leading to his early conversion, and unreserved consecration to the service of Christ. It was while approaching to manhood that he took advantage of such facilities as were afforded by his native town for acquiring that knowledge of surgery and medicine, which in some measure shaped the whole of his future life, while it supplied him with an instrument of good, which he was not slow to use. The brief season spent by him as a young surgeon in the Greenland whaler, *Neptune*, proved his aptitude for surgery as well as for hard work, and I have no doubt formed a valuable part of his education, giving him that practical knowledge of men and of common life, in which those who have not known anything but a student's life are often found to be deficient. The old Puritans and the early Nonconformists showed much wisdom in sending, for a time, to business those sons who were intended for the Christian ministry, and it is not difficult to trace the benefit of a season or two spent in a scrivener's office in the case both of Henry and Doddridge.

"After spending a short time in Dundee, where he united the labours of an apothecary with the care of a little Baptist church, he settled at the age of twenty in Cupar, Fife, where he continued for twenty-six years, combining here in the earlier years of his residence the work of a dispensing chemist and a pastor. He gave much both of his medicine and of his medical advice gratis to those whom it would have straitened to remunerate him, and as it was impossible for such a man, while practising the healing art, not to speak out of the abundance of his heart of the great Physician, he exemplified the principle which has since taken form in one of the most effective of our modern benevolent agencies—the Medical Missionary Society. As years went on, much of the care of the shop was transferred to other hands, and gradually the chemist became merged and forgotten in the Christian minister.

"It was in the year 1841 that Mr. Watson, now ripe in experience, and in the vigour of a natural manhood, removed from Cupar, Fife, to exercise the co-pastorate of this congregation along with the venerable Dr. Innes, the congregation then worshipping in a comparatively small chapel in Elder-street. Mr. Watson could not have had a more desirable colleague than that singularly genial and saintly man. I remember him well, for I loved him much. There

was a sunny gladness which ever shone upon his countenance, and told of the Christian peace and joy within. Indeed, I never knew a man that more united in himself the most scrupulous conscientiousness and fidelity to conviction with the most sincere and far-reaching charity. With graceful manners, brought with him from the old parish manse at Gifford, he united a sanctified courtesy which drew little children to his feet. His treasury of Christian anecdote and singular gift of narrative helped him to realise in a rare degree Dr. Watts' idea of parlour preaching; and on the decks of steamboats, in stage coaches, and railway trains, he was ever busy with his tracts, which even the indifferent and the hostile could not refuse to accept from the hands of one whose very look and voice conquered opposition. The united ministry of the two men was mutually confiding and mutually strengthening. It would be superfluous were I to trace the history of Mr. Watson's long and successful pastorate among you, which would, in fact, be to narrate your own history as a church. Nor should I now do more than refer to your removal to this more elegant and commodious place of worship which you erected more than twenty years ago, and to that invaluable help which was brought to Mr. Watson in his advancing years, when one so eminently qualified as Mr. Newnam became his co-pastor. I should rather devote the few minutes that remain to some references to Mr. Watson's characteristics as a Christian minister.

“Mr. Watson's theology was that of the good old school of which your own Haldanes were such eminent representatives. He did not fail to proclaim in clear and glowing terms the Fatherhood of God, neither did he hold back or cast into the shade God's essential relations to us as our moral governor; and it is only a theology which presents these two aspects of the divine character and relations that is scriptural and full. He preached the gospel which recognises and manifests God in both of these aspects, as a matter of his own personal experience. It had met and satisfied his own spiritual necessities. He needed nothing else, and he spoke that which he knew; he believed, and therefore spoke. The gospel which he proclaimed through his long ministry was no barren theory or unfelt truth, but that which had brought a new life into his soul. This does much to make a ministry powerful, for hearers soon discover when a man is speaking from immovable convictions, and deep personal experience. The testimony which one of our greatest statesmen gave on hearing the famous Ebenezer Brown, of Inverkeithing, preach, might have been given of Mr. Watson. ‘That man speaks as if the Son of God were at his elbow.’ The consequence was that all through his ministry he was receiving welcome intelligence of cases in which God had used him as the instrument of converting sinners from the error of their way. Then, so great and unreserved was Mr. Watson's self-consecration to his sacred work, and such his confidence in the might and adaptation of his message, as well as his love for it, that he had a passionate delight in preaching. His pulpit was his throne. I had almost said it was his paradise. Had it been possible to hold him back from preaching so long as he had physical strength for it, I believe it would have embittered, and even shortened, his life. His experience in this respect reminds us of John Newton's words, when some one asked him to spare his strength in his old age. ‘What! shall the old African blasphemer give up preaching? No; not while he can speak.’ These qualities and attainments formed the solid foundation of his popularity, and these were aided in their effect by a remarkable facility and fluency of speech, by a considerable power of vivid description, and a glow of emotion which was not produced by the rhetoric of the schools, but sprang from the tone of a sanctified heart. His volume of sermons, ‘Preparing for Home,’ now in its third edition, is a valuable specimen and memorial of his ministry.

“He was essentially a man of prayer. This was not his task, but his chosen element and his heart's joy. Instead of needing to be forced into his closet, no force could have kept him out of it. And when sore afflictions gathered around him, as they did at certain periods of his life, these brought him to the sanctuary of private prayer all the more. God was more and more his refuge and his

strength, until his waking hours became an almost continual converse with God.

"He was a minister of the Baptist church through the preference of a sincere conviction; but he was a lover of all good men. Wherever he discovered a Christian it was his joy to own a brother. What a bereavement to his Christian heart it would have been had it been possible to narrow his intercourse and his sympathies to any denomination under heaven!

"In his last months, when he could no longer preach, he busied himself in preparing and issuing tracts and leaflets, all of them good, and some of them, such as 'Jeanie Deans,' written in our own homely Doric, of great excellence. And now, the long, busy, useful, unblemished life is ended. The end came gradually, like the ebbing of a tide, or the setting of a sun. There were no clouds to dim the setting as he sailed into the fair heavens, and his last words, 'Glory everlasting to him that loved us,' seemed like the tuning of his heart for the high and eternal worship of heaven."



PLAY-HALL OF STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.—SCENE OF CHRISTMAS SPORTS.

Notices of Books.

Speeches by C. H. Spurgeon, at Home and Abroad. 2s. 6d. Passmore and Alabaster.

MR. PIKE HAS with much assiduity gathered up these speeches, which we supposed had gone the way of all talk. They range from 1864 to 1878, and some of them we are right glad to see; while others are mere notes, conveying no fair idea of what we said: these last might as well have passed into oblivion. We have had nothing to do with the preparing of this volume, and the "speeches" are mere reports which have never been revised; but still they will interest our friends, and some of the remarks will, we hope, edify them too.

Lectures on Baptism. By the late WILLIAM SHIRREFF, Minister of the Gospel, Glasgow. With a Preface by C. H. SPURGEON. Price 2s. 6d. Passmore and Alabaster.

MR. SHIRREFF was an eminent Presbyterian divine who flourished during the first quarter of this century. When he changed his views upon baptism, and united with the Baptists, it was natural that he should explain his thoughts to his former friends and new acquaintances. This he did in a series of lectures, of which it is not too much to say that more honest, and yet more conciliatory, addresses were never delivered. In these lectures Mr. Shirreff exhibits supreme reverence for the word of God, which was to him everything, not merely a creed for his opinions, but a practical guide for his actions. He only wished to know the will of God, and his heart was set upon obeying it at all hazards. His reasonings upon believers' baptism are remarkably clear and forcible. The subject afforded no room for the display of oratory, and there is no attempt at any; the speaker is too intent upon proving his point to garnish his periods. He was even in danger of becoming a little tedious through following over and over again the same method of argument, but that very sameness was a part of his reasoning, and was intended to add strength to it. How much we wish that our beloved brethren who do not see believers' baptism would give this book

a fair reading! Here is an important ordinance, which to many of us seems to be shrouded in grave error, and out of that error flows the most pernicious teaching—teaching which the evangelical believer in infant baptism abhors as much as we do, but for which he will always be in part responsible so long as he holds and practises that unscriptural rite. Not with any desire for controversy, but that we all may come to a perfect knowledge of the truth, these lectures are anew sent forth into the world, and we trust they will be favourably received.

The Messenger for the Children of the Presbyterian Church of England. Annual Volume for 1878. 28, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row.

PRESBYTERIAN children may think themselves happy in having such an excellent little magazine prepared for them. It contrasts with the "Juvenile Missionary Herald" of the Baptists, and makes us wonder how our Missionary Society can continue to issue such a wretched affair when others can do so much better.

The Leisure Hour and The Sunday at Home. Religious Tract Society.

THESE two magazines maintain their high character, and can always be welcomed in our families without fear.

Good Words and Sunday Magazine. Daldy, Isbister, and Co.

THESE remain high class serials, though their contents are a little mixed, and we never feel quite sure where we may be landed. As things go in these unsettled times there is not much to find fault with in these magazines, and a good deal to admire.

From the Tract Society comes our old, old friend, *The Child's Companion*, more gorgeous than can be imagined. Let those who doubt us just get a peep at the binding and at the coloured frontispiece. We have seen nothing like it. *The Tract Magazine* is a sober, solid, useful affair. *The Cottager and Artisan* is a kind of *British Workman*, and a worthy rival of that useful serial.

The Sunday School Union sends us *The Child's Own Magazine*, which is pretty good, but would bear improving as to its illustrations. *The Morning of Life* is instructive and lively; it is henceforth to be published under the title of "Excelsior."

The Christian Treasury. Johnstone and Hunter: Edinburgh.

VERY good, but just a little dull at times. As there are so many periodicals which aim chiefly at amusing, we are right glad of this more old-fashioned monthly, which spends all its strength upon edifying.

The Illustrated Missionary News. Partridge and Co.

A FIRST-CLASS advocate for missions. As to illustrations and letterpress, it is of a high order, and is well calculated to promote the cause which it has espoused.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES. *The Baptist Magazine* is now seventy years old, and assuredly it was never better than now. We used to think it dry as the Sahara, but now it has the excellency of Carmel and Sharon. Life has returned to the ancient trunk, and the tree is in full foliage and beauty. *The General Baptist Magazine* is edited with marvellous vigour, and in every page reveals a masterly hand. Mr. Clifford is eye and soul to the General Baptist body: long may he be preserved to fill his place among his brethren. *The Baptist Messenger* is our very good friend and ally, and we are glad to see it doing its work so well. It is a very excellent pennyworth. *The Church* and *The Appeal* occupy useful spheres in denominational literature. *The Gospel Magazine* is a very ancient publication, and remains true to sound Calvinistic doctrine and to genuine Christian experience. In literary matters it might be improved, but no doubt its readers care most for spiritual savour and unction, and in that respect there is no falling off.

Kind Words. Annual Volume for 1878. Sunday School Union.

THIS magazine seems to us more adapted to supplant base juvenile literature than any other at present in the market. Its stories always have a right tone and moral, but they are almost as sensa-

tional as those of "The Moody Hand" or "Jack Sheppard" type; in fact, they are such as boys are sure to read. Let Dick, Tom, or Harry once begin one of these stories, and he will never be content till he has got through it. Frankly, we do not care for sensational literature for the young, in and of itself, but since the boys of England will read sensational stories, it is a good and lawful thing to provide them with such as are morally wholesome, so that they may not be ruined by the abominations of the sensual press. It is not so much a matter of question as to what we prefer, but what will the boys prefer, and how far can we gratify their tastes, and at the same time guard their morals. The Sunday School Union does admirable service by producing such a work as "Kind Words." It ought, we think, to consider how it can get a sale for this magazine in the little hole-and-corner shops where the burglar novels are now vended.

The British Workman, Band of Hope Review, The Family Friend, Friendly Visitor, Children's Friend, The Infant's Magazine. Annual Volumes for 1878. S. W. Partridge and Co.

Or all these we may say that they are all good, always good, and always good alike. They promote temperance in connection with piety, and not only do it in a fervent spirit, but with a degree of life and genius seldom met with in such publications. Long may the esteemed brother who presides over the production of these various forms of pure, useful literature be found in vigorous and genial activity, serving his day and generation!

Annual volumes of *Hand and Heart*, and *The Fireside*, 7s. 6d. each. *The Day of Days*, and *Home Words*, 2s. each. 1, Paternoster Buildings. In all these magazines Mr. Bullock displays a natural genius for editing periodicals. They are all maintained in a remarkable degree of freshness and vigour, and consequently they win a large circulation. Mr. Bullock must have been born for the work, for he does so much of it, and does it so well. Above all, the design of these magazines is in the highest degree commendable, and it is followed out in the best possible spirit.

Old Jonathan. Vol. III. Third Series. Price 1s. 6d. W. H. and L. Collingridge, Aldersgate Street.

"OLD JONATHAN" is always vigorous, and heartily evangelical. It should be scattered on all sides in the homes of the poor.

The Sunday School Teacher's Class Register. *The Sunday School Illustrated Almanack.* *The Teacher's Pocket Book and Diary.* Sunday School Union.

THE various almanacks, calendars, and registers of the Sunday School Union supply teachers with all they can possibly need of this kind of thing. As punctuality is greatly to be desired in the Sunday School, everything which may in any measure conduce thereto is to be pressed upon the teacher's notice. The pocket book is a very good one, and those who are not teachers will find it useful.

The Minister's Pocket Diary and Visiting Book, 1879. Price 2s. Hodder and Stoughton.

OUR good, methodical brother ministers, who do things in proper style, and keep a diary and visiting book, will find here all they can possibly want. They can enter the names of candidates for church membership, baptisms, marriages, funerals, sermons preached, texts of sermons, visitations of the sick, church-meeting business, addresses of friends, and almost any mortal thing within the range of human experience. Personally we have too much to do to keep any account of it, but we can well imagine that such a record as this would be invaluable to laborious visiting pastors, and save them from forgetting engagements, or making two in a day.

The Baptist Almanack and Congregational Handbook for the year 1879. Robert Banks, Racquet Court, Fleet Street.

As a guide to the Baptist chapels of London, this twopenny almanack is most complete. It contains information not to be found elsewhere, but some of it seems to us to be of small value, such as the names of Sunday-school superintendents, who could each one be reached by a letter addressed to him as "the superintendent" of such-

and-such a school. We are a little surprised to notice a female preacher in the list of "ministers without churches." The denominational information is well condensed, and, upon the whole, accurate. We commend the almanack to all our friends in London, and all who want to know about London.

J. E. Hawkins' Christmas and New Year Cards. Fine Gold, six for 2s. Silver Cards, New Year Cards, Text Packet and Verse Packet, twelve for 1s.

THE six cards entitled "Fine Gold," although they are rather dear at fourpence each, are worth all the rest. In the other packets there seems to us to be a sad want of taste, but as taste is a point upon which no one can judge for others, it is just possible that there are persons who will greatly admire them. The texts are well selected, and the poetry is tolerably good.

The Christian Birthday Souvenir. Selected and arranged by "DELTA." Virtue and Co.

THIS is a birthday album, but not of the usual kind, for it is about twice the regulation size, and is replete with elegant extracts. The poetical quotations have been collected with considerable care and spiritual taste. We have no doubt that "The Christian Birthday Souvenir" will have its own circle of admirers.

Our English Bible; its Translations and Translators. By JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D. The Religious Tract Society.

THE Christian public ought by this time to be well acquainted with the history of the English Bible, for it has lately been favoured with several versions of the goody story. Dr. Stoughton always writes with a facile pen; and in this case specially so, for he is at home with his subject, and in love with it, and therefore he is a ready writer. Most of the facts in this volume are well known to us, yet we confess to having derived much refreshment from the perusal of them. We hope that many hundreds more will be quickened by reading the brave story of those who lived, laboured, suffered, and died, that the word of the Lord might be given to the people.

Bible Lays; or, Paraphrases and Illustrations of Scripture. By JOHN LONGMUIR, A.M., LL.D. Edinburgh: The Edinburgh Publishing Company. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THE author is not unknown to fame, having issued a selection of poetical pieces bearing upon "the sea, the ship, and the sailor," under the title of "Ocean Lays." The present volume consists of very respectable versifications of incidents in holy narrative and passages of sacred Scripture. There are here and there striking passages which we should like to quote, and as a whole the verses rise superior to the ordinary level of such productions.

The House Surgeon; or, the Doctor at Home. Containing instructions for the prompt treatment of accidents and emergencies before the arrival of Medical Aid. By the late ALFRED SMEE, F.R.S. Published by the Accident Insurance Company, 7, Bank Buildings, Lothbury. Price 6d.

A VERY useful book to lie about the house. Accidents will happen, and it is highly important to be acquainted with those simple remedies and handy surgeries by which a life or a limb may be saved. Doubtless a little prompt common sense has proved to be the temporal salvation of many.

Short Papers on Prophecy. By J. E. HAWKINS. 36, Baker Street. W.

WE do not believe in these papers, and hope that our readers will never receive such views of prophecy. The subject has been dragged in the mire so long that thoughtful men are slow to write on it. The best thing about these "short papers" is that they are *short*.

Daily Life. A book of Scraps and Fragments for the Labouring Classes in Town and Country. By Rev. F. BOURDILLON, M.A. London: Religious Tract Society.

JUST the thing for the table of reading-rooms or mechanics' institutes, or indeed for any table where an odd few minutes need to be occupied. One hundred and ninety-two pages of boldly printed plain talk in lively style and in

short doses; and all for sixteen pence. Need we say any more?

History of the Reformation in Germany and Switzerland chiefly. By Dr. K. R. HAGENBACH. Translated from the fourth revised edition of the German, by EVELINA MOORE. Vol. I. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

DR. HAGENBACH'S "History of the Reformation" has passed through four editions in his own country during the thirty-six years since it first saw the light. We do not wonder at its popularity, for we have been greatly charmed with it. It has all the interest of light reading, and yet is solidly instructive. We have inserted elsewhere in the magazine an extract, illustrating an incident in the life of Luther, in which he rose to his supreme height. Our author is not one half so cloudy as the most of his brethren, and infinitely more interesting. We hope Messrs. Clark will sell as many editions in English as have been sold in German.

The Wedding Ring. By C. H. PARISH. James Nisbet and Co.

A SORT of wedding album, containing a poetical effusion for every day of the year upon married life. It is rather a novel idea thus to girdle the year with a plain gold ring. We suppose the daily spaces are intended for ladies to enter the marriage days of their friends in them, for, of course, they will need only one or two spaces for themselves. Bluff King Hal filled up a week and a day over, but there are few persons whose circumstances are equally advantageous for multitudinous marriages. This album is unique. We have never met with a more remarkable collection of verses upon the sweet subject of matrimony. It is not a spiritual book, and yet it contains some choicely spiritual verses; its range is very wide, from piety down to sentiment; but we must confess that we have a liking to all that helps to married love, not even excepting the verses of Robbie Burns:

"So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry;
Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run."

Seeking Direction and Working for Jesus. By MRS. BEVER, 12, Albert Terrace, Clapham Road. One Penny each.

THESE pleasing rhymes are produced by an esteemed sister in Christ, and she tells them on behalf of the Testimonial Fund.

Eventide at Bethel; or, the Night Dream of the Desert. By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. London: Nisbet and Co.

THE character and life of Jacob, though full of spiritual suggestion, have been but very scantily honoured by expositors. Recognising this lack, Dr. Macduff has made the angel-vision at Bethel the subject of this interesting and instructive volume. All the sweetness and beauty of treatment which we expect to find in Dr. Macduff's books are here apparent, and a sturdy, inspiring spirit of manly Christianity, which will make it a favourite with young men, for whom it is principally designed. This is the way in which the blessings of loneliness are described: the author is speaking upon the solitude of Jacob's resting-place and vision, and he says—"Jacob's experience was in harmony with that of the most privileged saints of every age. Loneliness seems to be a necessary condition of receptivity in regard to the loftiest and divinest revelations of a personal God. Moses was alone in the solitudes of Sinai when Jehovah appeared to him in the midst of the burning bush. Eliphaz was alone when the mysterious spirit passed before his eyes. Job was alone when the near Presence unfolded itself. Elijah was alone in the cave of Horeb when he became spectator of the great drama of the wilderness, which began with the mighty wind and ended with the still small voice. John was alone in the Isle of Patmos when he beheld his Lord arrayed in the lustre of glorified humanity. And it was when all other lights had paled, and no other footstep was near, and Jacob lay in the darkness away from the trodden highway, that the path of angels was made visible and the voice of God was heard. So it is still. Stated periods of quiet and retirement are needed for the nurturing of the spiritual nature. The finer sensibilities get soiled by constant contact

with the world, its fevered heats, and tempting hours, and restless turmoil. The soul needs at times removal to a calmer atmosphere—the sphere of silence." Altogether, the volume before us is a worthy production of its author's charming powers.

The Ladder of Cowslips; or, What is Sound? By the late LADY KAY SHUTTLEWORTH. Edited by her Daughter. James Nisbet and Co.

THE elementary principles of music and harmony are here taught in the most simple and amusing manner. The mysteries of the score are unveiled and made easy. The learning of music is too often drudgery: the child goes through a great deal of daily practice to learn to play the piano tolerably by sight, and perhaps by degrees some-musical ideas are introduced into the mind, but the game is seldom worth the candle. The authoress of this pretty book, on the other hand, endeavours to instil the first principles in a pleasing manner, so as to awaken in the child an interest in the science of harmony, and lead it to perform intelligently what otherwise would be a mere slavish exercise. We wish that every boy and girl, before learning to sing or play, could read these charming pages.

From Day to Day; or, Helpful Words for Christian Life. Daily Readings for a Year. By ROBERT MACDONALD, D.D. T. Nelson and Sons.

WE have many admirable works of this kind, but Dr. Macdonald's will rank among the best. Sound in doctrine, deep in experience, wise in utterance, and yet thoroughly popular, his readings for every day will command an immense constituency, and will bless and edify thousands for many years to come. Our own spirit has been greatly refreshed while reading one and another of these portions; and as we have thanked God for our own profiting, we have felt a desire that others should be partakers of the benefit. We understand that this is Dr. Macdonald's only book: there is no need that he should write another; this will suffice to make him live among the tried and afflicted family of God as one who is able to speak a word in season to him that is weary.

The History of the Tea-cup; with a Descriptive Account of the Potter's Art. By the Rev. G. R. WEDGWOOD. Wesleyan Conference Office.

It has seldom fallen to our lot to read a book so full of interesting details all directly bearing upon the subject in hand. It is singular that there should be a Rev. Wedgwood to write a history of the tea-cup, and as appropriate as it is singular. We think that this Wedgwood as much excels in writing the history as the other Wedgwood did in making the tea-cup itself. Old and young will be equally pleased with this book. There is no "padding" in it, no introduction of foreign themes in order to swell the size of the book. The author is never dry or prolix, he says what he has to say, says it briefly, and says it well. There may be more laborious histories of the art of pottery; we do not doubt that there are several which a man might go to sleep over, but for putting the matter in a nutshell commend us to the present pretty little volume. We congratulate the Wesleyan Conference Office upon publishing such a book, which, if its sale should be

commensurate with its merits, will command an extensive circulation.

Paper, Pens, and Ink: a brief sketch of the principal writing materials used in all ages. By DANIEL FRAZER. Glasgow: David Bryce and Son.

A SMALL book upon a fruitful topic. It is conceived in an excellent spirit, but written in an execrable style. We do not like such Frazerised English. If the matter had been clothed in the ordinary language of our country, without new words, slipshod expressions, and inaccuracies, we should have heartily recommended the book. Here is a pretty sentence:—"The collection of English rags gives employment to great numbers of itinerant china merchants, *alias* 'bowl-women and men,' as well as to the architects, artificers, and retailers of the gaudily-painted, but non-grinding 'wind-mills,' that bedeck the 'one-wheel carriages' of the 'old iron, old brass' merchants who perambulate to the infinite delight of 'the young and rising generation'—our urban by-lanes and retired streets, our sequestered villages and secluded hamlets."

Notes.

SHOULD there be errors in the notes, or in acknowledgment of goods, or in aught besides, it is hoped and believed that the editor's ill-health will be a sufficient apology. We have done our best; but with a pained and wearied brain, which is the root of our malady, we cannot but fail in many ways.

We have kept as much aloof as we could from the excitement all around us as to the Testimonial and the Bazaar; and friends must excuse us if we continue to do so, for our head will not bear it.

All the while that we have been tossing to and fro in pain the money for the various objects has flowed in at a rate seldom experienced before. It seems as if the Lord had bidden his stewards take double care of our work while we were suffering. To God be the first praise, and then to every donor our personal gratitude.

Mrs. Spurgeon has been passing through a very grievous time of pain and weakness, and therefore has felt quite unequal to writing a report. Gladly would we have undertaken it for her, but we have

been laid aside also. The Book Fund is beginning to be four years old, and is entering, we hope, upon a still more useful existence. Its need, its urgent need, among poor ministers appears more sadly every day. It is true that pastors ought to be sufficiently paid to be able to buy books for themselves, but so long as they are not it is a good and needful work to find them brain food. A blessing has rested upon Mrs. Spurgeon's distribution of books, for the recipients have written again and again to acknowledge the invigoration and the reviving received through the volumes. The hearts of others have also been stirred up to think upon the great evil of ministerial poverty, and books have been spontaneously given which otherwise would not have filled the pastors' shelves. More money was received last year, and more given, and the poor suffering worker had yet strength sufficient, as she hopes to have for another year. It would grieve her much if friends supposed that the work might slacken on account of her illness. She asks for continued remembrance

and help. She will send at least a balance-sheet to subscribers very soon. The report hangs in the clouds at present, nor do we yet see in what form it can or will descend; but our confidence is that those who gave to the Book Fund because they saw the great need will not give the less even if no report can be written.

A few weeks ago we suffered a great loss by the death of Mr. HENRY HONSON, to whose memory we raised a verbal memorial at our Monday evening meeting, but we must also pour out a few elegiac sentences here. He was a quiet, unobtrusive member of the church; we suppose a butler who had saved enough money to purchase a comfortable annuity. Ever since we first knew him all his time has been spent in endeavouring to bring individuals to Christ, in his own way. He paid for a whole pew at the Tabernacle, and then went abroad into Hyde Park and other places, and invited young men to come and hear Mr. Spurgeon, promising them a seat. After service he entered into conversation, gave another invitation, and by other means sought to secure the person. Many has he in this way led to the Saviour, and then to the church. His style of living was parsimonious that he might be able to give to the Orphanage and the College, and especially that he might buy a weekly heap of sermons, which he distributed with great care in the parks. Although in advanced years, he walked erect, with somewhat stately tread and aristocratic air, and this no doubt enabled him to introduce his sermons and his seat-tickets where a less impressive physique might have failed. Scarcely known to anyone but to us, our comrade has our loving regrets until we meet again. When shall we see his like? "Faithful unto death," we lay our wreath upon his tomb!

COLLEGE.—During the past month Mr. P. Hutton has settled at Nailsworth, Gloucestershire; and Mr. Collins at Milton, Oxon. Mr. H. W. Taylor, of Markyate Street, has removed to Redruth, Cornwall; and Mr. J. B. Warren, of Cottenham, to Colnbrook, Bucks. May the divine blessing attend both of these changes. The students will reassemble after the Christmas vacation on Tuesday, January 7, when they will be joined by a number of others whom we have accepted out of a host of applicants. The new men will bring up the list to nearly one hundred students, and we have a large number waiting, so that there is no fear of the succession ceasing from among us.

EVANGELISTS.—Messrs. Smith & Clarke's services at Leicester have been full of power and blessing. The meetings were commenced in the Baptist Tabernacle, but this soon proved to be too small, and the larger chapel in Archdeacon Lane was afterwards used, as well as the one in Nicholas Street. From the very first night the Lord set his seal to the work in the conversion of sinners and the reclamation of backsliders. One day was set apart for fasting and prayer in the drawing-room of a lady, who invited about sixty ministers, missionaries, Bible-women, and friends, to plead for the divine blessing on the services. This meeting exerted a powerful influence for good upon the Christian workers, and through them upon the general public. This month our brethren are to visit Grimsby, and in February they are to hold three weeks' services at the Tabernacle.

Mr. Burnham's services at Parson's Hill Chapel, *Woolwich*, appear to have been very useful. Our esteemed brother, Mr. J. Turner, the pastor of the church, mentions several interesting cases of conversion, two of which resulted from Mr. Burnham's singing. On four of the evenings he was happy in securing the help of our brethren Sawdy, Fellowes, H. R. Brown, and Inglis, who delivered earnest evangelistic addresses, and twenty of Mr. Turner's friends materially assisted the work by going from house to house to invite people to the services. The weather was most unfavourable, but the congregations were very good. Mr. Turner also says—"The singing of our brother was highly appreciated, and the addresses of the brethren were full of life and power. It has been a time of refreshing to the church. I bless God for the meetings, and pray that in every place like blessings may follow the labours of our brethren."

During the past month Mr. Burnham has visited *Winterslow*, near Salisbury, where the chapel was crowded each evening. Many enquired the way to Zion, and some found the Saviour. From there he went to *Bover Chalk*, where the remembrance of former visits brought a large congregation every evening. In addition to the services at the chapel, many were reached by means of a house to house visitation. Waltham Abbey, Rotherhithe, and Southampton have also been visited during December.

It may save some disappointment if we inform friends who are hoping to avail themselves of the evangelists' services that Mr. Burnham, as well as Messrs. Smith and Clarke, is fully engaged until the

meeting of the Conference, so that it will be useless to write for him to visit any place until the end of April or the beginning of May. His engagements for the present month are Lyncford, Malmesbury, Aveing, Woodohester, Minchinhampton, and Highgate. Our earnest prayer is that every place may receive great and lasting good.

ORPHANAGE.—*Parlour Bazaars.*—In our list of contributions this month there is one amount which calls for special notice. It is this—"Proceeds of parlour bazaar at Mrs. McKellen's, £5 10s. 2d." Some little children, who are themselves fatherless, gave up nearly all their play time for three months, and at the end of that period held a bazaar in their mamma's parlour, and sent the proceeds to us for our orphan lads. Many thanks to our little helpers.

Our Songsters in the South.—The orphans' trip to Southampton, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight, from December 2nd to 6th, was most successful in every way. Friends everywhere vied with one another in the heartiness of the reception which they gave to Mr. Charlesworth and his choir of thirty boys. Large crowds gathered in each place to listen to their singing, and liberal help was given to the institution, which will probably benefit from the collections, &c., to the extent of at least £100. *Southampton* was the first place visited, and our friend, Mr. Mackey, had sent us so interesting an account of the whole of the proceedings there that we cannot do better than let our readers enjoy the contents of the letter which was written to cheer us in our season of sickness:—

"My dear Mr. Spurgeon,—Having seen in *The Sword and the Trowel* your note, asking that the friends in Southampton would do their best to make the visit of the orphan boys a success, I thought a short account of their visit would be cheering to you in the time of your weakness.

"When first we looked forward to their coming it was with mingled feelings of pleasure and anxiety, for there were thirty lads and three adults for whom to provide, not merely a place in which to sing, but a tea on their arrival, and a bed and breakfast ere they started for Portsmouth the next morning. 'Would the people respond to our invitation to volunteer to take the lads? Or should we have to go begging for beds and breakfasts?' These were some of the questions we asked ourselves as we replied to Mr. Charlesworth, 'Yes, we should be glad to see and

hear the boys.' Conceive our surprise, sir, when upon putting it to our people, we had more than forty lads volunteered for, and in some cases were therefore compelled to give only one where two would most readily have been welcomed. This gave us great encouragement, and we determined to do our best to get a full house on the evening. The hoardings of the town soon became plentifully decorated with bills, inviting people to come and hear 'Spurgeon's Orphan Boys'—a description which I am thankful to say is not strictly correct, for in their present happy home they can scarcely be called 'orphans.' The next thing was to arrange for the boys to have something to eat after their long and cold journey; for though Tom Tuckers should sing for their suppers, they need tea before they begin to sing. It was thought to be undesirable to take the cost of the tea out of the proceeds of their entertainment, so we asked some ladies to undertake the whole affair, and invite contributions in kind towards the same. About half-an-hour's persuasive conference among the ladies, and all the needed provisions were secured, and ready help volunteered in the preparation of it. The way being thus clear, we wrote, saying, 'Come, for all things are now ready.' The weather, which during the previous week had been very dismal and wet, seemed as though going to clear up and become fine specially for the orphans' southern trip. At any rate, when the lads alighted at the station on Monday, the sun was just waiting to give them a glance before he retired for the night, and introduce them to the rising moon, who should help to guide them to their temporary homes. We soon got the lads filed into pairs, and then marched them through the town to the no small curiosity of the many gazers. After a walk along the shore to whet their appetites, we went into the schoolroom to tea, and within five minutes of the order to 'fall to,' the place was most 'suggestively silent'—the lads had found their (only) natural enemy, and were doing their best to absorb him.

"Long before the time announced for the concert folks were at the door, clamouring for admission, and when at last the bolts were flung back, in came the mass of people, all eager to get a good seat. For a good while it was as much as we could do to get the visitors well placed, and when the concert began the chapel was crowded. The chair was taken by Mr. Alred Pegler, who is always ready to help on any good work. The capital precision and tunefulness of the several pieces delighted the

audience, as did also the naive style of some of the reciters.

"After the concert was over, it did one good to see the eager and proud look upon the faces of the friends who had volunteered to play the part of hosts. In the morning,—orders having been given to the lads on the previous evening to be at the pier at eleven, to start for Southsea—parties of three and four could be seen going with their young charges along the streets leading to the pier-head, and when at last the whistle was sounded as the signal for starting, the lads, with Mr. Charlesworth at their head, gave their delighted entertainers a hearty cheer, and received many full-hearted 'good-byes' from them. As the boat gracefully answered to her helmsman, and darted out into mid-stream, sending us a farewell swell of water which considerably disturbed our floating landing-stage, we retraced our steps homeward, and thanked God for the visit of the orphan boys.

"With much love to yourself, I am,
yours sincerely, H. O. MACKAY."

At *Portsmouth*, Mr. Medhurst and a number of the ladies of his congregation, received the party most cordially, and provided them with tea. Lake Road Chapel had been decorated for the occasion with various mottoes, such as "Welcome to the orphan lads," "Your heavenly Father feedeth them," "Jehovah Jireh," "God bless Mr. Spurgeon," &c., and, shortly after the doors were opened, the building was well filled, although a charge was made for admission, the favorable impression produced by the boys' last visit attracting a large audience. Mr. Medhurst presided, and announced that the members of his Bible-class had collected £29 for the Orphanage during the year, and Mr. Charlesworth presented prizes to the three young people who had obtained the largest amounts. The *Hampshire Telegraph* says that "the healthy appearance and neat attire of the boys reflected great credit upon the officials of the institution." On Wednesday, December 4th, the party was taken in the government steam launch to Her Majesty's ships "Victory" and "Duke of Wellington," and one of the royal yachts, where, after being shown all the objects of interest, they sang several of their school songs to the great delight of the officers and crew. Returning to the chapel, they were prepared to do ample justice to the dinner which awaited them, provided and served by a party of young ladies, under the direction of Mrs. Light and Mrs. Harris. In the afternoon they crossed to

the Isle of Wight, and again received a cordial welcome from Mr. Chamberlain and the friends of George Street Chapel, *Kyde*. The meeting was held in the New Town Hall, which was crowded in every part. The *Isle of Wight Times* of December 14th contained a most flattering report of the meeting, but we have only space for a few extracts:—"The mere appearance of about 30 boys on the platform, comfortably clad, with bright, intelligent, and happy-looking faces, and a modest, quiet, and even gentlemanly demeanour, is of itself a powerfully eloquent appeal for the support of such an institution. . . . We have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Spurgeon is entitled to the sympathy and support of all who can appreciate a truly noble and unsectarian work, and if any of our readers would run down to Stockwell when they are in town, they would see and hear something which would amply repay them for their trouble.

The next evening, Dec. 5, a meeting was held in the Baptist Chapel, *Newport*, of which the Rev. Fred. Trestrail sends us the following account: "When the proposal first came, it looked to us all as rather a formidable thing to receive and entertain thirty boys and three masters. But the difficulty soon vanished, and I had not to ask but for one bed. After lunch they went to Carisbrook Castle, to which free admission was kindly granted. Several friends met them at tea, and long before the time of service, a great crowd was at the doors. In a few moments the place was crammed; aisles, schoolrooms, lobby, and every spot where a person could hear, was occupied. I had no idea such an intense interest would have been excited. The boys sang exceedingly well, and the recitations were delivered with great propriety and intelligence. Every one, as far as I know, was gratified, and I have heard only one opinion as to the excellent conduct of the lads. Some of the friends said they wished they were going to stop a whole week. The vicar kindly altered the day for an organ recital, so as not to interfere with our service, and gave free admission to the church, which is a very fine structure, and contains a beautiful monument to the Princess Elizabeth, who died at Carisbrook Castle. If we live to see another year, and the boys pay us a second visit, we will get the Drill Hall, which will hold twice as many as our kirk. I was gratified to observe how pleased our excellent brother Charlesworth and his assistants were with the visit and its results. Mr. Harry Abraham rendered

most efficient help." The trip was brought to a close on Friday evening Dec. 6th, when the Wesleyan Chapel, Cowes, was crowded to its utmost capacity, while large numbers who wished to see and hear the boys, were unable to obtain admission, although the chapel was the largest in the place. Mr. C. W. Warder presided, and the meeting was of the most enthusiastic character. The arrangements had been made by Mr. Sparks, "the boat-builder parson," who was delighted with the manner in which all denominations assisted to ensure the success of the evening. We heartily thank all friends who in any degree contributed to the pleasure and profit of the week's engagements, and earnestly pray that the blessing of the Father of the fatherless may be their continual portion.

COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.—This important work is being vigorously prosecuted, as far as the means at our disposal will allow. It is gratifying to know that nearly the whole of the 30 additional districts started by the liberal aid of two generous friends, at the beginning of the present year, will be continued. In many of these instances the full amount of £40 per year has been promised for the coming year; but, in several cases, we have had to help the friends in the districts by continuing the agent for a less sum in the hope that they will, during the year, be able to arrange for the full amount in future, and that other friends will give (as we are thankful so many have done in the past) liberal aid to our general funds. We are thankful to all our donors just now, when our funds have run low, and specially for a large and generous donation of £100 from one friend, and £25 from another, during the past month, and trust that other friends will bear our work in mind and continue to aid. The Committee have arranged to start new districts, as follow—Essex Congregational Union, one agent; Liverpool, one agent; Ottery St. Mary, Devon, one agent, and hope for much blessing on this extended effort. The

Bideford District, where the Colporteur is doing a good work, will have to be discontinued, as no local support can be obtained, unless some friend volunteers help to keep it on. An extract from the Colporteur's letter is very interesting. He says:—

"Attended Bideford Market, as usual, and met with great encouragement, for in addition to other books, I sold four beautifully got-up copies of God's Word. It was the best day's sales I have yet realized in the market. Met with a gentleman who was greatly interested in the work of our society, and said that such a work was greatly needed in this part of Devon, and hoped that I should be the means of shedding a little light upon the priest-ridden population of its towns and villages, seeing that high-toned Ritualism so extensively abounds, and the people are being led back to Rome as fast as their blind leaders can draw them that way. Visited— nine miles from Bideford. When about four miles on the way I was accosted by some men, who were breaking stones by the roadside, who asked for a book which I did not possess, but opened my pack, and among other things showed them a 2s. 6d. edition of 'Pilgrim's Progress,' ordered for another customer. One of them gave me an order for a copy of the same book, and on a second occasion another of them purchased a 4d. Testament. I am glad to say that my sales increase, and I hope to raise them to a fair standard in my monthly account." It would be a pity if we were compelled to remove this agent.

Reports have reached us of two Colporteurs "in perils from robbers." In one case the agent lay senseless on the road for half an hour, having been attacked by three men. In these trying times, and during this severe winter, our brethren the Colporteurs claim a warm place in our hearts, and a constant interest in our prayers. Communications should be sent direct to the Secretary, W. Corden Jones, Colportage Association, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, S.E.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from November 20th to December 19th, 1878.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
S. S. Absolum	...	0	5	0	N. M.	1	0	0
Ashford	...	1	0	0	Mr. J. Banger...	...	1	1	0
A Saved One...	...	0	2	6	Mr. Griffith	1	1	0
Well Wisher, Newtown, Mont.	...	3	0	0	E. H. B.	1	0	0
Mr. C. Matthews	...	0	10	6	Margaret M. D. Fergusson	...	1	5	0
Mr. B. Tice	...	1	10	0	Mr. J. Masters	...	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas R.	...	25	0	0	Mary Ann Wilson	...	0	2	0

	£	s.	d.	
A Leamington Friend	0	10	0	
Friends at Godalming, per Mr. W. N. Pinfayson	0	10	0	
J. B. C.	1	0	0	
E. Black	0	10	6	
M. W. Kyle	0	5	6	
Mr. W. MacGill, M.D.	1	1	0	
A Widow's Thankoffering, A. K. Sale of Chain, etc., received through Editor of "Christian Herald"	0	5	6	
M. A. D.	0	10	0	
Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Cowl	1	1	0	
Collection at Bourton Chapel, per Rev. H. W. Mansfield... ..	2	10	0	
Miss H. Pells	0	5	0	
Walter Buok	0	1	0	
Edward H. Duck	0	1	0	
Mr. S. Joiner	1	1	0	
Collected by Mrs. H. E. Bunker	1	10	4	
Mr. E. Clover	2	10	0	
Mr. W. J. Galloway	1	0	0	
Contributions at Salem Chapel, Dover, per Rev. E. J. Edwards	4	2	0	
Mrs. Faulconer	10	0	0	
The Widow of the late Mr. T. Davies, Town Missionary, Shrewsbury	50	0	0	
Mr. George Fryer... ..	0	8	9	
Mr. James Walker... ..	0	5	0	
Mrs. Arnold's Box	1	10	0	
Miss Spurrier's Box	0	14	6	
Mr. Peter Lamont... ..	0	19	0	
A Family Offering from Newcastle	0	15	0	
Mrs. J. Johnstone	2	0	0	
Mr. F. Gamman	0	15	0	
Collections at Willingham, after Sermons by Mr. C. Spurgeon, junior	11	10	2	
Firstfruits	0	10	0	
Executors of the late Mrs. E. Pierson... ..	100	0	0	
S. H. W.	0	5	0	
Mr. and Mrs. Krell	5	0	0	
Stamps for the Orphanage	0	2	0	
Mr. Robinson Hindle	1	0	0	
Mr. D. Rutherford	1	0	0	
Annual Subscriptions:—				
Mrs. Benj. Barrat	0	10	0	
Mrs. Weston... ..	1	0	0	
Mr. D. Heelas	3	0	0	
Mrs. Townsend	1	1	0	
Per F. R. T. :—				
Miss Winckworth... ..	0	5	0	
Mr. Airey	0	5	0	
Mr. T. R. Johnson... ..	0	5	0	
Mr. Pewtress	0	5	0	
Mr. Keen	0	5	0	
Mr. A. Tyson	0	5	0	
		1	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Knapp	2	2	0	
Mr. Fidge	1	1	0	
Miss Fidge	1	1	0	
Concert at Portland Chapel, Southampton, by Stockwell Orphanage Choir	24	15	0	
Mr. A. Pegler	1	0	0	
Mrs. Norris... ..	0	5	0	
		28	0	0
Concert at George Street Chapel, Ryde, by Stockwell Orphanage Choir	15	10	0	
Donations per Mr. Charlesworth:—				
Service of Song by Orphanage Choir, Newport, Isle of Wight	13	6	0	
Service of Song, West Cowes, Isle of Wight	31	11	0	

	£	s.	d.
G. E. Moffatt	1	1	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	45	17	0
Mr. W. J. Evans' Box	3	13	0
	0	16	0
	£402	4	0

Christmas Festival at the Orphanage:—

Mrs. T.	10	0	0
C. W.	0	1	6
Two Friends at Earl's Colne	0	1	0
E. P.	1	0	0
Jane Matthews	0	2	6
Mary Best	0	5	0
Caroline Frearson	0	3	0
J. J.	0	5	0
Frank Oakley	0	4	0
H. E. S.	1	1	0
Mrs. R. Lane	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Barlow	1	0	0
Miss Lumedaine	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. J. Toller;—			
Mrs. Toller	0	5	0
Mrs. Goosey... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Allen	0	2	6
			0 12 6
Mr. J. B. Elgar	0	10	0
Mr. Tickle	0	2	6
Mrs. Wilson... ..	0	5	0
Mr. Geo. Laurence... ..	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. Geo. Laurence	10	2	0
J. Early, Contents of Money Box of a dear little Boy, removed to the better land	0	8	0
			12 10 0
Mr. James Lang's Children	0	5	0
R. and L. E.	0	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Kirby	0	3	6
Mrs. Burbage	0	1	0
Miss Love	0	1	0
Marian and Agnes... ..	1	10	0
Mr. Edwin Davis... ..	0	5	0
Senior Class, Brookfield Ragged School, Birmingham	0	10	0
Mr. John Wood	0	5	0
A Friend, Nuneston	0	2	6
A Reader of "Sword and Trowel," Dumfries	1	0	0
Daughters of Mr. C. Rowland	0	5	0
Mary, Nelly, and Edith Spurrier	0	4	0
Mr. Samuel Rudd	0	5	0
Mrs. Munday	1	0	0
Mrs. William Sutcliffe	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Nellie Caffyn... ..	0	15	0
A. E. T.	0	5	0
Mrs. B. Tice... ..	0	5	0
Mattie, Lottie, and Bernice Tice	0	5	0
Sarah Hopwood	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Bury	0	5	0
Mr. John Storey	0	5	0
An Irish Friend	0	10	0
C. H.	0	10	0
Mr. R. Hindle	0	10	0
R. N., "Amphill"	0	2	6
Walter, Frank, Cornelia, Carry, and Gerty	0	6	4
Mrs. Arnold... ..	0	1	0
Mrs. Virtue	0	10	0
	£41	2	10

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—Provisions, etc.:—116 lbs. of Beef, Mr. Haydon; a bag of Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; 20 lbs. each Plums and Currants, 2 boxes of Figs, &c., Mrs. Arnold; 5 cwt. Fruit Preserve, S. Chivers and Son.

Clothing, etc.:—50 Wool Comforters, Miss Winslow and pupils; 50 Flannel Shirts, the Misses Drunsfield and Pupils; 12 pairs Socks, Mr. Kine; 4 dozen Bows, and 6 dozen Ties, Rix and Bridge.

FOR SALE ROOM:—A Pair of Wool Slippers, partly wrought, Mrs. Browne.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from November 20th to December 19th, 1878.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
T. Woolley, Esq., Matlock ...	2	0	0
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, for Dorking ...	22	10	0
R. J. Grubb, Esq., for Oxford ...	12	10	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission per			
S. W. Page, Esq. ...	7	10	0
Hadleigh District ...	10	0	0
J. Cory, Esq., for Castleton ...	10	0	0
Oxfordshire Association for Stow ...	10	0	0
Oxfordshire Association for Witney ...	10	0	0
Southport District ...	7	10	0
Rhyl District ...	7	10	0
Northampton Association ...	30	0	0
Per Mr. T. Lewis, for Cradley ...	10	0	0
Young Ladies' Bible Class, Metropolitan Tabernacle ...	5	0	0
C. F. Allison, Esq., for Crawley ...	6	10	0
Tiptree district, per Rev. H. Hagell ...	10	0	0
Newbury District ...	10	0	0
Arnold District, per Miss Wells:—			
Rev. J. Truman ...	2	2	0
Mr. Mellor ...	2	2	0
Mr. Wells ...	1	0	0
Mr. Goodlife ...	1	0	0
Mr. Taylor ...	1	1	0
Mr. Leigh ...	1	0	0
Mr. Armitage ...	1	0	0
Mr. Elliot ...	1	0	0
Mr. A. Wells ...	1	0	0
Mr. Cowper ...	1	0	0
Mr. Wilkinson ...	1	0	0
Mr. Birch ...	1	0	0
Mr. H. Ashwell ...	1	0	0
Mr. F. Burton ...	0	10	0
Mr. Dabel ...	0	10	0
Mr. Bexon ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Thackery ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Crofts ...	0	5	0
Miss Cheetham ...	0	5	0
Mr. Watson ...	0	5	0
Mr. Lindley ...	0	5	0
Mr. Gripper ...	0	5	0
Mr. Newton ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Woodward ...	0	2	6
Mr. Acton ...	0	2	6
Mr. Burton ...	0	2	6
Mr. Mallett ...	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Fewkes ...	0	2	0
Mr. Antill ...	0	2	0
Mr. Wheatley ...	0	2	0
A Friend ...	0	7	6
	20	0	0
R. Cory, jun., Esq., for Cardiff ...	10	0	0
R. W. S. Griffiths, Esq., for Fritham ...	10	0	0
G. H. Dean, Esq., for Sittingbourne ...	10	0	0
Birmingham Town Mission ...	125	0	0
Mrs. R. Clark, for Axbridge ...	5	0	0
Rev. G. H. Davies, for Abingdon ...	7	10	0
Skipsea District, on account ...	8	0	0
Minchinhampton District ...	10	0	0
Worcestershire Colportage Association ...	40	0	0
Miss Hadfield, for Hyde ...	10	0	0
	£426	10	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton ...	2	2	0
A Schoolmaster, per J. Moody ...	0	2	0
Miss Dunn, Denton ...	0	5	0
T. H. ...	0	5	0
M. ...	0	5	0
Readers of "Christian Herald" ...	11	6	2
Mr. Thomas R. ...	25	0	0
E. B. Quarterly ...	25	0	0
Mr. D. Heelas ...	2	0	0
Mr. J. R. Bayley ...	1	0	0
Mr. H. Barringer, Collecting Box ...	0	2	7
J. B. Bacon, Esq. ...	5	0	0
Mr. E. Brayne ...	0	10	6
Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin ...	2	2	0
Messrs. Rogers and Cook ...	2	2	0
Mr. R. Hellier ...	0	10	6
Mrs. Hellier ...	0	10	6
	1	1	0
Mrs. Townsend ...	1	1	0
M. H. S. ...	100	0	0
Mr. W. C. Murrell ...	1	1	0
Mr. Izard, 1878-9 ...	2	2	0
	£182	7	3

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from November 19th to December 20th, 1878.

	£	s.	d.
Trowbridge ...	4	10	0
M. ...	0	5	0
Mr. A. Henly ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Paterson ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Lister ...	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas R. ...	25	0	0
Ann Pyle ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Masters ...	1	0	0

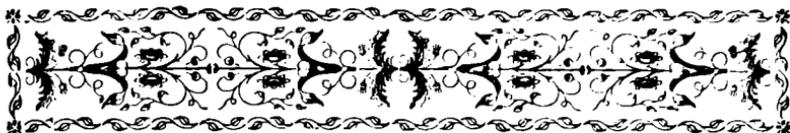
	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. R. Bayley ...	1	0	0
A Friend in Scotland ...	10	0	0
A Friend, for Mr. Burnham ...	25	0	0
Melton Mowbray ...	1	1	0
	£71	16	0

"SPURGEON TESTIMONIAL"

The "list of love" will be published next month, containing all receipts by the Treasurer to January 19th, 1879.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, Balham. 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.

FEBRUARY, 1879.

A Saturday Night at Northampton.

PART II.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

THE two narratives given in our last paper—the one of timely rescue from the toils of Secularism, the other of ruin and death too dreadful to contemplate—were a contrast such as we trust may exercise a salutary effect upon any sceptical reader who may have perused the details. We proceed to give some further examples of the Scripture-reader's work among the infidels of Northampton.

Some time ago there was a resident in the town of the name of S—, who, from the age of sixteen, professed to be a hard-and-fast disciple of a well-known atheistical secularist lecturer. Through reading and hearing what the leaders of his party had to say he came to be thoroughly grounded in the stock objections to Christianity. He missed no opportunity of openly proclaiming his scepticism; indeed, he declared it was impossible for him to believe in religion as revealed in the Bible. At the same time S— presented a favourable contrast to many others of his rank in life, for he was not a drunkard, and he never indulged in violent language; but, on the contrary, was kind and respectful in his bearing to others.

The day arrived in which S— was laid upon a bed of sickness, and although he did not seek the services of the Scripture-reader, the latter called as soon as he heard of his affliction. The usual question was asked, "Shall I pray with you, my friend?" "No," was the ready

reply, "I do not believe in such nonsense as prayer; I believe in a good beefsteak." During the next eight or nine months the man was visited twice a week without any good results being visible. He would converse on theological subjects, but he talked for the sake of battling against God's word, and of disproving the divine origin of Christianity. He said he would not receive the gospel; he would have nothing to do with it. Yet the sceptic became more docile, and gradually listened to the truth without raising so many objections.

It happened to be the holiday month of August, and the visitor was about to spend a few days at Dover, while poor S—— was anticipating a speedy removal to Brompton Hospital. Prior to his departure the Evangelist called to say good-bye, and in doing so expressed the hope that they might meet in heaven if they saw each other no more on earth. His wish was not reciprocated. Who knew where heaven was? since no one had ever returned from the spiritual world to tell of its nature and locality. In a half joking manner the infidel remarked that if one was going to Dover, and the other to Brompton, they might possibly meet on the line. He could join with his friend in hoping that good might come of the skill of the London surgeons, but as to prayer or trust in God he had nothing to say. A characteristic dialogue then followed. "Would you like me to pray with you before I leave?" asked the visitor, who presently added, "Remember, I shall pray for you every morning at seven o'clock." "Oh, very well; thank you," answered S——, as though he would be glad for the subject to drop. "Good-bye; I hope to see you again," said the reader. "Yes, I hope so too." "Supposing nothing can be done for you at Brompton?" "I shall have to return." "And what then?" "Don't know; I suppose I shall have to die." "And what then?" "That don't trouble me but very little." Thus the two parted; the one seemingly indifferent to his best interests, the other anxious to see him yield his heart to the Saviour. During the last few minutes S—— listened without showing his habitual, stolid obstinacy. There was a strangeness in his behaviour as though one of the pins in the secular system had suddenly loosened. His friend's unanswered question, *And what then?* was reverberating through the chambers of his desolate soul.

The Scripture-reader remembered the sceptical consumptive at Northampton, and on the 23rd of August wrote a letter to the vicar of St. Andrew's parish, to say that they were holding a prayer-meeting to ask for S——'s conversion. In the same hour that this little letter arrived at the vicarage a messenger also called to request the vicar to visit the invalid and to speak to him about the interests of his soul. When the vicar entered the chamber of sickness he was gladdened that the man had surrendered all his sceptical notions. "Oh, sir," he cried, "I am so glad you have come. I have been wrong all my life in trying to think there was no God. There is a God; I know it; there is a heaven, and there is a hell. Oh, I'm so great a sinner, sir; do you think salvation is for me?" "There is salvation for all who come to Christ and believe on him as the Saviour of the world," replied the vicar, who then proceeded to make the matter more plain. On the day following a message reached Dover—"S—— has light dawning in his soul and is rejoicing in Jesus: pray on!" When

all that had been happening was explained to him, S—— himself declared that all had come as an answer to prayer. A few days subsequently he died a triumphant death, after calling his friends to his bedside to receive his dying testimony. "Bob," he said to a brother who was in the army, "tell my companions that I have given up infidelity, and I am going to heaven. My boy, meet me there." He desired the hymn "Rock of Ages" to be sung, and then he died, desiring that the bell might be rung, and not tolled, at his funeral. An endeavour was made in this case to spread abroad the report that the convert was bought, or that he was not quite in his right mind. In answer to this, however, a brother-in-law, well acquainted with the case and with S——'s temperament, says he was never more sane. Through seeing and hearing what he did, this relative became a changed character. The wife and family, also, have since attended public worship.

About the same time there was a man in the town of the name of A—, who in politics and general sympathy sided with the secularist party, although his own creed was a compound of Socinianism and more advanced infidelity. A— was naturally a very intelligent man, and was sufficiently well educated to have been a pupil-teacher in a Church of England school. Perhaps he might have risen to a higher social position had he not been addicted to drinking. When intoxicated he became garrulous, and showed a disposition to dispute on various theological subjects.

One night, when it was growing late, the mother of A— called on the Scripture-reader to inquire if he would pay a visit to her son who was in a deplorably depressed condition, and sadly needed some one to speak with him. On the morning following the wished-for visit was paid, when the visitor saw a strange spectacle. A— was sitting in the house seemingly disconsolate, the surroundings all tending to aggravate his wretchedness. The room was littered and dirty; it looked as though no one had the heart or courage to sweep and wash, and change the confusion to order. "Good morning, Mr. A—," said the new comer. "Good morning," was the reply in gruff, uncanny tones, "I don't want *you*; I can settle my own matters without men like you. I suppose father has sent you here. I don't want either him or you to interfere with me." The speaker was quietly given to understand that he had made a wrong guess—the father had not been seen. A— then became somewhat quieter. He called his wife, and asked the visitor to take a seat. At first the woman behaved as roughly as her husband; but when both were assured that feelings of friendship alone were entertained they became more amiable. Finding that he had now an opportunity of speaking, the Reader set to work, and, as forcibly as he could, set before this strange couple the blessings which would flow from believing in Christ, and from abandoning drink. The man listened to what was said without making any promise of amendment; but intimated that he would take everything into consideration, and then he would give an answer on the following day. The visitor left the house with this understanding.

In the course of twenty-four hours, at the time appointed, the Scripture-reader called at the house, when he witnessed a transformation which at the time appeared to be little short of miraculous. The

man whose manners only a short while before had led to the suspicion that he meditated self-destruction, sat with his wife in his right mind. Everything in the room was orderly; the chairs, the table, the grate were scrupulously clean. The man's features seemed also to have undergone as great a change as his outward surroundings; and with tears filling his eyes he said, "I'm so glad to see you; with God's help I've determined to be a changed man from this hour." The Evangelist began to ask himself whether the change was not too sudden, and whether A— knew enough about the gospel to ensure his building on a firm foundation. He spoke of Jephthah's vow, and of the danger of making rash promises without counting on the assistance of the grace of God. "This day I'm a Christian," answered A—, "and you are the best friend I have on earth." Then he commenced to give a summary of his personal history. And what a history the man had to tell! He must surely have been a sceptic because he was afraid to be anything better. He had been a thief; he had lost at least twenty good situations; in a word, he had been about as bad a man as could well be to escape the gallows. The change was stupendous; but because it was one of the miracles of grace it was genuine. As the months passed away he walked circumspectly, a blessing to his home and to those around him. He confessed that when he had stolen he seemed to hear a voice saying "Don't do it," but he had not listened. For long he was a terror to his family, the daughter having testified that frequently she was afraid to go to bed while her father was quarrelling; but now he was an example of gentleness and sobriety. When the man and his dependents contrasted their former calamities with their reformed condition, their gratitude was correspondingly great. On all occasions A— was ready to witness on behalf of the truth. At one meeting his intelligent face attracted attention, and he was requested to make a speech. Stepping forward, he told the people how for years he had carried the publican's signboard, and the only reward received for his rags and red nose was his empty pocket. He had tried to rebut the Reader's arguments, but conscience had reproved him. Under Secularism he was a drunkard and a knave; the gospel, as it were, gave him back his soul and presented him with the best things of life. He asked, as we do, that men would judge of the tree by its fruits.

These cases fairly represent the classes which are constantly sought out by the Northampton Scripture Readers' Society, an organization chiefly supported by individuals in the town who belong to the Evangelical section of the Church of England. The working members visit from house to house, hold open-air meetings in the season, conduct cottage services, distribute gospel publications, and do whatever lies within their power to diffuse a knowledge of the good news of salvation. The examples we have given all came under the notice of one worker; but there are several others in the town engaged in the same good work. For instance, Mr. B— is able to give this gratifying testimony:—

"Besides personal effort, I have enlisted the sympathy of working-men who have been rescued from the degrading and enslaving habit of drunkenness; with these I have co-operated to liberate others from the like evil. Infidelity, too, especially in my visits, has received my attention; and I trust by such means access has been obtained to many

ceptical minds. To most of these men's homes I gain a ready welcome ; and many of them freely state their 'objections,' and patiently hear my replies to the same. I feel able more effectually to deal with them in this quiet and gentle manner than at exciting public meetings ; their antagonism not being aroused, their judgments are less prejudiced, and their hearts more susceptible. Though I cannot report 'startling results,' yet I believe the leaven of divine truth is largely doing its work among many who attend no public worship, and who are only reached by being visited in their homes. When commencing work in one of the most populous and degraded streets in my present district, I could scarcely secure a house to conduct services in, and the only one I could obtain belonged to an unmarried couple ; but the Lord has so opened my way among the people that I have succeeded in holding meetings at nearly twenty different houses in it. I can conduct open-air services in the street, not only without interruption, but obtain the most respectful attention, and there is scarcely a house at which I am not welcomed ; and God has been pleased to grant me some pleasing and, I may say, striking instances of conversion. What can be said of this street may be affirmed more or less of the whole district, the moral improvement of which has been a matter of general observation. In relation to one street, a trustworthy person who has lived in it twenty years bore the following testimony : 'When we first came into the street it was so rough we thought we should not be able to remain ; but it seems as quiet as a village now. I have often felt for you, and have wondered how you could endure the interruptions you have had to contend with. You certainly have persevered and worked hard. I have been surprised how you could preach at all.' "

The most devoted secularist who may delude himself with the notion that he is making the most of this world, must be prepared to admit that his system cannot pretend to be a cure either for drunkenness or squalor. A profession of its tenets never raises a man above low grovelling and sensual indulgence, if that be the bent of his inclinations. How does infidelity account for the fact that the gospel always effects a cure when all mere human inventions have failed ?

One case in point was unusually interesting. A secularist of the town one day called on one of the readers while actually suffering from *delirium tremens*. Once or twice on former occasions the man had been on the verge of committing suicide. He now entered the house, looking haggard and wild, as though contemplating some folly or mischief. "I have been wandering about since three o'clock this morning, and can find no rest," he cried, in tones betokening the torture he endured. "I don't know what to do, I am sure." That day was the turning point, and the miserable unbeliever has long since become a reformed man. He once produced quite a sensation in one of the cottage gatherings by thanking God for being allowed to be found at such a meeting as that. Well might he do so when he contrasted what he had been with what he was.

What the operatives themselves say about these little religious meetings is both encouraging and suggestive. One poor woman remarked at the close of one of them, "Your meeting at the mission-room has already done good. A man in this street was there who has been

addicted to drink, and was so wrought upon that he has resolved to give it up. I could not avoid noticing how he looked at you. I felt sure he was deeply impressed. I am very glad, as he has not behaved kindly to some of his children. I was surprised to see so many there who I know had not attended a place of worship for years." Another woman at whose house the meetings were held was converted through their instrumentality.

A man who had led a loose kind of life once remarked: "I was present at your meeting, and am resolved to give up visiting public-houses. I am convinced there is no life so happy as a religious one, and I hope I may be able to live such an one. Your remarks about places of amusement were very true; they are the ruin of many an one. I wish there were more such meetings as yours; there should be something every night to keep people from public-houses. When you were speaking of the sanctity of marriage one man there hung his head, and well he might; for he has left his wife and is living with another woman. I could not avoid noticing how ashamed he looked. I hope he may see his errors and renounce them. I mean to continue to attend your meetings, and trust they may be the means of good to many."

These Scripture-readers have not, as a rule, benefited by any special training for their work; but they are able, nevertheless, to present the gospel to enquirers in a simple, effective way. One of them has this note respecting a seeker who found some difficulty in grasping the great truth that salvation is without money and without price:—"When explaining to him God's readiness to save repentant sinners, I used the following illustration: 'Supposing a child of yours stood knocking at your door during a storm, could you refuse to open it?' 'I should think I could not,' he replied. 'God is more willing to open the door of mercy to you than ever you could be to open the door to your child.' 'Is he? I am glad to know that.' 'If you were to call your child, and were to close your door against him, would that be acting like a father?' 'I could not do such a thing, I should be glad to welcome him.' Jesus says—'Come unto me. Him that cometh I will in no wise cast out.' 'Do you think he says what he does not mean?' 'Oh dear no; how can I think so?' 'If you were in want, and I were to offer you food, and you would not hold out your hand to accept it, whose fault would it be if you did not have it?' 'Why, my own, to be sure.' 'Jesus died to purchase you salvation, and offers it you without money and without price; whose fault will it be if you don't have it?' 'Why, my own. I did not think it was so; I begin to see the matter. If Jesus will as readily save me as I would open the door to my child, I believe I shall be saved, for I want to be. You have greatly helped me: my mind is more at rest.' On another occasion, not long before his death, I asked him if he were afraid to die? when he replied:—"No, I am longing for the time.' 'Do you think yourself prepared for so solemn an event?' 'I look to Jesus and believe in him; and you told me the Bible says:—Whosoever believeth in him shall not perish: but have everlasting life.' 'Then you don't feel to need any other Saviour?' 'No, I only need one like Jesus. He's enough; I feel him to be so. He came to save sinners, and I know I'm one. I remember what you told me about his being more willing to open the door of mercy to me

than I should be to admit my child. I feel he has opened this door ; I am now waiting for him to open to me the door of heaven.' Thus he died."

Mr. S——, another visitor employed in a district called Kingsthorpe Hallow, says that he found the neighbourhood very benighted and sceptical. Good feeling now exists, and much good has been done. "When I first begun my labours," he says, "I opened two services a week, on Sunday and Thursday evenings ; but they proved failures, one aged man alone attending beside myself, and he one night failed ; but after much prayer to God, making house to house visitation, and getting up tea-meetings, after which, prayer, singing, reading the Holy Scriptures, and addresses were given by friends, the schoolroom in which we held our services became too small for us, numbers having to go into an upper room. We have been obliged to open extra services in accordance with the wishes of the people."

Regarding the fruits of these cottage gatherings, he gives this example as a specimen : "A young man and his wife were induced to attend one of the tea-meetings, the man having been a great drunkard, having furnished and sold his home up four times, and spent the money among drunken companions, leaving his wife and children destitute ; while listening to the parable of the Prodigal Son, he saw his own case, and, bursting into tears, he said he had had enough of the husks ; from henceforth he would serve God."

There was another young man who, having been "a great drunkard," but having become a "temperance man," felt his need of something better, for he said his home had been a hell upon earth long enough, and he wished to know what he could do to alter it, when, after showing him how willing God was to blot out his transgressions like a thick cloud, and his sins and iniquities he would remember them no more, he at once closed with God's plan of mercy, and was enabled to find peace with God through the blood of his Son. His wife and child, with himself, are now all endeavouring to walk so as to please God.

There is another evil which Secularism, with all its cant about making the best of this world, has failed to cure, namely, wife-beating. We are sorry to have to testify that in Northampton wife-beaters are far too numerous. In a certain cottage a woman in weak health, and suffering from the effects of her husband's ill-usage, is still anxious about her eternal interests. She is questioned closely about her condition. "Do you fear hell?" "I do." She then goes on to narrate a very remarkable dream which she experienced nearly twelve months before. She imagined that two supernatural beings entered her chamber, and that each pressed her to accompany him to an unknown land. Following one of the creatures as a guide, the way was led along a dark passage until they seemed to have arrived at the world of shadows. So awful were the surroundings that the woman begged to be allowed to return once again to her home and children ; but not until she had pleaded earnestly was she allowed to do so. She then encountered the other angel, who guided her to a city of liberty and beauty. The palace was ablaze with light, and the heart of every inhabitant swelled with joy. When she awoke in profuse perspiration, and told her husband, he laughed at her simplicity. Soon after he beat her in a brutal manner, and by other

means endeavoured to keep her out of the kingdom. Some of the bravest and most heroic creatures on earth are found among poor women with ungodly husbands—wives who, in spite of every hindrance set up by men and devils, are pressing forward to win the crown of everlasting life. True heroines, they deserve to be mentioned in the daily prayers of all the saints.

We have said enough to show the general character of the Northampton town mission, and the kind of success which is rewarding its agents. We do not intend to insinuate that they are the only workers in the field. Far from it, there are in the thick of the fight good men and true of our own and other denominations, but just now we keep to this one agency. Though the battle with infidelity is strictly speaking a local matter, the work is on many accounts a service of national importance, and, as such, is worthy of the cordial support of friends at a distance. The town is the provincial head-quarters of Secularism, and for that very reason should receive great attention from the church at large. Though the agents of the mission are for the most part members of the Establishment, their devotion to the work bears a Puritan-like stamp, and their superintending vicars, such as Mr. Lamb and Mr. King, are thoroughly evangelical. If subscriptions flowed in more freely the hands of all would be strengthened. Besides money, approved gospel publications would be cheerfully received. The honorary collector is Mr. Richard Harris, 6, Bridge-street, Northampton.

Terrors of the Lord to be Preached.

DO you believe the Bible? Then depend upon it *hell is a subject that ought not to be kept back*. It is striking to observe the many texts about it in Scripture. It is striking to observe that none say so much about it as our Lord Jesus Christ, that gracious and merciful Saviour; and the apostle John, whose heart seems full of love. Truly it may well be doubted whether we ministers speak of it as much as we ought. I cannot forget the words of a dying hearer of Mr. Newton:—"Sir, you often told me of Christ and salvation, why did you not oftener remind me of hell and danger?" Let others hold their peace about hell if they will—I dare not do so. I see it plainly in Scripture, and I must speak of it. I fear that thousands are on that broad way that leads to it, and I would fain arouse them to a sense of the peril before them. What would you say of the man who saw his neighbour's house in danger of being burned down, and never raised the cry of "Fire"? What ought to be said of us as ministers, if we call ourselves watchmen for souls, and yet see the fires of hell raging in the distance, and never give the alarm? Call it bad taste if you like, to speak of hell. Call it charity to make things pleasant, and speak smoothly, and soothe men with a constant lullaby of peace. From such notions of taste and charity may I ever be delivered! My notion of charity is ever to warn men plainly of danger. My notion of taste in the ministerial office is to declare all the counsel of God. If I never spoke of hell, I should think I had kept back something that was profitable, and should look on myself as an accomplice of the devil.—J. C. RYLE.

“Only a little one.”

Matthew xviii. 5.

I.

Dark was the night, and cold the wintry wind,
When at my door a feeble knock I heard;
To leave the genial warmth I had no mind,
Until a thought of pity in my bosom stirred.

II.

Perchance some traveller, wandering from his road,
In unknown parts was lost amid the storm;
Would ask the pathway to his own abode,
Or beg a shelter till the dawn of morn.

III.

Bitter the gust which through the portal blew;
My light was quenched, the evening was so wild:
But, drenched and trembling, from the storm I drew,
All pale with fright, a little stranger child.

IV.

A little child, in thin and tattered garb;
All tangled by the wind his golden hair:
By no ill feature was his beauty marred,
I thought him one almost divinely fair.

V.

I took away his torn and dripping dress,
And wrapped him in a raiment of my own:
He drank my cup, which first he sweetly blessed,
And shared the food I thought to eat alone.

VI.

I know not how it was, but all that night
Sweeter than e'er before was evening rest;
There seemed to hover round me beings bright,
And a sabbatic calm was in my breast.

VII.

With morning light I sought my storm-brought child,
And, lo! he was not there:
But in his place, all dignified and mild,
One filled his vacant chair.

VIII.

A thorn-crown wore he on his regal brow,
A wound was in the hand he gently raised.
All filled with shame unto the dust I bowed,
While thus my evening ministry he praised:

IX.

“Heaven’s blessings on thee for thy kindly deed;
Such acts of mercy I do always see:
Feed thou a hungry little one in need
And thou hast made a royal feast for me.” ALFRED BAX.

“Tempted of the Devil.”

AN ADDRESS BY C. H. SPURGEON, AT THE PRAYER MEETING AT THE TABERNACLE, ON A MONDAY EVENING.

The letter which I am about to read comes from a certain county in Scotland. Each line begins in the original with a capital letter, so that it wears the appearance of poetry. I believe the idea is current in remote country places that this is the correct way of writing, and the writer is too earnest to do anything carelessly or contrary to rule. Here is the letter:—

“To the Very Rev. C. H. Spurgeon—Believing that you are one of the faithful servants of God, and also that you have a large congregation, and that there is many a true believer among them; therefore I proposed to write to you in the hope that you and your congregation will remember me in your daily prayers, and also that it will be made public that I am requesting the prayers of the Lord’s people for my soul and everlasting salvation, knowing that the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. Dear sir, I may tell you that I am suffering much from the adversary. It is true that I cannot compare myself to that holy man, John Bunyan, but in the book that he wrote under this title, ‘Grace Abounding,’ he tells us how he was tempted; and I feel that the old serpent, which is the devil, and Satan, who deceived Eve in the Garden, and who was tempting that saint John Bunyan, with many of the same temptations, tempteth me on this day, and if you would know all that I am suffering from his fiery darts, you would have commiseration with me. I believe it will be twenty-five years now, if not more, since I began to pray to God, and yet my temptations are terrible. Yet I cannot say that I am in despair, for I know that my Redeemer liveth, and I will see him. My trials from the adversary are awful. It may be when I am on my knees praying to God that he will come to me as sudden as a gunshot, and I believe doing all he can to steal my heart and affections away from God and heaven, and trying to make me say some wrong word; and many a time he will make my heart and flesh tremble while I am at my meat or talking, or in the house of worship, or travelling. In whatever condition I am, I feel that he is doing all he can to ruin my poor soul; therefore, I request the earnest prayer of all Christians for my poor soul, and I know for one, and for the first one, that you will not refuse this supplication to me. I believe that we never saw one another in the flesh, and God only knows if we will see each other on the face of the earth; but I hope we will see one another in heaven where the adversaries can never come near us. I hope this will be told before your congregation on Sabbath first.—I am, dear sir, your obedient servant, who resides in the county of ——. ‘The Lord knoweth all them that are his.’

P.S.—I will be happy to see your kind advice either in a tract or in a newspaper. I am a reader of the *Herald*.”

I very much demur to the commencement, “To the Very Reverend C. H. Spurgeon,” for no reverence is due to me. Romaine used to say that it was very astonishing to observe how many reverend, right reverend, and very reverend sinners there were upon the face of the

earth. Assuredly *reverend* and *sinner* make a curious combination, and as I know that I am the second, I repudiate the first. To me it is surprising that such a flattering title should have been invented, and more amazing still that good men should be found who are angry if this title be not duly given to them. However, the superscription is a small matter. I would make a few remarks upon the letter itself in order that we may the more intelligently and fervently present our supplications on the writer's behalf.

And first we notice with pleasure that *the writer is not altogether in despair*, for he expressly says, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." If he would dwell more on his living Redeemer, and look less at the changeful current of his own thoughts, the snare would be broken, and he would escape. It is very charming to see how poor souls when tossed to and fro by the devil will yet hold on to their hope: half afraid to think that Jesus is theirs, they nevertheless feel that they could not give up what little hope they have. By a blessed inconsistency they doubt and yet cling, dread and yet trust, condemn themselves and yet hope. Such souls are a riddle, puzzling their friends, and most of all confusing themselves. Could we but persuade them to give their thoughts to that blessed "I know," they would soon chase away the enemy, for Satan abhors a believing "I know." He is more content with "I hope," and best pleased with "I am afraid"; but "I know" stings him dreadfully, and if he who can truly say it will arm himself with that mind he will ere long overcome the enemy. Satan dreads the Redeemer's name, and he falls like lightning from heaven before those who know how to plead it with confidence.

Having noticed the pleasing point in the letter, we are now forced to remark that *it is a very dreadful thing to be tempted twenty-five years in this way*, and yet *this is not the only case we have heard of* in which temptation has been both long and strong. I have in my library a book by Timothy Rogers upon "Trouble of Mind," in which he tells us of Mr. Rosewell and Mr. Porter, both ministers, the latter of whom was six years oppressed by Satan, and yet afterwards rejoiced in the light of God's countenance. Mr. Robert Bruce, many years ago minister in Edinburgh, was twenty years under terrors of conscience, and yet found deliverance. Rogers says—"You have in the 'Book of Martyrs,' written by Mr. Fox, an instance of Mr. Glover, who was so worn and consumed with inward trouble for the space of five years, that he neither had any comfort in his meat nor any quietness of sleep, nor any pleasure of life; he was as perplexed as if he had been in the deepest pit of hell, yet at last this good servant of God, after such sharp temptations, and strong buffetings of Satan, was freed from all his trouble, and was thereby led to great mortification, and was like one already placed in heaven, leading a life altogether celestial, abhorring in his mind all profane things." None of these cases extend to quite the length of time mentioned in the letter, but I remember to have heard of one who lay in the prison-house some twenty-seven years, and yet came forth to perfect liberty: but even this is less remarkable than the case mentioned by Turner in his "Remarkable Providences," of Mr. Charles Langford, the author of a book called "God's Wonderful Mercy in the Mount of Woeful Extremity." He therein says that for

near forty years he had been severely buffeted by Satan, who left no stone unturned to do him all the mischief he could. For forty years was he led through the uncomfortable wilderness of temptation, and his clearest day all that time was but dark, Satan filling his soul with cursed injections, blasphemous thoughts, and dreadful temptations. The Lord was pleased to make use of his godly wife for his deliverance. He overheard her pleading at the throne of grace, as was her wont, after this fashion—"My Father! My Father! What wilt thou do with my husband? He hath been speaking and acting still in thy cause. Oh, destroy him not, for thine own glory. What dishonour will come to thy great name if thou do it! Oh, rather do with me as thou wilt. But spare my husband," &c. "God, who delights to advance his own power by using small and unlikely means, came," said he, "and owned his own ordinance, and crowned the cries, and faith, and patience of a poor woman with such success that my praise shall be continually of him. Mine adversary, the devil, was sent to his own place by my dear Lord Christ, who brake the door of brass and rescued me from his fury." So you see that long temptation by Satan is not so rare a trial as some would suppose.

But *these temptations of the devil, do they come to really gracious men?* Certainly. The instances I have given prove it, and besides, our reason would lead us to expect it. If a foot-pad were on the road, and knew something about the travellers, he would not stop beggars, for he would know that they have nothing to lose. Would he try to rob the rich or the poor? Those that have money, of course, would be his game, and just so Satan assaults those who have grace, and leaves those who have none.

When a sportsman is engaged in duck-shooting, he does not hurry himself to pick up the dead ducks that fall around him, he pays all his attention to those which are full of life and are only wounded, and may perhaps get away. He can pick up the dead ones at any time. Even so, when Satan sees that a man's soul is wounded, and yet that it has a measure of spiritual life, he bends his strength in that direction in the hope of securing that poor bleeding spirit. It is grace that attracts his malicious eye and his diabolical arrows. He would not sift if there were no wheat, nor break into the house if there were no treasure within. It is no ill proof, therefore, when you find yourself tempted of Satan, his assaults are no sign of a want of grace, but rather a token of the presence of it.

But *can a good man be tempted to use bad language?* Ah, that he can. The purest mind is sometimes most of all assaulted by insinuations of the filthiest thoughts and most horrible words. I was brought up as a child with such care that I knew but very little of foul or profane language, having scarcely ever heard a man swear. Yet do I remember times in my earliest Christian days when there came into my mind thoughts so evil that I clapped my hand to my mouth for fear I should be led to give utterance to them. This is one way in which Satan tortures those whom God has delivered out of his hand. Many of the choicest saints have been thus molested. Beloved, think it not strange concerning this fiery trial when it comes upon you, for no new thing is happening unto you but such as is common to men.

What is to be done, then, in the case of one who is beaten down and harassed by fierce temptation? If I were the writer of this letter, I suppose I should do as he does, but if I acted rightly I would go and tell the Lord Jesus Christ all about the devil's suggestions, and beg him to interfere and restrain the evil one. It is his office to bruise the serpent's head, and he can and will do it. We need not fear that our poor cries and tears will be in vain: Jesus is very faithful, and will come to our rescue. "That great Shepherd of the sheep" will not allow the wolf to worry his lambs to death.

In addition to spreading his case before the Lord, it may be helpful to the tempted one to *write down his trouble*. Very much of perturbation of mind arises out of absolute confusion of thought, and a written statement may help to clear away the cobwebs. Luther threw an inkstand at the devil's head at the Wartburg, and the example may be wisely followed, for often when you see your misty thought condensed in black and white before your own eyes it will not exercise over you one half the power which it possessed before, and often there will be an end of it altogether. I have told you before of the poor woman who complained to her minister that she did not love the Saviour. So the pastor went to the window, and with his pencil wrote on a piece of paper, "I do not love the Lord Jesus Christ." Taking it to the good woman he said, "Now, Sarah, will you put your name to the bottom of that?" Her horror was most manifest, and she cried, "Oh, no sir, I could not do it; I would die first." "But you said so." "Yes, I did, but I will not write it. I love the Lord Jesus too much to sign any such a document." Is there not wisdom in my advice to write down your temptation?

Still the main remedy is *to keep on going to the Saviour* as each new blasphemy is injected, and as each fresh sin is suggested, for he will send the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, to deliver you. If Satan sees a soul constantly driven to Christ by his temptations, he is too crafty to continue them. He will say to himself, "These attacks of mine accomplish nothing, for every time that I tempt him he runs to his Saviour, and so becomes stronger and holier. I will let him alone, and perhaps he will then go to sleep, and so I shall do him greater mischief by my quietness than by roaring at him." The devil is a cowardly spirit, and fears to meet the courageous in heart. Stretch out your hand and lay hold upon the sword of the Spirit, and give him a believing thrust, and he will spread his dragon wings in dastard flight. A man had better go a hundred miles roundabout, over hedge and ditch, rather than meet the arch enemy, yet if any of you must meet him, be not dismayed, but face it out with him. Resist, and he will flee: May we in all our conflicts with him fight the good fight so bravely that when a memorial is set up to record the conflict it may bear those lines of honest John Bunyan:—

"The man so bravely played the man,
He made the fiend to fly;
Whereof a monument I stand,
The same to testify."

May the brother whose letter I have read find the Lord to be his strong helper, and speedily come forth out of darkness into marvellous light!

When will the Wail of the Dying Millions be Heard?*

BY MR. B. BROOMHALL, OF THE CHINA INLAND MISSION.

DURING the last few days my thoughts have been dwelling upon some remarkable words of Mr. Spurgeon's. When noticing in his magazine, *The Sword and the Trowel*, our volume of *China's Millions* for 1877, Mr. Spurgeon suggested that it would be a worthy work to purchase the volume and give it to others that it might plead for China. He then went on to say, "*How vast the area, how profound the need, how urgent the claims of that vast empire! The Christian Church has not begun to think of it yet in a thoroughly earnest spirit. When will the wail of the dying millions be heard?*" I do not know how in so few words there could be a more powerful appeal on behalf of China. There is a recognition of China's vast need and claims, a solemn statement, and an almost despairing question. We cannot improve the order of thought, let us follow it.

Mr. Spurgeon refers to

THE VAST AREA OF CHINA.

How few realize this! In extent, China proper is about eighteen times larger than Great Britain; while the empire of China is as large as Europe, and about one-third more. Larger than Europe, it is richer in agricultural products, and richer also in its mineral resources. China, therefore, as the largest heathen country in the world, and as the most important heathen country in the world, has powerful claims to attention.

But China, regarded merely in its superficial extent, or in view of its almost boundless natural wealth, fades into insignificance before

CHINA IN ITS HUMAN ASPECTS.

"This," to quote Dr. Williamson's impressive words, "is a most absorbing subject. Just think of it: that vast, wide, and most promising territory, full of human beings, immortal spirits, made in the image of God, possessing no knowledge of their Father in heaven, of the love which God has for them, or of Jesus Christ whom he has sent; darkness in them, above them, round them, and before them; knowing nothing of a sure foundation; no anchor to their souls; like waifs on a restless ocean, driven hither and thither by the passions and opinions of men. One-third of the fallen family of man without that letter from heaven which God has placed in our hands to be distributed among them for their salvation! One-third! But this does not bring the matter properly before us. Suppose no China, and suppose that the Chinamen were distributed over the whole world—Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and the isles of the sea—why, every third man you should meet would be a Chinaman, and every third house a Chinese dwelling! Speak of Jamaica! why, there are more people in Peking than in the whole island; or of the Samoan Islands, a most promising group of the South Seas, with its 35,000 people! why, that would only

* Though this has been already issued in "*China's Millions*," we *must* give it here, hoping that God may bless it.

be a little bit of a city in China. There are a dozen cities within a few days' journey of Chefoo, in which there are as many, and in several instances double that population. Speak of Madagascar, with its 4,000,000 or 5,000,000—that is only one-seventh of the single province [Shan-tung] in which it is my privilege to dwell." With such a country in view, and with such spiritual destitution, Mr. Spurgeon may well exclaim, "*How vast the area, how profound the need, how urgent the claims of that vast empire!*"

But is he justified in saying that

"THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH HAS NOT BEGUN TO THINK OF CHINA
YET IN A THOROUGHLY EARNEST SPIRIT"?

Has not the London Missionary Society had missionaries in China for seventy years? Have not all the principal missionary societies missionaries in China? Is the assertion warranted? The statement is one solemn to awfulness. It is deliberately made, and in well-chosen words; but is it true? Can it be, that concerning a country so vast and so populous "the Christian Church has not even begun to think of it yet in a thoroughly earnest spirit"? The enquiry concerns each one of us. In a spirit of personal responsibility, and with a desire to know the truth, let us see.

If the Christian Church had begun to think of China in a thoroughly earnest spirit, how should we know it? What would be the evidence and proof? Would not this earnestness find its manifestation in three ways? First, in *earnest, unceasing prayer for China*. True concern for the salvation of the millions of China would find its first expression in importunate believing prayer to God in their behalf. In a realizing view of China's need there would be borne in upon the Church, as never before, the meaning of the Saviour's words: "The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth labourers into his harvest."

Secondly, should we not look for the manifestation of this earnestness in the number of men sent to China? In answer to the prayers of a church in earnest, many young men would be forthcoming and would be sent out.

Thirdly, should we not look for the evidence of this earnestness in the amount of the freewill offerings given to carry on the work of spreading the gospel in China?

Here, then, are three tests by which the accuracy of Mr. Spurgeon's statement may be tried—

The prayer offered	} for China's evangelization.
The number of men sent	
The amount of money given	

FIRST TEST.

Let us apply these tests. First, as to *prayer*. This, the truest test, is the most difficult to apply. Only He who is the hearer and answerer of prayer knows how much prayer is offered day by day for the poor dying millions of China. He who alone is able to say, "I know thy works," knows how much we care for these neglected ones, these perishing multitudes to whom He commands us to make known His

love. Our missionary prayer-meetings, however, afford some evidence. Are they numerous and well attended? Do they show that the Church has begun to think of China in a thoroughly earnest spirit? We leave the question to be answered by personal experience.

SECOND TEST.

Next, *the number of missionaries sent to China*. This is easily ascertained; but to judge whether they are as many as the Christian Church, if in earnest, would send, the number of labourers going out must be compared with the work to be done, and with the number of labourers at home. How does the matter stand?

There is in China about one missionary to spread abroad the knowledge of the Name which is above every name, among a million of people! Taking China as a whole, the missionaries there say, "We stand as two missionaries for Scotland"; and as half the missionaries in China are from America and Germany, it appears that the churches of England, Ireland, and Scotland, all united, have only in China one missionary to two millions of Chinese. Is this evidence of a church in earnest about China?

Will our friends bear with us if we go a step further, and refer in detail to what the churches are doing? We do so, let it be distinctly understood, not by way of reflection upon any section of the Christian Church, but to bring out more clearly the extent of present endeavour for China. The fact that the London Missionary Society has had missionaries in China about seventy years, and that all the principal missionary societies have missionaries there, may cause many to suppose that more is being done for China than really is, and Mr. Spurgeon's statement that "the Christian Church has not begun to think of it yet in a thoroughly earnest spirit" may appear to some a disparagement of present effort. Let all who care for Christ's cause in China consider the following particulars:—

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—From a statement before us it appears that the clergy of the Church of England number 23,300. What proportion of these are in China? We turn to missionary reports, and these show that the Church of England is represented in China by 23 missionaries, of whom 21 are connected with the Church Missionary Society, and 2 belong to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. One missionary to about 15,500,000 souls.

The **CONGREGATIONALISTS**, whose ministers number 2,500, are represented by 23 missionaries of the London Missionary Society, being one missionary to about 15,500,000.

The **PRESBYTERIANS** have 28 missionaries, or one to 12 $\frac{2}{3}$ millions.

The **WESLEYANS**, whose ministers number 1,910, and with about 14,000 local preachers, are represented by 20 missionaries in China—one missionary to about 18 millions.

Other branches of Methodism,—the **NEW CONNEXION** and the **UNITED METHODIST FREE CHURCH**, are represented by 7 missionaries in China—about 1 to 51 millions.

The **BAPTISTS**, whose ministers number 2,000, are represented by two

missionaries in China, in connection with the Baptist Missionary Society—1 missionary to about 180 millions.

If the missionaries in connection with the CHINA INLAND MISSION who are members of the above-named churches, were added to each, it would somewhat modify the above numbers; but even then, would it not be manifest that, tried by the test of the number of missionaries sent out, we cannot say that the Christian Church is in earnest about the evangelization of China?

We rejoice to hear that the Baptist Missionary Society purposes to send out five more missionaries to China. Surely it is time. We should rejoice to know that all the sections of the Church were enabled to double or treble the number of their missionaries.

THIRD TEST.

We now pass to the third test named, viz., *The money expended for the evangelization of China*:—

We receive from China through our Indian Government from seven to nine millions sterling yearly, in the shape of duty on the opium, which, to China's great injury and to our own national dishonour, we have thrust upon that country. This is what we have done and are doing for China's injury: what are we doing for China's good? It appears upon examination that the total missionary expenditure of England in one year for China's enlightenment does not exceed £70,000. Not as much as one-seventeenth part of a penny in the pound income-tax would produce! Not as much in five years to spread the gospel in China as is expended in intoxicating drinks in this country in one day! Not even as much to make the gospel known among a third part of the population of our earth as is sometimes expended in this country in the erection of a single church or chapel.

Our remarks, however, must be limited to those who truly constitute the Christian Church, and here again the measure of earnestness will be all the more clearly shown if we refer to its several sections. The amounts expended by the various missionary societies, as stated in the last reports, are as follows:—

Church Missionary Society	£17,175	
Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.....	901	
	—————	£18,076
London Missionary Society.....		10,529
English Presbyterian Mission	10,440	
United Presbyterian Church	2,377	
Irish Presbyterian Mission	832	
Church of Scotland Presbyterian Mission.....	789	
	—————	£14,438
Wesleyan Missionary Society	6,238	
New Connexion Methodist Mission	5,969	
United Methodist Free Churches	1,260	
	—————	£13,467
Baptist Mission		491
UNDENOMINATIONAL MISSIONS.		
British and Foreign Bible Society*		£1,538
National Bible Society of Scotland		957

* Including Japan.

Religious Tract Society*	604
China Inland Mission	8,644
Society for Promotion of Female Education.....	500
• Including Japan- Total.....	<u>£69,304</u>

Do these amounts show the measure of China's need? or do they indicate the limit of the Church's capacity to give?

Let us look at them a little more closely, and once again let it be distinctly understood that we disclaim most sincerely any disposition to uncharitable criticism. We would, if we knew how, bring every Christian in England face to face with China's deep spiritual need, and with unequivocal plainness, but in a spirit of charity and love, show them what is being done for China by the Church at large.

We know well the self-denying spirit of many, both rich and poor, who esteem it a privilege to give as they are able. The entire income of the China Inland Mission being made up of voluntary offerings, we have from time to time most touching proof of the self-sacrificing efforts of many whose sympathy has been called forth by the knowledge of China's need.

Last month a contributor wrote, saying that he felt constrained again to send help for sending out more missionaries, and added, "You know how glad I am to be the privileged channel." He enclosed a cheque for £200. This with what he had sent the month before made £594. Only this morning a letter came saying, "A friend of very limited means remits you £1, the tenth part of her half-yearly income." No name is given, but the amount is sent through another friend; and sums much smaller, down to a few postage stamps, are continually being received with words of such real and deep sympathy that it is evident the givers would most gladly send more if they could.

There is not a missionary society whose donation lists do not represent similar devotedness. With this in mind, a few words on the total amounts contributed through the missionary societies for China may not be in vain.

It appears from the figures we have quoted that the amount expended yearly by—

The CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETIES, China, is about £18,000. If this sum were divided among the professed members of the Church of England, we do not know what it would amount to for each, but if divided among the benefices, of which it appears there are 13,357, it would be much less than 30s. from each congregation. Will not many friends of missions who are members of the Church of England be startled with these figures?

The LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY expends, it appears, £10,529 yearly in China. This Society had the honour of being first in the field: it sent out those noble men, Morrison, Milne, and Medhurst; and its missionaries ever since have held a distinguished place in China. Do the friends of this Society realize the fact that the total amount of their expenditure for the spread of the Gospel among a third part of the world's population is less than one-third the money expended at home in the erection of a single chapel?

The WESLEYAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY reports £6,238 expended in China.

Mr. Smithies has suggested that a box should be put on the tea-table, and a penny put in for missions in China whenever we have tea. Will Mr. Smithies believe that if every Wesleyan Church member put one half-penny into the box once a month, it would come to more money than our Wesleyan friends are now giving for the conversion of China?

THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY reports an expenditure in China of £491. Taking the number of members, as reported in the "Baptist Hand-Book," we find that one half-penny a year from each member put into the missionary box for China would raise a larger sum than they now give for missionary work in China!

These calculations are startling, and almost incredible. We know that we may be reminded that we are speaking of only one part of the great mission field. We know that; but we are speaking of the largest heathen country in the world, of the most important heathen country in the world; containing about a third of the population of the world; and this is what the principal sections of the Christian Church in this land are doing to bless and save these countless multitudes, who, without the knowledge of salvation, are passing into eternity at the rate of a million a month, or 33,000 every day! "What an agonizing thought! Souls of men endowed with the most glorious faculties, perishing for lack of that knowledge which has been entrusted to us for diffusion! Souls which might be emancipated from sin, transferred into the kingdom of God, and thus established in a career of ever-widening intelligence, and ever-deepening joy, 'to shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever.'"

In view of what the Church is doing, whether regard be had to the prayer offered, the men sent, or the money given for China, the statement that "The Christian Church has not begun to think of it yet in a thoroughly earnest spirit" is awfully true, and Mr. Spurgeon may well ask almost in despair, "*When will the wail of the dying millions be heard?*" We reiterate the question; and the thoughts now expressed will not be in vain, if they lead each one to ask, "What am I doing? Am I doing all, absolutely all I can?"

But we must not close without a word of encouragement. We have gladly noticed the resolve of the Baptist Missionary Society to send out more men. Other societies are also desiring to increase the number of their workers. Our Presbyterian friends have honourably distinguished themselves, and in the devotion of a Burns, a Sandiman, a Carstairs Douglas, all sections of the Church have rejoiced. The Church Mission, the London Mission, and all the other missions in China have had cause for encouragement to go forward. The labourers of the China Inland Mission, representing no one section of the Church, but connected with all, have been greatly blessed, and during the year twenty-three new missionaries have been added to the band of workers, and others, besides the four now with us, are about to follow.

We note these and other indications of increasing interest in China with deep thankfulness; but the Church generally has not yet risen to the faintest conception of its duty and privilege in relation to the people

of that land. Notwithstanding all that has been done, making the fullest and most generous allowance possible, we reaffirm Mr. Spurgeon's statement, that the Christian Church has not yet begun to think of China in a thoroughly earnest spirit. The wail of the dying millions has not been heard.

The native Christians send over the message, "Come over and help us." A hundred and twenty missionaries assembled in conference, and representing the whole body of Protestant missionaries in China, call earnestly upon the whole Church of God for more labourers. They appeal to young men to go, reminding them that the fields are white unto the harvest, and that everything is inviting them to noble service. They appeal to fathers and mothers not to hinder, but to encourage their sons and daughters to enter upon mission work, and to rejoice if God inclines them to do so. They appeal to pastors of churches and heads of colleges. They say, "We do not know what to do for lack of men. The country opens: the work grows. Think of one man to hold his own against the surging tide of heathenism! We are ready to be overwhelmed by the vastness of the work. Many among us are tempted to undertake too many duties; hence the broken health and early death of not a few of our best men. We beseech you, therefore, to place this matter before the minds of the young." They wish students to be reminded that they are under the most solemn obligations to give to the claims of China their earnest, unbiassed, and prayerful consideration. They ask, and we repeat,

THEIR EARNEST AND SOLEMN QUESTIONS,

"When will young men press into the mission-field as they struggle for positions of worldly honour and affluence? When will parents consecrate their sons and daughters to missionary work as they search for rare openings of worldly influence and honour? When will Christians give for missions as they give for luxuries and amusements? When will they learn to deny themselves such earthly objects as are dear to their hearts? Or rather, when will they count it no self-denial, but the highest joy and privilege, to give with the utmost liberality for the spread of the gospel among the heathen?"

Will not all this be done when the wail which Mr. Kiiner, Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, called "*the unheard wail, the unheeded wail, the uncared-for wail of millions of our fellow-creatures who have been unreachd by the gospel*" is heard by the Christian Church at home? Then what prayer will ascend to the throne of God on behalf of those neglected multitudes! Then how eagerly will the Church's choicest young men press into the mission-field, and how gladly will those who cannot go sustain and care for those who do go! The gifts for Christ's cause in China will not then be small in comparison with the provision made for personal expenditure, for home adornments, for costly places of worship at home, and for the selfish accumulation of property. But that time has not yet come; and while in heathen darkness, unenlightened, unsaved, about twelve millions pass into eternity every year, we need to ask ourselves and each other, "How long shall this fearful ruin of souls continue?" and to repeat Mr. Spurgeon's solemn and impressive question, "WHEN WILL THE WAIL OF THE DYING MILLIONS BE HEARD?"

God's cure for his people.

MANY of the inhabitants of Manchester and the surrounding towns will remember a singular old minister, with a red, round, pleasant-looking countenance, and a bald head, who usually preached in a velvet skull-cap. He was a man of strongly Calvinistic views, but almost unequalled in his description of Christian experience. This man once preached in Rochdale from the text, "Lord, help me!" Having read his text, he took off his spectacles, and, in his usual deliberate way, looked round on the congregation, saying :—

"Friends, by way of introduction, I will tell you how I got this text; and if you will allow me to speak in the first person, I can tell you easier by saying "I" than "he."

"Well, then, before I was fully devoted to the ministry I was in business, and, as most business men do, I worked a little on credit. When I gave up business and settled as a preacher and pastor of a congregation, I was owing several sums of money; but much more was owing to me, so that I had no fear of being able to pay my creditors. One of these creditors, to whom I owed twenty pounds, called upon me for the payment. I said to him, 'I will see what I can do for you next Monday.' He called on the Monday, but I had not got the money. He was rather cross with me, saying I had no business to promise except I intended to perform. This observation roused my pride, and I told him that I would pay him on the coming Monday. He went away in a rage, saying he hoped I would.

"I set out the following day to see some of my debtors, not fearing but I could raise the twenty pounds; but I did not get one farthing. I tried others, but with the same success. I then put down on a sheet of paper the names of several of my friends, certain that I could borrow twenty pounds from any one of them. But, to my utter amazement, I was mistaken. All of them could sympathise with me a deal better than lend me anything; and I began to find out that if a man wants to know how many friends he has he had better try to borrow some money.

"The next day I made out another list of names of those not so well able to help me as the former, for, I thought, if I can get five pounds here, and five pounds there, I shall be able to raise it all. I travelled many miles on my errand, spending a whole day, but returned in the evening without one penny. I began to ask myself, 'How is this, that I, a respectable man, and, as some people say, a popular preacher, cannot in the whole of my acquaintance borrow twenty pounds? I thought I had as many friends as most men, but now I cannot find one that will trust me twenty pounds.' My pride got a terrible shake, and I felt myself very little indeed.

"Friday came, and my spirits were sinking. I could not tell which way to turn. I had promised to pay, and was very anxious to fulfil my promise for good reasons. My honour and veracity as a minister of the gospel were at stake. I feared that, if I did not pay the man, he would send me the bailiffs; and for a parson to have the bailiffs would be a terrible disgrace. I read the seventy-third Psalm that morning at family

worship, for I thought it was nearest my case. The mournful portions of God's word best agree with the feelings of God's mourning people. I began to look out texts for the Sunday, but I could find none, for I could think of nothing but twenty pounds. I tried to read, but it was no use; the twenty pounds covered all the letters. Twenty pounds seemed written on everything—on the ceiling, on the walls, in the fire, on my dinner-plates, on the faces of my wife and children, and the whole of that day was a day of morbid depression of spirits. I was really miserable.

"Saturday morning came, and I rose from a sleepless bed. I ate very little breakfast; and when at prayer I was so overcome with my feelings that my wife asked me if I was poorly or in trouble. 'Yes,' I replied, 'I am in trouble enough'; and I then told her all about the cause of my sorrow. She was silent for a few minutes, and then said, 'You have often talked and preached about the power of faith; I think you will now need some yourself.' Having said this, she rose from her chair, and went rattling amongst her pots and kettles. She was evidently mortified because I had been refused the money by those she had considered our friends.

"My wife is a good Christian woman, but she thinks works are the best evidence of faith, both in preacher and people.

"Saturday was spent much as Friday had been. I was in a state of torpor until evening. I then, with a heavy heart, went upstairs into a little room I called my study; for I had three times to preach on the Sunday and no text, twenty pounds to pay on the Monday and no money. What was I to do? For a long time I sat with my face buried in my hands, and then I fell on my knees, and I believe I said, 'Lord, help me!' a hundred times, for I could say nothing but 'Lord, help me! Lord, help me!' While praying, I felt an impression that these words might serve me for one text, and as Sunday came before Monday, I began to prepare, as well as I could, for the Sunday work; but no other text could I think of but 'Lord, help me!'

"While preaching on the Sunday morning, I had so many thoughts and illustrations arising out of the subject, that I felt great liberty in preaching. One of my illustrations was about a man I well knew, who was a deacon of a church, and had been an executor for two orphan children. He was tempted to make use of the money, and much of it was lost. This so preyed upon his mind that he began to drink. He lost his character, lost his peace of mind, and died with the reputation of a rogue. 'Now,' I said, 'had this man, the executor, when he first thought of taking the children's money, resisted the temptation, by calling on God to help him—help him to be honest, help him to do nothing but what a professing Christian ought to do—instead of losing the money, his good name, his peace of mind, and, perhaps, his life, God would have heard his prayer, and saved him.'

"Noon came; but my sermon was not half done. I preached from the text again in the afternoon, and again in the evening; and I felt that I could have preached from it a week. So, you see, the Lord helped me through my work on the Sunday; and I believed he would, some way, help me through the Monday.

"After finishing the night's service, when I got to the bottom of the

pulpit stairs, a young man stood there, with his hat in his hand, wishing to see me in private. I took him into the vestry, and requested his errand, expecting it would be something about his soul. For several minutes we were both silent, but at length he said—

“ ‘ You knew my mother, Mr. Gadsby.’ ”

“ I looked him in the face, saying, ‘ Surely I did; but I did not know you at first sight.’ ”

“ ‘ Well, sir, when she died, she left me some money—in fact, all she had, except two small sums she wished me to give: one sum of five pounds to a poor old woman of her acquaintance; and, speaking of you, she said, “ Our minister needs help, and I wish you to give him twenty pounds.” I paid the five pounds to the old woman; but, thinking no one knew, I resolved never to give you the twenty; but, while you were talking about the roguish executor this morning, I felt thunderstruck, and I have now brought you the twenty pounds. Here it is. Do take it, and do forgive me.’ ”

“ It was now my turn to be thunderstruck. I was amazed; and while the young man was putting the twenty sovereigns into my hand, I trembled all over. God had heard my prayer. He had helped me through the Sunday, and sent me the twenty pounds for the Monday. It was mine, and I took it. I shook the young man by the hand, and, without putting the money into my pocket, I went quickly home, spread it out on the table before my wife, saying, ‘ Here it is! Here it is! I now see how it was that I could not borrow the money. God knew where it was, and he has sent me the twenty pounds, and delivered me out of my trouble. He has heard my prayer, and helped me, and I will trust him, and praise him as long as I live.’ Oh, my dear friends, when that little prayer, ‘ Lord, help me!’ comes from the heart of one of God’s children in distress, neither men, devils, nor angels can tell its power. It has brought me thousands of blessings, besides the twenty pounds.”—From *The Sower* for 1878.

The two Natures.

A WELL-KNOWN missionary tells us of a poor African woman who once said to him, groaning heavily, that she had two hearts, a new and an old, and they were so constantly contending, the one saying, “ Come to Jesus,” the other saying, “ Stay away,” the one bidding her do good, and the other bidding her do evil, that she knew not what to do. He read to her the seventh chapter of the Romans, and showed that the apostle felt the same things. When he came to the verse, “ O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?” she said, “ Ah, massa, that me, and me know not what to do.” And when he afterwards added the words, “ I thank God through Jesus Christ,” and explained them, she burst into tears of grateful joy. What comforted her may well comfort all similarly tempted and sorrowing ones.—ROBERT MACDONALD, in *From Day to Day*.

Report of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Flower Mission for 1878.

HOW beautiful and how instructive are the words of Jesus! They are indeed "apples of gold in baskets of silver," because they are "fitly spoken" and are suitable for all times, all circumstances, and all sorts of need. Like precious diamonds they flash forth their radiance whichever way we turn them, and reflect a cheerful ray on every varied walk of life. Let us go then to God's rare casket of jewels, and see if we may not take one of these bright diamond-words, and delight ourselves in its lustre: for, dropping all figure, we need to be taught to be more earnestly and devotedly working and walking as children of the light.

"*Work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work.*" These words, first spoken by our Saviour to the Jews of old, seem to us to be peculiarly fitted for our motto in the work of the Flower Mission. They are appropriate, in the first place, as we remember that it is only in the bright glad time of summer that we can well work, for as the dreary night of winter slowly and silently closes in, the flowers gradually disappear and, putting off their gay-coloured garments, go to their warm beds of earth where, by-and-by, their cloud-attendant will spread over them a soft white coverlet of snow, tucking them snugly in until the dawn of spring shall once more call them to their work of life. True, there are some lingerers who seem loth to bid us their long good night, and have not yet retired to rest, and when we think of these, and of the early-rising snowdrops and violets, we are glad to remember that for a short time only are we left without the flowers. But still the work is limited, and we may truly learn the lesson, that we must work in summer's day, when our materials are abundant, for the night of winter will soon close in upon us when the flowerets are but few.

As the apostles on returning from their mission told the Master all things that they had done, so we also feel that we ought to render an account of our stewardship, not only to the Lord himself, but also to those of his disciples who, by sending texts and flowers, have been his agents for supplying us with the implements for work.

Twenty-one thousand six hundred and forty-eight bunches of flowers have been given away this year, thus showing an increase of three thousand on the number mentioned in our last report. Our warm thanks are due to Mr. Paget, florist, High-street, Clapham, who has very kindly given us several plants which have been placed in the wards of the Lambeth Infirmary.

The places selected for distribution have been the Lambeth Workhouse and Infirmary, the Small Pox Hospital, the Pastor's Almshouses, and the private dwellings of the poor. Flowers have also been given to those who come to the workhouse for parish relief, and several of the women there met with have been persuaded to become members of mothers' meetings. Here again our little diamond text flashes forth another and yet brighter ray, for have we not in yet another sense to work while it is called to-day, knowing that the night cometh when no man can

work? In the infirmary especially do we find this true. How often do the little iron bedsteads change their occupants, and how frequently are we disappointed to find that one for whom perhaps we had cherished hope and offered prayer has left quite suddenly, and gone we know not whither. Often, alas, death itself has come sooner than we had thought, and the sad fear will cross our minds that the weary suffering one had *not* found rest, and the question will make itself heard, Did we work while it was called to-day? Did we really try to win that soul? Did we plead with all our hearts? Truly, we must have much grace in order to be workers who need not to be ashamed!

It is so sad sometimes to see the indifference with which the gospel message is received. One young man who at first seemed interested, and to whom books and sermons had been sent, at last said, after having been often urged to accept Christ, "You needn't talk to me, I'd rather take my chance." Another, who received a Testament, promising to read it, said the next week that he hadn't looked at it, having had such "excoriating pain in his face that he hadn't had the ambition to read it." But with all the discouragements, and they are many, our hearts have often been gladdened with the story of forgiveness realized, and a Saviour found. To one poor woman, the Christmas gift of Newman Hall's "Come to Jesus" was made a blessing; while another man says he knows Mr. Spurgeon's "Seven Wonders of Grace" almost by heart, and lends it to all his friends, in the hope that they, too, may profit by it as he has done. By a little girl, suffering much from inflammation of the lungs, the flowers were very eagerly received, together with the text, "We love him because he first loved us." She said she had only learned to love Jesus since her illness, adding with a smile, "He is so precious to me now." The case of a Frenchman who remained in the Infirmary for seven months was also full of interest. He gladly accepted some of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons in the French language, and was so delighted with them that he read them over and over again each week, telling us that they were truly "magnifique." He has now returned to Paris, hoping to earn a livelihood by hair-dressing, and he has promised to write. We are rejoicing in the hope that our labour will indeed prove, in this instance, not to have been in vain in the Lord.

As on going out into the sunshine, after having been in a darkened room, we are for a time blinded by the excess of light, so does it seem to be with some sin-darkened souls when the light of the Sun of Righteousness shines in upon them. They are sensible of the change, but cannot at first realize what it is, nor how it affects them. There was one man who had been for several weeks enquiring after the truth, and who, though an earnest and anxious listener, seemed unable to grasp it for himself. At last, however, the visitor was gladdened with the good news that he had found peace, and that her words had been the means of leading him to Christ. His joy was very great, and he spoke with much longing of the time when he should be well enough to go home and tell his friends what great things the Lord had done for him.

Sometimes we meet with those who are already bright and happy Christians, and they always seem so pleased to find those with whom

they can speak awhile of the things which they have "made touching the King." We call to mind one old man who said, "There's a picture in the booksellers' shops I always likes to stop and look at; it's a young woman a-clinging to a cross, and underneath there's the words, 'Simply to thy cross I cling.' That's it, miss, that's just it! Simply clinging. We can't do more than that, but we don't need to, for Jesus did all the rest!" And though the old man's face was but a homely one, and his eyes were weak and sore, there was something shining in that countenance which made it good to look upon. Yes, beautiful indeed is the beauty of holiness reflected from the face of the Altogether Lovely One upon everyone who has ventured to gaze at him with the upturned eye of faith. Thus we go from bed to bed, sometimes cheered, often discouraged, and frequently saddened at the stories of want and suffering which we hear from one and another.

A very distressing case met with a short time since, shows how hard a thing it is for the poor wife to keep together the little home when the bread-winner is laid aside for a time by sickness. It was that of a poor man who had been in the infirmary for two years, and whose wife had, during that time, supported herself and children by making button-holes at one penny a dozen. At the time that we first saw her she had had an attack of erysipelas in the eyes, which of course left the sight very weak. The man was extremely delicate, and, though pronounced convalescent, was quite unfit for any hard work. The question was, How can we help them, and for many reasons it seemed at first somewhat difficult to answer. At last a fish-barrow was suggested, and through the kindness of several friends the sum necessary for its purchase has now been raised; and it is hoped that before long this poor but honest family will be earning something more than the scanty pittance which has, until now, maintained them.

It has been often found that the flowers, with their simple text attached, will gain an entrance where we ourselves would never be admitted, and the following circumstance will, we think, clearly illustrate this fact. One day the news was brought of a home not far off in which a lady was lying very ill, dying slowly of cancer. She was, it was said, one of those who live for this world only, and now that she was so soon to leave it, had no friend near who dared to speak to her of death. Accordingly one of the prettiest bunches of flowers was selected, with the words attached, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." A friend returning home that way took the little bouquet and left it at the door, asking that it might be given to the invalid upstairs. Some time afterwards she went again, when she was told that the weary sufferer had passed away. But there were good tidings, too. The message of the flowers had been accepted, and going to Jesus even at that eleventh hour, the dying one had proved it sweetly true that He would in no wise cast her out. She gave her soul into his keeping, and her end was peace. Thus have the little flowers proved keys to many a door of usefulness, and unlocked many a fast-closed portal which, but for them, might even now be shut.

Finding that tracts and books are almost always eagerly received, we have frequently taken them with the flowers, and one of our ladies also visits the Infirmary every Sunday afternoon, for the purpose of leaving

Mr. Spurgeon's sermons in the form of loan tracts, while another reads aloud to the old people in one of the smaller wards of the workhouse. That the visits are appreciated and looked forward to, the following extract of a letter addressed to the Secretary by the matron, Mrs. Davey, will testify:—"The Flower Mission has worked admirably. When 'Wednesday' comes, the people are full of excited pleasure, looking forward to the time when they shall receive their bouquets and hear the hymns sung. It has never in the slightest degree interfered with the discipline of the house, but it has been a source of the greatest pleasure to the inmates."

Besides the flowers and sermons, however, we have on two or three occasions been allowed by the guardians to give the old people an evening of Sacred Song, with which, judging by their happy faces and warm expressions of gratitude, they have been very much delighted. The Rev. V. J. Charlesworth, of the Stockwell Orphanage, has kindly arranged everything for us, and besides enlisting the services of others, has also himself given a short address. We remember one evening in particular, when he carried the thoughts of the old people back to the early home of childhood, and after stirring memories of bygone years which had long lain dormant, went on to tell them of the Home beyond the sky, where trouble never enters and changes never come. There were not a few tearful eyes in the workhouse hall that night, and we trust that the good seed then sown will even yet spring up, yielding an abundant harvest to the glory of our blessed God.

But notwithstanding all the opportunities for usefulness, and all the pleasure which we know our visits give, we often get much discouraged and cast down when we think of the little good done and the few souls led to Jesus. Often and often have we come away sick at heart to think, not only of the indifference of some to whom we go to speak, but also of our own coldness and want of zeal. Oh, how can we expect others to heed us if we ourselves are only half in earnest? Could we but carry the Master's diamond constantly with us, we should see it ever becoming more and more like a ruby with the red warning glow,—*"The night cometh."* Could we but continually remember that the shades of evening are fast gathering round, and that the dread dark night of Eternity is silently, but surely, closing in for all who know not Christ, surely we should not so often have to mourn over our indifference and weep over work half done.

Let us, then, ask the earnest prayers of the friends of the "Bible Flower Mission," that we may have grace given us, so that knowing that *"now* is the accepted time, and *now* is the day of salvation," we may indeed *"Work while it is called to-day,"* remembering that *"the night cometh when no man can work."*

All communications, flowers, and Bible texts should be addressed to the Secretary, Bible Flower Mission, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, S.E. Fresh senders of flowers will be welcomed. Friends will be so good as to see that all boxes and parcels are *"carriage paid."*—[*Written by one of the workers.*]

“Christian England” in 1878.

BY PASTOR E. C. PIKE, B.A., OF BIRMINGHAM.

IN these days stirring events succeed one another so rapidly that we have barely time to look at them before they are lost in the mists of the half-forgotten past. The past year has been full of exciting incidents for dwellers in the British Isles and elsewhere. One day we are startled by the demand of the Government for six millions sterling, not necessarily to be spent, but as an expression of confidence! Then we hear that the troops of Russia are advancing on Constantinople, and forthwith the British fleet steams through the Dardanelles, despite the protest of the power supposed to keep the key. Anon British reserves are called from their peaceful avocations to play at soldiers, whilst their wives and families in not a few instances endure grievous privations; and Indian troops are brought to Malta to show Europe the use to which Christian England can put her heathen subjects. Meanwhile, statesmen of high character have resigned their positions in an administration whose policy they can no longer conscientiously endorse—one day it is the Earl of Carnarvon who secedes, another day it is the Earl of Derby. Hope and fear in respect to peace and war alternate. There are weary weeks and months of uncertainty. For awhile it seems probable that an European conference will assemble, but the prospect changes from hour to hour. Presently all hope is at an end, and the horrors of war seem imminent. Yet hope dawns again, this time to be realized, and for a month, in the middle of the year, statesmen representing the various powers interested in the Eastern Question meet together in Berlin. The treaty of Berlin, preceded by the preliminary treaty of San Stefano between Russia and the Porte, is accompanied by a startling compact called the Anglo-Turkish Convention, by which England takes the island of Cyprus, and certain indefinable responsibility in respect to Asiatic Turkey. We are told by a jubilant premier that we have “peace with honour.” We are thankful for peace. Opinions as to what constitutes honour differ very much amongst men! The war spirit in the country has this year been noisy and violent, and a detestable rowdyism has tried hard to silence the voices of reason and Christianity which have kept on protesting against a policy leading to national crime and disgrace. We have been mercifully preserved from war with Russia, but England’s hands are not unstained with blood. There have been fightings with Jowakis on the Indian frontier, and more or less throughout the year with Caffres and Zulus at the Cape; and following these comes the wicked Afghan war.

It has been a year of huge disasters on sea and land. Four are chronicled, in each of which the lives sacrificed are told by hundreds. On a Sunday afternoon in March H.M.S. EURYDICE, in sight of home after a long voyage, is caught by a sudden squall, and goes down with 350 men and boys, of whom only two are saved. On the last day of May a squadron of three German ironclads is passing down the English Channel, when one of them is accidentally struck by another and sinks in a few minutes—286 of her crew are drowned. In

the month of September the Thames is the scene of an accident of indescribable horror: a large pleasure-boat is struck by a screw-steamer, and more than 600 human beings find a watery grave: and as if this were not enough for a month, an explosion in the Abercarn Colliery destroys nearly 300 more. In addition to the sufferings caused by long continued depression in trade, the closing months of the year have brought poverty and misery to many a homestead through the stoppage of important banks, and the failure of large houses of business. Whilst, however, we are appalled by calamities at home, we cannot forget that there are other and worse sufferings abroad, towering over which in its unutterably dreadful dimensions we note the famine in China. Thus death has made wholesale slaughter by water and by fire, by war, by pestilence, and by famine. There have also been smitten down the bearers of well-known and illustrious names. When the year was young Rome saw two notable burials, that of the redoubtable Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, and that of the aged Pope Pius IX. Other palaces have also been entered by the spoiler, who has taken from Madrid the youthful bride of the King of Spain, and from Hesse Darmstadt the Grand Duchess, best known here as the Princess Alice of England. In the various departments of human interest and labour conspicuous chairs have been made vacant—we name but two of the eminent departed. No Englishman can fail to miss the sturdy and venerable Earl Russell, and all Christians will revere the memory of that noble missionary, Dr. Alexander Duff.

It is natural to be solemnly impressed by the flight of time, yet as we call to remembrance the incidents of such a year as 1878 quite another sensation also is produced in our minds, viz., one of surprise that certain things should appear upon the record. So much has happened since, that we had deemed them much further off than they really are.

"Christian England." It may be asked what claim our country has to the title "Christian." Many will point to a national church in proof of the propriety of the claim, and affirm that were the existing connection between Church and State to be severed the nation would thereby be unchristianized. Many assume, moreover, that if the ceremony called christening be duly performed, the population will thereby be rendered a Christian population. But Christianity involves a thorough inward and spiritual change of heart, which, of course, no ecclesiastical machinery or outward ceremonial can secure. So there may be a complete parochial system, tithes duly paid, stately cathedrals here and there, commodious churches studding the land, a wonderful arrangement of bishops and deans, and priests and deacons, and yet "Christian England" may be a make-believe after all. A nation is only Christian when the current of its thought and feeling and the principles of its actions are Christian. It is Christian as its sons and daughters are Christians. The influence of every life in the population is helping to make the country Christian or otherwise.

In view of this title "Christian" let us glance a few moments at—1st. The business life of the country; 2nd. The social condition of the people; 3rd. The spirit of the national policy. The tree is known by its fruit, and faith is proved by works. Doubtless there is much at

which we may rejoice and give thanks; but there is much also which must cause all thoughtful people sorrow and great searching of heart.

1. *The business life of the country.* We English have been called a nation of shopkeepers. Well, it is much better to be that than to be a military nation. We shall be wise to keep to commerce rather than to follow after martial glory; and may the time never come when, in imitation of continental countries, England shall become a kind of armed camp. But the question arises, how do we manage our shop-keeping? Are the principles which lie at the root of our business transactions sound and good—are they in a word Christian principles? Will our manufactures bear rigid examination, being what they profess to be, and no other, in respect to material and durability and general worth? Does plain dealing characterise our buying and selling in the various departments of trade? May buyers at home or in far-off lands be sure of getting the articles they bargain for? There are ugly things said both in respect to manufacture and to trade by those who ought to know, and sometimes one hears shameful confessions made in a shameless manner. One cannot walk along the streets without seeing evidence of paltry tricks in trade intended to secure customers, or look into the newspapers without the eye lighting on some lying advertisement, and many an unworthy puff. Now, if the manufacturer does not put conscience into his work, and if the merchant's word be not his bond, and if the shopkeeper do not abjure tricks, a spirit the reverse of Christian is in their business. Where Christian principles are acted upon, confidence is not abused; trade is not a matter of "diamond cut diamond," but an illustration of the sublime precept "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Without painting a too gloomy picture of present times, we may solemnly ask whether the commercial integrity of to-day is equal to that of years ago. Alas! that it should be possible for shrewd men to regard a negative as the only true answer to the question. The way in which men deal with money not their own is one of the lamentable features of the times. The bankruptcy courts tell many strange and sad tales, and there is reason to know that they serve to hide other tales stranger and more sad. The collapse of large and pretentious firms and the stoppage of well-known banks have laid bare in the light of day an awfully selfish disregard of the rights of others, and an utter recklessness of consequences on the part of men deemed by their fellows to be respectable and religious. It is indeed a painful spectacle, and a satire on our Christian name, that men supposed to be honourable during a long life should have to stand, with their grey hairs upon them, in a criminal dock, to make answer in respect to transactions which have destroyed the comfort of many a homestead, and spread misery and ruin far and wide. Yet let us not concentrate our indignation solely on one set of men, however conspicuous and culpable. Those vast bankruptcies do but show on a large scale the sin which frequently disports itself on a narrower stage. Circumstances may be different, but sin is sin whether a man deal unrighteously with millions or with mites.

Before leaving this question of business life one cannot but advert to the frequent disturbances in the relation of capital and labour, as

unhappily illustrating the comparative feebleness of Christian influence. Whether the blame lie with the masters or with the men, or with both, strikes and lockouts are proof that the principles which Jesus taught are not duly applied to the things of ordinary life. Every quarrel of this sort is, at least, a doubt cast on the national Christianity.

2. *The social condition of the people.* Can a Christian country have so large a criminal population as at the lowest computation this island must contain? Can it tolerate the existence of such dens of infamy as are to be found by scores and hundreds in the metropolis, and our large towns and cities? Can it grow crop after crop of street arabs, whose home is the gutter, whose lot is dirt and wretchedness, and whose livelihood must almost inevitably be made by plunder? Can it bear the stories of passion, and crime, and brutal lust, which are constantly being forced upon its ear? Can such things be, and the name "Christian England" be other than a sarcasm and a snare? Think of the vices that no law of man's framing can touch, but which are destroying men, body and soul, every day. Think of the mad race after riches which men in all ranks of society are befooled into—as though Christ's word meant nothing when he said, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." Think of the ease and luxury in which so many waste away their lives, and which others seek as the supreme good: as though Christ had made no mention of a cross to be borne, as though heaven and hell were myths, and the appropriate motto for beings who will live beyond the grave were, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Think of how large a contribution is received by the imperial treasury from potent sources of misery and crime—of the large sum realized by the manufacture and importation of intoxicating liquors here, and the exportation of a noxious drug from India. Think of the ever-widening gulf between classes where there ought rather to be a movement towards fellowship and brotherhood. Think of the blank infidelity of one mass of the community, and of the ridiculous superstition of another, and then say as firmly as you can "Christian England!"

3. *The spirit of the national policy.* Shall we find a brighter prospect in the high regions where statesmen act for the country? Is there anything there more consonant with the Christian name, or must we mournfully confess—

"But the age of virtuous politics is past,
And we are deep in that of cold pretence.
Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
And we too wise to trust them."

The year has brought not a little damage to some notable reputations, and the habit of plain, honest speech, supposed to belong to Englishmen, has been departed from, so that great men have been put to pitiable shifts in defending their conduct. The national policy has seemed at times to be a mixture of intrigue and bluster. It has developed also into "blood and iron." Revenge has been ostentatiously announced as a national duty. Revenge for what? In fact, people were told for a brutal affront, put by the Afghan on the messenger of

the Indian viceroy. The story of that rudeness was a complete fabrication. The ordinary courtesy had been shown when the passage of the messenger was refused. Yet no one who knew the truth contradicted the lie until it had served its base purpose and inflamed the warlike passions of a high-spirited people. Well, but a cause of quarrel with the Ameer had been found. It was needful to maintain the prestige of England by wreaking vengeance on the Afghan chief; and, moreover, a frontier needed to be rectified! This may be a policy in accordance with "the wisdom of this world"; it may be after the tradition of the blood-stained centuries of the past, but it is not a Christian policy. If anyone should reply that peoples are not advanced enough to put into practice these principles, and that they will not work as society is constituted and nations exist, the result is obvious and brief: "Do not, then, pretend to Christianity. 'Christian England' must act upon Christian principles or renounce her name." With some people success is a god to be worshipped, and if a war is quickly ended, as this Afghan war seems likely to be, and in a manner consonant with the national vanity, they do not care to enquire into its justice. This is their creed, though not often so candidly stated:—

"And if we only
Stand on the height with dignity, 'tis soon
Forgotten, Max, by what road we ascended.
Believe me, many a crown shines spotless now,
That yet was deeply sullied in the winning.
To the evil spirit doth the earth belong,
Not to the good."

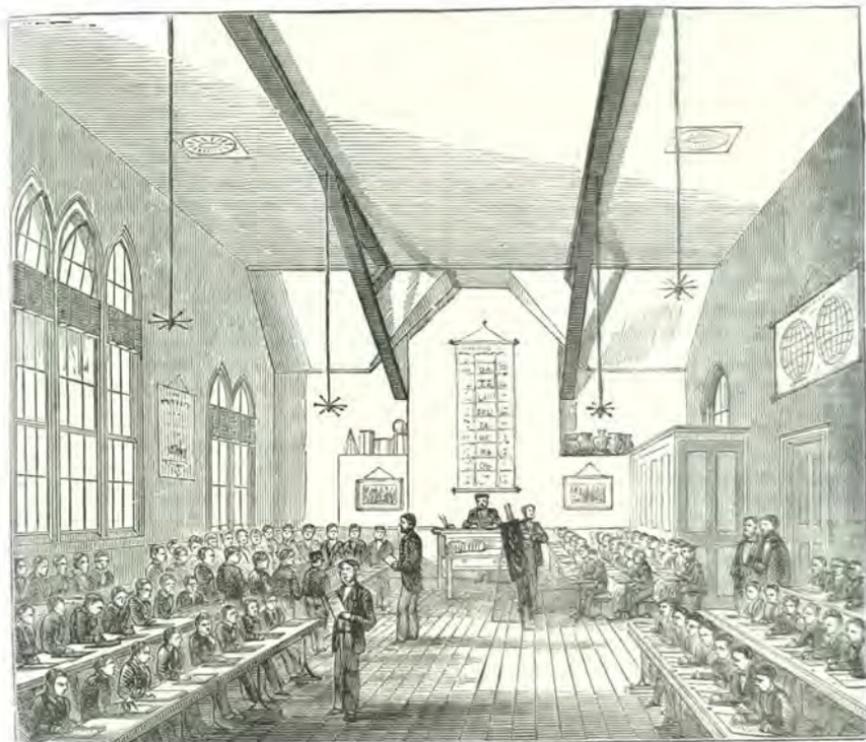
To the Christian, however, this question of justice is paramount; for he cannot be willing to share the responsibility of a crime. The Christian is not prepared to hand the world over to the sole rule and governance of "the evil spirit," but with a true patriotism he seeks to touch the conscience of his people.

England has a great mission in the world—no less than to give the gospel to heathen countries. We are not sure that anything else will justify us in counting on continuance in the front rank of the nations. But how are we qualifying for our missions? How shall England take Christ's gospel to Afghanistan? Are steel and gunpowder good pioneers for the faith? Will the blood of slaughtered Afghans cry out in welcome, or will it rather prove the seed of deadly hate? It is easy to see what is probable. All the more need, then, for Christians to stand quite clear of complicity in the sin which puts so huge a stumbling-block in the way of the gospel of their Lord.

The times are bad, who wonders that they should be? We deserve, as a country, all we get. God deals with nations still in this present life, since nations, as such, will have no other. They make their choice, and they must abide by the consequences of it. As they seek they find. As they sow they reap. The times are bad, but the real badness is in the sin, and not in the suffering. It is possible for poverty to be an honour and wealth to be a reproach. Integrity of character is not the monopoly of rich or poor. It may be good for nations as for individuals to pass through the purifying furnace.

Nothing has been said on the more favourable signs of national

character, for no one questions that there are many Christians in England; but is their influence so potent as to give *the country* the right to the title "Christian"? As followers of Christ, we long for our country to stand before the world unquestionably his. We wish to see reality in all walks of life, and in all the dealings of man with man. We would substitute for the superficial the substantial, for the fictitious the true, and we would abolish shams in high places and in low. In our Lord's kingdom the unreal can have no place, for hypocrisy, however specious, is doomed by his lips with a withering woe. If England be not yet "Christian," let us remember it is our business, by the grace of God, to do all that in us lies to make her so.



ONE OF THE SCHOOLROOMS OF THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

Notices of Books.

The Sword and the Trowel. Annual Volume for 1878. Passmore and Alabaster.

WE hope all our readers will keep a complete copy of *The Sword and the Trowel*, for the articles are of lasting interest. If any have failed to preserve their numbers they can procure the year's magazine, handsomely bound, for five shillings, if they apply pretty soon. Some of the earlier volumes of the magazine fetch considerable prices, and we believe that in years to come the whole series will be regarded as a most interesting mass of reading. We should like our last volume to be placed at once on the shelves of our friends' libraries.

Afghanistan and the Central Asian Question. By FRED. H. FISHER, B.A. With Map. James Clarke.

FULL of information peculiarly interesting at this juncture. We have seldom read a work in which there is so much really instructive matter.

The Weekly Welcome. Annual Volume for 1878. S. W. Partridge and Co.

IN our judgment this is second to none of all our periodicals. When bound in a volume it surpasses all others in beauty. It contains such a wealth of illustration, and such variety of useful reading, that it deserves to be purchased by millions.

DENOMINATIONAL NEWSPAPERS.—We are glad to see *The Baptist* putting on so bold a face by enlarging its size. It is now equal to any of the denominational penny papers, and far superior to the most of them. We like the earnest tone of many of its articles, though we have had to differ from certain of its personal remarks. *The Freeman* is also a weekly paper well worthy of the Baptist denomination, and there is plenty of room for both. We generally look at the two papers, and should be sorry to miss either of them. When we see the Baptist newspapers which reach us from America, we are astonished that anyone should consider two such journals too many for England. Almost every township seems to have its own *Banner* or *Sentinel*; while such splendid papers as the Boston

Watchman, and the New York *Examiner* circulate by thousands throughout all the States. We suppose that a large constituency will maintain a good paper, and a good paper will command a large constituency; but at which end must we begin in England? If we have hens we shall have eggs; but there must be eggs before there will be hens. We hope *The Freeman* and *The Baptist* will work out this difficult problem, and that both the papers and the public will share the benefit.

New Coins from Old Gold; or, Homely Hints from Holy Writ. By THOMAS CHAMPNESS. Hodder and Stoughton.

MR. CHAMPNESS has written these twenty-one short sermons in a lively, catching style. He has evidently laid himself out to be homely that the common people may be led to read, and may be able to understand. We are glad that the City Road has such a preacher; London needs many of the stamp. Wherever these "New Coins" are scattered they are likely to enrich the possessor. The gospel is simply and earnestly put before the reader, and we do not know that we can give a higher commendation.

China's Millions. Annual volume for 1878. Morgan and Scott.

EVERY Christian should read "China's Millions," and ponder it. It is only a penny periodical, but it deals with the greatest mass of human beings ever congregated. It treats of the souls, of hundreds of millions of immortals, and therefore no paper except that which bears the word of God itself can contain anything one-half so important to the Christian heart.

The Sower. Vol. XVI. Houlston and Sons.

THIS magazine contains many spiritual and profitable pieces, but the volume has an old-world look, and an antediluvian appearance. Its value will, however, to many far more than outweigh its poverty of appearance. We have taken one of its narratives, and have given it elsewhere in *The Sword and the Trowel*.

The Home Visitor and District Companion; an illustrated magazine, edited by the Rev. P. B. POWER, M.A. Vol. V. William Hunt and Co.

ANYTHING which comes from Mr. Power's pen is sure to be attractive. Probably this magazine is best suited for the latitude of the Church of England, but by no means exclusively so. It may be joyfully welcomed into any family.

Life Mosaic: the ministry of song, and under the surface. By FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. With twelve illustrations by the Baroness Helga von Cramm. James Nisbet and Co.

THE book itself is a mosaic: pictorial beauty inlaid in song. We have been charmed with every page that we have looked upon. Miss Havergal is a true poetess; her muse is not inspired by the things of earth, but by high spiritual and heavenly themes. To persons of taste combined with spirituality this volume will afford unlimited pleasure.

Here are two verses which perchance may catch a careless eye, and lead the heedless heart to consider the evils of delay:—

“God's ‘now’ is sounding in your ears;
Oh let it reach your heart!
Not only from your sinfulness
He bids you part;
Your righteousness as filthy rags
Must all relinquished be,
And only Jesus' precious death
Must be your plea.

“Now trust the one provided rope,
Now quit the broken mast,
Before the hope of safety be
For ever past.
Fear not to trust his simple word,
So sweet, so tried, so true,
And you are safe for evermore;
Yes,—even you!”

Sermons Preached to the Masses. By Rev. E. J. SILVERTON, of Exeter Hall, Nottingham. Passmore and Alabaster.

MR. SILVERTON is evidently prepared to have this volume severely criticized, and we should not wonder if he would even enjoy a thorough cutting up. We shall not, however, put his volume through this process. Practical results much

sway our judgment of human speech, and we think we have good warrant for allowing it to be so, since it is written “by their fruits ye shall know them.” Hundreds have been converted, and thousands have been edified by these discourses, and yet there are many not over fastidious who will be shocked by them. “Every man in his own order,” and after his own fashion; so long as Christ is preached we therein rejoice, yea, and will rejoice. The volume is unlike any other we have ever seen, and we do not wish to see it imitated; but it is Mr. Silvertton's own, and affords us a fair sample of the discourses by which he has moved the masses, and gathered an immense congregation.

The Little Gleaner. Vol. XXV. Houlston and Sons.

THE most old-fashioned of juvenile magazines, but *warranted sound*.

The Children's Record of the Free Church of Scotland. Vol. XXXIV. Edinburgh: T. Nelson and Sons.

THE best of children's missionary magazines. Long may its indefatigable editor continue his useful labours.

The Methodist Family. Vol. IX. 61, Paternoster-row, E.C.

THIS is a magazine for Methodist families, full of life and interest, and sure to make its way.

MR. FROWDE'S *Facsimile Bibles*, from the Oxford University Press, are as good as we can ever expect to see, and fairly rival those of Bagster and Spottiswoode. The helpful matter bound up with the Bible constitutes a library of Scriptural information, and, as a Concordance is added, there is rather too much than too little for the student. The largest size strikes us as too heavy; but the little Bible, which can be easily carried in the waistcoat pocket, is a little gem. The type is thoroughly readable, and yet there is the whole Bible in the space which, years ago, was considered to be the orthodox size of a snuff-box. From this bijou up to the largest copy there are several gradations, and any of these bound in limp morocco would be as valuable a present as one might wish to receive or give.

Scriptural Marks of a True Believer.

By the Rev. F. A. C. LILLINGSTON,
M.A. Wm. Hunt and Co.

MR. LILLINGSTON says in his preface that "the only legitimate object of looking at and examining ourselves is to cause us to trust more fully and unreservedly in Jesus, and to look out more constantly at him who is our life." Marks and evidences mentioned in this spirit will not be placed out of their proper position, nor has our author erred in that direction. There is nothing very deep in this little volume, but much that may be helpful to those who are earnestly questioning whether they are on the Rock of Ages or not. We like much the explanation of the passage, "Who-soever is born of God doth not commit sin," for the line is accurately drawn between the folly of perfectionism and the license of antinomianism.

The Expositor. Vol. VIII. Hodder and Stoughton.

AMID much that is admirable we are continually meeting in the pages of "The Expositor" with a subtle unbelief of which we are more afraid than of avowed infidelity. In the article upon Balaam's ass, a remarkably fresh piece of writing by the editor himself, there is an apparent defence of the plain statement of Holy Scripture, and yet a principle is brought forward which virtually deprives us of every revelation worthy of God, for it leaves us no perfect and infallible declaration of the divine mind. We do not believe that revelation ever was imperfect; on the contrary, we see the same light in Genesis as in John, and as much of it, only shining in another manner. How greatly we wish that men would not try to rob us of the infallibility of Scripture, for it is the anchorage of Protestant and Christian faith!

The Life of the Rev. Richard Knill, of St. Petersburg. By the Rev. C. M. BIRRELL. New and Revised Edition. Religious Tract Society.

RIGHT well does this memoir deserve to go through edition after edition for many years to come. The interesting story of Mr. Knill's having foretold our career while we were yet in childhood

is here mentioned. The narrative is true, but it does not tell all the truth concerning that deeply interesting event; perhaps if it did some might not believe it.

Mr. Knill was one of the most simple, earnest, straightforward soul-seekers that we ever knew. It was his natural element to be talking about the Lord Jesus, and he was never so truly Richard Knill as when he was endeavouring to lead a soul to repose itself upon Christ. He never put himself out of the way to talk to others upon religion, holy conversation was always in his way, and he came to it as naturally as other men come to their meals. The book has a capital portrait for a frontispiece, but we should have liked it all the better if underneath it had been placed the words which we remember to have seen there years ago—"Brethren, the heathen are perishing: will you let them perish?" Those two sentences, to our mind, give the moral and spiritual portrait of the man most vividly. Those of our readers who have never seen this biography of a perfect and an upright man should lose no time in getting it.

Orthodoxy: with Preludes on Current Events. By JOSEPH COOK. Glasgow: David Bryce and Son.

Transcendentalism. Same author and publisher.

THESE two volumes are worthy companions of the "Biology," by the same author, which we recently noticed. As a whole, we know of no books on Christian evidences which so powerfully meet and expose the fallacies of modern opposition to the truth. The author's reading seems to have been omnivorous, and there is scarcely anything in heaven or in earth but has been pressed into the service of this defender of the faith. We feel inclined to quote the words applied to the schoolmaster in the "Vicar of Wakefield" by the astonished children—

"They looked, and looked, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

The publishers, too, have done their best to make this edition worthy of the small price charged for it. No student should be without these books.

Daniel Quorm, and his Religious Notions. Second Series. By MARK GUY PEARSE. Wesleyan Conference Office.

THE first series of "Daniel Quorm, and his Religious Notions" has reached forty-three thousand; and the second series, which we are right glad to see, will, we trust, be equally popular. The chief character is true, original, fresh, and simple-hearted, and the language put into his mouth is natural and striking, so that Daniel Quorm is quite a real friend of ours. The secondary characters are well drawn, the rustic dialect increases the interest, and the quaint Methodistic fervour adds to the charm. Daniel Quorm will be immortal. We confess that we cannot read more than one chapter at a time, for it sets us weeping and laughing at about equal rates. Get "Daniel Quorm" at once: if you repent of the bargain, you may write and let us know; but we shall think very little of your judgment.

The Way of Peace Illustrated by Fact, and not by Fiction; through the experience of those who have found it. By Rev. W. POOLE BALFERN, Brighton. Partridge and Co.

OUR greatly afflicted friend Mr. Balfern writes very sweetly, with a measure of delicate poetry in his expressions, admirably wedded to the true spirituality of his thoughts. In this little book he keeps along the common highway of life, and relates instructive incidents in plain and telling speech, seeking in all he says to win men's souls for his Lord, gently and in love. "The Way of Peace Illustrated" is the kind of book to give to our ungodly friends, if we wish to put before them a pure gospel message, so stated that they will be attracted to read it.

George's Temptation. Little Bess. The Infant Zephyr. 1s. 6d. each. *The Chained Book. Who shall Win?* 1s. each. Sunday School Union.

ALL these stories possess a fair share of interest, and are evidently written to promote the interests of virtue and goodness. We suppose there are readers for all this story literature, but its amount certainly surprises us.

Sound in Charity; or, the Power and Beauty of Christian Love. Five Sermons on 1 Cor. XIII., preached at the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney. By the Rev. SAMUEL MINTON, M.A. Elliot Stock.

A VERY acceptable exposition of the apostle's eulogium upon charity. We have once preached to the inmates of the Royal Hospital for Incurables, and certainly the audience is unique. This is not, however, a reason why all sermons preached there should be published. Mr. Minton's five discourses have other claims, and we trust they will be useful to many who are not incurable.

Loyal Responses; or, Daily Melodies for the King's Minstrels. By FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. James Nisbet.

WE have been charmed with Miss Havergal's exquisite little books upon the King, his commandments, invitations, and bounties; they are each one rich with food for the mind and cheer for the heart. Condensed spiritual meat of the finest quality, we might call them. She now most fitly closes the series with "Loyal Responses." These are choice poems, a few of which, such as—

"Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee,"

are well known to the Christian public. Most of the others are new, and exceedingly good. The little book is a marvellous shilling's worth of gracious minstrelsy.

Pithy Proverbs Pointed. By SAMUEL B. JAMES, M.A. "Hand and Heart" Office.

WE referred this volume to John Ploughman, who is on our staff as judge of proverbial literature. He says—it won't do; the Rev. Samuel B. James has not a proverbial style; his sentences are too stilted, and his talk too twaddly. The book is nicely got up, and may please children, but it is not up to the mark.

The Faithful Saying. A Series of Addresses. By D. L. MOODY. Morgan and Scott.

ADDRESSES in the forcible style peculiar to Mr. Moody, full of the gospel, well illustrated, a little Americanised, but thoroughly alive.

Pierrot. Humbly Born, but Noble of Heart. By S. DE K. E. Marlborough and Co.

A MORAL story, thoroughly well told. The scene is laid in the Revolution of 1798, and the days of the First Napoleon.

Mary with Many Friends. By GEORGINA M. MOORE. E. Marlborough and Co.

A PRETTY little book about a good little girl who kept her eyes open both at home in London, and out in the country. It is written in a simple style, suitable for very little children, but contains many things which ought to make them imitate Mary and ask their friends to explain to them what they do not understand.

An Examination of the Doctrines of Conditional Immortality and Universalism. By T. R. GREGORY. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

THE doctrine of Conditional Immortality, or, as we prefer to call it, Religious Materialism, is here very thoroughly refuted. The idea that man is but a brute, as soulless as a dog or a lion until conversion takes place, is to us unaccountably profane and absurd, and yet it is held by many preachers of the modern school. Its logical contradictions are mercilessly exposed in this short volume, and its distortion of the Scriptures made apparent. Heretic hunting is sorry work, but in the hands of our

author it is powerfully and thoroughly performed. May it accomplish the work it designs, in helping many who have been bewildered by strange fancies to return again to the old paths.

The Unsafe Anchor; or, "Eternal Hope" a False Hope. Being Strictures on Canon Farrar's Westminster Abbey Sermons. By C. F. CHILDE, M.A. London: W. Hunt and Co.

ALTHOUGH the interest and excitement caused by Canon Farrar's sermons have very largely vanished, yet it was well that the antidote here provided should be preserved in a permanent form. The poison—as we believe it to be—was presented in essentially a popular and insidious manner, and the mischief has not yet ceased to work. Hence the value of this little volume, though it comes somewhat late in the day. The author does not play with his opponent, but in his sturdy, trenchant style handles very roughly the stale fallacies and insipid sentimentalities of the Canon. His exposure of the contradictions of the preacher's view—or, rather, position, without definite view—is exceedingly powerful. We heartily agree with his summary of the sermons when he says—"I have never read a work by an Anglican divine of which the theology was so shallow, the reasoning so inconclusive, or the criticism so unsatisfactory. Certainly I never encountered one the style of which was so offensively arrogant, so passionately dogmatic."

Notes.

PERSONAL. During the past few weeks, long weeks indeed, we have been laid aside by illness. There have been intervals of ability to write, as our readers will see by articles in this and last month's magazine, but for the most part we have been a prisoner, under bonds to cease from work. Our happy lot has embraced within its bounds sharp afflictions and excessive labours, and these are probably meant to balance each other, and enable us to bear those great mercies with which we have been favoured. We are now recovering strength, and before this sheet meets the reader's eye, we hope to be out of the colds

and damps in the south of France. We are surrounded by the kindest of friends, and love floats in the atmosphere we breathe. Our chief regret is that we cannot be accompanied by our best beloved, who is quite unable to leave her home. She will not be forgotten, we trust, by our sympathising friends. Our church-officers, the best helpers that ever a minister had, have united in requesting us to seek rest for a period. We received the following document with their signatures appended—we print it because it will interest some of our friends:

"Metropolitan Tabernacle,
"Newington.

"Dear Pastor,—It is with much earnestness and love that we, your church-officers, wish to lay before you this, our united appeal.

"We consider it to be the path of wisdom for you to lay on one side for three months your public duties in our midst, so as to obtain the complete rest you so much require. Your many labours, in season and out of season, in which we heartily rejoice, have led us to the conclusion that, unless you renew your power by a long cessation from active work, you will be prevented from the continuance of it in the future. Our hearts have sorely grieved over the suffering and weakness which have seized you so often of late, and we therefore deem it imperative that you should try the effect of an entire change of scene for three months. We will make any arrangements you may desire for the carrying on of your work while you are away, but most affectionately yet firmly we press our unanimous judgment upon you for your consideration. We shall miss you sadly, and shall hail with joy your return to your loved and prosperous labours; still, we cannot but see that you are wearing yourself away at your post, and must spare yourself for the future welfare and service, not only of our own beloved church, but of the whole Christian world.

"May our Heavenly Father speedily restore you, and yet more abundantly bless you. So pray your loving fellow-workers."

Nor did the officers merely send this letter, but the deacons saw to it that the means should be provided for the rest, it being out of the question for Tabernacle friends to do anything by halves when the Pastor is concerned.

This rest is rendered the more truly restful by the fact that our subscribers have been doubly generous to the various funds, and thus make us feel that no work will suffer while we are away. Of course the outlay for the various enterprises goes on, but there is at this moment a fair balance in hand on all accounts, and the assurance that kindly hearts will not forget to keep all needs supplied, and yet above that the confidence that our God will supply all our needs.

THE TWENTY-FIVE YEARS TESTIMONIAL.
Part of the Testimonial was to be raised by a Bazaar, for it was felt that this would enable even the poorest to have a finger in it. It was hoped that £2,000 would be

the result of the Bazaar, and that this with donations would make up £5,000, and put the Almshouses in a safe financial condition. The result has far exceeded all expectations. The Pastor was unable to be present, or even to leave his bed, but night by night amazing news of success comforted him, till the friends were able to send him word that the gross takings were £3,400 19s. 3d. Everything was done upon an immense scale, especially the giving of the goods, which exceeded all former occasions. After all the fitting, advertizing, decorating and commissariat are paid there will remain £3,000 more or less. This is very wonderful, and shows what a willing people can and will accomplish. Donations up till now have reached £2,300, and the promises are £1,000. There will thus be a noble Testimonial to present to the Pastor, who still adheres to his declaration that he will take no portion for himself, and that he will divide the amount among the various institutions. The Committee will probably erect a tablet in the Almshouse schoolroom in memory of the event, and see that in Mr. Spurgeon's house there is placed some substantial bronze, or piece of furniture, with a suitable inscription, but beyond this all that has been or will be given to the twenty-five years' testimonial will go directly to works of charity and religion. May the Lord accept the thank-offering and give his blessing therewith.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE TABERNACLE CHURCH.—This was a large and enthusiastic gathering, though the senior pastor could not be there. Among other resolutions the following was passed:—"Resolved, That we record our thankfulness to our Heavenly Father for enabling us to carry to so successful a completion our Testimonial Fund. We have found it most profitable thus to unite in an effort to mark with some emphatic token of love the twenty-fifth year of our dear Pastor's ministry. We are grieved to know of his continued weakness and pain, and pray that all grace may rest upon him, soothing his suffering, restoring his health, gladdening and refreshing his spirit.

"We regret that we cannot now present him with the Testimonial we have raised, but we instruct the deacons to consult Mr. Spurgeon as to the time and circumstances of the future presentation, and leave the disposal of it entirely to his own decision."

The treasurers will keep the account open for a short time longer, for there are still friends who are unaware of the Testimonial who would not like to be left out.

STATISTICS During the year 1878, 394 persons have been received into the church, but as we have sent out a colony to form the church at Peckham, and many have removed to other churches, no less than 253 of our increase vanishes under that head; 57 have been called home, 45 have been lost by non-attendance, and 3 have been withdrawn from for other reasons. Thus, after a year's work the nett increase at home is only 36; but this gives us no sorrow, we only wish that we could send off another swarm this year to fill a new hive. So long as the church of Christ gains we have no need to fret, should we never get beyond our present number, which is 6,066.

COLLEGE. During the past month Mr. C. A. Cook has completed his College course, and returned to Canada to take the oversight of the church at Kingston, Ontario. Mr. R. Maplesden has promised to become the pastor of the church at New Town, Madras, when he leaves us, should the friends there think fit. Mr. W. E. Rice has accepted the pastorate at Earl's Colne, Essex, and Mr. J. Barton is about to commence an engagement as an evangelist at Haydock, Lancashire.

Removals. Mr. T. G. Tarn is leaving Peckham Park Road for St. Andrew's Street, Cambridge; Mr. G. W. Tooley, of Brierley Hill, goes to Dumfries; Mr. W. Smith, of Molton, to Cullingworth, Yorkshire; Mr. Albert Smith removes from Sunderland to Esher, Surrey; and Mr. J. J. Fitch from Lymington to Nottingham.

Work in South Africa. Mr. Batts, who went out to Cape Town to relieve our good friend and former student Mr. Hamilton, sends us a cheering report of the work already accomplished in that part of "the Dark Continent." We are not surprised to hear that Mr. Hamilton "greatly needs change and rest," when we learn that in addition to preaching three times every Sabbath, he has held a service regularly every night in the week either in Cape Town or one of the neighbouring villages. With the help of Mr. Batts a special effort was put forth in the latter end of last year in a village principally inhabited by Dutch and English, and containing also some Malays and natives. The work commenced in a week of special prayer: almost every house was visited by our brethren; one week's services were found insufficient to meet the constantly increasing interest of the people, so a second week was devoted to the same object, and even then, not-

withstanding the needs of the other parts of the district, it was considered advisable to remain seven days more. The result is that several have already been baptized, others are now before the church, and the co-workers believe that a great deal more of the blessing remains yet to be seen. The lease of the preaching station having expired, a large wine-store has been purchased for £1,400, and this is now being "converted" into a chapel.

Mr. Batts says, the great desideratum is a chapel for Cape Town, and he hopes that many friends will be ready to respond to Mr. Hamilton's appeal when he comes home to collect for the new building. We hope so too. There are now 155 members, and eight candidates for church membership. What hath God wrought? It is but a few months ago since Baptists had neither place nor name in Cape Colony. When Mr. Hamilton comes over he ought to be helped right generously. "More appeals for money" says a reader. Yes, dear friend, the cause of our Lord Jesus needs it, and while we are alive on this earth, we owe him too much to leave off either the giving of our own or the stirring up of others to give also.

The next College Conference. It may be well for our brethren in the ministry to know that our next Annual Conference will probably be postponed to May 5, *i.e.*, the week succeeding the annual meeting of the Baptist Union. This is later than usual, but necessarily so that the President may be at home.

Mr. Dunnet's Busts of C. H. Spurgeon. Mr. Dunnet, minister at Newcastle-under-Lyme, finding it needful to build a chapel, and having only a poor people around him, hopes to raise funds by selling Mr. Spurgeon's bust, in Parian, at One Guinea. He has sent us a specimen, and it is a well-executed reduction of the original marble bust by Mr. Adams Acton. We wish Mr. Dunnet every success in his end-avowr, but really these poor populous places ought to be taken up by wealthy Christians, and they should place chapels in them. What a monument to a deceased father or brother would a new chapel be, if put up in this great pottery town, where there is a man ready, by God's blessing, to fill it with eager hearers. Baptists have neglected the Pottery district, and something generous ought to be done for the region.

EVANGELISTS. Messrs. Clarke and Smith have been taking their much needed rest during the earlier part of the past month, and for the last week or two they have been at *Grimby*. Our "Notes" are obliged

to be made up before any report of their services can reach us, and we must, therefore, let this head remain bare. During February these brethren will conduct services at the Tabernacle.

The *Watch Night Service* on New Year's Eve was one of the best ever held. The Tabernacle was crowded in every part, and the singing and addresses of Messrs. Clarke and Smith were so highly appreciated that the people could hardly be induced to leave the building "when the old year died."

Mr. Burnham's engagements for February are at Ecton, Northampton; Mill Street Chapel, Bedford; Broughton, near Kettering; Isle of Thanet; and Fornsett, Norfolk. This brother exhorts and sings in a manner most acceptable to the village audiences among which he chiefly labours. His physical strength is not equal to the thousands, but the smaller churches need an evangelist as well as the larger ones, and Mr. Burnham is in his right place in working among them.

MRS. SPURGEON'S BOOK FUND. Mrs. Spurgeon is issuing the following note to her subscribers. During the year she has distributed more than 7,000 valuable works to poor ministers.

"My Dear Friends,—The past year has been crowned with the goodness of God to me and to my beloved work, and, therefore, I all the more deeply regret that through weakness and affliction I have not as yet been able to prepare a detailed account of the blessings the Book Fund has received and bestowed. This lack of service on my part will, I trust, be soon supplied by a kind friend, and a full report of my work shall then be laid before you. Meanwhile, I send forth this little messenger to testify to the unfailing faithfulness and goodness of the Lord in strengthening me for the service which his love has allotted me.

"Sore need have I had for his tender, pitiful care, and he has never failed me; but, in spite of almost constant ill-health, he has enabled me to accomplish even an increased amount of work, and has extended the benefits of the Book Fund far and wide. To his name be the praises of my heart.

"From all parts of the world I have abundant testimony to the reviving and refreshment of spirit God's ministers receive through the quiet agency of this book-giving, and the loving letters of grateful hearts are no slight comfort and reward for service often done in weariness and pain.

"Mr. Spurgeon's works are crammed full of the good old corn of Canaan; so writes a pastor labouring in Queensland, and I count it a high honour that the 'Lord of the harvest' has given me charge of so glorious a granary, from whose precious stores I can scatter so widely both 'seed for the sower, and bread for the eater.' My accounts show that eighteen thousand six hundred and ninety-three volumes have been distributed during the three years of the 'Fund's' existence; this is a brief, bare statement of facts, and does not reveal the joy and blessing which lie beneath it; but, thanks be to God, I can truly say that 'the administration of this service not only supplieth the want of the saints, but is abundant also by many thanksgivings unto God.'

"My most heartfelt thanks are tendered to you, dear friends, for your constant remembrance of my work, the loving interest you have taken in its welfare, and the generous help you have given to its funds.

"Your gifts are received as 'from the Lord,' often coming as special answers to prayer, and always as tokens of his favour and approval of the work; and when they have thus enriched my soul they carry to the weary, toiling servants of the Master substantial blessings, divine luxuries, the worth of which only a poor 'bookless' pastor can rightly appreciate.

"With a heart full of gratitude to the Lord and to you, believe me, dear Friends,

"Your deeply obliged servant,

"SUSIE SPURGEON."

POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY. Mrs. Evans asks us to acknowledge the receipt of several useful parcels of material for the Clothing Society, and she wishes us also to say that she will be glad if all donors will kindly direct their gifts to be sent to the Metropolitan Tabernacle, as extra labour and expense are caused if they go to Mrs. Evans's house.

ORPHANAGE. The Christmas festival seems to have been as great a success as in past years, although the President was confined to his sick chamber instead of being able to preside over the festival. Liberal offerings in money and kind were sent in by many friends all over the country, and if they could have seen the way in which the boys executed the "happy despatch" with the good things set before them they would have been more than rewarded for their remembrance of our fatherless family. The beef, plum puddings, nuts, oranges, sweets, and bright

new shillings were as good as ever, and the amusements in the evening were as heartily enjoyed as on any previous occasion.

We have lost another dear little boy, of

a peculiarly choice spirit. Mr. Charlesworth will we have no doubt give us a memoir next month, for the child was very gracious, and bore an affecting testimony for Jesus.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from December 20th, 1878, to January 18th, 1879.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Church in Plum Tree House, per Mr. G. Aubrey	1 0 0	Mr. R. Scott	1 0 0
Mr. H. Lever	0 10 0	Mrs. De Kavanagh	0 10 0
Mr. Hayles	2 2 0	Mr. T. W. Lister	0 10 0
Mr. Sprigg	0 5 0	Miss M. Miller	0 10 0
Mr. Ellwood	1 1 0	J. B. T., Greenock	0 10 0
Mr. W. C. Pratt	2 2 0	For Mrs. Gooding	0 5 0
Miss E. J. Bowley	0 10 0	Mrs. S. Brown	1 0 0
Mrs. Jane Jamieson	1 0 0	Friends, Craig, Montrose	0 5 0
Mr. J. M. Ferguson	1 0 0	S. S. Absalom (with 2s. for Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund)	0 3 0
Mrs. Munsergh	0 10 0	Mr. Balne	0 13 0
Mrs. C. Robertson	0 15 0	Mr. E. Hunt	1 1 0
Mr. E. King	1 0 0	Mr. J. G. Hall	1 1 0
Mr. E. P. Gibbon	2 0 0	Collection at Drummond Road, per Rev. J. A. Brown	4 10 0
P. B., Dumbartonshire	1 0 0	Rev. J. A. Brown	1 1 0
Mr. A. Bult	0 10 0	Rev. G. Henson	1 1 0
Mr. J. Clover	5 0 0	Part Collection at Grosvenor Street Chapel, Manchester	5 0 0
Mr. R. Purser	0 10 0	Part Collection at East Hill Chapel, Wandsworth	3 0 0
Mr. T. Mann	10 0 0	Collection at Dalston Junction Chapel, Annual Subscriptions:—	5 3 0
From Dear Granny	0 5 0	Mr. W. Ewing	1 0 0
Mr. R. Rymner	5 0 0	Mr. W. Cason	1 0 0
H. T.	5 0 0	Rev. W. Hetherington	1 0 0
Readers of the "Christian Herald"	12 6 7	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.—Dec. 22	62 12 8
M. and M. Hall	1 0 0	" " " " " Jan. 5	27 60 18 11
Mr. H. Ormond	2 0 0	" " " " " " 12	5 42 9 6
Mr. J. Brewer	5 5 0		25 14 6
Mr. J. Hector	1 0 0		
The Misses Dransfield	2 2 0		
Mr. William Johnson	5 0 0		
Mr. Blundstone	1 0 0		
Mrs. Armitage	0 10 0		
Mr. Bowker's Class	14 10 0		
Mrs. A. C. Watson	2 0 0		
Mrs. Mulligan	0 10 0		
			£310 2 2

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from December 20th, 1878, to January 18th, 1879.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mrs. Townsend	0 5 0	Mrs. C. Bowie	0 7 6
A Friend, per Mrs. White	6 10 6	A Sermon Reader, New Coventry	1 0 0
Mr. H. Barrett	1 2 6	Collected by Crieff Boys' and Girls' Religious Society	0 17 3
Miss L. Price	0 2 6	Mr. A. Darby	10 0 0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2 2 0	A Colporteur's Thankoffering	1 0 0
Mr. Spriggs	0 5 0	Collected by Mr. Matthews, Colporteur	1 13 6
Collection, Carley Street Chapel, Leicester, per Mr. J. C. Forth	1 4 0	T. A. H. P. W.	10 0 0
Mr. Helzendorf, New Zealand	1 10 0	A Fellow-labourer	0 1 0
Miss Davis	5 0 0	Miss H. Millar, part of first earnings	0 2 6
Miss Hagger	1 0 0	Mr. W. J. Francis	0 2 0
Mrs. Mott	0 12 0	Mr. and Mrs. Bristow, New Brighton	1 0 0
Cornwall Road Sunday School, Brixton	1 9 0	Grace, Agnes, Mabel, and Eva Bristow	0 14 11
Mr. Wedland	0 10 0	Mr. J. Nickinson	3 6 0
A Well-wisher, Southsea	0 4 0	Miss E. J. Bowley	0 15 0
Mrs. T. W. Franklin	1 0 0	Mr. W. G. Wilkins	1 1 0
Mrs. Dinnis	0 5 0	J. J. T.	0 4 3
J. C.	1 0 0	Ernest and Percy Monk	0 1 6
Mr. Ellwood	1 1 0	A poor Widow	0 2 6
In Memory of dear Caroline	6 10 0	Mary Watkins	0 5 0
Caroline's Brothers	0 5 0	Mr. A. Austin	0 10 6
W. W. Edinburgh	1 0 0	Collected by Mr. Clover	1 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. Nelson	1 0 0	Camberwell 'Bus-Driver	0 10 0

	£	s.	d.
Orphans' Concert at Portsmouth, less printing, etc., at five places visited ...	15	5	8
Mr. Thomas Millward ...	10	0	0
Baptist Sunday School, Anstruther ...	1	0	0
Granard Park, Roehampton, House			
Box, per Miss Raymond ...	2	0	0
Mr. J. Sinclair ...	0	10	0
G. C. M. K., N. B. ...	1	0	0
Mr. E. King ...	1	0	0
A few Readers of "The Sword and the Trowel" ...	0	8	0
Mr. F. B. Browning ...	0	10	0
Mr. E. Williams ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. R. Waugh ...	0	10	0
Mr. E. P. Gibbon ...	1	10	0
Mr. W. Mathewson ...	30	0	0
Mr. Thomas Green's Sunday School Class ...	0	7	0
Mr. A. Bult ...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. Fry ...	1	11	8
Mr. J. Clover ...	5	0	0
A Friend, per Rev. A. A. Rees ...	3	0	0
Mr. R. Purser ...	1	0	0
Mr. William Tucknott ...	1	10	0
From dear Granny ...	0	5	0
Messrs. Phillips and Son ...	1	1	0
Miss Stanley ...	0	5	0
Mr. W. E. Moon ...	1	0	0
Mr. G. Hilton ...	0	2	0
Collected by W. E. Hickman ...	1	10	0
Mrs. E. Barnes ...	0	5	0
From an Orphan ...	0	2	8
From an Invalid ...	0	10	0
Mr. A. Scard ...	1	0	0
Mr. R. Brown ...	0	10	0
Stamps from Edinburgh ...	0	2	2
Mrs. M. A. Hubbard ...	1	0	0
Mr. W. Cooper ...	2	2	0
Alice and Lizzie Seward ...	0	12	0
Mr. Robert Rymer ...	5	0	0
Mrs. M. Jelley ...	1	0	0
Kate M. Williams ...	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Spence ...	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Cobb ...	0	5	0
J. G. J. ...	5	0	0
H. T. ...	5	0	0
Proceeds of a Christmas Tree, per			
Mr. John Field ...	5	5	0
Mrs. M. Smith ...	0	10	0
M. and M. Hall ...	1	0	0
Mr. James Ross Kay ...	0	2	8
Mr. W. Bainbridge ...	10	0	0
Ann Ferguson ...	0	2	8
Mr. D. Brotch ...	0	11	0
Mrs. P. Wright ...	5	0	0
Metropolitan Store ...	1	0	0
R. J. ...	0	10	0
Miss K. Oakley ...	0	3	0
Miss M. Grant, per Mr. W. Mowat ...	1	0	0
E. A. and M. P. ...	0	2	8
E. M. Layard ...	1	0	0
Collected after a Lecture by Rev. J. E. Cracknell ...	5	0	0
Thankoffering from Mrs. Cracknell senior ...	1	0	0
	6	0	0
Mrs. Walker ...	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Napier ...	1	0	0
Mr. H. Ormond ...	2	0	0
"Every Little Helps" ...	0	7	0
Mr. G. Beckett ...	0	5	0
Mr. W. Turner ...	0	4	0
Baptist Church, Long Preston ...	0	10	0
Mr. S. Glass ...	0	5	0
Matt. xxv. 40 ...	2	0	0
Mr. Compton ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Hector ...	1	0	0
W. A. ...	1	1	0
Vauxhall Baptist Sunday School, per Rev. G. Hearson ...	1	0	0
Per Bankers ...	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Sunday Collections at Dinner Table, by			
Rowa and Frank Nye ...	0	10	8
A New Year's Gift ...	0	5	0
Mr. G. Pope ...	5	0	0
H. E. ...	0	2	8
From the Captain, Officers, and Crew of the Baique "Britannia," of Shoreham:—			
Captain Gascon ...	0	10	0
Mr. Davey ...	0	7	8
Mr. Thompson ...	0	5	0
Mr. Johnson ...	0	5	0
Mr. Poulson ...	0	5	0
Mr. Niblet ...	0	5	0
B. Brown ...	0	3	0
R. Hopkins ...	0	3	0
F. Prior ...	0	2	8
J. Huttchings ...	0	2	0
S. Hart ...	0	2	0
	2	10	0
One who has worn the same bonnet nearly two years ...	0	4	0
Master W. Oakley ...	0	3	0
J. L., Regent's Park ...	0	13	0
Mr. Henry Atwood ...	1	0	0
Collection at Baptist Church, Minessing, Canada, per Rev. Robert Holmes ...	2	0	1
Mr. J. Webb ...	3	3	0
Stamps from a Friend ...	0	1	0
W. A. M. ...	0	4	0
Mr. E. Martell ...	1	0	0
Mr. A. Barrett ...	0	5	0
Ruth, Grace, Ada, and Ernest ...	0	10	8
A Reader of the Almanack ...	0	2	0
From two Friends ...	0	4	0
Richmond Chapel Sunday School, Liverpool ...	8	4	8
Mr. S. Harwood ...	5	5	0
Mr. W. J. Scott ...	0	5	0
Maria Chillingworth ...	0	7	8
A New Year's Offering ...	0	2	8
Annie Paul ...	1	0	0
A Country Minister ...	0	3	2
Mrs. Taylor ...	1	0	0
P. O. O. from Elgin ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Walker's Box ...	5	1	10
Mr. and Mrs. Horton ...	2	2	0
Mr. Thomas W. Lister ...	0	10	0
Sunday School Collections at Broughty Ferry ...	3	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. T. Chilton ...	50	0	0
Friends at Morice Square, Devonport, per Rev. E. A. Tydman ...	1	5	0
"In Memoriam," Bath ...	3	0	0
C. T., Thankoffring ...	0	1	0
Mrs. E. Webb ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Miller ...	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. E. V. Johnson ...	2	2	0
Trinity Road Church, Upper Tooting ...	5	0	0
L. B. ...	0	19	0
Readers of "John Ploughman's Almanack" ...	0	1	0
W. H. S. M. ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Ellison ...	0	2	8
Branderburgh Sunday School ...	1	0	0
"Freely ye have received" ...	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Guilford ...	3	3	4
Mrs. E. Porter, 5 per cent. on Earnings ...	1	2	0
Mrs. E. Y. Wilkinson ...	5	0	0
Miss A. Whitley ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Crocker ...	2	10	0
Mr. William Biggs ...	2	10	0
Mrs. Book ...	1	11	8
Mr. J. Ligar ...	9	2	8
Mrs. Willingham and Friend ...	0	15	0
Per Rev. J. Blomfield ...	15	0	0
Friends at Brockley Road, by Mrs. S. G. Phillips ...	6	8	0
U. P., Sabbath School, Gorebridge ...	1	0	0
Mr. T. P. Alder ...	1	0	0
Furry's Pence ...	0	1	8

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Mrs. Sarah Brown	...	1	0	0	Mrs. G. Dix	...	0	5	0
Mr. W. Ranford	...	1	0	0	Mrs. R. Taylor	...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Smith	...	0	10	0	F. R. T.	...	0	5	0
Mr. J. B. Mead	...	10	0	0	In remembrance	...	0	5	0
Down's Chapel, Clapton, per Mrs. Way	...	8	12	6	Mr. Probin	...	6	5	0
Miss Farrer	...	0	10	0	Mrs. Probin	...	0	5	0
Miss Gibbs	...	0	5	0	Miss E. Oooke	...	0	5	0
Donations per Mr. Charlesworth:—					Mrs. Lawrence	...	0	5	0
J. O'Gram	...	0	10	0	Mr. T. Higgins	...	0	5	0
S. Morgan	...	0	5	8	Rev. F. Tucker	...	0	5	0
"G. R." acknowledged in "Times"	...	0	10	0	Mrs. H. Brown	...	0	5	0
Mrs. Kerridge	...	0	2	6					3 5 0
J. Reed	...	0	4	6	Christmas Festival at the Orphanage:—				
Part Proceeds of Service of Song, Dacre Park, Lee, by Orphanage Choir	...	5	0	0	Mr. Warrington	...	0	10	0
E. Ward	...	0	5	0	Mr. Appleton	...	0	10	0
Miss Grant	...	0	2	0	W. J. Dennis	...	1	1	0
J. P.	...	0	5	0	G. H. Bateman	...	0	5	0
John Maggs	...	1	0	0	J. Kinns	...	1	1	0
Stamps, Barnsley	...	0	2	0	A. H. and M. W.	...	0	10	0
A Servant, Bristol	...	0	8	0	B. W.	...	0	10	0
Collection at Tunbridge Wells, after Sermons by Mr. Charlesworth	...	10	10	0	S. W.	...	0	5	0
H. Dunbar	...	0	2	6	Mary Davies and Friends	...	0	8	0
Sunday Scholars' New Year's Offering, Eresham	...	8	9	6	Mr. R. Noble, St. Helena	...	4	0	0
Balance of Service of Song Account, Ryde	...	0	8	0	Willie and Benjie	...	1	0	0
M. L. Plumbridge	...	1	1	0	Mr. A. Dewar	...	0	2	6
"J. M. N.," Deptford	...	0	10	0	Misses L. and H. Maynard	...	1	0	0
Messrs. Townsend and Latimer, Proceeds of Sale of Photographs	...	2	0	0	Baptist Sunday School, Brockhurst, Gosport, Teachers and Scholars	...	1	4	0
Christmas Offering, Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards	...	46	9	6	Friends at Bures, per Mrs. Kemp	...	1	1	0
Friend, Norwich	...	0	10	0	Mrs. Bowes	...	0	5	0
From Sale Room	...	0	6	2	Mrs. Bax's Bible Class	...	4	10	0
J. and J. McKee	...	0	2	0	Mr. J. Nickinson	...	0	14	0
			74	2 11	Arthur, John Mursell, Annie and Gertie Bennett	...	0	10	0
Annual Subscriptions:—					Mr. G. Inglis	...	0	5	0
Mr. Ball	...	1	0	0	Mr. A. Austin	...	1	1	0
Mr. William Ewing	...	1	0	0	Little Annie	...	0	1	0
Mr. W. Telbutt	...	2	2	0	"Every little helps"	...	0	10	0
Mr. C. F. Audis	...	1	1	0	Romney St. Sunday School, Westminster	...	0	7	0
Mr. Grose	...	1	1	0	Messrs. Hine Brothers	...	1	1	0
Per F. R. T.:—					Collected by Mr. Ashe and Friends	...	2	8	7
Mr. Adrian	...	0	5	0	Mr. Thomas W. Jesper	...	1	0	0
Mr. Charlier	...	0	5	0	Grove Road Sunday School, and Friends, Hardway, Gosport	...	0	10	0
					Mr. Robert Byrner	...	2	0	0
					Mr. S. Cornborough	...	0	10	0
					Charlie, Willie, Fred., Harry, and Alfred Blackshaw	...	0	5	0
									£525 19 2

Boys' Collecting Cards.—Atterbury, 8s; Bell, H., 6s 6d; Bailey, F., 4s; Bush, R., 5s; Birnell, A., 2s 6d; Buckingham, W., 7s 9d; Bales, H., 4s; Bailey, G., 6s 7d; Bell, S. E., 4s; Butler, 8s; Bentley, E., 3s 6d; Biss, H., 16s 10d; Burchett, T., £1 1s 7d; Brind, H., 8s 8d; Bates, W., 6s; Clarke, M., 5s; Clark, W., 1s; Campbell, C., 4s 6d; Coman, J., 9s 3d; Conquest, H., 4s 3d; Cooper, C., 4s 5d; Crisp, T., 3s; Cornwall, 7s 3d; Dean, W., 6s; Davies, C. and W., 10s; Drake, W., £1 2s; Dean, G., 1s; Dann, A., 11s 6d; Ellis, H., 15s; Ellet, R. J., 4s; Eves, G. B., 10s; Edmonds, 3s 3d; Fitch, G., 5s 6d; Fulton, H., 3s 6d; Fox, H., 14s 6d; Foulsham, W., 1s 8d; Foster, G., 4s; Foter, A., 7s 8d; Frost, F., 3s; Finch, H., 1s; Forbes (per Mr. P. Smith), £1; Grinter, T., 10s; Gallyhawk, J., 10d; Groves, 2s; Gladwin, F., 12s 6d; Goddard, H., 2s; Glaysher, G., 5s; Gardiner, 4s; Herrman, J., 6s 3d; Hart, E. A., 6s 3d; Hart, L., 5s; Hunt, G., 10s 4d; Hawes, F., 3s 3d; Hutt, 1s 7d; Howard, H., 5s; Hart, Ralph, £1 9 6d; Johnson, G., 9s 6d; Johnson, 6s; Jones, C., 5s; Jones, A., 8s; Kentfield, E., 7s 5d; Kitchen, T., 18s; King, G., 2s; Key, J., 3s; Lansbury, J., 6s 6d; Lee, E., 7s; Leggo, A., 13s 5d; Lewis, G., 17s 9d; Legge, S., 3s; Larkin, E., 12s 6d; Messenger, J., 4s 6d; Mitchell, J., 8s; Mills, H., 7s 3d; Morgan, J. C., 3s 2d; Mackenzie, £1 7s 7d; Morgan, A., 3s; Manktelow, 5s; Moss, H., 6s 3d; Marley, 2s; Morton, G., 2s; Matthews, 6s; Neville, H., 11s 1d; Neale, 10s; Owen, A., 7d; Peckham, V., 1s; Pettifor, 4s 4d; Pitt, F., 10s; Pavey, S., 3s; Poole, 7s; Pearcey, G., 2s; Reed, F., 4s 6d; Rasmell, J., 4s; Richards, G., 2s 7d; Rees, J., £1; Reddall, C., 2s 6d; Smith, F., 7s; Sorrell, F., £1; Smith, A., 4s; Snell, T., 5s; Snow, W., 2s 3d; Simmonds, F., 4s 9d; Stroud, W., 10s 9d; Schultz, A., 1s 6d; Seaman, 4s; Tilly, £1; Thompson, E., 5s; Thomas, C. W., 4s 9d; Taylor, D., 5s; Turner, J., 12s 6d; Valler, W., 4s; Wills, M., 14s 4d; Waid, 7s; Wilshire, C. J., 10s; Webster, G. W., 4s; Wackrell, H., 18s; Whiter, H., 8s; Whitlock, M., 5s; Wheeler, W., 8s; Whitehead, W., 6s 9d; Walter, H., 2s 1d; Weston, W., 4s; Wright, John, 3s 10d; Wiggins, H., 9s; Witherden, 12s 6d; Willis, W., 13s 6d; Wills, Chas., 7s 6d; P.O.O., Newport, 7s 6d.—Total, £46 9s 6d.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—Provisions, etc.:—A Sack of Flour, J. E. Saunders; 10 Cakes, H. J. Erith; 300 Oranges, Miss Nunn; Fruit, etc., for Christmas pudding, J. T. Daintree;

Case of Oranges, B. Vickery; Case of Oranges, E. Newman; 240 Boxes of Figs, W. Harrison; A Cake and 2 Boxes of Chocolate, Miss Morris; 114 lbs. Cake, Mr. Bartholomew; 20 Sacks of Potatoes, Mr. Hogben; 100 lbs. Cake, Mr. Philcox; 2 half-boxes of Valentias, J. Cantell; a Sack of Flour, T. Collins; 120 Eggs, Janet Ward; a fine Pig, H. Hutt; 3 Barrels of Biscuits, Huntley and Palmer; 31 Currant Cakes, Peck, Frean and Co.; 270 Fanoy Boxes of Sweets, J. Hill.

CLOTHING.—A Boy's Vest, G. Shepperd; 10 Cotton Shirts, Anon. Clare; 6 Suits and 6 Overcoats, Mr. Heath; 12 Flannel Shirts, 84 dozen pairs Socks, 24 dozen Scarves, and 12 pairs of Cuffs, Mrs. Burt and Friends; 30 Shirts and 12 Handkerchiefs, Miss Davis; 36 Collars, 18 Cuffs, and 1 Comforter, Miss Marshall; 25 Shirts, Young Ladies' Association, Wynne Road, per Mrs. Pearce; 12 Pairs of Boots, G. H. Kerridge; 8 pairs of Stockings, Mrs. Withers; 10 Woollen Scarves and 2 pairs of Cuffs, Miss Jeffery; A Linen Collar and a Tie for every Boy, the Misses Dransfield.

SUNDRIES.—A Load of Firewood, "K."; a Load of Firewood, Jonas Smith; 24 Tooth Brushes, Anon.; 240 New Shillings, J. D., per Mr. W. Harrison.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from December 20th, 1878, to January 18th, 1879.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—		£	s.	d.
J. Trantou, Esq., for Liverpool	...	10	0	0
Haverfordwest District, for 1878	...	6	18	8
Southern Association	...	52	10	0
Thos. Greenwood, Esq., for Brentford	...	40	0	0
A Friend, Maldon	...	2	10	0
Per Mr. J. S. Hockey, for Bower Chalk District	...	6	5	0
Dorchester District	...	10	0	0
Skipsea District	...	2	0	0
Chippingham, per Rev. H. B. Bardwell	...	10	0	0
Eythorne District	...	7	10	0
Chipping Norton, per Rev. T. Bentley	...	7	10	0
W. R., for Reddings	...	7	10	0
Melton Mowbray District	...	10	0	0
East Devon Colportage Mission	...	10	0	0
Chester District	...	10	0	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association	...	17	10	0
Northampton Association	...	10	0	0
Gloucester and Hereford Association	...	7	10	0
Kingsteignton District	...	6	0	0
Ludlow District:—				
Collection, Rock Lane Mission	...	1	3	0
Subscriptions per Mr. Evans	...	3	4	0
Mrs. Allison's Bible Class	...	4	17	6
South Wilts District:—				
Warminster	...	0	18	6
Frome	...	1	4	0
South Benton	...	1	0	0
Warminster	...	0	19	6
Badcock's Lane, Frome	...	1	4	0
Shepherd's Barton	...	1	0	0
S. S. Mander, Esq., for Wolverhampton	...	10	0	0
Preston District	...	10	0	0
		£265	18	8

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. B. Mead	...	10	0	0
Mr. J. Hector	...	1	0	0
Rev. J. Greenwood	...	0	2	6
W. A. Peirce, Esq.	...	0	10	0
Bridgewater Postmark	...	0	1	0
J. Crosaley, Esq.	...	0	10	0
Miss Purchase	...	0	2	6
Mr. Monteith	...	0	5	0
Mrs. Mary Jelley	...	1	0	0
Mr. Geo. White	...	0	10	0
Mr. Spencer Murch	...	2	10	0
Mr. E. P. Gibbon	...	1	10	0
Mr. A. Bult	...	0	5	0
Mr. A. C. Apperly	...	2	10	0
M. and M. Hall	...	1	0	0
Mr. Edward Coulson	...	5	0	0
Mr. H. Ormond	...	2	0	0
Matthew xxv. 40	...	1	0	0
S. O. Habershon, Esq., M.D.	...	1	1	0
T. E. Sifton, Esq.	...	1	5	0
A Sermon Reader, Carlton, Beds	...	1	0	0
Lucy Howell	...	1	10	0
A Thankoffering, S.C.	...	2	2	0
Rev. W. Saunders	...	5	0	0
Mr. George Osborn	...	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Webb	...	0	10	0
Mr. George Emery	...	10	0	0
W. P., Manchester	...	0	5	0
Rev. F. A. Jones	...	2	2	0
Collecting Box, etc., the late Mrs. F. A. Jones	...	1	6	0
Mrs. F. Jones	...	2	2	0
W. Fleming, Esq.	...	1	1	0
Mr. Quinn	...	0	5	0
Mr. Spriggs	...	0	5	0
Mr. Tubby	...	1	0	0
Mr. E. Walmsley	...	1	1	0
		£62	12	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from December 20th, 1878, to January 19th, 1879.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
J. C.	...	4	0	0	Emmanuel Baptist Church School, Fal-	...	5	5	0
Miss E. J. Rowley	...	0	5	0	mouth, per Rev. J. Douglas	...	1	0	0
Mr. Spencer Murch	...	2	10	0	Mr. John Barry	...	1	0	0
Mr. John Coventry	...	1	0	0	Mr. T. B. Gibbon	...	1	0	0
Mr. A. Bult	...	0	10	0	Mr. H. W. Westrop	...	5	0	0
Mr. R. Bate	...	2	10	0	Mr. J. Loch	...	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
W. P., Chicago	2	0	0
Mrs. Burrell	5	0	0
B. G. O.	0	5	0
Mrs. Charlotte M. Brown	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Wilson	1	0	0
Two Working Men	0	10	0
Mrs. Goodson	0	2	6
Mr. F. J. Feltham	5	0	0
Mr. Denham	0	10	0
Mr. T. Stone	15	0	0
Mrs. McClellan	1	0	0
Mr. J. Woodford	0	5	0
Capt. Hon. R. Moreton	1	1	0
A Friend	1	0	0
Ellie	0	5	0
Mr. J. G. Marshall	5	5	0
Miss R. Smith	5	5	0
Mr. S. Albury	0	5	0
Mr. T. Blackwell	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Morris	1	1	0
A Friend, per ditto	1	1	0
Miss K. Goodwin	5	0	0
Susan Bekhurst	0	14	6
Mr. Thomas Towell	0	2	0
Mr. A. Hall	0	1	0
Mr. W. J. Large	1	0	0
Mr. C. Dice	0	10	6
Poor Man	0	0	9
Mr. J. Gingell	5	5	0
Mr. T. D. Galpin	5	0	0
Mrs. C. Bewick	1	0	0
J. S.	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Dupont	2	10	0
Mr. Slater	1	0	0
Mr. Hannington	1	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	2	2	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Mallett	5	0	0
Member and Friend	0	1	0
E. M.	0	5	0
Mr. Watkins	0	5	0
Mrs. Virtue	10	0	0
Mr. W. Edwards	5	0	0
Mr. C. H. Goodc	5	5	0
Mr. W. Binfield	1	0	0
Mr. J. Easty	2	0	0
A Widow's Mite	1	0	0
Mr. J. W. Williamson	2	2	0
Mr. J. Forth	1	0	0
A Reader of Magazine	0	5	0
Mr. T. Thomas	2	0	0
Mrs. A. P. Canfield	5	0	0
Mr. G. Osborn	1	1	0
Mr. S. Thompson	2	2	0
The Misses Pearce	6	6	0
Mr. James Higgs	10	0	0
Mr. Alfred Perren	1	0	0
Mr. J. Perren	1	0	0
A Member of Church of England	1	0	0
Mr. John Lewis	1	0	0
Mr. Browne Webb	5	5	0
Mr. W. Rooksby	1	0	0
A. S. T.	2	2	0
Mr. E. R. Close	0	5	0
Mrs. T.	100	0	0
Mr. Adam Hellwig	0	2	0
Mr. H. Loveless	0	5	0
Mr. T. E. Davis	1	1	0
Mr. Burgess	0	2	0
Mr. Watt	0	10	0
Clare and Arthur Phillips	0	5	0
Mr. Sims	0	10	0
Mr. F. Wood	0	10	0
N. S. Dale	0	10	0
Mr. Haynes	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Hurr's	1	0	0
Miss M. Emery	0	3	0
Mr. Edward Turner	1	0	0
Mr. Craig	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hancock	1	1	0
Mr. J. James	0	1	6

	£	s.	d.
Mr. H. B. Blandford	1	1	0
Mr. F. T. White	0	2	6
Mr. E. Pearce	2	2	0
Mrs. J. Du Pee	0	5	0
Mrs. and Mr. Grange	3	0	0
Mr. O. Simkin	0	5	0
Mr. C. Neville	29	0	0
Mr. H. Smith	50	0	0
Mr. S. Figgis	5	0	0
Mrs. James Smith	5	0	0
Mr. T. Williams	5	0	0
Mr. J. Robinson	1	1	0
Mr. J. Cowdy	5	0	0
Mr. G. Baker	0	5	0
Editor of "Christian World"	5	5	0
Mr. W. Barrett	0	1	0
Mr. C. Lindley	1	0	0
Mr. G. Creasy	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Dowsett	5	0	0
Mr. Oettle	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Read	0	2	6
Mr. Hart	0	10	0
A Friend	0	1	0
Mrs. E. J. Catterson	1	0	0
Mr. W. Kelly	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Izod	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. F. H. White	1	1	0
Rev. W. Stott	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gwillim	5	5	0
Mr. H. Potter	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Tomkins	5	5	0
Mr. Croker	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bantick	5	0	0
Miss Baldwin	1	0	0
Mrs. Culverhouse	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Stocks	2	0	0
W. J. E.	1	1	0
Mr. Simmonds	5	0	0
Mr. Marks	1	0	0
Mr. H. J. Freeth	0	2	6
Mr. W. S. Ashby	5	0	0
Mr. F. G. Cooper	0	2	6
G. M.	0	10	0
Mr. W. Noble	1	1	0
Mr. H. C. Harrison	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Casley	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Blundstone	3	0	0
Per Mr. Apthorpe:—			
Mr Nutter	5	0	0
Mr. Lilley	10	0	0
Mr. Apthorpe	2	2	0
Mr. Watts	1	1	0
	18	3	0
Mr. W. Vinson	5	0	0
Mr. T. Castle	1	0	0
Mrs. Macdonald	1	0	0
Mrs. Reid	1	10	0
Mr. Edgley	2	2	0
Mr. Buckland	1	0	0
Mrs. Buckland	0	10	0
Mr. Hooper	10	10	0
Mr. G. Small	0	5	0
Ernest and Ede	0	10	0
Mr. Reid	2	2	0
Mr. Wadland	0	10	0
Mr. J. Culverhouse	1	0	0
Mrs. Bugler	0	10	0
Mr. W. Lott	1	0	0
Mr. W. Garner	0	10	0
Mr. W. Hardingham	0	10	0
Mr. W. Stracy	0	10	0
Mr. G. Newman	1	1	0
Mr. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Frowd	2	2	0
Mr. Rowland	0	3	0
Mr. C. Lovatt	0	10	0
Mr. D. Bloomfield	1	10	0
Mr. W. Taylor	0	2	0
Mr. C. English	0	5	0
Mr. E. Hesom	0	10	0
Miss Amend	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Cotton	0	7	6	Mr. G. Ely	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. B. and Mr. W.	1	0	0	Mrs. E. Weeks	0	1	0
Mr. Honeyball	0	5	0	Mr. Pain	0	10	0
Mr. J. McGuffie	0	5	0	Mrs. Day	0	3	0
Mrs. Cropley	0	12	0	Mrs. C. Drew	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Sandys	0	5	0	Mrs. Raybould	5	0	0
Mrs. D. Batchelor	2	0	0	Mr. C. J. Roads	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Brewer	0	2	0	Mr. T. H. Collier	5	0	0
Mr. J. Lawson	1	12	6	Mr. W. De Few	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Kent	1	0	0	Mr. T. Fuller	0	10	0
Mr. J. Stratford	0	5	0	Miss Farmer	2	2	0
Mr. and Miss Spreadbury	2	2	0	Mr. G. Williams	10	10	0
Mr. W. Waight	2	2	0	Mr. J. Blake	2	0	0
Mrs. Anna Lloyd	0	10	0	Mr. Marsh, jun.	2	2	0
Mrs. Emily Brand	0	5	0	Mr. Charles Marsh	1	1	0
Mr. J. Haseltine	0	10	0	Mr. J. A. Taylor	0	2	0
Mr. C. J. Curtis	0	10	0	Mr. Chilvers	5	0	0
Mr. J. Fisher	1	0	0	Mrs. F. Cook	0	10	0
Wm. G., Sophia, and J. Day	3	0	0	Mr. A. B. Cook	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Fern	0	5	0	Mr. J. Mitchell	0	2	6
Mr. Baverstock	0	5	0	Mr. G. Browne	1	1	0
Mr. J. W. A. Capel	0	10	6	Miss C. Morgan	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Miller	0	10	0	Mr. H. E. Hollobone	1	0	0
Mr. W. H. Duffell	0	6	0	Mrs. Stone	0	3	0
Mr. B. Shayer	5	0	0	Mrs. Humphrey	0	2	6
Mr. D. Pateman	6	2	0	Mr. G. Benson and Friend	1	3	6
Mr. J. Iowls	1	2	0	Mr. E. Romang	1	0	0
A Wesleyan Methodist	0	5	0	Mr. H. Ridley	0	5	0
Mr. A. Doggett	10	0	0	Mr. A. G. King	0	10	0
Mr. J. Newman	1	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Parry	1	10	0
Mr. G. Bowbrick	0	2	6	Mr. Aslett	0	5	0
Mr. W. Middleditch	0	5	0	Mr. C. Ball	10	0	0
Mrs. Crane	0	5	0	Mr. Butler	0	5	0
Mr. W. Spriggs	1	0	0	Mr. W. Wayne	5	5	0
Mr. H. Ewin	0	2	6	Mr. T. Burgess	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jeffers	0	6	0	Mr. E. Pyne	0	5	0
Mr. C. J. Cotton	0	2	6	Mr. Frane	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Brewer	0	10	0	Mr. Potier	10	0	0
Mr. J. Beckwith	0	10	0	Mrs. Linford	1	0	0
Mr. E. Harvey	0	5	0	Mr. Chandler	0	7	6
Mr. W. Hill	0	5	0	Mr. Chandler and D. Lyle	0	10	0
Mr. J. Sadler	1	12	6	Mr. G. Edwards	0	1	0
Mr. C. A. Lewis	0	5	0	Messrs. Wakeford and Price	2	2	0
Mr. J. Allum	0	10	6	Mr. Booth	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woollard	5	0	0	Miss Emery	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sayers	1	10	0	Mr. W. Burton	0	2	0
Mr. C. and O. Percy	0	5	0	Mr. D. Reece	0	2	6
C. W.	0	10	0	Mr. J. S. Dent	1	0	0
Annie Jarwood	0	2	6	Mr. E. Weeks	0	10	6
Mr. G. and M. Andrews	1	10	0	Mr. W. Hyett	1	1	0
Mr. E. J. Parker	0	5	0	Miss Harrington	1	0	0
Mr. J. W. Hampton	0	1	0	Mr. E. J. Sambells	0	10	0
Maria Hampton	0	1	0	Miss Buswell	1	0	0
Mr. Hardy	0	5	0	Mr. S. R. Lidiard	9	5	0
L. and J. Alder	0	5	0	Miss L. Culver	1	0	0
Mr. R. H. Johnson	0	2	6	Mrs. S. Gurney	1	0	0
Mr. G. Thomas	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Morgan	2	2	0
Mr. W. C. Murrell, Jun.	5	0	0	A Friend, per do.	5	0	0
Cash over on 29th	0	1	6	Mrs. Hall	5	5	0
Mr. Thomas May	5	0	0	Mrs. Monro	0	10	0
Mr. A. Clark	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Brownridge	0	10	0
Mr. J. Everett	0	5	0	Mr. W. Mills	1	0	0
Mr. E. H. North	0	2	0	Mrs. Pash	0	2	6
Miss Hogg	1	0	0	Mrs. Millen	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Thom	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Moss	5	0	0
Mr. E. Evans (second donation)	20	0	0	Miss L. Price	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Montague	5	5	0	Mr. Thomas Keys	1	0	0
Mr. D. Rowell	5	0	0	Miss Fuller	0	1	0
Mrs. Drew	0	5	0	Mr. Gillman	0	1	0
Miss Edwin	0	5	0	Mrs. McGuffie	0	2	6
Mr. W. H. Alderman	0	2	6	Mrs. Bowles	0	10	0
Mr. Elmes	0	5	0	Mrs. Armstrong	0	5	0
Mr. Rigwood	2	2	0	Miss Cook	0	2	6
Mr. T. Taylor	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. Wall	0	10	0
Mrs. Chase	0	1	0	Mr. Thomas Martin	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Coe	5	0	0	Mrs. S. Belsey	2	0	0
Mr. D. Johnson	0	5	0	Mr. B. Gregory	1	0	0
Mr. John Cook	0	5	0	Mr. Thomas Smith	1	1	0
Mr. W. C. Denham	0	2	6	T. L. W.	5	0	0
Miss Whitmore	0	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Krell	5	0	0
Miss Sepia	0	2	6	Mrs. E. Palmer	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. E. Burnett	1	1	0	Miss Dall	0	10	0
Mrs. Little	0	2	6	Miss Cockshaw	1	0	0
Mr. R. Hearn	2	0	0	Miss F. Porritt	1	0	0
Mr. G. Gathercole	1	0	0	F. and J. Cockerill	0	10	0
Mr. Gammage	2	2	0	Mrs. Hollis	0	5	0
A Scotch Presbyterian	1	0	0	Mr. O. H. Price	5	0	0
Mr. R. Gallant	0	5	0	Mr. T. T. Price	0	10	6
Mrs. Wilkins	0	10	0	Mr. Blake	1	0	0
Two Friends	1	10	0	Mr. A. G. Free	0	5	0
Miss Brien	0	10	0	Naomi W.	0	2	6
Mr. Pantlin	0	5	0	Miss M. P. Baxter	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Pantlin	0	5	0	Mr. T. Raper and Miss Anderson	0	10	0
Mr. J. Russell	1	0	0	Mr. J. B. Elgar	0	10	0
One who wishes success	0	2	6	Mrs. and A. E. Hall	0	7	6
Dr. F. J. Jobson	10	0	0	Mrs. Marshall	0	10	0
Mr. W. C. Harvey	2	2	0	Mr. Marshall	1	0	0
No Name	0	5	0	Mr. Seivwright	1	0	0
Miss S. A. Marshall	5	5	0	Friend	0	1	0
Mr. James Toller	5	0	0	Friend	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Grose	2	2	0	Miss Annie Cowan	1	10	0
Miss Grose	0	10	6	Mr. H. Payne	10	0	0
Miss H. Grose	0	10	6	Mr. Phillips	1	0	0
Miss L. Grose	0	10	6	Mrs. Phillips	1	0	0
Miss E. Grose	0	10	8	Mr. E. Haine	0	10	0
Mr. W. R. Everett	0	15	0	Miss Duncombe	1	0	0
Mr. E. J. Farmer	1	10	0	Mr. T. Ward	1	1	0
A Friend, per Mr. James McDonald	0	10	0	Mr. M. Rogers	2	0	0
Mr. J. Miller	0	2	6	In Mr. McLachlan's Parcel	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Crisp	0	10	0	Mrs. Harvey	0	5	0
Gratitude	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Strugnell	1	0	0
Mr. D. J. Lecch	1	0	0	Mr. R. Fortune	0	10	0
Mr. G. Inglis	0	10	0	Mr. John Potts	1	0	0
The Misses Heath	10	0	0	Mr. Thomas Gemmell	1	1	0
Mrs. E. J. Bowley	1	0	0	Mr. Thomas Kennard	1	0	0
Mr. David Park	1	0	0	Mrs. Home	1	0	0
Mr. Charles Claydon	0	2	6	Mrs. Bird	1	0	0
Mr. John Ligar	0	2	6	Mrs. Anderson	1	0	0
Mrs. Maria Day	1	0	0	Mrs. E. Roberts	2	2	0
Mr. D. J. Boot	0	10	0	Mrs. S. Arnold	1	1	0
Miss Jones	1	1	0	Mr. J. T. Hamblet	0	10	0
Miss Vickerman	1	1	0	Anne Webb	0	1	0
Mr. Muller	2	0	0	Mr. A. Hobson	5	0	0
Mr. M. Jenkins	1	0	0	G. B. E.	2	0	0
Miss Rowe	0	2	0	M. C.	0	5	0
A Friend	0	1	0	High and Dry	1	0	0
Mrs. Peel	5	0	0	Miss Giles	1	1	0
Mr. J. Spark	0	10	6	Mrs. M. A. Burroot	1	0	0
Mrs. Muir	0	10	6	Mrs. S. J. Wardell	0	15	0
Mr. Andrew Dunn	5	0	0	Mrs. Ernish	0	5	0
Mr. R. W. James	1	0	0	N. S. G. F.	0	10	6
Mrs. J. Whapham	0	5	0	Second Instalment from Poor Man	0	0	4
Mrs. Butterfield	1	0	0	Mr. R. East	1	1	0
Mrs. G. Wyman	0	10	0	Mr. G. Comont	0	2	0
Mrs. E. Goodrich	0	5	0	Mr. E. Mounsey	5	0	0
Mr. W. M. Compton	2	0	0	Mr. J. Pickering	1	0	0
Mrs. Turnbull	2	0	0	Mr. H. Harrington	0	5	0
Mr. Knapp	1	1	0	Mr. H. Ely	0	2	6
Miss F. Gutridge	0	3	0	Miss Burman	0	5	0
Mr. Searle	1	0	0	Mrs. Summerville	0	10	0
Mr., Mrs., and Miss Coveney	3	0	0	Mr. W. Hasker	0	10	0
Mrs. Matthews	1	0	0	Mr. E. Johnson	5	0	0
A Friend, per do.	0	1	0	Mr. F. G. Ellis	0	5	0
Mrs. Hooper	1	0	0	Mrs. E. Satchwell	0	15	0
Mrs. Taylor	1	0	0	Miss C. Hampson	0	6	0
Mrs. Forbes	2	0	0	Mrs. Muirhead	0	10	0
Miss E. Newman	2	0	0	Miss Hampson	0	10	0
Mrs. Spaul	1	0	0	A Reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons	0	15	0
Mrs. Field	0	1	6	Mrs. Davies	0	10	0
Miss Cook	1	0	0	Miss Hagger	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Lewis	0	10	0	Miss Emma Briggs	0	5	0
Mr. W. Fox	2	2	0	Mr. E. S. Boot	2	0	0
Mr. C. E. Fox	5	5	0	Mrs. Haydon	1	1	0
Mr. T. R. Morris	1	0	0	Mrs. R. Gladstone	3	0	0
Miss Winch	2	0	0	Mr. Cooper	1	0	0
Mrs. M. C. Griffiths	5	0	0	Mr. R. J. Faige	0	5	0
G. C. and B. Tanswell	0	10	0	Mrs. Smart	0	10	0
Mr. J. B. Near	0	5	0	Mr. Arthur Ross	3	0	0
Mr. W. Billsom	0	5	0	A Constant Reader of Sermons	0	5	0
Mrs. Forbes	1	0	0	Mr. W. Vincent	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Armstrong	0	10	0	Mr. C. and S. Dear	1	1	0
S. C.	5	0	0	Miss Donald	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Matheson	0 1 0	G. J. R.	2 2 0
Mr. James Leiper	1 0 0	Messrs. Carpenter Brothers	8 0 0
Baptist Church, Henley-on-Thames	2 5 0	Mr. W. G. Askey	0 5 0
Mr. E. Williams	1 2 0	Mrs. Townsend	0 10 0
"Our own" Swimming Club, per Mr. Byford	0 13 0	E. C.	0 10 8
Emily Ponton	0 1 6	Mrs. Saunders	1 0 0
Mrs. Alice Hawkes	1 1 0	Miss E. Ayton	0 5 0
Miss Dalton	0 5 0	M. G. L. Miller	1 1 0
Martha Chaplin	0 2 6	Mr. Coutts	0 10 0
E. P. P.	0 10 0	Miss Spliedt	4 0 0
Miss Mills	1 1 0	Mr. Barber	0 10 0
Mr. J. Brown	1 0 0	Mr. H. Barrett	1 0 0
T. A.	0 10 0	Mrs. Barrett	1 0 0
Mrs. Hinton	0 2 6	Miss Powell	0 10 0
Mrs. Armistead	0 1 0	Mrs. Coles	1 0 0
Mrs. Smith	0 1 0	Mrs. Page	0 10 0
Mrs. Mackrell	0 1 0	Hephzibah	1 0 0
Mr. J. Hudson	0 5 0	Miss Roan	1 1 0
Mrs. H. Fells	1 0 0	Miss Moore	1 0 0
M. T. Harvey	1 0 0	H. C.	0 3 0
Miss M. Lander	5 0 0	Mrs. A. M. Thomas	2 2 0
Stamps	0 2 6	Mr. W. Priter	2 0 0
Miss S. Thompson	0 2 6	Mr. Collis	0 5 0
Miss E. Nicholls	1 0 0	A. B.	0 2 6
Mrs. Hensted	0 10 6	Mrs. Emery	0 2 0
Mrs. Tyrrell	1 0 0	Mr. J. Ball, jun.	3 0 0
A Friend, per ditto	0 3 0	Lucy Paris	0 5 0
A. J. Wilkins	0 5 0	Mr. J. Bragg	1 0 0
Friends, per W. Thomas	1 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Buck	1 1 0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0 10 0	Mr. E. Gibbons	0 10 6
Mr. Northcroft	1 0 0	Miss Wyness	0 5 0
Mrs. Mary Ewart	2 0 0	S. Day	0 1 0
Mr. J. Winckworth	1 1 0	Thankoffering for Sormen, E. H.	0 10 0
Mr. James Walker	0 5 0	Miss A. Goslin	1 0 0
Miss Armstrong	1 0 0	Mrs. Townsend	0 10 0
M. B., Sunderland	10 0 0	Mr. W. J. Oxenford	0 10 0
Mrs. William Sutcliffe	0 10 0	Mr. D. Burgess	0 5 0
J. O.	1 0 0	Miss Booth	0 2 6
Mr. F. Garman	0 10 0	Mr. E. Passmore	0 5 0
Mr. Jas. Dickey	2 2 0	Miss M. Wilson	0 5 0
Rev. G. W. Weldon	1 1 0	Mr. J. Mather	5 0 0
Mr. George Lawrence	1 0 0	Charing Cross, Glasgow	0 2 6
Mr. A. Tyrrell	2 2 0	Mrs. John Mason	1 0 0
Mrs. L.	0 10 0	Mr. E. Leslie	10 0 0
Mrs. M.	0 10 0	Mr. E. Thomas	2 2 0
Mr. W. J. Galloway	1 0 0	Mr and Mrs. W. J. Orsman	1 0 0
Mr. Monck	0 5 0	Maldon	0 3 0
Miss Berry	0 5 0	Per Mr. J. Clark	---	---	0 3 0
N. O. Davis	0 2 0	E. Maclean	0 2 0
Miss S. J. Baxter	0 10 0	D. W.	0 2 6
Mrs. Jane Smith	1 0 0	John Swain	0 2 0
Mr. G. Hales	0 12 0	Mr. Baird	0 2 0
Mr. J. Lewis	1 1 0	Mrs. Rae	0 2 0
Mr. F. Passmore	2 2 0	Joseph Swain	0 2 0
Miss Passmore	2 2 0	William Johnson	0 2 0
Miss Ada Passmore	0 10 6	A Friend	0 2 6
Master W. Passmore	0 10 6	Mr. Ewart	0 2 0
Mrs. Goodwin	0 5 0	John Clark	0 2 0
Mr. H. Thomas	2 0 0				1 2 0
Mr. J. Kitchen	1 1 0	Mrs. Ransford	0 10 0
Mr. S. Vast	0 5 0	Mr. J. Hayward	0 5 0
Miss M. H. Moore	1 1 0	Mr. C. Davey	0 10 0
Mr. W. Hawkins	1 0 0	John and William Vanstone	0 5 0
Mr. and Mrs. P. Bond	1 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Wilson	1 1 0
Mr. G. H. Kerridge	2 2 0	Mrs. Holton	0 5 0
Mr. T. B. Morris	0 5 0	Miss Holton	0 5 0
Miss S. J. Turner	0 15 8	A Widow's Mite	0 2 6
Miss Howell	5 0 0	Middleton Tesdale	0 6 0
Mr. Oxley	0 2 6	Miss McPherson	1 0 0
Mr. J. C. Harris	0 5 0	Mrs. Ann Bodenhurst	1 0 0
Mr. E. Claydon	1 0 0	A. C.	0 3 0
Mr. E. Hindle	0 10 0	Mrs. Anne Buswell	1 0 0
C. H.	0 5 0	Mr. McCay	0 10 0
L. F.	0 1 0	Mr. D. G. Niven	1 1 0
A. E. Cunningham	0 2 6	Mr. G. C. Heard	5 5 0
Mr. J. Poole	0 2 6	Mr. G. Lee	0 10 0
Mr. North	0 10 0	Mr. E. Heritage	5 5 0
Mr. J. Perry	0 5 0	Mr. J. M. McLean	0 5 0
Mr. G. W. Brooker	0 2 0	Mr. William and Mary Storer	1 0 0
Mr. R. Hart	0 2 0	Mrs. Sara Gough	1 0 0
				Mr. T. Paine	1 0 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Paine	1	0	0	R. Tasker	1	0	0
M. Daintree	0	5	0	S. A. Harrison	0	5	0
L. A.	0	4	0	A. Darby	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Newstead	2	0	0	Mr. S. J. Brown	2	0	0
F. K., Cornwall	0	10	0	Mr. J. Caffyn and Friends	5	10	0
E. W., Drixton	0	5	0	Mr. Marsh	20	0	0
Mr. F. L. Aldis	1	1	0	W. M. and J. Smith	0	3	0
Mr. Doddington	0	10	0	Mr. R. Purser	0	10	0
Miss A. Mills	0	10	0	Pastors' College Evening Classes, per			
Miss E. Bailly	0	7	0	Mr. Johnson	30	0	0
W. B. and Friends, per Mr. Lane	1	6	6	Mr. Lloyd	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Court	1	0	0	Susan Hall	1	0	0
F. W. Day	0	5	0	Mr. R. Barrow	10	0	0
John Burch	0	1	0	Mrs. Halcrow	0	2	6
Mr. T. Carrington	1	10	0	Mr. R. D. Poppleton	1	1	0
M. Ward	0	3	0	Rev. C. Williams	1	0	0
Mr. J. Tod	1	0	0	Mr. W. Chater	1	10	0
Miss Corfield	1	0	0	Mr. J. E. Knight	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Lowe	1	0	0	Mr. S. H. Knight	2	10	0
Fred. Lowe	0	5	0	Mr. T. Betts	2	2	0
Miss V. E. Clark	0	5	0	Mr. Greenwood	50	0	0
A. Drayson	0	5	0	Mr. G. Gray	2	0	0
Mr. Buckle	0	10	0	M. C. Longhurst	0	10	0
Mr. E. Stapely	0	10	0	Mr. R. Collins	5	0	0
Mr. Thorn	1	0	0	Mrs. A. Yates	0	11	0
Mr. A. Fitch	0	5	0	J. Vowler	0	2	6
Mr. Hask	0	15	0	Mr. H. Dunn	0	5	0
Mr. J. Cox	1	0	0	Mr. W. Smart	0	2	6
W. Trott	0	2	0	L. Simpson	1	0	0
Mrs. Newman	0	5	0	Kilmarnock	0	5	0
S. M. Field	0	3	0	Mary Ann Berry	0	10	0
Mr. J. Clements	0	4	0	M. C.	0	3	0
Mr. J. Henderson (Hamburg)	1	13	0	Mr. C. F. Aldis	1	1	0
Mrs. and The Misses Robinson	5	0	0	Mr. S. Pyne	0	10	0
Frances Rashdale	5	0	0	Mr. W. H. Cropley	1	0	0
Mrs. Shaddock	0	10	0	L. Lucas	0	1	0
T. A.	0	5	0	Mrs. Dunn	1	0	0
Mr. J. C. Barr	2	2	0	Mr. S. Walker	5	5	0
Mary Ann Alderson	0	5	0	Mr. R. Morton	0	5	0
Mrs. Barham	0	10	0	Mr. T. Bannatyne	1	0	0
Mrs. Rumell	0	2	0	Mrs. T. Bannatyne	1	0	0
W. Seames	0	4	0	Mr. J. Hector	1	0	0
Alfred Herbert Tubby	1	0	0	Foston-on-the-Wolds	0	2	6
Mr. A. J. Parker	0	10	0	Mr. W. W. Grant	1	0	0
Miss Stone	0	5	0	Mr. O. Hockey	5	0	0
Miss Carter	0	5	0	H. B.	0	2	6
Mr. T. Drake	5	5	0	Friends at Malvern	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Chilvers	0	10	0	Mr. Wood	1	1	0
Mr. E. W. Saunders	1	1	0	C. Eates	0	5	0
Mr. Hayles	2	0	0	Dr. and Mrs. Wain	2	2	0
Mrs. Goslin	1	0	0	Mr. J. Kemp-Welch	10	10	0
Miss S. A. Goslin	0	10	0	T. H. C.	0	10	0
Miss Winslow	5	0	0	Mr. R. Huntley	10	0	0
Mrs. Holmes	0	5	0	Mr. Cordey	5	0	0
Mr. Flower	0	2	6	Mr. J. Stevens	10	0	0
Miss M. A. Flower	0	2	6	A Friend, per Mr. Stevens	0	10	0
Mrs. Read	0	5	0	Mr. W. H. Wilcox	1	0	0
Mrs. Berry	1	0	0	G. G.	1	0	0
E. H. G.	0	3	0	Mr. Jas. Jackson	2	2	0
Mr. Clarkson	2	0	0	Mrs. S. Nay	0	10	0
Mr. Kersey	5	0	0	Mrs. Vince	0	10	0
Miss Ricaby	0	2	6	Mr. T. Benham	1	1	0
Mr. F. W. Smethers	0	5	0	Miss E. Benham	0	10	0
Mr. E. Draper	0	6	0	Miss A. Benham	0	10	0
Emma Young	0	3	0	Mr. Alder	1	0	0
Miss Peachey	1	1	0	Mrs. Alder	1	0	0
Miss Shevier	0	10	0	Annie Waite	0	2	6
Mr. A. R. King	2	0	0	Miss Hupfield	0	15	0
Mr. Turner	2	2	0	Miss A. Tolmie	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Rudd	1	1	0	Mr. C. Carter	0	10	0
Mrs. McIntyre	0	2	6	R. D. W.	5	0	0
A Sister, Bankhead	0	2	6	No Name	0	2	0
H. and B.	0	2	6	Mr. A. Culverhouse and Friends	1	0	0
C. and H.	0	5	0	Mr. T. Jones	0	10	0
E. Russell	0	5	0	Mr. Ashton	0	10	0
James Cox	0	5	0	Colonel Morrison	10	0	0
Mr. James Chapman	0	10	0	London, S.E.	0	1	0
M. A. H.	1	1	0	Mr. A. Eldridge	0	10	0
Singapore	1	0	0	Mr. E. A. Eldridge	0	10	0
Mrs. Dalton	1	0	0	Mr. D. G. Harklotts	5	0	0
D. Sutherland	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Heath	0	5	0

	l	s.	d.		l	s.	d.
Mr. Penston ...	3	8	0	Mr. A. C. Wood ...	0	5	0
Miss Penston ...	3	8	0	Per W. C. M. ...	5	0	0
Mr. J. White ...	1	0	0	Miss Mann ...	0	5	0
Mr. C. Sargeant ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Campbell ...	1	5	0
Mr. Brackett ...	3	0	0	A Mite from Tunbridge Wells ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. McAlley ...	1	0	0	Mrs. O. Dalglish ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Last ...	0	2	6	H. C. and E. N. ...	0	4	0
Mr. C. E. Windett ...	0	5	0	Miss Nugent ...	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Windett ...	0	5	0	Mr. H. Denby ...	5	0	0
Mr. Rainbow ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Nicholson ...	0	1	0
C. M. A. Ware ...	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Neal ...	0	2	0
Mr. Watkins ...	1	1	0	Mr. R. B. Sherring ...	1	1	0
E. J. T. ...	0	2	6	Well Wisher ...	0	2	0
G. A. Storrar ...	0	4	0	"One who would do more" ...	0	1	0
Mr. G. H. Dean ...	5	0	0	Mr. Robert Pullar ...	10	0	0
Mr. Whitehorn ...	1	1	0	Mr. R. Anthony ...	0	5	0
A Sermon Reader, Hitchin ...	0	10	0	Mr. R. Ballard ...	0	10	0
A Widow's Mite ...	0	4	0	Mr. Ballard, sen. ...	0	10	0
M. Gardiner ...	0	5	0	Mr. Pettifer ...	2	2	0
Mrs. Gardner ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Norman ...	5	0	0
Miss A. Biggs ...	0	2	6	Miss E. A. Gilbert ...	25	0	0
Mr. D. Carder ...	0	10	0	Mr. J. B. Mead ...	50	0	0
Sarah Brown ...	0	16	8	Miss S. Harris ...	0	8	0
Mr. W. Stanton ...	0	5	0	Robertsbridge Mission ...	1	0	0
A. H. Chandler ...	0	3	0	Per Mr. Bartlett—			
Mr. J. Ryder ...	0	2	6	Miss Wright ...	26	5	0
Mr. W. Butler ...	0	10	0	K. E. ...	5	0	0
A. Butler ...	0	5	0	Rev. A. G. Thomas ...	1	2	7
M. A. White ...	0	1	0	Miss Barclay ...	1	0	0
Green Walk Mission ...	20	0	0	Miss C. M. Adams ...	1	1	0
Mrs. M. A. Collen ...	2	2	0	Under £1 ...	10	17	0
A Reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons ...	0	10	0				
E. Dods and Friends, Kelso ...	2	0	0	L. F. W. ...	45	5	7
Mrs. Ellwood ...	10	0	0	Mr. A. B. Jeffery ...	0	2	0
J. J. ...	1	0	0	M. A. T. ...	1	0	0
E. A. Tunbridge ...	0	10	0	Mr. T. H. Olney ...	100	0	0
A Sermon Reader, Burnley ...	2	0	0	Per Mr. Elvin—			
Mr. Spencer Murch ...	5	0	0	Mr. Woodfield ...	1	0	0
Mr. McDougall and his Brother and Sister ...	5	0	0	Mr. Allen ...	0	10	0
C. E. Berry ...	0	1	0	Mr. Judd ...	0	10	0
Mr. F. Howard ...	5	0	0	Mr. Riddell ...	0	10	0
Mr. E. King ...	1	0	0	Mr. Weeks ...	0	5	0
Mr. T. H. Stockwell ...	2	2	0				
J. P. ...	5	0	0	Mr. Rudderham ...	0	10	0
K. Y. Z. ...	0	4	0	Mr. G. A. Storrar ...	0	4	0
Mr. A. Bult ...	0	10	0	Per Mr. H. White ...	2	10	0
Collected by Mr. C. Adlem ...	0	13	6	E. B. ...	100	0	0
Church of England ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Warren ...	0	5	0
S. B. ...	0	5	0	Mr. Perkins ...	3	0	0
P. M. ...	1	0	0	United Bible Classes, Mr. Perkins' Class ...	11	7	0
				Elders' List, per Mr. Dunn:—			
Mr. W. L. Maynard ...	1	0	0	Mr. F. C. Howell ...	0	10	0
Mr. John Clover ...	5	0	0	M. E. ...	0	2	6
Miss L. Wheatley ...	0	17	6	Mrs. Davis ...	0	10	0
A Friend, 2nd £5 Note ...	5	0	0	Mr. Hellier ...	5	5	0
E. E. W. ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Hellier ...	2	2	0
Mr. W. E. Moon ...	1	0	0	Miss Hellier ...	1	1	0
A Lover of Mr. Spurgeon ...	0	1	0	Mr. Everett ...	10	0	0
Mrs. M. A. Munday ...	1	1	0	Mr. E. Winter ...	0	5	0
Miss Bessie Lewis ...	2	0	0	Mr. Mendham ...	0	5	0
Miss Morgan ...	0	5	0	Mr. Clark ...	0	10	0
Mr. Jas. Johnman ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Williamson ...	0	10	6
Mr. R. J. Tippin ...	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Dugdale ...	2	2	0
Mr. E. Bymer ...	5	0	0	Mrs. Hill ...	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Jelley ...	1	0	0	Mr. Cox ...	0	1	0
Mr. G. Steele ...	0	10	0	Miss Gooch ...	0	10	0
Friends in Portsoy, per Jane Menzies ...	0	9	11	Mr. Wren ...	1	0	0
Mr. E. McAndrew ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Read ...	1	0	0
Rev. G. Sadler ...	0	5	0	Mr. Cookson ...	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Napier ...	1	0	0	Mr. Chaston ...	1	0	0
Rev. F. Trestrail ...	1	1	0	Miss Petty ...	0	2	6
Mr. W. Fleeming ...	1	1	0	Mr. Wingate ...	0	5	0
Mr. Bowker's Class ...	35	0	0	Mr. Ameld ...	0	2	6
Mr. G. Dickey ...	5	0	0	Mrs. Keeley ...	0	5	0
Mr. Whitehead ...	5	0	0	A. W. ...	0	6	0
Mr. W. C. Greenop ...	3	3	0	Mrs. L. Morgan ...	0	10	0
E. and M. A. Walker ...	0	10	0	Miss Wilson ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Hains ...	10	0	0	Miss Tubby ...	1	0	0
A Chelmsford Reader of "Christian Age" ...	0	2	6	Miss Elsey ...	0	3	0
				Mr. Wollacott ...	25	0	0

THE SPURGEON TESTIMONIAL.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Hunt	0	10	0
Mr. Wyatt	0	10	0
Mr. Sutcliffe	1	1	0
Miss Short	0	5	0
Miss Ellis	0	4	0
Mr. Berry	0	5	0
Mr. Mitchell	0	10	0
Mr. Hall	0	5	0
A Friend	0	1	0
Saturday Evening Prayer Meeting	11	14	3
<hr/>			
	72	13	3
Mr. Jones	0	10	0
Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	10	0	0
A Friend, Fulkirk	0	10	0
Mr. W. King	3	0	0
Mr. W. G. Burrows	1	0	0
A Friend, per E. H.	0	10	0
Mrs. Sharman	1	0	0
Mr. Keys	1	1	0
Per Mr. Wm. Payne:—			
Mrs. J. F. Bennett	1	1	0
Mrs. Falconer	5	0	0
Miss Stedman	5	0	0
Mr. W. W. Beare	1	1	0
Mr. H. Dodson	2	2	0
A Friend	1	0	0
Mrs. Wain	5	5	0
Mr. Holland	0	5	0
Mr. Alderman Ridout	0	10	6
Mr. T. Pocock, jun.	1	1	0
Miss Charles	1	0	0
<hr/>			
	23	5	6
Mr. T. Peters	0	8	0
Mrs. Baker	5	0	0
Mr. J. Blake	0	10	8
Mr. W. Gough	1	0	0
Per Mr. R. Stocks	0	2	0
Mr. J. Webber	0	2	0
Mr. E. David	0	10	0
Mr. Harding	1	1	0

Mr. H. Tubby	5	0	0
Mr. W. Winford	1	0	0
Mrs. Freeman	0	5	0
Mr. Round	1	0	0
Mr. James Stiff	25	0	0
Messrs. Alabaster and Passmore	100	0	0
Mr. Izard	5	0	0
Mr. W. F. Musters	10	10	0
Mr. A. Newark	0	12	4
Mrs. A. C. Watson	2	0	0
Mrs. Mitchener	1	1	0
J. J. Wolverhampton	0	5	0
Mr. E. Leach	1	1	0
Sidcnp	0	10	0
A Friend near Bacup	0	1	1
Mr. W. Moir	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Simmonds	1	0	0
Mr. F. W. Arnsden	5	0	0
Mr J. Olney	10	0	0
Mr. Mark Noble	0	8	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Day Schools, per Mr. Johnson	5	0	0
Mr. W. Mills	25	0	0
Mr. Carson	1	0	0
Mr. A. Stewart	0	2	0
Mr. J. Ewen	0	2	0
Mr. J. C. Withers	1	1	0
Mr. Broadhurst	0	1	0
Mr. J. Foster	2	2	0
Colonel Griffin	5	0	0
Captain McKay	5	0	0
Friends at Earl's Colne Baptist Chapel	2	5	0
Mr. R. W. Aldridge	0	5	0
A Member	0	1	0
Mr. L. Thwaites	1	0	0
Mr. W. Olney	50	0	0
Ministers and Students of Pastors' College, as per list	152	15	5
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	£3082	3	8

TESTIMONIAL FUND.—MINISTERS & STUDENTS OF PASTORS' COLLEGE.

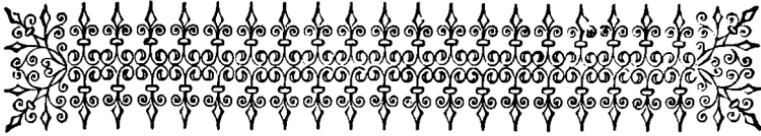
	£	s.	d.
Rev. G. Trapp	1	0	0
Rev. G. H. Hook	1	0	0
Rev. W. Seaman	0	1	0
Rev. E. E. Fisk	1	0	0
Rev. G. E. Ireland	0	5	0
Rev. E. J. Silvertown	1	1	0
Rev. W. S. Llewellyn	0	10	0
Rev. E. Compton	0	5	0
Rev. J. Dodwell	1	0	0
Rev. H. H. Garrett	0	10	0
Rev. A. E. Johnson	0	16	0
Rev. J. Kemp	0	2	6
Rev. A. McDougal	1	14	0
Rev. T. G. Gathercole	0	5	0
Rev. R. S. Lewis	1	0	0
Rev. H. Winsor	1	0	0
Rev. — Strong	1	12	6
Rev. J. L. Edwards	1	11	6
Rev. C. Fellowes	1	10	0
Rev. J. Genders	1	1	0
Rev. J. Hillman	0	5	0
Rev. D. Sharp	0	12	0
Rev. S. Pilling	1	3	0
Rev. W. H. Tubb	1	10	0
Rev. F. Jeffrey	0	10	0
Rev. W. Hackney	2	16	0
Rev. G. Williams	1	1	0
Rev. H. A. Fletcher	1	0	0
Rev. J. R. Hadler	0	5	0
Rev. A. Pidgeon	0	16	6
Rev. C. T. Johnson	1	0	0
Rev. T. H. Smith	0	10	0
Rev. C. L. Gordon	0	10	0
Rev. G. W. Linnear	0	5	0
Rev. M. H. Whetnall	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Rev. James Foster	2	0	0
Rev. J. F. Frewin	1	0	0
Friends at Hillsley, per Mr. Miller	2	2	0
Mrs. S. Circuit, per Rev. T. Bradford	2	0	0
Mr. J. A. Tawell, per Mr. Bradford	5	0	0
Vernon Chapel, per Mr. Dalton	10	5	6
Rev. J. Stubbs	1	0	0
Rev. W. Summer	0	10	0
Catford Hill, per Mr. T. Greenwood	5	2	0
Rev. C. H. Thomas	0	3	6
Rev. W. G. Coate	0	5	0
Rev. G. W. Pope	0	10	0
Rev. F. Cockerton	0	11	0
Mr. Monk	0	3	6
Mr. J. H. Ellis	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Few, per C. Spurgeon	1	0	0
Rev. A. Greer	0	8	0
Rev. J. W. Comfort	1	0	0
Rev. J. Geale	0	5	0
Mr. J. S. Harrison	1	0	0
Rev. W. G. Hailstone	1	0	0
Rev. W. G. Myles	0	13	0
Rev. H. A. James	3	10	0
Mr. W. R. Selway	1	1	0
Rev. R. Speed	2	14	0
A Friend, per W. V. Young	0	2	6
Rev. E. P. Barrett	0	2	6
Rev. J. Palmer	0	10	0
Rev. W. L. Mayo	0	5	0
Rev. S. Crabb	8	7	11
Rev. H. Wilkins	3	0	0
Mr. Marshall	2	0	0
Rev. J. Brett	0	2	6
Rev. G. J. Moore	0	2	6
Rev. W. H. Smith	1	0	0

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.		
Per J. G. Williams...	...	1	5	0	Per Mr. Forth—						
Per H. J.	0	8	0	Mrs. Goddard ...	1	10	0			
Rev. H. J. Becliff	0	10	0	Mr. Paul ...	1	0	0			
Rev. S. K. Akehurst	0	2	6	Miss Latchmore ...	0	10	0			
Rev. W. J. Inglis	2	5	0	A Friend ...	0	1	0			
Mr. Whiteside	0	2	6					8	1	0
Mr. F. J. Steward	0	5	0	Rev. A. G. Brown	4	0	0
Mr. J. W. Nichol	0	5	0	Rev. W. Anderson	0	10	0
Per Rev. J. Crouch	0	2	6	Mr. J. MoNab	0	10	0
Rev. H. Channer	0	2	6	Mrs. Willington	1	5	0
Rev. H. T. Spufford	1	0	0	Mr. J. S. Barnes, per Mr. Spurrier	1	0	0
Per Rev. T. Thomson:—					Rev. E. Spurrier	0	10	0
Mr. E. Williams ...	1	0	0		Rev. E. J. Edwards	1	1	0
Mr. G. Morgan ...	0	10	0		Rev. R. Holmes	0	10	0
				1	10	0			0	15	0
Rev. S. Crabb	0	10	0	Rev. C. Pates	2	0	0
Per Rev. C. A. Davis, Manchester:—					Rev. F. Breewood	1	12	6
Mrs. Shaw and friends ...	1	0	0		Per Rev. G. Hill	3	0	0
Mr. Dodenhoff ...	0	10	0		Church at Faversham	3	0	0
W. P. ...	0	5	0		Per Rev. W. Julian:—						
Mrs. Thompson ...	0	10	0		General Francis ...	1	0	0			
Mr. Fincken ...	0	5	0		The Misses Daft ...	1	0	0			
Miss Hodgkins ...	0	2	6		The Misses Allen ...	2	0	0			
Mr. T. Sponcer ...	0	10	0		Mr. Matthews ...	0	5	0			
Mr. W. Spencer ...	0	10	0		Mr. Powell ...	1	0	0			
				8	12	6	Mrs. Newby ...	0	10	0	
Mr. Green ...	0	7	0		Miss Jones ...	0	2	0			
Rev. G. W. White ...	0	10	6						5	17	0
Rev. W. J. Mayers ...	0	10	6		Rev. D. Evans	5	0	0
Shoreditch Tabernacle, Gifts from id.	10	15	0		Rev. J. Glover	1	10	0
to 10s.	1	6	0		Rev. N. Rogers	0	7	6
Rev. T. Lardner ...	0	12	0		Rev. H. Kidner	0	5	0
Rev. W. Ewens ...	0	2	6		Rev. E. S. Neale	1	0	0
M. Parsons, per Rev. H. R. Brown	0	2	6								
Drummond Road, Bermondsey ...	0	11	0		Total (carried to Spurgeon Testi-						
Rev. C. Bloy ...	0	10	0		monial Fund) ...				£152	15	5
Rev. E. A. Tydeman ...	0	2	0								
The Stall-Keepers acknowledge receipt of the following sums, which they invested in the purchase of goods for the Bazaar:—											
Mr. T. E. Phillips:—		£		s.		d.					
Mr. J. Harvey ...	5	5	0								
Mr. Wm. Fisher ...	3	3	0								
Mr. Fisher ...	2	2	0								
Mr. W. Harrison ...	2	2	0								
Mr. J. Duncan ...	2	0	0—14	12	0						
Mrs. Carr:—											
Mr. T. J. Winney ...	5	0	0								
Mr. W. G. Hopps ...	1	1	0								
Mr. T. E. B. Hilliard ...	1	1	0								
Mr. Perry ...	1	1	0—8	3	0						
Mr. Bartlett's Stall:—											
Mr. T. H. Olney ...	5	0	0								
Mrs. Prebble ...	1	0	0								
Mrs. Watts ...	1	0	0								
Mrs. Birrell ...	0	10	0								
Mrs. McAlley ...	0	10	0								
Under 10s.	1	3	0—9	3	0						
Mr. Dunn, for Elders' Stall:—											
Miss F. Perkins ...	0	10	0								
Mr. and Mrs. Comont ...	0	2	0								
Miss Spurway ...	0	5	0								
Mr. and Mrs. Harden ...	1	1	0								
Mr. Watkins ...	1	0	0								
Mrs. McAlley ...	0	10	0								
Mrs. A. Cox ...	0	15	0								
Mr. Thorp ...	1	0	0								
Miss Thorp ...	1	0	0								
An Invauid ...	0	5	0								
Mr. Hammerton ...	1	5	0—7	13	0						
Mrs. Withers:—											
Mr. Palmer ...	10	0	0								
Mr. Sutton ...	5	0	0								
Rev. E. Osborne ...	5	0	0								
Mr. M. H. Sutton ...	3	3	0								
Messrs. Helass and Co. ...	2	2	0								
Mr. Long ...	1	0	0								
Rev. W. Anderson ...	1	0	0								
G. Palmer, Esq., M.P. ... 1 0 0											
Mr. J. J. Cooper ... 1 0 0											
Mr. J. Dewe... .. 0 10 0											
Mr. Harris 0 10 0											
Mrs. Broad, jun. ... 0 2 6—30 7 6											
Mr. Charlesworth, for Orphanage Stall:—											
Mrs. Sargeant 5 0 0											
Mrs. J. and Family ... 5 0 0											
Mr. A. Dunn 1 1 0											
Messrs. Poock Brothers... 5 5 0											
Mr. W. W. Thompson ... 10 10 0											
"Ward's Friend" 0 2 6											
Messrs. W. and B. Morley											
and Grey 5 5 0—32 3 6											
Mr. Goldstone, for Training Class Stall:—											
Contributed by the Mem-											
bers of the Training Class 5 0 0											
Mr. J. Billing 0 10 0—5 10 0											
Contributions per The Evangelists' Association											
(Mr. Elvin's):—											
Mr. J. B. Parker 10 0 0											
Mr. T. Greenwood 5 0 0											
Mr. Thomas Olney 5 0 0											
Religious Book Society—											
Grant of Books 3 0 0											
Mr. Elvin 2 10 0											
Mr. J. Jones 1 1 0											
Mr. and Mrs. Sayers ... 1 1 0											
Mr. C. H. Hawkins 1 1 0											
Mr. Barber 1 0 0											
Mr. C. E. Allison 1 0 0											
Collections at Thursday											
Evening Prayer Meeting... 0 15 9											
Mr. Woods 0 4 0											
Mr. J. Woodcock 0 2 6											
Mrs. J. Woodcock 0 2 6											
Mr. and Mrs. W. Crofts ... 0 2 0—31 19 9											

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, Balham. 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.

MARCH, 1879.

Incidents of Travel Clustering Round a Text.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.



WHEN we were in Turin we were delighted to see in one of the most public streets a Vaudois temple, which we entered, and found full of earnest worshippers. It was charming to think of the change of times, as marked by the difference between the fierce persecution which stained Piedmont blood-red and a noble house of prayer, in part erected by a royal grant, in which the Waldensian church was able to worship, none making her afraid. Upon the front of the edifice we read the text, from Jer. vi. 16,

“ Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.”

This Scripture struck us as most wisely chosen, and as a noble testimony against the novelties of the Church of Rome, some of which, indeed, are such new inventions that the assemblies which decreed them have but lately separated, and the aged priest who was their mouth-piece is hardly cold in his grave. The passage impressed us so forcibly that we hid it in our heart, and lying there it budded and put forth five blossoms, which our readers may, perhaps, develop into flowers and fruits.

We saw upon it, first, A CALL TO CONSIDERATION,—“Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask.” Like those to whom the prophet spoke, men are by nature wanderers, and if they go heedlessly onward they will lose themselves more and more in the many “ways” which lead the soul to destruction; therefore is it man’s wisdom to pause awhile, and not rush onward heedlessly. *A pause is suggested*,—“Stand ye.” Come to a halt, stay your steps, do not be too sure that you are right; another step

may be dangerous, therefore "Stand ye." In the commencement of life young people should take thought, and meditate upon the design of their being, and the way by which they should answer it; in middle life men should carefully consider their ways, and mark whither they tend; and in going down the hill the aged should be specially aroused to make sure of a right ending to their pilgrimage. We are most of us in too great a hurry, and we blunder on as if we were infallible, and could not possibly be making a life-long error. As we were the other day brought to a dead stand while travelling in an express train by the exhibiting of a red flag, so do we now hang out the signal, and cry with all our might to all who are thoughtless "STAND YE."

Crossing the Channel, on a foggy afternoon, the man on the lookout sang out, loud and clear, a warning voice, and the captain caused the vessel to be stopped in a moment. Right ahead was the North Foreland, we had gone a point out of our course, and we must pause and bear away from the danger. Looming through the haze which a thoughtful eye may pierce, there may at this moment be a huge rock of sin; let a voice like thunder cry "*Stop her,*" and if need be, "*Back her,*" for it is better far to shift our course a hundred times than dash upon destruction.

Then, in the text, *an examination is advised*—"Stand ye in the ways, and see." Look about you, within you, beneath you, above you. Look at your road, and your companions, and the prospect beyond. Compare these with the chart of Scripture by the help of an enlightened conscience. Climbing up the olive terraces, and steep mountain sides at Mentone, we find it needful to look at every footstep lest our feeble feet should cause us to fall; and when we ascend a hill which is new to us we have to take our bearings pretty frequently lest we should miss our course and find ourselves altogether out of our latitude. No man can go to heaven blindly. The eye of faith which looks to Christ will be needed all the way, and he who closes it will soon be tripped up by one stumblingblock or another. It is foolish to hope that a priest can see for us, or that we may follow the multitude with closed eyes. He that hath eyes to see let him see. We shall not be excused if we go astray through want of thought when the Bible is in our hands, and the way of life is plainly mapped out therein.

Nor is this all, for by a third word *enquiry is recommended*,—"ask for the old paths." Select those who may reasonably be expected to know, and question them with earnestness. Most of us have some Christian friends, let us ask them the way, they will be glad to tell us; indeed, they are anxious to be our guides. Best of all, we can ask of the Lord of the way himself, and by his Holy Spirit he will direct us into the one and only path which has been trodden from time immemorial by all his saints. Ask in prayer, ask by hearkening to the Word, ask by looking to Jesus who says, "I am the way."

In driving about the great world of London we are frequently brought to a stand by the alteration of the streets, and the sudden springing up of new neighbourhoods. We had a coachman once who had an invincible repugnance to asking his way, although we over and over again laid before him the maxim "Better ask a dozen times than once miss your road." Ask he would not, and so we should have lost time in

endless mazes had we not pulled him up very often, and sought direction from one and another who knew the region well. The mass of people nowadays are of our coachman's mind, and will not ask. We have to force our directions upon them. O that they would become enquirers, and follow us with anxious questions; we should never weary of showing them the old paths.

Our Waldensian inscription has a second meaning, for it contains a COMMENDATION OF ANTIQUITY,—“ask for the old paths.” In this case the older the better. Many think the mediæval paths old, but, indeed, they are of yesterday and are new inventions. May we not trust “the fathers,” says one? And our answer is—better far to go back to the apostles, and to their Master. Certain churches boast of their venerable age, but no way of religion is so ancient as that which is found in the Scriptures themselves. Councils, synods, assemblies, bulls, decretals, are all modern; the old paths are to be found marked down in the old Book, and they bear the footprints of old saints. The way of repentance is as old as John the Baptist, yea, as old as David; the way of faith is as old as Abraham; the way of communion with God is as old as Enoch; the way of approaching God by the lamb slain is as old as Abel; yea, the true Lamb was slain from before the foundations of the world. Romanism and Anglicanism, and half the isms, are the moss which has grown upon the ancient stones: the interpolations of yesterday upon the writing of the ages. There is an interesting ride from Mentone which brings you to a cathedral adorned, after the manner of papal taste, with gaudy colours and childish decorations. There you will see all the apparatus for modern Romish worship; but you need not stay there. Ask for the crypt,—the old church. Descend a winding stair, and you shall see in the centre of the building a baptistery. What, are we in a Baptist chapel? Listen to the guide, who is the sacristan, and he will tell you in Italian, so like to Latin that you can understand him, that this is an ancient font used in those days when baptism was by immersion. Why not by immersion now? The difference in that ordinance is only an index of the wholesale alterations which priests have made from time to time. Man's church covers over the church of God, and when you have seen the oldest of the *national* churches, you must then enquire for the old original church. New doctrines as well as new ordinances are taught, and new modes of life are brought into fashion. It is with religion as with wine, “the old is better.”

“Ask for the old paths.” The infallible Word of God is older than the supposed infallible pope, the priesthood of the saints is older than the priestcraft of the clergy, the epistles are older than the thirty-nine articles, and the true church of God is older than any one of the sects. Lovers of antiquity, take care that your antiquity is antiquity. Let the old be old enough. With our own eyes we have seen “real antiques” in process of being made, and have observed the finishing touches as they gave the fine dark tinge to furniture of the middle ages fresh from the cabinet-maker's. 'Twas from a canal at Venice that we first saw veritable antiquities in their maker's workshop. Many a religious antique have we seen since then which was not one whit more worthy of acceptance. Remember that the twelfth century, the sixth century, or the second century are nothing to us; we go back not to this or that

Anno Domini, but to the *Dominus*, to the Lord himself and his apostles, and we will receive nothing but what we find in the Old and New Testaments. We wish that all professors would do the same, and thus "ask for the old paths."

Our text next gives us A DESCRIPTION OF THE WAY. It is called "the good way." It is not the easy way: the idle and the foolish ask for that, but it is not worth seeking for, since it leads to poverty and perdition. Neither is it the popular way, for few there be that find it. But it is the good way, made by a good God in infinite goodness to his creatures, paved by our good Lord Jesus with pains and labours immeasurable, and revealed by the good Spirit to those whose eternal good he seeks. It is the way of holiness, of peace, of safety, and it leads to heaven. Is it not good? It has been traversed by the best of men since time began, and the unclean do not pass over it. It is good at its commencement, for at its entrance men are born again; it is good at its continuation, for they are righteous who hold on their way; and it is good in its termination, for it leads to perfection, to bliss, to God himself.

When we are asked "Where is the good way?" we need not hesitate in our reply, for our Lord Jesus says, "I am the way." Faith in him as the Son of God, the Substitute, the Saviour, the all in all, is the way of life for the soul. Many are the ways which are not good. In the dusty weather, as we crossed a road, a boy ran in front of us with his broom, pretending to sweep the path, but in reality raising a cloud of dust around us; and this reminds us of the men with new brooms of modern thought, who offer their services nowadays to clear the way for us, though all that they do is to create a blinding dust of doubt and questioning. We prefer God's old, good way to their new and false way. We were told of a fresh road the other day, and we went to try it, and found it foul at its entrance, miry in its progress, and abrupt in its termination, landing us nowhere; the old road is very steep, and tires our knees, but next time we go in that direction we shall follow it, for we know it, and know that, though rough and rugged, *it leads somewhere*. The doctrines of grace and Puritanic practice are not attractive to the flesh, but they are safe, they have been long tried, and their end is peace. Others may say, "We will not walk therein," but as for us, we have already found rest for our souls in the good road, and shall not leave it for another.

Another blossom of the text is found in AN EXHORTATION TO PRACTICE—"walk therein." First *see* where is the good old way, and then *walk* in it. Walking in the way is the end aimed at; the standing, seeing, and questioning are only the means. That question, "Where is the good way?" has come from many a false lip. Pilate asked, "What is truth?" But what cared he? Thousands ask the same question; the learned discuss it, the frivolous amuse themselves with it. Vainly do they ask, and in vain are they answered, unless they enter upon the holy pilgrimage.

Some spend their time in finding fault with wisdom's travellers. "See how he limps!" say they of one. "What a clownish gait!" say they of another. Yet were it better for themselves if they would walk as cripples in the good way than to run in the broad road.

Others intend pursuing the road, but first they must have solved for them a metaphysical difficulty, a petty scruple, or a theological puzzle. A lady of whom we heard in our travels had worried several ministers who sought her good by always telling them that she could not believe till they could explain to her how God could be without a beginning, "For," said she, "if he never began, then he has not begun, and there can be no God at all." Very dexterous are certain persons in blocking up their own road, and yet, perhaps, there is no great dexterity in it, for the proverb says, "A fool may put questions which a wise man cannot answer." In the Vatican at Rome we saw the renowned statue of the boy who has a thorn in his foot, and is busy extracting it. He was doing this when we first saw him, and three years after he was attempting the same operation. We have good reason for believing that he is even now in the same posture, and will be found in like attitude fifty years hence. He is carved in marble, and therefore is excused for making no progress; but what shall be said of living, thoughtful individuals who year after year are trifling with imaginary difficulties, and never set foot on the road to heaven? "Walk therein" is the advice of common sense as well as the command of God.

Yet many who appear to be in the road make no progress; they sit, but do not walk. One cold winter's evening we were on the railroad between Alexandria and Genoa when the train was in a very peculiar condition: the wheels revolved, but the carriages made no advance on the journey, the rails were slippery, the wheels did not bite, and our engine was spending its strength for naught. Until the iron way had been sprinkled with sand we just held our place, and nothing more. We have known several persons in like case: they revolved in the routine of religious duty, but they had no grip, no hold upon the heavenward way, and did not advance an inch, with all their expenditure of effort. *Walk therein*,—go on, proceed, advance, lest ye glide backward. Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of your Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Let us not talk of repentance, but repent; neither let us be satisfied with knowing what faith is, but at once believe in the Lord Jesus. A religion of head-knowledge and theories will prove of no avail either in this life or in that which is to come. There are large maps upon the walls of many French railway stations, yet no man ever reached Paris or Marseilles by gazing at the map; he must take his place with other travellers, or the train will hasten on without him. The Corniche is one of the finest roads in the world, but no traveller ever passed from Marseilles to Genoa by a mere study of its course; there must be actual journeying or the highway is useless. Not the hearer of the word, but the doer thereof, is saved.

The concluding words of the text contain A SENTENCE OF PROMISE. "Ye shall find rest for your souls." In the good old way you shall find rest if you have never enjoyed it before; travelling you shall rest, as certain birds are said to rest upon the wing. Joy shall be upon your head, peace shall prepare the place of your feet. It is wisdom's dominion, and concerning her we read, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Rest for the conscience comes to those who enter God's way of salvation; rest of heart arises out of their love

to him who is the way; rest of brain from their acceptance of his teaching; rest of desire from their satisfaction with his person,—in a word, the soul rests in all its powers and faculties. Nor does it alone rest in the present; the future is guaranteed beyond all fear. Trouble will come, we are born to it, and our life is sure to accord with our birth; nor need we wish to be screened from affliction, for there will come with it surpassing consolations. The dungeon of the Mamartine, where a probable tradition declares that Paul was for awhile confined, is entered through a round hole in the floor of another dungeon above. The uppermost apartment is dark enough, but the lower one is darkness itself, so that the apostle's imprisonment was of the severest kind. We noticed, however, a strange fact:—in the hard floor there is a beautiful fountain of clear crystal water, which doubtless was as fresh in Paul's day as it is now. Of course the Papists believe the fountain to be miraculous: we who are not so credulous of traditions rather see in it a symbol of instruction:—there never was a dungeon for God's servants which was without its well of consolation. Sorrow never comes to a saint without its solace, nor care without its cure. "Ye shall find rest unto your souls" is the language not only of the prophet, but of the Lord of prophets, and we may be doubly sure of its fulfilment.

"Alas," cries one, "I am in daily bondage through fear of death." Let not this fear hold you captive any longer, for it is without cause, seeing you have your Lord's word for it, that you shall find rest unto your soul. When we returned from Italy some years ago the Mont Cenis Tunnel was newly opened, and we reckoned that it must be a dreary passage. Six miles underground! We thought it must be very dark, and therefore we had better be provided with a candle. It would be damp and close, and therefore we reckoned upon closing every window, for fear we should find it hard to breathe the impure air. So we speculated; but when we traversed that wonderful passage the carriages were exceedingly well lighted, and much of the tunnel also, and we sat with open windows, finding it as easy to breathe as on the mountain's side. It was a joy rather than a peril to pass through the dreaded tunnel. So shall the voyager along the good old way find that death is not what he dreams: Jesus will light the darksome way, and the soul shall need no candle of earth; fresh breezes from glory shall drive away the death-damps, and the music of angels shall make the heart forgetful of all pains. How can the good old way lead into danger? What can it conduct us to but the eternal rest?

Reader, you have heard the wise advice which bids you consider, and the commendation which directs you to prefer the older paths, you have also been reminded that the way is good, and you have been urged to follow it and encouraged by a promise: what is your answer? Do not, we beseech you, say, like Israel of old, "We will not walk therein"; but rather cry, "Teach me thy way, O Lord."

Little Dicky.

DURING the illness of Alfred W. Cockerton* another little sufferer lay in the same room, and at one time it was very doubtful which little pilgrim would be the first to reach the end of life's chequered journey. Henry Dixon, or as he was familiarly called, Little Dicky, entered the Orphanage a frail, delicate child, whose beautiful features but too plainly indexed the nature of the disease he had inherited. As is the case with many of the boys admitted, the seeds of consumption had taken such deep root in his constitution that all the means which the skill and wisdom of the nurse and doctor could devise failed to eradicate the disease. Its progress was arrested, however, from time to time, and the hope was cherished during each period of convalescence that he would outgrow it. Alas, the hope was doomed to disappointment, and the conviction gained strength that his days were numbered. At the time his companion died he felt sure his turn would shortly follow, and he said, "I think Cockerton will come out of the gate to meet me." It was a cheering hope that the fellow-sufferers here should greet each other in the home beyond. After a brief separation of nine months they are now reunited, and their voices blend in that ascription of praise which is at once the highest worship and the noblest service of the redeemed in heaven.

Visiting him shortly before his death I said to him, "Well, Dicky, you will soon be home now, for you have 'Loved Jesus and lived for heaven.'" There was an indescribable beauty in the smile which mantled his cheeks as he confirmed by a gentle nod the hope suggested, and repeated in a whisper, scarcely audible, a verse of which he was very fond:—

"Jesus is my Shepherd,
Wiping every tear;
Folded in his bosom,
What have I to fear?"

His fearlessness in prospect of death was not that of the Stoic, hardened against natural feeling, or the excited hero thirsting for fame; it was born of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour and the assurance of his safety in him. Speaking of Jesus he said to Miss M—, as she sat one evening like a ministering angel by his bedside, "He had such a hold of me just now! He seems to hold me so tight—double-handed!" When asked what he meant by double-handed he replied, "Like Bobby does when he carries us off in our games. I keep on feeling He holds me. He doesn't go away!" Bearing such a scene in mind we read with new emphasis the gracious words, "I will hold thee with my right hand," and sing as the language of a true experience,—

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast;
There by his love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

* See No. 1, Stockwell Orphanage Tracts, "Love Jesus and Live for Heaven," admirably adapted for enclosing in letters.

There is a sublimity in the artless confidence of a child whose peace is not disturbed by unbelieving fears, and whose trust is not shaken by the questionings of doubt. To "become as a little child" is one of the highest attainments in Christian experience, and it is the childlike spirit which makes the heroes of faith. Many a timid Christian, distressed by doubts, would feel as little Dicky did, "He holds me double handed," if the simplicity of a child's faith were more earnestly cultivated.

To the assurance of faith there was added in the experience of this youthful disciple, "joy and peace in believing." Happiness was the certain sequence of unquestioning faith. "I am so happy," he said, "I long to go home. My heart keeps singing," and then he added the touching question, "When do you think I shall go to Jesus?" Such was his rapture that he said, on another occasion, "I feel so happy, as if I must get up and run about for joy; only I can't. I must laugh, though I am in pain. I have such joy; oh, I wish I had my voice, how I would talk of this! I keep singing inside!" Those who saw the dear child felt the reality of his testimony, and that he simply expressed the experience of which he was conscious. There was no affectation; all was real.

As time wore on, and he knew the end was not far distant, he not only had bright glimpses of heaven, but sweet foretastes of its joy. "I seemed to see my mother and Cockerton," he said, "waiting at the gate of heaven for me; I have seen Jesus; it is lovely. The angels dance for joy. I heard the harps and trumpets. I think I am there; 'tis so beautiful!" If there is something delightful in the calm sunset of an aged saint, there seems to be an added glory in the case of a little child whose sun goes down ere yet it is noon.

The medical officer, who was unremitting in his attention, was greatly interested in little Dicky, and frequently addressed him as "My poor little boy." One day Dicky said to Miss M., "If the doctor comes and says, 'My poor little boy,' I shall tell him I am not a poor little boy: I am rich. I will tell him I am so happy, going to Jesus." The doctor was so impressed when Dicky carried out his resolution, that he wrote to Mr. Spurgeon the following letter: "I cannot forbear telling you of the interview I had to-day with Dixon, who is dying of consumption, and following Cockerton. Looking at his wasted face and limbs, I patted his cheek and said, 'Poor little man!' He motioned to me to bend my head, and he whispered these words, 'Doctor, I am not a poor little boy. I am a very happy one, and am going home, and I think I have seen Cockerton!' " "It may comfort you," adds the doctor, "to hear that a child of ten years has such a vivid perception of the life to come." The doctor says that such an expression of fearlessness and hope from a child was unequalled by anything he had witnessed during a long and extensive practice. He writes in the medical report book, "I see many upon their death-beds, but few with such fine perceptions."

We have spoken of little Dicky's assurance, happiness, and hope; but this is not all, his conscious enjoyment of fellowship with the Saviour was very apparent, and often expressed. After Miss M. had readjusted his pillows, with that rare art which is natural to a skilful nurse, and administered a little refreshment, he said, as he lay so cosily, "Now, I

am going to have a little talk with Jesus." On another occasion he whispered, as well as he could, a verse of his favourite hymn—

"Jesus loves me, loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill,
From his shining throne on high
Comes to see me where I lie."

"When that verse comes into my heart," he said, "the words keep singing there; they don't go away. You know I can't sing them with my lips; only inside. I seem to see Jesus."

On New Year's Day he was very happy, though his weakness had increased and his pain was very distressing. He said, "I keep on talking to Jesus. I have just asked him to keep me trusting in him." The following day he exclaimed, "I am perfectly happy, though I am weary;" and on the third day of the year he looked up very wistfully, and said, "I shall soon go now; I feel I shall. I am very happy!"

With all his longing to depart, however, there was no impatience, and when his pain was at its worst not a murmur escaped his lips. Never was grace more signally demonstrated than in the perfect resignation of this little sufferer. On the 5th of January he said, "I shall be so glad when this is all over. I am full of pain." After Miss M. had prayed with him, before seeking the rest she so much needed, he looked up, and, with a grateful smile, whispered very sweetly, "I feel better, now; that *has* done me good." Dear child! as his sufferings abounded, the consolations of Jesus abounded more and more; as his weakness increased, the joy of the Lord became his strength; and as the shadows gathered darkly about his bed the light of the Redeemer's countenance dispelled the gloom, and lit up his pathway to the skies. Oh! how good God is! He not only stayeth his rough wind in the day of his east wind, but becomes himself a covert from the storm! With every trial he sends sustaining grace and consolation, and suffers none of his little ones to perish.

Almost the last words little Dicky uttered were, "I am full of pain, but quite happy." The sceptic may dismiss this enigma,—“full of pain, but quite happy”—as incapable of solution; and the worldling may treat the paradox as the delusion of delirium; but those who have had any experience of the divine life in the soul will at once accredit the testimony as no uncommon experience to the child of God. The prophet Habakkuk, in depicting the most desolate scene that was ever conceived, uttered the resolution that, should his dread conception become an actual experience, he would still “rejoice in the Lord”; and the apostle Paul, whose ministry was a martyrdom, exclaimed, “I am exceeding joyful in all our tribulation.” Even the Saviour, who was “a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,” never missed the solace of a divine joy. When the cross of Calvary flung a darker shadow upon his path than the gloomy olives of Gethsemane, he still had light within. In his closing address to his disciples, just before he took the cup, whose bitterness he so well foreknew, he said, “These things have I spoken unto you that MY JOY might remain in you and that YOUR JOY might be full.” We thus see that the joy of the Christian is not contingent upon freedom from pain and tribulation; it springs from

the knowledge of what God is to us, our conscious fellowship with Jesus, and the assurance that "our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed." When the chamber of suffering is the vestibule of heaven, sickness and pain are transfigured, and the weakness of the flesh only increases the glory of divine grace.

As his end approached, little Dicky's pains increased, but his confidence was unshaken, and his peace was unbroken. All through the night the hours wore wearily away, and ere the morning dawned it was evident the last struggle would soon be over. That strange languor which steals over the wearied frame of the dying seemed to rob him of the little strength he had. When the watchers by his bed, weary but wakeful with loving anxiety, saw the grey dawn of that wintry morning, to the eye of faith another day was breaking. Soon after the activities of the day had commenced, when the year was just a week old, the little sufferer heaved a gentle sigh, and was kissed to rest. As we looked upon his marble features, beautiful in death, and thought upon the grace which had been displayed in his sanctification; as we gazed upon the wasted form which had been a temple of holy suffering, and tried to realize the glory of the beatific vision which had met the dear child's waking sight, our grief and our gladness mingled in one common emotion, and found expression in the language which has always had a soothing ministry for the bereaved—"So he giveth his beloved sleep."

V. J. CHARLESWORTH.

Eternal Punishment.

DO you believe the Bible? Then, depend upon it, *hell is eternal*. It must be eternal, or words have no meaning at all. For ever and ever—everlasting—unquenchable—never-dying—all these are expressions used about hell, and expressions that cannot be explained away. It must be eternal, or the very foundations of heaven are cast down. If hell has an end, heaven has an end too. They both stand or fall together. It must be eternal, or else every doctrine of the gospel is undermined. If a man may escape hell at length without faith in Christ, or sanctification of the Spirit, sin is no longer an infinite evil, and there was no such great need for Christ making an atonement. And where is there warrant for saying that hell can ever change a heart, or make it fit for heaven? It must be eternal, or hell would cease to be hell altogether. Give a man hope, and he will bear anything. Grant a hope of deliverance, however distant, and hell is but a drop of water. Ah, these are solemn things! Well said old Caryl: "FOR EVER is the most solemn saying in the Bible." Alas for that day which will have no to-morrow,—that day when men shall seek death and not find it, and shall desire to die, but death shall flee from them! Who shall dwell with devouring fire? Who shall dwell with everlasting burnings? (Rev. ix. 6; Isa. xxxiii. 14).—*J. C. Ryle*.

A Sunday Afternoon in Golden Lane.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

SOME time ago we received a notification from Mr. W. J. Orsman, of the Golden Lane Mission, to the effect that he had invited some forty or fifty married couples to meet in an upper room at headquarters to drink tea together on the succeeding Sunday. As the guests were to hear something which might be profitable to them, and as free speech all round would be allowed, the opportunity to attend was gladly embraced in the hope that some new phases of London life would be revealed.

We were requested to meet at three o'clock; but as the experiment was a novelty, many of the couples manifested a shyness not uncommon with persons in a higher station of life when new things are on their trial. Instead of going straight upstairs they loitered about the lower rooms, conversing meanwhile in an under-tone, perhaps speculating as to the nature of the meeting. To this cause of natural modesty must be attributed our loss of nearly half-an-hour. It will be borne in mind that the majority of those who were invited were converted persons, and their general appearance and dress bespoke a fair share of the prosperity which follows thrift and sobriety.

The proceedings opened with singing and prayer, after which Mr. Orsman said something about the duties of husbands and wives from the Christian point of view, and though after a week of hard manual labour Sunday afternoon is a drowsy time, the audience were wide awake, appearing to be even eagerly interested in what was spoken. The reason was that the host's remarks went straight home to each hearer's heart. The younger wives especially appeared glad to find that their difficulties were known, and that the crosses and monotonous toil of their daily life excited sympathy.

A young wife's perplexities are increased when her husband remains unenlightened, and the same is the case with the converted husband. A certain man living not far away from where we were assembled was the secretary of a Sunday shooting club, but after attending some of Mr. Orsman's services at the Foresters' Hall he relinquished his office and sold his gun, to the amazement and chagrin of his faster comrades. His wife, who also attended at the hall, became quite a changed character; but the man remained stationary. The sceptics of his workshop—the men who supplant faith by a levelling code of politics—jeered, joked, and raised their fools' laugh until the quondam secretary began to feel that he had begun to build without first sitting down to count the cost. He ceased to attend Mr. Orsman's ministry regularly as formerly; though not wishing to return to the shooting club, he offered to stay at home so that his wife might attend the meetings. This case was remarkable in more ways than one. In the person of the woman it strangely illustrated the subduing power of the gospel: she was naturally self-willed, passionate, and impetuous, and when the visitors presumed first to call on her she drove them away as intruders, for whom she entertained no feeling but contempt. The man was the reverse of all this; being of a mild disposition, and of that accommodating temper which is always ready to hear two sides of a question. Yet one was taken, and

the other—the most likely subject—was left. This shows that jeers and ridicule are powerful hindrances to a man who is not really changed, but who is halting between two opinions.

The question for the wives present was, In what degree are Christian people indebted to their mothers? A similar question was once asked in a company of ministers, when a hundred immediately rose to attribute their conversion to their mothers' instrumentality.

The wife of a physician who was present read the opening verses of 1 Peter iii., and remarked that little could be added to the apostle's words. Carry them out, and they would all be good wives. She reminded her sisters how frequently the names of bad men in the Old Testament were coupled with their mothers—"and his mother's name was —." They had every encouragement to persevere in seeking the welfare of those dearest to them. A woman who had prayed for her husband for a quarter of a century was tempted to give up; but instead of doing so she took another woman into her confidence, who also had an unbelieving husband, and ere long the petitions of both of them were granted.

After the physician's wife had finished, a shrewd-looking young man rose and said that he and his wife were converted at the Sunday-school, and since then all things had gone smoothly with them. He wished to warn them against the danger of being ashamed of their profession when living with a partner in life who did not see as they did. Indeed, this low-minded "shame" seemed to be a tender point all through; and with the poor, who are not even fortified with education or philosophy, we can easily see how sore a cross the thing may be, until they become complete conquerors by the grace of God. We were glad to know that the speaker himself was a fine example of freedom from this servile slavery. About a couple of hours later he might have been heard conducting an open-air service at the corner of Wilderness Row, and his quiet, earnest, straightforward mode of speech showed that he felt the truths he handled.

But people may be coaxed as well as shamed out of their religion. Mr. Orsman related the case of a girl who, while in an anxious state about eternal things, was spoken to by her mother, and with the promise that she should go to a ball received a new dress worth £20. Soon after the girl lay upon her death-bed, and after requesting her mother to fetch the late costly present, and to hang it upon the foot-board, she exclaimed, "That's the price of my soul!" The crisis came without being turned to advantage—the tide in her soul's fortune was not taken at the flood. Thus mothers have almost unlimited power over their daughters either for good or evil.

A young man now stood up to say that he had been converted eighteen months before his wife, and had been guilty of feeling all the reserve and shyness to which others had referred. After the difficulties were overcome, he found that his wife thought her husband had behaved in a very silly manner. There is nothing new in all this; a similar thing has happened a thousand times: in the eyes even of unconverted women manliness is compromised by concealing and not by acknowledging the work of grace.

We now had proof of the sustaining power of Christianity as it affects the poor in their looked-for seasons of trial. The speaker as he

stood up in our midst dressed in his "Sunday's best," with his wife by his side, looked like a prosperous street trader or warehouseman, and his testimony was that he had acted discreetly from the first. He was converted in the days of his single life; and when the change occurred he at once decided that no one save a woman of kindred sentiments should share his lot in the world. Now, what had he gained by this? No one who listened to his characteristic, but still graphic description of hard times, as he sometimes experienced their pressure, could fail to see that the gospel becomes a bank of strength to the tried artisan who can draw upon its supplies. If we could but have seen him, he said, when he was out of work for six weeks, out on the streets, going this way and that way, still unsuccessful, and still asking, "Lord, which way shall I go?" we should have seen that a Christian wife with her cheering words was then worth more than all the world beside to him, for her faith always kept ahead of his own, and did not go unrewarded. The lesson taught by this young man's experience was, that poor Christians in their worldly difficulties have a constant resource in prayer, which in the end will be sure to bring deliverance.

The next speaker was a more sorrowful subject, being a poor woman clothed in the garb of poverty, and truly of a sad countenance. She was a Christian; and as such, was one of that heroic band still found in London, whose life is a daily conflict, and who are living evidences of the supernatural power of divine grace. "Thank God, I'm here," she said in a rather broken voice, and with tears filling her eyes. Her husband, it transpired, was a low-minded man who did all in his power to show his dislike of religion, and to debase the minds of his children by giving them drink, etc. This man endeavoured to hinder his wife from attending our afternoon gathering, and yielded at last in a very ungracious mood. The evangelist in London will frequently meet with cases like this. Perhaps the man may be an infidel, a frequenter of some out-of-the-way "hall of science"; and if so the believing wife will find to her cost that there is nothing so illiberal as the vaunted liberality of free thought; nothing among the sects so exclusively intolerant as the sham freedom of infidelity.

The words of the sad-hearted woman called forth sympathy, and awakened many pensive thoughts in the minds of some who were present. At any rate no one else could tell of sorrows like hers. A more cheerful tone was restored, however, when a young man who called himself "A young husband" rose to offer a few remarks. He referred to the days of his youth when he was converted, when he and his present wife took their walks together. In those happy times they had their "partin' spot"—they all knew what "a partin' spot was"; and he did not go on long before he found out what his girl's sympathies were. She turned out to be a Christian; as Christians they were married, and the speaker bore testimony to the mutual help they were to one another. "I may be out of work some day, old lady," he has said to her, when the ready answer has come, "Well, never mind, I must turn out and work too." Because they were united by this bond of sympathy he declared they were as happy as the days were long.

Some conversation ensued with regard to the management of children on the Sabbath-day, and over-strictness was deprecated as being likely to defeat its own purpose. A lady mentioned a household where they had

a Sunday cupboard, week-day things being all put away on Saturday afternoon. The Sunday cupboard being filled with all kinds of novelties the day was hailed as the happiest of the week; but as such a costly regulation could not be tried by costers, artisans, and labourers, little fruit would be borne by that part of the discussion. With children parents must exercise their own discretion, remembering that a child must still be treated as a child if they would fully carry out the spirit of the gospel. There is something manifestly wrong when a child is uneasy or shy in the presence of its natural guardians.

After our discussion was over tea was served, after which the evening service was held at the Foresters' hall in Wilderness-row. At the Hall of Science, in Old-street, hard by, the devotees of Atheism and Secularism crowded the doorway, and represented an evil which society may well stand in dread of if it be not counteracted by the efforts of a working church, like that set up in Golden-lane. As a friend of the Earl of Shaftesbury, and as a member of Mr. Spurgeon's church, Mr. Orsman has shown himself to be a very successful aggressor on what at first seemed like a very barren, unpromising spot. It would scarcely be too much to say that costerdom throughout London has benefited by the united efforts of this voluntary evangelist, and those of the good earl, who is always happy to be foremost in any work which blesses the poor.

In general Mr. Orsman's mission proceeds satisfactorily, although the receipts have been diminished in consequence of the tide of subscriptions having been diverted towards those who have suffered by disaster on the road, on the river, or while engaged in their daily labour. Concerning giving discreetly to so-called *missions*, Mr. Orsman says:—

“We wish it were possible to impress upon the charitable before giving to missions to ask three questions—1. Is the leader of the mission a member of a Christian church, and therefore amenable to discipline? 2. Is he (or she) dependent on the funds of the mission, and to what extent? 3. Has he (or she) a committee? and are all donations, etc., duly acknowledged and ultimately published, with a full statement of accounts and a balance sheet? The above are safeguards which if acted upon would soon put a stop to the painful revelations which from time to time have appeared in the public press. We fear that not many good people are aware that any religious charlatan can evade the penalties of the law if he gives no acknowledgment of his receipts and expenditure. We have observed that such persons have no compunction in getting into every local tradesman's debt, and at the same time giving but a minimum of relief to the poor out of the maximum of charity received. And yet these people, by methods above described, receive more donations than many a deserving, hardworking charity.”

Of the aggressive work generally it is said:—“For the last twenty years we have been ‘storming the fort,’ while not forgetful of the apostolic injunction to ‘hold fast.’ In our aggressive evangelistic work we have used every lawful means to win the hearts of men and women to the Lord. Frequent open-air singing services, house to house visitation, cottage meetings, tract distribution, special services in the Foresters' Hall and the Variety Theatre. The latter place was engaged in May last, owing to some structural alterations of the Foresters' Hall.”

We attended at the Variety Theatre on a Saturday evening, and again on the Sunday, when Mr. Orsman's first special service was held, and at the time wrote descriptions of the two scenes, which were inserted in a weekly journal, *e.g.* :—

" Pitfield Street, though crowded, is not so impassable as its neighbour over against the " Lane ;" and as the scene without is very similar, we will continue our study of the people within doors. The Variety Theatre is in this thoroughfare; and, as that establishment has been hired for a succession of Sunday services, we are tempted to accept the landlord's invitation to view his house from behind the scenes on a Saturday night. The place is, of course, a minor theatre, one of which thousands of pleasure-seekers have never even heard; but when in its excessively heated atmosphere, from a side position on the stage we view the audience, the faces of 2,500 persons, all supposed to be intensely enjoying themselves, meet our gaze. The building is a comparatively small one: nevertheless, with gallery above gallery, all possible space is utilized. The room is literally packed from floor to ceiling in a way we never before saw paralleled. What there is to enjoy, beyond the stifling heat and the effluvia—not from Rimmel's scent-bottles—the multitude appreciate most enthusiastically; cat-calling and whistling in chorus on the part of hobbledoys and great girls being apparently a part of the general entertainment. The actors are chiefly little children, in dazzling costume, with bare arms and legs, who keep up a sort of tournament with velocipedes. Now they run round and round the stage. Now one will wheel a barrow as well as propel his horse, or he will perform a number of manœuvres on a drawing-room table. It was, however, when a breakdown occurred, whether purposely contrived or otherwise, that the applause became most vehement. To this must be added a song or two of the music-hall type, humorous, and having reference to current events, sung by a gentleman in full evening dress, who can earn as much in a week as thousands of hard-working preachers receive in six months. Invitation cards to the Sabbath service were distributed to this miscellaneous throng on their leaving the house between eleven and twelve o'clock.

" On Sunday evening, the weather being somewhat windy and showery, the rain interfered with the singing service, arranged to take place in the open-air, which was designed for the purpose of more widely distributing the invitations. Still, a crowd was attracted; then came a downpour of rain, and some, to escape a wetting, took refuge in a tavern hard by, which, like a net designed to catch stray fish, did not miss its spoil. On entering the theatre one is struck by the contrast to the scene of the preceding night. The paint and the tinsel now appear simply what they are; no coloured limelight invests the stage with a deceptive glare; and, though smoking is always 'strictly prohibited,' the atmosphere is still of a decidedly tap-room flavour. There are no signs that the house will be crowded as on the night before, but fifteen or sixteen hundred came, and probably hundreds more would have appeared had the weather been more favourable. The service commenced by the singing of 'Hold the Fort,' or, as Mr. Orsman suggested, they should sing, '*Storm* the Fort.' He remarked that the theatre was a singular place for them to be in, but it was a thing to be grateful for, when the Lord's work could be done there as well as in a cathedral. They wished

to 'storm' the fort, because, as Wellington once said, a line of defence was of no worth, unless it was also a line of attack. The portion of Scripture read was Luke xv., and the sermon was founded on the words in the parable, 'And when he came to himself.' Mr. Orsman referred to the general subject of madness, and by a few graphic touches he succeeded in bringing home this part of the lesson to the understanding of his hearers."

The medical inspector thus speaks of the sanitary condition of the district:—"Population, 13,398; births, 388; deaths, 285, of which number 60.3 per cent. were under five years of age. This death rate does not include the aged who die in the workhouse and infirmary and the sick who die in the neighbouring hospitals. On the whole, however, the death rate is very favourable for so poor a district. During the past year 550 unhealthy houses have been closed or pulled down. As regards the cases of infectious disease, it is to be deplored that a desire exists to conceal the knowledge of it from the sanitary authorities, even in the rooms where no means of isolation occur, and other members of the family continue to dwell by the side of the diseased person. No wonder that infection spreads under such circumstances. As an instance of the danger people unknowingly run of contracting infectious disease: a tailor was found making up trousers for a city establishment in a room containing four of his children ill with scarlet fever. He at first refused to allow anything to be done, and it was only under threat of communicating to his employers that he consented to his children being removed to the fever asylum and disinfection being performed. The same danger exists where linen is washed and ironed in the rooms occupied by the sick."

A correspondent of *The Times* in relating the following incident bears a valuable testimony to the good influence exercised by the mission:—"Having occasion to pass through Whitecross-street on Thursday evening, my attention was attracted to some fine turnips on a coster's barrow. Retaining my boyish fondness for a raw turnip, I at once selected one, and, putting my hand into my pocket, paid, as I thought, two halfpence, the price charged. I had scarcely advanced a hundred yards, when a tap on my shoulder caused me to halt; and lo! the woman from whom I had made my last purchase accosted me. 'What did you give me?' she said. I told her as above, when she opened her hand and displayed two bright shillings, which I had given her by mistake, and which she now returned. Thanking the woman for her honesty, I rectified the matter, reflecting on my way home that the labours of Lord Shaftesbury and his worthy coadjutors among the costermongers could not have been spent in vain; for the cleanliness, civility, and 'honour bright' of these small traders are very evident to those who knew the locality ten years ago."

The present is a hard time in the district, and we hope to see Mr. Orsman's hands strengthened by those able to help, and who are interested in his work. The dinners for ragged, famishing children must be provided; and the soup kitchen must be maintained in efficient working order, for the sake of the sick and aged. On Christmas morning more than a hundred deserving children received their usual gift of clothes, and dinner afterwards. We are sorry to see

that in consequence of the bad state of trade the clubs associated with the mission station are feeling the strain ; and especially is this the case with the Emily Fund, which grants small loans to poor women who trade in the streets. On the other hand, the manager of the *British Workman* reports a fair business. Besides taking a hundred temperance pledges he has sold 22,000 cups of tea and coffee; 4,100 bottles of lemonade and ginger beer; 10,000 slices of bread-and-butter, and 2,500 lbs. of cake. The district is far from being the plague-spot it was when Mr. Orsman commenced to work among the people, and this can readily be seen by anyone who likes to attend one of the Sabbath services in the Foresters' Hall.*

The Love of Christ.

BY J. OLARK, OF NOVA SCOTIA; LATE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

O Jesus! Saviour! Lord of all,
 Around, beneath, above!
 How deep, how strong, how marvellous
 Is thine unchanging love!

The love of men, and angels, too,
 Compared with thine, is poor;
 Thy love to me is wonderful,
 And lasts for evermore.

Though earth's possessions pass away,
 Why should my heart repine?
 Have I not treasures vast enough,
 Whilst thou, blest Lord, art mine?

Should friends and kindred fail and die,
 And leave me sad and lone,
 Thou wilt not leave me comfortless,
 My Saviour, all mine own.

At home, abroad, by night, by day,
 Thine arms are round me cast;
 And thine almighty hands of love
 Will ever hold me fast.

Thy presence is my best defence
 Against all forms of ill;
 And though thou art so near, I long
 To have thee nearer still.

The thought of thine untiring love
 Brings joy and strength to me;
 Oh! 'tis the utmost height of bliss
 To be beloved of thee.

My very soul is glad e'en now
 Through thy redeeming grace;
 But, oh! what raptures shall I feel
 When I behold thy face!

* Mr. Orsman's Address is Milton House, Shacklewell Green, London. E.

Nonconformity in Norfolk and Suffolk.*

NONCONFORMIST history is generally put down as dry reading; and we do not think that Mr. Browne's addition to our stores will remove the popular impression. In saying this we do not suggest that the author has not industriously investigated his subject, or that he has not made a valuable contribution to historical literature; but we are sure that his book is not one which will fascinate the general reader. The quotations from old books and antique documents are too numerous and too long to render the work easy reading to any save those determined students who are most happy when pursuing knowledge under difficulties.

Had Mr. Browne written less *reverentially*, he might have saved a considerable expenditure in printer's ink, and he would have promoted the comfort of his readers by not encumbering his style with endless repetitions. The pages are some of them studded with "the Rev.," until the mind is nauseated, and the reader is disposed to wish that no such term of respect had ever been invented. Take as an example the ordination of Mr. Cresswell at Ipswich, in 1829: "The Rev. I. Sloper, of Ipswich, read the Scriptures and prayed; the Rev. A. Bromily, of Needham Market, prayed; the Rev. W. Ward, of Stow Market, delivered the introductory discourse, and asked the usual questions; the Rev. J. M. Ray, of Sudbury, offered the ordination prayer; the Rev. R. Philip, of Kingsland, delivered the charge from Heb. xiii. 17; the Rev. W. Notcutt, of Ipswich, concluded by prayer; and in the evening the Rev. J. Herrick, of Colchester, preached to the people." It is a fortunate circumstance that our national historians are addicted to a plainer, if a less respectful style.†

According to Mr. Browne, both Norfolk and Suffolk have for ages been characterised by a stout Protestantism. Quoting from Gillingwater, he tells us that, "one of the first sparks of the glorious Reformation of the church which has enlightened all Europe, as well as many other parts of the world, was struck at the small village of Stradbrook, in Suffolk; for Dr. Grosthead, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, a divine of great courage, learning, and piety, and who was contemporary with Wycliffe, and assisted him in his writings against the reigning superstitions and corruptions of the Romish church, was a native of that parish." It is not true that the celebrated Bishop of Lincoln was contemporary with Wycliffe; and thus it is hardly correct to say that he was one of Wycliffe's coadjutors. According to Lechler, Grosthead died in October, 1253, and Wycliffe was born in the following century.

The people in the East of England took a conspicuous share in the Reformation, but because they conscientiously believed Mary to be the legitimate heir, they aided her accession to the throne. The penalty very soon exacted from many of the best people in the two counties

* History of Congregationalism and Memorials of the Churches in Norfolk and Suffolk. By John Browne, B.A. London: Jarrold and Sons. 1877.

† On coming to the Baptist churches of Norfolk and Suffolk, "Mr." is with a few exceptions substituted for "the Rev." Space may have failed, or in comparison with Congregationalists, Baptists may be considered merely lay preachers.

was martyrdom. Perhaps the best remembered of the whole company of confessors was Dr. Rowland Taylor, vicar of Hadleigh, whose memory is kept alive among the country people by a roughly-hewn memorial stone on Aldham Common. One of Dr. Taylor's curates, Richard Yeoman, also died at the stake a few weeks before Mary's decease.

If Queen Elizabeth was a Protestant at all, she was a very half-hearted specimen, and she was as much a persecutor as a reformer. Her majesty was partial to ritualistic and popish practices; and bishops like Dr. Parkhurst, of Norwich, who were favourable to the early Puritans, were sure to provoke the displeasure of the court. Many of the queen's whims and fancies show a mean temper; she was jealous of others for possessing privileges she could not enjoy herself. It is well known how she hated the sight of a clergyman's wife and children, and declared that the pious founders of colleges and cathedrals never intended their bounty for women. She appears to have looked with disfavour upon her own sex, and to have acted accordingly.

Elizabeth was an enemy of real Protestantism in its evangelical purity; had she been otherwise the Establishment would have been more thoroughly purged of its popery. In the estimation of such a woman, Bishop Parkhurst was a favourer of schismatics; for under his rule the Puritanism of the diocese of Norwich strengthened its roots. Mr. Browne reprints a MS. found in Dr. Williams's* library, entitled "The Order of the Prophesie at Norwich in anno 1575," which affords us a glimpse of the religious life of those days. "It is judged meet by the brethren that the prophesie be kept every Monday in Christ Church, in Norwich, at nine o'clock in the morning till eleven (if there be speakers to fill that time) and not past, so that the first speaker exceed not three-quarters of an hour, and all the rest of the time be reserved to those brethren whom God shall move to speak of the same text, who are very earnestly desired to be very short, specially when they see divers others well able to speak after them."

Dr. Edmund Freeke, who succeeded Parkhurst in the diocese of Norwich in 1575, was a bishop more after Elizabeth's heart, for such was his zeal against the Puritans that in 1582 the Justices of the Peace of Suffolk complained of his anti-Christian conduct to the Lords of the Council. They complained that "the painful pastors and ministers of the north, by what justice they know not, are now of late brought to the bar at every assize; marshalled with the worst malefactors, indicted, arraigned, and condemned for matters as we presume of very slender moment." The result was that the petty tyrant received a rebuff, very wholesome for the time, but soon forgotten. The prelate's chief opponents were Robert Browne, the founder of Independency, and his followers. For them he had no mercy, much less charity. The majority

* In common with some other historians who invent grammatical rules for themselves, Mr. Browne writes "Dr. Williams' library." A writer in *The Times* recently pointed out that in consequence of their ignorance of the possessive case and its variations, there are persons among us belonging to the tribes of Jones, James, etc., who do not always know how to write their own names. More common than these errors are some others. The majority both in speaking and writing give *baptistry* for *baptistery*; and one M.A. whose works have been received with some favour, always ignores *pencil* and substitutes the painter's *brush* when writing about art.

of Elizabeth's bishops looked well after the Establishment, but in a Christian sense they were mere worriers of the sheep. Indeed, Mr. Browne quotes contemporary documents "all telling the same tale, and altogether giving a distressing view of the fearful state to which the bishops had brought the country and the Church." Many of the best subjects were driven from the land, and we thoroughly endorse what Mr. Browne says of the much extolled Elizabeth: "Her reign of forty-four years was one long, weary pilgrimage of sorrow and suffering for those who endeavoured to advance the principles of evangelical religion and scriptural reformation, and to resist the backward tendency towards ritualism and Romanism manifested by the ruling hierarchy."

From 1602 to 1617 the see of Norwich was held by Dr. John Jegon, a miser and a zealous conformist. The worthy who next held the see occupied it only for one year; his name was Dr. John Overall, one of the translators of the Authorized Version of the Bible, and the author of that part of the Church Catechism which relates to the sacraments. "On comparing the present catechism with that which was taught in Queen Elizabeth's reign, we find that the whole of the sacramental part has been added," remarks Mr. Browne. "This bishop is therefore responsible for all the ritualism, and incipient Romanism, which has been instilled into the minds of English boys and girls by that catechism for more than two hundred and fifty years; the fruits of which have been witnessed by succeeding generations, and by none more remarkably than by our own."

The next bishop, Dr. Samuel Harsnet, 1619—28, appears to have been very heartily hated by the people. The people of Yarmouth instituted divers suits against him in Chancery and in the Court of High Commission; while the citizens of Norwich denounced him to the Parliament as one who was engaged in "putting down preaching; setting up images; praying to the east, punishing the innocent," etc. He imprisoned Thomas Cayme, the pastor of the Baptists in Yarmouth; but through the intercession of the Lord Chief Justice, Cayme was soon after set at liberty. This, however, was not the end of the Baptists' troubles, for others of their leaders were subsequently committed to prison. Mr. Browne does not think the term Anabaptist is to be understood as being synonymous with Baptist; but we are not inclined to subscribe to his opinion—not even though Archbishop Whitgift remarks, "I desire you to be circumspect, and to understand that Anabaptism, which usually followeth the preaching of the gospel, is greatly to be found in the Church of England."

Dr. Francis White, 1628—31, followed in the wake of his predecessors; but his successor, Dr. Richard Corbet, 1632—35, was more of a Merry Andrew than a persecutor. Dr. Matthew Wren, who came after Corbet, was a vassal of Laud's, a thorough-going "Thorough" man, who would have Romanized the Church and enslaved the people under priestcraft. He drove many a good Protestant out of the country, and helped to arouse the spirit which produced the civil wars. Dr. Richard Montague, 1638—40, offended the Parliament by publishing an apology for Arminianism, called "A New Gag for an Old Goose"; and he would have been dealt with according to his deserts but for the unconstitutional protection of the King. "Frecke, Jegon, Harsnet, Corbet,

Wren, and Montague," says Mr. Browne, "form a succession about as unapostolical as can well be conceived. Paritans and Brownists both had felt the weight of their episcopal crosiers, and the history of their rule is, from our point of view, a story embellished with persecution, suspension, imprisonment, excommunication, banishment, and death."

When the Civil War really broke out the reigning bishop of Norwich was the well known Dr. Joseph Hall, the author of the celebrated "Contemplations." He might have been one of the best of the prelates, at all events he was so if we judge him by the excellence of his literary remains; but because those who had gone before had sown the wind, it fell to the lot of Hall to reap the whirlwind—the natural fruits of others' follies. One of the most determined cries which greeted the ears of the Long Parliament, in its early days, from an outraged populace, was that of "No bishops!" Hall not only had to surrender his seat in the House of Lords, but he soon found himself a prisoner in the Tower; and when after some months he was released it was only upon his finding very substantial bail. He lived to see the cathedral stripped of its ornaments by a revolutionary crowd. This he called "Hard measure"; but it was the hard measure of those who undertook to pay the debt due to former tyrants.

In the sixteenth century Yarmouth, famous for a very capacious parish church, was served by a vicar and a preacher elected by the townspeople. The tithes were farmed by those who made large profits by the bargain. It is also said that "the Dean and Chapter frequently thwarted the corporation in carrying out their plans; sometimes the bishop would not license the man of their choice; sometimes the preachers were suspended, or put into the High Commission Court and removed; and at length the right of the town to appoint their preachers was called in question. But notwithstanding the opposition with which the corporation had to contend, they, in the main, secured their object, and were favoured with a ministry which, with some exceptions, proved a blessing." At the same time Ipswich had its succession of Puritan preachers.

Mr. Browne gives the history of each Nonconformist church in Norfolk and Suffolk; but, although the details may be useful for reference, the passages which will interest the general reader are few and far between. One of these passages is from Foxe, the martyrologist, and refers to Hadleigh:—

"The town of Hadleigh was one of the first that received the word of God in all England, at the preaching of Master Thomas Bilney, by whose industry the gospel of Christ had such gracious success, and took such root there, that a great number in that parish became exceedingly well learned in the Holy Scriptures, as well women as men, so that a man might have found among them many that had often read the whole Bible through, and that could have said a great part of Paul's epistles by heart, and very well and readily have given a godly learned sentence in any matter of controversy. Their children and servants were also brought up and learned so diligently in the right knowledge of God's word, that the whole town seemed rather a university of the learned than a town of cloth-making or labouring people. And that most is to

he commended, for they were for the most part faithful followers of God's word in their living."

Some interesting things also occurred in connection with the pastorate of Mr. Edwards of Tankard-street Meeting, Ipswich. In 1765, a couple of housebreakers, after being tried and sentenced to death, attended the chapel in their fetters; they were accompanied to the place of execution by the pastor, and were supposed to be subjects of divine grace.

The following relates to the daily life of Nonconformists during the eighteenth century:

"The social life of dissenters in these two counties in the last century must have been somewhat monotonous. There were few of the amusements which the young people of this generation enjoy; there were no societies to claim their interest, or to engage their services; and we have sometimes wondered what they, and especially the ladies, did with themselves. Of course they had their domestic engagements, and visited the houses of the members of the congregation; but what were their amusements or alternative employments? We have found three things which may throw some light on this subject. I. Some wrote diaries, in which they entered minutely into the workings of their minds and hearts,—to a certain extent a very useful employment, but dangerous, inasmuch as it was likely to encourage morbid feelings, and no doubt often did so. Many traces of this evil exist in the written 'experiences' of the time, which still survive. II. Others wrote poetry, and sent it about among their friends. Miss Scott, of Norwich; Miss Swetland, of Wrentham; and Miss Fletcher, of N. Walsham, were personal friends. Some of the poetry of the two former is found among the papers of the latter; and this fancy was indulged to a considerable extent. III. Very long personal 'experiences' of a religious character were prepared and written out; texts and sermons almost every Sabbath were recorded and written; events happening in the religious world were noticed, and long extracts from books were made; all of which occupied time, and relieved somewhat the sameness of existence. Thus, though they lived a life far removed from dissipation, and generally free from strong excitement, they had their quiet pleasures and daily calm enjoyments, and, on the whole, were not worse Christians, or more thoughtless mothers, than those who occupy a similar position in our own altered circumstances." We should think not. Good Mr. Browne, if you had said that they were far more stable Christians, more devout, more holy, and more rooted and grounded in the truth, your verdict would have been far nearer the fact. Amusements and perpetual visiting are the bane of modern Christianity, and to be deprived of them all at one blow would be no great loss to the bulk of the Lord's people.

Mr. Browne's volume should have contained more matter of the character and quality of our last extract. In the British Museum the materials are abundant, and though industry and genius are required in those who would utilize the few grains which are to be sifted out of vast heaps of chaff, we see no reason why the work should not be done.

Mr. Bartlett's Work at the Tabernacle, Orphanage, and Almshouses.*

NO account of the Metropolitan Tabernacle institutions would be complete unless it contained some record of the various efforts put forth by Mr. E. H. Bartlett, and those associated with him. He is a worthy son of the esteemed sister who for so many years conducted the gigantic Sunday afternoon Bible-class in the Lecture Hall. The history of that class up to the time of Mrs. Bartlett's death, has been fully told in the memoir published by her son about two years ago, and also in various articles in this periodical.† As the object of this paper is to give a sketch of the various operations that are being carried on at the present time by her successor, we shall not in this place repeat the record of the marvellous manner in which the Lord's strength was made perfect in the weakness of our dear departed friend and fellow-helper; but we shall take it for granted that our readers are already acquainted with Mrs. Bartlett's very wonderful life and work. Her departure has left a great gap in the ranks of the Tabernacle host in many ways, but her son's activities go far to retrieve the loss, and by other developments of holy zeal the Lord supplies the need of his people.

In February, 1856, Mrs. Bartlett was transferred from Dr. Steane's church to New Park-street, in order that she might be a member of the Christian community which her two sons were about to join. She did not for a time continue the active employment in which she had previously engaged as a worker for Christ; but her temporary retirement was only a preparation for future usefulness, and when, in the summer of 1859, she took for one afternoon the senior class in the Sunday-school, which then comprised only three young women, she commenced a work which grew until she had an average attendance of between five and six hundred, a work which produced results which only eternity can fully reveal, a work which she only laid down when she was summoned from it to the presence of her Lord. Her son Edward, however, for nearly a year before he united with the church, had been a teacher in the school at the Mission Hall in connection with Park-street Chapel. He was afterwards appointed secretary, and then superintendent, and continued in the latter office till he succeeded to his mother's position. During that period the Tabernacle was built, and the Mission Hall having been left, the school met at Park-street Chapel, from which Mr. Spurgeon and the church had removed; and on the sale of the building Mr. Bartlett once more "moved on," and began under new auspices at the Almshouses' schools. It was, therefore, "not a novice" to whom the important post of leader of

THE SUNDAY AFTERNOON BIBLE-CLASS

was committed, when in August, 1875, the honoured "mother in Israel"

* In previous articles we have given outlines of the various organizations and enterprises carried on at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and we have it on our heart to continue them, that other workers here and there may be encouraged, and perhaps instructed.

† "Mrs. Bartlett and her Class, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle." By her son, Edward H. Bartlett. With Preface by C. H. Spurgeon. Price 2s. 6d. Passmore and Alabaster.

who for sixteen years had watched over its ever-increasing usefulness was called away to receive her reward. Two hundred members of the class signed a request to her son to fill the vacant chair; he accepted the honour and the responsibility, and now that after three years and a half under his superintendence there is still a membership of five hundred, with a very encouraging attendance, it is but fair to assert our belief that to a great extent the mantle of the mother has fallen on the shoulders of the son. Better than the mere meeting of large numbers week by week is the fact that the word spoken has been to many "the power of God unto salvation." The class has always produced a goodly band of recruits for the army of the Lord, but Mr. Bartlett, like most of the other recruiting sergeants of the King of kings, has found that many who enlist under the banner of the cross, and become in most respects good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and some who even engage actively in the warfare against the powers of evil, never "put on" the uniform of their great Captain by making a public scriptural profession of their devotion to him whose they are and whom they serve. Still, many from the class have "put on Christ," and confessed that they were first induced to become followers of the Lamb by the addresses to which they listened in the Tabernacle Lecture Hall on Sunday afternoons; while others have united themselves with various Christian churches without mentioning the special agency which was blessed to their salvation.

Several interesting instances of the manner in which the Holy Spirit has revealed Christ to various individuals have been communicated to us, and while we refer to one or two of these our readers will readily understand that the most striking cases of conversion are often those which, for obvious reasons, cannot be mentioned in such a magazine as *The Sword and the Trowel*. From time to time young women have been brought to the class, and the gospel has reached their hearts, and then kind enquiries have elicited sad confessions of their former terrible fall from the paths of virtue, and their consequent difficulties in commencing a new and nobler life. In more than one instance, however, these obstacles have been happily overcome, sometimes through the help of friends and relatives who have forgiven the erring ones as they have themselves been forgiven by their Lord; and in at least one case a soul has been snatched from destruction, notwithstanding the stern refusal of an unrelenting parent to receive into his house the child who had disgraced his name. Turning from these sorrowful, yet joyful experiences, to what, by comparison with them, may be termed ordinary conversions, we must mention a young lady who was brought up as a Roman Catholic, and went regularly to confession, but at the class was led to Jesus as her great High Priest and only Saviour, and has now been a consistent Christian for three years, although she has not united with any church. A young woman, who had been convinced of sin while listening to the preaching of one of the students of the College (Mr. Soper) at Dunn's Institute, was turned out of her home one Sunday because she refused to promise that she would not go to the house of God to seek after the peace which comes through believing. From eight o'clock in the morning she wandered about, "seeking rest but finding none," till in the afternoon seeing others enter the Tabernacle gates she followed

them into the Lecture Hall, heard words whereby she was saved, and shortly afterwards joined the Tabernacle church, of which she is still a member, although now living at some distance from London. Another who had for many years attended the class during Mrs. Bartlett's lifetime, and who had caused her many anxious moments and bitter tears, was brought to repentance and faith by an address from the words, "And the door was shut"; and she also is now a member of the church. Thus does God in his own way and time, and sometimes by one instrumentality and at other times by another, bring his banished ones to himself and his people.

In addition to the Sunday afternoon meetings a *Week-day Bible-class* is conducted every Friday evening from seven till eight o'clock. All who lead such classes will find a week-day gathering very useful in keeping the young people together. In order that female members of the class may have an opportunity of obtaining the counsel of one of their own sex, this is presided over by our esteemed matronly friend Miss Wright. At the close Mr. Bartlett again takes the chair, and another hour is profitably spent in prayer and Biblical instruction.

One of the most important outgrowths of the class is the *Mothers' Meeting* on Monday afternoons from two till four o'clock. This is under the able management of Miss Ivimey, Mr. Bartlett's share of the work consisting of the reception of the poor people's pence, and the delivery of half-an-hour's address. The mothers pay in small sums weekly towards the purchase of useful articles for themselves and their families. They are allowed a reduction of one-sixth of the value, which is met at the end of the year by a grant from one of the Tabernacle collections. The amount thus invested is about £30 a year. The number on the books at the present time is ninety-five, and the average attendance is about sixty. This labour of love has not been carried on without signs of divine approval, and many who are now members of the church gladly bear testimony that they received their first impressions at the mothers' meetings.

Loan Tract Society.—Every Lord's Day about three hundred families are visited by a band of nineteen tract distributors connected with the class. Their visits have been productive of great good in many ways; the word of life has been spoken to those who would not otherwise have heard it, many have been induced to attend the house of prayer or the mothers' meeting, and some have been led to the Saviour. Beyond this, it is of the utmost importance that Christians who attend classes should have work to do for their Lord, or otherwise they miss the healthy exercise which is as necessary to the soul as spiritual food.

Coffee-house Mission.—Filty coffee-houses are visited by ladies, who leave *The Sword and the Trowel* monthly for the use of the customers. Most cheering results of this work have been witnessed, especially in the case of one coffee-house keeper who had lost his wife by the sinking of the "Princess Alice" steamship.

Miss Ivimey, Mrs. Ashling, and Mrs. Manley go every Sunday afternoon to speak of Christ to the inmates of the Lambeth Workhouse Infirmary, and their kind services are highly appreciated.

Before concluding our notice of the Sunday afternoon class, mention should be made of the annual contributions of the members towards the

funds of the Pastors' College, and also of the share they had in the recent Bazaar for the Silver Wedding Testimonial. In Mrs. Bartlett's day the class raised very large sums for the College; as much as £100 was on several occasions presented to the President as a half-yearly offering: but during the last three years the amount contributed has been on a constantly decreasing scale, reaching only £48 4s. 1d. last year, as against £74 in 1877, and considerably over £100 in 1876. We believe, however, that at the last annual meeting the lowest point was reached, and that future totals will more nearly approximate to those of the past. On the whole, the decrease is not much to be deplored, since in a very large measure it may be accounted for by the outflow of the generosity of the class to the purposes peculiar to itself, which have many of them been already named. In the aggregate a large sum is raised, and this is well, for no class should be without lessons in giving, or they will become as injuriously affected thereby as if a man had his hand strapped down, or his fingers bound together. Working and giving are as much a part of holy education as praying and hearing. We confess that the words NO COLLECTION do not excite in us the rapture which they appear to inspire in certain brethren. Why no collection? Why should any religious work be maimed? We question if any religious enterprise gains by that policy one-tenth so much as it loses; at any rate, among associations connected with Christian churches, the full development of the Christly life demands consecration, and many means for its practical display.

The cash paid in to the Treasurers of the Testimonial Fund in the name of the class amounted to £45 5s. 7d., and the sales at the stalls belonging to the class realized £72 7s. 8d. Of this sum £10 was raised by the sale of a neat little text book prepared by Mr. Bartlett, consisting of passages of Scripture forming the following acrostic:— "Charles Haddon Spurgeon's Pastoral Silver Wedding of the Church of Christ meeting at the Metropolitan Tabernacle." The books can still be obtained of Mr. Bartlett, 56, New Street, Kennington Park Road, S.E., at twopence each.

Having described those portions of Mr. Bartlett's labours which are connected with the class, the rest may be referred to under the head of

WORK AT THE ORPHANAGE AND ALMSHOUSES.

On Sunday mornings, as a rule, about eighty of the boys of the Stockwell Orphanage attend the service at the Tabernacle, or at Wynne Road Chapel, Brixton, leaving one hundred and sixty "at home." For these Mr. Bartlett has held a service ever since the opening of the institution, and he has found a most able helper, and at times an equally willing substitute, in the person of our good friend Mr. John Daniells, who is well known to our readers by the interesting reports of his visits to the foreign sailors in London, and by his descriptions of the Bible distributions in France and Spain, in connection with the Trinitarian Bible Society. It is impossible to say how many of the lads have been taught to trust in the Lord Jesus Christ at these Sunday morning services, but the fact that two of our orphans are already ministers of the gospel, that some have died in faith, and that many are living unto the Lord, is enough to encourage these two brethren, and all

others, who seek to train our fatherless family for heaven, still to continue their Christlike service.

Sunday evening finds Mr. Bartlett in the upper room at the *Almshouses* conducting a *Children's Service*, from half-past six till eight o'clock. This effort was commenced in 1868, and the average attendance from then until the present time has been over one hundred and fifty. After the children have been dismissed another *service* is held in the same place from a quarter-past eight to half-past nine, which is intended for the *young men and maidens* who have grown too old to condescend to mingle any longer with the "young 'uns," and who would be left to run wild unless a meeting was provided specially for them. About seventy-five are present on an average, and since the services began about fifty have professed to be converted and have joined the church at the Tabernacle, or have cast in their lot at some neighbouring place of worship. A cheering feature of the work is the attendance of a number of young men and women who formerly formed part of the congregation at the children's service, but have now become Christians and workers for the Master in the various ragged schools of the district. When they have finished their labours for the day they gather together at the spot which is dear to them by many hallowed associations, and having previously fed others they are in their turn provided with a spiritual supper ere they retire to their homes to rest.

THE POLICE MISSION.

One of the latest results of the Almshouses Services has been the formation of a committee of fifteen young men whose object is to seek the spiritual welfare of the policemen in their neighbourhood. Four stations are included in the sphere of operations,—Kennington Lane, Kennington Road, Walworth Road, and Stone's End, Borough, in each of which there are twenty-six men. These are all visited every week, either at their homes or at the stations, a weekly periodical is given to each of them, and as opportunities present themselves a word for Jesus is spoken and earnest prayer offered, that those who are only too familiar with sin and the law may all of them become partakers of the blessings of the gospel of grace. The brethren go two and two as a rule, and by the kindness and courtesy of the superintendents of the division they are allowed free access to every part of the stations.

The constant supervision of the various agencies described in this paper, entailing *inter alia* the preparation and delivery of no less than three hundred and twenty addresses in the course of twelve months, keeps Mr. Bartlett pretty fully employed; and yet during the past year he was able to visit two hundred and sixteen absent members of the church, was appointed visitor to twenty-eight candidates for membership, and in addition carried the word of life to very many of the sick, the dying, and the poor, not only in the vicinity of the Tabernacle, but in all parts of the metropolis. Thus in various ways a useful life is spent in the service of the church. May the bare outline stimulate and encourage others to find or make a sphere for themselves for the love of the great Lord who has bought them to himself with his blood.

Cowper on "The Lie of Popery."

Addressing England, Cowper wrote:—

"Hast thou admitted with a blind, fond trust,
 THE LIE that burn'd thy fathers' bones to dust,
 That first adjudged them heretics, then sent
 Their souls to heaven and cursed them as they went?
 THE LIE that Scripture strips of its disguise,
 And execrates above all other lies,
 THE LIE that claps a lock on mercy's plan,
 And gives the key to *yon infirm old man*,
 Who, once ensconced in apostolic chair,
 Is deified and sits omniscient there;
 THE LIE that knows *no* kindred, owns *no* friend
 But him that makes its progress his chief end;
 That, having spilt much blood, makes *that* a boast,
 And canonizes him that sheds the most?
 Away with charity that soothes A LIE,
 And thrusts the truth with scorn and anger by!
 Shame on the candour and the gracious smile
 Bestowed on them that light the martyr's pile,
 While insolent disdain, in frowns express'd,
 Attends the tenets that endured that test!
 Grant them the *rights* of men,—and while they cease
 To vex the peace of others, grant *them* peace;
 But *trusting bigots*, whose false zeal has made
Treachery their duty,—thou art self betrayed!"

There has never been a more forcible description of the spirit and principles of popery than in this concise, sublime passage, which has been justly pronounced to be "the most vigorous in our language"; yet, strange to say, it was all but unknown for nearly a century, and is not to be found in any editions of Cowper's "Poems," except those of recent date. It was first published as a foot note in Southey's "Memoirs" (1836), who assigned as the cause of its long suppression one that was *utterly untrue*, viz., "That it had appeared in the first edition (1782), and was withdrawn from the second on account of Cowper's becoming intimate with an amiable Roman Catholic family" (the Throckmortons). This mistake, adopted by all succeeding biographers, has inflicted a stain upon his character and memory entirely undeserved. An article in *The Rock* (Oct. 4) gave, upon the best evidence from research into the poet's original letters, and the earliest editions of his works, an ample refutation of this error,—proving beyond dispute that, though written and printed as part of his fine poem entitled "Expostulation" while the rest was in progress, some scruples arose in his own mind as to their propriety, lest they should feed the lawless spirit which led to the disgraceful "No popery" riots of the previous year, not then allayed. These fears he submitted to his friend John Newton, who agreed in wishing their suppression at that time. Cowper accordingly wrote twenty-four new lines condemning the hypocrisy of national fasts, as a substitute for the above. This occurred in November, 1781,

three years *before he knew* the Throckmortons, with whom his acquaintance was very slight, even when the second edition was called for, which was not till 1786. Meantime some copies had been issued with the original sheets, which accounts for some of each kind being found in the British Museum, and elsewhere. This explanation entirely exonerates the poet from the unjust charge of unfaithfulness, and does honour to that fine Christian spirit which would not gain applause by fanning the flames of fanaticism and exciting lawless partisans to lawless acts of violence.

E. H.

Trust in God's Unchanging Love.

IN one of the most obscure streets of Hamburg, some two years after the Thirty Years' War, lived a poor young man, who obtained a slender and precarious subsistence by means of his violoncello. After a while he fell sick, and he was unable to continue his musical routine. As this was his only means of support, he was, in the emergency, compelled to part with his violin to a Jew, who, with characteristic manoeuvring, and much pretended reluctance, at length loaned him a sum much below its value, for two weeks; when, if not redeemed, the instrument was to be forfeited. As he surrendered his violin he gazed lovingly at it, through his tears; and asked the Jew if he might play one more tune upon it. "You know not how hard it is to part from that violin," he said; "for ten years it has been my companion and comforter. If I have nothing else, I have had it; at the worst it spoke to me, and sung back all my courage and hope. Of all the sad hearts that have left your door, there has been none so sad as mine." His voice grew thick, and, pausing for a moment, he seized the instrument, and commenced a tune so exquisitely soft that even the reluctant Jew listened in spite of himself. A few more strains, and he sang to his own melody two stanzas of his hymn, "Life is weary,—Saviour, take me!" Suddenly the key changed: a few bars, and the melody poured itself out anew, and his face lighted up with a smile as he sang, "Yet who knows? the cross is precious." He laid down the instrument, murmuring, "Ut fiat divina voluntas,"* and rushed from the place.

Going out into the darkness, he stumbled against a person, who seemed to have been listening at the door. "Could you tell me where I could obtain a copy of that song?" said he to the musician: "I would willingly give a florin for it." "My good friend, I will cheerfully fulfil your wish without the florin," was the response.

But it is time the parties were introduced to the reader. The name of the musician was George Neumark, and that of his interlocutor John Gutig, who was valet to the Swedish ambassador, Baron von Rosenkranz. Gutig told the baron the story of the hapless musician: his poverty, his musical skill, his beautiful hymns, and his grief at pledging his instrument; he showed the hymn he had given him also. As the baron was in need of a secretary, he thought so highly of the poor musician that he forthwith sent for him, and he was at once installed

* As God will, I am still.

into that office. George Neumark's next step was to reclaim his loved violoncello; and, on obtaining it, he called on his landlady, who took a deep sympathy in his tribulations. In a few minutes the room was crowded with friends and neighbours, eager to hear him again play upon his instrument; and he sang to them an excellent sermon in this wise, his own sweet hymn: "Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten,"

Leave God to order all thy ways
 And hope in him whate'er betide;
 Thou'lt find him, in the evil days,
 Thine all-sufficient strength and guide.
 Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
 Builds on the rock that nought can move!

This was his thanksgiving tribute for the good Providence which had rescued him from trial in his great emergency. After two years, the baron procured for him the post of Librarian of the Archives at Weimar, which office he held, with honour, until the close of his life.

This is not a mere monkish legend, but a truthful and instructive incident of real life; for this George Neumark was born at Thuringen, 1621. He studied law at the University of Königsberg, when Simon Dach was president; and, like him, Neumark became both poet and musician. But, being poor and friendless, often enduring much privation in his native place, he removed to Hamburg, in 1650, in hopes of better fortune, and it was here we met with him. Need we point the moral suggested? It is the beauty of a life of persevering integrity, humility, and devout trust in God. For, when asked if he made the hymn himself, he modestly replied: "Well, yes: I am the instrument, but God swept the strings. All I knew was that these words, 'Who trusts in God's unchanging love,' lay like a soft burden on my heart. I went over them again and again, and so they shaped themselves into this song; how I cannot tell. I began to sing and to pray for joy, and my soul blessed the Lord; and word followed word, like water from a fountain."—*From F. Saunders' "Evenings with the Sacred Poets."*

Salvation a Gift.

MANY years ago, after much seemingly fruitless dealing with an anxious enquirer, who had been wearily toiling for months to make himself worthy of salvation, I at length said, "Friend, you entirely mistake the whole matter. You forget that salvation is a *gift*, and that so far from you having to press God to give it, he, on the contrary, is pressing you to take it." "A gift," he exclaimed, with surprise, "a gift! Is salvation really a gift?" "Yes," I replied; "it is yours for the taking." Without further hesitancy, and with deeply grateful heart, he took what the Lord offered, and as he offered it; and all through his later years, when at any time temptation pressed, and faith was like to fail, the remembrance that salvation was a gift cheered and sustained him. His after life was holy, and his end perfect peace.—*Robert Macdonald, in "From Day to Day."*

The Disciples—Simon the Canaanite, or the Zealot.

BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIS, MANCHESTER.

SIMON the Zealot is the least known of the disciples. His name occurs only in the lists of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and in the enumeration of the company assembled at the ante-pentecostal prayer-meeting; beyond this not one solitary incident is recorded of him. It is only by inference, derived from his name and title, that we can form for ourselves any idea of his family surroundings, or of his life and character.

As to his family, he is generally supposed to have been a son of Alphæus, though this is nowhere directly affirmed; but the position of his name, which is placed by Matthew and Mark immediately after, and by Luke between, the names of James the less and Judas Lebbaeus, sons of Alphæus, favours the supposition that he was a member of that family. Here, then, in the devout atmosphere of this godly home his childhood and youth were spent, and along with his brothers James and Judas he received the early pious training which was afterwards to bear such good fruit.

It is consistent with this supposition regarding his home surroundings, that we find him when he comes definitively into view, bearing the title of "Zealot," for so he is described by Luke. And the title, "Canaanite," employed by Matthew and Mark (which some have mistaken for the designation of an aboriginal inhabitant of Canaan, and have consequently fallen into the error of supposing him a Gentile) is simply the Aramaic equivalent of the Greek word *Zelotes*, used by Luke, and should be spelt *Kananite*. The Zealots were a sect of Pharisees, who in their zeal for the law bound themselves, as a sort of voluntary ecclesiastical police, to see that the law was not broken with impunity, and who joined to their veneration for the law—a veneration which they carried so far as to be ready at any time to die for it—a conviction that it was unlawful to pay tribute to the Romans. They were Hebrews of the Hebrews. In them was concentrated at once the narrowness and nobleness of the Jewish character. With a kind of fierce regard for their own religion and national institutions, and an invincible antipathy to all other nations, they associated a light valuation of their own lives and fortunes. Their character was a fanatical jealousy for the Jewish law, a quenchless love of liberty, and a lofty contempt of death. One of their great leaders had been that Judas of Galilee, alluded to by Gamaliel in his defence of the apostles before the Sanhedrim (Acts v. 37), who headed a revolt against Rome in the days of the "taxing," mentioned in Luke ii. The revolt was unsuccessful. The prefect, Quirinus (Cyrenius in Luke), easily quelled it; and, as Gamaliel tells us, Judas was slain and his ardent band of followers dispersed. The spirit of insubordination to the Romans, inflamed by religious zeal, was not extinguished by the death of Judas, and the Zealots continued to be a thorn in the sides of the Romans till the destruction of Jerusalem. To this patriotic band belonged Simon, living, doubtless, a life of serious austerity according to the "straitest sect" of the national religion. Of such material persecutors are made, and a persecutor Simon might easily have become. The concentrated fervour of his spirit might soon have developed into an intolerance which, obscuring his perception and warping his judgment, would have made him a powerful foe instead of an ardent defender of the infant church of Christ. But, as in the case of another and greater Zealot (Gal. i. 14), the grace of God intervened, and turned the strong current into a beneficent channel. How the zealous Jew became first attracted to Jesus we are not told; but he could scarcely be ignorant of the supernatural occurrences connected with the birth and early life of his wonderful cousin; and when the public ministry of Jesus commenced, the marvels that occurred at his baptism, and the early manifestations of miraculous power at Cana and Judæa, and again in Galilee, were incidents calculated to arrest his attention and attract his adhesion. However it was brought about, he soon became ranked amongst the close followers of Christ, and was one of those whom Christ selected from that wider circle, to become his immediate attendants and apostles.

The atmosphere of the teaching to which he now listened was beautifully adapted to foster the best elements of his disposition and correct the crudities and acidities that marred it. Nothing could be more appropriate to the state of a mind trained like his than the instruction which he received from his Master. He had been accustomed to venerate the old Mosaic Law, but it was a veneration inspired more by national zeal and by the external sanctions of its antiquity and the divine terrors with which it was published, and which reflected so great a distinction upon the nation, than by any deep insight into its moral glory and beauty. How would this veneration deepen as he listened to the sermon on the mount, in which Jesus swept away the traditional cobwebs with which it had been covered "by them of old time," and held it up in the splendour of its spiritual exposition. Simon's perceptions are opening upon a new world; he feels the burning eyes of the law gazing in upon the secret hatreds and lusts of his heart, and its strong hand arresting those subtle culprits, his evil thoughts, and his reverence for the law becomes a more enlightened sentiment. The jealous intolerance of the Zealot met its corrective in the broad clemency of Jesus, which forbade that one who was endeavouring to do good should be suppressed for no other reason than that "he followeth not us:" his narrow Judaism would gradually widen into the universal charity of Christ under such teaching as the parable of the good Samaritan; and his violent instincts of resistance to human authority would be corrected by the lesson upon the sacred tribute money, which Christ, though "Son" of the Lord of the temple, and therefore exempt from temple tribute, yet chose to miraculously provide and pay rather than place a stumblingblock before the temple officials. Simon would not be the least interested auditor when Jesus met the Zealot question, "Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar?" with an answer so admirable for its self-evident truth and simplicity as well as for its masterly parrying of the side blow aimed at his reputation among his patriotic fellow-countrymen. "Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites? Show me the tribute money. And they brought unto him a penny. Whose is this image and superscription? They say unto him, Cæsar's. Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's." The genius of Christianity is totally different from the spirit of the "Zealot": it is not the kindling of revolutions against temporal government, but hostility to the spiritual empire of evil. Whatever is wrong between man and man, between governors and governed, is to be set right, not by physical force, but by the moral power exerted by the advance of truth. The apostles' teachings showed that they had learned the lesson well. "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. Fear God, honour the king. Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake, whether it be to the king as supreme, or unto governors as unto them that are set for the punishment of evil doers, and for the praise of them that do well." Extremes are the mark of human passion: the wise moderation of the Bible is a result of its divine inspiration. There is much that is wrong in the world. It is to be righted, not by sanguinary revolution, but by the mightier and diviner force of the steady promulgation of the great truths of the relationship between God and man, and of men's consequent relationship with one another; and meanwhile by the passive endurance of wrong till the vanquished evil falls. The hammer in the oppressor's hand will be shivered to pieces on the anvil of patient, steadfast endurance.

Under such teaching as this, Simon was educated for his life-work, and though the story is not told, we may well surmise that his natural vehemence was consecrated to the service of Jesus, and that after the ascension he lived no idle and useless life. Tradition, indeed, affirms that he preached the gospel throughout North Africa, and carried it even as far as to the remote Isles of Britain, a course of labour consistent enough with a character which earned the title of Zealot; but the record of his career is not on earth. It is not necessary to the disciples of Christ that Time should emblazon their deeds on his perishing scroll; they are engraven on the everlasting tablets of the memory of God, and will be published in eternity.

A Rare Worker for God.

BY REV. A. J. GORDON, D.D.

THE simple record of the death of John Vassar, at Poughkeepsie, December 7th, marks the end of a most remarkable man. For singleness of devotion to the work of saving souls, for burning zeal, and for unremitting industry in the Master's work, I know not with whom to compare him in modern times. Never have I seen a man who in his activity so illustrated Paul's knowing nothing among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified; and in his piety so exhibited Augustine's "flaming heart of consecration." From Maine to California, in winter and in summer, on foot or by rail, he went pushing on for years in pursuit of lost souls; going from house to house pleading with men night and day with tears to be reconciled to God; holding meetings, preaching by the wayside, in the soldiers' camp or in the backwoods' school-house, as opportunity opened,—such was the life he lived and the work he wrought.

He was not a preacher; in his humility he disclaimed even the name of evangelist. And when by astonished ministers, whom in his calls he would suddenly startle with his extraordinary zeal, he was pressed with the question, "Who art thou?" his quaint answer was, "Oh, I am only a shepherd's dog hunting up lost sheep for my Master." Hundreds of pastors bless the memory of the "shepherd's dog" to-day, as they see in their flocks the sheep he helped them to bring in, and most of all they bear in their hearts the grateful recollection of the quickening and inspiration and stimulus which they received from contact with him.

It may be surmised that he offended some by his zeal. His intensity of purpose was in such startling contrast to the ordinary consecration of Christians that it often awakened sharp antagonism. It was the red-hot zeal which causes a hissing and commotion as it is plunged into the element of lukewarm piety. Hence he was often charged to his face with being beside himself. Such a charge gave him no offence. "I was once beside myself," he would say, "when I was spending my energy in the work of the brewery, expecting to gain a fortune by the business; but when it pleased God to reveal his Son in me, I came to myself, and I think I have been in my right mind since then."

What especially startled people was his abruptness. He took no time for apology or introduction. He never learned the art of circumlocution. He went at once to the person whom he addressed with the question, "Are you a child of God? Have you been born again?" If he gathered that the person was not regenerated, then would come such a flood of exhortation and entreaty and appeal as would fairly strike one dumb. Never did I see one who could "close in with a soul," as the old Puritans used to phrase it, like him. It was the grip of a man filled with the Spirit, and to hear him talk would make one exclaim, as a hearer of McCheyne once did, "Why, it seems as though he were dying to have men saved!"

As an illustration of the impression he made on me, I recall the following, which happened while he was labouring with me a few years since in this city. He wished to call on a Christian gentleman who was living at one of our fashionable boarding-houses. A young friend of mine who went with him, to show him the place, reported what occurred. While waiting in the parlour to be shown to the gentleman's room, he opened conversation with a very fashionable and proud-looking lady who was sitting in the room. With great concern he began at once to urge the necessity of the new birth and immediate acceptance of Christ upon her. She was thunderstruck, and protested that she did not believe in any of those things. Then followed a most fervent appeal, texts of Scripture, warnings against rejecting Christ, the certainty of a wrath to come for any found in impenitence, till at last my friend said he was fairly alarmed at the boldness of the assault. Suddenly the gentleman came in for whom he

was waiting, and called him out. The friend sat watching from behind his newspaper for the effect of the interview. In a moment the lady's husband came in. "There has been an old man here talking with me about religion," she said. "Why did you not shut him up?" he asked, gruffly. "He is one of those persons that you cannot shut up," was her reply. "If I had been here," he said, "I would have told him very quickly to go about his business." "If you had seen him *you would have thought he was about his business,*" was her answer.

No truer tribute could be paid to him than that. Seeking to save the lost was his business, and few men have ever lived who have pursued that business with such ardour and constancy of purpose as he. Thousands, I am sure, will rise up at the last day and call him blessed. A humble man, without pretence, without culture, he was yet mighty in the Scriptures, and often mighty in eloquence; and I venture to say, that our Baptist brotherhood, or the great church of Christ, has had few men more honoured of God than he. And indeed, I may add, more honoured of men where his true work was known. Henry F. Durant once called at my house to take him for a week to his elegant mansion, and he said to me as he went, "I consider myself more honoured to entertain this man of God than to have a king for my guest." It was truly an honour; for Christ dwelt in him richly, and to entertain him was to entertain Christ. Never shall I forget him, or cease to be grateful for his influence. How he sought men for God by day! How he pleaded with God by night! How he travailed in prayer with tears for souls! Truly his reward will be great in the kingdom of heaven.—From *The Boston Watchman*.

Andrew Burn.*

ANDREW BURN was the child of Christian parents, and it is his own testimony that infant reason no sooner dawned, than they began to use every possible means to give that reason a right bias towards its proper object. The history of his youth and early manhood reads more like a romance than a true tale, so full is it of singular combinations of circumstances and hair-breadth escapes by sea and land. But amid his wanderings, and all the miseries in which they involved him, he seldom thought of the God to whose providence he owed so much. Speaking of his residence in Jamaica, he says, "By this time the serious impressions of childhood had lost great part of their influence, and as that diminished, the darling inclinations of a corrupt heart gradually prevailed, and so far gained the ascendancy, that some of the most glaring sins, which at first appearance struck me with horror, imperceptibly lost their deformity in my eyes, and, Proteus-like, transformed themselves into innocent enjoyments. Thus advancing, step by step, in the dangerous road of sin, I soon arrived at dreadful lengths; drank in the deadly poison with as much eagerness as the thirsty ox drinks in water, and rushed on rapidly with the wicked multitude in the broad road to eternal ruin." From this time the most imminent perils and the most unexpected deliverances failed alike to impress his heart. Brought low by a fever on one occasion when at sea, he expected every hour to be thrown overboard with others who had died around him, but he "had not the least painful conviction of his accumulated guilt." "I was dying," he says, "and that in every respect like the brute that perisheth, though endued with all the faculties of a rational being, and these in full exercise, unimpaired by bodily pain." On another occasion his ship struck on a sand bank, and the scene of dismay which followed was enough to make the stoutest sinner tremble. One of his messmates, who had acquired considerable property in Jamaica, cursed God that he had made him spend so many toilsome

* From "The Divine Life; a Book of Facts and History." By the Rev. J. Kennedy, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

years in a scorching and unhealthy climate to procure a little wealth ; and when with pain and trouble he had heaped it together, had tantalized him with a sight of the happy shore where he expected peacefully to enjoy it, but now with one cruel sudden stroke had defeated all his hopes. The conduct of this blasphemer, whose despair seemed like that of a fiend of the bottomless pit, was in striking contrast with that of the captain, who, "fearless, with composure smiled at danger's threatening form." The captain was a Christian, and with a presence of mind and a wisdom which seemed almost inspired, gave instructions which were the means of saving his ship. But neither the despair of the blasphemer, nor the calmness of the Christian, produced any salutary impression on young Burn's mind, and he landed on the shores of England as godless as ever.

After a time we find him stationed at Chatham, as an officer in the Marines. The review of the past three years of folly and adventure led him to return to the externally religious habits in which he had been trained, and to observe the ordinances of public worship. In the esteem of many he was now a good Christian ; but his own confession is that he remained the willing slave to various sinful lusts and passions, and felt no remorse in daily doing many things which he could not think of in after life without shuddering. He was only a Pharisee. Yet by degrees he cut off many sins which were as dear to him as a right hand or a right eye. His struggles with his love of gambling were protracted and painful. First he vowed—and that very solemnly—that he would devote only a certain time to cards, and no more ; but this resolution failing, he vowed to play only for a certain sum, and never to exceed it. When that would not do, he vowed still more resolutely to play only for recreation. But all proved ineffectual. The more he resolved, the stronger grew the sin. A multitude of broken vows heaped guilt upon guilt, and brought an accumulated load of sorrow upon his soul. One Lord's day, when he was to take his place at the table of the Lord, his conscience so condemned him, that he tried in vain to pacify it by a renewal of his vows. "There is an Achan in the camp," said conscience ; "approach the table of the Lord, if you dare." Scared by these monitions, and yet unwilling to part with his darling lust, he became like one possessed. Restless and uneasy, he fled to the fields to vent his misery under the wide canopy of heaven. Thoughts of future judgment filled him with indignation against the "accursed thing" which was corrupting and tormenting his soul ; and, crying to God for help, he knelt down under a hedge, and taking heaven and earth to witness, wrote on a piece of paper with his pencil a solemn vow that he never would play at cards on any pretence whatsoever, so long as he lived. This was no sooner done than his burden was gone and he was at peace. But, alas ! the reformation was all on the surface. While endeavouring to heal his soul in one place, ere he was aware, sin broke out in another. At the same time there was much about him that fostered the delusion that he was now a Christian, and that it was impossible for him to fall into gross sins again.

After enjoying his commission in the Marines for some two years, the restoration to peace reduced him to half-pay, and circumstances took him into France, where he was left to plunge again into all manner of wickedness. It was by slow degrees, and after many hard fought battles with his conscience, that he succeeded in persuading himself that his vow to abstain from card-playing was rash, and need not be kept. The bondage of sin in which he was now held was strengthened by the inroads of scepticism. But the doubts which he gradually entertained as to the immortality of his soul, instead of relieving him from anxiety respecting the future, became as a quenchless fire of torment within him. The grossest sins assumed a very different aspect under the teaching of infidelity, and appeared to him nothing more than lawful gratifications, so that they awakened no fear. But the idea of annihilation was unbearable. "If death is to destroy in me this part which thinks, which reasons, and with so much ardour breathes after an assurance of its existence in a future state, what

a despicable being do I appear in my own eyes! Beyond all expression miserable! How much reason have I to curse the day wherein I was born!"

When the poor miserable man would return to England he had not the means, and he betook himself to the writing of plays to provide them, but in vain. That unseen Hand which had protected him, even amid his sins, at length opened a way. But he saw not its leading. On his way home he spent six weeks in Paris, and indulged without remorse in every forbidden pleasure which that city could present. After an absence of six years, Andrew Burn finds himself once more in England; not now a proud Pharisee as when he left it, but a proud sceptic. He was not a little self-complacent that he had shaken off the prejudices of education, and could look down with pity on well-meaning people who knew no better. His religion was, he thought, of a most refined description, though he confessed it would puzzle an abler judgment than his own to define what it was. At the same time, amid the confused crowd of philosophical notions with which his brain teemed, he frequently heard the murmuring of two distinct voices which sometimes forced him to listen to them alternately. One, an importunate visitor, very roughly told him he was wrong; and when he endeavoured to convince him to the contrary, would grow so bold and clamorous, that, for the sake of a little peace, he was obliged to stifle the voice in the pursuit of some worldly pleasure, but never could silence it altogether. To the other voice he listened with pleasure. It whispered to him in the language of hope, that a day would come when he should alter his present way of thinking, and adopt one far better. At the same time, while this hope was secretly cherished, his whole bent of mind was opposed to a practical reception of the truths of the gospel.

Soon after his return to England, the sudden death of a beloved brother made him feel the worthlessness of those notions to which he had clung tenaciously for years. "They now stood dressed in their proper colours, and loudly proclaimed their diabolical origin. A strong and restless desire to be savingly united to God and his people, drove them from their place in his heart, and evidently prevailed in their room. I saw (he says) the absolute necessity there was of such a Saviour as Jesus Christ, and was convinced there was no possibility of being saved any other way than by him." While in this state of mind he dreamed a dream, which produced results that made him regard it ever after as the principal means of his conversion. He dreamed that he was sitting, a little before daylight, with his deceased brother, on the wall of the parish churchyard with which they had been familiar in boyhood. His brother asked him if he would not go with him into the church. Immediately rising, they walked together towards the porch, and when they reached the inner door, the brother somehow or other passed in before him, and when he attempted to follow, the door, which slid down from above, like those in ancient fortifications, was instantly let down more than half way, so that he now found it requisite to bend himself almost double before he could possibly enter. But as he stooped to try, the door continued falling lower and lower, till the passage became so narrow that he found it impracticable in that posture. Grieved to be left behind, and determined to get in if possible, he fell down on his hands, and tried to squeeze his head and shoulders through; but, finding himself still too high, he kneeled down, crept, wrestled, and pushed eagerly, but all to no purpose. He now threw off all his clothes, and crawled like a worm; but being very desirous to preserve a fine silk embroidered waistcoat which he had brought from France, he kept that on in the hope of being able to carry it with him; then laying himself flat on his face, he pushed, and strove, and soiled the precious waistcoat, but could not get in after all. At last, driven almost to despair, he stripped himself entirely, and forced his body between the door and the ground, till the rough stones and gravel tore all the skin and flesh off his breast, and, as he thought, covered him with blood. Perceiving, however, that he advanced a little, he continued to press in with more violence than ever, till at last he got safely through. As soon as he stood on his feet inside, an invisible hand

clothed him in a long white robe; and as he looked round to view the place, he saw a goodly company of saints—among whom was his brother—all dressed in the same manner, partaking of the Lord's Supper. He sat down in the midst of them, and the bread and wine being administered to him, he felt a seraphic ecstasy which no mortal could express. He heard a voice call him three times by name, and tell him he was wanted at home. And so great was the joy of his soul that it awoke him out of his slumbers, and "made him start up in bed singing the high praises of God."

Now what shall we make of this dream? It is easy to trace in it the natural workings of the particular state of mind in which he was at the time. Sick of the sinful courses he had followed, and sick of that infidelity which had persuaded him that sin was no evil, he had now a "strong and restless desire" to be found in Christ. And the struggle to which this desire prompted him became, in his dream, a physical struggle to effect an entrance into a material building. But admitting the dream to have had this natural origin, it exhibits the intensity of the mental conflicts in which it originated, and became, through the mercy of God, the means of increasing the desires from which it sprang, and of encouraging him to hope for victory. That the hand of God was in it was soon apparent. Mr. Burn, from the day of that dream, began to live a life as different from that which went before as any two opposites could be. Old things were now done away, and all things became new. "Not (he says) that I obtained a complete victory over my domineering sins all at once, or renounced all my false opinions in one day; but a bitter and eternal war was instantly declared against the one, and as God made the discovery to me, I let go the other. My mind was gradually enlightened to comprehend the glorious and important truths of the everlasting gospel, and the eyes of my understanding were so opened to discern spiritual things, that I now read my Bible with wonder and astonishment." As he read the Word he grew in grace and in the knowledge of God. "Surely nothing less than divine power," he wrote many years afterwards, "could in the space of a few months have thus effectually overthrown the massive bulwarks of infidelity, which Satan had been continually strengthening for the space of six years in my corrupt heart, or have bent my vicious and stubborn will to embrace the self-abasing doctrines of the gospel. That such a change has been wrought I am as certain as of my own existence; so likewise am I confident that it was not in the smallest degree attributable to any inherent strength of my own. God alone must have been the author of it; to him, therefore, be all the glory." At the time of his conversion, Andrew Burn was twenty-six years of age, and his future life was one both of exemplary virtue and of enlightened piety. "Forty-three years," to use the words engraved on his tomb, "he served his God as a faithful soldier of Jesus Christ."

Aches so.

FORTY years ago, when I was a schoolboy in Boston, close by our school was the Asylum for the Blind, of which Laura Bridgeman was an inmate. One day, when the noble preceptor was trying to teach her, little Laura spelled out on her fingers the question, "What is the soul?" He answered her in the same mute language, "The soul is that which thinks, and feels, and hopes." And she spelled back, while a look of rare intelligence passed over her expressive features, "And *aches so*." Oh, I often think of it—the soul is that which "*aches so*," and which will continue to ache so if it does not have the gospel, and the thought of little Laura's quick apprehension of the soul's capacity for "*aching*" often comes to me, and quickens me to work to reach these souls, and to send the gospel to them. We have entrusted to us as Christians the only means of cure that is possible for the millions of souls that have this capacity for "*aching*."—*Ralph Wells*.

Notices of Books.

Topics for Teachers. By JAMES COMPER GREY. Illustrated with over two hundred engravings. Elliot Stock.

WE are glad to see that Mr. Stock is bringing out a cheap edition of this useful work. To Sunday-school teachers, local preachers, and pastors who possess but few books of reference it would be invaluable. It has been well described as "A Bible dictionary, manual, text-book, commentary, concordance, and atlas, all in one," and as it is to be completed in about thirty weekly penny numbers, no one who needs it ought to be unable to get it on account of its cost.

Helps to a Devout Life: being a treatise on religious duties. By the late Rev. GEORGE LAWSON, D.D. Edinburgh: William Oliphant and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

WE are prepared to expect great things when we notice the name of George Lawson as the author of a work, but we must confess that in this instance we have undergone considerable disappointment. This work does not seem to us to read like George Lawson's; it lacks vigour of thought and freshness of illustration, and is to our mind as dry and unoriginal as well could be. Devotional works must be warm; if they contain little or no emotion they are useless. This fault we find with this work; we have read on and on with the hope of meeting with some words that burn, but they have not turned up. Instead thereof we have met with chapter after chapter of the merest commonplace, very good indeed, but such as one might turn out by the mile. Give us George Lawson commenting on a book of Scripture, but if this is his style of helping devotion we want no more of him. After all, it is not so much with our Dr. George Lawson that we are dealing, but with a gentleman who has undertaken and carried out the truly impossible task of manufacturing a devotional work out of lectures on systematic theology. However laudable the motive, and we are sure none could be more so, the production is a failure.

That Loon o' Baxter's. A tale of Scottish Fisher Life. By W. SKINNER. Paisley: Alex. Gardner. London: Jas. Clarke and Co.

A DELICIOUS story, affecting, impressive, encouraging—all that a story ought to be. We shall not soon forget having read it; it has done us real good, which a story very seldom does. It is destined to be read for many a year to come, at least, so we hope and think. It has the life and heart in it which cause a book to survive when its rivals die into oblivion.

The Unwelcome Baby and what became of Him. With other stories of noble lives early consecrated. By S. ELLEN GREGORY. Wesleyan Conference Office.

"THE unwelcome baby" is the Rev. John Todd, and this book commences with his life. The title looks to us a little like a dodge for selling the book, for "the unwelcome baby" only occupies a third part of it, and the rest is made up of the lives of John Coleridge Patteson, Mary Fletcher, Alfred Cookman, Fidelia Fiske, and Emile Cook. We shall never cease to protest against this radically false method of naming a book from one of its articles. In this case, should anybody be led to buy the book by the title he will be able to put it into the hand of a youngster without fear, or rather with the full hope that it will do him good.

In Memoriam. EDWARD LAKE, Major-General Royal Engineers, C.S.I. Hatchards, Piccadilly.

A BRIEF account of a choice Christian man. The Indian army has always had in it some of the excellent of the earth: Major-General Edward Lake was one of the foremost of these, an Episcopalian, but still more, a Christian. No attempt is made to work up the narrative into a book, it is the simple and unvarnished story of his Christian experience. Oh, that many may be led to tread in his footsteps, so far as he followed Christ. We would not have Christians become soldiers, but we rejoice when the military man becomes also a follower of the Lamb.

The Great Apostle; or, Pictures from the Life of St. Paul. A Book for the Young. By the Rev. JABEZ MARRAT. London: Wesleyan Conference Office, 2, Castle Street, City Road.

A VERY useful little book for Sunday-schools, and other young persons, who desire to trace, historically and geographically, the path of the great Apostle of the Gentiles. The work is in the main trustworthy, although, as might have been expected from the place of publication, certain doctrines which we believe Paul preached are thrown aside, in order to make room for the teaching of Mr. Wesley. There are about thirty tolerably good illustrations of the principal scenes of the Apostle's life and labours, but the presence of a basin and towel in the room where Ananias said to Saul, "Arise, and be baptized," and references to "the holy sacrament of baptism," strike us as being slightly suspicious, to say the least. With the above exceptions we heartily commend the work to the notice of our youthful readers.

Crocker the Clown. By BENJAMIN CLARKE. Second Edition. Houlston and Sons.

If any young gentleman should be inspired with the ambition of figuring in a travelling show, he will probably be delivered from the infatuation by reading this amusing history of Jameson's Grand American Circus. We believe that such books as this answer a real and practical purpose by dispelling the false charms which surround theatrical performances. If somebody would write a book to take the glory out of "Robinson Crusoe," it would be one of the best works of our generation, for multitudes of lads are no doubt led astray and ruined for practical business purposes by that masterpiece of fiction.

Gospel Truths. By the Rev. ANDREW A. BONAR, D.D. Glasgow: Charles Glass and Co. London: Houlston and Sons.

THERE is always life and sweetness about the writings of Andrew A. Bonar. These papers upon various subjects are quite new to us, though they appear to have been published before in various forms. We have exceedingly much enjoyed reading several of the chapters, and we

do our readers a service when we commend "Gospel Truths" to their notice. Striking but not sensational, spiritual but not maudlin, the style and matter are altogether to our mind.

The Path of Life and the Perfect Rest. By a Pilgrim of Seventy. Houlston and Sons.

A LITTLE book which will we trust be the means of much blessing to aged Christians, for whom it is specially suited. It ministers both comfort and instruction in reference to the solemn subjects of death, the separate state, and the final glory of believers. It is such a book as only a deeply-instructed Christian could write while sitting on the banks of Jordan, waiting for the summons to meet his Lord. We knew and highly esteemed Mr. John Cox, who, as Dr. Bonar says, "was a man above many; steadfast in the truth, and full of Christian love." Our readers will many of them know him best as John Cox of Woolwich.

Upon the wrapper enclosing the manuscript of this book, dated the 11th of March, 1876, Mr. Cox had written the following words, in which there is no mock modesty, but a self-forgetfulness which was always conspicuous in him: "This little work was written in the year 1872, just before I attained the age of seventy. I thought of printing it then, but circumstances hindered. If spared a year or two I hope to see this done. If I should be removed first, I should like that it should come forth just as it is, with little or no reference to the author."

The City of Orphans. A Brief Sketch of the Institution on Ashley Down, Bristol, founded by George Müller, for the support of 2,050 Orphans. By PHILOS. W. Mack, 4, Paternoster Square.

A BRIEF summary of the work of the Lord by George Müller. Those who can only afford a little book on this wonderful subject will find this suitable to their purses. Truly, the Lord has shown in George Müller what simple faith and earnest prayer can do; but he is quite as ready to do the like for us if we will but be as little children before him.

Queen Pomare and her Country. By the Rev. GEORGE PRITCHARD. With an Introduction by the Rev. Dr. ALLON. Elliot Stock.

It seems ages ago since our old friend George Pritchard reported the lowering of Queen Pomare's flag by the French troops. His Majesty Louis Philippe, King of the French, was then in his glory. What a crowd of events have rushed by since that period, and yet here is friend George Pritchard alive and vigorous, and like that other antediluvian, Robert Moffat, likely to be with us for years to come.

The materials for a life of Queen Pomare are rather slender, but Mr. Pritchard has done his best with them; and, though he has produced a little book, this is much better than spinning out the story into a huge and dreary volume. Many a departed personage lies swathed, like a mummy, in miles of yarn, but Mr. Pritchard has just set a simple stone at the head of Queen Pomare's grave, and has left her to rest in peace. A man might almost wish to live for ever if thereby he could escape the biographers, who so often heap a waggon-load of dry rubbish over a man's tomb and call it a memoir. Mr. Pritchard has not fallen into that error; perhaps the lack of materials may have served in part to save him from it.

Ephraim and Helah: a Story of the Exodus. By EDWIN HODDER. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

WHETHER this kind of book, which might briefly be called, the Scripture-done-into-romance class, is of a healthful tendency may be seriously questioned. Certainly it is neither fact nor fiction, but fiction woven into the woof of fact. This volume is a very able imitation of Professor Ingraham's style of writing; a good deal of ingenious description and of true feeling, which we venture to think might better have been employed, is here manifested. Some little by-touches of spiritual insight reveal to us the power of the author, and we wish him a more congenial subject in his next effort. To our rude taste "The Junior Clerk" and "Tossed on the Waves" have not been equalled by this latest production of Mr. Hodder. Still

it may happen that many will overlook what we object to, in the general good intention of this volume.

Sermons, Addresses, and Charges. By WILLIAM BURT POPE, D.D. 66, Paternoster Row.

THESE are the productions of a late president of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, and were delivered by him during his term of office. They represent, therefore, substantially, if not in every particular, the sentiments of that entire body, both within itself and in relation to other religious communities. And we hesitate not to affirm that the position of the Wesleyan Methodists compares, or, rather, contrasts, with other denominations in this respect. Amidst all the changes of modern times they have adhered to their first principles, and if in any instance they have deviated from them it has been for the better rather than for the worse. Nor has it been for want of intelligence to comprehend, or cultured taste to appreciate, the various innovations of modern theorists, and the criticisms upon which they are founded, that they have been disregarded by them; but from a fully-enlightened conviction and a deep, heartfelt experience that the old gospel is better than the new. We can allow a president of the conference to say to its young ministers, "You have reason to be thankful in these days of dissolving confessions, and shifting views, and desperate reconciliations, that Providence has brought you under the bondage of a definite creed, the only peculiarity of which is its emphasis upon one or two of the grandest privileges of the gospel"; especially when he adds, "You have abundant scope for the free play of personal opinion. The strictness of our confession of faith is not to be denied; but it allows much more latitude in subordinate subjects than is sometimes supposed." All the addresses of this volume are good, and some pre-eminently so. They would be more effective, we imagine, on account of the breadth of thought and oratorical style of composition, in their delivery than in their perusal; but they will be extensively prized, we doubt not, in their present form by those for whom they were principally intended.

Jesus of Nazareth; who was he? and what is he now? By the Rev. WM. PATTON, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

A CONCISE Life of Christ. We have nearly enough of large volumes upon this subject, but there is plenty of room for this condensed story. The more salient points in our Lord's life are dwelt upon with considerable power, and the object all along is not to apologise for the truth, and thus gratify sceptics, but to expound it, and so instruct believers. Dr. Patton's work must be useful, and we thank him for it, though we do not admire his plan of slipping round the Baptism of our Lord.

Father's Motto; or, the Cloud with the Silver Lining, and other Stories. A book for boys and their sisters. Religious Tract Society.

READABLE stories, but not likely to be much in favour with boys or their sisters. Young men might read these pages with profit, but for boys they are unsuitable and unattractive. When our boys are old enough to be looking out for wives, and our girls are beginning to consider whether young Mr. Cordial would not be a suitable husband, such stories as these may help them to spend a leisure hour; but boys and their sisters will do quite as well to let those matters alone which concern a condition of life upon which they cannot enter for years to come. There are good points in the book—the cloud has a silver lining—but we do not think much of it as a book for boys and their sisters.

The Lord is My Shepherd. A popular Exposition of the Twenty-third Psalm. By Rev. JAMES STUART, of Shelford. Religious Tract Society.

THIS wondrous Psalm has given rise to a library of literature, and when we saw this new volume we wondered how the author could have managed to say anything fresh upon the well-worn theme. But he has managed to say something very fresh, as fresh as a mountain breeze, and as bracing and healthful. We have heard of sermons being divided into two classes, one being those which were preached because the minister had something to say; and the

other being those which were preached because he had to say something. The same division would hold good with respect to books. This is no volume made to order, it was written because it needed to be written. Powers of exposition of no mean order are here displayed; language beautiful and clear is discriminatingly used; and the result is a valuable and original contribution to our Biblical literature. As a first effort it leads us to look for great things in the future.

The Biblical Museum: a Collection of Notes, Explanatory, Homiletic, and Illustrative, on the Holy Scriptures. By JAMES COMPER GRAY. Old Testament. Vol. IV. Elliot Stock.

WE joyfully welcome each volume of this most valuable exposition. Although rich in biblical stores, we are still delighted with each instalment of "The Biblical Museum." How precious this work must be to those whose books are few! Young teacher or preacher, you must have the Biblical Museum if possible.

Talks about Home Life. By Rev. G. EVERARD, M.A. London: Religious Tract Society.

THIS little volume, though of modest title, is of unusual merit. It is made up of twelve short, chatty, devout papers, plentifully spiced with anecdote and illustration, all tending to show that the fear of the Lord is the only source of home prosperity and joy. The author is a man who has the courage of his convictions and speaks unreservedly; if we mistake not, he is the same who at the Sheffield Congress dared to interject some manly common-sense into the discussion about the reform of the stage, and who did not mind being a dissident from the parrot-cry of the moderates who are so anxious to make the theatre appear a little paradise. The style of his utterances here is, in some places, very powerful, and in others very beautiful in imagery. Altogether the book is a cheap eighteen-pennyworth, and should soon reach a second edition. We shall be glad to see Mr. Everard in print again.

The Adopted Son; and other Stories. Religious Tract Society.

TOUCHING little tales.

A Commentary on the Epistle of St. Paul to the Galatians. By the Rev. JOHN VENN, M.A. James Nisbet and Co., Berners Street.

OUR impression from the title of this book was that it could not be much needed, but we soon found that we were far better with it than without it. By those even who suppose themselves to be well acquainted with the Epistle to the Galatians it may be read with additional light and profit. It is a new and independent paraphrase and analysis of the whole Epistle; not new in its doctrinal, experimental, or practical teaching, because not independent of the Scriptures themselves. On those words in the fifth verse of the first chapter, "To whom be glory for ever and ever," we read: "Paul most probably means 'Christ,' whose atoning death is the principal subject of the preceding passage. . . We must particularly observe the reference here made to 'this present evil age' of the preceding verse. Those who lived in that age, whether godly or ungodly, would soon pass away; but such as were believers would, throughout all the ages, be giving to Christ the glory due to him for having redeemed them by his precious blood." On the words, "Who loved me and gave himself for me," we read: "When Paul

says, 'loved me,' 'gave himself for me,' he points to the wonderful and precious truth, that Christ did not love those whom the Father had given unto him with a mere general love, as a body, and die for them generally as a body; but that he perfectly knew every single individual amongst them, and loved every one of them individually, and had each one of them in his eye and on his heart." Again, on the words, "then Christ is dead in vain": "The point of what Paul here says appears to be this—if I should teach that righteousness can be obtained by the law, then I should teach that Christ's death not only was not intended to be an atonement for sin, but that it was not intended to accomplish any good purpose at all. And thus I should teach that what was represented as an act, on the part of God, of surpassing grace to man, was in reality a purposeless infliction of suffering and death upon his own Son." The author has his peculiarities respecting the atoning virtues which the Judaizing teachers attributed to their ancient sacrifices, and the continued observance of certain Jewish rites by genuine converts to Christianity, but they are likely to remain peculiar to himself, and do not interfere with his sound theological teaching, nor with the course of reasoning upon which it is founded.

Notes.

OUR friends enquire so frequently as to our health that we are compelled to be more personal than we could wish to be. The weather at Mentone has felt itself bound to be a little in tune with that of England, where Cowper says—

"The climate
Is sickle, and the year most part deformed
With dripping rains, or withered by a
frost."

Frosts cannot, as a rule, reach this sheltered spot; but of rains we have had more than the oldest inhabitant remembers. We who have seen no rain here before in all our sojourns, except one single shower, cannot but feel that Mentone is not itself at all this year. This has somewhat retarded our progress to strength, but still we are very greatly better, and in mind and body feel that our face is health-ward. The net result is, however, that contrary

to our innermost intention we must take the full three months of rest, hoping that the fine weather, which has we trust commenced, will have a beneficial effect of a lasting kind. Our nearer friends have been singularly wise in refraining from writing to us, but we could wish that an outer circle had a little touch of sympathy with a sick man, and would let us alone a little more. We ought not to be followed up by enquiries and begging letters when we are needing retirement,—yet still they come. All news from home has been cheering in a high degree, but we cannot make the notes very complete when we are so far from the scene of action.

The College works on steadily, and the Orphanage appears to enjoy the divine smile. The great Wedding Cake presented to us by Mr. Philcox, of Bermondsey, was divided among the boys; and although

Mr. Charlesworth hardly expects that we heard their shouts all the way to Mentone we can quite believe him when he says that the roof of the building was all the safer from being strongly built. Bless the boys' hearts, it did us good to hear that they, and their widowed mothers, had each a piece of this kind memorial of our twenty-five years' ministry. If, instead of a cake to be carved, it had been a stone already carved, the fact would not have been so certain to be retained in memory as it is now: for they will remember to their latest day this happy event of their lives.

On *Monday evening, February 3*, Mr. J. Hudson Taylor, the "Apostle of China," came to the Tabernacle prayer-meeting to ask for special prayers for Mr. Hunnex, one of our church members, who was about to sail with a party of missionaries connected with the China Inland Mission. Mr. Taylor announced that he expected to be one of the number who would soon leave for the strangely misnamed "Celestial Empire." We shall all pray that our brother may be preserved from perils by sea, and perils by land, as he goes to visit the people whose welfare so deeply concerns him and his noble band of co-workers. Is it not time that the whole Christian church gave to China a more prominent place in her prayers? The paper which we inserted last month ought to cause great searchings of heart on all sides. Shall these millions perish? Will the followers of Jesus long be satisfied with the attempt to feed this nation of nations with the mere leavings of the feast? Should not the greatest number have the greatest efforts expended upon them?

Special Services at the Tabernacle.—The whole of the past month has been set apart as usual for special efforts to reach the unsaved. The campaign opened with a largely-attended and thoroughly hearty prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle on Monday, the 3rd ult., followed by smaller meetings for prayer simultaneously in forty-eight different districts on Wednesday, the 5th. The co-pastor preached an appropriate sermon from Proverbs iii. 17, on Thursday, the 6th, after which the evangelistic choir met for practice; and on Friday, the 7th, a meeting for Christian workers was held and addresses were delivered by Mr. Wm. Olney, Pastors Cuff and Stott, and the Evangelists. Each Saturday evening the warriors and recruits have met for prayer under the leadership

of the elders of the church; the Sunday morning and evening services have been well sustained by Pastors W. P. Lockhart, W. Stott, J. P. Chown, A. G. Brown, and J. A. Spurgeon, and Mr. C. Spurgeon; and special meetings, conducted by Messrs. Clarke and Smith, of the College Society of Evangelists, assisted by Messrs. Fullerton and Chamberlain, of the Tabernacle Evangelists' Association, have been held on Sunday afternoons or week evenings for children, *employés* in factories, men engaged in the meat trade and their wives, coalmen, porters, and their wives, domestic servants, young people, women only, *employés* in potteries, policemen, and railway men, the series including an experience meeting for believers and the anxious, a meeting for praise, and another for converts and enquirers.

We are too far away from the spot to hear as yet how the work is progressing; but we know that the battle is the Lord's, and that he is in the midst of the camp, and therefore we have no fear as to the result. As far as news has reached us to the time of writing, it has been, "All is well," and therein we rejoice and praise our gracious God. Those who are privileged to take part in holy efforts ought to think themselves highly favoured, for the day may come when, laid aside from actual service, they will envy those who keep the doors of the Lord's house. To wash the feet of the meanest servant of the great King is a high honour, and he may well congratulate himself who is permitted such an indulgence. To be present at the festival which greets returning prodigals is a still more joyous privilege, and those who are denied it have to be thankful when even the distant sounds of the music and dancing charm their ears.

COLLEGE.—During the past month Mr. E. Small has accepted the pastorate of the church at Markyate-street, Herts. Our two brethren at the Medical Mission, Cowgate, Edinburgh, appear to be progressing with their studies most happily. We trust that when their term is over our Missionary Society will find in them thoroughly efficient labourers.

Removals, &c.—Mr. C. A. Davis is leaving Grosvenor-street Chapel, Manchester, for Zion Chapel, Bradford. We are sorry for our Manchester friends, but we heartily congratulate Bradford upon obtaining the services of our beloved brother whose contributions to our magazine are so valuable. Mr. J. S. Bruce has returned to pastoral work at Campsbourne Chapel, Hornsey; and Mr. W. L. Lang, of Balham, has

accepted the pastorate of the church at Ebenezer Chapel, Southsea.

Mr. G. Wainwright, late of Waterbeach, has removed to Stockton-on-Tees; Mr. R. J. Middleton, late of Watchet, is going to Great Torrington, Devon; Mr. C. T. Johnson is leaving Long Eaton for Longton, Staffordshire; and Mr. S. Skingle has left Staleybridge in order to form a Baptist church at Mossley, near Manchester.

We learn from Canada that Mr. R. Holmes, late of Belfast, has been recognized as the pastor of the church at Minesing, Ontario; from Australia that Mr. E. Vaughan, late of Surrey-Jane, Battersea, has accepted the united pastorate of the churches at South Rhine, Eden Valley, and Salt Creek; and from America that Mr. G. Boulsher has removed to Belle Ville, Iron Co., Missouri.

EVANGELISTS.—Messrs. Smith and Clarke spent the last fortnight in January at *Great Grimshy*, where their services were greatly blessed, as indeed they have been at every place they have visited. Our brother Lauderdale's large Tabernacle was crowded on the first Sunday evening, and 1,000 persons remained after the close of the service to pray for the divine blessing on the work. The largest Wesleyan Chapel had been secured for the afternoon for an address to children by Mr. Smith; but it was not nearly able to hold the crowds that sought to enter. A similar service was held the following Sunday afternoon in the Baptist Tabernacle, and this also proved such a grand success that the Wesleyan friends requested Mr. Smith to address their children again in another part of the town. He readily consented on condition that a collection was made for the College Evangelists' Fund. To this the committee most cheerfully agreed, and £8 was contributed. The place was so crowded that a second service was obliged to be arranged.

The first week evening congregation was supposed to number about 800, and it gradually increased until 1,300 or 1,400 were present each night, while on Sundays 1,700 or more were packed into the building, and hundreds were unable to gain admission. The services were full of power from the commencement, but it was not until the second week that the blessing was realized in its fullness. Enquirers not only remained in great numbers to the after meetings, but the Evangelists were sought at all hours of the day by those who had been awakened, or by Christians who wanted them to speak to their friends and

relatives who had been reached by the word. Many most cheering cases of conversion were witnessed at the services, or in the homes of rich and poor alike.

On Monday, 27th, our brethren held a mid-day service at the docks, where the sound of the trumpet soon gathered together a vast crowd of fishermen, fish-merchants, smack-owners, and dockyard men of every description. The Spirit mightily helped both speaker and singer, and the Lord enabled them to become very successful "fishers of men." Mr. Clarke told one man that they had come to try to win souls for the Master. "Oh," said he, "I'll soon catch you some fine *soles*." Not many days after he rejoiced that the gospel net had caught him. The fish-merchants showed their gratitude to the Evangelists, and Mr. Lauderdale, by inviting them to dinner; and all over the place there was "no small stir." When the time came for them to leave they were entreated to stay longer, and accordingly Mr. Smith remained for Sunday and Monday, February 2 and 3, when the congregations were, if possible, larger than ever; at least if no more could be packed inside, more had to be turned away after the place was crowded in every nook and corner.

Our readers may be pleased to see an extract from a letter which Mr. Smith has received from a missionary in Jamaica, who like him praises the Lord with the cornet.

"St. Jean D'Acre Mission House,
Alexandria, P.O.,
Jamaica, West Indies,

December 23rd, 1878.

"Mr. Manton Smith.

"Dear brother in the Lord,—I am a missionary in the above-named island,—have been here for four years, having a very large sphere of labour among the negroes, or freed slaves. The Lord is doing a very blessed work here at present, souls are being saved, and the numbers of anxious ones are more than can be individually spoken to; but those who are already decided are being brought out for the work. I have just returned a few weeks ago from a visit to England, where I had the pleasure of hearing you with your cornet leading the singing, and I blessed the Lord from my heart to see how he used even this means for bringing the people together to hear the glad tidings of salvation. I brought out with me a great number of your hymn-books, 'Flowers and Fruits of Sacred Song.' I am delighted with them, and so are the people. I have disposed of all I had, and am sending

home for 2,000 more. We use them at the gospel meetings, and it would cheer your heart, I am sure, to hear 1,500 black people, as we have often, singing, 'On to the conflict,' or, 'Twill not be long.' They sing them with every muscle in their body. Music is a wonderful attraction with the negroes, and being of a musical turn, it has been very much in my favour in getting hold of them. I play some six or eight different instruments, but my favourite is the cornet-à-piston, of which I have a very good silver-plated one. . . . Praying that the Lord may very greatly bless you and Mr. Clarke in the work to which you are called. With much love in our risen Lord.

"I am, dear Mr. Smith,
Ever yours in Christ,
"J. JOHNSTON."

The Committee of the Society of Evangelists has just completed the arrangements for the next twelve months' work by Messrs. Clarke and Smith. The following is the list:—March 2 to 7, West Croydon; 15 to 28, Boston; April 12 to 28, Bacup; May 10 to 25, and June 7 to 22, West Riding, Yorkshire, Leeds, etc.; August 9 to 25, Blackpool; Sept. 7 to 21, Burnley; Oct 5 to 19, Stafford; Nov. 2 to 16, and 29 to Dec. 15, East Riding Yorkshire, Hull, etc.; January, 1880, Shoreditch Tabernacle; and February, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Friends are earnestly requested not to seek to fill up any of the vacant dates, as they have been sacredly set apart, after mature consideration, for the rest which is absolutely needed, if the Evangelists are to have the physical, mental, and spiritual strength that is required for their happy but wearing work. If we only had the funds we might easily double our present staff of workers; and the eagerness of the pastors and churches to obtain their help, and the success with which the Lord everywhere crowns the work, prove that the supply of qualified Evangelists is not anything like equal to the demand. When will the Lord's stewards see that this Society presents to them one of the best conceivable investments for their Lord's money? Evangelists unattached, as in a certain case which has been in the newspapers, may be objects of doubt; but where brethren are connected with the churches and work under trustworthy direction, there can be no question about their usefulness. This work is of the Lord, and the money for it will come one way or another. This we dare not doubt.

Applications for the services of Messrs. Clarke and Smith, after February, 1880,

must be sent direct to the Committee of the Pastors' College Society of Evangelists, Metropolitan Tabernacle, not later than the first week in September, when it is proposed to fix the engagements for the following year.

Mr. Burnham's visit to Gloucestershire in January is already bearing good fruit. He was engaged at Malmesbury and its adjacent villages, Brokenboro' and Cors-ton from the 6th to the 18th, Avening from the 13th to the 15th, Woodchester, 16th to 19th, and Minchinhampton 20th to 26th.

At Malmesbury, Mr. Mumford, the Moravian minister, and Mr. Rees, of Chippenham, gave addresses one evening, and at the close of the Sunday night service Mr. Burnham saw several anxious enquirers in the vestry. The correspondent who sends us these particulars adds, "Were I in a few words to want to give a *resumé* of Mr. Burnham's work, I should say that in the meetings all he says is good, and tends to draw reluctant souls to Christ: his voice in singing, too, is exceedingly nice, but above all this one cannot be with him at home, or in the meetings, without catching the spirit of consecration that possesses him; he never seems to tire as long as anything can be done in any way for the Master."

Pastor E. Edginton reports "delightful meetings" at Avening, good congregations in spite of very inclement weather, and some present whom he had never seen in the chapel before. In his letter he says, "Mr. Burnham's visit has much cheered the pastor, who labours amidst quiet but determined opposition. I sincerely hope we may have the privilege of his services at some future time."

Our brother Kidner writes from Minchinhampton: "The result of Mr. Burnham's services is very encouraging. I am more than ever convinced of the value of *singing* as an auxiliary to preaching the gospel, and that our President took a wise step when he set men apart for evangelistic work who have the gift of song. Our brother's singing has proved useful in attracting 'them that are without.' We prayed before he came that the windows of heaven might be opened, and a blessing poured down upon the word spoken and sung, and God was pleased to answer our prayers above our expectations. The children's service on Sunday afternoon was one of the best, and at night the crowning blessing of the week was bestowed. Twenty-six remained at the close for an enquirers' meeting, fourteen of whom had been impressed during

Mr. Burnham's visit. One is already proposed for membership, and many others give decided evidence of conversion. The Lord bless our brother wherever he may labour as he has blessed him here, and even more abundantly."

Mr. Burnham has, since his return from Gloucestershire, held services at Highgate, Ecton, Bedford, Broughton, Isle of Thanet, and Forncett. For this month he is engaged at Morcott and neighbourhood.

Ruts.; Bures, and Sudbury, Suffolk; and Halstead, Essex. Applications for his services *after May next* should be addressed to C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, Balham, S.W.

Correction.—A correspondent points out that our statement in last month's Notes, that "It is but a few months ago since Baptists had neither place nor name in Cape Colony" was not quite correct. We should have said Cape Town.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from January 20th, to February 19th, 1879.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Dring	0	5	11
Mrs. Fitzgerald	2	0	0
A few Sermon Readers, Swansea	1	0	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parry	1	0	0
Mr. Edward Turner	5	0	0
A. H. J.	1	0	0
Mr. Searle	1	0	0
Mr. R. Gillespie	1	0	0
Mr. J. Thomas	2	10	0
Mr. J. Hughes	1	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Mead	2	2	0
Mr. G. Elder	1	0	0
S. S. Absolum	0	3	0
Miss Gough	0	5	0
E. F. G.	30	0	0
<i>Βαπτισμα</i>	10	0	0
J. E. C.	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Per Mr. Keddie	0	5	0
Mrs. and Miss H. Maldon	0	8	0
Mr. J. O. Cooper, per Mrs. Withers	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Jeph	1	5	0
Collection at Long Eaton, per Rev. C. T. Johnson	1	4	0
Collection at Victoria Place, Paisley, per Rev. J. Crouch	4	5	6
Collection at Romney Street, per Rev. H. Tarrant	1	18	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Jan. 19	28	0	9
" " " " " " Feb. 2	12	3	8
" " " " " " Feb. 9	25	14	6
" " " " " " Feb. 16	29	4	6
	£197	9	7

Stockwell Orphanage.

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

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Goodson	0	2	6
Mr. Sullivan	0	3	9
Mrs. White	1	2	0
Mrs. Berry	0	10	2
Mrs. Haynes, per Rev. D. Russell	0	10	0
Master Brightwell	0	3	5
Miss Dixon	0	3	6
Mr. McCaig	0	1	9
Mr. Roberts	0	0	6
Mrs. Fitzgerald	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hiscocks	1	7	10
Mrs. Walton	2	2	0
"Every Little Helps," "M."	0	2	6
Miss Brine's Young Women's Bible Class, Hawkhurst	0	16	0
Messrs. Wills and Packham	5	0	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	3	3	0
Free Church Sunday School, Fort William	0	10	0
Rev. E. J. Farley	5	0	0
Miss Jessie E. Moore	1	0	0
John Street Hall Mission Sunday School, Gourock	0	13	6
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parry	2	0	0
Lydia Wild	0	10	0
One who wishes to share in the good work	0	10	0
Mr. J. F. Yeats	10	0	0
Thomas	0	5	0
Mr. J. Badcock	0	2	6
A Trifle from an Orphan	0	4	11
A Thankoffering for Prayer Answered	3	0	0
Mrs. George	5	0	0
Mr. J. Peace Jones	0	15	0
Mr. William Ronald	1	0	0
Mr. Edward Turner	5	0	0
Mr. John Johnston	0	3	0

	£	s.	d.
M.	1	0	0
Metropolitan Store	1	0	0
A. H. J.	1	0	0
Mr. E. J. Upward	5	0	0
Miss Emery	6	0	0
Miss Bailey, Calne	0	5	0
Mrs. Ewan	0	5	0
Mr. Searle	1	0	0
Legacy, late Mrs. Elizabeth Cox, per Mr. Walter	10	0	0
Mr. J. Clarke, per Rev. W. Williams	5	5	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Mr. P. W. Smith	10	0	0
Mr. Robert Gillespie	1	0	0
Halbeath Sunday School	0	3	6
Mr. T. Lewis	1	1	0
A Poor Woman, South Wales	0	2	0
Mrs. Padgett	1	1	0
Mr. Joseph Thomas	2	10	0
Eythorne, Ashley, and Eastry Sunday Schools	2	5	7
M. G.	4	0	0
Colonel White	1	0	0
Mr. G. Elder	1	0	0
Miss Gough	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sangster	1	0	0
Christmas Donations from the Readers of the "Christian Herald"	11	18	5
Mr. J. Grange	0	0	6
E. F. G.	30	0	0
Per Mrs. Withers:—			
Mr. J. Morris	1	1	0
Mr. J. O. Cooper	1	1	0
Mr. Harris	0	10	0
	2	12	0
Widow's Mite	0	10	0
Mr. J. Clark	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Per Mr. Charlesworth:—			
Services of Song—			
Melton Mowbray	24	7	10
Leicester	23	2	0
Dorby	9	10	0
Northampton	21	0	0
Highgate	3	0	0
Mr. A. Doggett	5	0	0
Bhavings and Chaps	0	6	0
J. A., Byerley (annual)	1	1	0
Sunday School, Sitting- bourne	1	1	9
Smith and Clarke, Profits of Photographs	0	15	3

	£	s.	d.
Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards	9	8	8
Pillar Box at Orphanage Gates	2	17	9
			101 10 3
<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>			
Mr. J. Watts	1	1	0
Mrs. E. James	1	1	0
Mr. Banister	1	1	0
Per F. K. T.:—			
Mr. Cammack (3 months)	0	15	0
Dr. A. C. Air	2	2	0
			£265 0 1

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards (Christmas Offering):—Baker, T., 3s 2d; Barrett, 5s 6d; Bluntach, W., 3d; Bowtell, E., £2 10s; Brock, H., 5s; Burnett, H., 2s 7d; Coleman, J., 13s; Corpe, F., 10s; Davis, W., 3d; Fletcher, C. H., 5s; French, E., 1s 8d; Goodger, 1s; Hewitt, W., 5s 6d; Hicks, A., 6d; Hadden, H., 2s 6d; King, H., 10s; Nearn, J., 6s 6d; Ollver, T., 11s; Pearce, T., 5s 6d; Ruffhead, F., 2s; Rigby, J., 3s 8d; Stotesbury, W., 3s 6d; Smith, B., 6s; Tyler, W., 10s; Weatherby, J. H., 10s; Webb, C., 1s 5d; White, S., 13s 2d.—Total, £9 8s 8d.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—PROVISIONS:—Sack of Flour, Mr. Nutter; Sack of Flour, Mr. Nye; some Vegetables, Mr. A. Parker; 120 Eggs, Janet Ward; a Turkey, Mr. Tubby.

CLOTHING:—40 pairs Boys' Boots, J. B. Bradshaw; 150 Ties, Miss Farrant; 5 pairs Stockings, 3 pairs Cuff, Miss A. Leeder; 11 pairs Cuffs, Miss Smith; 18 pairs Cuffs, Miss Lottie Grove.

SUNDRIES:—250 Copies "Boys' Own Paper," Religious Tract Society.

FOR SALE ROOM:—2 Cushions, Miss A. Leeder.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from January 19th to February 17th, 1879.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—	£	s.	d.
R. Collins, jun., Esq., for 1878, and on account for 1879, for High Wycombe	7	0	0
Collected for Ludlow, by Miss Fitzgerald	2	7	0
Nottingham District, per Rev. E. J. Silverton	10	0	0
North Wilts District	7	10	0
Bacup District	10	0	0
Great Yarmouth District	7	10	0
S. S. Mander, Esq., Wolverhampton	10	0	0
Ironbridge District	7	10	0
J. Cory, Esq., for Castleton	10	0	0
Rhyl District	7	10	0
G. H. Dean, Esq., for Sittingbourne	10	0	0
Oxfordshire Association, for Stow	10	0	0
Longeaton District... ..	5	0	0
Birmingham Town Mission, per Rev. M. Hill	125	0	0
	£229	7	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund.	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Hector	1	0	0
The Misses Challinor	1	0	0
H. B. Frearson, Esq.	7	10	0
A. H. J.	1	1	0
D. J. Leech, Esq.	10	0	0
E. F. G.	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Parry	0	10	0
Mr. R. Gillespie	1	0	0
Colonel White	0	10	0
Miss Gough	0	5	0
	£32	16	0

ERRATUM.—South Wilts District, £3 2s. 6d., printed twice last month.

Society of Evangelists.

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

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. J. H. Dyer	1	10	0
A Friend at New Cross	1	0	0
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	0	0
Stamps sent to Mr. Spurgeon	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas R.	5	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Mr. R. Gillespie	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. Dewar	0	2	6
Colonel White	0	10	0
E. F. G.	20	0	0
Great Grimsby	28	1	0
	£60	13	6

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, Balham. 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.

APRIL, 1879.

The Olive Leaf.

“And the dove came in to him in the evening; and, lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf plucked off: so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth.”—Genesis viii. 11.



HIS is the first mention of the olive in the Scriptures, and it is the most widely known and remembered. It is possible that from this incident the olive has been selected as the emblem of peace; otherwise it were difficult to see a reason in the nature of things why the laurel should enwreath the warrior's brow, and the olive should be sacred to peace.

A dove bearing a considerable olive *branch* is frequently represented in various pictorial forms as the emblem of peace, and yet the idea is absurd in itself, and is not found in the text. We have seen a dove depicted as carrying quite a bough in its mouth, whereas the Scripture says only “an olive *leaf*,” and at the utmost the meaning of the term cannot be extended beyond a very small tender twig. We prefer to keep to our authorized version and read it “leaf.” No dove could pluck off even a small branch from an olive; we have found by experiment that it requires quite a tug to separate a twig, and even if a considerable branch could be plucked off by a dove the bird could not fly off with it. It is true that, according to Virgil, Æneas bore an olive branch aloft, as the symbol of peace; but it is not with Virgil, but with Moses, that we have now to do; and we are not dealing with a chieftain in whose hand a branch was appropriate, but with a dove or pigeon, which has no appliances for carrying such a load. It would be well if painters and sculptors, and all of us, were a little more careful in our readings

of the word of God. Among scholars a man is expected to give his classical quotations with literal accuracy, and nothing less should be expected from those who make extracts from the Bible or use its incidents as subjects for art. The inspired narrative cannot be improved upon, and some of its richest meanings may be lost by false renderings.

Noah had received mercy from the Lord so as to be saved when all the rest of mankind were destroyed, and he looked forward confidently to the time when his bounds should be enlarged, and he should come forth out of the ark. That he should do so was implied in the covenant which God had made with him, though we do not read it in so many words. He and his sons, and the creatures saved with them, were "to keep seed alive upon the face of all the earth" (Genesis vii. 3), and this was tantamount to a promise that they were to repeople the desolate world. Moreover, the food which had been stored at divine command in the ark was gradually being consumed, and the patriarch knew that the Lord did not preserve his family and the various animals from drowning in order to destroy them by famine; and that, therefore, he must intend to dry up the waters and give liberty to the captives.

Thus assured, Noah expected the assuagement of the waters, and wanted no sign that it would eventually come to pass. So far from this, he felt so certain that the deluge would depart that he sent out a raven to see if the subsidence of the waters had already happened, and when he obtained no positive information by that messenger he sent forth a dove; and when the dove returned weary, and he thus knew that she had discovered no dry spot to rest upon, he waited another week and sent forth the same far-sighted and swift-winged bird a second time. He had no doubt the assuagement would come according to the implied promise, he only desired some token that it had actually occurred, and that he might avail himself of the result. Here is a lesson for us as to tokens for good. It would be sinful to ask for signs and wonders, refusing to believe without them; but when we do believe that the Lord will fulfil his promise it may even be a proof of our faith if we look out for evidences that he is doing so.

Proofs of the divine truthfulness we may not demand, but signs of the divine working we ought to look for and expect. The olive leaf plucked off did not prove that God would keep his covenant, but that he was already doing so in one of its important particulars. We may ask the Lord to show us a sign that he is working with us and in us, and the Lord may graciously vouchsafe us special seals and evidences of grace. Our text may be serviceable to us in reference to the matter of tokens and signs.

First, we note that in Noah's case *the token was sought for*. Noah "sent forth a dove from him." He might have patiently waited till the Lord had opened the window, but he is never blamed for having opened it himself. Some professors conceive that all activity is contrary to faith, and their teaching virtually amounts to doing nothing for fear we should interfere with God. Such teaching is not the rule of God's word. In some things we must be quiet, and never move a finger: the Lord shut *the door* of the ark, and Noah never thought of opening it or going out of it till he had a divine command; but such was not the case with *the window*; the Lord did not shut it, therefore

Noah not only felt free to open it, but felt bound, as God had given him his senses, to use them, and send out proper birds, by whose flight he might ascertain the condition of the earth. Believers are not to act like fools in order to prove their faith. To go up stairs and stretch one's self upon the sluggard's bed, and await the fulfilment of a promise, may seem to be great faith, but such a course of action hardly finds an illustration in the eleventh chapter of the Hebrews, which is rather a record of heroic action than of lazy expectancy. When a believer is in trouble let him trust in the Lord, and let him also open the window and send out a dove to see how the Lord will deliver him. When he is in deep waters of soul-trouble let him rejoice that he is safe in Christ Jesus, but let him also look out for signs of the enlargement which the Lord has promised him.

A pretended humility has led some men to say with Ahaz, "I will not ask, neither will I tempt the Lord;" but we dare not imitate his mock confidence, for we remember the answer of the prophet to him—"Is it a small thing for you to weary men, but will you weary my God also?" We long to see the salvation which we are sure that the Lord has given us. Our cry is that of the psalmist in the eighty-sixth Psalm—"Show me a token for good;" and, like Paul, we greatly rejoice that the Lord hath given to us the earnest of the Spirit. It is not our doubting, but our believing which excites in us earnest longings to see the hand of the Lord at work with us and in us; therefore, we do not sluggishly wait for signs of the Lord's loving operations, but we seek them out diligently, and take great pleasure therein.

Secondly, we note that *the token was sent of God*. Who but he could have guided a silly dove to pluck off an olive leaf and bear it in her mouth? The matter was simple, but the hand of the Lord was in it. Thus doth the Lord in great mercy send us cheering proofs of his gracious working by various means. A fleece of wool, a rustling in the tops of the mulberry trees, the speech of an adversary, or the meeting of a friend, has each one served the Lord's purpose in cheering his saints; and in our own days out of the mouths of babes and sucklings he has ordained strength, and he has spoken to our hearts by the humblest instrumentalities. Still doth the Lord comfort those that are bowed down, still doth he apply his consoling word with power to the heart, still doth he manifest himself in special nearness, and still doth he work marvellous deliverances, that his believing people may be encouraged in their peaceful confidence. Send forth, then, dear reader, your pure and humble desire, like a dove, and it shall return to you with somewhat from the Lord which shall yield you consolation. Even if it bring no token do not distrust your God. If the promise tarry wait for it, and never doubt it for a moment; still watch as well as wait, and send out the dove again, hoping that it will yet bring you the sign that God has appeared on your behalf.

When Noah obtained his desire *the token was a small thing*. Only a leaf, and that an olive leaf, which is not the greatest among leaves. Even thus a few words of Scripture applied with power may prove to be the assuring sign of the Lord's presence with us. Tokens employed by lovers are not often bulky things: a ring, or a flower, or a pass-word may any one of them embody a world of meaning, and yet a

stranger will see nothing in the symbol. The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and their possession of that secret enables them to know what is meant by the white stone, and the new name, though these seem to be idle forms to the rest of mankind. Half a word, a look, or a breath from the Lord Jesus is enough to reassure the most troubled disciple. We ask no angelic messenger, or celestial revelation, or ecstatic joy, or midnight vision, we only seek an inflowing of the sacred Spirit, a sense of our Bridegroom's love, a holy calm of soul in the time of tribulation, a manifest moving of providence on our behalf, or a promise laid home to the soul, and with any one of these we will be as content as Noah was with the olive leaf.

Small as it was, in itself *the token was remarkably suggestive and sufficient*. It was not a leaf picked up floating upon the flood, but one which was "plucked off;" which proved that a living tree was standing out of the water. It was a leaf from a tree which does not flourish on the cold tops of the mountains, as a fir or a pine might do, but one which grows in the lower or warmer regions: this proved that the waters had not only receded from the summits, but from the sides of the hills. It was clear that a considerable portion of the earth was visible above the flood, since at least one olive tree was high and dry. This leaf was quite enough for Noah, he needed no further evidence: what seemed a trifle was in fact a testimony full of assurance to him. We may learn from this to seek sure evidences if we seek them at all. John says, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren"; this appears to be a slight evidence, but yet, like the olive leaf, it is a conclusive one. He also tells us that "Hereby we do know that we know him, if we keep his commandments"; this is by emotional professors regarded as an almost legal matter, yet we may well be grateful if our conscience assures us that we can claim it: it is an olive leaf, and it betokens blessing. We must have no dead signs, we must have a leaf plucked from the living tree. We must not rest satisfied with anything short of that which in very deed and of a truth proves that the waters of wrath are assuaged. Mere excitement and transient joy are such carnal things as even the foul raven of presumption might carry to any man, we crave a surer token such as only the dove of repenting faith will ever bring to us. The witness of the Spirit within us is as simple a matter as the olive leaf, it is the sign of life springing up in the new world within us, a life which rises above the element of death which when we were in a state of nature covered all our powers. Happy those who have this pledge and earnest of complete deliverance.

The token brought to Noah by the dove was exceedingly precious. That one leaf was priceless, for it was as it were the guarantee of his liberty and his permit to possess the world. It is impossible to estimate the value which a renewed mind puts upon the Lord's love tokens. "Can a maid forget her ornaments?" Can a soul forget the special favours which the Lord has bestowed upon it? No. We think the whispers of divine love to be sweeter than music, and the gifts of that love to be more precious than the gold of Ophir. We lay up such things among our treasures, hiding them away in our hearts as our true jewels. Marks of election, calling, regeneration, sanctification, and so forth, we would not exchange for the proudest distinctions which monarchs could

put upon us. Especially after seasons of depression are these things unutterably precious. When like Noah we have long floated on a sea of desolation, we have felt safe, but not at liberty, and like the prophet, we have cried, "I am shut up, and cannot come forth;" and then the token of the Lord's presence has had a peculiar beauty in our eyes, since by it we knew that happier times were dawning, and the waters of grief were assuaging. The prayer of Jabez has been ours, "O that the Lord would bless me indeed and enlarge my coast," and then has come to us the assurance of enlargement, and the sense of its near approach. Then have we sang with David, "I will be glad and rejoice in thy mercy: for thou hast considered my trouble; thou hast known my soul in adversities; and hast not shut me up into the hand of the enemy: thou hast set my feet in a large room."

Noah took the olive leaf and learned its lesson, but he did not live upon it; neither may we make signs and evidences to be our spiritual meat. Christ alone is the food of the soul, and not tokens, however sure and consoling. To put the marriage jewels in the place of her loving husband would be no sign of a true-hearted wife, but the reverse. Wisdom in this case is profitable to direct. Neither did Noah act upon the token without a divine command, but waited obediently till the Lord said, "Go forth of the ark;" so also we must have no rule of action but the mind of God, and never may we plead signs and tokens as an excuse for wilfulness. Such things have their places, but it is a subordinate one. Faith needs them not as proofs of the indisputable veracity of God, she looks for them only because they are the firstfruits of her harvest, the drops which herald the full shower of sacred liberalities. As a wife believes in her husband's love, needing no token to confirm her full confidence in it, and yet she is pleased when he gives marks of his affection, even so is it with us: we wait in faith upon the Lord alone, for our expectation is from him and our trust is in him, yet are we glad when we see the signs of his working, and know of a surety that our troubles are being assuaged by his power. Best of all evidences of divine love is that grand work of grace which shall "be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign which shall not be cut off." When we go out with joy and are led forth with peace; when the mountains and the hills break forth before us into singing and all the trees of the field clap their hands; when in our hearts instead of the thorn springs up the fir tree, and instead of the briar the myrtle tree,—then we need no other tokens, for the great joy of the grand change are evidences enough that the Lord is there. All other true tokens are contained in this, and each one is precious. Sweet, exceeding sweet, to each receiver is the olive leaf plucked off which tells of mercy prepared for each believer in the Lord's own time.

Potto Brown and the Browns of Houghton.*

THROUGH the kindness of a friend who was intimately acquainted with the Houghton miller, Potto Brown, having preached in the village, we are enabled to give some original and striking reminiscences of that eccentric but kind-hearted philanthropist. During the last few months a small memorial of the good miller's life has also been locally printed and circulated, and from this source we may be tempted to supplement the *ana* which have been supplied first hand. For a further notice of the memorial the reader will please refer to our reviews.

The unveiling of a bust in memory of the late Mr. Potto Brown, of Houghton, near Huntingdon, was an event of more than local interest. Through his trade connections as a miller, and still more by his Christian philanthropy, he was known in many parts of the kingdom, and the influence of his name and example was great.

Born at Houghton, July 16th, 1797, he resided there till the close of his life in April, 1871. He made the place of his birth and residence an object of his continued care, and Houghton for generations to come will reap the fruit of his thought and generosity.

That he was a thoroughly generous man is certain; but his generous acts were often performed in such a manner as to hinder the perception of the benefit, by forcing the attention to the mode.

A man of imperious will, great determination, strong memory, yet at the same time with very marked eccentricities, it is difficult to form a true estimate of his character and its results in bane or blessing to others. He declined to be counted impulsive. "What I do now is not the result of present thought, it may have been in my mind for three years." He purposely made himself and his words a conundrum, and the utmost one could do was to make a guess at what he meant. Possibly he derived his peculiarities in part from his father, for it is

* We are glad of this article from another hand because our personal acquaintance with Potto Brown was somewhat slight, though we held him in high esteem. In our youth we preached at Houghton, and had the felicitous misery of being the good miller's guest. How he shocked our Calvinistic propriety! But we gave him no quarter as to what we remember denouncing as worthless theology. It was all fair to speak very plainly to Mr. Brown, for he never minced matters himself. We recollect his telling us that our preaching was *very well for an apprentice boy*, which was no doubt a correct estimate, but after he had spoken in that style we felt quite at home with him, and gave him a Roland for his Oliver without the slightest compunction. It was a battle royal, and both the old gentleman and the 'prentice boy grew sufficiently warm; but no scars remained on either combatant. Mr. Brown walked to Huntingdon with us in loving conversation, and afterwards sent us Haldane's "Life," as a present, with his sincere regards; and we whom he had horrified with his doctrinal statements felt an inward drawing towards the bluff heretic. Looking back over some six or seven and twenty years we venerate the old man's memory. No doubt he purposely put forward his most *outré* views of doctrine on that occasion to draw out the youthful preacher, probably intending to set him right on many points; but he had an unpromising youth to deal with, who had no fear of Potto Brown, or Professor Finney, or any other Arminian before his eyes, but held his own opinions with a firmness which interested and did not displease the good but eccentric miller, who had usually dealt with softer material, when criticizing the young gentlemen who preached in his chapel on Sundays.

told of Mr. Brown, sen., that he did and said strange things. One fact stated about him is full of humour. It was his custom on a Saturday afternoon to extract the teeth of the poor people gratis. On one occasion a man, R— L—, went to have an offending fang removed. This man had an extremely large mouth, which he opened so wide as to make the old gentleman say, "Richard, thee need not open thy mouth so wide, I can stand outside and draw the tooth."

It was on a September evening that I made the acquaintance of Potto Brown. It was not late when I arrived, but supper was prepared, and I was supposed to be prepared with an appetite to do justice to the provision. There was much that impressed me in that first interview, both in the appearance and manners of mine host. After supper one of the maid-servants read a portion of Scripture at family worship; this they had to do in turn, no matter though half-a-dozen ministers might be present. It must have been a great trial to them, but one calculated to remove bashfulness. To me this was a great novelty, and I had several things to consider when I was ushered into the prophet's chamber, which, by the way, was a very snug and convenient dormitory.

On the next morning, at my descent, I received a greeting of approval. "Well, sir, you are the first gentleman who has been down in time on Sunday morning." This said time I had been told was "eight o'clock by my clock in the kitchen, and that always gains a quarter of an hour in the week, and I let it remain till after breakfast; then I set it right, that the servants may know the correct time to go to public worship." The company at breakfast was mine host and self. Directed to a seat at the head of the table, I was told, "That is your place; we always make the young ones wait on the old ones." Further direction was given: "There are two eggs; we always provide two eggs for the minister's breakfast on Sunday morning because there is a large amount of phosphorus in eggs, and that acts on the brain, and so we get better sermons."

In my after acquaintance with him, and the people of the village, I was surprised to mark how much of his spirit of independence and self-assertion had been communicated to others. He well knew the opinions which were frequently expressed concerning him, for one day he said, "Have you seen Mr. H., who is ill?" "Yes." "That is all right; I went one day to see him, but I am not fit to go and see sick people, I am an old bear."

He could be very severe upon ministers, and he delighted to try them greatly. He had a dislike to the use of notes or manuscript in the pulpit, and he asked my opinion as to which was best, read sermons or extempore. I replied, "The latter." "Then why do you read yours?" I meekly replied that, though I used notes, I did not read the sermons. "Then you look down upon your book as though you did." A short time after that, at a small meeting for prayer, his first request was, "Lord, teach thy servant to hold his head up."

I suggested that, as he could so well criticize preaching, he should himself occupy the pulpit, and show how he considered it ought to be done. He replied, "I can't preach." "Well, but you know how it ought to be done, and you might give us an example." "I remember," he said, "that I did once preach a good sermon, for I had an audience

of sixteen persons, and fourteen of them went to sleep, so I know it was a composing sermon."

The smallness of result in the way of apparent conversions was a source of complaint with him, "During the last few years I have spent £1000 here, and there has not been a soul converted; now, if that money had been given to the Wesleyans there would have been a large number saved, for they convert them at the rate of ten shillings per head."

His expositions of the Scriptures were sometimes very literal. One text was frequently quoted by him. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and by way of exposition he said, "Now, if I should do *you* a favour, I get the *larger* blessing, and you the *smaller*; therefore you ought to thank *me*, but I ought to thank you for giving me the opportunity of doing you a favour, and so securing a blessing." As there is nothing better than to put theories to a test, I did so. Meeting him one day on horseback, I said, "Oh, I want to give you an opportunity of doing me a favour." The riding whip was shaken over my head, and he said, "I will lay this about you, if you mock me in my words." "But seriously, I do." "Well, what is it you want?" "I want you to give me a few walnuts to pickle, not because of their value, but of the difficulty of getting them here." "What do you call a few?" "Two hundred." "Oh, well, you know I don't like parting with my money when I can help it, but as to the walnuts, I can't eat them all, so you are welcome to them." He sent me three hundred nuts.

Students who happened to assume a little importance would receive no mercy at his hands. One who is now a minister would well remember how on a Sunday night after preaching at some distance he came in late. "You are late, sir." "Yes, Mr. ——— wished me to go to his house after service." "Then you should not have gone, you should think of my groom, he has an hour's work to do to-night, cleaning his horse, etc." The good brother sat down to supper, and while he was refreshing himself the old gentleman turned to me and said, "You know these young men go to college and they get a smattering of Greek, and then they come down to talk to our villagers, and they say 'The common version is not correct, the Greek reads so and so,' and the people go to their homes and say, 'Why, our parson said to-day, the Bible is not true.'" It was a study to see the expression of the good brother, as stopping in the midst of his supper, with knife and fork on end, he peered at his tormentor over his spectacles. The look of amazement was seen, and then, changing the key, he went on, "But you know, sir, it is very important to know Greek, and to be well educated for the ministry."

There is a charming little story told of a student who was to have been met by the coachman at the railway station; but as that worthy was otherwise engaged, Mr. Brown drove there himself. The young man, not knowing who his companion was, indulged in the enquiry, "What sort of an old fellow is this Potto Brown?" To which the other made answer, "Oh, a queer old fellow!" Much of the same kind followed during the ride. Arrived at the house, the pseudo coachman rang the bell, took from the visitor the orthodox little black bag and umbrella, ushered him inside, and drove off to the stables. After

being conducted to his bedroom for an ablution, the student descended to the supper room, to meet the very man whom he had very freely criticised. Very small and uncomfortable must he have felt at the encounter; and the intercourse must have been of a very constrained character after such a beginning.

It came to the knowledge of Mr. Brown that a man had been stealing some cabbages from one of his fields. He sent for the man and presented him with a piece of bacon to eat with the cabbages, at the same time telling him when he wished for any more, not to steal them, but to come and ask! He was a favourite among the children, but their reverence for him was not always very great, for he told on one occasion how he had been followed by a troop of them calling out,—

“Old Potto Brown
All round the town.”

Instead of laying his stick about them, he said, “Come, my little dears, and have some sweets,” and so took them into a shop, and bought a quantity of sweets to divide among them.

Among his last works was that of erecting two pumps on the roadside, one and a half miles out of the village, on one was painted,—

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow.”

On the other,—

“All good is from God, all evil from the devil.”

His end was like his life, a struggle for the mastery. The one opponent he could not overcome is that which lays us all low, and so he passed away to be remembered by many until this day and in many days to come.

We now turn to the little volume previously mentioned, the joint work of three authors, Messrs. Goodman, Tebbutt, and Dixon, while as an addition Dr. Allon's funeral sermon for Mr. Brown is also inserted.

The opening chapter, “Mental and Moral Character,” by Neville Goodman, M.A., Cambridge, might more correctly have been called “A History of the Browns from the Beginning to the Present Time,” a fact for which all readers of the book will be thankful, because history rather than philosophy is the author's *forte*. Indeed, the opening paragraphs of Mr. Goodman's essay on “An Adult Man” in general are almost too indigestible for our limited capacity; but after a little perseverance the entertainment becomes unexceptionally good so long as Mr. Goodman keeps to facts. In introducing to the reader a genial old gentleman like Potto Brown was it necessary to begin by dividing his “powers and propensities” into “Atavism, Education, and Volition”? What would the old gentleman himself have said? He was a friend of learning, but he liked everybody to move in the clear light of the valleys rather than to see them take ambitious flights to the tops of mist-covered mountains. We can comprehend Mr. Goodman's facts: his philosophy resembles autumn fog—while not perfectly opaque, it is not the most transparent of mediums.

The Browns still flourish on both sides of the Atlantic; and their common ancestor, who was named Richard, left two sons, who emigrated to the New World in the seventeenth century. Richard died in

1664. Having become "convinced" by a Quaker preacher, the family became Friends, though not of the strictest kind, and Potto, the best known of the family, always retained the characteristics of his ancestry. Two sons went to America to settle on William Penn's new territory; but another, named Daniel, was content to remain behind and till a Northamptonshire farm. Potto Brown's grandfather, John, was a maltster, at Earith, Hunts, in the reign of George I., and he is said to have been the first and last of the family "who subjected himself to the discipline of the Friends by taking a wife from beyond the limits of the society." He remained sufficiently true to his principles, however, to get into the Court of Exchequer, and finally into the Fleet Prison, on account of scruples respecting the payment of tithes. A good-natured vintner near the gaol sent Mr. Brown and his two companions in exile a quantity of wine "to cheer their confinement," and a portion of this, which is still in the possession of the family, they have resolved not to uncork until tithes are abolished through the disestablishment of the Episcopal church. In the eighteenth century obstinate Quakers were sometimes cruelly dealt with by the self-seeking clergy, and a tenant sometimes found himself quite as hardly dealt with by a vindictive lord of the manor. Thus, "a farmer had the misfortune to kill a hare on his own ground: the lord of the manor, instead of being contented with the punishment of levying the penalty of five pounds, which he might have done by any justice of the peace, proceeded against him by action. The farmer was taken in execution for debts and costs amounting to the enormous sum of one hundred and forty pounds, and thrown into prison, where he lay upwards of eleven years." Those were the good old times in which Potto Brown was born.

His father, William, was one of the celebrities of the neighbourhood—an odd, outspoken Christian, as eccentric in his costume as he was in his speech. "Well, old white hat, what do you come here for?" once cried an idler in a crowd, as Mr. Brown was passing through a village, "do you want to raise the price of flour?" "Thou wilt find thine answer in Proverbs xx. and 3rd verse," replied the miller, driving forward. Curious to see what the wisdom of the wise man might be in that particular place, a Bible was procured, and its message read out to the people—"It is an honour for a man to cease from strife, but every fool will be meddling." He was one day being entertained in a friend's house when the hostess politely enquired if the tea was to his taste. "Not at all; it is so weak that it has barely the taste of tea," he answered, with an honest bluntness which greatly amused the company. More tea of a superior quality was made, when the miller remarked, "I am aware as well as you that it would have been more according to fashion that, being asked how I found the tea, I should have said it was to my taste; but I appeal to you whether my way is not the best, for otherwise I should not only have told a lie, but have had a bad cup of tea instead of a good one." The good old man lost no opportunity of speaking to strangers on religious subjects. On a coach, during a continental tour, or in the street, he saw his chance and never let it pass, and years afterwards he found himself encouraged by a sight of the fruit of his seed-sowing.

After giving the history of the Browns down to the end of the last century, Mr. Goodman, in his own purely philosophical style, announces the birth of his more immediate subject—"We have thus endeavoured to gather into a focus the innate formative conditions of the character we have to portray, in humble imitation of the manner in which nature herself condensed ten thousand pre-existing forces within the compass of the body of the little infant who first drew breath in the mill-house at Houghton on the 16th July, 1797." This, however, is surpassed by a characteristic statement a couple of sentences further on, which we trust will not be understood according to its grammatical construction: "It will be remembered that while yet a toothless infant his grandfather limped on crutches through the portal of Huntingdon gaol, a rheumatic old man, accompanied by his son and son-in-law." This, as a sententious paradox, well illustrates the eccentricities indulged in by quills and printers' type unless a strict watch on their movements is maintained.

Although his early advantages were considerable, Potto Brown was actually an uneducated man; and one of the tutors at Slepe Hall, St. Ives, declared that his pupil would "never be good for anything but a ratcatcher." The tutor was not a shrewd judge, however, and his prediction was never verified, even though the opulent Huntingdonshire miller continued to be an exterminator of brown rats to the end of his career. He was one of the men who made up for their youthful shortcomings in after life, and all along his most effective teacher was his mother, for whom his reverence was exceedingly strong. Mrs. Brown's last words every evening were, "Good night; do right"; and the words were burned into the boy's mind until mere "doing" may possibly have been thought just a little too much of on some occasions. At the same time he would have stuck to his principles had those principles led him through fire and water. "I will always do right" was a sentiment that was ever present in his mind, and no matter what the effort cost himself, or what inconvenience it occasioned to others, he resolved on "doing right." Thus principle forbade his paying reverence to ecclesiastical buildings, and he accordingly refused to remove his hat in St. Paul's Cathedral; much as he wished to see the building he preferred sitting on the steps for an hour, while the rest of his party went their round, to purchasing a gratification by violating conscience. Rejecting the Scripture doctrine of original sin, and being as Mr. Goodman says, "an Armenian of the Armenians" (*sic*), his life was a prolonged effort to excel in good works. In education, in chapel building, in dispensing help to the needy, and in setting an example of genuine English hospitality, he did no mean service; but he would have been both a happier and a stronger man if his religious crotchets had been superseded by greater soundness in the faith. Virtually a Quaker to the last, he discarded baptism, whether of believers or of infants, and regularly turned away from the Lord's supper. Such an example turned out to be the reverse of salutary; for weak minds readily tread in the track of strong-willed, rich men, to the detriment of themselves and the cause of truth.

But while Potto Brown was too intensely Arminian in his notions respecting the goodness of human nature to be greatly successful as an evangelist, or always happy in his choice of the friends he valued as

pulpit teachers, he very heartily fraternized with all Christian people. He appears to have organized a kind of Nonconformist diocese, containing a number of chapels and stations, the presiding bishop of which is the pastor at St. Ives for the time being ; but when we were acquainted with the neighbourhood the attractive station was Houghton itself, where Mr. Cressell, a very excellent preacher, officiated in the meeting-house, while, hard by, Dr. Brooke, the father of a well-known Broad Church clergyman, preached in a church. In those days, a walk from St. Ives to the quiet, clean village on a spring or summer morning—memories of the poet Cowper rising at every step—was both a refreshment and a profitable exercise. It was no wonder that people were attracted from St. Ives.

In answering the question, What was Potto Brown at home? we quote a passage from the third, and by far the best essay in the memorial *brochure*, by Mr. R. W. Dixon, and entitled "Religious Life and Work"—

"The care Mr. Brown took to educate all who came within his influence was very marked ; the servants of his household—any friends, especially young friends, who might be staying in the house—he took pains with all. He sought to interest his household in the family worship. He wished to inculcate the feeling that people should not depend upon any priest or one man to lead the devotions, laying stress on the text, 'And hath made us (*all*) kings and priests unto God.' He tried to get all to engage in this service, which he made informal and simple. He would hand the Bible to any one person in the circle, and say, 'Read, please, but don't read a fighting psalm ;' or 'Don't read a *long* piece ;' or, 'We are some of us going to market, read something to guide us in buying and selling ;' or, 'What good news is there for us to-day ?' or, 'We must read our Bibles the same as we read our newspapers.' Sometimes he would interrupt the reading with a remark ; as when that psalm was read which says David roared in the night, Mr. Brown said, 'What would they say to us if we went on like that ?' His younger servants he got to read the Scriptures in turn, the older ones to pray aloud. The younger ones were corrected when they misread ; this led them to rehearse their portion before coming in. Sometimes he would make a running commentary on what was read, or show how it applied to every-day life. Thus he redeemed a regular running service from what it might have become—a dull routine, and used it as a means of education for those about him. He found it difficult to get women to pray aloud, and would say to them, 'Women should pray aloud, or they may be suspected of drunkenness, as Hannah was.' He had great difficulty in inducing his first wife to pray aloud, even in private. She said she could not. He said, 'Could you not repeat words after me?' She thought she could. Then they knelt down, and he said, 'Lord, be merciful'; she repeated, 'Lord, be merciful.' He continued, 'To me a sinner.' He then rose and said, 'There, you can pray very well.' After a time she took her part in vocal prayer at family worship. Mr. Brown liked to have several short prayers. He did not appeal to anyone in particular, but was troubled if no one followed after he had prayed, when he paused before rising to give them the opportunity."

Thus Potto Brown was one of those good eccentric men whom people learn to trust and respect as they see more deeply into their character. He resembled a yeoman of the old school, and was thoroughly English in his tastes and sympathies. His veneration for the memory of Oliver Cromwell amounted to a passion. To many he was a living paradox, and superficial observers would sometimes go away with ludicrously false notions of the man's actions. He was self-willed, and, when irritated, of violent temper. To those who met him casually, once in a way, he might appear to be a cold, hard calculator, only intent on driving a good bargain, but, the truth is, he was as unselfish as he was industrious. The heathen abroad, the poor at home, the crowd perishing for lack of knowledge, were ever uppermost in his thoughts. A large proportion of his income was devoted to the cause of education and morality, and workers of all shades of opinion in the Christian vineyard were ever welcome to his house. Persons in real distress could not find a more sympathetic friend, but impostors were at once detected with a glance which warned them against a second time attempting to impose on his credulity. What he was and what he did will long be remembered at Houghton, and far beyond; for, while he was not great in the conventional sense, he lived and died a village philanthropist. He did his best to excel in good works, and he found his reward. As for the form of doctrine which he endeavoured to promote, it was more likely to create immediate excitement than permanent conversion, and we marvel that he did not see through its errors. Mr. Goodman thinks that his hero is not equal to "Wycliffe, Fox, or Wesley" as a propagator of religion, and in that judgment the public will doubtless agree with him.

On Amusements.

AS I grow older as a parent, my views are changing fast as to the degree of conformity to this world which we should allow to our children. I am horror-struck to count up the profligate children of pious persons, and even ministers. The door at which those influences enter which countervail parental instruction and influence, I am persuaded is yielding to the ways of good society; by dress, books, and amusements, an atmosphere is formed which is not Christianity. More than ever do I feel that our families must stand in a kind but determined opposition to the fashions of the world, breasting the waves like the Eddystone Lighthouse. And I have found nothing yet which requires more courage and independence than to rise even a little but decidedly above the par of the religious world around us. Surely, the way in which we commonly go on is not the way of self-denial and sacrifice and cross-bearing which the New Testament talks of. Our slender influence on the circle of our friends is often to be traced to our leaving so little difference between us.

DR. J. W. ALEXANDER.

Mission to the whole Heathen World.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF ALL WHO PRAY, "THY KINGDOM COME."

BY THOMAS D. MARSHALL.

THE immediate evangelization of the world would do more to promote the happiness and well-being of mankind than the solution of all existing political, financial, or scientific questions; for it is the reception of the gospel of God that destroys in man the cruel dominance of hatred, impurity, and selfishness, and substitutes the joyful and beneficent reign of righteousness and love.

As, by the good providence of God, doors are now opened for us into nearly every part of the world, it is a question whether the time has not come in which it would be practicable for some Christian men of statesmanlike and organizing capacity, to prepare a feasible plan for a *Special Evangelizing Mission to the whole Heathen World*—say a *three years' mission*.

Travelling being now so greatly facilitated, it would certainly be possible to visit almost every tribe in the earth, and, if the Christians throughout the world were appealed to, a sufficient number of voluntary agents might be found to give, without salary, either one, two, or three years' labour. Some might also be able to pay their own expenses; but, as many could not, a fund might be raised to defray travelling expenses, purchase Scriptures for circulation, medicines, etc.

Such a mission, preaching Christ only, and interfering with no ecclesiastical questions, would help the work of all our missionary organizations, whose co-operation it would seek, and whose further progress it would pioneer, and might expect the good-will and countenance of Christians of all denominations, and of the best men of every nation.

It would be no small collateral advantage to have the Christian church throughout the world avowedly and evidently engaged in a common enterprise; and probably the attention of many in nominally Christian lands would be drawn to the power and importance of the gospel of God, when it was known that, among the multitudes who would feel it a privilege to endorse and further its proclamation, so many men in every walk of life, and of varying nationalities, foremost in intelligence, culture, and moral worth, not only themselves personally received it, but also were united in recognising it as the Great Remedy for moral evil among men.

To make it quite evident that the object of the preachers was neither political nor ecclesiastical, but solely to promote the glory of God and the well-being of men, some such a summary of their message as the following might be printed in all languages for distribution among peoples and rulers:—

- 1.—The Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God and the Son of man, is alive and present, All-seeing, All-hearing, All-mighty.
- 2.—He is infinitely pure, gracious, loving, and compassionate.
- 3.—He once died to put away our sins, and lives to freely pardon and deliver.

- 4.—He can relieve any man from a guilty conscience, and any other burden.
- 5.—He can free men from the dominion of any and every vice, crime, and sin, and from the slavery of drink, opium, &c.
- 6.—Upon all who will give themselves up, soul and body, to him, he will bestow the Holy Spirit, that they may be filled with love, joy, purity, and goodness.
- 7.—He will do these things at once for those who will renounce all their sin, and entrust themselves to him.
- 8.—God invites and commands every hearer to receive this gospel of Christ, and to make it known to all around.

THE MESSENGERS of these glad tidings might be men or women, the qualifications absolutely necessary being, (1) That they should be able, *from their own personal experience*, to bear unequivocal testimony to Christ's power to do these things; and, (2) that for wisdom and strength for their work they should be continuously trusting in the Lord Jesus, as the "Baptizer with the Holy Ghost," for that indispensable Anointing.

It would, of course, be a great advantage if all the missionaries obtained some medical knowledge, and carried with them some of the remedies most useful in the several localities they were to visit, as "healing the sick" not only confers direct benefit, but frequently opens the way for the missionary, by furnishing an easily understood evidence of his good-will.

It could be explained to all chiefs, rulers, and magistrates, in heathen lands, that it would be greatly to their advantage to promote the objects of the mission, as the people who receive Christ abandon murder, theft, sedition, drunkenness, and all practices and principles opposed to the welfare of individuals and communities, and therefore necessarily become better men and better subjects.

It might be advantageous if expressions of approval of the objects of the mission were elicited from potentates and notables who sympathized with it, both in the countries from which the preachers came and to which they went.

Finally, is it not important that all who love the kingdom of God should pray perseveringly and definitely, that the church universal should be awakened to consecration of themselves to God, and to their privilege and duty of "asking and receiving" that promised Infilling of the Spirit which will fit them for their divine mission of exhibiting the character and moral glory of Christ, and preaching his gospel to the world?

O that Christians everywhere may place themselves, their talents, and their wealth, at the disposal of God, with the earnest prayer, "Lord, what wilt thou have *me* to do and *be*, that I may further thine own purposes in the earth?"

The Life and Work of a Rural Evangelist.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

HAVING been acquainted with the hero of the following narrative during some years, we lately paid a visit to his district in Dorsetshire for the purpose of gathering some notes about his life and operations which might edify, instruct, and encourage those who desire to see the gospel spread among our rural peasantry. Our friend, by name John Davis, moves over an area embracing seventeen parishes, or rather he confines his efforts to that not very contracted field, because a more extended diocese would not mean a more extensive usefulness. In leisure moments, when he has time to calculate, he will sometimes reckon that he has ground sufficient for two itinerants to "work"; but when again on the road misgivings are forgotten, and he is content to be weary in his Master's service. The district is about seventeen miles in diameter, so that if we multiply this by three for the circumference, and take into account the five preaching-stations which have to be supplied every Sabbath, we have a healthy, airy piece of territory, not narrow enough to cramp the enterprise of an enthusiastic spirit. The head-quarters are at Piddletrenthide, where a new chapel, in all respects suitable for the locality, has lately been erected. This building was opened in 1876; the cost was £600, of which £150 yet remains unpaid. Here, also, there is a Sunday-school of seventy scholars, and a day-school is also maintained. At Buckland Newton the neat chapel and pastor's house, erected some sixteen years ago, are out of debt. Here, also, is a Sunday-school; but though a pastor, assisted by the Association, was formerly resident in the manse, the village is now included in the evangelistic diocese of Piddletrenthide. At Broadmayne the services are held every Sabbath in a roomy cottage house-place, and the church members commune at Dorchester. At Bradford Peverell there is a little chapel out of debt. At Winterbourne Abbas a new chapel has recently been erected through the instrumentality of the evangelist and Mr. Syme, a resident farmer, who shows a lively solicitude for the general welfare of the villagers. Such is our friend's broad, interesting field of labour, and the two convenient chapels he has erected are a sufficient proof of his enterprise. Though placed in trust for the use of the Western Association, the buildings are not the work of committees and sub-committees; they would never have been erected had it not been for that individual energy which can incur risk in the cause of religion. Having said thus much about the district we have something to say about our friend's life and adventures which will be found of general interest. The example is one which should encourage those who, without fortune and educational advantages, may still desire to do useful services in their Lord's vineyard.

Close to the Quantock hills in Somerset, four or five miles from the romantic beach of the Bristol channel, there is a village called Crowcombe, so named after one of the passes in the interesting range of hills which in one place reach an altitude of eighteen hundred feet. When we first became acquainted with the locality some years ago, Crowcombe, as an English village, was quite a representative place.

There was the great house, otherwise "the Court," a possession of the Carews, with its art treasures, old library, and antique rooms; and there was the church, with a vicar not over-indulgent towards Dissent; and there were other institutions, such as the rustic post office, and sundry stores of drink or of the necessaries of life, where money could be wasted or laid out advantageously, according to the disposition of the spender. The surroundings were delightful, but the peasantry were thriftless and ignorant to an incredible degree.

At Crowcombe our evangelist was born in the year 1822, his father at that time holding a lucrative position as bailiff under the ancient family of Carew. By the majority of its inhabitants the village was accounted happy in having no conventicle; and its religion, such as it was, appeared to be of that genuine John Bull, Church-and-King type which may still be fondly remembered as characteristic of the reign of the four Georges. Like the rest of his juvenile acquaintances, John was educated at the National School, he attended church, and revered his social superiors; but beyond all this, he knew no more about religion than his parents, who were entirely ignorant of the nature of the gospel. Their religion, however, was divided into two parts—attending church and annoying those who went to meeting; and John Davis was precisely of this disposition. Until he was twenty-five he was a kind of local Saul of Tarsus, hating and breathing out threatenings against all Methodists and Meetingers. Like the great apostle, he was also met with by his Lord while out on an errand of persecution. As his conversion was a remarkable instance of the power of divine grace, we will give the details.

It so happened that during the summer months a party of evangelists visited Crowcombe, to conduct a series of gospel services in the open air; but this was not done without a resolution being formed on the part of several adventurous youths to interfere with the enterprise. The preachers at length engaged a cottage, which they visited once a fortnight, and the opposing forces modified or adapted their plans to suit the situation. John himself seems to have planned the whole affair, and to have undertaken to lead the attack. The camp of the gossellers was to be surprised on a Thursday evening when the sermon and prayer-meeting would come off; and when the unsuspecting preacher was to be rapidly transferred from his desk to the cool bed of the river. On the Tuesday preceding the day fixed for the accomplishment of the heroic feat the chief of the conspirators complained of an inflamed foot, and on the appointed night a fall of rain discomfited his comrades, who did not appear; but, true to a nature which was not daunted at trifles, he forced on his boots and sallied forth alone. On reaching the spot the service in the cottage was found to be proceeding. A hymn was sung, prayer followed, and then came the text as found in Jeremiah xxix. 13: "And ye shall seek me and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart." The sermon, plain and unadorned by human art, still produced a wonderful impression on the heart of the man who had entered the room in the spirit of a bully, determined to lay violent hands on the speaker. Though he had not turned coward, he seemed to be seized with an inward trembling. A deep horror settled upon him; but he could not tell what was the matter.

All at once he realized that he was a sinner ; and such was the intensity of his conviction that he marvelled that he did not at once fall into perdition. That dark rainy night was a season of awakening and of surprising experience.

He went home with a tortured conscience and a haggard face, which at once attracted attention. His mother was especially a puzzled spectator of the scene. "What is the matter?" she vainly enquired; and the "Nothing" she received for an answer meant a great deal more than one word could express. The young man retired to rest, but sleep was courted in vain—"the wretched he forsakes." After a night of pain the new day arose with new horrors—he became afraid of the evil one as a personal enemy. His sufferings rapidly changed from one phase to another, and an ingenious mind suggested various remedies for its own disorders. Having been taught to venerate the Prayer-book more than the Bible, the bewildered youth now supposed that the former would act as a charm to scare away the devil; and while under this delusion the volume was actually placed at night beneath his pillow. Stranger still, he fancied that he felt eased by the expedient, though not cured. This condition of soul continued for several days, and until the poor penitent again visited the preaching-station and vented his feelings. Very naturally the friends who came to the cottage were greatly interested in the case of the young man before them. They prayed with him, and were concerned to find that he was more troubled than ever after listening to a new sermon. Do what they would, no relief came to the wounded spirit. What can the wretched do but patiently bear their own load?

In the meantime the rumour flew abroad that John Davis was converted. People eyed the lad with curiosity, as though he had gone crazy; and those who should have chiefly rejoiced at the news were the most deeply pained. When the news reached the ears of the father, he became dreadfully enraged, and after declaring with oaths that his house should not be a refuge for Methodists, the man suited the action to the word by driving his son from home. John went off as he was desired, and after remaining away for a week he again met his father, who passionately expostulated with the supposed family renegade. The old man at last endeavoured to effect a compromise. Considering that the Bible Christians who assembled at the village room were mere ranters, he loathed them intensely; but if John would only hold aloof from such, he might attend the Baptist meeting at Stogumber. Though trial would attend the acceptance of this proposal, it seemed desirable to meet the enemy half-way. Though the seeker had not found peace, he left his first friends to sit among a congregation of regular dissenters.

Stogumber, or Stoke Gomer, is an ancient village, about the same distance from the sea as Crowcombe, and very prettily situated in the broad fertile valley between the Quantock and the Brendon ranges. The Baptist church, as may be seen from the silver communion cups still in use, was planted in the persecuting times of Charles II.; and a couple of patriots who were hanged at the time of the Bloody Assize, in 1685, were residents in the village. In the middle of the present century the congregation was chiefly composed of thriving farmers; but as the church was oppressed with the incubus of a petty endowment, which

had the effect of discouraging liberality, the position of the pastor was a hard one, and he necessarily looked to the London and Bristol Funds to make good the shortcomings of the people. With a new generation, the condition of the pastor has considerably improved, the duty of self-help having been successfully stimulated by the judicious action of the London Fundees.

According to his father's injunction, John Davis went to Stogumber, and there found many valuable friends among the younger members of the church. One of these strongly advised him to read the Bible carefully, and, acting on this advice, he soon found reason to accept the doctrine of believers' baptism. On offering himself as a candidate for church fellowship he was accepted, and soon after cast in his lot with the little community. Mr. Fuller, the pastor at that time, was a son of Andrew Fuller, and in him the courageous young convert found a steadfast friend. The time when friends were needed had come, as unlooked-for trials were darkening the horizon.

Like some other ancient churches in country nooks, Stogumber can tell of its remarkable baptismal services, and some years ago we penned a note on one of these episodes which directly illustrates our subject.

Early in the present century there lived a certain maiden in these parts, who being both thrifty in habit and attractive in person won the love of a youth in her own station of life and well-to-do in the world. For a time the engagement progressed smoothly and pleasantly, until the girl became the subject of religious impressions, through attending the Nonconformist chapel, and finally offering herself as a candidate for baptism according to the usage of the Baptists. In those days this ordinance was administered in a stream in the open fields, a mile away from Stogumber, and the spectacle usually attracted a motley company of scoffers and sight-seers. The maiden's lover looked on real religion with little favour, and being much concerned at the turn affairs had taken, he declared he would also attend at the brook with some jovial companions, pipes, and ale; and that he would parody the action of the minister by dipping a dog at the same moment that the baptism should be administered. The day came, and the threat, which sounded like rustic nonsense when first spoken, was actually to be executed. The jovial party appeared, and were seated around a table, smoking, drinking, and laughing in mad glee. Their mirth, however, was forced and repulsively unnatural. The service proceeded, the time came for the good old minister to immerse the candidates, and there stood the dog, uninterested in what was happening, but ready to take part in mimicking the scene. All this while an unseen hand was at work, and opposed by the terror of a stricken conscience, the young farmer dared go no further in the profanity he had planned. Leaving his companions, he hurried from the place, and in retirement implored God to pardon his great wickedness. This was the crisis and the turning point in an afterwards useful life. He who went to mock, but returned home to pray, became a valued coadjutor of William Carey in the mission-field of India.

Our friend, the Dorset evangelist, was baptized at Stogumber, and the Sabbath of his admission into the church was a day of adventure never to be forgotten. In itself the season was a happy time, but the

scene at home in the evening was a sorry contrast to the sunshine of the morning. Instead of congratulations of friends and relatives he found a fastened door, while a voice within said, "Who's there?" "I am here." "Wait a bit," continued the mother, who presently returned with a little bundle of clothes, and added, "Where you've been there you can go again; there's no home for you here." John took the bundle, and entering an outhouse lay down with a number of calves. That night he thought of Jacob, and realized that straw with a bundle for a pillow made a better bed than that of the patriarch. Still it seemed as though a crisis had come, for the term of the lad's apprenticeship had not expired and his father was a violent man. Because he much needed friends John Davis returned to Stogumber.

At Stogumber the fugitive was half expected, and everybody was kind, supplying food, shelter, and money. After he had enjoyed a week of the church's hospitality John was advised to return to his father to see if he could finish learning the tailoring trade. On arriving at Crowcombe the son found his sire in a highly excited state; his features were distorted, he spoke fast, and he even shed tears. The thought that a Davis should have become a Dissenter, a Methodist, a meetinger, threatened to send the old man into convulsions as he passionately declared how he should have preferred to see his son carried to Taunton gaol and there hanged. "Hanged at the county prison! What for?" echoed the renegade. "Because none of your family have ever become Methodists before." We must do the bailiff the justice to remark that his fears of falling into disgrace were well founded. He served a family of distinction, and one of the daughters of the house was so zealous in guarding the honour of the Established Church that she desired to have the young Baptist tied to a post that his Methodism might be whipped out of him. His foes now became those of his own household; life was a ceaseless conflict with relentless enemies. Choosing to obey God rather than man, he would not stay away from the Stogumber meeting in accordance with the wishes of both parents. There happened also to be a brother whose zeal for the Church equalled the father's, and this youth took care that his Nonconformist brother should have no peace in the bedroom at the time of private prayer. Songs were loudly sung, and other kinds of annoyance were invented. The history of those days fairly illustrates the manner in which Dissent was fought in the Somerset villages a generation ago. We do not assert that the temper of the better class of Anglicans was reflected in the persecution, for at present the work of the Western Association of Evangelists in Dorsetshire is largely supported by evangelical Church people; nevertheless, as it has been so will it continue,—when aristocratic families lead the opposition to Christian work they will be supported by the imitative barking of a crowd of ignorant subordinates.

Without at the time knowing what he was passing through, our friend was, in point of fact, undergoing a discipline which would fit him for future active service. From what we have heard we infer that the ministry of Mr. Fuller, at Stogumber, was more violent than judicious. He manifested too much defiant championship in the cause of Dissent, and thus, instead of strengthening himself, gave opponents an advantage they were not slow to use. After a time his mind failed, and the pastor

was succeeded by a discreet preacher, one who was well qualified to build up the little church in the midst of an Anglican stronghold. Though he remained but two years and a half in the district—he died at his post in 1856—the memory of this good man is still revered by many who remember him. One who is qualified to judge considers that his spiritual attainments were not a whit behind those of Rutherford. He built up the church, he won the affection of the young; and so far as lay in his power he set an example of hospitable liberality to a well-to-do congregation, who subscribed for his maintenance half of the proverbial forty pounds a-year. To this friend our Dorset evangelist considers himself to be especially indebted. The younger man was already at work in the hamlets and villages of the neighbourhood, and he was always faithfully encouraged and counselled by the elder. Indeed, so close was the bond of union uniting the two that it seems as though it had survived to this day. Mr. Davis assures us there are times in which he realizes with a strange vividness, quite unaccountable, that his old pastor is still interested in the salvation of men. Again and again, during long, lonely walks at night, has the evangelist imagined he could see a well remembered face at his side, just as though the days of yore in Old Somerset had returned.

When our friend became converted he at once found himself “set upon” by an ungodly world, and when he presumed to conduct gospel services in cottages the same world prescribed a little starvation as the treatment best adapted for bringing a meeting to his senses. This was no light trial to one with a growing family, but the pressure had to be endured as one and then another withdrew their patronage. An empty grate and a bare cupboard are potent forces in siege operations, but they were not victorious in this instance. This is proved by the after history of the high-born lady who desired to set up a local whipping-post for young Dissenters.

In course of time this lady removed to Brighton, as did also that trusted servant of the family, Mr. Davis, the bailiff. By this time son John had outgrown his parents' opposition; for, if they did not cease to regret the turn he had taken, they allowed him to enjoy religion in peace. Another son who was in the naval service happened to be staying at Portsmouth, and this young man one day sent to his mother a letter he had received from his preaching brother at Crowcombe. That letter was a gospel message which touched more than one heart; and while engaged in reading it the mother received a call from Mrs. —, who as Miss —, had shown herself to be so bitter an enemy of Dissent in Somerset. “What are you reading?” was asked. “A letter from Portsmouth with an enclosure from John.” The very name of a man who had gone over to Nonconformity, and who preached in cottages without always respecting the rights of the eighth letter of the alphabet,* ruffled the lady's temper. Son John! who was he but a

* Disregard for the aspirate is not always a sure test of scholarship, and certainly not of ability. One of the most acceptable preachers of the last generation invariably used H in that hap-hazard manner which fashion will not tolerate. A short time ago we heard a gentleman make a speech on a London platform, and although he pronounced English like an illiterate peasant we were assured that he was master of the Greek Testament.

sorry fellow not worth troubling about, nor a moment's thought? While she spoke, however, there was something not quite natural in the lady's tone; she asked for the letter, and after glancing at its contents asked to be allowed to carry it away. From that day the once proud lady appears to have been not like the same person she had been in younger days. Instead of opposing the efforts of the Nonconformist local preacher she manifested an intense interest in his work. First of all she sent him a consignment of tracts; in the second place she requested that the man, once bitterly despised, should visit all the cottages in Crowcombe to see if the people had Bibles, and a large number were purchased and despatched to the village to make good the deficiency. She next paid a visit to the depôt of the Religious Tract Society and purchased a stock of books sufficient for a lending library, which were also sent to Crowcombe for the use of the inhabitants. Having done all this, the lady finally invited the son of her father's old servant to spend a season of recreation at Brighton, when she paid all travelling expenses and saw that he was handsomely entertained. This is a very singular instance of conquering or killing an enemy. The lady has since died; she was in death cheered by a good hope, and the man she had once persecuted was instrumental in bringing about the happy change.

In the meantime the good work progressed at Crowcombe, while the worker, apostle-like, supported his household by the labour of his hands. Occasionally a remarkable case of conversion would occur. At one of the cottage services a certain man was convinced of his guilt as a sinner, and gave some proof of having undergone a saving change. In an evil hour certain drinking companions tempted him into a public-house, where he disgraced his new profession. Chagrined at her husband's folly, the wife tauntingly threatened to spread the news, on hearing which the man seized a knife and would have injured the woman had she not escaped into a cottage. It providentially happened that at that critical moment Mr. Davis entered the house, where he found the furniture dashed to pieces, and the transgressor just about to commit suicide. Had the lifting of the latch been delayed only two or three moments the fatal knife would have done its deadly work. On seeing a friend, however, the man dropped the blade, sank into a seat, covered his face with both hands, and remained without uttering a word for an hour. When at last he spoke, he confessed, with a pallid face and quivering lips, that he had been saved from dropping into hell. The man was rescued, and is now a member of the Stogumber church.

Work at Crowcombe continued until the year 1862, when the Western Association began to entertain the idea of employing evangelists, and a deputation waited on each church to see what could be done in the matter of raising funds. Mr. Davis met the ministers at Yeovil, and agreed to engage in the work. At the end of the year he also met the general committee at Taunton. One of the testimonials shown on this occasion was from the curate of Crowcombe. After a number of questions had been asked and answered, the business was finally settled.

Beginning a good work is proverbially difficult, and the commencement of evangelistic effort in any rural district is sure to be no easy

task. The committee commissioned Mr. Davis to spend six weeks in his proposed district, and then to present a report of its condition.

The visitor passed through some strange experiences, and none was more singular than his adventures at one of the towns of the proposed new diocese. One of the Nonconformist ministers was a very worthy man, but he did not like anything resembling innovation. When our friend entered the manse he found a host given to hospitality, although at the same time the good man hoped that none were coming to disturb the peace of their little community, for the requirements of the times did not call for any special religious effort. In their own town, for example, he visited his people once a week, and the church minister worked in a similar way; so that, while all was progressing comfortably, what more could be wanted? The reply was that, as this town was put down as one of the stations to be visited, the people must be called upon to satisfy the committee. The old man did not fall in with these views, and till the end of his days he never became reconciled with the association for breaking the peace of pastors and people.

After leaving the manse of the old minister, the stranger commenced his work of visitation. Two doors from the chapel he called upon the cottagers, and, while offering a tract at the door, a voice within was heard: "Come in; thou art come in answer to prayer." The speaker proved to be a blind woman sitting by the fire. "How long have you been praying for me?" was asked; and the reply was "Two years." The truth then transpired that the poor people were members at the chapel hard by, but during two years they had received no pastoral visit. When their minister last called the husband lay upon his death-bed, and the former, because he sat on a chair which broke in the using, never repeated the call, supposing that the rickety seat had been given him knowingly by the people by way of paying a grudge. The town, with its six hundred people, was discovered to be very generally spiritually destitute, and, with one or two exceptions, the inhabitants hailed the promise of a better day. One man, a member of the Nonconformist Church, told the evangelist somewhat rudely that he was not wanted; and, on being offered a tract, he added, "Read it yourself; it will do you more good than anyone else." "Look here, friend," was the reply; "I have another of the same sort; you read that, and I'll read this, and then perhaps the tract may do us both good." When the report of the condition of the district was presented to the committee one of the leading members declared that rather than see the country around Dorchester any longer without its evangelist he would himself find the necessary funds. Mr. Davis and his family settled at Charminster, near the county town, in March, 1864. He is now settled at Piddletrenthide, seven miles nearer Sherborne: but some further particulars of his work are reserved for another paper.

Devil from the Pulpit.

A WARNING NOTE BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE habit of perpetually mentioning the theories of unbelievers when preaching the gospel, gives a man the appearance of great learning, but it also proves his want of common sense. In order to show the value of wholesome food it is not needful to proffer your guest a dose of poison, nor would he think the better of your hospitality if you did so. Certain sermons are more calculated to weaken faith than to render men believers; they resemble the process through which a poor unhappy dog is frequently passed at the Grotto del Cane at Naples. He is thrown into the gas which reaches up to the spectators' knees, not with the view of killing him, but merely as an exhibition. Lifted out of his vapoury bath, he is thrown into a pool of water, and revives in time for another operation. Such a dog is not likely to be a very efficient watch-dog or pursuer of game; and when hearers Sunday after Sunday are plunged into a bath of sceptical thought, they may survive the experiment, but they will never become spiritually strong or practically useful. It is never worth while to make rents in a garment for the sake of mending them, nor to create doubts in order to show how cleverly we can quiet them. Should a man set fire to his house because he has a patent *extincteur* which would put it out in no time he would stand a chance of one day creating a conflagration which all the patents under heaven could not easily extinguish. Thousands of unbelievers have been born into the family of scepticism by professed preachers of the gospel, who supposed that they were helping them to faith: the fire fed upon the heaps of leaves which the foolish well-intentioned speaker cast upon it in the hope of smothering it. Young men in many instances have obtained their first notions of infidelity from their ministers; they have sucked in the poison, but refused the antidote. The devil's catechists in doubt have been the men who were sent to preach "believe and live." This is a sore evil under the sun, and it seems hard to stay it, and yet ordinary common sense ought to teach ministers wisdom in such a matter.

Alas! there are public teachers who do the devil's work wittingly, for if you hear them for a short time you will perceive that nothing is certain with them but their own uncertainty. We one day heard a tradesman selling old lead from off a church to a person who dealt in that metal. "How much have you?" said the buyer. "I will sell you *eighteen* hundred-weight," said the seller, "and guarantee the weight if you take it away to-day; but, mark you, I will not warrant that there shall be *nine* hundred-weight to-morrow." "Why not?" said the buyer. "Why," replied the other, "you know better than I do that lead evaporates very mysteriously." The buyer nodded an understanding nod, and bought for immediate delivery. We also marked the metaphorical statement, and remembered how mysteriously the precious treasure of the gospel "evaporates" in the hands of some workmen who need to be ashamed. "*Heigh, presto!*" and away the wizard makes the essential truth to fly, though every word he uses is as orthodox as the creed. In a book of Indian travels the writer states that he has

seen marvellous things performed by jugglers. Believe him who will, he states that he saw two conjurors with a chain fifty cubits long. They threw one end of it into the air and there it remained suspended. A dog walked up the chain and disappeared; then a goat came forward and did the same; and afterwards a lion and a tiger mounted and vanished in like manner. Our "deep thinkers" perform this trick to perfection. The heavenward end of their chain of thought is fixed somewhere in cloudland, and up this precious chain of theirs they have long ago sent the doctrine of the substitution of Christ, the immortality of the soul, the plenary inspiration of Scripture, and other eternal verities; and now it is hinted that the Deity of our Lord, the resurrection from the dead, and the personality of God are to be regarded as moot points. Up into the air all positive truths are to go one after another till nothing will be left. At what conclusion will they arrive? As yet they have come to no conclusion but this—that nothing can ever be concluded.

But silence! If you say half a word you will be called uncharitable, or perhaps you will be charged with bearing false witness against your neighbour. Rats may undermine a Dutch dyke and drown a province, but to hunt them would be cruelty to animals. Have not the creatures as much right to their own course as you have? Burglars may break into our houses, and even take our lives; but hold off, ye police! Be not so uncharitable as to interrupt a dexterity so admirable, or to raise a hue and cry against *artistes* so proficient. They are amiable men in family life, very clever in conversation, and much esteemed in their own circles; why render their occupation uncomfortable? They simply differ upon matters of opinion as to rights of property, and if they are a little heterodox, there are only two letters of difference between *meum* and *tuum*, and it is a shame to make men offenders for so insignificant a distinction. Bah! We execrate the thief, and with equal justice ought we to expose and to condemn the traitor who robs us of heavenly treasure, of truth vital to eternal life, truth which is absolutely needful to our soul's salvation. Pleas of charity to error are arguments for the murder of souls. Life and death hang upon the question of truth or falsehood; if lies be propagated, or truth be clouded, the watchmen of the Lord will have to give in their account for permitting it. For our part we shall not cease to warn till the occasion is removed, and at this present time that occasion is by no means gone, for the world swarms with—

"Philosophers who darken and put out
Eternal truth by everlasting doubt;
Discoverers of they know not what, confin'd
Within no bounds—the blind that lead the blind."

Till these have all fallen into the ditch and cleared the road for honest teachers we must not cease to warn every man, that none may be fatally deceived by them.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Missionary Working Society.

AMONG the organizations at New Park Street Chapel was one consisting mainly of young people, and bearing the name of "The Juvenile Missionary Working Society." During the early part of its history the nimble fingers and willing offerings of its members were employed on behalf of foreign missions, but about twelve years ago their attention was drawn to the pressing claims of poor pastors in England, and from that time their contributions and work have been divided between the heathen abroad and needy ministers at home. As the "juveniles" grew up, the whole character of the Society became more suited to the capacities of adults; and before long, the members found that the number of poorly-paid preachers of the gospel in our country towns and villages who desired to receive their help was so large that very little was left for mission stations in other lands, although these were not quite forgotten when opportunities of assisting them presented themselves. In harmony with its gradual development, the name of the society has been more than once altered, but its designation now is, "THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE MISSIONARY WORKING SOCIETY." It is often called by a far less euphonious title, and one that expresses better than any other the real nature of its operations. "The Poor Ministers' Clothing Society." We are well aware that the bare mention of "poor ministers" will send up holy hands in pious horror, and that ready writers will pen wonderful articles in our religious newspapers, pointing out that the ministerial market is overstocked, and that steps must be taken to reduce the supply in order that pastors may be in greater demand, and that churches may be obliged to offer higher salaries if they intend to secure their services. These questions are beyond the scope of the present paper, and we cannot stay to expose the fallacies that we think we have detected, but we should like some of these gallant knights of the quill to remember that the poverty of preachers is no new thing in the history of the church of Christ. When God's only begotten Son came from heaven to earth to be the model for ministers as well as the Saviour for sinners, he "became poor," he had not where to lay his head; and when a small sum was demanded for tribute, he had to work a miracle in order to procure the money. When one of his most successful servants was asked for alms, he had to reply, "Silver and gold have I none," and he did not seem to be at all ashamed to make the confession; while he who "was not a whit behind the very chiefest apostles" wrote that he had been "in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, *in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.*"

Gifts to poor ministers are also not quite such modern inventions and humiliating transactions as some people would have us believe. Holy women ministered unto Christ of their substance, and were true to him when the sterner sex fled in dismay from his enemies: they were faithful even after death, and not one of them will be left without a crown of life. Paul would not be chargeable to the church to which he ministered, yet he did not refuse the help which was brought to him by

the brethren from Macedonia; and although he could truly say, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content," yet when his kind friends sent once and again unto his "necessity," he was full of gratitude, and declared that their offering was "an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well pleasing to God." No one will be bold enough to allege that either the Apostle of the Gentiles, or his Lord and Master, was deficient in gifts or graces, although they were numbered amongst "the poor of this world"; then what right have they to assume that Christ's servants who resemble him in his poverty are unlike him in other respects? Many men of a truly Christ-like spirit and apostolic zeal struggle on amid difficulties that are enough to daunt the bravest spirit; and if loving hearts at the Tabernacle beat with sympathy towards them, and well-filled hands are stretched out to supply their wants, who is he that shall say that they are not honoured instead of humbled by the act which brings comfort and joy to their homes, and at the same time permits the willing donors to realize with ever-increasing force the words of the Lord Jesus, "it is more blessed to give than to receive"? The Committee of the Working Society certainly seem to look at the matter in this light, for in their last Report they express their thankfulness "for the honour conferred upon them in allowing them to have been the instruments of sending joy and gladness into many a home, where faithful servants of our common Master are struggling on in poverty, labouring in the midst of many privations and discouragements, and content thus to labour if only they may glorify their Saviour and win jewels for his crown."

We must admit that the delicate task of supplying poor pastors and their patient partners in privation with parcels of clothing could not have been satisfactorily performed unless the collectors and distributors had been specially qualified for the work. No movement of this kind could have been permanently successful unless those who had the management of it had possessed a deep interest in the worthy men whom they proposed to help, an intimate acquaintance with their circumstances and peculiar necessities, an aptness in selecting materials and making garments suited to the different individuals to whom they were sent, and an earnest desire to render assistance in so pleasing a manner that, while the gift could not fail to be appreciated, the self-respect and Christian dignity of the recipient should remain untouched. This last qualification was, perhaps, the most important of all, for we can well understand how some good people, with the purest motives and best intentions, would have wounded many a sensitive minister's feelings, simply because they had not the happy knack of conferring a favour upon others in such a way as to appear to be receiving a blessing for themselves. The pastors who have been helped will, we think, all unite in testifying how well our good sisters of the Missionary Working Society have succeeded in this respect.

In addition to this tact in bestowing the gifts, considerable discretion is needed in making or selecting appropriate "vestments" for each applicant, and for the different members of his household. It is not very easy to tell whether the minister's son and heir, "Master Tommy, who is just turned seven," is tall or short, stout or thin, and still more difficult must it be to decide for his younger brother the all-important

question whether his present shall consist of a pair of "breeks" or knickerbockers, or whether the covering for his head shall be a "wide-awake" or a "straw yarner" such as the orphan boys received from their kind friends at Luton. When the committee are considering an appeal which states that the writer has four darling daughters between the ages of two and twelve, it is anything but child's play to send garments to suit the stature, complexion, and occupation of the Misses Mary and Martha, Rhoda, and Ruth —, yet the difficult task is constantly being performed, as the following extract from a letter recently received will show. Similar expressions occur in almost all the acknowledgments of the Society's help:—

"Having received from you a most valuable and acceptable parcel of clothing, we desire to express our gratitude for such a boon. I wish we could adequately express how thankful we are. To say we are most deeply grateful seems such an easy way of talking that we feel almost ashamed to use the words. The children jumped for joy, and we each felt like the children. Every thing is such a capital fit, and just what was needed. Had anyone looked into our scant wardrobe and taken the measurement of us all, things could not have been more admirably arranged. It is almost a miracle how you could have compassed our condition in the way you have. Truly it is the Lord's doing. He must have put it into your hearts what to send. We praise him for his goodness, and we thank you most heartily for such great kindness." The wife of another pastor writes: "You could not have sent things more appropriate than you have done. Everything is so fitting, it is just as if you had taken our measure. Mr. —'s overcoat suits him exactly, it was just the very thing he stood in need of. Little — had on his clothes yesterday at chapel, and they are perfect, and the girls' dresses also are just the thing. I wish I had words to tell you how very grateful I am to you, for it has taken a burden off my mind to know that the children will not want anything for some time to come."

Besides this adaptability to the wearers there must also be some degree of suitability to the districts where the clothes are to be worn, for what would be accounted "smart" and "stylish" in remote villages and hamlets would be altogether useless in some of the towns to which parcels are despatched, while the stout and durable materials befitting the pastor who is travelling most of the week over rough country roads and across ploughed fields, or stone-strewn foot-paths, would be equally unsuitable to his brother who ministers to a town congregation, where the people expect him always to look like a gentleman, though they do not pay him more than the wages of a third rate working-man. Variations of temperature in all parts of our changeable climate, local peculiarities, and a thousand other things known only to the initiated, have all to be taken into account by the ladies of the Working Society. Hercules must have quailed before the difficulties over which they triumph, and Atlas would have broken his back if he had attempted to carry the load which rests so lightly upon the shoulders, or rather upon the hearts, of our good sisters.

When we state that Mrs. Spurgeon is the President of the Society our readers will readily understand how a great deal of information

about poor pastors is obtained. Her "Book Fund" has made her name a household word wherever needy ministers are to be found, but that sweet ministry of love was only the natural supplement of this other equally necessary work which has been quietly carried on for the last twelve years. It was but meet that she who had been so long at the head of a movement for supplying the much needed "cloak" that should keep out the cold, or give the pastor that respectable appearance which his office demanded, should in due time seek to furnish the "books," which are as indispensable to those who would "give attendance to reading" as the desired addition to his little library in his prison at Rome was to the apostle Paul. Her long and trying affliction has of course prevented the President from actively superintending the preparation and distribution of the different parcels, but many an applicant could tell that a well-directed hint from her first revealed to him a channel through which the wants of himself and his family might be supplied. Here is an extract from one of the most recent letters before us:—"Mrs. Spurgeon wrote to me and said you would kindly and efficiently help me and the children." It is scarcely necessary to say that the request for help received in such a form as this obtained a ready response. Others write as follows:—"We are very thankful to dear Mrs. Spurgeon for mentioning our names to you." "We are unfeignedly grateful, to the utmost degree, to our dear friend, Mrs. Spurgeon, for mentioning our names." "I feel truly grateful to Mrs. Spurgeon for the kind sympathy she has shown towards me and my family in recommending our case to your very valuable Society."

The practical work of the Society devolves principally upon the treasurer, Mrs. Evans, who is ably assisted by her fellow-officers and the ladies of the committee. Anyone who goes to the Ladies' Room at the Tabernacle on the Wednesday following the third and fourth Sundays in each month can see how heartily our energetic sisters devote their time and energies to the holy enterprise of ministering to the wants of the Lord's poor servants. We have already stated that their main object is to help the families of needy ministers in England by sending them suitable parcels of clothing, but their annual Report issued in May last informs us that they had also assisted a few of the agents of the Tabernacle Colportage Association who have been ill. The gratitude with which their gifts were received, and the facts that came to light about the straits in which these godly men are often placed, induced the committee to determine to let them continue to share in the bounty they had to dispense, always provided, as our legal friends would say, that the claims of poor pastors were satisfied first. This is what they say:—"Those who are best acquainted with the colporteurs and their work know that it is a work which involves much self-sacrifice, and which certainly is not overpaid. While we wish to help the colporteurs we do not intend to forget poor ministers. Our labours for them we shall not in the least abate. What we ask is that our friends will help us in this new development of our society; for without this help is given, it will be impossible for us to render assistance to those hard-working and useful servants of our Master—the colporteurs. We are ready for increased labour; our hands are willing, our hearts are willing. Let our friends come forward and help us, and thus share with us

the joy of pouring gladness into hearts which otherwise might have been downcast and sad."

The total value of the articles sent to colporteurs amounted to £24 10s. 3d., the smallest parcel being worth £3 1s. 6d., and the largest £5 18s. 7d. The gifts to ministers during the year ending May, 1878, ranged from £2 8s. 9d. to £11 14s. 11d., and reached the noble sum of £139 8s. 4½d., making the total amount distributed £163 18s. 7½d., an increase of £25 14s. 0½d. upon the previous year. The committee received in materials and clothing £89 18s 10d., and the balance was made up by donations from Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon (£18), part collection at the Tabernacle, £10; subscriptions and donations, £30 18s.; and profit at annual and monthly tea meetings, £8 5s. 11½d.; leaving £6 15s. 10d. due to the treasurer when the account was closed. We are glad to learn that the receipts this year have been somewhat larger, although they are still far too small to meet the appeals for help that continue to come from all quarters. Mrs. Evans asks us to say that the Society needs, first, many more annual subscribers, so that new clothing or material may be purchased; next, additional workers to make the garments, or help in the preparation and despatch of parcels; and also, new and even partly-worn clothes of all descriptions. Manufacturers, clothiers, drapers, haberdashers, milliners, and indeed all sorts and conditions of men and women, might help to supply the new articles; while others who are not engaged in business could make up parcels that would be acceptable to many families even though they have been worn a few times. It must not be supposed that the Society is occupied in collecting and distributing *only* "Old Clo'," as an article that appeared recently in one of our denominational papers would lead people to imagine, for its principal work is to send out new garments, although some clothes that have been worn by former owners are included in the parcels. We are assured that "these are never sent unless they are good and such as no one need be ashamed to wear. . . . They would not disgrace the family of any minister."

It is scarcely necessary to say that such gifts as these are most thankfully received by those to whom they are sent, who are all of them (so says the Report) "ministers with large families and small incomes." Many men with good salaries find it difficult in these hard times to maintain *their* large families without getting into debt, and others who have, perhaps, only one or two little bodies to clothe and mouths to feed and minds to fill sometimes can scarcely tell how *their* small incomes can be eked out for the necessary period; but here are men who must present a respectable appearance, and who also are always expected to be ready to assist the distressed around them, and yet they have to be continually trying to answer the difficult question—how can an income that is barely sufficient for one be made to supply the wants of four, six, eight, or it may be even ten or more individuals? It is no wonder that the poor preachers sometimes preach poor sermons: the marvel is that they can preach at all. Their own clothes are scarcely fit to be worn in the pulpit, their wives are obliged to tarry at home, for they cannot be seen in the oft-mended garments, which are the best and worst and all they have got; and the children have to be kept from school because they cannot be sent respectably dressed. It

is not very surprising if, under such circumstances as these, they are found some day lying down to sleep under a juniper tree that they may escape for awhile from the cruel cares which, like the wicked Jezebel, threaten to destroy them. Possibly, however, they imitate the nobler example of the "prophet of fire," as with unfaltering faith he climbed to the top of Carmel, and prayed till the windows of heaven were opened, and the blessing poured down upon the needy nation. They *do* pray, and the Lord hears and answers their petitions, and like as Elijah was strengthened for many days with the divinely-provided "cake baken on the coals," and "cruse of water," so are these his fellow-servants refreshed as they receive the tokens of Jehovah's faithfulness and his people's thoughtful care. The spirit of good old Jacob revived "when he saw the waggons" sent by his son from Egypt, and many poor pastors whose hearts before had fainted, have been lifted up in the same manner as their eyes have rested on the practical proofs that friends at a distance know of their needs and seek to supply them.

The following letters are all extracted from the Society's last annual Report :—

"The parcel has come safely to us, and we are astonished at the large number of useful articles sent; we often wonder what we should have done to clothe our children but for your excellent Society. We admire the goodness of our heavenly Father in putting it into the hearts of his children to start and maintain a Society that helps so many of God's servants in poor and isolated positions. These tokens of your love tend greatly to comfort our hearts, and help us on in our work." The value of the parcel sent was £7 8s.

"I really am at a loss to express my thanks for the very useful things which you have so kindly sent; the articles are so nice, and just what are needed, and we return our heartfelt thanks for your kindness. It has relieved our minds of a great burden; such kindness is a great help to my dear husband in his pastoral work, feeling as he does that kind friends at a distance are being moved by our heavenly Father to relieve our temporary wants." Value of parcel, £8 14s. 1d.

"We have just received the parcel of clothing in safety, for which we are very grateful. How much your kindness is appreciated we cannot express, but we do most sincerely tender thanks to those whose kindness has helped, in our case, to ease our shoulders in part of a load of anxiety." Value of parcel, £4 12s. 3d.

"We are surprised at the number of things sent, but none the less pleased. They all fit remarkably well. The children are delighted at so many new clothes: their eyes glistened as they saw them, and especially when they found the sweets in their pockets; and could you have heard them in their prayers say, 'God bless the kind friends' you would have felt somewhat repaid for your loving work." Value of parcel, £11 14s. 11d.

"Words fail to express the gratitude we owe to our heavenly Father for the bountiful gifts sent to us from the Tabernacle. It would have gladdened your hearts to have seen the joy that filled our humble home. Everything that was sent was so well selected, we could not have selected them better ourselves. It was worth something to witness the

delight of the little ones. May heaven bless the givers and make their hearts glad. If they can be more happy in giving than we are in receiving how great must be their happiness." Value of parcel, £7 17s. 3d.

As these letters prove the need and usefulness of the Society better than any words of ours, we shall conclude by quoting a few more of them which have been received since the last annual meeting.

As the result of the "note" in the December number of *The Sword and the Trowel*, a Baptist minister wrote :—

"My income is £1 4s. per week, with a wife and four children. Being placed in such an isolated spot, we find the necessaries of life very dear, clothing particularly so, although new does not come often in our way, for things have to be turned and altered, and it is often a puzzle to me how my dear wife contrives as she does. My best coat was purchased eight years since, so that you will think I am not wasteful."

On receipt of the parcel which was sent to him, he wrote :—

"The great difficulty now is to know how to thank you and your helpers. The fact is you ought to have been here, for no words of mine can adequately express the joy and gladness that were expressed on my wife's face at the sight of the things you had so kindly sent us. We both join heartily to thank you and your co-workers for the new-year's gift just received ; and if you have at all felt the force of the truth that it is more blessed to give than to receive, then I must say that you are blessed indeed."

Another pastor writes :—

"I cannot tell you how thankful we both are to you and to the Ladies' Mission for the very valuable parcel you have sent us. Its contents both surprised and delighted us ; it seemed as though you had overheard my dear wife as she had talked with me concerning the many things she absolutely needed but saw no prospect of obtaining. We can scarcely realize that our needs have been supplied. Truly our heavenly Father's hand is in the matter, for he knew our needs."

Another :—

"On behalf of my dear wife and myself I write to say that we received your large and valuable parcel this evening. It would have done you and the kind friends good to have seen the joy of our children as one after another the articles were unfolded and displayed. Everything, to use my wife's words, was exactly what was wanted, and the things you sent for her have filled her with joy and thankfulness. The Master will record one more act done to his servants for his sake. We can only thank you ; he will commend and reward you for that which sprang from love to him."

Friends who wish to aid this work are requested to forward all contributions, either of money, materials, or clothing, to the Metropolitan Tabernacle, addressed to Mrs. Evans, for the Missionary Working Society.

Hugh Stowell of Ballaugh.

IT is no uncommon thing to see men who are fitted, by talents and acquirements, to occupy large and important spheres of usefulness, passing their days in obscure positions, and in ministering to the help of only a few.

Such was the case of Hugh Stowell, o' Ballaugh, in the Isle of Man. One wonders, in reading his history, that he was content to pass his life in such a place. Yet his time was far from being misspent. He successfully cultivated the fields he was appointed to till for his Lord. Concentrating his energies, he made them a power for good to those among whom he laboured.

He owed his early religious training to a pious mother; and how many have done the same! Permanent impressions for good have been received by multitudes at their mother's knee; lessons that have been learnt there have never been forgotten. The church owes an unspeakable debt of gratitude to the instructions and prayers of mothers. Think of how much came of such instructions and prayers, as given and offered by Monica, the elder Mrs. Wesley, the mother of Doddridge, and Mrs. Mary Winslow. None have more encouragement to work for Christ than religious mothers, for, as a rule, such work is productive of the largest and most blessed results.

Hugh Stowell was for years, in his boyhood, the constant attendant of his afflicted mother. He daily read to her the Word from which she drew her chief consolations. By what he thus read and heard of his mother's explanations of Scripture, his mind got gradually interested in the truth, and, yielding at last to its influence, he gave himself to God. The surrender was as complete as it was sincere. This was shown by the character he evinced, and the dedication he made of himself to the work of the Christian ministry.

Exercising that ministry in the narrow sphere referred to, nothing of an eventful or exciting nature took place in connection with it. As a man of great humility, and who thought little of his own capabilities and worth, he went about his duties in the quietest way possible, yet all the while walking closely with God, and seeking by many means the good of those among whom he lived.

Only four days' illness preceded his death. Catching a cold at a temperance meeting, inflammation followed, and, in spite of every appliance, speedily fulfilled its commission.

He said to his youngest daughter, on the Saturday evening, that he wished her to sit by his bedside and talk with him about heaven, where he might soon be.

"You do not think there is danger?" she exclaimed. "Danger!" he repeated, "do not use the word, my dear; there can be no danger to the Christian."

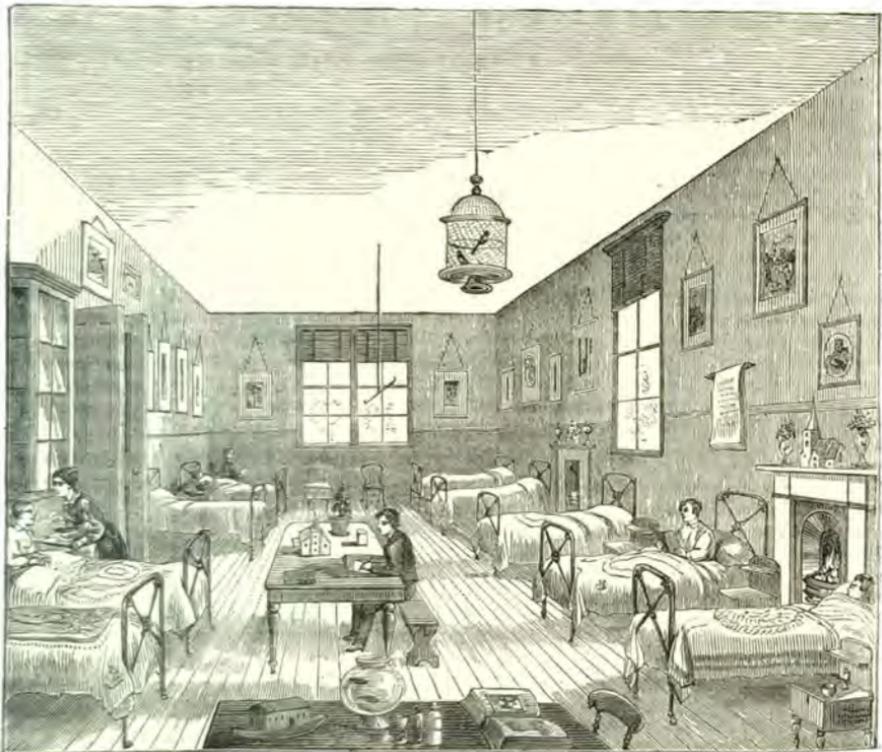
His humility of spirit showed itself to his assembled children by a touching reference he made to a deceased daughter. "Dear Amelia said, when she was dying, 'I am saved like the thief upon the cross'; and so says your father, my children." Memorable words, surely, from the mouth of one who for half a century had led a holy and useful life.

Death did not come upon him by surprise. He had lived in the remembrance of it, and been led to anticipate it with perfect calmness, and even with joy, as the entrance to a life of entire purity and bliss.

Nor would he have had it come to him otherwise than it did. He believed, in accordance with his oft repeated prayer, that every circumstance connected with it was of his Father's appointment, and bade "hail" to its approach. "But what a sunset his end was! how bright and cloudless and enviable. Yet it was in no way," as his biographer remarks, "tinged with enthusiasm." It was the declaration of his medical attendant that the absence of excitement in his death-bed was as striking as the fulness of his joy.

"Within a few minutes of his departure he waved his hand and exclaimed,

'More than conqueror! more than conqueror!' Then after a pause, stretching forth both arms, his countenance beaming with more than earthly brightness, he added, 'a world of glory breaks upon my view; I see angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim; I see all our departed relatives and friends that have died in the Lord; I see God the Father sitting on the throne; I see God the Son standing at his right hand; I see the spirits of just men made perfect!' A momentary pause, and he expired without a sigh or a groan, and joined the society of those on whom he had been gazing with such wonder and delight." "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Oh how often God has gloriously honoured those in death who have daily honoured him in life.—*From Dr. Fleming's "Christian Sunsets."*



ROOM IN THE INFIRMARY OF THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

Notices of Books.

Sermonic Fancy Work on the Figures of our First Acquaintances in Literature.
By JOHN PAUL RITCHIE. Whittingham and Co., 91, Gracechurch Street.

SHORT sermons upon Jack Horner, Humpty Dumpty, Jack Spratt and his wife, and other kindred things. Very clever, or they would be altogether childish, but what is the good of them? Were half the ability which is here vainly spent occupied in something practical, a really good book might be the result.

Little Tot's Album. The letterpress by Miss E. J. TUPPER. One hundred and thirty illustrations by first-class artists. S. W. Partridge and Co.

A SUPERB book, its great fault being that no "Little Tot" ought to be trusted with anything so valuable, and we do not like children to have toys or books with which they need to be careful. The binding is too grand, and the entire production is not of the sort to be given over to little hands to tear to fragments. For "Little Tots" we like cheap untearable books with plenty of coloured pictures. The Album is a work of art many grades beyond the requirements of "Little Tots."

Leading Lights; a Scripture Daily Text Book. London: Simpkin. Edinburgh: Menzies.

A BIRTHDAY text book, strikingly bound, containing a portion of Scripture and a verse of a hymn for each day. All these little text books have a family likeness, and this is very similar to those which have gone before.

Amos Fayle, by Mrs. PROSSER. *Courage and Cowards.* *Ashton Cottage.* *A Ray of Light to brighten Cottage Homes.* *Agatha Lee's Inheritance.* *Faithful unto Death.* 1s. 6d. each. James Nisbet and Co.

HERE are six juvenile books with most inviting exteriors. They are remarkably cheap at eighteen-pence each, but we cannot undertake to read them through. One of them, by Mrs. Prosser, we have dipped into, and can speak right well of it; and our confidence in our friends

who make up "Nisbet and Co." fully justifies us in recommending the rest, but we cannot make personal trial of each youthful story book. Life is not long enough, when a man is getting towards fifty, to allow of the perusal of juvenile books when they come six at a time.

Comfort in Trouble. By the Rev. SAMUEL MARTIN. Hodder & Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

THIS book will be valued by many for the author's sake, whose evangelical simplicity, gentle spirit, and holy life gave a charm to everything he said and did. The comforts here suggested are such as come within the ordinary sphere of the Christian's sorrows and joys; but they do not sink to the greatest depths of his spiritual conflicts, nor rise to the highest sources of his consolation in the covenant of grace, the ever living intercession and the exceeding great and precious promises. The consoling reflections here presented were well adapted, without doubt, and especially when more elaborated in public discourse, for the good and gracious purpose for which they were intended.

Home Makers, and how they made them; with motherly words to Mothers. By the late Mrs. CLARA L. BALFOUR. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author, by the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D. 1, Paternoster Buildings.

ONE of the best of family books, brimful of practical wisdom. Mothers, fathers, children, servants may all learn something from it. Mrs. Balfour has written so pleasantly, and withal so prudently, that we could wish to see a copy of "Home Makers" in every working man's house. The death of the authoress is a great loss to every worthy cause: in such a book as this she still speaks.

Sunshine through the Clouds; or, the Reward of Gentleness. By FRANCES ISABELLE TYLCOTE. Sunday School Union.

A CAPITAL story for girls, especially for those who tease others, or are themselves of a quick and fretful disposition.

A Book of Remembrance in Relation to the Mystery of God. William Poole, 12A, Paternoster Row.

WE give it up. The author, probably, had some meaning upon his mind when he wrote his book, but he has concealed it by his words. We have tried a friend or two, getting them to read a page or so, but like ourselves, they were dead beaten before long, and declared that they could neither make top nor tail of it. Distant approximations to sense occur, but they only tempt the reader onward into some sentences so obscure that he finds himself utterly lost. If anybody wishes to be completely confused and bewildered let him read this book.

Many Things. Compiled by the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. 1, Paternoster Buildings.

THIS is a compilation of noteworthy facts. He who could so skilfully make such extracts may well be an author himself. There is not a dead thing in all the "Many Things."

The Task. A Poem by WILLIAM COWPER. Illustrated by BIRKET FOSTER. James Nisbet and Co.

A SPLENDID edition of Cowper's *Task*, beautifully bound, printed, and illustrated, leaving nothing to be desired but the means to purchase it, and time to linger over every page, Cowper is not one-tenth as much read as he ought to be. He is the poet of the church of God beyond most others, the evangelical poet who speaks more of the gospel than all the rest.

Agnes Graham, Deaconess. A Story of Woman's Work for Christ and his Church. By M. A. M. With introductory paper by the Dean of Chester. William Hunt and Co.

WE commenced reading this story under the belief that we had before us a veritable history, but soon found that it was a religious fiction. Reading on we were greatly charmed and affected by the incidents, so natural and life-like, and on concluding our pleasurable task we could not help excusing the mistake which had at first displeased us. The story is a capital illustration of the text, "I commend unto you Phæbe, our sister, which is a servant of the church,"

Rom. xvi. 1. A better plea for deaconesses, or ladies set apart to visit the sick and the poor, was never written. Much as we dislike sisterhoods, with their eccentric dresses and affectations, we own that we could raise no objection to a sisterhood of Agnes Grahams. We wish we had such in our own church, officially recognised, and we are glad that we have something like them without the name. The abuse of a good thing ought not to make us averse to the proper use of it. If ladies without avocation would give up all their time to the Lord's work as visitors of the sick, the fallen, the depraved, the dying, it would be a Christly thing, and greatly tend to aid the ministry of the word in the almost forlorn attempt to reach the poorest class of our vast city populations. Are there none such in our churches? Would not ministers do well to speak upon the subject and suggest the consecration of educated and refined women to such a holy and needful work? Many ministering angels would soon be found among us in female form, and this wing of the army of faith might achieve great victories in the unselfish battle to bless the sinful sons of men.

The story of Agnes Graham, which has greatly moved us, is not more churchy than could well be helped, and gently winking our eye at a few natural blemishes we heartily commend it to the careful reading of our pastors, and to the prayerful consideration of Christian women who are free from domestic cares and might find it a bliss and an honour to become the recognised servants of the church, or even if unrecognised might fulfil the same sacred ministry, feeling themselves to be called and ordained of the Lord himself.

"Earth has angels, though their forms are moulded

But of such clay as fashions all below;
Though harps are wanting, and bright pinions folded,

We know them by the love-light on their brow.

"I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow,—

Theirs was the soft tone and the soundless tread,—

Where smitten hearts were drooping like the willow :

They stood between the living and the dead."

Thoroughness in Christian Life and Practice. By the Rev. Sir EMILIUS BAILEY, Bart., B.D., Vicar of St. John's, Paddington. Hatchards, Piccadilly.

THIS is all that it professes to be, and more still, as it evinces thoroughness in Christian doctrine upon which Christian life and practice are founded. While some Church dignitaries are giving their sanction to the speculative theologies of the present age it is pleasing to see one so high in rank and office clear and outspoken in the vindication of evangelical truths. "I only touch," he says, "upon those points in which, in the course of my ministry, I have specially observed a want of depth and completeness in the opinions and convictions of professing Christians." This is the duty of every Christian minister, and especially when it becomes needful, as in the present instance, to oppose a superficial Christianity by a thoroughness in Christian life and practice. What is meant by this thoroughness may be best gathered from the few following extracts:—"Woe unto us if we draw our inspiration from any earthly motive, if from fear of man or love of human applause, we keep back what is profitable, and fail to declare all the counsel of God." Again, "Shallow convictions of sin and half-conversions, if I may be allowed the expression, lie at the root of much of the defective religion of the present day; and one of my objects in writing these pages is to warn professing Christians of the danger of resting satisfied with any partial and incomplete foundation of the spiritual life." Once more, "It is the glory of the gospel to do that for man which he cannot do for himself. Under the law the condition of perfect obedience is required to be performed by man himself: under the gospel the same condition is proposed as having been already performed by a mediator. And in this substitution of the person consists the principal and essential difference of the two schemes." Such is the thoroughness which pervades this whole volume. Would that it pervaded the whole church to which he belongs; and others that profess to be more pure. Never was Christianity more extensively professed, and never, we fear, less

thorough in proportion to its extended profession, than in the present day.

Family Devotion. The Book of Psalms arranged for Worship. With meditations on each portion. By the Very Rev. HENRY LAW, M.A., Dean of Gloucester. Vols. I. and II. James Nisbet and Co.

IN his own peculiar rhythm, short sentences with a peculiar cadence, Archdeacon Law gives us good things in profusion, in a style which is half prose, half poetry, but altogether gracious. Those who have read his "Christ is All" will expect him to say some charming things upon the Psalms; and he does so. We do not feel that this is a case in which our praise is wanted; if it were, it should be given without stint. Henry Law is a name which is loved wherever it is known.

Potto Brown: the Village Philanthropist. St. Ives, Hunts: Albert Goodman, Green End.

THE actual printing of a book does not much concern the reviewer as a rule, but when it is specially and singularly bad it is his duty to remark upon it. Seldom or never have we come across a volume so badly wrought upon the press; many pages are so pale that they are barely legible, and others are black in proportion. We thought at first that we had met with a spoiled sheet, but the work is bad throughout, and we earnestly call attention to it on the part of the firm whose imprint it bears.

The memoir itself, for such it really is, is made up of three very readable essays by the friends of Mr. Brown, and a sermon by Henry Allon. Trivialities, more amusing than edifying, are not wanting, but there is so much that is manly, good, and worthy of record that we at one time resolved to make an article out of the book, and so show our appreciation of it in the most practical manner. Since then we have received a paper from a friend which suits our purpose still better. Regarded as recollections of the life of an eccentric and excellent Christian man the book before us deserves reading, and ought to have a London publisher, and to be properly printed. For further remarks we refer our readers to the article in *The Sword and the Trowel* for this month.

Biblical Things not generally known. A collection of facts, notes, and information concerning much that is rare, quaint, curious, obscure, and little known in relation to Biblical subjects. First Series. Elliot Stock.

THIS work honestly fulfils its title. In perusing it we have met with a large number of singularly instructive facts, many of which were quite unknown to us before, but which are calculated to throw considerable light upon obscure passages of the word of God. We like the idea of the work, and the manner in which it has been hitherto carried out is most excellent. We give one specimen of the style of facts here used in illustration:—

“‘Passing under the rod.’—Leviticus xxvii. 32.

“A Christian missionary gives the following interesting explanation of this figurative expression:—In Syria, just below my house, which stood facing the Mediterranean Sea, there was a sheep-fold; a large area surrounded by high walls. It had but one entrance, a little gateway near the corner. It was low and narrow, and a man must stoop to get into it. Every night the shepherd brings home his flock from outside the city, or from the distant field, or the mountain side, to be gathered into this fold. And as they pass into this narrow gateway, they must go one by one. No huddling, and crowding, and jostling, as boys do sometimes at play; and as they pass in, the shepherd stands by the gate and holds his crook over them, to count them one by one as they go in. Every night the shepherd does this, and so he knows if any are left out in the field or on the mountains. And to this counting of the sheep as they pass under the rod we wish to call attention. We have always supposed, and most people now think, that to pass under the rod means to pass under some affliction, to experience some great trial. Some one has written a touching piece of poetry, called, ‘Passing under the rod,’ showing how one and another was afflicted, and made to pass under the rod of God’s chastisement. It does not mean any such thing; as you will see by two passages of Scripture. Lev. xxvii. 32. ‘And concerning the tithe of the herd, or of the flock, even of whatsoever

passeth under the rod, the tenth shall be holy unto the Lord.’ Jer. xxxiii. 13. ‘In the cities of the mountains, in the cities of the vale, and in the cities of the south, and in the land of Benjamin, and in the places about Jerusalem, and in the cities of Judah, shall the flocks pass again under the hands of him that telleth (*counteth*) them.’ This is a work of restoration, and in the fields there shall be flocks in great number, and they shall pass under the hand of the shepherd, who tells them one by one as he gathers them into the fold.”

Songs of Sunshine. By MABIANNE FARNINGHAM. James Clarke and Co.

THIS volume is a reprint of many of the pieces of verse which the authoress has contributed to religious periodicals. Those who enjoyed them as they were issued separately will be glad to possess them in this compact form. Though not certainly of the highest class of poetic effort, there is yet a good deal of sweetness and piety in them, and that in the judgment of many will cover a multitude of sins. Considering the fearful amount of unreasoning rhyme which jingles all around us, these are not so bad after all.

Granada; or, the Expulsion of the Moors from Spain. By GEORGE CUBITT. Wesleyan Conference Office.

THE story of the expulsion of the Moors from Spain is a part of the poetry of history. It is sad to hear the knell of a dying nation, even though above the booming sound the shouts of exulting victors rise into the air. One is glad that the Moslem power was driven out of Western Europe, and yet one’s heart is sorrowful that during the struggle so much treachery and cruelty should have been associated, we will not say with Christianity, but with that which was mistaken for it.

We have often thought that if the more fascinating parts of actual history were made into books for young people, they would interest them quite as much as fiction. We are glad to find the attempt made in this instance, and successfully made too. We trust the author will be encouraged to attempt other chapters out of the great volume of providence.

Chapters on Everyday Things; or, Histories and Marvels in Common Life.
Religious Tract Society.

SUCH a book as we could wish every boy and girl to read; packed full of information pleasantly given and profitably used. In the hands of our author the breakfast and tea table furnish fruitful themes: while our knives, our money, our clothes, and our summer hats are not forgotten. It is a book which children of a larger growth might read with advantage, for there is much ignorance abroad about common things. Many young ladies know more about Sophocles than about stockings, and are better acquainted with the position of Timbuctoo than with the use of a pudding-bag. The engravings are numerous and good, the binding is most attractive, and as a whole the work is first-class.

Recollections of Alexander Duff, D.D., LL.D. By REV. LAL BEHARI DAY.
London: T. Nelson and Sons.

PERHAPS one of the best incentives to missionary zeal is the record of devoted labours in the mission field. Dr. Duff was in an especial sense a worthy example of complete consecration to that honoured work, and we heartily welcome this sketch from the standpoint of a Hindoo. The subject is such a colossal one that we expect a fuller and more exhaustive biography to appear before long; but in the meantime these "Recollections" will serve as an outline sketch of the noble Scotch missionary. A little judicious clipping and excision would, we think, have added to the merits of Mr. Day's volume. Some of the incidents recorded are very trivial, but even these blemishes are proofs of the author's sincere admiration for a truly great man. May the reading of this book kindle afresh the missionary ardour of the church.

The Fitness of Christianity to Man.
Being the Bohren Lectures for 1878.
By F. O. HUNTINGTON, S.T.D., Bishop of Central New York. London: Nisbet and Co.

WHAT is commonly called the "moral argument" is, we believe, among the best proofs of the divinity of Christianity: its adaptation to the needs of man speaks

loudly in favour of its heavenly origin. This is the solid basis of these four able lectures. The author starts from the proposition that "The Christian faith is found to be true by its adaptation to mankind. Man wants it in his constitution, grows and ripens in every faculty by its supplies, and comes to the measure of the stature of his perfection only by the working in him of its power. If man is authentic, so is the Christian revelation. If man has a legitimate place, so has the gospel a place there with him, and by the same right." This argument is elaborated and proved by Christianity's action on the human heart, on false religious culture, on doubt and disbelief, and in the sphere of the human will. The lectures are in every way commendable.

Men and things Russian; or, Holiday Travels in the Lands of the Czár. By the Rev. JAMES CHRISTIE, B.A. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot. Carlisle: Chas. Thurnam and Sons.

AN amusing, chatty description of a minister's holiday spent in Russia. It is time that more was known about Russia by most people, and these lectures will be helpful in imparting information. They are pleasant reading, and mention many matters which would be passed over in more pretentious works,—little matters which make us more familiar with real Russian life than some of the weightier pieces of information.

The Peacock Butterfly. Where a Penny went to. 9d. each. *Through the Ruilings. One Talent only. Wonders of the Waters.* 1s. each. *The Boys of Highfield.* 1s. 6d. Religious Tract Society.

ALL good, especially "Wonders of the Waters," wherein many common objects of the seashore are made to teach the manifold wisdom of God. One natural history book, well written, is worth all the tales which could lie between here and the moon. The tale market, however, never seems to flag, but if all its merchandise equalled in value the productions of the Religious Tract Society, our growlings would not be half so deep nor so frequent.

The Aggressive Character of Christianity. By Rev. WM. UNSWORTH. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

An earnest, thorough attempt to rouse the church of Christ to a sense of her responsibility as the steward of the gospel. Though there is little that is new, and here and there a sentiment which we do not agree with, yet, upon the whole, we commend this earnest production of an earnest heart. The chapter on "The Means of Christian Aggression" is worth printing as a separate tract, and would help greatly in rightly directing much effort which at present is misapplied. As it needs a whole Christ to save the sinner so it will require the whole church to save the world, and the sooner the church is fully aware of this the better.

Sermons preached at Trinity Church, Dublin. By the late JOHN GREGG, D.D., Bishop of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross. Nisbet and Co., Berners Street.

It is well with a Christian preacher when his character and position supersede the necessity of studied eloquence and a display of learning, in order to gain the sympathy and confidence of his hearers. He is at liberty at once and throughout to address them in a free and conversational manner. Such was evidently the case with respect to the sermons before us. They are neither too intellectual nor too colloquial, too critical nor too diffuse, too emotional nor too inanimate. They are in all things a pattern of good preaching: "in doctrine showing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity, sound speech that cannot be condemned, that he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed having no evil thing to say of it." "Along with great original thought," says the preface, "sound doctrinal teaching, and very able exposition of Holy Scripture, they will be found to contain all that force of language, heart-melting pathos, and irresistible power of appeal, for which, as a preacher, John Gregg was so remarkable." Bishop Gregg is said, moreover, to have been "the foremost pulpit orator in the Irish church during the present century." Of this we cannot form a judgment, but assuredly Mr. Gregg held such a distinguished position in his own

denomination that most fittingly these specimens of his pulpit ministrations have been preserved.

Glimpses of India and of Mission Life. By Mrs. HUTCHEON. Wesleyan Conference Office.

EVIDENTLY written by one who has felt the burden of India's necessity, and still feels it. This is no ordinary book, but contains a rare amount of information. We recommend its being placed in every Sunday-school library, not so much for the use of the children as for the teachers. Mrs. Hutcheon, being deprived from ill health of the power of serving India by personal labour in that wonderful country, does her best in this volume to arouse the missionary spirit in others, and we hope and believe her pages will not be written in vain. We frankly confess that we have been held captive by her interesting chapters upon Mysore, and we feel that we have made considerable advance in our Indian knowledge by having enjoyed these "Glimpses."

Remarkable Cases of Conversion, and other Experiences, showing the value of Faith in the Faithful Promiser. By JOHN RICHARDSON PHILLIPS. James Nisbet and Co.

A book which is calculated to be a great blessing. The conversions are collected from every quarter, and are selected with great judgment. As facts are always more powerful than opinions, we trust that many who have read religious exhortations without conviction will be struck with the remarkable incidents here brought before them. The natural deduction from many of the narratives here given is—there must be, and evidently is, a singular power in true religion; manifestly it chases away melancholy, it subdues the temper, and changes the whole current of life in those who become subject to its power. What can this be which exerts so potent an influence? It cannot be an old wives' fable, or a mere fiction. The moral miracles of the gospel are its standing evidence. This book, interestingly written, suitably illustrated, and tastefully bound, is likely to win readers where less attractive works would fail, and when those readers are won its tone and spirit are such that we shall have

good hope that the readers will become thinkers and believers through God's good Spirit.

The Psalmist: a Collection of Hymn Tunes, Chants, and Anthems, published under the Editorial Superintendence of EBENEZER PROUT, B.A. London: J. Haddon and Co., Bowverie Street.

THIS is a praiseworthy attempt to resuscitate a book known for many years as *The Psalmist*, which was edited by Vincent Novello. In the present edition about 150 of the old tunes have been retained, and some of the harmonies have been simplified. In some instances there are two varieties of the same tune to different hymns—an experiment of very doubtful value. Some of the tunes rejected should, we think, have been retained, and if they have been sacrificed to modern taste, so much

the worse for modern taste. We have a strong conviction that the subordination of the melody to harmony is not conducive to effective congregational singing, but this seems to be the guiding principle of modern psalmody. We may be called old-fashioned, but ordinary people must have a taking melody if they are to enter heartily into the Service of Song. The book before us is one of the best we have seen, for while the harmonies will satisfy the organist, most of the melodies will be found to be Congregational. An edition is published with tunes only for those congregations preferring to use a different collection of hymns. The book has its faults, doubtless; but its merits are such that we can confidently recommend it as a very fair compromise, which will meet the necessities of any ordinary congregation. It is well printed, and is published at a low price.

Notes.

MENTONE.—The notes have to be made up early, and so we can only report ourselves up to the middle of the month as better, though weak in the knees, and liable to sharp rheumatic pains at every change of weather. We hope, however, to return and preach at home on the second Sabbath of April, unless some circumstances should cause an alteration. The air of Mentone is dry, and the weather is usually fine, and this together with the superlative comfort of the Hotel de la Paix will, we hope, under the divine blessing further promote complete restoration. The genial host of our hotel does all that lies in his power in all ways to make our sojourn a pleasant one, and we feel quite at home in his well-ordered establishment. We are surrounded by friends of the choicest kind, who seem to come and go in succession, as if by arrangement. Dr. Bennet is, as usual, extremely kind, and exercises his best skill for our recovery.

Mr. Hudson Taylor has looked in upon us; Pasteur Bost we have also met both in public and in private with great delight, and we have had most profitable and pleasing intercourse with the beloved George Müller, of Bristol. We count it a surpassing joy to have been indulged with several hours of fellowship with this man of God. His preaching is most spiritual

and strengthening; but in private he impresses us even more. His evident happiness and holy peacefulness read a blessed lesson to one who is far too apt to be cast down. We hope next month to write a paper about Messrs. Müller, Bost, and Taylor, if our mind be in fit order. Our brethren Tansley (invalided) and Feltham (just married) have been with us for a time, since the departure of Mr. Passmore; and so we have had two College men at hand, and our esteemed brother Mr. Thomas Marshall, late of the church in Bryanston Hall, who contributes a paper to this month's magazine, has also been in our company. We are revived in spirit, and strengthened in nerve, though a little perplexed by the report of the Colportage Society, which we desire to bring before the Lord in prayer, at the same time that we use the means by informing his people. We need a large measure of faith at this juncture, and we are able to feel confident that the Lord will supply the needs of his own work. We cannot afford to be anxious, for this would neither honour the Lord nor benefit our mental or physical health.

FINANCES.—Regular readers of the magazine will notice that our contribution lists are again short this month. We are

happy to say that none of our vessels have run aground yet, and we do not expect any of them will be allowed to do so; but we think it may be as well to let our friends know that the waters which keep the good ships "College" and "Evangelists" afloat have not been nearly as deep as usual, and the captain and crew of the "Colportage" are crying out pretty loudly that the streams have not been flowing in their direction lately, and as a consequence they are at present in very shallow water.

Some time ago, when we had fifty Colporteurs and little or no capital to work with, we made an appeal and funds were given. Now there are 82 Colporteurs, and the stock is too low to go on with, paying cash. Any other way of acting is difficult in practice and unsound in principle, and therefore we need another £1,000 capital. Moreover, as the sum paid by each district is not sufficient to support the colporteur and pay the working expenses, we have to depend in part upon sales of books, but owing to the general depression of trade the sales are greatly diminished, and so each district is worked at a heavier loss. This calls for larger amounts in the form of subscriptions, or we shall run dry. Of late donations have been very few, and our exchequer is at the lowest ebb. A great work is done by the Colporteurs both in gospel preaching, temperance lecturing, tract distributing, and sick visiting, no less than 75,000 families being visited monthly. This is the Lord's work, and we are now in a real difficulty. Here is room for faith, and our faith looks up to God for immediate help. We cannot think that it is his will for us to stay this holy service, which he is so greatly blessing. The silver and the gold are the Lord's, and he can move a single donor to send us £1,000 if he pleases, or he can raise up many friends to make up the amount. We feel it right to tell our brothers and sisters in Christ of the need of the Lord's work just now, but having done so, we are not going to make any abject appeal, or to put advertisements in the paper about our distress. Though this trial comes when we could have wished to escape it, judging according to the weakness of our flesh, yet we will rejoice in it in spirit, and bless the Lord, who will supply the need as surely as he lays the burden upon us. If any donors to the Orphanage or the College have judged the Colportage to be of secondary importance we assure them it is not so. It is doing a grand work for the Lord in benighted districts, and we love it by no means less than any other of our institutions. We have failed to interest others

in it as we could wish, and seeing that we are powerless in the matter, and straitly shut up by urgent necessity, we cast the whole business upon the Lord, expecting to see his delivering hand. Coming just after our Tabernacle friends have been giving to the Testimonial, and just before the annual College meeting, an appeal to the Christian public is most inopportune, and by no means likely to prevail; but an appeal to the Lord is never unseasonable, neither is he straitened. "My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him."

SPECIAL SERVICES AT THE TABERNACLE.
—We are glad to be able to furnish our readers with a more detailed account of the evangelistic work at the Tabernacle than time would permit last month, believing that many, both far and near, will be interested in hearing what the Lord has done for our beloved flock during our enforced absence. First of all we must mention the *workers*, upon whom the burden of labour has principally rested. There was such a numerous host of these that it is difficult to commence the list for fear that some of the worthies should be unintentionally unnoticed. Of course the principal part of the responsibility rested upon the College Evangelists, Messrs. Clarke and Smith, and the Tabernacle Evangelists, Messrs Fullerton and Chamberlain. We have no wish to compare the style of the two chief speakers, or to contrast the methods of the sweet singers and players upon instruments, but we are delighted to hear that every address delivered by Messrs. Clarke and Fullerton has been felt to be "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power," while the lively strains from the voice and cornet of Mr. Smith, and the tender pathos in all Mr. Chamberlain's solos have had much to do with making the meetings a complete success. The members of the choir also deserve our most hearty thanks, for not only were they found at all the services in the Tabernacle, under the able leadership of our esteemed friend Mr. E. Frisby, singing and making melody to the Lord, both in their hearts and with their voices, but many of them also attended the Saturday night prayer-meetings to help in the singing. Among the workers we must not omit to name our indefatigable brother and co-pastor, whose labours are untiring while we are laid aside, and the deacons and elders and other friends upon whom devolved the task of arranging for the month's services, and carrying out the whole in a most satisfactory manner. As

usual, our rightly-revered, shirt-sleeved Bishop Murrell, organized and directed and toiled as no one else could do. We can scarcely tell how much we owe to him for the success of the Testimonial Bazaar, to which he gave almost the whole of one month's thought and service, and now that so shortly afterwards he has devoted the same length of time to the still nobler ministry of seeking to save souls, no words of ours can adequately express our deep sense of gratitude. Mr. Murrell would, no doubt, tell us that the credit for the Bazaar must be shared with him by the large number of friends who laboured long before the public saw the result of their willing and united efforts as well as at the time of the great sale. If we are permitted to return and to receive the testimonial, we will try to thank them as they deserve. He would also be sure to say that the special services would never have been blessed as they have been, unless many earnest Christians had resolved to do all they could in the name of the Lord Jesus and for the glory of God, whether they were seen and praised by their fellow Christians or not. At least 150 presented themselves as anxious to converse with enquirers, and night after night they were found scattered all over the building, watching for souls as those that must give account. They were all furnished with tickets on which were printed "hints" as to the best methods of working, and twenty-three texts that were likely to be useful to them in their work, but they were all expected to be familiar with the Word of God, so as to give divine authority for their warnings, entreaties, instructions, or invitations.

It is too early to speak of the full results of the meetings, but enough is known to make us praise the Lord for his goodness. The final harvest will only be gathered in glory, but many golden sheaves have been already brought in by those who went forth weeping, bearing the precious seed. Prayer-meetings were held before each service, and enquirers' meetings at the close, and after the first few evenings the numbers remaining were so large that the young men's meeting had to be removed from the glass-room to the lecture-hall, and the meeting for females from the ladies' room to the one vacated by the young men. It was a great joy to the sick pastor when the cheering news arrived, "*some souls have been saved at every service.*" To our loving Lord be the whole of the glory, for it all belongs to him alone.

We gave a brief outline last month of the work that was mopped out by the

committee, and of the meetings held during the first week in February. On Sunday, the 9th, Mr. W. P. Lockhart, of Liverpool, preached with much acceptance in the morning and evening to large congregations; and in the afternoon Mr. Smith conducted a special service for children, when the Tabernacle was nearly filled with Sunday-scholars and their teachers and friends. The subject of the address was "Joseph's waggons," and six prizes were offered for the best report of it. Forty-four scholars competed, and their sketches were so good that ultimately thirteen prizes were awarded.

At the close of the evening service, and also on the two succeeding Sabbaths, a number of volunteers went into the surrounding streets and invited the passers-by to fill up the places of those who had left the building. In this way the Evangelists reached many who would not otherwise have been present; and the short after-services have been described as seasons of unusual power.

On Monday, the 10th, special prayer was presented for a blessing on the work, and Messrs. Clarke and Smith gave an account of their labours in the country. The next night the area was reserved for *employés* in factories, who were present in large numbers, the lower gallery being filled with a miscellaneous audience. The addresses and singing were very impressive, as they were also on Wednesday evening, when men engaged in the meat trade, and their wives, were specially invited. Mr. Clarke preached a very effective sermon on Thursday, and the next night about twelve hundred coalmen and porters were provided with a meat tea before going up to the meeting in the Tabernacle. Mr. Smith's graphic description of the prodigal son was well received; Mr. Clarke's address on "Jesus the Way" must have been blessed to some, and Mr. Fullerton's illustration of the man who told his companion that he came to tea "just as he was, for he was afraid he should be too late" was very telling. The Saturday night prayer-meeting fitly closed a week of great blessing.

On Sunday, the 16th, our son Charles preached in the morning and evening, and it was a source of great comfort to his father to hear that on that day the congregations were more crowded than they had been at any service since he left home. It was still more encouraging to learn that the sermons were most appropriate to the occasion, and best of all to know that the

Lord confirmed the word with signs following in the salvation of sinners. Almost all who were present at night remained for the evangelistic meeting, and others were brought in to fill the few seats that had been vacated. The afternoon service for domestic servants and others was well attended, and Mr. Fullerton's earnest words were felt to be clothed with even more than usual force. At the prayer-meeting the following evening the principal incidents were the co-pastor's soul-stirring address, founded on Job xxxi. 14, and the interesting account given by Mr. Hamilton of his work in Cape Town and neighbourhood. The Tuesday and Wednesday night services for young people and women, respectively, were very successful. On the latter occasion tea was provided for a number of poor mothers, and others, by some of our kind lady friends who wished their bodies to be fed before they were taken in to enjoy the spiritual feast prepared for them. Mr. Clarke's sermon on the Thursday was one of his best efforts, and was the means of blessing to both saved and unsaved. Friday, the 21st, was remarkable as being the time when the smallest congregation assembled. Even then there were about twelve hundred present, and as the snow was several inches deep no more could reasonably have been expected. The weather throughout the month was most unfavourable, and yet thousands gathered together almost every evening to hear the simple gospel earnestly spoken or sung by our honoured brethren. It is vain for anyone to tell us or them that the old truth has lost its power, for *we know better*. On the occasion referred to above, arrangements had been made for an experience meeting, and accordingly a considerable number of believers testified to their faith in Christ and the Lord's dealings with them. Mr. William Olney and Mr. Smith were amongst the witness bearers. The enquirers' meeting was unusually profitable, being held in the Tabernacle instead of in the smaller rooms. Another week's happy toil was closed with the Saturday night prayer-meeting conducted by the elders.

Our highly esteemed friends, Pastors W. Stott and J. P. Chown, did good service by their powerful sermons on the morning and evening of Sunday, the 23rd; and the afternoon meeting for young men and women engaged in the City was a thoroughly good one. Mr. Clarke was too unwell to be at the Monday night prayer-meeting, but the presence of Mr. William Olney in the chair, and the interesting and encouraging reports of evangelistic

work given by Messrs. Smith, Fullerton, and Burnham ensured a most profitable evening. On Tuesday the area was reserved for *employés* in potteries and factories; and on Wednesday for policemen and railway men. Mr. Clarke and Mr. Fullerton spoke both nights with great unction; indeed, one of Mr. Clarke's enthusiastic admirers said that he had never heard him speak as he did at Wednesday's meeting: every word seemed to be full of force, and it is no wonder that he "smashed into those modern-thought fellows." He preached again on the Thursday, and presided at the closing meeting of the series the next night, but it was evident that he was quite exhausted. Previous to this final service a meat tea was given to some twelve or fourteen hundred of the poorest inhabitants of the district around the Tabernacle; and if we were to tell how much was consumed by the motley crowd, our readers would scarcely believe it unless they have catered for similar parties. A hymn book and sermon were presented to each guest before they went upstairs to the meeting, where they listened most attentively to the addresses of Mr. Smith, Mr. Fullerton, and Ned Wight, many remaining at the close to the meetings for enquirers. The special work was closed by the meeting for prayer and testimony conducted by the elders on Saturday, March 1, and the visits paid by them on the following afternoon to the various classes connected with the Tabernacle, for the purpose of "confirming the disciples," and seeking to lead to the Saviour those who still remained undecided.

The cost of the month's mission will be very considerable, but it will be in part defrayed by collections made on Sunday, March 9, and the balance will be cheerfully met by many friends who count the rich spiritual results worth infinitely more than the money necessarily expended in securing them. Should any reader desire to share in the disciples' work of feeding the multitude by contributing a barley loaf or a few small fishes, their help will not be refused, for we have not now the miraculous power of actual multiplication of the temporal food, though the thousands of "men, besides women and children" are with us, and, blessed be his name, the Master is present too.

COLLEGE.—During the past month Mr. H. Knee has left us and settled as pastor of the church at Peckham Park Road; and Mr. G. Pring, late of Brabourne, has gone to form a new church at Southbank, Middlesborough. We regret that one of

our most promising students, Mr. H. Wood, has been compelled, by ill-health, to close his college course prematurely. He was recommended to try the effect of a voyage to the antipodes, and most opportunely an invitation came from Whangarei, near Auckland, New Zealand. So that the sickness, we trust, is not unto death, but for the glory of God. Will New Zealand friends make a note of this, and receive our brother with affection and confidence?

We learn from Canada that Mr. Cook has arrived in safety, and received a most hearty welcome. A friend sends us the following extract from a Canadian paper: "Rev. Chas. A. Cook, who returned home from Spurgeon's College on Thursday last, has preached several eloquent and impressive sermons in the different churches in this village. He has made gigantic strides since leaving Canada three years ago, towards taking his place among the best and most talented preachers of the day. He left Acton yesterday for Kings-ton, where he has been appointed pastor of the Baptist church. We wish him prosperity."

All friends of our coloured brethren and sisters, the Johnsons and Richardsons, will be glad to know that they have reached Africa in safety, after a pleasant voyage of thirty-five days. They have already found work among the natives of the Bakwilli tribe. Victoria, where they are remaining for a while, is a place of refuge for natives who escape when their countrymen accuse them of witchcraft, and it is, therefore, an admirable spot for a mission station. Mr. Richardson says, in a letter dated January 14, that he expected to go the next week with Mr. Quintin Thomson, "to hunt out a place where there never has been an altar for God," and he asks our earnest prayers on behalf of the work they hope to commence there.

Our worthy brother, Mr. Hamilton, of Cape Town, has arrived in England, and has probably by this time made his case known to many who may be able to help him in building his greatly needed chapel. We hope before he returns he will have secured the full amount he needs, for he richly deserves it. It will be a disgrace to British Christianity if at the time that England is paying so many millions for the purpose of destroying some of the inhabitants of Africa, the few hundreds or thousands that are required for this work of saving souls in another portion of that too long neglected country are not readily forthcoming. No one can mistake the principles of Mr. Hamilton and his friends,

and yet so thoroughly has he won the affection of all denominations that he brings home with him from the Cape testimonials, not only from his brethren in the Baptist ministry, but also from the two pastors of the Independent church, two incumbents of English Episcopal churches, and the ministers of the Scotch Presbyterian and Wesleyan churches.

ORPHANAGE.—The boys have written us some of the prettiest letters possible. Bless their hearts. Our invaluable Headmaster has brought in for the funds £86 9s. 1d. for this month from the Services of Song which have been held by the boys. This is noble indeed. He begs us to say that the choir of orphan boys are engaged to sing, April 1, at Witney; 2, Stratford-on-Avon; 3, Evesham; 4, Chipping Norton; 7, Cambridge; 9, Water-beach; 15, John Street, Edgware Road; 22, Chelsea; 24, St. Albans. Will our loving friends in all these places welcome our boys? We bespeak for them the kind consideration which those may well receive who are "cast upon the fatherhood of God."

EVANGELISTS.—We have referred elsewhere to the work of Messrs. Clarke and Smith during the month of February. At the close of the special services at the Tabernacle Mr. Clarke was ordered to take at least a month's rest. He was, therefore, unable to accompany Mr. Smith to West Croydon, from March 2 to 7, but his place was supplied as far as possible by various students from the College, and Mr. Gwillim, one of the elders of the Tabernacle Church, proved an able substitute at the meetings announced for Boston, Lincolnshire, from March 15 to 28. It is hoped that Mr. Clarke will be sufficiently recovered to labour with Mr. Smith at Bacup from April 12 to 28. Our services at the Tabernacle have shown us that we have other excellent Evangelists ready to go forth, but they must wait till the Lord sends the means, which also he will do in his own good time in answer to prayer. This evangelistic work is one of the most profitable for the gathering in of many sheaves for the Master's garner, and our marvel is that the stewards of the Lord do not see this and put their Lord's money into this bank, since the interest is high and the security indisputable.

Since our last notice of Mr. Burnham's work, we have received the following reports:—The last five days in January were spent by him at the Baptist Chapel,

Southwood-lane, *Highgate*, of which our good friend, J. H. Barnard, writes, "The attendance proved very encouraging, considering the extreme severity of the weather which prevailed on these northern heights at the time. The interest in the services was well maintained from evening to evening, and many who have not been accustomed to attend any place of worship were attracted to the meeting by Mr. Burnham's singing. His addresses were listened to with much attention, being very happily illustrated, and his 'Gospel Melodies' were highly appreciated. . . . I am rejoiced to say that these services have resulted in much spiritual refreshing to our church members, and to all believers who have taken part in them; and we have reason to hope that impressions have been made upon the unconverted and undecided."

The next place visited was *Ecton*, Northampton, from February 2nd to 6th, Pastor John Field says, "Having just been favoured with a visit from Mr. Burnham, one of the Evangelists from the Tabernacle, I think it is only right that we should bear testimony to the work being done by our brother. I cannot conceive an agency more required, or better calculated to benefit our cause, than this evangelistic work. I wish most heartily every village church could be visited by our brother or some other persons equally qualified. There is no disguising the fact, it is a hard struggle to maintain many of our village stations: the work falls heavily upon a few hands, and unless we can attract and interest the masses our places of worship will soon be closed. . . . On Sunday our little chapel was crowded all day, and on the week evenings the attendance was good throughout, many being attracted who have not been into a place of worship for years. Breathless attention was observed while our brother sang his beautiful melodies, which seemed to go to every heart."

On Friday evening, February 7, Mr. Burnham conducted a service at the Baptist Chapel, *Earl's Barton*, which was crowded to the doors, many being obliged to remain standing outside for want of room inside the building. Mill-street Chapel, *Bedford*, was visited on the following Tuesday. An exceedingly wet and uncomfortable evening prevented a large gathering, but the audience was a very hearty and appreciative one, and the evangelist received a most cordial invitation to "come again." February 12th to 16th was spent at *Broughton*, near Kettering, where a good number assembled each

evening in spite of the heavy rain and dense darkness. Our dear old friend, John Palmer, of Cransley, says—"I can heartily endorse Mr. Burnham's services. I was deeply interested in his graphic style and touching illustrations. On Lord's-day he preached in the afternoon and evening to full congregations, deeply attentive, and I am sure if the devil

'Trembles when he sees

The weakest saint upon his knees'

he trembled here when under the divine influence of the Holy Ghost we were singing so heartily, 'Tell it with joy,' and 'A little talk with Jesus.'"

On Monday and Tuesday, February 17 and 18, Mr. Burnham held services at *St. Peter's*, in the Isle of Thanet, "with good results." The remainder of the week Mr. Burnham was engaged at *Ramsgate and Deal*, and since then he has visited *Fornett, Barrowden, Ketton, Gretton, Bures, and Sudbury*. The greater part of April he is to be at *Lainceston* and its neighbourhood, and on his way up to the Conference will spend an evening or two at his former pastorate at Fivehead and Isle Abbots.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE EVANGELISTS' ASSOCIATION.—Mr. Elvin sends us a summary of the work done by this useful organization since the annual meeting in September last. The total number of Sunday services has been 383, of which 183 have been held at the stations belonging to the Association; 151 at other mission halls, supplies have been sent thirty-six times to various chapels, and thirteen Sunday evening services have been held in different places of worship as the commencement of a week's evangelistic work. The week-night engagements have numbered 254, of which 122 have been special services held on successive evenings, for a series of three, five, eight, or even eleven meetings, supplies have been sent regularly to 99 prayer-meetings or weekly lectures, and occasionally to 33 other services.

We are glad to hear that the article in the December number of our magazine has brought some financial help to the funds of the Association, although we trust other contributions are on the way. A lady who has just sent £20 as a special thankoffering to God expresses the hope that the committee "will succeed in obtaining what will enable them to establish many new mission halls for Christ's sake." She has given her "mite with her warmest sympathy and heartfelt appreciation of their noble work."

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from February 18th to March 15th, 1879.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Elders' Bible Class Metropolitan Tabernacle	5	0	0
Oxford Association, Witney District	10	0	0
Hadleigh District	10	0	0
Northampton Association, Walgrave District	10	0	0
Northampton Association, Sulgrave District	10	0	0
Newbury District	10	0	0
A Friend for Kent	31	7	0
Matlock and Wirkworth Association	29	9	0
Skipsea District	10	0	0
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde	10	0	0
Dorchester District	10	0	0
Kingsteignton District	7	10	0
Tiptree District	10	0	0
Mrs. R. Clark, for Cheddar	5	0	0
	£163	6	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Davies, Pontesbury	0	3	0
H. M.	20	0	0
Dr. Moreton	1	0	0
Mr. J. West	0	10	0
Rev. — Prescott	0	2	6
Miss Smith	3	0	0
E. B., Quarterly	25	0	0
F. Fishwick, Esq.	2	2	0
Rev. J. Higg	0	4	0
Mission Box, Houston, per Miss Lang	1	5	0
Mrs. T.	10	0	0
Miss Wade	1	0	0
	£64	6	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from February 20th to March 19th, 1879.

	£	s.	d.
Mission Box, Houston, per Miss Lang	0	10	0
A Newly Baptized One	0	2	6
Clarence Street Baptist Church, Penzance	3	0	0
"A Friend in Scotland"	10	0	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald"	10	2	2

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. T.	10	0	0
F. F.	0	2	6
	£33	17	2

The Spurgeon Testimonial.

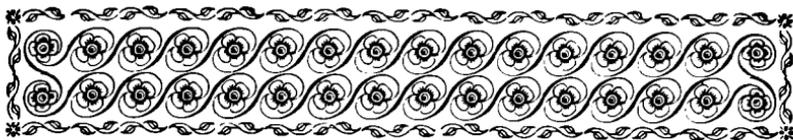
Receipts to March 19th.

	£	s.	d.
THIRD LIST.			
Miss Kierman	0	5	0
Mrs. Rawlinson	0	3	6
Mr. J. F. McHaffie	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. J. F. McHaffie	1	7	6
Miss Scoular	1	0	0
W. R. F.	5	0	0
Elizabeth Vesey	1	0	0
Mrs. Clark	0	5	0
Miss Bubb	0	5	0
Mr. Chamberlain	2	2	0
Mr. W. Botting	2	2	0
Per Mr. S. Bedford	0	1	1
Collected by Mr. Bell	2	0	0
Mr. Norton Smith	1	1	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	5	0	0
Mr. J. Coxeter	6	0	0
Per Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelists' Association:—	0	5	0
Miss Levett	0	2	0
Miss Hart	0	2	0
Miss Lilly	0	3	0
	0	19	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. G. Downing	10	0	0
Mr. G. T. Congreve	5	0	0
Mr. S. Barrow	10	0	0
Mr. R. (Peckham)	1	1	0
Mr. J. McFarlane	0	10	0
Mr. Bloodworth	1	0	0
Mr. W. T. Smith	0	10	0
Rev. W. Osborne	0	10	0
Mrs. Osborne	0	10	0
Friends at Dacre Park, per Rev. W. Usher	0	12	6
A Reader of "The Sword and the Trowel," per Rev. A. Macdougall	1	0	0
Rev. A. Bird	0	5	0
Additional for Bazaar:—	13	11	7
The Sunday School	2	13	3
The Evangelists' Association, Mr. Elvin	7	17	6
But-her's' Festival Committee	1	4	0
Tickets	1	4	0
	£85	7	11

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week.

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THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MAY, 1879.

Under the Apple Tree.

A COMMUNION SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.”—Solomon’s Song ii. 3.

CHRIST known should be Christ used. The spouse knew her Beloved to be like a fruit-bearing tree, and at once she sat under his shadow, and fed upon his fruit. It is a pity that we know so much about Christ, and yet enjoy him so little. May our experience keep pace with our knowledge, and may that experience be composed of a practical using of our Lord. Jesus casts a shadow, let us sit under it: Jesus yields fruit, let us taste the sweetness of it. Depend upon it that the way to learn more is to use what you know; and, moreover, the way to learn a truth thoroughly is to learn it experimentally. You know a doctrine beyond all fear of contradiction when you have proved it for yourself by personal test and trial. The bride in the Song as good as says, “I am certain that my beloved casts a shadow, for I have sat under it, and I am persuaded that he bears sweet fruit, for I have tasted of it.” The best way of demonstrating the power of Christ to save is to trust in him and be saved yourself; and of all those who are sure of the divinity of our holy faith, there are none so certain as those who feel its divine power upon themselves. You may reason yourself into a belief of the gospel, and you may by further reasoning keep yourself orthodox; but a personal trial, and an inward knowing of the truth are incomparably the best evidences. If Jesus be as an apple tree among the trees of the wood do not keep away from him, but sit under his shadow and taste his fruit. He is a Saviour; do not believe that fact and yet remain

unsaved. As far as Christ is known to you, so far make use of him. Is not this sound common sense?

We would further remark that *we are at liberty to make every possible use of Christ*. Shadow and fruit may both be enjoyed. Christ in his infinite condescension exists for needy souls. Oh, let us say it over again: it is a bold word, but it is true,—as Christ Jesus, our Lord exists for the benefit of his people. A Saviour only exists to save. A physician lives to heal. The good shepherd lives, yea dies, for his sheep. Our Lord Jesus Christ hath wrapped us about his heart; we are intimately interwoven with all his offices, with all his honours, with all his traits of character, with all that he has done, and with all that he has yet to do. The sinner's Friend lives for sinners, and sinners may have him and use him to the uttermost. He is as free to us as the air we breathe. What are fountains for, but that the thirsty may drink? What is the harbour for but that storm-tossed barques may there find refuge? What is Christ for but that poor guilty ones like ourselves may come to him and look and live, and afterwards may have all our needs supplied out of his fulness?

We have thus the door set open for us, and we pray that the Holy Spirit may help us to enter in while we notice in the text two things which we pray that you may enjoy to the full. First, *the heart's rest in Christ*—"I sat down under his shadow with great delight." And, secondly, *the heart's refreshment in Christ*—"His fruit was sweet unto my taste."

I. To begin with, we have here **THE HEART'S REST IN CHRIST**. To set this forth let us notice the character of the person who uttered this sentence. She who said, "I sat down under his shadow with great delight," was one who *had known before what weary travel meant, and therefore valued rest*; for the man who has never laboured knows nothing of the sweetness of repose. The loafer who has eaten bread he never earned, from whose brow there never oozed a drop of honest sweat, does not deserve rest, and knows not what it is. It is to the labouring man that rest is sweet; and when at last we come, toilworn with many miles of weary plodding, to a shaded place where we may comfortably "sit down," then are we filled with delight.

The spouse had been seeking her beloved, and in looking for him she had asked others where she was likely to find him. "Tell me," says she, "where he feeds his sheep, and makes them rest at noon." They told her to go and seek him by the footsteps of the flock, and they used these words, "Go thy way." She did go her way, but after awhile she came to this resolution: "I will *sit down* under his shadow." Many of you have been sorely wearied with going your way to find peace. Some of you tried ceremonies and multiplied them, and the priest came to your help; but he mocked your heart's distress. Others of you sought by various systems of thought to come to an anchorage; but, tossed from billow to billow, you found no rest upon the seething sea of speculation. More of you tried by your good works to gain rest to your consciences. You multiplied your prayers, you poured out floods of tears, you hoped, by almsgiving and by the like, that some merit might accrue to you, and that your heart might feel acceptance with God, and so have rest. You toiled and toiled, like the men that were in the vessel with Jonah,

when they rowed hard to bring their ship to land, but could not, for the sea wrought and was tempestuous. There was no escape for you that way, and so you were driven to another way, even to rest in Jesus. My heart looks back to the time when I was under a sense of sin, and sought with all my soul to find peace, but could not discover it, high or low, in any place beneath the sky; yet when I "saw one hanging on a tree," as the Substitute for sin, then my heart sat down under his shadow with great delight. My heart reasoned thus with herself—Did Jesus suffer in my stead? Then I shall not suffer. Did he bear my sin? Then I do not bear it. Did God accept his Son as my Substitute? Then he will never smite *me*. Was Jesus acceptable with God as my sacrifice? Then what contents the Lord may well enough content me, and so I will go no farther, but "sit down under his shadow" and enjoy a delightful rest.

She who said "I sat down under his shadow with great delight," *could appreciate shade, for she had been sunburnt*. Did we not read just now her exclamation—"Look not upon me, for I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me"? She knew what heat meant, what the burning sun meant; and therefore shade was pleasant to her. You know nothing about the deliciousness of shade till you travel in a thoroughly hot country; then you are delighted with it. Did you ever feel the heat of divine wrath? Did the great Sun—that sun without variable-ness or shadow of a turning—ever dart his hottest rays upon you,—the rays of his holiness and justice? Did you cower down beneath the scorching beams of that great light, and say, "We are consumed by thine anger"? If you have ever felt *that*, you have found it a very blessed thing to come under the shadow of Christ's atoning sacrifice. A shadow, you know, is cast by a body coming between us and the light and heat; and our Lord's most blessed body has come between us and the scorching sun of divine justice, so that we sit under the shadow of his mediation with great delight.

And now if any other sun begins to scorch us we fly to our Lord. If domestic trouble, or business care, or Satanic temptation, or inward corruption oppresses us, we hasten to Jesus' shadow, to hide under him, and there "sit down" in the cool refreshment with great delight. The interposition of our blessed Lord is the cause of our inward quiet. The sun cannot scorch *me*, for it scorched *him*. My troubles need not trouble me, for he has taken my trouble, and I have left it in his hands. "I sat down under his shadow."

Mark well these two things concerning the spouse. She knew what it was to be weary, and she knew what it was to be sunburnt; and just in proportion as you, also, know these two things, your valuation of Christ will rise. You who have never pined under the wrath of God have never prized the Saviour. Water is of small value in this land of brooks and rivers, and so you commonly sprinkle the roads with it, but I warrant you that if you were making a day's march over burning sand, a cup of cold water would be worth a king's ransom; and so to thirsty souls Christ is precious, but to none beside.

Now, when the spouse was sitting down, restful and delighted, *she was overshadowed*. She says, "I sat down *under his shadow*." I do not know a more delightful state of mind than to feel quite overshadowed

by our beloved Lord. Here is my black sin, but there is his precious blood overshadowing my sin and hiding it for ever. Here is my condition by nature, an enemy to God; but he who reconciled me to God by his blood has overshadowed that also, so that I forget that I was once an enemy in the joy of being now a friend. I am very weak; but he is strong, and his strength overshadows my feebleness. I am very poor; but he hath all riches, and his riches overshadow my poverty. I am most unworthy; but he is so worthy that if I use his name I shall receive as much as if I were worthy: his worthiness doth overshadow my unworthiness. It is very precious to put the truth the other way, and say.—If there be anything good in me, it is not good when I compare myself with him, for his goodness quite eclipses and overshadows it. Can I say I love him? So I do, but I hardly dare call it love, for his love overshadows it. Did I suppose that I served him? So I would; but my poor service is not worth mentioning in comparison with what he has done for me. Did I think I had any degree of holiness? I must not deny what his Spirit works in me; but when I think of his immaculate life, and all his divine perfections, where am I? What am I? Have you not sometimes felt this? Have you not been so overshadowed and hidden under your Lord that you became as nothing? I know myself what it is to feel that if I die in a workhouse it does not matter so long as my Lord is glorified. Mortals may cast out my name as evil, if they like; but what matters it since his dear name shall one day be printed in stars athwart the sky? Let him overshadow me; I delight that it should be so.

The spouse tells us that when she became quite overshadowed, then *she felt great delight*. Great "*I*" never has great delight, for it cannot bear to own a greater than itself, but the humble believer finds his delight in being overshadowed by his Lord. In the shade of Jesus we have more delight than in any fancied light of our own. The spouse had *great* delight. I trust that you Christian people do have great delight, and if not you ought to ask yourselves whether you really are the people of God. I like to see a cheerful countenance; ay, and to hear of raptures in the hearts of those who are God's saints. There are people who seem to think that religion and gloom are married, and must never be divorced. Pull down the blinds on Sunday, and darken the rooms; if you have a garden, or a rose in flower, try to forget that there are such beauties: are you not to serve God as dolorously as you can? Put your book under your arm, and crawl to your place of worship in as mournful a manner as if you were being marched to the whipping post. Act thus if you will; but give me that religion which cheers my heart, fires my soul, and fills me with enthusiasm and delight,—for that is likely to be the religion of heaven, and it agrees with the experience of the inspired Song.

Although I trust that we know what delight means, I question if we have enough of it to describe ourselves as *sitting down* in the enjoyment of it. Do you give yourselves enough time to sit at Jesus' feet? *There* is the place of delight, do you abide in it? Sit down under his shadow. "I have no leisure," cries one. Try and make a little. Steal it from your sleep if you cannot get it anyhow else. Grant leisure to your heart. It would be a great pity if a man never spent five minutes

with his wife, but was forced to be always hard at work. Why, that is slavery, is it not? Shall we not then have time to commune with our best beloved? Surely, somehow or other, we can squeeze out a little season in which we shall have nothing else to do but to sit down under his shadow with great delight! When I take my Bible and want to feed on it for myself I generally get thinking about preaching upon the text and what I should say to you from it. This will not do; I must get away from that, and forget that there is a Tabernacle, that I may sit personally at Jesus' feet. And, oh, there is an intense delight in being overshadowed by him! He is near you, and you know it. His dear presence is as certainly with you as if you could see him, for his influence surrounds you. Often have I felt as if Jesus leaned over me, as a friend might look over my shoulder. Although no cool shade comes over your brow, yet you may as much feel his shadow as if it did, for your heart grows calm; and if you have been wearied with the family, or troubled with the church, or vexed with yourself, you come down from the chamber where you have seen your Lord, and you feel braced for the battle of life—ready for its troubles and its temptations, because you have seen the Lord. "I sat down," said she, "under his shadow with *great delight*." How great that delight was she could not tell, but she sat down as one overpowered with it, needing to sit still under the load of bliss. I do not like to talk much about the secret delights of Christians, because there are always some around us who do not understand our meaning; but I will venture to say this much—that if worldlings could but even guess what are the secret joys of believers, they would give their eyes to share with us. We have troubles, and we admit it, we expect to have them; but we have joys which are frequently excessive. We should not like that others should be witnesses of the delight which now and then tosses our soul into a very tempest of joy. You know what it means, do you not? When you have been quite alone with the heavenly Bridegroom, you wanted to tell the angels of the sweet love of Christ to you, a poor unworthy one. You even wished to teach the golden harps fresh music, for seraphs know not the heights and depths of grace as you know them.

The spouse had great delight, and we know that she had, for this one reason, that *she did not forget it*. This verse and the whole song is a remembrance of what she had enjoyed. She says, "I sat down under his shadow." It may have been a month, it may have been years ago; but she had not forgotten it. The joys of fellowship with God are written in marble. "Engraved as in eternal brass" are memories of communion with Christ Jesus. "Above fourteen years ago," says the apostle, "I knew a man." Ah, it was worth remembering all those years. He had not told his delight, but he had kept it stored up. He says, "Above fourteen years ago I knew a man in Christ Jesus, whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell, God knoweth," so great had his delights been. When we look back we forget birthdays, holidays, and bonfire-nights which we have spent after the manner of men, but we readily recall our times of fellowship with the Well-beloved. We have known our Tabors, our times of transfiguration-fellowship, and like Peter we remember when we were "with him in the holy mount." Our head has leaned upon the Master's bosom, and we can never forget

the intense delight; nor will we fail to put on record for the good of others the joys with which we have been indulged.

Now, I leave this first part of the subject, only noticing how beautifully natural it is. There was a tree, and she sat down under the shadow: there was nothing strained, nothing formal. So ought true piety ever to be consistent with common sense, with that which seems most fitting, most comely, most wise, and most natural. There is Christ, we may enjoy him, let us not despise the privilege.

II. The second part of our subject is THE HEART'S REFRESHMENT IN CHRIST. "His fruit was sweet to my taste." Here I will not enlarge, but give you thoughts in brief which you can beat out afterwards. *She did not feast upon the fruit of the tree till first she was under the shadow of it.* There is no knowing the excellent things of Christ till you trust him. Not a single sweet apple shall fall to the lot of those who are outside the shadow. Come and trust Christ, and then all that there is in Christ shall be enjoyed by you. Oh, unbelievers, what you miss! If you will but sit down under his shadow, you shall have all things, but if you will not, neither shall any good thing of Christ's be yours.

But as soon as ever she was under the shadow, then the fruit was all hers. "I sat down under his shadow," saith she, and then "his fruit was sweet to my taste." Dost thou believe in Jesus, friend? Then Jesus Christ himself is thine; and if thou dost own the tree, thou mayest well eat the fruit. Since he himself becomes thine altogether, then his redemption and the pardon that comes of it, his living power, his mighty intercession, the glories of his second advent, and all that belong to him are made over to thee for thy personal and present use and enjoyment. All things are yours since Christ is yours. Only mind you imitate the spouse: *when she found that the fruit was hers, she ate it.* Copy her closely in this. It is a great fault in many believers, that they do not appropriate the promises and feed on them. Do not err as they do. Under the shadow you have a right to eat the fruit. Deny not yourselves the sacred entertainment.

Now, it would appear, as we read the text, that *she obtained this fruit without effort.* The proverb says, "He who would gain the fruit must climb the tree." But she did not climb, for she says, "I sat down under his shadow." I suppose the fruit dropped down to her. I know that it is so with us. We no longer spend our money for that which is not bread, and our labour for that which satisfieth not; but we sit under our Lord's shadow, and we eat that which is good, and our soul delights itself in sweetness. Come Christian, enter into the calm rest of faith, by sitting down beneath the cross, and thou shalt be fed even to the full.

The spouse rested while feasting: she sat and ate. So, O true believer, rest whilst thou art feeding upon Christ. The spouse says, "I sat, and I ate." Had she not told us in the former chapter that the King sat at his table? See how like the church is to her Lord, and the believer to his Saviour! We sit down also, and we eat, even as the King doth. Right royally are we entertained. His joy is in us, and his peace keeps our hearts and minds.

Further, notice that *as the spouse fed upon this fruit she had a relish*

for it. It is not every palate that likes every fruit. Never dispute with other people about tastes of any sort, for agreement is not possible. That dainty which to one person is the most delicious is to another nauseous; and if there were a competition as to which fruit is preferable to all the rest, there would probably be almost as many opinions as there are fruits. But blessed is he who hath a relish for Christ Jesus! Dear hearer, is he sweet to you? Then he is yours. There never was a heart that did relish Christ but what Christ belonged to that heart. If thou hast been feeding on him, and he is sweet to thee, go on feasting, for he who gave thee a relish gives thee himself to satisfy thine appetite.

What are the fruits which come from Christ? Are they not peace with God, renewal of heart, joy in the Holy Ghost, love to the brethren? Are they not regeneration, justification, sanctification, adoption, and all the blessings of the covenant of grace. And are they not each and all sweet to our taste? As we have fed upon them, have we not said, "Yes, these things are pleasant indeed. There is none like them. Let us live upon them evermore." Now, sit down, sit down and feed. It seems a strange thing that we should have to persuade people to do that, but in the spiritual world things are very different from what they are in the natural. In the case of most men, if you put a joint of meat before them and a knife and fork, they do not need many arguments to persuade them to fall to. But I will tell you when they will not do it, and that is when they are full: and I will also tell you when they will do it, and that is when they are hungry. Even so, if thy soul is weary after Christ the Saviour, thou wilt feed on him; but if not, it is useless for me to preach to thee, or bid thee come. However, thou that art there, sitting under his shadow, thou mayest hear him utter these words: "Eat, O friend: drink, yea, drink abundantly." Thou canst not have too much of these good things: the more of Christ the better the Christian.

We know that the spouse feasted herself right heartily with this food from the tree of life, for *in after days she wanted more.* Will you kindly read on in the fourth verse. The verse which contains our text describes, as it were, her first love to her Lord, her country love, her rustic love. She went to the wood, and she found him there like an apple tree, and she enjoyed him as one relishes a ripe apple in the country. But she grew in grace, she learned more of her Lord, and she found that her best beloved was a King. I should not wonder but what she learned the doctrine of the second advent, for then she began to sing—"He brought me to the banqueting house." As much as to say,—He did not merely let me know him out in the fields as the Christ in his humiliation, but he brought me into the royal palace; and, since he is a King, he brought forth a banner with his own brave escutcheon, and he waved it over me while I was sitting at the table, and the motto of that banneret was love.

She grew very full of this. It was such a grand thing to find a great Saviour—a triumphant Saviour, an exalted Saviour! But it was too much for her, and she became sick of soul with the excessive glory of what she had learned; and do you see what her heart craves for? She longs for her first simple joys, those countrified delights. "Comfort

me with apples," she says. Nothing but the old joys will revive her. Did you ever feel like that? I have been satiated with delight in the love of Christ as a glorious, exalted Saviour when I have seen him riding on his white horse, and going forth conquering and to conquer; I have been overwhelmed when I have beheld him in the midst of the throne, with all the brilliant assembly of angels and archangels adoring him, and my thought has gone forward to the day when he shall descend with all the pomp of God, and make all kings and princes shrink into nothingness before the infinite majesty of his glory. Then I have felt as though I must fall at his feet as dead at the sight of him; and I have wanted somebody to come and tell me over again the old, old story of how he died in order that I might be saved. His throne overpowers me, let me gather fruit from his cross. Bring me apples from "the tree" again. I am awe-struck while in the palace, let me get away to the woods again. Give me an apple plucked from the tree, such as I have given out to boys and girls in his family, such an apple as this—"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Or this: "This man receiveth sinners." Give me a promise from the basket of the covenant. Give me the simplicity of Christ, let me be a child and feast on apples again, if Jesus be the apple-tree. I would fain go back to Christ on the tree in my stead, Christ overshadowing me, Christ feeding me. This is the happiest state to live in. Lord, evermore give us these apples. You recollect the old story we told years ago of Jack the huckster who used to sing—

"I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is my all in all."

Those who knew him were astonished at his constant composure. They had a world of doubts and fears, and so they asked him why he never doubted. "Well," said he, "I can't doubt but what I am a poor sinner, and nothing at all, for I know that, and feel it every day. And why should I doubt that Jesus Christ is my all in all? for he says he is." "Oh," said his questioner, "I have my ups and downs." "I don't," says Jack; "I can never go up, for I am a poor sinner, and nothing at all; and I cannot go down, for Jesus Christ is my all in all." He wanted to join the church, and they said he must tell his experience. He said, "All my experience is that I am a poor sinner and nothing at all, and Jesus Christ is my all in all." "Well," they said, "when you come before the church-meeting the minister may ask you questions." "I can't help it," said Jack, "all I know I will tell you; and that is all I know—

"I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is my all in all."

He was admitted into the church, and continued with the brethren, walking in holiness; but that was still all his experience, and you could not get him beyond it. "Why," said one brother, "I sometimes feel so full of grace, I feel so advanced in sanctification, that I begin to be very happy." "I never do," said Jack; "I am a poor sinner, and nothing at all." "But then," said the other, "I go down again, and think I am not saved, because I am not as sanctified as I used to be." "But I never doubt my salvation," said Jack, "because Jesus Christ is

my all in all, and he never alters." That simple story is grandly instructive, for it sets forth a plain man's faith in a plain salvation; it is the likeness of a soul under the apple-tree resting in the shade and feasting on the fruit.

Now, at this time I want you to think of Jesus, not as a prince, but as an apple-tree; and when this is done I pray you to *sit down under his shadow*. It is not much to do. Any child, when it is hot, can sit down in a shadow. I want you next to feed on Jesus: any simpleton can eat apples when they are ripe upon the tree. Come and take Christ, then. You who never came before, come now. Come and welcome. You who have come often, and have entered into the palace, and are reclining at the banqueting table, you lords and peers of Christianity, come to the common wood and to the common apple-tree where poor saints are shaded and fed. You had better come under the apple tree like poor sinners such as I am, and be once more shaded with boughs and comforted with apples, for else you may faint beneath the palace glories. The best of saints are never better than when they eat their first fare and are comforted with the apples which were their first gospel feast.

The Lord himself bring forth his own sweet fruit to you. Amen.

The Mule.

"WHEN the word of God is truly written upon a man's mind, and laid up in his heart, he will soon be declaring it and speaking of it to others. True grace seeks to diffuse and propagate itself. Naturalists observe that mules, and creatures that are of a mongrel race, do not procreate after their kind; even so false Christians are not for propagating and enlarging Christ's interests. Such men are not warm, spiritual, and heavenly in their discourses, and aim not at increasing the number of believers. Andrew when acquainted with Christ calls Peter, and both call Nathanael, saying, 'We have found the Messiah' (John i. 41—45). John calls his disciples. As a hen when she hath found a worm, or a barleycorn, clucks for her chickens, that they may come and partake of it with her; so a man acquainted with Christ, who hath tasted that the Lord is gracious, cannot hold his peace, but must be calling his friends and relations to come and share with him of the same grace. The more men have of God the more will they use their spiritual riches for the benefit of others, and the more eager will they be to employ all opportunities for doing good."

Reader, how does this brief paragraph bear upon you? It comes from the pen of an ancient master in Israel; let it lead you to self-examination. Especially enquire whether you are of the mulish breed, for a sterile life is not a spiritual life. He who is never troubled for the souls of others has great cause to be troubled for his own.

Brownlow North.*

PROMINENT amongst the gifts of the Ascension, and not the least in importance, is that of the Evangelist who, freed from local ecclesiastical ties, has "all the world" for his sphere and "every creature" for his auditory. In response to the imperative "Go!" of the divine Master, his business is "to preach the gospel in the regions beyond," and, while "the love of Christ constraineth" him to untiring diligence, he is confirmed in his course by the dread alternative, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel." Finding encouragement in the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway," he is allured by the assured issue to his labours, "In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." Of those whose names are enshrined in the apostolic history only two are specifically called evangelists, but it by no means follows that these were the only evangelists whose itinerant labours were blessed in founding or extending churches. That lay agency, as it is now termed, was widely employed admits of no question, for "those who were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the gospel," the enforced opportunity bringing with it the necessary gifts and securing a wider sphere for the exercise of those already possessed. One thing is clear, the apostles claimed no monopoly in preaching the gospel, but welcomed as auxiliaries all those who could witness for Christ. Paul even rejoiced that Christ was preached, though the constraining motive was more than questionable.

Why the succession of evangelists has not been maintained in one unbroken line it is, perhaps, not very difficult to determine. Many have regarded the gift as being merged in that of the pastor. That dual gifts are possessed by some individuals is evident, but has not the church been unreasonable in demanding them in every instance? The policy of economy has doubtless originated the demand that the pastor should exercise the diverse functions of the two offices. The fear of disturbing the relations of pastor and people has also led some churches to look askance at the evangelist. Pastors themselves have cherished feelings of jealousy, and have deprecated change under the mistaken notion that their supremacy would be impaired. "The craft is in danger" was a watchword which rallied the silversmiths of Ephesus, and it explained the ground of their opposition to the apostles; but for ministers of the gospel to yield to its influence and oppose evangelists admits of no defence, and yet we fear it has too often been the case. From these and other causes a permanent gift has been neglected as though it was only designed to be transient, and the aggressive power of the church has been weakened.

Not only has there been a gross neglect of the evangelistic gift, but when many have attempted to exercise it they have been cast forth from the fellowship of the church, and branded with opprobrious epithets. It has been the exception rather than the rule to recognise the gift as a boon and to hail its possessor as a divinely-ordained agent.

* "Brownlow North, B.A., Oxon. Records and Recollections." Rev. Kenneth Moody-Stuart, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton. 1878.

That the corrupt Church of Rome ejected some of her foremost evangelists when they proclaimed salvation apart from the sacraments does not surprise us, but for a Protestant church calling itself Evangelical to follow the example is, at once, a matter of regret and censure. In many instances Rome has shown the greater toleration and has conceded a degree of liberty which, had the Church of England extended the like to the Wesleys and others, would have led to their working within her pale. The rejection of the prophets as heaven-sent messengers in the past dispensation has had its counterpart in the treatment of evangelists in periods of the present dispensation.

The change which has been witnessed during the past twenty-five years in America and Great Britain has been the means of incalculable blessing to the churches. Men endowed with gifts have found scope for their exercise within the churches, and the results of their labours have been harvested. Perhaps at no previous period has there been such a preparedness for evangelistic efforts, never was the desire greater for such services than now. Since the revival in 1858 the churches have had forced upon them the necessity and importance of special means for reaching the population which lies outside the area of Christian fellowship. Even unauthorised adventurers have been welcomed as auxiliaries, though they have been unable to present the credentials of spiritual fitness and doctrinal information, and this has threatened to lead us back to the former state of things. The very name of evangelist has been in some quarters a synonym for charlatan, and the term "special services" has come to be regarded as an equivalent for unbridled enthusiasm and outraged propriety. Preaching has been debased into spiritual quackery, and the ministry has been travestied by gross caricatures. Burglary and fiddling to a pot-house audience have been relied upon as adventitious aids in securing an audience, and the power to weep at will has been urged as the clear proof of a divine mission. While we do not disparage a man on account of his antecedents, we protest against the practice of making capital out of past villainy. A narrative of criminal incidents in minute and revolting detail, after the manner of the *Police News*, may be regarded by some as a black foil for setting forth the glory of divine grace, but it may subserve, at the same time, the devil's interests and prove an education in vice and crime to those who miss the moral of the story. We trust we have seen the last phase of this kind of religious freebooting, and that a more healthful state of things has been inaugurated. We are not, however, quite sure of this, for fanaticism is far from extinct, and we have our eye upon a mournful instance of it, which we are right sorry to observe.

Foremost amongst those who have influenced the change for the better as to evangelists is the subject of the memoir now before us, which we commend to our readers as one of the best books of its kind. The author has executed his task with considerable care, and the result is a work of more than ordinary interest.

Grandnephew of Lord North, formerly premier, grandson of the Hon. and Rev. Brownlow North, Bishop of Winchester, and son of the Rev. Charles North, rector of Alverstokey, Brownlow North was descended from a noble and honoured ancestry. He was born in the

year 1810, and as his cousin, the Earl of Guildford, had no son, he was greeted at his birth as the heir to the earldom. His mother was a godly woman, and sought by prayer and Christian counsel to influence her son for good; but he was a wayward boy, and when at Eton he distinguished himself rather as an athlete than as a scholar, and was known by the soubriquet of Gentleman Jack. In his case, as in many others, an heirship was an excuse for reckless indifference, and his six years at Eton did very little for either his mental or moral character. The hero of the silver spoon may be envied by the boy of the wooden ladle, but an inherited patrimony is not to be preferred to an acquired competence. It is a poor building which must find its strength in buttressed walls, and the youth who is only propped up by fortune is an object of pity rather than of envy.

At the age of fifteen he went to Corfu, and joined his cousin, Lord Guildford, who, as chancellor of the Ionian Isles, had founded a theological college. It was hoped that the advantages of the classes would be prized, and the influence of his relative would exert a salutary influence; but finding one day the window of his class room converted into the last obstacle of an amateur steeplechase, Lord Guildford sent the scapegrace home as altogether beyond his control. After his return he was despatched to make the grand tour of the Continent, and finding his guardian tutor, on the first night of their arrival in Paris, in a gaming saloon, he insisted, under penalty of exposure, that all books of study should be left behind. While journeying to Rome he won from his tutor all the money with which he had been entrusted to defray the expenses, became master of the situation, and assumed the control of his guide. He was thus exposed to one of the greatest perils of youthful life—freedom from restraint, and the means of gratifying vicious propensities.

His father's eldest brother succeeding to the earldom, contrary to all expectation, Brownlow North was cast upon his own resources without a profession, and found himself a married man, at the age of nineteen. Having been made registrar of the diocese of Winchester by his grandfather, when a mere stripling, he found himself in receipt of only £300 a-year instead of the revenues of an earldom. This precious piece of patronage was the only fortune he ever possessed. To improve his finances he had recourse to the gaming table; but incurring liabilities he had no means of discharging, he escaped to France, and, after sending his wife and her two children home to his mother, he enlisted as a volunteer in Don Pedro's army in Portugal. Returning after an interval of a few months, he was forgiven, and joined his brother-in-law at Abergeldie Castle, and Scotland became the home of his adoption. Here he addicted himself to sport, and became the hero of many a wild adventure. In the midst of all his pleasure-seeking, old memories of a mother's teaching were revived, and former convictions broke in upon his false peace only to be dismissed, however, as unwelcome intruders. He little thought at this time that the claims of conscience would be asserted one day with an emphasis which would defy every Satanic expedient to silence them.

The illness of one of his children and the influence of a conversation he had with the Duchess of Gordon affected him for good, and he

resolved to enter Magdalen College, Oxford, as a gentleman-commoner, with the view of taking orders. When offered a curacy, he was conscious of his unfitness for ordination to the office, and when the bishop said to him, "Mr. North, if I were in your position and you in mine, would you ordain me?" he replied, "My lord, I would not." After leaving Oxford, he fell back again into his old ways, and lived in forgetfulness of God, and hoped that God would forget him. In sheer desperation he declared, as he afterwards confessed, "I must have my sins; I know the consequences, but I accept them; I accept damnation as my portion." How hardly are they pressed whom the devil drives! But this state of things was destined to come to a close, and the story of his conversion shall be told in his own words, as narrated before the students of Edinburgh University in 1862:—

"It pleased God," he said, "in the month of November, 1854, one night when I was sitting playing at cards, to make me concerned about my soul. The instrument used was a sensation of sudden illness, which led me to think I was going to die. I said to my son, 'I am a dead man; take me upstairs.' As soon as this was done, I threw myself down on the bed. My first thought then was, 'Now, what will my forty-four years of following the devices of my own heart profit me? In a few minutes I shall be in hell, and what good will all these things do me for which I have sold my soul?' At that moment I felt constrained to pray; but it was merely the prayer of the coward, a cry for mercy. I was not sorry for what I had done; but I was afraid of the punishment of my sin. And yet still there was something trying to prevent me putting myself on my knees to call for mercy, and that was the presence of the maid-servant in the room, lighting my fire. Though I did not believe at that time that I had ten minutes to live, and knew that there was no possible hope for me but in the mercy of God, and that if I did not seek that mercy I could not expect to have it, yet such was the nature of my heart and of my spirit within me, that it was a balance with me, a thing to turn this way or that, I could not tell how, whether I should fall on my knees before that girl, and I believe it was the turning point with me. I believe that if I had at that time resisted the Holy Ghost—of course I cannot say, for who shall limit the Holy Ghost?—but my belief is that it would have been once too often. By God's grace I was not prevented. I did pray, and though I am not what I should be, yet I am this day what I am, which, at least, is not what I was."

Although the change was apparent, Christian people looked upon him with some degree of suspicion, fearing his reform was due to a temporary resolution, if indeed they did not call in question the grace which had saved him. Giving himself to the word of God and prayer, the anguish of soul which attended his conviction melted into the "joy of the Holy Ghost," and the distress of mind which followed his conversion was at length dispelled by "the peace of God which passeth all understanding." His consistency disarmed suspicion, and his growth in grace soon proved the reality of his spiritual birth.

At this period he frequently got up in the night, went to his study and agonized in prayer, and during the day he took long walks for meditation, and gave tracts to everyone he met. In this way he

acquired health of soul, which charmed away his doubts, and he gained strength and resolution for Christian service. Although the issue of the conflict was certain the process was so painful that, ten years afterwards, he expressed the wish that his worst enemy might be spared the same ordeal. In the course of his subsequent ministry he never referred to his career during his unconverted days, except in the most general terms.

As the grace of God in the soul is communicative, as well as expansive, after two months' retirement in the sanctuary of his own room, spent in reading the Bible and prayer, he came forth resolved upon devoting himself to the service of Christ. Strong as was his resolution it cost him many a hard struggle to give even a tract to his former companions and those who had known him in his wild days; but once accomplished the act soon became a fixed habit. His sphere of usefulness now began to expand, and his next effort is here described in his own words:—"When I first came to know the Lord the spirit said to me, 'Brownlow North, there's that woman in the porter's lodge; you ought to go and speak to her about religion.' But the flesh said, 'Do nothing of the sort: keep what you've got to yourself.' But the spirit gave me no rest till I went to the woman at the porter's lodge and read the Bible to her, and told her what the Lord had done for my soul. Then, again, the spirit said to me, 'There's that washerwoman in the town, you know; you should go to her, and read and pray with her also.' But the flesh said, 'Do nothing of the sort; she will most likely think that she has more religion than you have.' Still, the spirit would give me no rest till I read and prayed with the washerwoman also."

His next plan was to conduct a cottage meeting, consisting of a dozen shoemakers. In a very short time the number increased, and as his fame spread the neighbours crowded even the sick rooms where they knew he was visiting, often to the inconvenience of the sufferers. His work in Elgin led to the permanent appointment of a town missionary—one gentleman making over the sum of £1,000, the interest of which should go towards his support.

Coming to London on a visit to his mother, he called to see a young Scotchman who was then acting as secretary to a Young Men's Christian Institute, and he accompanied him to King's Cross, where he was to hold an open-air service. The address of his Scotch friend appears to have lacked point and force, and there was a call for "that stout man with dark eyes" to speak. Seizing the opportunity he soon commanded respectful attention, and when he had finished he was saluted with "Go on, sir; we want to hear more." This providential circumstance, which points a moral, gave him the opportunity for preaching the gospel, and he was greatly encouraged by his success.

Returning to Scotland, he went to his old residence for change and rest, but, as the minister of the Free Church was suddenly called away, Brownlow North was requested to occupy his place, and being informed that the church would be closed unless he consented to do so, he yielded to the importunity. He preached again the following Sunday, and the next week he conducted a series of services in a neighbouring town.

He now felt that he had a distinct call to preach, and he writes—"I

have done all the harm I could in Scotland, and now I intend to remain and do all the good I can. I am not an authorized preacher," he adds, "but I'll tell you what I am; I am a man who has been to the brink of the bottomless pit and have looked in, and as I see many of you going down to that pit, I am here to 'hollo' you back, and warn you of your danger. I am here, also, as the chief of sinners, saved by grace, to tell you that the grace which has saved me can surely save you." In such a case the lessons of experience were better than the lectures of the college, and the pangs of anxiety a better stimulus than the emoluments of office. The apostolic exhortation to "do all in the name of the Lord Jesus" gave him a warrant which no human ordination could have done. He used to say to others, "If you can do it in the name of Jesus, *do it*: if not, *don't!*" Being fairly committed to the work, invitations to preach came from all quarters. Assured of his commission, he went forth nothing daunted; certain of the issue, in dependence upon the Spirit, he reaped the blessing he believed would follow. As a preacher he was natural, simple, and Scriptural, and as he had a commanding presence and considerable power of language, he fulfilled all the conditions of success in soul-winning.

Avoiding the conventional model of a sermon, he talked from the standpoint of his attainment in the subject of discourse. He seldom wrote more than the heads of his address, and being sure of the truths he wished to enunciate and enforce he left the form of expression to the influence of the hour. That large crowds were always attracted, and that souls were blessed, must be held sufficient to justify the course he pursued, and it would be a clear gain, we submit, if ministers generally would adopt a similar method. A rhythmical diction is essential to poetry, but it is not a *sine qua non* in successful preaching. When sentences fly from a speaker like the coruscations from a bar of metal on the anvil they will burn their way into consciences, but when they fall like minted coins from the mould, however pretty and valuable they may be, they may easily be rejected at will, and their influence as the medium of impression will be lost. "We also believe, and therefore *speak*" is the watchword of a true preacher. To be dull for the sake of being logically consistent is a doubtful gain, and to sacrifice force of appeal to felicity of expression is a decided loss.

If we were called upon to formulate Brownlow North's preaching, we should state the topics in the following order:—

1. God is! His personality, omniscience, and eternity are necessary attributes.
2. God has spoken! The Bible is the revelation of the purposes and promises of God.
3. God sent his Son! In Christ the love and mercy of God are revealed to the world.
4. Christ died! The death of Jesus is an adequate atonement for sin.
5. The Spirit has been given! The power of God in the conviction, conversion, and sanctification of the sinner operates through his ministry.
6. Man is a sinner! He is deprived of the power and will to save himself.

7. Man is immortal! Death fixes his eternal condition of happiness or woe.
8. The gospel is the authoritative declaration of pardon on the ground of the atonement, and is commended to all.
9. God is not made willing to pardon the sinner by his penitence or prayers.
10. Preaching is the ordained means for urging sinners to accept the pardon freely offered through Jesus Christ, and to be received by faith.

As he preached Christ, not casuistry; evangelical doctrine, and not ecclesiastical dogma, he became wise in soul winning, and the stability of those converted through his instrumentality was very marked. Having delivered his message, he rarely remained to speak to the anxious at the close of the service, but would freely accord them an interview on the following day. In his case this method worked as well as the after-meeting for enquirers under other evangelists. We see from this that the Lord is not restricted to any one order of working, and we press the point because many have come to believe that very little good attends a service unless the ante-rooms are filled with weeping penitents at the close.

Brownlow North's call as an evangelist being established, an overture was made to accord him a formal recognition in connection with the assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, in May, 1859. A very animated debate was provoked by the resolution, and an amendment was proposed to "remit the question to the Presbytery of Edinburgh, to consider and report to the ensuing commission of assembly in August," notwithstanding the fact that the overture was signed by sixty-eight ministers and thirty-eight elders. The amendment being gracefully withdrawn, Brownlow North received a full recognition, which, without infringing his liberty, gave him access to the Free Churches of Scotland. This was a decided gain in every way, for it gave him a status in the eyes of the people which he could turn to good account, and the results of his labours were gleaned by the ministers with whom he laboured. The principle is so good that we trust no evangelist will attempt to labour, except in immediate connection with some evangelical denomination, or at least a committee of representative men. The churches, too, should hesitate before accepting a man, unless his credentials are duly authenticated. We do not urge this to fetter church action or to interfere with personal liberty, but to secure a sufficient guarantee of fitness for the work as to character, ability, and doctrine.

A certain class of people denounce system because they have fallen themselves into the conservatism of an intolerant bigotry; they denounce ordination, but take care to follow their own leaders with a blind exclusiveness. In the present disjointed state of society, system is important, and authority is not to be despised, and when both combine to secure order and decorum they are greatly to be desired.

We have reserved no space for interesting incidents in the career of Brownlow North as an evangelist, for these we must refer our readers to the book. As we rise from its perusal we are conscious of having been in the presence of a remarkable man. His work absorbed all his

energies and commanded every moment of his time. He lived to labour, and laboured to save souls and glorify the Saviour to the last. After only a brief respite of ten days, he finished his course with joy, and a friend who visited him writes—

“As I looked at him, he seemed like a great ship of war slowly entering the harbour, the sails all furled, the guns unshotted, the excitement and the perils of the voyage over, and the desired haven reached.”

Thus, after spending twenty-one years in the ministry of the gospel, he died November 9, 1875. Doubtless he has realized the fruition of his cherished hopes, and now rests from his labours according to the promise, “Where I am there shall also my servant be.”

VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

The Best Plea.

PLUTARCH tells us that the Rhodians appealed to the Romans for help, and one suggested that they should plead the good turns which they had done for Rome. This was a plea difficult to make strong enough, very liable to be disputed, and not at all likely to influence so great a people as the Romans, who would not readily consider themselves to be debtors to so puny a state as that of Rhodes. The Rhodians were, however, wiser than their counsellor, and took up another line of argument, which was abundantly successful: they pleaded the favours which in former times the Romans had bestowed upon them, and urged these as a reason why the great nation should not cast off a needy people for whom they had already done so much.

Herein is wisdom. How idle it would be for us to plead our good works with the great God! What we have done for him is too faulty, and too questionable to be pleaded; but what he has done for us is grand argument, great in itself and potent with an immutable Benefactor. Legal pleading soon meets a rebuff; yea, it trembles even before it leaves the pleader's mouth, and makes him ashamed while he is yet at his argument. Far otherwise fares it with the humble gratitude which gathers strength as it recalls each deed of love, and comforts itself with a growing assurance that he who has done so much will not lose his labour, but will do even more, till he has perfected that which concerneth us. Sinners run fearful risks when they appeal to justice: their wisdom is to cast themselves upon free grace. Our past conduct is a logical reason for our condemnation; it is in God's past mercy to us that we have accumulated argument for hope. The Latin sentence hath great truth in it, *Deus donando debet*, God by giving one mercy pledges himself to give another; he is not indebted to our merit, his only obligation is that which arises out of his own covenant promise, of which his gifts are pledges and bonds. Let us remember this when next we urge our suit with him.

Twelve Months Ago.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

TWELVE months ago! and yet it seems but yesterday, so quickly does time fly. Twelve months ago I was the happy guest of Mr. William Gibson, at Perth, Tasmania. April 11, 1878 was a gala day for Perth in general, and for Native Point, the residence of my host, in particular. The occasion was in reality the annual excursion of the Sunday-school connected with Perth Baptist Chapel; but so general was the invitation that all who cared to come were welcome to share the hospitality. Thus old and young, with many scholars who I fear had joined the school suspiciously late, enjoyed the *treat*, and such indeed it was. The lovely climate of Tasmania's favoured isle treated us to one of its best productions, and from dawn of day till evening time the weather was fair throughout.

The commissariat department, too, treated us well, for days before cakes and tarts and puddings had been in course of preparation, the kitchen meanwhile being, in more senses than one, a scene of stir. The early morning found willing hands busy indoors cutting sandwiches and cakes, others out of doors erecting triumphal arches and a temporary booth beside the river. About eleven o'clock waggon-loads of young folks in holiday attire came down the hill singing so merrily that even the heavy cart-horses became lighthearted too, and actually trotted with their lively loads. Then began the amusements and games, which were of the usual merry kind, but boating proved the great attraction. Well do I remember pulling a boat crammed with delighted passengers, many of whom had never been on the water before. Three times I unloaded my craft and renewed the passenger list, and the pretty winding Esk, with verdant banks and graceful willows, was all the brighter for the splash of oars and the ringing laughter of happy hearts. All day long the jollity continued, and the climax was reached when Mr. G., his little grandson, and myself mounted a waggon and scattered peppermints and halfpence amongst the enthusiastic crowd. Having to commence a journey that evening, I had time only to call for three ringing cheers from the children for their kind benefactor, and hastened off to catch the train. Thus do Baptist folks enjoy themselves at the antipodes, much as we do at home on similar occasions, for our faith is one of joy and gladness. Well do I remember that evening's travel, and how I thought of home, and now that I have been restored to family and friends, no wonder that I think of scenes and circumstances twelve months ago.

I have been reminded lately of the pressing need in Tasmania of earnest gospel ministers. Thank God there are some there, but there are places which should be rejoicing in a Baptist church, and would be, if men were forthcoming to found and start them. The township of Longford, situate a few miles from Perth, is a grand field, and Deloraine, at the terminus of the railway, is a still more necessitous locality. In each of these places there is a good hall, in which I have preached many times to crowds of eager listeners, and doubtless these could be hired to commence in. Better still, there are several good friends who long and

pray for labourers in the harvest field, and Mr. Gibson assures me that if only some earnest brother would volunteer to serve the Lord so far from home he would receive a hearty welcome and expense of passage would be defrayed. I was journeying to Deloraine myself that evening, and on arrival made arrangements for services there the following Sabbath week. Early next morning I and my friend, who by the way was doubly so, for his name was Friend, mounted a chaise-cart and started for the North-West Coast. The mist hung thickly over the township, especially about the "Meander," which ripples through it; but we were soon above the fog. Then all the beauties of an autumn day began, and for several miles up and down hill on a good road we mightily enjoyed the morning drive. Most of the road to the coast is celebrated for being the roughest in the country, and certainly I can confirm the statement. At a place called Stony-rises we were compelled to get out and walk, and we were constantly coming on rocky boulders and stumps of trees. Our steed, unfortunately, was obstinate, and instead of answering to the rein, he took us straight over rocks and roots, of which there were any quantity, the road never having been made—except *worse* by traffic and by winter rains. Most visitors to the coast, and it is a favourite resort of Australian tourists, journey by the steamer, preferring the rocks of the billows to the rocky roads.

About twenty miles on the way we halted at a creek for an hour, and regaled ourselves with sandwiches and hard boiled eggs, while our steed got outside a boxful of chaff and oats. At two o'clock we journeyed on, for we had twenty more miles to travel. After travelling ten of them, we reached the township of Latrobe, where we stopped for a while to arrange a service for the following week, and to refresh horse and passengers with cool draughts from the swiftly flowing stream. Another eight miles or so, and we crossed the river Don, and passed a settlement which owes its prosperity mainly to the existence of a large manufacturing firm, which employs a great number of hands at saw-mills, furniture making, etc. There we saw a Congregational church, in which I hoped to preach the following Sunday. Horses in Australia and Tasmania are capable of great endurance, but our steed, like his fellow-travellers, was not sorry when his journey was complete, and Hamilton-on-Forth, situated in a pretty valley, appeared in view. Our road skirted the hillside, and on our left a beauteous glen delighted us with lovely tree-ferns, peeping from beneath the thick undergrowth, or towering above with lace-like leaves and feathery fronds, all dressed in living green.

We soon found ourselves in a pretty little house with Swiss gables and home-like garden, and the kind friends who invited me to the Coast gave me a right hearty welcome. Mr. and Mrs. Fenton have long been ardent admirers of my honoured father. Mrs. F. devours everything which emanates from the study of Nightingale Lane, and is quite an enthusiast for the Tabernacle and its far-famed pastor. I found her delighting in the receipt of almanacks for '78 and in a whole heap of *Swords and Trowels*, which she seems to read more than once before they are given away. These good people loaded me with kindnesses, and seemed as if they could not do enough for the son of one they loved so well. There was no subject so interesting to them as my dear parents

and their labours for the Lord. The morning after my arrival at Hamilton I had a walk with my kind host to see the place and some of its most celebrated inhabitants. Foremost amongst these were Pastor Fairry and Philosopher Smith. The former, as his title denotes, is the resident minister, having oversight of three flocks congregating at the rivers Forth, Don, and Leven. In his snug little manse he showed us a second edition of the famous Rob Roy Canoe, in which he had paddled on the Barwon river at Geelong, Victoria, and even out at sea and up and down these streams.

We found the philosopher surrounded by his maps and books, his metals and his tools. He had just discovered that a destructive mouse, with a decided taste for mineralogy, had entered a case, and had been eating the labels off his precious specimens.

Philosopher Smith is quite a celebrity. Left an orphan at an early age he worked in a trade at Lannceston, but being suddenly seized with a firm belief that his native island was rich in minerals he started off in search. So successful was he that he soon discovered a gold mine, and immediately his hitherto somewhat commonplace name was changed to Gold Smith. His next find was a silver mine, and again his nickname altered; but unfortunately neither of these turned out well, and our hero set out again, and roamed the mountains for weeks and months together, spending time and energies in the one desire to develop the mineral resources of his country. A most lonely life he led for many years, with scarce enough to live upon. Might we not learn a lesson from his untiring perseverance, and in still better quests spend our strength and time ungrudgingly in acquiring that real wisdom whose "fruit is better than gold and her revenue than choice silver"? Mr. Smith's grand success was the discovery of a truly wonderful tin mine at Mount Bischoff, which is celebrated throughout the world. After this success he settled down quietly at Hamilton, took to himself a wife, and under the still more dignified title of Philosopher occupies himself with the study of minerals, and remains a referee and adviser in all mining matters. He showed us a testimonial presented to him by the Governor, expressive of gratitude for his services to the island, and recognizing in most flattering terms his untiring exertions in disclosing "the precious things of the lasting hills." Philosopher Smith was delighted to see me, and the usually grave old man became quite chatty.

He greatly rejoiced my heart by telling of a man from whom he had just received a letter, a man renowned for drunkenness and sin. To this person Mr. Smith had forwarded some of my dear father's sermons, printed in *The Australasian*, with the earnest prayer that they might reach his heart and change his course. This blessed result had been realized, and a happy letter from the new convert testified to joy in God's saving mercy, and thankfulness to his friend for sending the enlightening word. The seed scattered from the Tabernacle pulpit has brought forth fruit in the backwoods, and arrows shot at a venture have pierced the harness of many far from the preacher and further still from God.

The following day was the Sabbath. A bright, sunshiny morning brought the people out in great numbers, so that the Congregational church on a hill, a mile or so from the village, was, as the newspapers

had it, "thronged inside and out." It was a beautiful sight on a calm, tranquil Sabbath morn to watch the constant arrivals, most of them coming on horseback. They tied their steeds to posts and railings while the service lasted, and after a shake of the preacher's hand, and a chat with friends, remounted and made towards home. Some members of my audience had come very long distances, taking as much as two days on the journey; and many had trudged on foot along the sandy, rocky road for many weary miles. The word of the Lord was precious in those days, and any opportunity to hear a fresh voice proclaiming the old gospel was seized most eagerly. In the evening I rode with Mr. F. and others to the river Don, and held an equally enjoyable and crowded meeting. My pleasant labours over, several of us cantered home in the cool, clear evening, bright with the silvery moonlight. We went on our way rejoicing, and felt truly grateful for such a happy day.

I remember that as we neared our destination my two companions slackened rein and held a consultation, the subject of which I did not then discover. I learned afterwards that our fellow traveller enquired of Mr. Fenton if he would request me to baptize his child. They were about to ask my consent when Mr. F. suddenly remembered my unfortunately literal rendering of the verb "baptizo," and checked his friend in time. Speaking with my host on the subject I found he was like many unbaptized believers "almost persuaded," and I feel sure that a faithful ministry, which at fitting times brought this important matter before the notice of the people, would succeed in drawing many out to "follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth."

I spent three more pleasant days with my hearty friends, enjoying lovely walks and pleasant drives. Perhaps the best of these was to a township on the Penguin river. From a projecting headland we gained a very extensive view of all the north-west coast; the water was wonderfully smooth, a gentle breeze from the land rippled it, and filled the sails of several small vessels out at sea. As the sun went down the pale moon rose high, cattle luxuriated amongst the bushes near the shore, and out on the rocks the penguins stood, silently and solemnly minding their own business, probably that of fishing.

The next evening we sallied forth as incendiaries and endeavoured to burn some of the briars, which grew far too thickly everywhere. Our miniature bush-fire was not very successful, but it was some satisfaction to feel that we were benefiting society while we amused ourselves. The bramble is a great nuisance to the neighbourhood, and Mr. Fenton interested me by telling how he became responsible for its introduction. When first he settled in that district, nearly thirty years ago, a fellow colonist presented him with one of two blackberry cuttings he had obtained from "the old country." So interested was my host in anything that came from and reminded him of home that he watered and watched this little sprig with tenderest care. He soon had enough of it, however, and now his chief anxiety is to root up and destroy his former protégé as much as possible. It is difficult, indeed, to rid the place of such cumberers of the ground; and how hard it is to root up tendencies to evil and traces of the fall. These briars and brambles are but tokens of the sin which Adam, the first settler, introduced, and which nothing but grace divine can effectually exterminate.

On the Thursday of this happy week I was announced to preach at Latrobe, and drove thither in the morning, over the road I have before described ; but, alas, it was worse than ever, for the rain descended in torrents, and the road was slippery to the last degree. Well might I fear a poor attendance at the meeting, for, besides the rain, the facts that a service had been held there the night before by Mr. Varley, and that he was preaching that same evening a few miles away, would be likely enough to thin my audience. My fears, however, were unnecessary, for I found the Victoria Hall crammed with as many as five hundred people. Some of them had followed me from Hamilton, and were returning the same night, so anxious were they to hear the word once more.

The following day Mr. Varley passed through the township *en route* for Deloraine, but I was obliged to wait for a trap to take me on, which came so late that I was compelled to stay another night, there being no stage-coach or regular conveyance. On Saturday it still rained, and the roads were in a frightful condition. However, safe conduct was vouchsafed, and the cold and fatigue of a long journey were soon forgotten amidst welcomes and kindnesses from the family of a godly miller, with whom I had stayed before. On Sunday, April 21, the weather was as bad as ever, but the large hall in Deloraine was crowded, even though at night the people had to carry lanterns to guide them through the intense darkness. My readers will remember that Deloraine is one of the places I mentioned as a hopeful sphere for Christian service. The district is prosperous, and the population is increasing. There is a Church of England interest in the town, and one dissenting place of worship belonging, I think, to the Methodists, but this is poorly attended, and evidently an earnest, plain preacher is needed to reach the masses and evangelise the country round. Will you, my dear friends, join in my prayer to the Lord of the harvest that he will send out labourers fitted for this portion of the field ?

I left Deloraine next day and returned to Perth. There I preached the following Sunday, and during the next week addressed a conference of Christians at Launceston, convened by Mr. Varley and attended by great numbers of people from all parts. Soon after this I crossed the island and spent a while down south. Of my experiences at Hobart Town, and the work for the Lord that I was privileged to engage in, I may tell some other time. I can scarcely close my story without expressing to all my friends who so kindly brought me on my journey my hearty gratitude for all their interest and love which encouraged me to labour for the Master. It will take many twelvemonths to efface the memory of Tasmanian hospitality.

Most of all, I am thankful to the gracious God who led me all the way and bestowed on me the wondrous favour of allowing me to do his business in a "far country" amidst so much joy and blessing.

Colportage in England.—A Plea for Funds.

A PROVERB often quoted by thrifty people, or by those who would pass as such, is "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves"; and people take it for granted the saying is true, without stopping to perceive that it may admit of some qualification. The fact is that pounds will no more take care of themselves than pence; for many a mortal, after a life of toil and saving, has lived long enough to discover how readily riches may take to themselves wings and fly away. And yet there is a sense in which the proverb carries home to our hearts a useful admonition—Look well after the little things of life; be faithful in that which is least, and you will run but slight risk of neglecting more important duties. Suppose we were to parody the proverb thus: "Take care of the poor, and the rich will take care of themselves"—would that be true? Like the original, it is true in a sense, but not literally so. While the rich so far resemble gold that their stability can never be absolutely guaranteed, the work of the church lies chiefly among the poor. The humble classes constitute the bulk of the nation, and if it is well with them the abounding prosperity will ascend and spread, just as a tree with healthy roots will have luxuriant foliage and fruit-bearing boughs. If the roots below are right, there is sure to be healthy life in the branches above.

The system of colportage, commenced some few years ago in England, was organized to supply a pressing want of the times. The rich had books enough and to spare; it was time to look after the poor. It was not a new system, for the word is of French parentage, and signifies a mode of distributing literature in town and country which was practised in France some centuries ago. The colporteur with his pack was an innovation in England, however; and, to judge by the comparatively slight interest as yet awakened in his favour, he is not at present so heartily valued as he should be by a liberal public. As an active servant of the church the itinerant distributor of cheap literature ought to have been in constant operation since the days of the Reformation; and if his labours have been missed in the past, much more is his absence felt in days like our own, when education is becoming universally diffused and everybody is reading, when old and young will feed their minds on garbage if wholesome nutriment be not pressed upon their acceptance, for read they must and will.

The colporteur came upon the scene as a natural sequel to the abolition of the taxes on knowledge. It should be remembered that while the paper duty fettered the enterprise of reformers it also checked the issue of what was bad.

Now that the land is being flooded with printed paper of every kind, from what is enlightening and elevating to the merest trash, it behoves us to do our part in controlling the reading of the people; and in this service no better agent can be found than an energetic colporteur. To depict such a man as we have met with in his home, and at his work, is not difficult. As soon as you become acquainted with him and the ground he traverses you are convinced that of all individuals in the country he is the very one for his sphere; the district appears to be

specially made for him ; and though the villages have had no such visitor for centuries, either before or since the Dark Ages, everybody now agrees in testifying that his services are indispensable. The poor like his visits, because, as a poor man himself, he can talk to them in sympathetic tones. The sick are cheered by the sound of his footsteps, because he betrays the quiet earnestness of a man who could soon find a better craft if he were content to be a mere hireling. The children know his voice because he is tender and kind, winning them by love. The more well-to-do classes are glad when the day runs round for him to call again, because a bookseller's pack always has attractions for people of taste who have money to spend. Though all colporteurs are not of the same quality, we have not drawn an ideal picture. We have met with such a man ; we have accompanied him on the road ; we have gone with him into the cottages of the peasantry ; we have sat down with him at the tables of another class, and have profited by the intercourse. The good that such a man can do is incalculable. He is abroad six days of the week, and the weekly Sabbath is only rest to him by its bringing a change of occupation ; for then he preaches at one or more of the several stations of his district.

The sales effected by the colporteurs vary as widely as the characters of their districts, so that it would not be fair to test a man's capacity and zeal by his takings alone. At the present time, especially among the northern centres of industry, he finds that the times are hard for him, because when numbers are wanting work, books, though necessaries of life, are among the last things that needy people buy. Then a new district will not yield returns equal to one which has been worked sufficiently long to have a trade connection formed. The colporteur has to work his way like a man establishing an ordinary business, the reward being in proportion to his skill and perseverance. Taking the men as a body, the sum of £40 or £50 is required in subscriptions from the public to keep each individual at his post, some costing more and some less. An exact account is kept of what every man earns, and of the expenses he incurs ; but for obvious reasons we are obliged to keep pretty close to generalities. By way of illustration we may mention the highest and the lowest examples of sales during the year 1878. One agent in the Cheddar district took £303 18s. 9d. ; while another in the Midlands sent in only £27 14s. 2d. Though the difference is sufficiently striking, we should not be justified in forming hasty conclusions without properly understanding the circumstances attending each instance. The man in the Midlands may have conquered more difficulties than outsiders are likely to know about ; but his brother in Somerset has certainly done more than well in cultivating a district and sowing the seed which must yield a harvest both now and at a future day. The smaller sum may be the thin end of the wedge, which will tell a different tale when driven home. On the other hand, we are not surprised to find the more successful traveller subject to weariness of heart and seasons of despondency. Having done his best by taking advantage of every opportunity he finds that commercial depression, or even petty local causes, may occasion a turn in the tide of prosperity and thus curtail his usefulness.

A few other general facts will show at a glance the nature of the

work which has been carried on for some years by the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association. The number of men now engaged in the service is eighty-two; but in consequence of an empty exchequer, slackness of trade, and a lack of adequate support, several men will have to be withdrawn from their districts unless liberal supplies are immediately forthcoming. This alternative, if not averted, will amount to little short of an actual calamity to the districts directly concerned. If we can only realize a few facts in connection with the work, we shall see that strong terms are no exaggeration of the importance of the case. In an ordinary way, a colporteur's district will be thirty miles in circumference; and it is so arranged that he shall be able to call at every village once a month. For some time past the monthly sales of the Association have averaged nearly £700, and about a seventh part of this has been laid out in the Scriptures. The number of separate publications is about 30,000 a month, the majority of which range in price from a halfpenny to sixpence. This it must be remembered is in a large measure a forced sale over and above what could have occurred if the colporteur had not made the market. The publications do not greatly compete with the sales of ordinary booksellers; they rather supersede the low-priced rubbish which seems to have pushing agents to stimulate its circulation in every likely and unlikely place. As an evangelistic home mission agency anything more effective than this is not likely to be discovered; and in proportion to the realization of its worth by Christian people, far and near, will funds flow in for the support of the enterprise.

Having given the above facts illustrative of the general work of colportage, we will now attempt to portray one of the agents as he lives and works at home among his people. The district is that of Warminster; the agent our friend Samuel King, who is selected for our purpose because we are better acquainted with him and his locality than with some others.

The district is almost entirely agricultural. It is exceeding picturesque; and while it borders on Salisbury Plain, such ancient landmarks as Longleat Hall and the gigantic Saxon White Horse make the locality a circuit of great historical interest. A few small towns such as Warminster, Westbury, and Devizes are met with, but the work of the colporteur lies chiefly in the villages among the peasantry, although persons of a higher grade are never overlooked. The character of the people is found to vary as greatly as the privileges they enjoy, places which lack evangelical teachers being woefully benighted, while other villages are more favoured; but all alike show the need that exists for a Christian agency beyond what the State Church or Nonconformity supplies. The work of forming a business connection and becoming acquainted with the people is at first very uphill work. During the first few months the colporteur, be he ever so shrewd a judge of human nature, will hardly be able to say who are likely to prove his best friends. First appearances are deceptive; and future steadfast supporters may be the very people who return rude words for a civil salutation, or who slam their doors in the traveller's face. It is sometimes discouragingly hard to do battle with the natural hardness of the human heart; but in places where formalism prevails in the National Church of England the clergy

also lend their influence to the forces of the opposition. It is really astonishing to find how intensely evangelical doctrines are hated by men who are set up by the State as religious teachers, and who, it might be rationally supposed, would welcome colportage as something supplementary to their own endeavours in educating the people. Speaking of England generally, ungodly men who have obtruded into the church are among the bitterest opponents of the colporteurs; for they despise anything more Scriptural than their own doctrine of salvation by works and sacraments. While we regard all this as the opposition of misguided individuals, we cannot but hold the Church of England partially responsible for what may be done by her unconverted members, be they clergy or laity. Blind guides will never be satisfied with followers who can see more than themselves; and hence we find them here and there opposing the colporteurs by every means, as though the sellers of Christian books, written by godly men of all denominations, were simply agents of darkness and of Dissent. Their doctrine is that no one has authority to preach unless a bishop has ordained him, and none will be met with in heaven save those who have been christened and confirmed. Such are the opposing forces in some parishes; in others the clergy are only too glad to utilize the help of any faithful allies.

Respecting the villages for many miles around Warminster, we are much encouraged by Samuel King's experience; more so, probably, than he is himself, because we believe he has been the means of effecting a reformation. It is hard work to begin at the beginning with the cottagers, and in spite of many adverse influences to work upon their feelings for good. Some are found whose literary tastes rise no higher than the records of sensational crime in penny newspapers, and their walls are disfigured with frightful pictures from a ribald police-court periodical. The colporteur advises such to read something better, and to adorn their rooms with pictures pleasant to look upon, nor does he advise in vain. Sheet almanacks and engravings of sterling merit supersede what is revolting and suggestive of evil, while magazines soon show that there is a charm, unthought of before, associated with what is pure and noble. In point of fact, a colporteur is the hero of a great victory when, after several years of labour in a district, he can say, the good has outrun the bad—that pure literature is in greater demand than the trashy and the dangerous. This is actually the testimony of Samuel King.

Particulars of a few adventures on the road, showing how Christian publications are sometimes disposed of unexpectedly to servants and others, may be given in the colporteur's own words: "Leaving a village one morning on a strange road, I presumed to call at a beautiful house, which proved to be a clergyman's, and offered my books for sale; and in a few minutes I had the pack open, and a goodly number of the household round it. Presently, on leaving the door, I had taken 9s. 2d., and went on my way in triumph, thinking I had made a good start for the day. I have called many times since, and have been kindly treated. One evening, passing a farm-yard just as the men were leaving work, I stopped and opened the pack and began to exhibit the contents, and one purchased, and another purchased, until presently I had sold about

ten shillings' worth of books on the spot, which evidently would not have been purchased but for my passing by."

He artlessly confesses that he has sometimes thought the sales must collapse, because people would have as many books as they require and cease buying. Experience teaches, however, that those who, in the humblest manner, form habits of reading, will require fresh supplies; and thus the colporteur is found recording, to his great joy, how the sales of one year surpass those of the year preceding.

Of the usefulness of books in the conversion of souls many instances are given; and while the details are commonplace, the examples themselves are none the less valuable. Thus we hear of one young person purchasing a little work, and it becomes the means of bringing her into the church. Another buys a copy of "The Anxious Enquirer" to present to a friend, and though at first not well pleased with the offering, the possessor of the book is led to a sure resting-place.

Perhaps the tracts, which are freely distributed, are more often than books the means of conveying spiritual benefit. Among old and young they are made abundantly useful, but want of space will preclude our giving examples.

Probably we have said enough to show the nature and value of colportage in England; but if anything has been advanced which will draw forth liberal donations from those who have means at their command, to devote to the best of purposes, we shall rejoice. For an association to be compelled to curtail its operations, when the agents should be extending their labours in the needy parts of the country, is indeed as discouraging as it is humiliating, and we trust that such action on the part of the committee may be averted. So highly are the services of the men valued in the Birmingham district that the question has gone forth among the well-to-do classes, "Shall we dismiss our colporteurs?" Mr. Micaiah Hill asks the people to avert this calamity—"I say calamity, and such it will be to a very large number of the 172,637 families that have been visited during the year. Consider what dismissing the colporteurs will involve. Clergymen and ministers of religion in the ten districts have found useful colleagues in these men, and now suddenly are about to be deprived of fellow workers in their respective districts. Mission rooms and cottages have been opened in destitute places, and shortly they are to be closed. Sunday-schools, temperance societies, open-air preaching, have been organized, and all this is about to cease. More than 30,000 Bibles, Testaments, and other works on all sorts of subjects have been sold during the year, and this great work is abruptly going to cease. To more than 170,000 families God's word has been taken in books, and proclaimed by the lips of men whom they are to see and hear no more. Services and addresses to the number of 937 are to be held and given no longer. In villages and in out of the way places 493 sick and dying persons have been comforted, and had "their hands strengthened in God," and this work of mercy is to cease. Why? Because money is not forthcoming! Will *you* not help?"

We commend the subject to our readers' attention, and are sanguine as to the result.

Interviews with Three of the King's Captains.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

A CHRISTIAN man is the noblest work of God, especially a Christian man who has attained to fulness of stature, and has done eminent service for his Master. As in the presence of sublime scenery the renewed heart adores the Creator, and never dreams of worshipping nature itself, so in communion with a truly consecrated man the spiritual mind rises to a reverent acknowledgment of the Holy Spirit, whose workmanship is seen in all the saints, and the idea of hero-worship is banished from the mind. Within the last few days it has been our joyful privilege to meet with several of the excellent of the earth, and among them with three of "the King's mighties," worthy to be placed in the first rank.

First, we found a card upon our table bearing the name of J. HUDSON TAYLOR, and we were sorry to have been out, and so to have missed seeing him; but another opportunity occurred, and the last hour which this beloved brother spent at Mentone was consecrated by holy conference and earnest prayer for China in our pleasant parlour at Hotel de la Paix. Mr. Taylor is not a man of commanding presence or of striking modes of speech. He is not in outward appearance an individual who would be selected from among others as the leader of a gigantic enterprise; in fact, he is lame in gait, and little in stature: but the Lord seeth not as man seeth, his glance reacheth to the heart. In his spiritual manhood Mr. Taylor is of noble proportions: his spirit is quiet and meek, yet strong and intense; there is not an atom of self-assertion about him, but a firm confidence in God and in the call which he has himself received to carry the gospel to China. He is hampered by no doubts as to the inspiration of the Scriptures, or the truth of Christianity, or the ultimate conquest of China for the Lord Jesus; his faith is that of a child-man, too conscious of consecration to the living God, and too certain of his presence and help to turn aside to answer the useless quibbles of the hour. Affectionate in manner, and gentle in tone, our brother has nevertheless about him a firmness which achieves its purpose without noise. Simple as a child in his spirit, he pursues his design with prudent perseverance and determination; he provokes no hostility, but he almost unconsciously arouses hearty sympathy, though he is evidently independent of it, and would go on with his great work even if no one countenanced him in it.

Our conversation was confined to China, the work in China, and the workers in China. The word China, China, China is now ringing in our ears in that special, peculiar, musical, forcible, unique way in which Mr. Taylor utters it. He could not very readily be made to speak upon any other theme for long together; he would be sure to fly back to China. We believe that he dreams of chop-sticks, mandarins, and poor Chinese. We expressed our conviction that he was already growing a pigtail, and he did not deny the fact, but added further that he hoped soon to have on the Chinaman's silk petticoat, and he seemed quite pleased to tell us that he was so like a Chinaman when fully arrayed that he was often taken for a native. Dear, good brother, this

is one reason of your success, you become a Chinaman to the Chinese, and you will gain the Chinese. Your concentration of thought upon your one grand object shall, under the divine blessing, be your strength.

How greatly has the Lord blest this man in his apostolic labours for China! We admire the great goodness of God therein, for what hope is there for that vast empire, unless it be laid upon the hearts of chosen servants of the Lord. Mr. Taylor has gathered round him men and women of the right order. Some of them would certainly have been refused by the missionary societies, as below their standard of education; but Mr. Taylor has seen in them precious qualifications which abundantly compensate for the absence of classical attainments. These, with holy daring, born of childlike faith in God, have penetrated the interior of China, and are planting churches as the Lord enables them. We like our friend's plans and ideas, and, without making invidious comparisons, we feel free to say that no other missionary enterprise is so completely to our mind as the China Inland Mission. It is a great honour to the Tabernacle that the missionaries connected with Mr. Taylor almost always come to our prayer-meeting for a valedictory service, and it is one of the choicest pleasures of our life that their beloved President is to us as a dear and familiar friend. He is on his road to China, may the Lord preserve him and prosper his way, and may the Christian churches at home provide all the means for this apostolic service without the necessity of the honoured leader's coming back to England for some time to come, for his presence on the actual scene of labour must be invaluable.

It has been a great means of grace to us in our exile not only to hear the venerable GEORGE MÜLLER, of Bristol, but to have three long interviews with him, besides uniting with him twice in the breaking of bread and in prayer. Mr. Müller has the look of personified order and simplicity: his appearance is equally removed from show and slovenliness. His face gleams with the quiet cheerfulness which comes of profound restfulness. He believes God with great reality, and practically takes him at his word, and hence his peace is as a river. His faith has wrought in him great strength of purpose, so far as man is concerned, and something more than submission to the will of the Lord, for he evidently delights himself therein, and, through divine grace, has been made to move in accordance with it. That which struck us most was his evident rejoicing in tribulations, for the only excitement which we noticed in him was at the mention of the trials of his early days, which gave such room for the display of the divine faithfulness. We do not mean that our friend desires trial, but we perceive that when it comes his heart is exceeding glad, and his glory rejoices, because the Lord is now about to reveal himself more fully, and to honour his divine name yet again. O that we could all learn this lesson and put it into practice.

Mr. Müller gives us more the idea of Enoch than any man we have ever met: he habitually walks with God. Hence his whole life is his religion, and his religion is his whole life. The delightful placidity of the pulpit is retained in the parlour, and the graciousness which is seen in the preacher is just as manifest in the friend. Some may, therefore, suppose that he has about him a sombre air; far from it. He is as bright

and happy as a dear, obedient child has a right to be when enjoying his Father's love. He is no monk and could not be made into a gloomy recluse; the domestic affections are strong within him, and so also is his love to the brethren, and his desire for the good of all mankind. Nothing cold, austere, or hard has any place with this "man greatly beloved." In our company he displayed to us a special affection, which we heartily reciprocate. We entertain for him a feeling of profound veneration; but in his intercourse with us his humility scarcely allowed him to perceive the fact, and there was an entire absence of anything like a sense of superiority, even of such as greater age and experience might naturally claim. Our communion was very sweet to the younger of the two; may the Lord grant to him a renewal of it. We were deeply humbled at the sight of our friend's beauty of character; not that he said a single word by way of self-praise, but the very reverse, for his total absence of self-consciousness was a leading feature in his conversation. Again and again he said, "the Lord can do without poor George Müller"; but even this was drawn out of him, for with him George Müller is just nothing, and the Lord is all in all. We cannot picture this man of God, he is too bright for our pencil. A soft, subdued light shines upon his image as we try to recall it, a reflection of the moral glory of the Master whom he loves; but mild as is the radiance, it prevents our sketching the man to the life.

With no flash of oratory, or brilliance of poetry, or breadth of thought, or originality of mind, George Müller is enabled to be one of the most useful of living preachers by his simply testifying to facts by which he has for himself proved the love and truth of God. His preaching is the gospel and nothing else. Of flowers of speech he has none, and we hardly think he cares for them; but of the bread of heaven he has abundance. With speculations he does not intermeddle, but the eternal verities he handles with practical, homely, realizing faith.

No doubts disturb the Director of the Ashley Down Orphanage; how can there be when he sees the Lord daily feeding his 2,050 orphan children in answer to his prayers? Modern thought and the higher criticism never trouble this happy man. He soars aloft. While earth-bound souls are distracted and tormented by the discordant voices of error, he hears the voice of the great Father in heaven, and is deaf to all besides. In his old age, still hale and strong, he ministers the word with ceaseless diligence, journeying from place to place as the Lord opens the doors and prepares his way. Free from all anxiety, he enjoys life to the utmost, and if it were right to envy any man we should certainly envy George Müller; we are not, however, under any necessity of so doing, for the same grace worketh in all the saints, and we have but to yield ourselves thereto.

The third choice brother with whom we took sweet counsel was Pastor JOHN BOST, who is the founder and conductor of the Asylums of La Force. Concerning his institutions we hope to speak another time; just now our subject is the man himself. It would be very foolish to compare one servant of the Lord with another in order to set one above the other, for the church is like the heavens in this, that one star differeth from another star in glory. Each of these three brethren is of a distinct type: the same Spirit is in each of them, working out a

different form of the one glory which Jesus has given to all his people. We delight in them all, and do not intend by a single sentence of ours to suggest a comparative estimate of their worth.

We do not know whether George Müller has any humour, but John Bost has about as much of it as C. H. Spurgeon. Mr. Bost is a man of considerable dimensions, and addressing us he said, "You will see that there is a difference between me and Mr. Müller. George Müller is a great man and John Bost is a large man." This was true, but not all the truth, for John Bost is great as well as large. Orphans, idiots, imbeciles, and epileptic persons are the objects of our friend's loving care. It touched our heart to hear him speak of the deaf and dumb, and blind and lame, but more especially of the poor epileptics, who are his special favourites, because they suffer so greatly and involve so much weary watching and painful care. He has eight institutions: *La Famille Evangélique* for orphan girls; *Bethesda* for incurables, blind, and idiot girls; *Ebenezer* for epileptic girls; *Siloam* and *Bethel* for epileptic boys; *Le Repos* for invalid governesses, etc.; *La Retraite* for invalid servants, and *La Miséricorde* for idiots and epileptics. There are three hundred and sixty-six inmates in these eight abodes, and for all their wants John Bost is responsible. But we only mention these to introduce our brother himself. Here is a man after our own heart, with a lot of human nature in him, a large-hearted, tempest-tossed mortal, who has done business on the great waters, and would long ago have been wrecked had it not been for his simple reliance upon God. His is a soul like that of Martin Luther, full of emotion and of mental changes; borne aloft to heaven at one time and anon sinking in the deeps. Worn down with labour, he needs rest, but will not take it, perhaps cannot, for even at Mentone he was lecturing for his institutions, and melting us all by the story of his imbeciles and epileptics. We took the chair for him, and while we were offering prayer he was so moved that we feared he would not be able to restrain himself. We spent an evening with him, and found him full of zeal and devotion, and brimming over with godly experience, and at the same time abounding in mirth, racy remark, and mother wit. Comparing notes, we found Cæsar and Pompey very much alike in joys and sorrows, high delights, and deep depressions. We could both admire and reverence the holy peace of our honoured friend Müller, and we did not excuse our common infirmities, but we thought the author of the Book of Psalms was a better interpreter of our experience than our more equable and tranquil friend could ever be, and we concluded that it was a happy circumstance for us that our divine Lord was set before us as our exemplar, and not even the brightest and most heavenly-minded of his disciples.

How can John Bost be otherwise than troubled in spirit when he hears the cries of epileptics, and sees the horrible contortions into which they are thrown in their frequent fits? It cuts him to the heart to see the sufferings of the dear objects of his care, and many are his sleepless nights with such a charge around him. He is full of tender sympathies, and in consequence he has a great power over his poor patients, who love and revere him; but this costs him great wear and tear of heart, and often brings him very low. In temperament he is emotional, and loves intensely: we had all his heart very

soon, and we shall retain it while we live, for ours is knit to him in brotherly affection. He is an original, and his plans of working and collecting money are not a feeble copy of another man's. Here many have erred, for they have been ambitious to be like some notable person, and have ended in being servile copyists, destitute of all the force and excellence of their hero, and without virtues of their own. Bost is not a second Müller, as we had been told—he is John Bost, and nobody else, and differs as much from Mr. Müller as a rose differs from a lily. Even in the exercise of his faith he is unlike our venerated father of Bristol, and not only prays for the money which he needs, but uses ingenious means to obtain it. We are sure that Mr. Müller's plan is best *for him*, perhaps in itself *the best* intrinsically; but Mr. Bost's methods are in the main most admirable in every way; are certainly the best which in his circumstances he could follow, and possibly in some aspects the best for the majority of workers. The two brethren love and esteem each other very highly, and Mr. Müller has been greatly pleased with a visit which he has lately paid to La Force, though the sight of the epileptics was too painful for him, as it well might be.

Which of these three mighties do we place first? The question may not be answered, for it is an improper one; and even if it were allowable we are not qualified to reply. Who are we that we should judge the King's servants, and especially such as these, whose feet we should feel it an honour to wash? We may, however, venture to say that if we had to apportion the precious stones to individuals, we would engrave the name of Hudson Taylor upon an emerald, pleasant and beautiful; that of George Müller upon a diamond of the first water, clear as crystal; and that of John Bost upon a ruby full of warmth and vividness. None can gather from this comparison which one we think of the highest value, since our researches among precious stones have enabled us to quote, if we had the space to spare, opinions of various jewellers in which each of these is adjudged to bear the palm for beauty, and there are priceless specimens of each gem. Poor pieces of common clay are all these men by nature; their lustre and excellence are entirely due to their common Lord, who counts them all his own blood-bought jewels. We delight in them as his workmanship, and feel it to be right to admire his grace in them. There has been too much of finding fault with God's servants while they live, and of idolizing them after death; we resolve to see the Father in the children, the Master in the disciples, the Holy Ghost in the temples of God, and to give them our loving word while they live. It is a small matter to them what we think of them, but they will not be grieved at our glorifying God in them. We have it on our heart to say,—if such be the beauty of the separate gems, even here, where they are not without flaw, what must be the glory of our great High Priest who wears all the precious stones upon his resplendent breastplate, each one faultless, and all set in harmonious order, so that the brilliance of every one is increased by that of its fellows? Let us glorify him who has wrought all our works in us, and is alone worthy of all praise.

Tiyo Soga, a Kafir Pastor.*

THOUGH he was the son of a heathen father who had eight wives and nearly forty other children, Tiyo Soga received a Christian education, and was one of the firstfruits of mission work at the station of Churnie, in Kafirland, under the devoted John Brownlee and his band of assistants, who commenced operations in 1818. A Kafir polygamist, especially if he be a man in authority, shows his importance by having a number of concubines; but one of the number, who aspires to the distinction of being the "great wife," is the recognized queen of the harem. Tiyo was the son of one of these superior women, while his father was a man of rank in the tribe, and during infancy divers abominations or heathen charms were performed over the cradle of the future evangelist. His mother, and the women of whom she was a fair specimen, were of course sufficiently degraded; at the same time they not only believed in their rights, but they were shrewd enough to insist on having them. Hence we are told that "if a Kafir rebukes his spouse, or administers a slight corporal punishment for some great offence, she instantly rolls up her mat, takes her youngest child on her back, and turns her steps to her native kraal, to pour out her grievances into her father's ear. The father has a motive in patiently listening to the sorrows of his offended daughter. To punish his son-in-law for his temerity and impulsiveness he invariably demands a bullock or two to enrich himself ere his daughter can return to her married home. The result is that the men play the sycophant to their wives, and allow them very much of their own way." Tiyo's mother became a Christian, and one of the noblest kind.

The Churnie mission station of the United Presbyterian Church, situated on a tributary of the river of that name, was founded by Mr. Brownlee. The kraal of Tiyo's parents was in the vicinity, and numbers of Christian natives converted under a former missionary, Mr. Williams, were attracted to the spot. Of Mr. Brownlee, who sacrificed himself for the sake of the heathen, we have this charming testimony: "He was not eloquent in speech, but his life spoke volumes. He made no noise in the world. He had no egotism, no desire for fame, and never catered for the applause of men. He wrote no sensational tales of hair-breadth escapes, gave no romantic pictures of the bright side of mission work, and filled no columns of missionary journals with thrilling incidents. He did not proclaim his own deeds; but in his loneliness he performed deeds of noble self-sacrifice. He was a worker, and did his work manfully, although the great world was ignorant of his name."

It is not our intention to give in detail the chequered history of Tiyo Soga's youth. In connection with his unfortunate country's history he witnessed many tragic and distressing scenes. There was the Kafir outbreak called the War of the Hatchet in 1846. In 1850 followed a still more dreadful, devastating war, which, like a besom of destruction, reduced to ruin what had once been a promising mission station. The young Kafir visited England and Scotland in early youth, and at a later date he returned to Glasgow as a theological student. The expenses of his education were defrayed by a few Christian friends, and Tiyo's Christian earnestness and general progress yielded abundant satisfaction. Some interesting things are related of his early visits to the British Isles. On the occasion of his visit to St. Paul's Cathedral he gazed up into the dome for some time as if lost in wonder, and when at length he broke silence it was to ask, "Did man make this?" He looked with admiration on the various evidences of our advanced civilization, although his nerves might occasionally fail. "Into what country are we being taken now?" he loudly demanded when the train in which he was travelling rushed into the darkness of a tunnel.

* Tiyo Soga: a Page of South African Mission Work. By John A. Chalmers. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster-row. 1878.

His generosity was very characteristic. When he returned to Africa in 1840 a friend who accompanied him remarked, "Tiyo had an outfit of comfortable clothing quite equal to my own, but ere he had been here a year his friends received it all. The very last time that he rode out with me, to make him at least respectable I had to furnish him out of my own wardrobe. I have seen one of his brothers ploughing with Tiyo's *brand new* black coat as his own article of clothing. It was the same with his money."

In the year 1857 Tiyo returned to his native land to find the country depressed with an extraordinary affliction. The granaries were empty, the fields were desolate, the cattle were dead, the people were dying by hundreds on all sides. The trouble all arose from the vehement, half-insane prophecies of one of the native seers, to whose delusions the people listened with the most fatal results. These impostors—a man named Mhla-Kaza and his daughter Nong-quare—professed to have walked amid the shades of the heathen hades, and to have conversed with the spirits of men and heroes who lived in old times. The commands these fanatics professed to bear from the spirit-land involved awful sacrifice, but not a greater sacrifice than Kafirs were willing to make in order to rid themselves of English conquerors, and to inaugurate the golden era of plenty and of promise which was so confidently predicted. All cattle, dogs and horses excepted, were to be slaughtered, grain was to be destroyed, the land was to be left untilled. In due time there would be a general resurrection of Kafirs who had lived in former ages, their cattle would also return from beneath the ground, and there would be a general abundance of implements, clothing, food, and luxuries. The tribes did as they were commanded, and looked eagerly for the day of deliverance. "At one time when the common people became impatient," we are told, "the false prophet said it was near at hand; wonderful sights had been witnessed at his kraal, and hundreds declared that they had heard their dead chiefs and heroes and forefathers rushing through the air like the wild chase of old, and others maintained that they had seen them marshalled in battle array." The wonderful prophet would thus address his awe-stricken followers: "Before the event takes place you will see the sun rise in the west, in mid-heaven he will unite with the moon, then the heavens will be enveloped in dense darkness, the heavens will rain powder, and all those who have not obeyed my orders will have their houses consumed with fire." The miserable result was that 150,000 head of cattle were slain, and a terrible famine ensued, in which 20,000 persons perished. Such were the calamities which faith in a false prophet had brought upon British Kaffraria when Tiyo Soga returned to Africa to labour as a missionary of the United Presbyterian Church.

Such a visitation was not altogether to be regretted if it had the effect of teaching the people the follies of heathenism. The famine in this respect was not without some good effects on those who survived the ordeal of suffering. Tiyo and his fellow-labourer, Mr. Johnston, now became the founders of the Mgwali station of the mission; and such were their tact and industry that, after being directed by a carpenter, they erected the mission-buildings themselves. Here the two young evangelists laboured, and not without the fruits of their ministry appearing, until the autumn of 1859, when Mr. Johnston accepted a call to a church in Grahamstown, leaving Tiyo single-handed in the wilderness.

Tiyo's zeal in the work of the Lord suffered no abatement in consequence of his separation from Mr. Johnston. The success of his labours soon rendered the original chapel too strait for the congregation, and subscriptions for a larger structure were collected. He wrote in 1861: "The most absorbing work at present is our Mgwali church now in course of erection. I superintend even the quarrying of the stones, and the making of the bricks. I am thankful to say that hitherto everything has gone on satisfactorily, although I am so anxious to see the erection completed, on which I have long set my heart, that I sometimes think the workmen slow. The church will accommodate about 600

people, and will be so constructed that a gallery may be added when the population increases." The population around was over 4,000, and the cost of the building was about £800. The pastor's gratitude when the work was accomplished was very great, and his joy was intensified by continued blessing. He wrote, "Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof; mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following. Here it is, as a witness against the works of darkness, which it is the glorious prerogative of the gospel to destroy. . . . It has been the spiritual birthplace of fourteen souls received into the fellowship of the church since its opening."

Tiyo Soga was, in all respects, an estimable man. In the words of Dr. Duff, who visited the United Presbyterian Mission stations, Tiyo was "the first native Kafir who has ever been ordained to the ministry of the gospel." He translated "The Pilgrim's Progress" into the language of Kafirland; and, though he did not live to see the work completed, he was one of the board who revised the Kafir Bible. He was enthusiastic in his Master's work. "While the gospel must be introduced into a heathen land by *foreign agents*," says Dr. Duff, "it is by *native agents* that it must be propagated, so as to reach and pervade the masses of the people." Those who become familiar with the life of Tiyo will understand the force of the words of the great Scotch missionary. His biography is in many respects a remarkable one; persons interested in missions to the heathen will relish every page, and the publication will result in lasting benefit to Africa and her down-trodden races. Tiyo died in 1871, at a comparatively early age; but we measure life by what a man has done, and not by the number of years he has worked.

Notices of Books.

The Precious Stones of the Bible: descriptive and symbolical. Being a Treatise on the Breastplate of the High Priest, and the Foundations of the New Jerusalem; with a brief History of each Tribe and each Apostle. By a Physician. Nisbet and Co.

THIS is a most suggestive little volume. The author set himself a very severe task, namely, to work out the double analogy of the gems with the tribes and the apostles. We do not think that all his interpretations will hold water, but they are all deeply interesting and instructive. The subject would permit of a far larger volume: the good "physician" has evidently condensed his matter and pruned his language, and the result is all the more handy for use. To prepare himself for such a book the author's reading must have been very wide, and his meditations upon the subject must have been very persevering. We shall preserve our copy among our biblical helps, and we shall feel grateful to its writer every time we refer to it.

Remarkable Cases of Conversion, and other Experiences; showing the value of faith in the Faithful Promiser. By JOHN RICHARDSON PHILLIPS. Nisbet and Co.

WE cannot have too many of such books, or distribute them too freely. The facts here collected gain the attention, and convince the judgment. We feel sure the Holy Spirit will use them in the conversion of many. Though mainly a compilation, the book has a great measure of novelty about it, and it is so well put together that no one would dare to call it a mere string of anecdotes. The engravings will be a source of attraction to young people and to plain folks, and therefore we see much wisdom in their insertion. Breathing a prayer over the pages, we sent our review copy to a yacht for the use of the sailors, and expect to hear one of these days that god has come of its perusal. Its contents are likely to impress, convert, and instruct even the careless, if the Lord do but grant his blessing.

Observations on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul. By Lord GEORGE LYTTON. With Introductory Essay by HENRY ROGERS. Religious Tract Society.

THIS famous work was lauded by old Dr. Johnson as "a treatise to which infidelity has never been able to fabricate a specious answer." Lord Lytton had been himself an infidel, and read the life of St. Paul as a test for the inspiration of the Bible and the truth of Christianity. As his studies were honest they led to his conversion, and while explaining the process by which he was led into the truth these observations were written down and given to the world. The Religious Tract Society does well to reproduce the treatise.

Tent and Temple Songs; or, Morning, Evening, and Midnight Meditations in Verse. By the late EBENEZER PLEDGE. With a Memoir by his Brother, the Rev. DANIEL PLEDGE. Hodder and Stoughton.

MR. PLEDGE was a Baptist pastor held in high esteem by those who enjoyed his ministrations. His life was useful, and he won very ardent friends by the kindness of his spirit. Those whom he gathered into fellowship he retained by his courtesy and gentleness. Others may prefer to scatter, but Mr. Pledge laboured to unite. It would seem that throughout life he was a versifier, and it is evident from the present collection of his compositions that he had a great command of rhyme, and was not devoid of poetical feeling. To his immediate friends this volume will be a pleasing memorial of an excellent man.

The Evangelistic Baptism Indispensable to the Church for the Conversion of the World. By the Rev. JAMES GALL. Gall and Inglis.

WITH the author's great aim in wishing to arouse the whole church to its high calling we fully agree, and we are radical enough to be struck with his more *outré* notions; but we cannot endorse certain of his utterances, which seem to us very likely to overthrow the modicum of good we have in a zealous desire to reach after more. There is nothing new in the idea of training a whole church for evangelistic service,

every church ought to be so trained, and we have aimed at it from the beginning; but we do not see the use of setting up fresh machinery or even erecting new buildings. The pastor should be the leading officer in all aggressive movements, the elders the captains of their fifties, the members the warriors, and the usual place of worship the camp and citadel. May we all enter into the Holy Spirit, who has been poured out, and so enjoy a baptism into his divine energy; and then plans and modes and discussions upon them will be forgotten in the reality of service.

The Kindness to Animal Series. Packet No 1: containing Six Cards. Price 1s. Book Society, 28, Paternoster Row.

THESE coloured picture cards are intended to teach the little ones to be kind to animals. Criticism as to the artistic value of the six pictures we need not give, but the little ones will no doubt be pleased with them. Anything which tends to foster gentleness and tenderness towards the brute creation has our hearty sympathy.

A Brief History of the Baptist Church, Hebden Bridge, Yorkshire. With Addresses given at the Centenary Services. Yates and Alexander.

WE have to apologize to our friends at Hebden Bridge for having overlooked this neat and interesting memorial. We put it on one side to make sure of its being attended to, and we generally remark that matters thus favourably treated are the most likely to be forgotten. The name of John Fawcett is quite sufficient to make a history for the church over which he presided; and when we add that Ward, of Serampore, and John Foster, the essayist, had each one a connection with the place there is sufficient of suggestive interest to make much more of a volume than the little one before us. Baptists should purchase and preserve histories like this: we ought, in fact, to have a literary officer of the Baptist Union, whose business it should be to collect and preserve all church memorials. Our young people have but few *denominational* advantages, and may come to think that what we take so little trouble to preserve is really worth nothing.

Church Principles and Church Comprehensiveness. Two Papers—one read at the Derby Church Association Conference, and the other at the Sheffield Congress. With Introduction. By Rev. J. C. RYLE. London: W. Hunt and Co.

THERE is no party within the Church of England with whom we are more nearly agreed than the Evangelical, and yet they excite far more our wonder and pity than our sympathy. We wonder they are not ashamed of being connected with men who openly defy the law and preach the worst form of Popery. We pity them, because while they remain in the Establishment their protests against its errors have but little power. The writer of the present papers is an evangelical champion, for whom we entertain a profound regard. The first of his papers is a strong protest against the superstitious practices of the Anglicans; but yet in the second paper he pleads hard for a comprehension which shall include believers in doctrines which are diametrically opposed to each other. Such is the sad influence of a false position. One of the bravest and best of men is found temporizing in a way which grieves thousands even in his own denomination. Congresses in which Christ and antichrist are brought together cannot but exercise a very unhealthy influence even upon the most decided followers of the truth. We wish Mr. Ryle could review his own position in the light of the Scriptures rather than in the darkness of ecclesiasticism; then would he come out from among them, and no more touch the unclean thing.

Graham's Temperance Guide, Handbook, and Almanack for 1879. Graham, Maidstone. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

No temperance society ought to be without this handy little manual, and all abstainers should make themselves masters of its contents. Here are about a hundred pages of information on the temperance question from the chronological, political, judicial, practical, statistical, military, religious, social, medical, and *other* standpoints. What more can anyone want for sixpence or a shilling?

Bible Teachings for the Young for every day of the year. By T. S. HENDERSON. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THIS is a book of daily meditations for young people. We once had it in our mind to attempt something of the kind ourselves. We feel glad that the idea has occurred to someone else, and that he has carried it out, and has done so, upon the whole, so well. The daily portions are lively, full of illustration, and likely to impress the youthful reader. The gospel is taught, but not quite so clearly as we should like; for instance, we cannot accept as a perfect definition of saving faith the following sentence:—"To believe is to think a thing to be true." The essential idea of faith is missed, and the youthful mind is apt to be misled. Perhaps such a blunder as this may not occur again all through the book; but once is too much. On the whole, this is a most laudable endeavour to provide daily food for the lambs of the flock.

Words of Faithfulness: being Notes of Sermons Preached by the Rev. S. H. Langston, M.A. With Preface by Canon HOARE. London: Nisbet.

A VOLUME of sermons to which we give the heartiest welcome. It would have been a mistake not to have reproduced in a permanent form these "Words of Faithfulness." They are short, sweet, suggestive, strong, and saturated with holy zeal. The simplest believer might find comfort, strength, and inspiration in them, while the student will have more suggested by them than by many libraries of the homiletical trash which is so abundant in these days.

Steps to Christian Manhood: being Daily Words for Young Men. By ROSALIND MARRYAT. London: Hatchards.

WE suppose that there may be young men to whom these short exhortations, prayers, and hymns would be helpful in their divine life, but they are too goody-goody for our taste. A little more robustness would have made the piety none the less deep and intense, and would have better commended it to the manly instincts of our youth. Still, the work is so good that we shall be only too glad to find that, even with these shortcomings, it has a good sale.

London Preachers (First Series.) *Articles Descriptive and Critical.* By T. WILLIAMS. Elliot Stock.

PORTRAITS of living London ministers honestly drawn. There is no very remarkable skill about the sketches, but there is good temper, close observation, and common sense, and consequently our author neither gives us universal eulogium nor indiscriminate censure. The little book may well beguile a leisure half-hour.

Christian Life and Christian Progress. Part II. The Three Caskets, etc. By E. J. WHATELY. Hatchards, Piccadilly.

WHATEVER Miss Whately writes is worth reading: her tone is so moderate, and she looks so well round a question upon all sides, that she writes with prudence and power. In the present case, although we do not altogether agree with all her remarks, she makes some most weighty and important observations upon Christian life and church work, and manifests a knowledge of the various questions which come before her which would do credit to the ablest divine. We do not know whether our readers happen to live in quite as foolish a latitude as we do; if so, they must be quite sick of the parrot cry, "Come out of system," all the various organized churches being intended by the word "system," and one or two little schism-shops and homes of bitter idiosyncrasy being the refuge to which poor souls are to fly from the horror of "system." If this ridiculous cry is often sounded in our readers' ears, they will agree with the remarks of Miss Whately in the following sentences:—"Those whose watch-cry is, 'Get out of system,' virtually add, though not in so many words, 'Come into our system.' It is the same with human laws. No community, however primitive, can exist without some kind of legislation; but where there is no written code, traditional customs and legislations have the force of laws. And in such cases, the want of clearly and accurately defined rules generally leads to an administration as arbitrary and violent as it is irregular, in short, to something more or less resembling 'Lynch law.'

And something very like this appears to take place in those Christian assemblies whose members deprecate rules, bye-laws, articles, and confessions of faith. Their place must be supplied in some way, or the whole would fall through; it is generally supplied by a very severe, though unacknowledged, inquisitorial system of personal watching one of the other; and often a severer discipline is thus exercised than in any regular organized community. As a general rule, no persons are more inclined to shut themselves up in a close and narrow system than the professed opponents of all system."

Trips in the Tropics; or, a Missionary's Wanderings in Western Africa. By SAMUEL GRIFFITHS. London: J. Dickenson, 6, Sutton-street, Commercial-road. E.

THESE trips were made in connection with the Primitive Methodist mission in Fernando Po. The Baptists for many years had a station upon that island until they were expelled by the Spanish. The Primitive brethren appear to have entered into their labours, and to have done exceedingly well. Mr. Griffiths has tried to make an interesting book for children. It is not the most brilliant writing that we have ever seen, but he has imparted a fair share of interest to his voyages and excursions. The little book should be found in every Sunday-school library.

One New Year's Night, and other Stories. By EDWARD GARRETT. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Co.

THE first of these Christmas stories is a very good one. It describes the gracious influence exerted by the unobtrusive but genuine piety of a Scotch family upon a wild, fashionable young lady who was for a time a member of their household. There are also four short tales. One of them is meant to show the blessedness of ministering to those in distress, but the others seem to have no point or moral. If Christmas or any other stories cannot be made interesting without the introduction of ghosts, murderers, and love-sick maidens, it would be better for them to be left unwritten.

Scripture Riddles in Verse. By RICHARD PHILLIPS. E. W. Allen, 11, Ave Maria Lane.

OUR author has endeavoured to make his pieces both poems and puzzles. Poems they certainly are not, puzzles most of them are; but of what earthly use such puzzles and poems can be we fail to guess. We see nothing whatever in these Scripture Riddles to recommend their purchase.

The Young Deserter. Edinburgh: William Oliphant and Co.

THE story of a boy who twice ran away; first, enticed by his soldier uncle, escaping from the restraints of home, and afterwards deserting from the army to return to the home he had before despised. Boys who think that a soldier's life is all honour and glory will do well to read this book, for it will effectually dispel their illusions. The scene of the story is laid in Stralsund, the little Hanse town which so successfully defended its liberties and the Protestant faith against the "irresistible" Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland. The narrative is written in a style likely to interest youthful readers.

Bible Readings on the Progressive Development of Truth and Experience in the Old Testament Scriptures. Elliot Stock.

WHEN our Plymouth-brother friends construct theories as to the dispensational meaning of the various books of the Old and New Testament, we demur to their dogmatical laying down of the law for us, and give place to them by subjection, no, not for an hour. There has been a great deal too much dispensational dreaming and twaddling. Pleasing hypotheses have been exalted into the position of actual scriptural truths, and those who have too much intelligence to submit to the nonsense have been regarded as wanting in spirituality. Against these terrors we are now fully armed.

In this anonymous work we have the author's views as to the meanings of the Old Testament books, but he gives them only as his views. In that light they are worthy of respect, and the perusal of them must be instructive. We do not endorse the hypotheses of

this writer, neither do we think that our young people will be much benefited if they participate very much in such clever guess-work; but at the same time this book may suggest trains of thought, and open up lines of scriptural research which will be new to many readers, and therefore we give it our word of commendation.

Temperance Stories for the Young. By T. S. ARTHUR. S. W. Partridge and Co.

SHORT stories, charmingly told, showing how children may be the means of reclaiming drunkards, or rescuing those who are on the high road to drunkenness. The narratives are full of pathos, and cannot fail to be useful, not only to the young, but also to those of riper years. We are afraid the stories are too good to be true: they are so beautiful that we wish they were records of facts, and not merely the fancies of the author's brain. Will not some of our young readers try to make them true in their own case? Parents who present their children with a copy of this book will do them a good service. It is capably illustrated with well-executed woodcuts, and deserves as large a circulation in this country as it has already had in America.

New Lights upon Old Lines: or, Vexed Questions in Theological Controversy at the Present Day Critically and Exegetically Discussed. By THOMAS MONK MASON, B.A. Second Series. London: Nisbet and Co.

WE suppose that our author must have something to say, or he never would have given us this second volume of 280 pages; but after having read and tried to understand his learned disquisitions we cannot for the life of us tell where the new lights spoken of in the title are to be found. Most, if not all, of his comprehensible remarks we think we have heard before, and the style of presentation is certainly not new. It must be some defect of our mental powers that prevents our seeing either the novelty or the utility of these expositions; but we wish learned doctors of this type would kindly condescend to language and thought which could be understood by ordinary people.

Why Does not the Church of Christ cast out the Demons of Modern Society? The Secret of Failure Considered.
By S. BOETON BROWN, B.A. London: S. W. Partridge and Co.

THOUGH not a very bulky pamphlet this is yet a very weighty one; and, could it secure the earnest and thoughtful attention of our church members, it would be exceedingly useful in deepening their faith and inspiring their labours. In places where the spiritual life of professors is at a low ebb, no better service could be rendered than to furnish them with copies of this discriminating and heart-searching address. It is a timely and powerful word.

Hymns of the Nativity and other Pieces.
By HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

THERE are a few pieces upon the nativity in the opening pages of this volume of poems, but the major part of the book has nothing whatever to do with that event. Why, then, such a title? It is a common thing with volumes of sermons and poems to name them from one specimen or from a small portion of their contents. We protest against the practice, and shall continue to do so, for it is misleading and absurd. Our remarks are not meant to have any special application to this case; it is one of many, and therefore we deal with the general principle rather than the special instance, regretting that such a man as Dr. Bonar should yield to the practice.

Apart from the title we have nothing to say but that which is commendatory. Dr. Bonar is a true poet of the sanctuary: a poet of no mean order, but chiefly to be prized because his muse is consecrated to the noblest themes. The holy glow of his verses, and the bright gleamings of the coming morning which they reflect, make his poems rich with warmth of hope and light of comfort, so that they will always be dear to those who are afflicted, and cheering to those who find life's conflict terribly severe. All his poems are worthy to be preserved, and this little nosegay of scattered flowers is not among the least of his things of beauty. Is not the following song full of strength for the children of God?

"We know no shipwreck for the church of God;
Though sails be torn, and every timber
 creak,
Buoyant through storm she holds her
 havenward road,
Nor dreads the billows that across her
 break.

"Her pennon droops not, though the thunder-
 cloud
Wraps her tall mast and dims the cheer-
 ful skies.

'Forward!' the well-known trumpet calls
 aloud;
'Forward!' each voice within her quick
 replies.

"She needs no anchor, for she must not stay
 Upon her course; and to the longed-for
 land
She hastens on o'er foam and swell and
 spray,
For through the mist she sees the wel-
 come strand.

"A thousand barques may perish at her side,
She cannot sink nor miss her destiny;
Her helmsman is the Ruler of the tide,
The Lord supreme of air and earth and
 sea.

"Let us be calm, then, amid strife and jars;
All things above are saying, 'Peace, be
 still!'
Th' unrest of earth moves not the tranquil
 stars,
Nor shakes the rest of the eternal will.

"Be patient! The old sun is yet awake,
And ready for a fresh day's march on
 high;
Another hour, and you shall see him shake
The shadows from the clouds of yon dull
 sky.

"His giant strength the night hath not im-
 paired,
His light remains undimmed, his warmth
 unchilled;
Earth's smoke and storm have not his
 beauty marred,
Nor does he tarry till the storm be stilled.

"Fear not! he needs no hand to hold him up,
No guide to go before him on his way,
No torch to kindle him afresh, no prop
To lean on lest he fall and blindly stray.

"Though in the gloom the spirits of the
 night
Come forth to mock us,—'Where is He,'
 they say,
'The Promiser of peace, the Prince of
 light?'—
We doubt not, fear not, dawn is on its
 way.

"Man cannot hinder it one hour, with all
His wisdom, or his folly, or his pride;
Calmly we wait the issue, calmly call
On Him who stills the tempest, smooths
 the tide."

A Pledge that Redeemed Itself. By SARSON. Wesleyan Conference Office.

THE frontispiece represents the sprinkling of a baby, concerning which we unite with Bellaby in enquiring, "An' what difference will it all mak', an' what better will t' bairn be fur't?" This one dead bluebottle in the ointment shall not prevent our giving the story our hearty word.

A pawnbroker has been in the habit of receiving a basket of china in pledge week by week, till at last he ceases to look into it, but takes it in, in good faith, as the regular crockery. One Saturday the basket, upon which he lends ten shillings, is found to contain a *baby*. What the old bachelor did with it, and what in the long run that baby did with him, is here told most graphically, and into the whole story the great facts of the gospel are skilfully interwoven. The tale is a little far-fetched, and we are not enamoured with the dialect; but the book is good, and is sure to be popular.

The Old Man of the Hills. Religious Tract Society.

A STRANGE, weird story. Once begin to read it, and you must go, like the boys on a slide, right on to the end. We suppose that such things might happen, for this is an odd world.

The Victor's Sevenfold Reward. By WILLIAM LANDELS, D.D. James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners Street.

THIS is a series of discourses upon the seven promises to "him that overcometh" contained in the seven Epistles to the Churches in the Book of Revelation. The exhortation and stimulus to strive for the victor's crown, which were evidently the author's chief design, are always needed, and never more so than now. It will be sufficient to most of our readers to know that this book is from the pen of Dr. Landels, and that it exhibits all his usual characteristics of thought and composition. To no man is the Baptist denomination more indebted than to Dr. Landels, and it is no small pleasure to feel that the position which gratitude awards him he adorns. What he has won by earnest self-denying effort he is abundantly worthy to wear, and long may he wear it.

A Dictionary of Poetical Illustrations. By the Rev. R. A. BERTRAM. Richard D. Dickinson.

ONE of the most useful books a minister can possess. We have hardly time to examine it as we could wish, but it appears to be fairly well done. Even if a man does not quote poetry in his sermons, it is always helpful for him to know what the great bards have said upon his subject. There are certainly better collections than this, but it is a notable addition to those which have gone before.

The Bride Elect. By Mrs. JOHNSON. "Hand and Heart" Publishing Office, 1, Paternoster-buildings.

A SAGE all daintily arrayed in white and gold. We did not expect to find a solid practical family instructor adorned with such glory and beauty. So much good sense and valuable information are condensed in this elegant volume that we fear that not one in ten of brides elect will have wit enough to read it and follow its directions. However that may be, it is a very suitable book for a wedding present. Binding and contents unitedly make up exactly the book for the occasion.

An Apocalyptic Study. By S. BORTON BROWN, B.A. Nisbet & Co., London.

THE amount of prophetic nonsense which has been called forth by self-sufficient endeavours to expound the Book of Revelation has made us fearful of every new attempt to solve that mysterious book. In reading this little volume we have, however, been struck by the singular clear-headedness of the author, and the simplicity, beauty, and scripturalness of his treatment of the sixth chapter. His theory of interpretation is open to question, but it is worth consideration. It is this: "The true interpretation is to make the principle primarily refer to the individual soul. Man is a microcosm, and on the field of his personality these events take place. Christ conquers the world by conquering it in its units of personality. Then, secondly, what takes place in the individual can take place in communities, in states, in kingdoms." This principle is of wider application than to this single chapter, and the author has ably and conscientiously applied it thus far.

Select Poetry for Children. By JOSEPH PAYNE. Crosby, Lockwood, and Co., Ludgate Hill.

THIS is the twentieth edition of a very fair selection of poems for juveniles and others. Recent revisions and additions have improved the collection, which now includes pieces by Coleridge, Cowper, Longfellow, Southey, Wordsworth, Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Hemans, the present Poet Laureate, and other less celebrated rhymesters.

Discourses. By JOHN GUTHRIE, M.A., D.D., Glasgow. Hodder & Stoughton.

THESE sermons were printed by desire of those who heard them, and who wished for a memorial of their pastor while he was absent from them in search of health. The "Discourses" are divided into three parts, (1) six preached on special occasions, (2) five on difficult texts, and (3) seven miscellaneous. We are not at all surprised that the hearers of these sermons should have desired to possess them in this permanent form, for there is much in them to admire, especially those that are not controversial, and even these will find many approving readers, although no one will expect us to endorse such sentiments as the following:—"The Evangelical Union, now inaugurated . . . presents the only consistent basis for the universal call; and to this, *unless the gospel is to be immolated on the stony altar of the Genevan creed*, all must come." . . . "That . . . there is endless existence predestined for any without one glimpse of hope, with only the settled and stony paleness of absolute despair, is a dogma which I for one will never consent to be dragooned into."

A man who knows how to separate the wheat from the chaff will find some good corn here, but the unstable and unlearned will be wise if they leave the book alone.

Temperance Hymns and Songs, for the use of Methodist Bands of Hope and Temperance Societies. With Tunes. 66, Paternoster Row.

THERE is nothing in this book to limit its use to Methodist Bands of Hope and Temperance Societies, except, perhaps, the suggested short service for the opening and closing of the meetings of these useful organizations. It is pointed out that the use of this service is entirely optional. In our humble opinion the use of it is decidedly objectionable, for various reasons. Just fancy a number of rosy-cheeked, healthy, happy, temperance folk, old or young, joining in a "general confession," which includes the statement, "*There is no health in us!*" This surely is a libel on teetotalism. Apart from this little piece of liturgy the book has our heartiest commendation. If these hymns and songs are well and widely sung, it will be proved that Bacchus has by no means all the best of the tunes.

Once upon a time; or, the Boy's Book of Adventures. Religious Tract Society.

ADVENTURES indeed, and plenty of them—lost on the Alps, captures by brigands, attacks of robbers, and perils of Indians, in a French prison, on a rock:—we have, in fact, such a choice of adventures that every youth's heart should be more than satisfied. We scarcely know of a book more likely to be read by boys.

Notes.

THE suggestion of several correspondents that the Notes should become a complete diary of our proceedings we do not feel able to comply with. We fear that there would not be enough of interest in such a record. At the same time, we shall in future note more points of personal interest, as they are evidently looked for by our friends.

THE PASTOR was heartily welcomed at the Tabernacle on April 13. The loving congratulations of his affectionate people render his return one of the happiest events of his life. He finds the church in a

healthy state of earnest activity, and in all departments the strain of his long absence has been well sustained, a cheering proof that the work at the Tabernacle is of the Lord, and is not dependent upon the life of any one individual. Some few matters of income are in arrear, especially the fund of the Colportage: this is not the result of the Pastor's absence, nor of any failure of generosity on the part of friends at home, but of the general depression of trade throughout the country, which has diminished the sales of the colporteurs and also made it difficult for the local committees to keep up their guarantees.

By the divine blessing everything will be in good sailing order before long. Thanks are rendered to many friends who urged a longer rest, but it could not be taken, for there was a real necessity for the Pastor's return, and he could not have been easy to be longer out of the way. At the same time, the Pastor is not able to take any work beyond that which is due at home, and it will be in vain to press him to do so.

On Wednesday evening, April 9, Mr. W. Jackson Wray, who had rendered us good service by preaching for us on two of the Sabbaths while we were away, again assisted us by delivering his popular lecture on "The Wisdom of Æsop," in the Tabernacle, in aid of the special evangelistic services fund. Our son Charles presided, and at the close of the lecture expressed the hearty thanks of all present for the happy evening they had spent. As Mr. Wray had intimated that his subject had no end to it, the chairman hoped that it would be "continued in our next." Here are two nuggets from Mr. Wray's mine. The first bears the inscription, "To the worshippers of that uncalendered and monstrous hypocrite called Saint Monday".—

"Monday's burden bravely borne,
Tuesday's labour's easier done;
Wednesday's duties well fulfilled,
Thursday's trials are half killed;
Friday's griefs will be but small,
Saturday's wages then befall,
And Sunday's rest comes best of all."

The other is smaller, but equally valuable:—

"If you your lips would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care;
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where."

COLPORTAGE.—In answer to many prayers, we have received for Colportage work about £160. Now, this is a small instalment of £1,000 which is needed to put the work into a sound condition, but it has sufficed to keep the society from absolute bankruptcy for the time being, and to keep alive our faith and our expectation. We do not abate our assurance that God will send means for his own work. Will our friends kindly read the article upon Colportage in this number of the magazine?

COLLEGE.—During the past month Mr. J. S. Harrison has settled at Montague-street, Blackburn; Mr. H. Wood has sailed for New Zealand; Mr. E. G. Ince, for Australia; and Mr. N. Papengouth has been recognized as the pastor of the Chiesa Apostolica Cristiana, Naples. Mr. S. A.

Comber, who has recently passed his second examination, leaves us to continue his studies at Edinburgh University as a medical missionary.

Mr. A. Greer has removed from Braunston, Northamptonshire, to Quorndon, Leicestershire; Mr. C. Chapman from Gamlingay, Cambridgeshire, to Maldon, Essex; Mr. I. Bridge from Rayleigh, Essex, to Waterbeach, Cambridgeshire; and Mr. G. Duncan from Frome to Oaks Lindley, Huddersfield.

Mr. A. F. Brown, of Fenny Stratford, has become co-pastor with the Rev. W. A. Blake, of Brentford. Mr. Robt. Spurgeon, of Sewry, India, has taken the place of the Rev. A. McKenna at Dacca; Mr. H. Bool, of River Hebert, Nova Scotia, has gone to Pugwash, Cumberland county; and Mr. W. Ostler of Fulton, Oswego county, has accepted an invitation to Morrisville, New York.

The annual Conference will commence its meetings on Monday, the 5th inst. How happy should we be if our loving friends would implore a blessing upon the week of meetings! Especially let all the churches whose pastors will be present offer special prayers that the gathering may be greatly profitable to them. Mr. Phillips' supper takes place on Wednesday, May 7.

ORPHANAGE.—Mr. Charlesworth has made a most successful tour with the Orphanage choir, and visited Witney, Stratford-on-Avon, Evesham, Chipping Norton, Cambridge, and Waterbeach. To the zealous friends who in each town laboured to make the services of song a success we are personally grateful. In some of these towns we have old allies, whose names are very dear to us, though we dare say their modesty would be shocked if we named them—we will try them for once and mention as a specimen Messrs. Abraham, Toller, and Apthorpe,—but indeed others have been equally earnest, and we bless God for such good friends.

During the first four months of this year the Orphanage choir and the head-master have brought in £294 14s. 3d. to our funds. The places visited, in addition to those mentioned above, have been Melton Mowbray, Leicester, Derby, Northampton, Highgate, Reading, Richmond, and Hitchin. In all cases the contributions have been very handsome. Reading, as usual, leads the way with £53 15s. 6d. This meeting grew out of the annual meeting of Mr. Hutt's class; it was a very hearty one, and Mr. Sutton was so good as to write off to

Montone the cheering news before the meeting was over. Our friends, Messrs. Marchant, of Hitchin, Crosier, of Melton, J. T. Brown, of Northampton, Bateman, of Leicester, and all the rest are most heartily thanked. Their expressions of sympathy, love, and esteem to us personally, when reported to us, went far to cheer us in our hours of depression. God bless all those who have helped at these happy gatherings, and all who mean to invite the boys at some future time.

All goes well at the Orphanage, and we are glad. Messrs. J. and J. King, of Saint Andrews, Norwich, have sent some marvellously beautiful banners for the Orphanage, and we hope that on June 19th, when the Pastor's 45th birthday and the Orphanage Fête will be celebrated, these decorations will be displayed.

EVANGELISTS. — As we stated in our "Notes" last month, Mr. Clarke was too ill to accompany Mr. Smith to *Boston*, Lincolnshire, and his place was therefore taken by Mr. Gwillim, one of our elders. The choice of a substitute was no easy matter, but the decision proved to be a thoroughly wise one. The services were commenced on Sunday, March 16th, in the Corn Exchange, where some five or six hundred persons assembled in the morning, and about fourteen hundred at night, while a local paper states that "the continuous stream of people sent away, unable to gain admittance, would have filled another building equally as large." The week evening services had been announced to be held in our brother West's chapel, but the success of the first day's labours made it imperative that a larger meeting-house should be secured, and accordingly, application was made for the Primitive Methodist Chapel, West Street, which was readily lent, and quite crowded every night. On Sunday, the 23rd, about eight hundred persons were present at the Corn Exchange in the morning, and a very successful service for children was held at the Baptist Chapel in the afternoon. At night the service was conducted in the Corn Exchange, when, according to the authority before quoted, "it was thought that there could not have been far less than two thousand persons crammed into the building, and quite that number had to be refused admission. The marked attention of the people was ample proof that all enjoyed the service." A collection was made in aid of the Evangelists' Fund, and about one thousand of the congregation remained to the after meeting. The services were continued through the

week in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, which was quite full each night, and were brought to a close on Friday, the 28th, by a tea and public meeting, at which twelve local ministers and one thousand people were present. Both evangelists were earnestly entreated to remain longer than the specified time, but Mr. Gwillim only was able to do so. "A working man," who was unable to be present at the farewell meeting, sent 5s. to Mr. Smith as an expression of his gratitude to God for the blessings received through the services, and said that he hoped a hundred of God's children would send the same amount to be forwarded to Mr. Spurgeon, to help to defray the expense of maintaining the evangelists. A reference to our list of contributions to the Evangelists' Fund will show how far this good example was followed.

Mr. Clarke was sufficiently restored to commence work with Mr. Smith at *Bacup*, Lancashire, on April 12th, but his health again broke down after preaching a few times, and we fear he will be obliged to take a longer rest. About 800 Christian workers met together the first evening for prayer, the three Baptist choirs united in leading the singing, which seems to have quite charmed Mr. Smith; all the ministers gave up their week evening services and assisted the evangelists at every meeting, and as a natural consequence the chapels and mission halls in which they met were all densely crowded, and overflow meetings had to be held on several occasions. Our brethren expect great results from the unity and earnestness displayed at *Bacup*, and hope this good example will be followed elsewhere.

This month and next Messrs. Clarke and Smith have engaged to visit various towns in the West Riding of Yorkshire. We fear, however, that we must find some other preacher to accompany Mr. Smith, for Mr. Clarke appears to be utterly disabled. Trouble about funds is heavy enough, but the sickness of our beloved friend is a heavier trial. Brethren, pray for us that in this, also, God may be glorified.

Mr. *Burnham*, our second evangelist, has discovered that a man who intends to "do the work of an evangelist," as it ought to be done, must be prepared to have all his powers strained to their utmost. Towards the end of March, like Mr. Clarke, he was completely exhausted. His "labours abundant," with extra anxiety and travelling, in consequence of his father's death, necessitated a rest, for which arrangements had not been made, and compelled him to leave to local brethren the

conclusion of what had been up to that time a most successful series of services at *Bures*, and *Sudbury*, in Suffolk. He was, however, sufficiently restored to give an evening of sacred song at Mill-street Chapel, *Bedford*, on March 31, and another at *Markyate Street*, on April 1; and on Monday, the 7th ult., was able to commence a three weeks' engagement in Cornwall. This brother works alone, and feels an urgent need for a companion in the service. Two and two is a Scriptural rule, but we cannot send out more men till friends take up the cause.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE EVANGELISTS' ASSOCIATION.—This is the society which employs voluntary, or, as they are commonly called, *lay* agents. Mr. Elvin has sent us a copy of his half-yearly financial statement, the particulars of which are as follows:—Balance in hand, Sept., 1878, £2 0s. 10d.; donations from various friends, £97 9s.; contributions from two chapels visited, £2 10s.; collections at meetings, £6 4s. 9d.; sale of tracts, £2 16s. 9d.; profit on tea meeting, etc., £5 1s. 3d.; making the total receipts for the six months £116 2s. 7d. The expenditure for the same period has amounted to £96 0s. 11d. for rent of halls, gas, printing, postage, stationery, advertisements, travelling expenses of evangelists, etc. The balance in hand at the end of March was £20 1s. 8d.; but as £11 14s. 6d. was due to the printer, and £24 was nearly due for rent, in addition to the regular expenses of carrying on the work of the Association, it is evident that additional contributions will be very acceptable just now. Mr. Elvin's address is 30, Surrey Square, Walworth. S.E.

A new mission station has been opened in Upper Ground-street, Blackfriars, through the liberality of Mr. Shand, the fire-engine maker, who has set apart a large room in his factory, and fitted it up for the use of the Association. We thank this gentleman right heartily, and trust his good example will be followed by many other employers in various parts of our great city. Since writing this, we learn that Mr. Ross, of the Old Kent-road, has done the same, and a great blessing has rested upon the meetings held in the room which he has fitted up.

TO YOUNG MEN IN LONDON.—A class for Christian workers of all denominations is held in the Glass Room of the Tabernacle every Saturday evening, from seven to nine, to assist in training the Lord's servants for more successful work. The brethren of the Country Mission and

Evangelists' Association meet at this class, and it affords an opportunity to godly men to discover fields of usefulness, and prepare themselves for them. Our esteemed elder, Mr. George Goldston, is the president.

PERSONAL MATTERS.—Dr. Blaikie in a recent letter to us says of Dr. Livingstone, "I had in my hands the other day one of your sermons, *very yellow*, it lay embedded in one of his journals—had probably been all over Africa—and had in Livingstone's neat hand the simple words '*very good.*' Would you like it?" Our reply, as the reader will guess, was an urgent request that we might have the yellow relic.

The Religious Tract Society kindly favours us with the following extract from a letter from a member of the Servian Government, in reference to our sermon "Come and Welcome," which has been published in Servia. "Mr. Spurgeon's sermon, 'Come and Welcome,' continues to be much read and appreciated. The Dean of Thabatz writes to thank me that I have procured for Servian Christians such most valuable reading; and also adds that he has never read anything more edifying and more 'filling the soul.' A copy found its way to the State Prison of Posharevatz, and I am informed has been there read with much enjoyment, even by some men who have been pronounced infidels. An old gentleman belonging to the highest rank of our society took the opportunity of an evening party in his house to read the whole sermon to the ladies and gentlemen present. I am mentioning to you all these details, believing them to be hopeful signs of coming harvest, and feeling myself happy and thankful to our merciful Father that the first seed, which by the instrumentality of your committee has been thrown in the earth of Servia seems to bear with it God's blessing."

The Sheffield Telegraph charges us with having prayed the Lord to remove the Beaconsfield ministry from power. Not that it can report that we actually said as much, but, being able to read our heart, it is sure that it knows our honest meaning, and so it paraphrases the few harmless words which we employed. Be it so, Mr. Critic. Your imputation as to our *public* prayer was most unjustifiable, but you very correctly read the wish of our inmost soul. Our nation once regarded justice and humanity, but its present rulers care little for these things so long as they can annex and conquer. We once hoped that peace was the favourite policy of England, but now Britannia thrusts her fist into

everybody's face, and recklessly provokes hostility. The present ministry has sent the nation back half a century as to its moral tone; and it has laid up in the records of divine justice a sad amount of retribution, which is even now, in a measure, being meted out to the land. Parties are of small consequence to us, but wholesale slaughter brought about by unrighteous plundering ought not to be passed over without remonstrance. A true patriot desires, above all things, to see his nation do justly and love mercy, for only in such a course of action can it expect the favour of heaven. Believing all this, it is our prayer that God may forgive the present belligerent ministers and either remove

them from their offices or reverse their policy. *The Sheffield Telegraph* thinks that praying upon such matters is a very profane course of procedure, and favours us with a sage admonition, for which we render all the thanks which it deserves. We have long ago ceased to draw a boundary for our religion; we believe that it should enter into everything, and affect all our relationships. If we could not pray over our politics we should doubt their rightness.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—
January 31st, seven; February 27th, twenty; March 13th, eleven; March 27th, twelve; April 3rd, thirteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from March 20th to April 19th, 1879.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Fosbury	0	3	6
Per Rev. A. A. Rees	1	5	0
" Ebenezer	0	2	6
Mr. John Meartin	1	0	0
Mr. H. Eastman	1	0	0
C. S. F.	0	5	1
Mr. James McLeod	5	0	0
A Trifle for the College	0	10	0
Mrs. Griffiths	5	0	0
A Poor Member's Gift	0	0	5
Mr. Potier	2	10	0
Mr. H. B. Frearson	5	0	0
A vow redeemed	5	0	0
W. T., Birmingham	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Gibson	10	0	0
Mr. J. Lewis (annual subscription)	1	1	0
Mr. W. C. Sutherland, per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	0	10	0
Miss Hagger	0	10	0
Mr. W. Balne	0	10	6
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0
Miss Hadland	1	1	0
A Friend in New Zealand, per Rev. A. J. Hamilton	1	0	0
Rev. T. G. Gathercole	0	7	6
Collection at Beeston Hill, Leeds:—			
Rev. H. Winsor	2	3	0

	£	s.	d.
A Friend	0	15	0
T. B.	0	2	6
H. W.	0	5	0
	3	5	6
Saint's Hill and Hemyock, per Rev. A. Pidgeon	0	13	6
Bridgewater, per Mr. Sully	1	12	9
Mr. Hook	1	0	0
Church at Keynsham, per Rev. C. A. Fellowes	2	10	0
Church at Highgate, per Rev. J. H. Barnard	2	4	7
Octavius Street, Deptford, per Rev. D. Honour	2	7	0
Collection at Salem Chapel, Cheltenham, per Rev. H. Wilkins	10	15	0
Collection at Wick, per Rev. James Foster	3	10	0
Mrs. Holyroyd, per Rev. R. J. Duncan	1	0	0
Collection at New Barnet	3	0	0
Rev. R. J. Beecliffe	0	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Mar. 23	25	7	4
" " " " Mar. 30	44	9	5
" " " " April 6	28	0	9
" " " " " 13	55	7	4
	£229	5	8

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from March 20th to April 19th, 1879.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Piner	0	2	10
Mr. Kanford	1	0	0
Mrs. Keddie	0	6	0
Mr. Harding, per Mr. Dunn	1	1	0
Per Rev. A. A. Rees	1	5	0
A Friend, per Mr. Dunn	5	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. J. M. Smith	1	0	0
" Ebenezer "	0	2	6
Slitta Eræe Mission Scholars	0	10	6
A Poor Member	0	0	5
Mrs. E. Henry	0	5	0
Mr. A. S. Osborne	0	5	0
Eccecie Free Church Sunday School	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
M. G.	1	2	6
Mrs. E. A. White	1	0	0
Mr. John Meartin	1	0	0
A Well Wisher	0	17	0
In Memoriam of Ethel Borthin's third Birthday	0	15	0
Miss H. Fells	0	5	0
Miss Sarah Brown	0	5	0
Mr. E. T. Carrington	0	8	0
Mr. H. Eastman	1	0	0
Mr. John Begg	1	0	0
S. A. A.	0	10	6
Mr. T. M. A. Tunnickliff	0	10	0

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. and Mrs. Jordan's Silver Wedding-day ...	10 0 0	Mrs. Armitage ...	0 10 0
Prayers answered aright ...	0 2 6	A Vow redeemed ...	5 0 0
Mr. T. Thomason ...	2 0 0	Mr. Summers ...	2 2 0
Miss Laura Rosa Phillips, Birthday Thankoffering ...	1 0 0	Subscriptions, per F. R. T.:-	
Mr. G. D. Pearman ...	2 0 0	D. B. ...	0 5 0
Friends of Kingswood and Wotton-under-Edge, per Mrs. Griffiths ...	14 3 6	Miss Humphreys ...	0 5 0
Mr. J. Peace Jones... ..	1 0 3	Mrs. R. Johnson ...	0 5 0
Mrs. C. Keely	0 2 6	Mr. A. Cammack (2 months) ...	0 10 0
Miss. J. Sproule	0 2 6	Mr. J. Edwards ...	0 5 0
Mrs. L. G.	0 2 0	Mr. T. R. Johnson ...	0 5 0
A Reader of the "Sword and Trowel" ...	0 10 0	Mrs. Mold ...	0 5 0
Mr. J. T. Soundy	5 0 0	Mrs. Bakewell ...	0 5 0
Silver Wedding	0 10 0		
A Friend at Birmingham, per Mr. C. Spurgeon ...	1 1 0	Part Proceeds of Lecture at Lochee, per	
Mrs. Herschell	2 2 0	Rev. D. Cameron ...	1 0 0
E. L.	0 10 0	Miss M. E. Hadland ...	1 1 0
H. E. S.	10 10 0	Donations, etc., per Mr. Charlesworth:-	
Mr. W. Cooke	2 0 0	S. Gillespie ...	2 10 0
E. W., Thankoffering	0 10 0	E. Few ...	0 5 0
W. R. H., Thankoffering... ..	0 10 0	A Family of Five:-	
Mr. J. Nuttall	0 7 6	M. C. F. ...	1 0 0
A Friend, Salem Chapel, Cheltenham ...	0 10 0	A. E. C. F. ...	1 0 0
A Friend	1 0 0	H. C. F. ...	1 0 0
Mrs. Marshall	0 5 0	J. E. F. ...	1 0 0
Mr. T. Squire	2 0 0	H. C. F. ...	1 0 0
Stamps from Bacup	0 1 0		
A Country Minister	0 3 0	Miss Kimber ...	5 0 0
Miss Eyfe	0 10 0	E. Easton ...	1 0 0
Miss Clara E. Berry	0 1 0	Rev. W. Mayo ...	0 5 0
Friends at Wantage, per E. L. Clement ...	1 4 6	Servants' Bible Class, per	
Mr. and Mrs. Arres	1 0 0	Miss W. ...	0 3 6
A Thankoffering	0 2 0	Orphan Boys' Collecting	
Mr. James Houston	5 0 0	Cards:-	
Every Little Helps... ..	0 2 6	C. Knibb ...	0 5 3
W. A. M.	0 4 0	S. White ...	0 10 0
Frank and Benny Rigby	0 12 0		
H. H. S.	0 9 6	Services of Song:-	
Miss E. C. Hassell	0 1 0	Witney ...	20 0 0
Miss Hagger	0 10 0	Stratford-on-Avon ...	12 11 0
Mrs. Raybould	1 0 0	Evesham ...	21 0 0
Mr. E. Russell	2 0 0	Chipping Norton ...	20 0 0
Mrs. Dalton... ..	1 0 0	Cambridge ...	37 14 4
Mr. Spriggs	0 5 0	Waterbeach ...	16 0 0
			133 5 1
			£231 18 10

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—Provisions.—A Ham, G. Apthorpe; 370 Buns, W. J. Thompson; 100 lbs. of Meat (Jan.), Mrs. Goslin; half chest of Tea, Mrs. Winter; 120 Eggs, Janet Ward.

CLOTHING, &c.—50 pairs of Boots, Meadows and Co.; 3 pairs of Socks, a Mother in Buchan; 18 pairs of Socks, E. P., Hitchin; a Boy's Vest, Mr. Shepperd; a parcel of cast off clothing, Miss Morrison; 14 Shirts, E. J. Leeder and Sisters; 6 Shirts, Miss Greenwood, per Mrs. J. Withers.

GENERAL.—2 dozen Toys, G. M. Phillips; a pair of Slippers, Anon.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 19th, 1879.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:-		East Devon Colportage Mission... ..	10 0 0
R. J. Grubb, Esq., for Oxford	10 0 0	Preston District	10 0 0
R. W. S. Griffith, Esq., for Lyndhurst ...	10 0 0	Suffolk Congregational Union	9 4 6
R. Cory, Esq., junior, for Cardiff	10 0 0	Dorchester, per J. T. Soundy, Esq. ...	20 0 0
H. Faulder, Esq., for Stockport	10 0 0	Young Ladies' Bible Class, Metropolitan Tabernacle (Mr. Charlesworth's)	10 0 0
Worcester Colportage Association	40 0 0	Minchinhampton District	10 0 0
Essex Congregational Union	16 6 8	Gloucester and Hereford Association ...	7 10 0
Chippingham District, per Rev. H. Burdwell	5 0 0	Eythorne District	7 10 0
"W. R.," for Riddings	7 10 0	Mrs. Rowland, for Matlock	0 10 0
Friends at Maldon	5 0 0	George Wull, Esq., Liverpool	10 0 0
Accrington Temperance Society, per Rev. S. R. Antliff	5 0 0	Chester Colportage Society	10 0 0
Bower Chalk, per Mr. J. T. Hookoy ...	6 5 0		
Southern Association	55 0 0		
Chipping Norton, per Rev. T. Dentley ...	15 0 0		
			£299 16 2



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JUNE, 1879.

What is Eccentricity?

A LECTURE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.



UGHT I not to be very timid in speaking upon eccentric preachers when I am somewhat sarcastically requested by an anonymous letter writer to *look at home*? I do look at home, and I am glad that I have such a happy home to look at. Trembling has not seized upon me upon receiving my nameless friend's advice, for two reasons; first, because I am not horrified by being charged with eccentricity, and secondly, because I do not consider myself to be guilty of that virtue or vice, whichever it may be. Years ago I might have been convicted of a mild degree of the quality, but since so many have copied my style, and so considerable a number have borrowed my discourses, I submit that I am rather the orthodox example than the glaring exception. After having lived for a quarter of a century in this region, I am not now regarded in London as a phenomenon to be stared at, but as an old-fashioned kind of body, who is tolerated as an established part of the ecclesiastical life of this vast city. Having moved in one orbit year after year without coming into serious collision with my neighbours I have reason to believe that my pathway in the religious heavens is not eccentric, but is as regular as that of the other lights which twinkle in the same sky. I have probably done my anonymous correspondent more honour than he deserves in taking so much notice of him; indeed, I only mention the man and his communication that I might bear witness against all anonymous letters. Never write a letter to which you are ashamed to

put your name; as a rule only mean persons are guilty of such an action, though I hope my present correspondent is an exception to the rule. Be so eccentric as to be always able to speak the truth to a man face to face. And now to our subject.

It is not the most profitable business in the world to find fault with our fellows. It is a trade which is generally followed by those who would excuse themselves from self-examination by turning their censures upon others. The beam in their own eye does not appear to be quite so large while they can discover motes in other men's optics, and hence they resort to the amusement of detraction. Ministers are the favourite prey of critics, and on Sundays, when they think it right to talk religion, they keep the rule to the letter, but violate its sense by most irreligiously overhauling the persons, characters, sayings and doings of God's servants. "Dinner is over. Bring the walnuts, and let us crack the reputations of a preacher or two. It is a pious exercise for the Sabbath." Then tongues move with abounding clatter; tales are told without number, and when the truth has been exhausted a few "inventions" are exhibited. One saw a preacher do what was never done, and another heard him say what was never said. Old fictions are brought up and declared to have happened a few days ago, though they never happened at all, and so the good people hallow the Sabbath with pious gossip and sanctimonious slander. There is a very serious side to this when we remember the fate of those who love and make a lie; but just now we will not dwell upon that solemn topic, lest we should be accused of *lecturing* our audience in more senses than one. So far as I am personally concerned, if the habit we are speaking of were not a sin, I do not know that I should care about it, for after having had more than my fair share of criticism and abuse, I am not one jot the worse for it in any respect; no bones are broken, my position is not injured, and my mind is not soured.

From the earliest period it has been found impossible for the messengers whom God has sent to suit their style of utterance to the tastes of all. In all generations useful preachers of the gospel have been objected to by a portion of the community. Mere chips in the porridge may escape censure, and mildly win the tolerance of indifference, but decided worth will be surrounded with warm friends and red-hot foes. He who hopes to preach so as to please everybody must be newly come into the ministry; and he who aims at such an object would do well speedily to leave its ranks. Men must and will cavil and object; it is their nature to do so. John came neither eating nor drinking; he was at once a Baptist and an abstainer, and nothing could be alleged against his habits, which were far removed from the indulgences of luxury; but this excellence was made his fault, and they said, "He hath a devil." Jesus Christ came eating and drinking, living as a man among men; and this which they pretended to desire in John became an offence in Jesus, and they libelled him as "a drunken man and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." Neither the herald nor his Master suited the wayward tastes of their contemporaries. Like children playing in the market-place, who would not agree about what the game should be, so were the sons of men in that generation. They rejected the messengers because they loved not the God who sent

them, and they only pretended to object to the men because they dared not avow their enmity to their Master. Hence the objections were often inconsistent and contradictory, and always frivolous and vexatious.

Filled with the same spirit of contrariety, the men of this world still depreciate the ministers whom God sends them and profess that they would gladly listen if different preachers could be found. Nothing can please them, their cavils are dealt out with heedless universality. Cephas is too blunt, Apollos is too flowery, Paul is too argumentative, Timothy is too young, James is too severe, John is too gentle. Nevertheless, wisdom is justified of all her children. At this time, when God raises up a man of original mind who strikes out a course for himself and follows it with success, it is usual to charge him with being eccentric. If his honesty may not be suspected, nor his zeal questioned, nor his power denied, sneer at him and call him *eccentric*, and it may be the arrow will wound.

Let us now pay our attention to this dreadful word *eccentric*, and then see by what means it has been fixed upon certain preachers of the gospel, and those not the least in usefulness.

What is it to be eccentric? The short and easy method for determining the meaning of a word is to go to the dictionary. Dr. Samuel Johnson, what say you? The sage replies, "It signifies deviating from the centre, or not having the same centre as another circle." The gruff lexicographer proves his definition by quoting from an astronomer who charges the sun with eccentricity. "By reason of the sun's eccentricity to the earth and obliquity to the equator, it appears to us to move unequally." Eccentric preachers are evidently in brilliant society. Now I am free to admit that the word has come to mean singular, odd, whimsical, and so forth; but by going a little deeper into its etymology, we discover that it simply means that the circle in which an eccentric man moves is not quite coincident with that which is followed by the majority: he does not tread the regular ring, but deviates more or less as he sees fit. It would be easy to prove that a movement may be eccentric, and yet quite regular and effective. Every man who has to do with machinery knows what it is for one wheel to be eccentric to another, and he knows also that often this may be a needful and useful arrangement for the purpose of the machine. It does not seem so very horrible after all that a man should be eccentric. I suppose the popular meaning is that a man is off the circle, or in more vulgar phrase, "off the square." But the point is, who is to tell us what the square is, and who is to decide which circle a man is bound to follow? True, this second circle is not concentric with the first, but it is not therefore more eccentric than the first, for each one is eccentric to the other. It may be that A is eccentric to B, but B is quite as much eccentric to A. A man called me a Dissenter the other day, and I admitted that I dissented from him, but I charged him with being a Dissenter, because he dissented from me. He replied that I was a Nonconformist, but I retorted that he also was a Nonconformist, for he did not conform to me. Such terms, if they are to be accurately employed, require a fixed standard; and in the case of the term "eccentricity" we need first to settle a centre and a circumference, from which we may depart. This will be no easy task: indeed, those who attempt it will find it to be

impossible in matters of taste and deportment, according to the old adage, "*de gustibus, &c.*" (concerning matters of taste it is idle to dispute) and the well-worn proverb, "every man to his taste."

In morals conscience has fixed the centre and struck the ring; and in religion revelation has used the compasses and given us a perfect sphere. God grant that we may not be eccentric towards God, either as to holiness or truth, for that were fatal: but when fashion and custom mark out ill-proportioned imitations of the circle of perfection, or even dare to impose curves of their own, it may be grandly right to be eccentric, for all the saints have trodden an eccentric path as they have tracked the narrow way in the teeth of the many who pursue the downward road.

From such consecrated eccentricity come martyrs, reformers, and the leaders of the advance guard of freedom and progress. Breaking loose from the shackles of evil customs, such men first stand alone and defy the world; but ere long the great heart of manhood discerns their excellence, and then men are so eager to fall at their feet that the idolatry of hero-worship is scarcely escaped. To us the men seem grander in their solitary adherence to the right and to the true than when they become the centres of admiration: their brave eccentricity is the brightest gem in their crown. The slavery of custom is as hard and crushing as any other form of human bondage, and blessed is he who for the truth's sake disdains to wear the galling chain, preferring rather to be charged with singularity and held up to ridicule. It is clear, then, that eccentricity may in certain cases be a virtue. When it touches the moral and the spiritual it may be worthy of all honour.

As to preachers and their mode of procedure, what is eccentricity? Who is to fix the centre? I say to all those professed critics who tell us that certain preachers are eccentric—"Who is to fix the centre for them?" Shall this important task devolve upon those gentlemen who buy lithographed sermons and preach them as their own? These men are in no danger of violating propriety in the excess of their zeal, for their discourses are cut and dried for them at wholesale establishments. Do you ask, "Is this true?" I answer, undoubtedly; for the other day, to test the matter, I sent my secretary to a certain bookseller's, and he brought home to me specimens of these precious productions, lithographed or written by hand, at prices descending from a shilling to sixpence each: a choice variety, believe me. Some of these invaluable discourses are carefully marked in places to indicate the degree of emphasis to be used, and spaces or dotted lines are employed to indicate the pauses and their suggested length. No one calls the users of these pretty things eccentric; are we, therefore, to regard them as the model preachers to whom we are to be conformed? Are we all to purchase spiritual food for our flocks, at the liberal rate of half-a-guinea a quarter for thirteen sermons, to be exchanged at Lady-day, Midsummer, Michaelmas, and Christmas? If these things be so, and this trade is to be continued and increased, I suppose that we who think out our own sermons, and deliver them fresh from our hearts, will be regarded as odd fellows, just as Mr. Wesley was stigmatized as eccentric because he wore his own hair when all the fashionable world rejoiced in wigs. Well, my brethren, if it should ever be the fashion to wear wooden legs,

I shall be eccentric enough to keep to those which nature gave me, weak as they are, and I trust that the number of eccentric people will be sufficient to keep me in countenance.

Who is to fix the centre of the circle? Shall we give the compasses into the hand of the high-flying brethren whose rhetoric towers into the clouds and is shrouded and lost in them? Certainly these do the business very grandly, dealing in the sublime and beautiful quite as freely as Burke himself. No common man understandeth or so much as dareth to attempt understanding these gentlemen of the altitudes and profundities. Their big words are by no means needful on account of the greatness of their matter, but seem to be chosen upon the principle that the less they have to say the more pompous must be their phrases. In their magniloquence they

“Set wheels on wheels in motion—such a clatter—
To force up one poor nipperkin of water!
Broad ocean labours with tremendous roar
To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore.”

Mr. Muchado is still engaged in whipping his creams into a froth of the consistency of half a nothing; and we may hear the Rev. Mr. Pretty-man in many a pulpit exercising the art of spread-eagle to a coterie who do not suspect him of eccentricity, but consider him to be the model divine.

Not in words only are the high-fliers comparable to masses of floating cloud, but in doctrine they are equally beyond all comprehension. They are philosophical gentlemen, superior persons of special culture, though what has been cultivated in them, except an affectation of learning, it would be hard to say. They confuse those whom they ought to confirm, and stagger those whom they should establish. Bishop Blomfield tells us that a certain verger said to him, “Do you know I have been verger of this church fifty years, and though I have heard all the great sermons preached in this place I am still a Christian.” Now, are these dealers in words and dreams to fix the centre? If so, we intend to be eccentric; and blessed be God we are not alone in that resolve, for there are others who join with us in the opinion that to be studying the prettinesses of elocution, and the fancies of philosophy, while men are perishing around us is the brutal eccentricity of a Nero, who fiddled while Rome was burning, and sent his galleys to fetch sand from Alexandria while the populace died for want of bread. If the centre is to be up in the clouds, let a few of us who care for something practical stop down below and be regarded as eccentric. It is an odd thing that some men prefer to speak upon topics of which they know nothing, and from which no benefit can possibly arise, while themes which might edify are disregarded. Timbs tells us of an eccentric “Walking Stewart,” who had perambulated half the world but would never talk of his travels, preferring to descant upon “The Polarity and Moral Truth,” whereon he spoke so wildly that no one could make head or tail of it. Like this departed worthy, certain men are most at home when they are all abroad, and most important when their subject is insignificant. We do not choose their centre, for it is far more suitable for will-o'-the-wisps than ministers of the eternal word. When

all souls are saved and all mourners comforted we may venture to discuss recondite theories, but not while graveyards are filling with those who know not God.

Where, then, is the centre to be found? Am I directed to yonder vestry? I beg pardon—sacristy. If you open that door, you will perceive a considerable number of cupboards, presses, and recesses. Where are we? Is this a milliner's shop, or a laundry, or both? Those linen garments reflect great credit upon the washerwoman and ironer; but the establishment is not a laundry, for here hang black gowns and white gowns and raiment as fine as Joseph's coat. And what a variety? Here, young man, fetch the ecclesiastical dictionary! Here we have an alb and an amice, a cope for the parson, and a corporal for the bread and wine, and—well, there's no end of the concerns! We are not well instructed in the terminology of these drapery establishments, but we are informed that these things are not to be treated with levity, seeing that therein abideth much grace, which ministereth to the establishment of the saints. In truth, we have small care to linger among these resplendent rags, but assuredly if the centre of gravity lies with gentlemen who thus bedizen their corporeal frames, we prefer to be eccentric, and dress as other male humanities are wont to do. It has seemed to us to be needful to discard even the white necktie. While it was the ordinary dress of a gentleman, well and good; but as it has grown to denote a personage of the clerical sort, or, in other words, has become a priestly badge, it seems best to abjure it. This may be done the more readily because it is also the favourite decoration of undertakers and waiters at hotels, and one has no wish to be taken for either of these deserving functionaries. Some young preachers delight in cravats of extreme length, and others tie them with great precision, reminding us of Beau Brummel, who produced miraculous ties, because, as he said, he gave his whole mind to them. I was much aided in the summary dismissal of my tie by an incident which happened to me when I first came to London. I was crossing the river by a penny steamboat, when a rude fellow said to me, "How are you getting on at Hitchcock's?" I could not imagine what he meant; but he explained that he supposed I was in the drapery line, and was probably at that eminent firm. He tried hard to find out where I was serving, and when I gave him for answer that I knew none of the houses in the City, and was not in the drapery, "Then," said he, "you're a Methodist parson"; which was a better shot by far, and yet not quite a bull's-eye. Having no desire to be lifted into the clerical order, or to claim any distinction above my fellow church-members, I dress as they dress, and wear no special distinguishing mark. Let men of sense judge whether this is one-half so eccentric as arraying one's self so that it is hard for spectators to guess whether you are a man or a woman, and very easy to say that your garnishing is not manly, but ostentatious, and oftentimes meretricious and absurd. The centre is not here. They that wear soft raiment are in king's houses, but the King of kings cares nothing for the finery and foppery of ecclesiastical parade.

According to common talk, the centre of the circle is fixed by the dullest of all the brotherhood, for to be eccentric means with many to have anything over half a grain of common sense,

or the remotest flavouring of humour. Have anything like originality, anything like genius, anything like a sparkle of wit, anything like natural whole-souled action, and you will be called eccentric directly by those who are used to the gospel of Hum-drum. The concentric thing with many is to prose away with great propriety and drone with supreme decorum. Your regular man says nothing which can by any possibility offend anybody, and nothing which is likely to do anyone good. Devoid of faults, and destitute of excellencies, the proper preacher pursues his mechanical round, and shudders at the more erratic motions of real life. Far be it from us to depreciate the excellent brother, his way is doubtless the best for him, yet are there other modes which are quite as commendable though more likely to be censured. If you will be as dry as sawdust, as devoid of juice as the sole of an old shoe, and as correct as the multiplication table, you shall earn to yourself a high degree in the great university of Droneingen, but if you wake up your soul and adapt an energetic delivery, and a natural, manly, lively, forcible mode of utterance, all the great authorities of that gigantic institution will say, "Oh dear, it is a pity he is so eccentric." Common sense decidedly objects to have the centre for an eagle fixed by an owl, or the circle for a waxwork figure forced upon a living man.

As to this supposed centre of the circle, which we have tried in vain to settle, it may be as well to remark that it is not fixed, and never can be fixed; for climes and times and circumstances involve perpetual change. Some hundred or more years ago Mr. John Wesley stood on his father's grave to preach in Epworth churchyard, and he was thought very eccentric for proclaiming the gospel in the open air; as for Mr. Whitefield, he was considered to be demented, or he would never have taken to the fields. Our Lord and his apostles had long before preached under the open heavens, and, persecuted as they were, no one in those days called them eccentric because of that particular practice; and, to show how the ideas of men have changed again, no one is now considered to be eccentric for open-air preaching, at least, not in these regions. I might preach standing on a gravestone tomorrow, and none would blame me. Yes, I forgot, it must not be in a national graveyard, or I should be liable to something dreadful. We must neither stand on an Episcopal tombstone nor be laid under one with our own funeral rites. Those orthodox worms which have fattened on correctly buried corpses so long, would be taken ill if they fed on bodies over which the regular chaplain has not asked a blessing. This care for the worms is to my mind rather eccentric, but let that pass, it will soon be numbered among the superstitions of a dark age. As times roll on, that which is eccentric in one era becomes general and even fashionable in another. The costume and general cut of a preacher of Queen Elizabeth's day would create a smile if it should be copied under the reign of Queen Victoria, and even the knee breeches, silk stockings, and silver buckles, which I have myself seen upon my venerated grandfather, would create many a smile if they were to reappear at the next meeting of the Congregational Union. "The nasal twang learned at conventicle" was once regarded as the holy tone of piety, and yet the man who should use it now, if he were an Englishman,

would be thought an odd being. Indeed, much of the oddity of the famous Matthew Wilks lay in that particular habit; he made you smile, even when speaking with all solemnity, by the strangeness of his voice, and yet I never heard that our Puritanic ancestors were otherwise than grave while listening to the same peculiar form of utterance. Time was when it was accounted one of the outrageous deeds of a certain Jack Hanway, that he actually walked down a street in London on a rainy day, carrying a new-fangled kind of round tent to keep off the wet; yet no one quotes this action now as a proof of extreme eccentricity, for umbrellas are as common as mushrooms.

The following incident, which happened to myself, will show the power of race and climate in producing the charge of eccentricity. A Dutchman, who from the very orderly style of his handwriting, and the precision of his phrases, should be a very exemplary individual, once wrote me a sternly admonitory letter. From having read my printed discourses with much pleasure he had come to consider me as a godly minister; and, therefore, being in London, he had availed himself of the opportunity to hear me. This, however, he deeply regretted, as he had now lost the power to read my sermons with pleasure any more. What, think you, had I said or done to deprive me of the good opinion of so excellent a Hollander? I will relieve your mind by saying that he considered that I preached exceedingly well, and he did not charge me with any extravagances of action, but it was my personal appearance which shocked him. I wore a beard, which was bad enough, but worse than this, he observed upon my lip *a moustache!* Now this guilty thing is really so insignificant an affair that he might have overlooked such an unobtrusive offender. But no, he said that I wore a moustache like a carnal, worldly-minded man! Think of that. Instead of being all shaven and shorn like the holy man whom he was accustomed to hear, and wearing a starched ruffled collar all round my neck, about a quarter of a yard deep, I was so depraved as to wear no ruff, and abjure the razor. His great guy of a minister, with ruff and bands and gown, and a woman's chin was *not* eccentric, but because I allowed my hair to grow as nature meant it should, I was eccentric and frivolous and carnal and worldly-minded, and all sorts of bad things. You see, what is eccentric in Holland is not eccentric in England, and *vice versa*. Much of the eccentric business is a matter of longitude and latitude, and to be quite correct one would need to take his bearings, and carry with him a book of costumes and customs, graduated according to the distance from the first meridian.

Moreover, we may not forget that as in religion there have been times of persecution, and times of toleration, so has it been with the pulpit. At one date propriety ruled supreme, and men were doomed to instant ostracism if they passed beyond the settled line; while at another date a sort of Eccentric Emancipation Act is passed, and every man does what is right in his own eyes. At the present moment great latitude is allowed, and several persons are now saying and doing very remarkable things, and yet are escaping the charge of eccentricity. It is well for them that some of us lived before them, and for far smaller liberties were set in the pillory. For myself, I venture to say that I have been severely criticized for anecdotes and illustrations of the very

same kind which I meet with in the very excellent discourses of my friend, Mr. Moody, whom I appreciate probably more than anybody else. Many dear, good souls who have heard him with pleasure would not have done so twenty years ago, but would have regarded him as very eccentric. As to Mr. Sankey's singing, of which I equally approve, would not that have been unpardonable even ten years ago? Would Ned Wright and Joshua Poole, and brethren of that order, have been tolerated in 1858? According to the rules which judged Rowland Hill to be eccentric, I should say that these brethren are quite as far gone, if not further, and yet one does not hear an outcry against them for eccentricity. No, the bonds are relaxed, and it is just possible that they are now rather too slack than too tight. It is, however, very curious to watch the moods of the religious public and see how what is condemned to-day is admired to-morrow. Such an observation has a great tendency to make a man rise superior to the verdict of the period, and choose his own path. To promote a manly, courageous course of action in such matters is our main object in delivering this lecture.

Let us, if we are ministers, do that which we believe to be most likely to be useful, and pay little heed to the judgment of our contemporaries. If we act wisely we can afford to wait; our reward is in a higher approbation than that of men; but even if it were not, we can afford to wait. The sweeping censures of hurried critics will one day be blown away like the chaff of the threshing-floor, and the great heart of the church of God will beat true to her real champions, and clear their reputations from the tarnish of prejudice and slander. The eccentricity of one century is the heroism of another; and what is in one age cast out as folly may be in the next revered as a wisdom which lived before its time. Well said the apostle, "With me it is a very small thing that I should be judged of you, or of man's judgment: yea, I judge not mine own self."

To return to our circle and *concentricity*: It would be a very great pity if the centre of the circle could be fixed by a decree like that of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not. If we could settle once for all what is concentric and what is eccentric it would be a very serious evil, for the differences of utterance and modes of address among God's ministers serve a very useful purpose. When Dr. John Owen said that he would give all his learning to be able to preach like the tinker, John Bunyan, he spake not wisely, unless he meant no more than to extol honest John; for Owen's discourses, profound, solid, weighty, and probably heavy, suited a class of persons who could not have received Bunyan's delightfully illustrated preaching of the plain gospel. No, Dr. Owen, you had better remain Dr. Owen, for we could by no means afford to lose that mine of theological wealth which you have bequeathed to us. You would have looked very awkward if you had tried to talk like the marvellous dreamer, and he would have played the fool if he had imitated you. It is pitiful to hear comparisons made between the different servants of the same Lord. They were made by their Master, the one as well as the other, and set in different spheres to answer his own designs, and the same wisdom is displayed in each. I heard the other day of a discussion which may have answered its

design in educating youthful powers of debate, but intrinsically it was an idle theme; it was this—Does the world owe most to the printing-press or to the steam engine? The machines are alike useful for the purposes intended, and both essential to the world's progress, why contrast them? Why not as well raise a controversy as to the relative values of needles and pins? Robert Robinson, of Cambridge, had a terse, vigorous, and somewhat homely style of preaching, and I heard it asserted that it was more effective than that of Robert Hall, by whom he was succeeded, who was grandly rhetorical and overwhelming. Who is to judge in such a matter? Who in his senses would even tolerate the question? We claim for Robert Hall a master's seat in the assembly of divines, nor would we place Robert Robinson below him, for each man suited the condition of the church. We admire every man in his own order, or even in his own disorder, so long as it is really his own. He has some end to serve in God's eternal purpose, let him answer that end without carping criticism from us. Who are we, that we should even condemn what seems to us odd and singular? How many souls were won to God by Mr. Rowland Hill's "eccentricities," as they called them, the judgment day alone will reveal. You have, doubtless, heard of the young man who was about to go to India, and a pious friend was very anxious that he should not leave the country in an unconverted state. He induced this young man to stay a week with him in London, and took him to hear a minister of much repute, a very able man—a man of sound argument and solid thought, in the hope that perhaps something which he said would lead to his friend's conversion. The youth listened to the sermon, pronounced it an excellent discourse, and there was an end of it. He was taken to hear another earnest preacher, but no result came of the service. When the last night came, the godly friend, in a sort of desperation, ventured with much trembling to lead his companion to Surrey Chapel, to hear Mr. Hill, praying earnestly that Mr. Hill might not say any funny things, that he might, in fact, preach a very solemn sermon, and not say anything whatever that might cause a titter. To his horror, Mr. Hill that night seemed to be more than ever lively, and he said many quaint things. Among the rest he said that he had seen a number of pigs following a butcher in the street, at which he marvelled, inasmuch as swine have usually a will of their own, and that will is not often according to their driver's mind. Mr. Hill, upon enquiring, found that the aforesaid pigs followed the leader because he had peas in his pocket, and every now and then he dropped a few before them, thus overcoming their scruples and propensities. Even so, said Mr. Hill, does the devil lead ungodly men captives to his will, and conduct them into the slaughter-house of everlasting destruction, by indulging them in the pleasures of the world. The sober gentleman who had brought his friend to the chapel was greatly shocked at such a grovelling simile, and grieved to think of the mirth which his young friend would find in such a dreadful observation. They reached the door, and to his surprise the youth observed, "I shall never forget this service. That story about the pigs has deeply impressed me, for I fear it is my case." A happy conversion followed, and the critic could only retract his criticism in the silence of his own

grateful heart. Well, then, let each servant of God tell his message in his own way. To his own Master he shall stand or fall.

If God moves a Rowland Hill to speak of pigs, it will be better than if he had descanted upon purling brooks, or blue-eyed seraphim. Taste may be shocked, but what of taste when men are to be aroused from the fatal slumbers of indifference ! If you are living without Christ in the world, your state and condition are far more shocking in themselves than any arousing words can possibly be. It is sin which is vulgar and in bad taste ; so they think who best can judge,—the purest of our race and the angels in heaven. It disgusts me to see a man whom God's word declares to be "condemned already" giving himself airs, and affecting to be too delicate to hear a homely sentence from one who desires to save him from eternal wrath. He is coarse enough to despise the altogether lovely One, brutal enough to reject the gospel of love, and base enough to rebel against his Creator and Preserver, and yet forsooth he is a connoisseur in religion, and picks over every word which is spoken to him for his good ! This spiritual prudery is sickening to the last degree.

I have given the story of Mr. Hill because it is a type of many which are considered to be eccentric and coarse, but which are not so at all, except to shallow minds. There is nothing essentially vulgar in an allusion to pigs any more than to any other animals, for our Lord himself spoke of "casting pearls before swine," and the apostle Peter alluded to the sow that was washed wallowing in the mire. Nor is there anything essentially coarse in the simile of the hogs following the butcher ; in fact, it is less coarse than Peter's metaphor which we have quoted, especially when coupled with the dog's returning to his vomit. No creature, truly represented, is common or unclean. It is only a sort of Phariseeism of taste which makes it so. Real vulgarity lies in foul allusions and indelicate hints, and these are to be found among men of dainty speech, such as Lawrence Sterne, and not among holy and homely minds after the order of Rowland Hill. Tinge your stories or your figures with dirt, Mr. *Slopdash* ! and we abandon you : nothing which is indelicate can be endured in the service of a holy God. Come home to the heart in your own genial, homespun manner, and I, for one, will delight in you, Mr. *Slapdash* ! and bid you God speed. So much difference is there between *slop* and *slap* that it might furnish a theme for a lecture, and yet there is only the change of a vowel in the words. So may disgusting vulgarity and homely force wear much the same aspect, and yet they differ as much as black and white. There is a charming poetry in many a simple figure which unsophisticated minds delight in. If a smile is raised it only shows that the soul is awake, and is pleased to be taught so plainly. Critics may take out their pen-knives to gore and gash, but honest hearts delight in the natural expressions, the instructive comparisons, and the heartfelt utterances of the earnest man whom the world sets down as

AN ECCENTRIC PREACHER.

The Serpent in Paradise: or, Gambling at Monte Carlo.

WE must apologise to our readers for introducing to their notice a subject which will neither minister to their edification nor increase their pleasure, a subject, moreover, in which the bulk of them have no personal interest whatever. Our apology is the necessity of doing something towards ending an abomination which reeks before high heaven, and has been too long permitted to defile the earth; an abomination which has survived the removal of all others like it from among civilized men, as dangerous to society and ruinous to public morals; an abomination for which there is no excuse but the depraved appetite of the immoral public, and no remedy but its universal denunciation by all respectable men. Those who have set up the gaming tables of Monte Carlo have no conscience; it remains for the public to find them one, and this can never be till an enlightened public opinion is formed and expressed. We cannot tell where the following protest may make its way, we do, however, entreat all lovers of common decency, all lovers of their race, to use such influence as they have in assisting the effort to put down this bane of the Riviera, this pest-house of Europe, the gambling establishment of Monte Carlo.

Thousands every year resort to Nice, Mentone, Cannes, and other towns in the sunny south of France to escape the rugged winters of their own land. Many of these are invalids, but a considerable number are wealthy persons who are accustomed to foreign travel, and are attracted by the exquisite scenery which they have the health and strength to enjoy. Numbers of well-to-do people come with their families, and the young folks make up pleasure excursions for the valleys and the mountains, and spend their time most agreeably, with undoubted benefit to their health. Who can blame them for resorting to such a Paradise, which seems indeed to have been specially prepared to give health to the sick, and pleasure to the active? Possessing a balmy air, a dry atmosphere, lovely landscapes, and a brilliant sun, the land is the garden of the world, an Eden which has survived the Fall. What more could be desired? Alas, there is a serious drawback to the enjoyment of the region, and this is of a most insidious and deadly sort. At Monte Carlo, which is generally confused with Monaco, of which it is a part, the insignificant Princelet has set up a public gaming establishment in the finest conceivable position, in the choicest spot in all this choicest of lands. The establishment is surrounded with magnificent gardens, which are free to all, and within there is a theatre with the finest music in the world, with all its entertainments gratis, and superb rooms furnished with newspapers in all languages, and every convenience which luxury can desire—all for nothing.

This may seem a small matter at first sight, for no one is obliged to go near the spot, much less to enter the gaming rooms and lose his money; persons have only to keep clear of the nuisance, and there is an end of it. So it might appear, and yet on closer inspection the matter assumes a different aspect. Young men of respectable and even godly families go to Monte Carlo *just to see the place*; in fact, in

many cases the parents take an early opportunity of going over to Monaco with their young people to enjoy the gardens and the delightful view. No harm is dreamed of; the most respectable persons go into the rooms *just to see* the game and the gamblers; they take no part in the proceedings, they look on and retire, and have no thought of doing wrong. In many instances, however, young men have gone again, have put down a five-franc piece or a Napoleon, and have acquired a taste for gambling. Gentlemen of fortune, merchants of position, and persons of moderate competence have found themselves penniless after a course of attendance at these rooms, and our young friends who commence with modest losses are learning the way to the same consummation. Moreover, while lingering at Monte Carlo and watching the wheel of fortune, young gentlemen become aware of other charms which are placed around them, as a snare is set for a bird, and connections are formed polluting to character and fatal to virtue. We know of cases where Monaco has been the moral death of hopeful youth. The way of destruction was smoothed even to the jaws of hell: first, there was a walk in the lovely gardens with mother and sisters; then the music in the hall was enjoyed in mixed society; next came a sly visit to the rooms and a trifling speculation, followed by frequent sittings at the table, diversified with wine and questionable company, and in the end brought to a climax by actual vice and ruin. Parents are afraid to bring their families to Nice and Mentone lest their children, drawn to Monte Carlo by simple curiosity, should succumb to its temptations, to their endless sorrow.

Their fear is not an idle one, for in numerous cases the dreaded evil has actually occurred. Ought such a man-trap to be tolerated? Should it be permitted that such a moral pestilence should desolate so many households that prudent fathers shun the spot as full of peril to their sons? What right has the Prince of Monaco to drive away persons of character from this region of health and beauty because he finds the wages of iniquity a convenient addition to his income? The Bishop of Gibraltar says, "All the Christian churches of the Riviera, from Marseilles to Genoa, have condemned with one consentient voice this establishment at Monte Carlo, as a curse to the neighbourhood, a scandal to our Christian religion, and a disgrace to the civilization and culture of the age." Why, then, does France allow it to continue, when it could in a moment put it down?

It is not only that Monte Carlo is a gaming house, but that it is so conspicuous. There are, no doubt, many secret haunts of gamblers, but this is public and ostentatious. What the Crystal Palace is to London this establishment is to the health resorts of the Riviera; and if our readers will only imagine the Crystal Palace transformed into what is called "a hell," with all its fascinating surroundings, they will have some idea of the prominence and perilous power which Monte Carlo possesses. In the month of February of this year 43,905 strangers visited the place, a tolerably large flock of pigeons for the devil to practise upon. These people did not all go to Monaco to gamble, but they were all subjected to a temptation which, over many persons, exercises a fascination from which they cannot escape. Of course, those who gamble are fools; but then fools are very numerous,

and it is for fools that we must legislate. Let a man look around him before he stakes his money, and what will he see? A tiny territory free from duties, possessing public buildings of the most sumptuous character, and roads smooth as a billiard table; a casino, with gardens, theatre, music, all gratuitous because all paid for by the profits of the gambling table; a prince with a palace, army, and so forth, maintained in like fashion, and a clear gain of eight millions of francs, or £320,000 sterling, to the "*Société Anonyme*," which manages the whole concern. Surely, if a man must gamble, he might find some way of doing it without being quite so heavily weighted. Every thinking man must know that though an occasional visitor to the tables may possibly gain, yet if persons stay long enough it is as sure as death and doom's-day that all they have must be raked into the treasury. Even if the odds which make the commission were only one per cent. the bank must, as a matter of absolute fact, in the long run, suck up the capital in a hundred times of playing. The odds are, however, far greater, and yet the tables are crowded. Surely, in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird, but these fools of all nations are eager to be destroyed. The feathers are plucked from them, and they call it "play." Mr. Brock, the English chaplain at Mentone, in his earnest pamphlet gives several instances of crushing losses at Monte Carlo. Of course these are usually concealed, but they must amount to a great number in a year, and many of them are far worse than those which we now quote from our excellent friend.

"I was travelling last December," said a French friend to me, "with a young German returning home. He came to Nice for his health with seven thousand francs to bear his expenses. Soon after his arrival he was tempted to Monaco, where he lost all. Some kind people raised sufficient to pay his expenses home, whether to live or die they know not.

"A somewhat similar case recently happened. A nice young fellow went one day to the hell. His visits were repeated, became more frequent; a carriage was, next, daily hired to drive to Monaco. His money went: his landlord was imperious. One, two, three, four weeks bills unpaid! 'You must pay, sir.' At last action was taken. The landlord detained what of property he had, bought him a through ticket home; and so the young man left, money and reputation gone.

"A German in England had made in business £15,000. He thrice came to Monaco, in the hope of retrieving his first loss of £5,000, and at the close of his last visit found himself minus the whole sum. He returned to London, committed forgery, and again tried his fortune at the *Tripot*. A Lord Mayor's warrant was put into the hands of a detective, who laid hold of the wretched man one night on his return to Nice. So ended his guilty course.

"A gentleman purchased a property on the Riviera, but leaving before the purchase was concluded lodged the amount (several thousand pounds), authorising certain parties to draw, and pay the amount. They drew the money; but overcome by the tempting vicinity of Monaco squandered it all there.

"We do not expect to put down gambling: that will ever exist. But this gambling 'made easy,' at Monaco, we will do our best to suppress.

"'I never played in my life, I have no taste for play whatever,' said a Russian prince to his friends, who were dissuading him from his intention

of settling at Monaco; however, in vain. And what was the consequence? Naturally, he used to lounge into the hall; naturally, this became a habit; naturally, he came to play; naturally, he lost all he had; naturally, he got into debt; and, as naturally, decamped, leaving creditors to look in vain for the thirty thousand francs he owed them.

“ ‘Come,’ said a companion to a poor invalid who had saved £70 for his winter expenses at Nice, ‘before you settle down in your room let us go over and hear the music at Monaco.’ They went. From the concert room they entered the gambling room, and before they left that place of infamy the poor invalid had lost his all.”

It will be seen from these incidents that losses at Monte Carlo are the root of other evils. Continually persons are brought before the police courts, who plead their losses at the gaming table as the reason of their departures from honesty. Frequently, also, the money which should be paid over to the hotel-keeper by his guest is lost at play, and the debtor absconds without paying his bill. There is no doubt, also, that a taste for gambling has been fostered, that many clandestine roulettes are in full action, and that at the clubs men play very high. It was said that by tolerating this one den all gambling would be confined to Monaco, and would there be under control: the contrary is the case, the whole region is polluted by it. Well did one of the magistrates of Nice exclaim, “This gaming is the plague of the country, and the plague is gangrened. The ravages of this vice extend every day.” Although the local press is charged with venal silence yet these matters come out in the courts of justice, and are made occasionally a public topic by the agitation of those who deplore the giant evil. A letter addressed to the French senators and deputies by certain inhabitants of Nice, Cannes, and Mentone contains such an indictment against Monte Carlo as should secure its instant condemnation, especially as it is sustained and abundantly proved by a terrible array of facts, which are placed in an appendix.

That part of the appendix which has made the most impression upon our mind is the list of suicides of whom, in less than three years, twenty had been recorded in Monte Carlo and the region near at hand. Deaths by pistol shots, hanging, placing the head upon the railway, and casting one's-self from a rock make up the principal items of the ghastly list. A commercial traveller coming on business to Mentone went to Monaco. As usual, he just put down a five-franc piece. His own money soon went. That of his employer followed, and there he was! He could not bear the disgrace, and, therefore, putting a pistol to his head he rushed, at the early age of thirty, unbidden, into the presence of his Maker, a self-murderer. Another poor wretch, before taking his own life, wrote these words on a blank leaf—“*Monaco, thou wilt yet slay many others!*” A third, who destroyed himself with a pistol, wrote upon a photograph of the casino these words—“*House of perdition, fit only to be burned!*” In sight of the blood-stained halls of Monte Carlo we are constrained to join in the verdict of the unhappy victim. Those suicides which are mentioned as happening at Nice, Monaco, and the neighbourhood cannot be the only ones; there are, doubtless, others who reach home as beggars and commit the same horrible deed with less publicity. We fear there is much truth in the assertion of the public procurator—

“The ruined player can scarcely avoid one of two ends, dishonour or death. If he has a heart, he kills himself; and if he has none, he becomes a swindler and a thief.” Such thieves every now and then turn up at the tables themselves, and are led to the borders of the little territory and dismissed with a kick; as for the corpse of the suicide, it is buried by stealth after sundown. In the case which happened on March 25, 1876, a gentleman had lost his all at roulette, and blew his brains out near the casino itself: the remarks made by certain frequenters of the rooms contained no pity for their wretched fellow-creature, but expressed the refinement of their manners—“Poor Y— showed a shocking want of taste in killing himself so near the salon. He might have gone a little further off.” No sin hardens the heart like gambling. Inhumanity is only a natural result of it. The play burns the heart, and dries up the milk of human kindness. While it renders a man weary of ordinary labour, for he fancies he has found a swifter road to riches, it makes him fit for any villainy and vice. It arouses covetousness, creates a selfish excitement, unfits for duty, and prepares for every iniquity. Need we say more against it? Can more be said?

Now, this hell-hall of Monte Carlo has its admirers and advocates, and we do not wonder at it, for unrenewed hearts are always ready to defend sin, but what we shall marvel at will be this—if Christian people who know the nature of the place are seen in connection with it. That they should go to hear “the finest band in Europe,” and to see gardens which are not to be surpassed for beauty is not at all surprising so long as they are unaware of the evil which they are thus patronizing, but if they continue to do this after due warning, it will be a great evil under the sun. The managers do not want all who visit Monte Carlo to play, they are wise enough to see that the ranks of the gamblers need to be recruited from among sober people, and wish for a fringe of play-hating people to shade off the company into sober respectability, and bring decent folk within range of the temptation. Few would come within their grip if all the assembly consisted of brazen-faced females and worthless sharpers, but there are many steps to the descending stairs, and right glad are the directors to see upon the upper rounds ladies and gentlemen who on Sunday will be conspicuous at church, and are known on other days as the cream of respectability. The presence of such persons makes the road to perdition a genteel promenade, and therefore it pays the promoters to give them music and flowers for nothing.

The Bishop of Gibraltar did well to address his clergy in words such as these: “At the opening of another season I hope that you will endeavour to deepen the impression which your words then produced, by again speaking on the subject whenever you may see a suitable opportunity. You will have in your congregations many fresh hearers, who will know little about Monaco and the ruin it is causing, and who, like their predecessors, might visit the place without a thought that they were dipping into danger or dabbling in sin, without a thought that they were frequenting haunts where no person of right principles should be seen, without a thought that they were giving respectability to the vice of gambling, adding to those wages of iniquity by which the establishment is supported, and decoying brothers and sisters to their ruin;

but simply for the love of fun and amusement, for the pleasure of hearing good music and gazing at lovely scenery, for the fascination of witnessing for once a novel and strange sight. Many such persons, as I believe, only want a word of warning. Tell them of the remorse, shame, misery, and ruin which Monte Carlo is daily working; tell them of the separations which it causes in families between son and father, between husband and wife; tell them of the deceit and other vices which gambling fosters; tell them of characters which at the start of life gave promise of a good and useful career, but now are wrecked beyond recovery; tell them how the plague spreads from place to place, how the excitement pursues and haunts its victim, how it draws together the very scum of society; tell them it is the respectable who are the real supporters of Monte Carlo, and that without their patronage the establishment would become bankrupt; and, if they have ears to hear and hearts to understand, they will restrain their curiosity, practise a little self-denial, and in spite of the attractions which Monte Carlo offers, they will not only abstain from going themselves, but will endeavour by personal influence to prevent others from going. What is wanted of us all is that we should endeavour to form a healthy and righteous public opinion on the subject of gambling, draw away the veil which hides its guilt, and exhibit it to our congregations in its real deformity."

As a humble contribution to the end proposed by the bishop we have inserted this article in our magazine, and we shall be glad if it should be copied into the newspapers, and should help to make a stir. Anyone is at perfect liberty to reprint the present article, and the more it is spread abroad the better shall we be pleased. Since writing as we have done we have been delighted to see *The Times* hurling its thunder-bolts against the evil, and we feel all the more the necessity of keeping the matter before the public mind.

C. H. S.

A Sermon for Sermonizers.

WHILE Dr. Manton was minister at Covent Garden he was invited to preach before the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, and the Companies of the City, upon a public occasion, at St. Paul's.

The doctor chose a very difficult subject, in which he had an opportunity of displaying his judgment and learning, and appearing to the best advantage.

He was heard with the admiration and applause of the more intelligent part of the audience; and was invited to dine with my Lord Mayor, and received public thanks for his performance. But upon his return in the evening to Covent Garden, a poor man following him, gently plucked him by the sleeve of his gown, and asked him if he were the gentleman who had preached that day before the Lord Mayor. He replied, he was. "Sir," says he, "I came with an earnest desire after the word of God, and in hope of getting some good to my soul, but I was greatly disappointed, for I could not understand a great deal of what you said: you were quite above me." The doctor replied, with tears in his eyes, "Friend, if I did not give you a sermon, you have given me one; and, by the grace of God, I will never play the fool by preaching before my Lord Mayor in such a manner again."

Thomas Wright, the Prison Philanthropist.*

BY C. A. DAVIS, OF BRADFORD.

“WRITE me as one who loves his fellow men.” There is but one higher panegyric than that suggested in this sentence. Love to God is a more exalted affection than love to men, and raises him who possesses it to a loftier level of character. It is a sublime altitude indeed to which he is permitted to climb who has fixed his heart upon God, and *his* character is still worthier of the record of the angel’s pen. But not often are the two disjoined. The love of man is a stream that flows down from the higher regions of the love of God; its sweet and life-giving waters cannot be traced to any less sacred source. From this upper spring flowed the philanthropy of Thomas Wright, a name that deserves to be mentioned with those of Howard, Buxton, and Fry. The love of God shed abroad in his heart awakened a responsive affection towards God in return, and made his life a fulfilment of the command, “that he who loveth God love his brother also.”

And who was he? A plain working man, with no special means or opportunities for the exercise of benevolence beyond those possessed by us all; and yet by dint of *doing*, where some of us are content with planning or merely feeling, his life towered up like an Alp above the common level in incessant works of beneficence, and before his death this foreman of an iron foundry had arrested the attention of the Government as the man who wielded perhaps a more potent influence than any other in the land for the temporal and spiritual good of criminals discharged from prison, or immured still within prison walls.

He was born in Manchester, in 1789, and had the advantage of the training of a godly mother, who watched over him as one that must give an account of her charge to God. At fifteen years of age he was apprenticed at the iron foundry of Messrs. Ormerod, Minshull Street, at five shillings a week, at which place he remained, working his way up, till at the age of twenty-three he became foreman of the moulders, at a weekly salary of £3 10s. Meanwhile, he was thrown into society of the profanest sort; and for some years his experience alternated between the rueful regrets of an uneasy conscience and the boisterous blasphemy of the Sunday evening public-house meetings which he attended with his deistical associates. One Sunday a young man took him to the Independent chapel in Piccadilly, Manchester, now called, in remembrance of the minister who then presided over it, Roby Chapel. The influences of the house of God wove their silken bands around him, and he was led to the Saviour. “One morning,” he says, “the thought took hold of me that my sins had been so heinous, and my guilt so deep, that God would not pardon me. This thought was ever present in my mind, and my health gave way. I turned to the blessed Word for comfort, and read the fifty-first Psalm over and over again, until the leaf was almost worn away. My conversion was somewhat akin to that of Paul

* “The Life of Thomas Wright, of Manchester, the Prison Philanthropist.” Manchester: John Heywood.

the apostle. One day I was going across Granby Row, on my employer's business, pondering over the wretchedness and misery of my spiritual state, and asking, 'What shall I do to be saved?' Suddenly I was amazed by a great light which came out of the clouds. I stood still, and inwardly I heard a voice say, 'Thy sins, which are many, are freely forgiven thee; go, and sin no more.' Oh, what joy I felt! My mind was relieved, my heart was at rest, and, like the eunuch, I went on my way rejoicing." He joined the church at the age of twenty-seven, and in eight years was elected to the office of deacon, which he held till his death, half a century afterwards.

His interest in the criminal classes was awakened early. When a boy, with anything but serious views of life, he would gaze up at the barred windows of the New Bailey Prison, and wish that he might enter to give comfort to the unfortunate inmates. Now that he was become a Christian, these longings to reach and bless the criminals received a new impetus. "Society," said he, "punishes them for the transgression of its laws; and having vindicated its dignity and deprived them, by the stigma attached to their character, of any possible alternative, dismisses them to their old course of villainy. Society has caught a wolf, and having rewarded its depredations by imprisonment, it gravely unlocks the doors and turns it out—teeth, appetite, instinct sharp as ever—into the sheep-walk! If caught again, the prisoner received a heavier punishment, because this is the second time he has yielded to an uncontrollable fate by doing what he could hardly avoid."

The earliest definite step taken by him in the good work may be given at some length. A man of sailor-like appearance had obtained work as a labourer at Messrs. Ormerod's foundry,—a steady, industrious workman—but it leaked out that he was a discharged convict, and the employer one day asked Wright whether he was cognisant of the fact. Thomas Wright undertook to speak to the man, and in the course of the day asked him, "Where did you work last?" "I've been abroad," was the reply. But after some conversation the poor fellow, with tears in his eyes, admitted that he was a returned convict; that he was desirous of not relapsing into his old ways; and doubting his ability to procure work if he told the truth, he had carefully endeavoured to conceal the stigma, hoping by honest perseverance in the right way to wipe it out. Mr. Wright persuaded the employers to retain the man, and offered to place £20 in their hands as a guarantee for his good behaviour. But on the following day he was missing, and it was found he had been, through inadvertence, discharged on an order of dismissal the previous night. Mr. Wright sent a messenger to his lodging to bring him back, but he had left at five o'clock in the morning for Bury, with a bundle under his arm, containing all his worldly effects. The philanthropic foreman set out on foot to overtake the fugitive, and found him sitting on the roadside, a couple of miles from Manchester, despairing, broken-hearted, and wretched. What followed may be easily imagined: the outcast returned, and his subsequent conduct amply justified the guarantee into which his rescuer had entered.

Mr. Wright now set himself, though for a long time without success, to obtain access to Salford prison. At length he received from the governor permission to attend the Sunday afternoon services, and,

better still, he was asked by the chaplain whether he could procure a situation for a prisoner about to leave jail. The situation was found, and from that day he visited the prisoners in prison, and made it a point to meet them on their discharge, finding out their homes, assisting them from his own scanty means, obtaining employment for them; and thus earned the beautiful title, the "Prisoner's Friend." In 1854 he was able to say, "I cannot tell the number of prisoners I relieved in 1847. I am sorry now that I did not keep an account of them. I was what the world calls a 'go-a-head' man, full of zeal and earnestness. From 1847 to 1854, I have assisted nine hundred and forty-one discharged prisoners and convicts to go abroad, besides providing many others who had returned from transportation with the means of going home, or proceeding to towns where they could obtain employment."

In addition to this he had found employment for nearly three hundred discharged prisoners, guaranteeing their fidelity in many instances by deposits of his own money. Assuredly a good seven years' work.

It will be interesting to give a few instances of the results of this beneficent labour.

A man who had undergone penal servitude at Portland repaired to Manchester with a ticket-of-leave and a letter from the chaplain to Thomas Wright. He found him employment as a scavenger, and as his conduct was exemplary, he caused the scavenger to be promoted to be a mender of roads, and obtained admission for him into the late Canon Stowell's Sunday and night schools, in both of which he became a teacher. The poor man worked hard and showed so great a capacity for learning that Canon Stowell's interest in him was strongly excited. The canon was informed of his antecedents; nevertheless he made arrangements for "reading" with him, and in due time the Portland convict, who had been favoured with a ticket-of-leave, and purified by humble service as a Manchester scavenger, was ordained as a clergyman.

Take another case. A young man engaged in a position of trust in a warehouse, being led into vicious and extravagant courses, embezzled his employer's money. His father sought the mediation of Mr. Wright, who obtained an interview with the enraged employer, and persuaded him not only to forego the prosecution but to give the young man another trial. Subsequently this young man became a partner, and eventually the head of the house in which he had been allowed to remain on sufferance, and on the guarantee of Thomas Wright, and proved one of Wright's most liberal supporters in his beneficent work.

Another young man of good family, who had received a university education, became possessed of property and recklessly got through it in a few months, driving four horses in hand. At length, to relieve himself, he had recourse to forgery, and was consigned to prison. When he came out his family had discarded him. In a state of starvation and almost destitute of clothing, he knocked at the door of Mr. Wright at nine o'clock one snowy evening. He was taken to the kitchen and treated to some warm nourishment. Mr. Wright gave him five shillings, and the next day bought him shirts, stockings, and boots, and placed him in decent lodgings. Then having procured him a situation, he said to him, "Promise me you will attend public worship regularly

on Sundays, that you will keep aloof from bad associations, and will take nothing stronger than water or tea." The promise was made and kept. He received £80 a-year on one of the railways, and when Mr. Wright enquired about him of the station master, the answer was, "If he goes on as he has begun, he will soon be receiving £200 a-year." This young man would have starved to death rather than supplicate his callous friends for assistance, and but for Mr. Wright's timely succour would probably have been lost.

Multitudes of poor men were reclaimed. A drunken butcher was committed to prison for pawning stolen goods for drink. He had been imprisoned three times previously for fighting. When he came out of prison, he obtained from Mr. Wright work as a labourer, at thirteen shillings a week, and was soon promoted to other work at eighteen shillings. "I don't drink at all, now," he said, "I go to the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, Ancoats Street, and meet in class every Sunday morning. I have a wife and four children. My eldest boy, twelve years old, works with me, and gets three shillings a week. My wife is a cotton baller, at ten shillings a week. I am consequently now in very comfortable circumstances. I am free from tippling and cursing and swearing: have peace of mind and no quarrelling at home, as there used to be when I was drinking. I dare say I was as wicked a man as any in Manchester; but now I have got Bible, hymn-book, Prayer-book, tracts,—things which I never had in my house before; my boy and girl go to school, and my wife is delighted."

Mr. Wright found female prisoners liable on their discharge to peculiar hardship and temptation, arising from the breaking up of their homes, because their husbands had not courage to bear up against their too probable relapse into evil. Thus the last state of these women was worse than the first; they began with intemperance and ended in shame and despair. When he could awaken the woman to penitence, he has many times followed the husband for miles into the country, and pleaded for the no longer drunken wife till the home was restored and she once more received. Thus he became familiar with many homes, once wretched, now clean and comfortable; and frequently interrupted his walks with a salutation to some tidy woman cleaning her doorstep, whom he had helped on her release from imprisonment. "Eh, Jenny, lass, I am glad to see thee. Give me thy hand. Don't stop to wipe it, lass, give it me."

It was his custom to attend in the Kirkdale prison, Liverpool, after the close of the assizes, and exhort the prisoners to repentance. The congregations that listened to these jail addresses were peculiar; pick-pockets, boys whom ignorance and distress led into theft, depraved boys, who picked up a precarious livelihood amongst the chances of a seaport town, sailors who had committed assaults in the boisterous hilarity consequent upon a discharge with paid-up arrears of wages, servants of both sexes seduced by bad company into the commission of crimes against their masters, profligate women who had added assault and theft to the ordinary vices of a licentious life, smugglers, a few game-law criminals, and paupers from the workhouse, where they had been initiated into crime to the jail, where their knowledge was perfected.

He spent many solemn hours in the "condemned cell." "At all times," he says, "when speaking to prisoners, I try my best to address them in a kind way. It is most acceptable to them, and especially to those under sentence of death." Of a visit to a murderer in Kirkdale prison he says: "Before entering the cell in which he was confined, I was warned by one of the warders to take care of myself, as he was a dangerous character for any man to be locked up with alone. I told the official I was not afraid, and entering the cell, I closed the door, and the murderer and I were alone. I told him my name and my errand. He at once rose from his stool, and asked me to sit down. I talked to him, sympathized with his terrible position, and after reading the fifty-first Psalm, we knelt down together in prayer. The poor fellow against whom I had been warned was as submissive as a little child, and when parting begged me to come and see him often. In some instances I have been locked up with them the greater part of the night, especially the night before they suffered, preparing them for the solemn hour of death, and drawing their attention solely to those things which belonged to their eternal happiness; and in no instance has fear entered my thoughts." Such a visit is impressively depicted in Mercier's picture of "the Condemned Cell." "There are the rough bed and barred window, through which the dull dawn of a winter morning seems almost afraid to enter, and the flags of the cell that look so pitilessly hard. The condemned man is sitting down, his body flung forward, and his head resting on his right hand, while the left hangs down, clenched. You can almost see the body move with agony, and hear the convulsive sob. Thomas Wright stands by him, his right hand upon his shoulder and an open Bible in the left, from which it is as evident that he has been reading as it is that he is now engaged in prayer. A candle is on the table, nearly burned out, and the streams of tallow which are seen around the candlestick show that its existence, too, has been a troubled one, suggestive of the wasted life of the criminal."

His labours attracted the attention of the Government, and he was offered £800 a-year as "Travelling Inspector of Prisons." This he unhesitatingly declined, on the plea that it would limit his power of doing good, as he was convinced that as a government official he would cease to be regarded as the "Prisoners' Friend."

In 1852 his fellow-townsmen, however, determined to set him free from his daily toil that he might devote the whole of his time to this work. He was then receiving, as foreman of the foundry, £3 10s. a week. It was proposed to raise what would give him an equivalent income; this was accomplished, and £200 a-year was secured for him.

He laboured till his Master called him to rest. Up to the very day he was prostrated by sickness he was engaged in his daily visits to the prisons, and as a voluntary city missionary encountering in the crowded courts and alleys of the town disease, misery, and vice in all their hideous forms with the gentleness and love of the gospel.

After two or three months' illness he passed away to his rest on the 14th April, 1875. He was buried at Birch Church, Rusholme. His funeral was attended by the teachers and scholars of several refuges and ragged-schools, the shoe-black brigade, the hundred city missionaries, and many friends, making a procession of a mile in length; and in

accordance with his own request before he died there was sung over his grave Montgomery's hymn—

“For ever with the Lord!
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
’Tis immortality!

“Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day’s march nearer home.”

This paper cannot be better closed than in the words of Lord Shaftesbury:—“The first time I ever saw him face to face was in Manchester, at the house of our common friend, Mr. Fairbairn (afterwards Sir William Fairbairn), the eminent engineer. We three dined together before going to church in the evening. I was much struck by his appearance and manner. His slight, thin form dressed in black, his white hair, and singularly attractive expression of countenance, gave him the air of an apostolic doctor of divinity, and I found his conversation in harmony with his looks. He delighted me greatly. A very few days afterwards I went with Mr. Fairbairn to see our friend and colleague at his place of work. Suddenly there stood before me a man in a brown paper cap, with an apron, and all the apparatus of industry about him. The outer man was completely changed; nothing remained but the expression of countenance, which no one could mistake. Here then was Thomas Wright, who in his leisure hours had carried, and was still carrying, by God’s grace, knowledge and consolation to the inmost recesses of every prison in that vast city. The effect has never passed from my mind; and I am sure that I have never been impressed, before or since, so deeply as I was then with the Christian dignity of honest labour. He was remarkably fitted for the duty to which he was called. His appearance was prepossessing, his manner gentle, his language sympathetic, and his earnestness manifest. No one, whether in jail or at large, could mistake the man. He was transparent as glass; and everybody might look straight into his heart and see that it was full of love, and piety, and prayer. It has been to my happiness, and to my benefit also, to have known, and still to know, a few like him (some equal, but none superior) in my long career. These men inspire me with wonder and thankfulness to Almighty God, who has raised up, from among the poorer classes of this land, such mighty instrumentalities for good. They are the salt of the earth, ‘the cheap defence of nations,’ the ‘tree whereby the waters are made sweet.’ Our state of society needs their multiplication—it must be by armies and not by cohorts; and while we do well to pray in our churches, colleges, and places of worship for a due supply of ordained ministers, we should do equally well to pray without ceasing for an ample and unbroken succession of Thomas Wrights.”

The Life and Work of a Rural Evangelist.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

PART II.

WHEN Mr. Davis settled at Charminster-hill, in the spring of 1864, he could hardly have realized the arduous nature of the work he had undertaken. He was in the midst of what people for convenience sake call a district; but perhaps *diocese* is a word better calculated to convey a right impression of the nature of the ground. The broad area included eighteen parishes; and those who know the country will be aware that Dorsetshire parishes are not remarkable for narrowness. According to local measurement, the distance from Buckland Newton to Broad Mayne is sixteen miles; and from the former place to Winterbourne Abbas is seventeen miles; but to town travellers it always appears as though the measuring line had been stretched across the hill-tops with mathematical precision, the extra distance occasioned by uneven ground not being reckoned. Be this as it may, there were twelve thousand people scattered over the several parishes, and one man was deputed to visit them. During nine weary years the work was done on foot; and each week's duty included nearly a hundred miles of walking, the preaching of ten sermons, and the visitation of about a hundred and forty families. In the summer months, services were commonly held in the open air; still, it was highly necessary that chapels should be provided, and three of these have been erected since Mr. Davis commenced his labours, and by his instrumentality.

The country surrounding the town of Dorchester is one of the most interesting spots of Old England, the traces of the Romans being abundant, under whose rule the country formed a portion of *Britannia Prima*. The handiwork of the ancient Britons is also traceable on several well-known spots. The wonderful ramparts of Maiden Castle, which two thousand years ago may have sheltered myriads of armed natives, now repose in silence and solitude unbroken by the advance of civilization. The Dorchester Amphitheatre is supposed to have been constructed by slaves under Agricola for the amusement of that governor's soldiers. Roman pavements have frequently been uncovered; and railway navvies have disturbed the graves of warriors who lived, fought, and died before the time of authentic history. Thus, at one view, as it were, the tourist looks upon a succession of worlds, the ancient British, the Roman, the Saxon, the Mediæval. It is well known that Sherborne was the capital of a Saxon diocese, and from the tower of its superb abbey church the visitor looks down upon a rich and varied pastoral expanse which proves that the old monks were excellent judges of the quality of land.

After remaining some years at Charminster, our friend removed to his present station at Piddletrenthide, where we were privileged to find him at his post some few weeks ago. It happened to be Saturday evening, and the quietness of the outlying country with its bracing air was very refreshing when contrasted with the busy town we had left in the morning. The village is a long straggling place, its street being chiefly occupied by the cottages of agricultural labourers. Though it is an

out-of-the way place, there is much to be seen which is both instructive and characteristic of English village life. Like flies attracted by the light, a number of youths and hobbledehoyes cluster around the general shop whose cheerful windows are illumined with paraffine lamps. Then there is a carpenter's shop, where a few tallow candles make darkness visible, and one or two men, whose long dark shadows deepen the gloom, are actively at work. These are making the coffin of a woman who died a few hours ago, who was visited by the evangelist till the last, and who gave good evidence that she was resting on the Rock of Ages. Not far away is the village chapel, recently completed at a cost of £600. Everything is pleasing until we come to the beershops, and in these a crowd of customers are wasting on drink the resources which should feed wives and children. To judge from the accounts which come to hand, the recent changes that have taken place in the condition of the labourers are not all for the better. The labourer is now paid almost entirely in money, and many of his privileges are in consequence taken away. The men handle more cash, and they spend more in drink than formerly. The testimony of their friends is that they are generally worse off, and public-house property has risen in value. Numbers of beershops which were formerly closed for lack of custom on Sunday nights are now not only open, but crowded with customers, to whom a weekly carouse means short commons through the rest of the week.

We shall now give particulars of a number of conversions which have occurred from time to time in the Dorchester district. The details are all more or less remarkable; and while the circumstances are wonderfully diversified, they all testify to the value of special evangelistic effort among all grades of a rural population.

At Broadmayne a cottage service on the Sabbath is regularly maintained, and in the winter months a sermon is also given on a week evening. A few years ago there lived in this village a poor man who in his ignorance made a custom of scoffing at religion, while he sought out opportunities of persecuting those who were wiser and happier than himself. Too proud to attend the cottage worship, he, nevertheless, on one memorable occasion deigned to stand without and listen to the sermon. What he heard went to his heart, and he felt for the first time that he was a sinner in God's sight. After this the man was seized with illness; he lay for a while in the county hospital, and was then sent away incurable. On one of the Sabbaths in September, 1875, Mr. Davis was at Alton, near Buckland Newton, when he was asked to enter a cottage where a patient was ill in bed, and the sufferer turned out to be the once-blinded scoffer who was too proud to hear the gospel. The man now joyfully welcomed the friend whose word had proved the instrument of his conversion, but to whom he was a total stranger. He died soon afterwards rejoicing in a good hope through faith in Christ. Here, then, was a peasant who never entered the preaching-room and never before even spoke to the preacher, and yet he was reached and saved. The arrow shot at a venture may strike home where least expected, and this instance supplied abundant encouragement to the evangelist.

The above represents the case of the poor; our friend's experience proves that the rich in thinly-populated districts need a similar ministry,

and, in not a few instances, learn to value the boon quite as much as those below them. Hence, a gentleman farmer, who died some time ago at Whitcombe, was visited a hundred and fifty times, some pounds in the meantime being expended in tolls, which the evangelist paid out of his small salary. The gentleman in question very highly prized these frequent visits, and died at last in a very happy condition of soul. After his death the widow assured Mr. Davis that he was the only one who had called upon her husband to speak about eternal things.

It will not be surprising that persons of this class when they become enlightened learn to set little value on the visits of unevangelical ministers who can boast of greater culture than the more humble evangelist. Even the poor peasantry who have learned that they have souls to save, will sometimes complain that the Anglican pastor speaks to them only of the weather, or about village politics.

Difficulties common to humanity are continually appearing. Many among the elderly people are anxious to know if the Lord will accept the remnant of their days after they have given the flower of their strength to the world. Of course, the master difficulty obstructing the progress of the gospel is ignorance, from which springs the deep-rooted notion that something must be done to merit salvation. The notion inculcated by an unevangelical ministry is, in effect, that something virtuous must be wrought by sinful hands before God will accept the soul. Be good and go to church, and all will be well. That was virtually the Christianity of Sydney Smith, and numbers are still teaching the same legal gospel.

In all the district there is happily little or no opposition from the clergy to be encountered, but some singular examples of coming into contact with those gentlemen will sometimes occur. On one occasion a man of means, and retired from business, despatched a messenger at five o'clock a.m. to summon the vicar of the parish to attend, and when the clergyman, who was an elderly person, appeared he was requested to go at once and bring back the evangelist. This looked more like a joke than a reasonable action, and no one could have complained had the churchman displayed a little indignation, but nothing of the kind appeared. The vicar did as he was desired by the eccentric parishioner, he went and called the district visitor from his bed, and on their return to the house he remained in the room while a portion of Scripture was read and a prayer offered. The two then walked away arm-in-arm, the vicar, meanwhile, professing to be exceedingly gratified by what he had seen and heard. He went much further, for he persuaded the people throughout the parish to respect the person and teaching of the evangelist sent them by the Baptist Western Association.

Under some circumstances it is not advisable to give names either of persons or places; for we have no desire to cause annoyance to anyone by undue publicity. Our illustrations are given for the sake of showing the difficulties and the progress of the work, and to encourage the support of outsiders.

The clergyman just mentioned again appeared on the scene, at the house of a wealthy farmer who was overtaken by his last illness. The patient was in the ordinary course of things visited by the vicar, but when the evangelist called at the house friends betrayed some hesitation, being afraid of producing one of those ecclesiastical collisions which

sometimes occur between authorised Anglicans and volunteer adventurers. The vicar was expected in a few minutes, and it would hardly do for a mere evangelist to be in the way. A compromise was made,—the friend was allowed to proceed upstairs on condition that he made his visit as brief as possible. The few minutes thus allowed were turned to good account, the ministrations of his friend being much valued by the sick man. When the clergyman came shortly afterwards the farmer remarked that John Davis, the Methodist parson, had recently left the room, and he seemed to be a nice sort of fellow. No disparaging observations from the other side followed this confession; for this was the vicar who had exhorted the parishioners to heed the visitor's counsels. Some days afterwards the clergyman and the evangelist met at the farmer's house, when they had some confidential conversation about the case in hand. The question disturbing the churchman's mind was, Should the sacrament be administered? Though an elderly man, who had been a pastor very many years, he was in a painful state of indecision and exceedingly anxious to have the layman's advice. If Mr. Davis was of opinion that the patient was not in a fit condition to receive the consecrated bread and wine the ordinance should not be administered. The fact was that the farmer gave no evidence of conversion, and after some further talk the friends separated. A few days later the clergyman called at Mr. Davis's house and asked a number of questions about the evangelistic work in progress, and about the manner in which it was supported. The conclusion arrived at was that the plan appeared to be an excellent one, provided no endeavours were made to draw people away from the parish church. The farmer's case assumed another phase when he suddenly at two o'clock in the morning sent for "the Methodist parson," in consequence of being in a great state of agitation about his soul. On being prayed with and read to the poor man became more calm; and, meanwhile, the clergyman arrived. He spoke to the household about the solemnity of death, and as the family had not been lately seen at church it was hoped they would amend their practice, or at least go to the Baptist chapel and hear Mr. Davis. He then told the children that their father was dying; it was evident he was going to heaven, and he had manifestly been converted through the instrumentality of their friend. In the small hours of the morning the bread and wine were administered, and death soon followed.

We have already referred to the extreme ignorance of the peasantry, but fresh illustrations of its blighting influence are continually appearing. A farmer, who was not himself a Christian man, once sent a request to Piddletrenthide that a case of sickness fourteen miles outside of the district might receive attention, the patient being a woman who was "as ignorant as a cart-horse." This poor creature was seen repeatedly, and many anxious endeavours were made to enlighten her soul without producing the slightest evidence that anything was understood. Notwithstanding all this, however, the clergyman of the parish went and administered "the holy Eucharist." There are many of the peasantry who seem to regard such house-services as a premium paid on a policy which ensures eternal life; but who can wonder at their credulity when the shepherds are themselves deceivers?

A case similar to the above was that of a woman, who lay in her last illness, ignorant of the very alphabet of religion. A church visitor, who called at the cottage, enquired if the sacrament had ever been partaken of; and terribly frightened the sufferer by declaring, somewhat vehemently, that all who died without the sacrament would be lost. The crisis being of this momentous character the local clergyman was hastily sent for to make all things straight. When he arrived the woman was found to be too weak to swallow; but determined not to lose the battle, the man forced a piece of bread between the teeth clenched in death, and moistened the parched lips with wine. Then, in the opinion of the vicar all was well, the victory was secure. A short time afterwards he happened to encounter our evangelist in a meadow, and after some friendly enquiries had passed, something was said about the departure of poor "Jane." The vicar was full of self-congratulations. What a happy thing was it, he remarked, that he happened to call in time to administer the Blessed Sacrament to that poor woman. This called forth a protest on the other side, for Mr. Davis rightly enough supposed that the ordinance was intended for converted people only. The Anglican, however, stoutly maintained his position; he believed there were thousands in heaven who had gone thither through the sacraments.

Another example, under this head, was the case of a young woman who became convicted of sin through attending a cottage service. Anxious to obtain peace of mind, she privately spoke to the church minister about her condition. The clergyman was quite willing to speak words of comfort, and commenced by asking a string of questions. Had his young friend been christened? Yes. Had she been confirmed? Yes. Had she been an habitual attendant at church, and a partaker of the Communion? Yes. Then why be unhappy? She had done all that it was possible for mortal to do, and it was a duty she owed both to herself and to society to make herself perfectly comfortable. The girl went away, but continued dissatisfied. In a happier hour she again crossed the path of our friend Davis, when he read to her the tract, "How do I know my sins are forgiven?" That little messenger awakened new interest, and brought new light. The penitent confessed that her case was exactly described, and promised that she would read the tract again alone. In time she found the longed-for peace, and eventually died rejoicing in Christ.

Any denomination may include a proportion of blind guides; so that from what has been said we would not have it inferred that vicars are the only persons to be found who becloud and hinder the gospel. On the contrary, in the case of our friend the Dorchester evangelist, we are glad to be able to say that he is befriended and encouraged on every hand by members and pastors of the State Church. Had it been otherwise, he could not have done what he has been able to accomplish.

A very encouraging case was that of a farmer of Piddletrenthide, who, although he was brought up in the Establishment, took a pew in the new chapel soon after the building was opened, for himself and family. By acting as he did, however, the farmer did not profess to be altogether a nonconformist; for when, on one occasion, several candidates were accepted for admission to the church he objected to the

baptismal service, and condemned the whole thing as a great piece of nonsense which ought not to be countenanced. While holding these sentiments he nevertheless attended chapel on the night of the ordination, when he was impressed by what he saw and heard quite beyond his expectations. From that night his views underwent a change, and he confessed with tears that such was the case. He also became visibly concerned about his eternal welfare. His habits and tastes seemed to change, and he appeared to be never happier than when conversing with his friend and pastor on religious subjects. Whether in the house or in the field they were equally at home; and once the man stood for two hours beneath a tree in a meadow, trying to grasp the answer to the question, What must I do to be saved? His end came sooner than the family expected: for one day after the farmer had walked down to his foreman's house to hand over a cheque, the amount of the week's wages of the labourers, he was seized with paralysis, and never completely recovered. He was laid aside during many months, and though frequently visited and prayed with, he appeared unable to plant his foot on the unyielding Rock. In this condition he was called upon early on a certain Sabbath morning, when a service had to be conducted at a distant station, and what then happened was both striking and touching. Assurance and peace, so long looked for, came suddenly, and seemed to overwhelm the man with joy. He cried out in words of praise before the prayer could be concluded, the entire household being witnesses of his triumph.

While the poor are chiefly benefited by the evangelist's labours, we have many instances in which the gospel is found to win its way into the households of higher families. The fathers are taken and the children are left; for the younger generation does not always tread in the steps of those who have gone before. In dark parts of the county the ceremonialism of the State Church, when that happens to constitute the religion of the clergy, carries away captive many of those from whom we expected better things.

Some cases occur of repentance coming late in life, and of persons experiencing great terror of conscience on account of sin. A man at Puddletown, who in anguish of soul tore the hair from his head and declared he could never be pardoned, died at last in peace. In one case a persecutor came to a terrible end. It is one thing to oppose the truth while in health; it is quite another thing to be haunted by visions of one's misdeeds when prostrated on a bed of pain and weakness. A quondam persecutor, who, some time ago, died near Dorchester, desired in his last hours that some one might come with a hatchet and end his misery.

Thus have we briefly sketched our friend's work, hinting at the difficulties he has to encounter, and the successes which attend his endeavours. Our villages have been too long neglected, and a man of earnest faith, with a good horse, is the most ready agency we can employ for their evangelization. Mr. Davis has been singularly successful in the work, and we find that several among the clergy as well as among the farmers are ready to testify to the great amount of good he has been instrumental in effecting. The debt of £150 on the Piddletrenthide chapel is a small sum, but a heavy burden to one whose

resources are small, and whose people are for the most part poor agriculturalists. If this incubus could be removed, the good cause of the county mission would be very seasonably stimulated. We understand that a bazaar is to be held this year in hope of raising the money to clear away the little debt; and if any friends are inclined to aid in furnishing the stalls, their donations will encourage a work the fruits of which are being continually reaped by large churches in the towns.

Love to Christ.

BY J. CLARK, OF NOVA SCOTIA; LATE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

I love thee, O my dearest Lord !
 More than my tongue can tell ;
 For thou art good, and surely I
 Have cause to love thee well.

Thy death has ransomed me from death,
 Thy blood removes my sin ;
 In ways most gentle thou hast sought
 My worthless love to win.

And oh ! thy trust-inspiring words,
 " Come unto me and rest,"
 Have caused the very bliss of heaven
 To dwell within my breast.

Thy love, O Christ ! is greater far
 Than human thought can reach ;
 It fills my soul with wonderment,
 And joy too deep for speech.

How little have I loved thee, Lord !
 Through weary years gone by ;
 And yet in all my joy and grief
 I long to feel thee nigh.

And I can trust thee, Saviour, too,
 With all that I hold dear ;
 The soul that thou hast died to save
 Can have no cause to fear.

'Tis through thy love that I have felt
 Thy Spirit's quickening breath ;
 To love thee is to live indeed,
 To love thee not is death.

I can but love thee, Saviour dear,
 Because thou lovest me ;
 And I am bound in chains of love
 For ever fast to thee.

Divorcing the Secular from the Religious.*

BY PROFESSOR S. BURNHAM, M.A.

IT is a common thing for a Christian to think of life as two-sided, as consisting of work and religion. Hence the things of this life are separated, in our thoughts and purposes, from those of the life to come; and a distinction is made, as one often hears in the exhortations of the prayer-meeting, between our religious duties and our worldly occupations. This distinction is, perhaps, in a certain and formal sense, a true one; but, in another and more essential sense, it is false and dangerous. For, while it is true that some acts of the Christian life may especially claim the epithet of religious, it is altogether erroneous to suppose that, in true Christian living, such acts as may be called secular spring from any other source, or have any other motive or purpose in them, than the so-called religious duties. In their essential nature both are one; and any attempt to distinguish between them is unwarranted and dangerous. Such a distinction as would class as religious all acts that belong to public, social, or private worship, and would call all others secular, might indeed be allowed: but, as confessedly worship is only one element of religion, this distinction is easily seen to be formal, and not real. Any act of true Christian living is essentially not less religious than the most religious worship; for not less does it determine character, affect destiny, or continue its results into eternity.

It is our present purpose—

1. To show more fully the truth of this position.
2. To set forth the popular misapprehension about the matter.
3. To call attention to some of the harmful results of this misapprehension.

1. *All true Christian living is religious.* That all the acts of a genuine Christian life are essentially equally religious is evident both from the subjective character of the Christian life, and from the nature of its objective relations.

Subjectively viewed, the Christian life is an entire devotion of the self to Christ. No energy, no possession, no moment is withheld. All things are to be done in him and for him. It matters not whether one bows in prayer, or stoops for the most menial of human drudgery; whether one burns at the stake, or toils as a servant by the humblest household fire; revels in holy joy before some beatific spiritual vision, or plods through some common distracting care: in each and

* Although we might not quite have used the same language as Mr. Burnham we commend this paper to the attention of our readers, as containing in it a truth most appropriate to our times. It is thought by some that a Christian should take no interest in politics. He is taught by these persons to neglect the duties which he owes to his country under the pretence that his heavenly citizenship excuses him from serving his day and generation. It is also said that no rules are given for a Christian's conduct as a voter, a magistrate, or member of parliament; as if the golden rule and the spirit of Christianity were not applicable to all situations. As well say that no Christian can be a surgeon, an engine-driver, or a telegraph-clerk, because none of these offices are mentioned in the Scriptures. The principle involved in Mr. Burnham's paper touches a kindred subject, and casts light on that to which we allude.—C. H. S.

all the impulse comes to the true Christian from the moving of the life which he has in common with Christ, and the resulting act is simply a giving of self to him. It is in each case the hand, or the foot, or some other member, moving in obedience to the command of the central will, and acting for the body. It is the branch feeling the impulse of the great vine-life, and hastening to the fruitage. It is the light catching the glow of the central sun, and reflecting the brightness amid the darkness of the world.

All this is said of ideal Christian living; and it is not meant to deny that the Christian may be untrue to the ideal of his God-begotten life. But in the genuine Christian life clearly there is no place for worldly work. The Christian, as a Christian, cannot do the work of Christ and the work of this world—can have, therefore, no act in his life that is not religious. If he prays, that is religion; if he ploughs, not the less is that religion. If he sings, then he is devout; if he sows, none the less so. Indeed, according to the command, even his eating and drinking are done for the glory of God; and nothing, surely, could be more religious than acting with such a purpose.

Nor is the truth that is now insisted on less evident if we turn to the objective relations of the Christian life: for we find that all the acts that a Christian, as a Christian, may do, are equally needed by Christ for the triumph of his kingdom. The accomplishment of the commission given to the church needs not alone preachers, deacons, prayer-meetings, and meeting-houses. Equally, and for the same purpose, do Christ and the church call for carpenters, masons, housekeepers, railroads, foundries, homes, and all the persons and agencies that are essential to the best Christian civilization. By what right, then, do we suppose the first alone to be the handmaids of religion, and consign all the rest to the service of the world and the devil? When these are for him, do they not cast out the devils in his name as truly as the other?

Everything, then, that a Christian may do at all he may do as unto the Lord, and not as unto men. In the duty that the moment presents he may be, nay, to be true to his calling from God in Christ Jesus, he must be, as religious as in any other act whatsoever.

2. *The popular misapprehension.*—But the popular apprehension, or rather misapprehension, is not according to the view now set forth. The common view seems to have two varieties. On the one hand, it is held that ordinary occupations of life are of a negative sort, having no particular connection with one's religion, except that one must preserve a religious life and character while engaged in them. On the other hand, we are told that these occupations, of themselves and necessarily, make it difficult to maintain a true spiritual life, and that they must be looked upon with suspicion as likely to beguile the soul.

In both these views there is more or less a repetition of the old Manichean and Monastic delusions. The body is set over against the soul; the physical life is detached from the spiritual; the occupation is made a force opposed to the worker; while the fact is that the one is nothing without the other, and both are harmonious elements in a complete whole. It is not so much what one does, as how he does it, that makes it the product of the physical or the spiritual life. Prayer may be but noise, or the empty thoughts of an empty mind; while the shoving of a plane, or the moving of a saw, may be more grand and

religious than the casting of an angel's crown before the throne—as it was once in a carpenter's shop at Nazareth.

If a man cannot find in his daily work means of spiritual growth, either he has in hand a work for which God never designed him, or he has never learned the true way of working. It is really denying the fatherhood of God to think of him as having put us in a world where all kinds of drudgery must be done, and to suppose that all the while this drudgery must cheat us of his smiles, and rob us of that form of life which is his best gift to us. Any such misapprehension as has now been described, being thoroughly erroneous, cannot fail to be followed by many harmful results.

3. *The evil results of the misapprehension.*—As examples of these evil results it may be noticed,

(1) That Christians are led to engage in that which is not lawful.

The religious element in all the acts of life being lost sight of, the highest effort is to avoid doing that which is positively wicked. Usually, too, there is a loss of power to perceive readily that which is wrong in common things. Forgetting that the means and processes must be as religious as the result, that on the way he must be as devout as at the end, the Christian is drawn aside into many things that bring a snare to his own soul and a reproach on the cause of Christ. How far can I go and not sin? takes the place of the true question, Can I in this give myself most completely to Christ? Many transactions in business, and many methods of managing church affairs, would scarcely bear the test of being regarded not merely as accessory to religion, but as a part of it. There are mercantile arrangements which Christian traders make, which could hardly be looked upon as being as solemn and devout matters as a prayer; there are little games and tricks indulged in at bazaars, that one would hesitate to reckon as sacred as a sermon. Yet, if not thus devout and sacred, why should these things find a place in a life that has been wholly and for ever given to Christ?

(2) The Christian is led to select his work and working place from a wrong motive.

If his work is not recognised as an element in his religious life, he will fail to hear any divine call to his occupation or his place. We recognise a call to the ministry; but we fail to remember that, in the truest sense, one is as much called to any position in the church, or to any occupation in life. If the whole body were mouth or tongue, where were the body?

The Bible nowhere warrants us in supposing that God brings a man into the church of Christ to do nothing for that church, save on the Lord's-day, and the night of the weekly prayer-meeting. The whole heart and life are called for; and if so, each one is called to be somewhere, and just there to do somewhat. It is not alone the pastor, then, who is to obey his call at any sacrifice, and in his choice of a place for working to disregard the question of pecuniary gain. The layman as well is not to do this or that, go here or there, simply to be blessed in "basket and store." He, too, is to see that weak churches do not grow weaker, and strong ones become filled with unneeded workers, and so the kingdom of the Lord grow slowly.

(3) The Christian fails to attain such growth in grace as is possible.

Working, for the most part, from some other than the highest religious

motives, it must be that such a professor will fail to develop, as much as is possible, the graces of the Christian character. What is worse, it will be fortunate—since he puts himself under the control of motives more or less worldly in their nature—if he does not injure and almost destroy what Christian life he already has. No man can increase the fervency and power of his religious life except as he does religious work in a religious fashion. The failure therefore to recognise the ordinary occupations of life as being, in the truest sense, religious, must dwarf and weaken the Christian character.

(4) The Christian is led to distrust the ordinary work of the church, and to be slow to engage in it.

Looking upon his common life-work as irreligious and even worldly, and having already some religious life, he seeks to become more religious by something which seems to stand opposed to this work. This something he cannot find in the ordinary church life, for this appears to be too much like his daily occupations. So he resorts to unusual services of worship, in which he seems to lose all connection with his routine life. Great crowds, eloquent prayers, sweet singing, solemn sermons, many hastening into the kingdom—these all combined seem to him the soil and air in which religion can best flourish and wax strong. Compared with these the humble services of the prayer-meeting, or the business-meeting of the church, the lowly round of daily toil made sweet by being done for Christ's sake, seem powerless and contemptible, and he returns to them after his religious feast with distrust and diminished zeal. So that a great public religious movement may be, under right conditions, a sign of a healthy and powerful Christian life finding its natural outpouring; but it may also only be an evidence that a cold and worldly church life is struggling, under the power of a great error, after a fancied good.

(5) The Christian loses sight of the true dignity and joy of living.

Seen only in itself, and with only the issues it presents in itself, human life appears to be a very pitiable and worthless drudgery. To toil, to eat, to sleep, to die—in all this there is not much beauty or joy. Yet life is scarcely more than this, if its ordinary occupations are not religious. If one may not every moment be acting with Christ, and for him, surely no "strait betwixt two" would be possible: let *now* thy servant depart would be the prayer of every true Christian soul. Yet even the Lord did not pray that we should be taken out of the world. Because, in all the work of life we may ever be with him, and grow more and more into his likeness as we more and more become his fellow-labourers. It is this that makes the drudgery of life a dignity, and its burdens a joy.

I remember that I stood one summer evening on the bank of a river which had been familiar to me from a boy. Many times I had gazed upon it, and seen only water; but this evening this common water, catching the glow from the marvellous beauty of the western sky, as the sun went down, was changed into a pavement of gold, and jasper, beryl, ruby, and amethyst, on which an angel might not hesitate to walk. So the drudgery of our daily toil is common and mean in itself; but, when it is seen in the light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, angels would gladly come to abide where only his friends, and his servants, may be.—From "*Examiner and Chronicle*."

A Royal Book.*

WE welcome this book, not only because the author has done his work well, and given us what is abundantly interesting, but also because the production of such a work is possible under existing circumstances. In past generations, even in England, when people looked towards the palace they saw anything but a pattern home, an abode of love, purity, and happiness; so that when we contrast our lot with that of our fathers we learn to value our privileges. The English people appreciate the Queen because she has exemplified as a ruler the righteousness which exalteth a nation, and because she has likewise set an admirable example as a woman and a mother. With excellent taste, without betraying the weaknesses of a court flatterer, Mr. Bullock has gathered into a very handsome five shilling volume the things which are chiefly interesting concerning Her Majesty, the late Prince Consort, the Princess Alice, and others of the royal household. The book will yield satisfaction to many who are interested in the subject, and who have not access to more expensive works.

Speaking of the late Prince Consort, Mr. Bullock says that the records of his life "exhibit the honoured career of one who most truly merited the high title of a Christian prince. The lessons of his life, especially studied in the light of the counterpart example of royal excellence presented by our gracious Queen, have long exercised a powerful influence for good on the national mind. The public actions of the Prince have furnished a rare model for all public men—the model of one who ever ennobled his high station, although that station exposed him to peculiar difficulties and temptations. And still more powerful for good has been the testimony of the Prince's home life, that life in which real greatness finds its noblest sphere as well as its most searching test." The mischief such a man might have wrought is beyond calculation, and we should be thankful that through choosing righteousness he became a real blessing to the country of his adoption. "Those who bear in mind how widespread must be the influence which a royal court necessarily exerts," adds our author, are "able to appreciate the reformation in social and family life which the Queen and her consort so powerfully promoted in the land."

The Princess Victoria and Prince Albert were friends and correspondents in earliest youth; but the letter from the latter congratulating the Queen on her accession to the throne is a model of its kind, and entirely free from all self-seeking and flattery.

"Bonn, 26th June, 1837.

"My dearest Cousin,—I must write you a few lines to present you my sincerest felicitations on the great change which has taken place in your life. Now you are queen of the mightiest land of Europe, in your hand lies the happiness of millions. May heaven assist you, and strengthen you with its strength in that high and difficult task! I hope that your reign may be long, happy, and glorious, and that your efforts may be rewarded by the thankfulness of your subjects. May I pray you to think, likewise, sometimes of your cousins in Bonn, and to continue to them that kindness you favoured them with till now? Be assured that our minds are always with you. I will not be indiscreet and abuse your time.

"Believe always,

"Your Majesty's most obedient and faithful servant,

"ALBERT."

The account of the betrothal and married life of the Queen is exceedingly entertaining; and the revelations made show that Her Majesty's confidence in the sympathy of her people corresponds with the public appreciation of her

* England's Royal Home: The Home Life of the Prince Consort; M. mocials of the Princess Alice. With other Papers Illustrative of Royal Incidents. By the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D. "Hand and Heart" Publishing Office.

private character. The following anecdote affords an insight into royal habits and home life, which is eminently creditable to all concerned:—

"A young man, then known only, if known at all, in the district for his extreme political opinions, commenced a mission with week-day lectures and schools and savings' banks, in an extremely debased corner, some forty or fifty miles from one of the royal residences. All things went on well except the financial department. The young missionary could not obtain money for his building purposes in sufficient quantities; he sought none for his own work. What could he do? Boldly he applied to the Queen. The regular enquiries followed. No aid could ever be procured from that family without enquiries. Two or five pounds were never sent to an applicant for the purpose of quieting conscience and getting rid of him. The plans were approved. From that time the Queen and the Prince took a warm interest in their working. The scheme was singularly successful. It was never forgotten amid the cares or the pleasures of the court, because the pleasures were not calculated to drive the mission out of mind, and the cares were formed of kindred objects. That mission not only received pecuniary support, but was a matter of continued personal enquiry and interest. The missionary was once a working man, who struggled onwards and upwards through many difficulties. He became ultimately one of the leading home missionaries of the land."

Now that he has gone, however, the most satisfactory thing that can be said of the Prince Consort is that death "found him looking to the Saviour of sinners for dying grace. When his last illness commenced in December, 1861, one of his physicians said to him, 'Your Royal Highness will be better in a few days.' He replied, 'No, I shall not recover, but I am not taken by surprise: I am not afraid; I trust I am prepared.'" One of his favourite pieces during his illness was Toplady's "Rock of Ages." Mr. Bullock quotes what the Hon. Baptist Noel said about the closing scene in the Prince's life: "Many a Pharisee dies quietly enough, thinking that his excellence of life will secure his admission to heaven; profligates, who never repented, yield themselves up silently to what they know to be inevitable; but these words, from the lips of a man who knew the claims of God, and the way of salvation, express a hope entirely unlike these self-flatterers. The Prince knew that Jesus is the propitiation for our sins; that it is only when we are justified by faith we have peace with God; and if with this knowledge he could say, 'I am not afraid, I trust I am prepared,' it was because he had found peace in believing in Jesus."

The memorials which Mr. Bullock is able to give of the Princess Alice abundantly testify to the Christian character of the departed. The Princess overflowed with sympathy for any in distress, and the consolation she offered was that of the simple gospel. "There is but one who can give you consolation," she wrote to one of her tutors who had lost a daughter, "and we have that blessed hope of meeting again to part no more." In the letter was an enclosure, "Copied for Mr. Corbould by Alice"—"The souls of believers are at their death made perfect in holiness, and so immediately pass into glory—yes, immediately. There is to the departed spirit no middle state at all between earth and heaven. Not but that millions of miles may intervene; not but that the two worlds may be parted by a fathomless abyss of cold, dull space; yet swift as never light went, swift as never thought went, flies the just man's spirit across the profound. One moment, the sick room, the scaffold, the stake; the next, the great deep swell of the angels' song."

It should be a satisfaction for us all to know that the Princess Alice was never more happy than when engaged in Christian work. The poor around her adopted home in Germany felt the benefit of her influence, and she translated a book by a London philanthropist, thinking it might prove useful to others like-minded with herself. "Her last visit to Eastbourne was specially identified with this habit of loving ministry," says Mr. Bullock. "She endeared herself to all during her residence by the interest she manifested in the

poor of the town. Many will remember the little phaeton, with the piebald pony, wherein her Royal Highness might often have been seen, unattended by any servant, driving with her husband upon some mission of mercy to the sick and needy. She visited the Sunday-school unknown at the time; and when there was a children's service in the church all the royal children were present."

The Princess went to Brighton to privately inspect the Home for Female Penitents. Mrs. Murray Vicars asked to be allowed to tell the girls "that a daughter of the Queen had come to see them," and in giving permission the visitor added, "But tell them that I come as a woman among women." On her return to Germany, the Princess sent some Bible pictures for the walls of the institution, and these words of cheer to Mrs. Vicars: "The spirit of true Christian loving sympathy in which the work was begun by you, and in which it is carried out, the cheerfulness you impart, the motherly solicitude you offer to those struggling to return to a better life, cannot fail to restore in a great measure that feeling of self-respect so necessary to those voluntarily seeking once more a virtuous life, and, by so doing, regaining the respect of their fellow-creatures. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' In this spirit may the Home as well as the association connected with it, continue its good work." During the Princess's visit to Eastbourne the steamboat disaster on the Thames occurred, and this called forth her sympathy in a practical form. The last letter she ever wrote is said to have been penned "in the midst of her own grief at the loss of her Marie to the bereaved Archbishop of Canterbury—words full of comfort and hope."

We rejoice to be able to agree with Mr. Bullock that such a woman as this was doubly royal. She belonged to the aristocracy of heaven while occupying one of the highest places of earth; and the pages from which we have briefly quoted constitute the best memorial to be obtained of the Princess's life. The book may be said to be as suggestive and instructive as it is historically entertaining. Even Lord Beaconsfield's display of theatrical pyrotechnics about "the kiss of death" is made more complete by Dr. Maguire's verses. We have also—not *in* the best of English—a characteristic specimen of Dr. Cumming's modesty in a description by himself of a sermon preached at Balmoral. He tells us it was "neither an eloquent, nor a logical, nor a clever sermon." Then, of course, no book about the royal family could be compiled without "the Rev. J. H. Wilson" turning up in divers shapes; and, accordingly, he appears as usual in Mr. Bullock's pages. We hope Mr. Wilson may never lose his reason, but if he ever should go mad it will be on this point.

Thus we see that Christ in the palace is a greater blessing than any earthly good; and the publication of "England's Royal Home" may well encourage high and lowly alike to strive after more grace, and to excel in Christlike work.

"These shall go away."

THE comment of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the sentence of the wicked, at the close of the parable of the sheep and the goats, is of remarkable significance—"These shall go away into everlasting punishment!" An attempt has been made by some to eliminate the terms "eternal punishment," and by others to tone down their meaning. Now, if we consent to expunge the terms objected to, does that alter the fact or mitigate the doom—"These shall go away"? If they "go away" from heaven, the only alternative state revealed is hell; if they "go away" from Christ there is no other Saviour conceivable, and, consequently, they are lost beyond all hope of recovery. If that is not eternal punishment we fail to discover any other term by which we can express it.—V. J. C.

Notices of Books.

The Spurgeon Birthday Book and Autographic Register: containing a Metaphor, Simile, Allegory, or Illustration for Every Day in the Year. Compiled from the Works of C. H. SPURGEON. London: Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

THIS birthday album contains extracts from Mr. Spurgeon's writings, selected by a friend. It has in it facsimiles of the signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon, and we think that thousands will be glad to buy it. It will be ready on June 19th, Mr. Spurgeon's birthday. Price two shillings and sixpence.

The Epistle of St. Paul to the Philippians. A free translation. By H. ARNOLD THOMAS, M.A. William Mack, 4, Paternoster Square.

SUCH translations are often very useful, for they enable the general reader to catch the run of a book or an epistle. We are, therefore, pleased that Mr. Thomas has executed this work; but at the same time he has made much too free a translation for our liking—we want no freedom in translating inspired words, the more literal the better.

The Masque Torn Off. By T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D. Illustrated. R. D. Dickinson.

WITH Mr. Talmage in preaching the gospel we are heartily at one, but from Mr. Talmage as an amateur detective we part company. It may not only be right to enter the dens of New York in order to expose their evils, but it may even be heroic to do so: it is not, however, a work which we would undertake for any consideration, nor one from which, according to our judgment, any great benefit can arise. Mr. Talmage seems to us to make small progress in depth of spirituality and fulness of divine experience, but to be straining himself to say striking things. This is not a state of things to be commended, and we hope that the preacher will grow out of it; at the same time we are sure that his sermons have charms for many minds, and that they do not deserve the savage condemnation which critics have poured upon them.

Gospel Songs and other Poetical Pieces. By WILLIAM T. MCAUSLANE. Glasgow: Charles Glass and Co. London: Houlston and Sons.

WE do not wonder that many of these songs and pieces have been accepted by various periodicals, nor that they are now collected by their author and issued in a volume. There are in it some lame verses with unequal feet, but as a whole the book is much beyond the average of the poetry which comes before us; and there are stanzas of considerable merit. The piece upon the "Effects of Example" strikes us as being a very forcible plea for total abstinence.

A Homiletic Encyclopædia of Illustrations in Theology and Morals. Selected and arranged by R. A. BERTRAM. R. D. Dickinson.

THIS strikes us as being a very valuable compilation, such as might take a lifetime for a man to form for himself. It will be a golden treasury to those who know how to use it discreetly, but it will be of still more value to those who are led by its example to attempt the production of common-place-books for themselves. Mr. Bertram must have taken great pains, and exercised much holy industry in collecting the important extracts which are here carefully arranged and placed under their separate heads. The volume is an important addition to a minister's library.

Representative Nonconformists: with the message of their life-work for to-day. By the Rev. A. B. GROSART, LL.D., F.S.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS is a charming volume, and if men can still enjoy graciously racy writing it will be sure to meet with a host of readers. So greatly do we value these reviews of Howe, Baxter, Rutherford, and Matthew Henry, that we have read the last to the assembled College, and the men unanimously felt that never was an hour spent more pleasantly and profitably. Mr. Grosart would do the world and the church great service if he would give us all the great Puritans, sketched in the same masterly style.

Maidens of Scripture. By M. E. TOWNSEND. London: Hatchards.

A DOZEN brief sketches of Bible heroines in simple language and with plainly pointed morals. This book is suitable as a gift to the girls in an ordinary Sunday-school class. It is not equal to some other efforts of this authoress, but still it is very good.

Handbooks for Bible Classes. The Epistle of Paul to the Churches of Galatia. With Introduction and Notes by the Rev. JAMES MACGREGOR. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

A SERIES of such handbooks will be a great gain to teachers. This part of the work is very well done, and if the rest of the books should show an equal condensation of thought the result will be beyond praise. We are a little afraid that Genesis and other books cannot be done in the space. The handbook cannot give a teacher all that he wants, but it will help him.

Zechariah and his Prophecies, Considered in Relation to Modern Criticism; with a Critical and Grammatical Commentary. By CHARLES H. H. WRIGHT, B.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS is the Bampton Lecture volume, and it is worthy of its predecessors. There is next to nothing extant in our language upon Zechariah, and Mr. Wright has laid us all under great obligations by producing this learned and laborious volume. It is not an exposition for the multitude, but for the earnest student who wishes to understand the original, and to know what the Spirit has said to us by his prophet. Ministers will find fourteen shillings well spent upon the purchase of such a standard exposition. We do not pretend to have read it through, but such a perusal as we have been able to afford convinces us of its great value.

The Reformation. Papers on Luther, Knox, The Inquisition, and the Pilgrim Fathers. Written for the Young, by the late Mrs. HARRIET CRISP. S. W. Partridge and Co.

A VERY small book which supplies a very great want. Its extensive circulation would do much to counteract the

poison of Ritualism and State Church pretensions which infects the atmosphere of the religious world. How constantly do our young folks hear their ministers introduce into their sermons the names of Luther, Knox, and the Reformation as illustrations of the power of divine truth and of the conquests of the gospel over Papal superstition; and yet how little do they know of them. They have only time to mention the names of the Lord's mighties, and they take it for granted that their intelligent hearers are pretty well posted up in D'Aubigne's "Reformation," or Dr. Wylie's magnificent "History of Protestantism." But how about the youngsters? Well, if father says he'll tell inquisitive Frank all about these glorious men and their great work for God "another day," let him in the meantime put Mrs. Crisp's little book into his hands while he himself looks up his "Wylie." The chapters are marvellously well written, are as full of information "as an egg is full of meat," and will imbue the young reader with an enthusiastic admiration for both the leaders and the principles of civil and religious liberty. We were especially pleased with the chapters on New England and the Pilgrim Fathers.

The Historical Finger-Post. A Handy Book of Terms, Phrases, Epithets, Cognomens, Allusions, &c., in connection with Universal History. By EDWARD SHELTON. Houlston and Sons.

TO many persons of ordinary education such an instructive volume as this will be invaluable. The compiler has worked hard, and consulted a large number of volumes, and his selections from them have been very judiciously made. Using test questions we have usually found something on every subject, with the exception of the words which concern the Baptists and their history; there we found nothing except *Anabaptists*, which is a term of contempt. In other respects we can give unqualified praise. The index is exceedingly good, and the arrangement is lucid, and, as a companion to the newspaper, the *Finger-post* is remarkably useful, faithful, and complete. Our young friends will find this a good investment for a spare half-crown.

The Psalms. The Authorised Version in the Original Rhythm. By Rev. W. M. SINCLAIR.

WE are afraid that this honest attempt to unfold the beauty of the Psalms is too elementary for those who have fuller and more suggestive works, and too technical to be popular with the mass of readers. It supplies no lack in interpretation, exposition, or practical divinity; and we fail to see who could be helped by it.

The Women of England: their Duties and Responsibilities at the Present Crisis. London: William Hunt and Co.

A LITTLE tractate, containing sound evangelical, but not very novel or powerful, advice. We do not think the women of to-day like so much of the goody-goody style as this little brochure contains. Our literature for women needs greatly strengthening in tone, if it is to be acceptable to them. The good ladies of our acquaintance have, as a rule, quite as much sense as the men, and a great deal more grace.

Our Picture Book. With upwards of Six Hundred Illustrations. Compiled by the Editor of *The British Workman*. S. W. Partridge and Co.

HAPPY are the girls or boys who are able to speak of this splendid compila- as "Our Picture Book"! The kind and genial editor of *The British Workman* was the right man to make such a selection as this, and we can confidently recommend parents who want a first-rate scrap-book for their children to make them a present of this one.

Studies in the Acts of the Apostles. By the Rev. J. CYNDYLAN JONES. Houlston and Sons, Paternoster Row.

THESE are studies in the Acts of the Apostles, as the title expresses, not of the principal parts of them, but of incidents connected with them. They are sufficiently original to render them worth publishing; and sufficiently in harmony with gospel truths to render them worth reading. The talent evinced by the author in giving new interest to well known passages of Scripture will lead him, we hope, to give us studies in other parts of the sacred volume.

Christ and the Soul. Texts selected and Spiritual Songs written by A. L. O. E. Nisbet and Co.

THE selection of texts is admirable; and, though the poetry is not of the most inspiring kind, yet this little book is valuable, and it will be welcomed by many as a pocket companion and help to devotion.

Hymns of Love and Thankfulness. By A. M. JAMES. London: Hatchards.

THIRTY-TWO short hymns, manifesting much piety and a little poetry. The chief merit of these hymns is that they are short. We prefer this writer's prose to his verse.

The Mind and Word of God; or, Biblical Readings and Aids to Devotion. By FRANCIS PRIMEX. Elliot Stock.

OUR dislike for liturgical services is not removed by this latest attempt to improve our present free method. Where ministers and people like "worshipping by machinery" this will be welcome; but we are persuaded that in most of our churches there is still spiritual life enough to make such a help to devotion as this unnecessary.

Judgment and Mercy; or, How the Lord dealt with a Lamb that had Forsaken the Flock. A Faithful Record of Simple Fact. London: Nisbet and Co.

THE fullest credit for good intention ought to be accorded to the writer of these volumes; but we are afraid that their publication is a mistake. Men and women strong in the Christian life will not care to follow the metaphysical soul-scrutiny and morbid moralising which very largely make up these two volumes of closely-printed matter, 600 pages in all; while wavering and doubting ones are not likely to be much helped by such a record. Some ability both of natural description and vivid relation of incident is manifested by the writer; but we think it a pity that he has misapplied his talents. Christian experience is always useful; but some Christians have a good deal of experience which is not Christian, and this had better be left unwritten.

A Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. By JOSEPH AGAR BEET. Hodder and Stoughton.

A SINGULAR infatuation leads our Wesleyan friends to comment upon the Epistle to the Romans. In our judgment that epistle contains teachings which are much at variance with Arminianism; but our friends think not so. Well, if they will go wrong on these points, and even apostolic lamps cannot enlighten them, what can we say? Why, that the tone and temper of the esteemed brother, whose work is now before us, are so admirable that if the doctrinal question must continue it is well to have it discussed after so kindly a fashion. It is well, also, to know what can be said upon his side of the question. To our mind Mr. Beet is less an Arminian than he thinks, though he is a great deal more so than we should care to be. His comment has many excellencies, but it fails to expound Paul's meaning in Romans viii. and ix. according to our view of the question, and this lessens its value. Still, we think so much of the book that we shall keep it among our books of reference, and we hope to see his comments upon other epistles.

Sermons. By the Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS. London: Richard D. Dickinson.

THESE Sermons would never have been brought under public notice, if they had not come from a rector of an Episcopal church at Boston, in America; and had they not possessed the modern attraction of originality of thought struggling for expression in a loose and irregular style. They are more rational than evangelical, more intellectual than rational, and more emotional than intellectual. How far the two extremes of this book and the New Testament are apart may be judged by one brief quotation: "Such, then, is the story of Christ's crucifixion, in and with and for humanity. It is no fantastic conception of the imputation to Him of a sinfulness which was not His, of God's counting him guilty of wickedness which He had never done. It is something infinitely, awfully more real than that." If we inquire what that something is, we are told it is an

example of self sacrifice, or dying unto sin. Such sermons, and their name is legion, remind us of those words of the far-seeing Isaiah: "Behold, all ye that kindle a fire, that compass yourselves about with sparks: walk in the light of your fire, and in the sparks that ye have kindled. This shall ye have of mine hand; ye shall lie down in sorrow." "This verse," a certain commentator observes, "is addressed to the Pharisees and Sadducees, and such as refuse the light of the Divine word, but kindle a fire of their own, compassing themselves about with false doctrines and corrupting the truth. The power of Christ shall extinguish all such, and envelope them with darkness and despair." It is not surely with unrighteous indignation that we thus speak, when we see those in high places of the church on both sides of the Atlantic, who, when for the time they ought to be teachers, have need that one teach them again which be the first principles of the oracles of God.

The Biblical Museum. By JAMES COPMER GRAY. Old Testament. Vol. V. Ezra to Job. Elliot Stock.

WE can only repeat our hearty commendation of this most useful popular Commentary. To our Sabbath-school teachers, and the ordinary run of Bible readers it is simply priceless. As much as possible is condensed into the space, and the matter is exceedingly well selected.

Beauty for Ashes. By ALEXANDER DICKSON. London: Nisbet and Co.

SIXTEEN discourses, selected, we should suppose, to inspire and help the afflicted and tried. Though there is not much in it that is very new or brilliant, yet the volume is full of Christ, tender and sweet in its treatment of suffering ones, and calculated to gladden the troubled and mourning spirit. The style is textual rather than homiletical, and though scriptural it is discursive, and would be all the better for careful revision and excision. But, allowing all this, there is still enough of solid and substantial spiritual food to make it valuable to God's afflicted people.

Anecdotes of the Wesleys: illustrative of their Character and Personal History. By the Rev. J. B. WAKELEY, with an introduction by the Rev. J. M. Clintock, D.D., LL.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

TENTH edition, and no wonder, for the stories are well selected and the book is gorgeously clad. The book has attractions for others besides Wesleyans; as it well may have, for the Wesley family were instinct with life, and begat notable incidents, as fat pastures bring forth king-cups and daisies. For a quiet leisure hour commend us to such a book, and, oh, for more sweet leisure to quaff from such a goblet: more rest would make toil more effectual, and the heart more fresh for holy labour.

Shakspeare's Debt to the Bible: with Memorial Illustrations. By the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. 1, Paternoster Buildings.

THE same matter, so far as Shakspeare is concerned, has been arranged by other hands in volumes well known to the public, but Mr. Bullock has even more fully Christianized it. We are glad to see how wisely our author deals with the theatre, which we dare not hope can ever be redeemed from its alliance with vice. Shakspeare, with all his blemishes, is purity itself compared with most stage-writers, and the quantity of wholesome truth, and even Scriptural doctrine which he has worked into his plays is very remarkable. The book is worthy of a wide circulation.

Notes.

CONFERENCE.—The Fifteenth Annual Conference of the Pastors' College Association was commenced on *Monday afternoon, May 5*, at three o'clock, by a well attended prayer-meeting at the College, at which Pastor W. Williams (Upton Chapel) presided. (Everything should begin with prayer.) At seven, the regular prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle was made a season of special supplication for a blessing upon the engagements of the week. (It is good for the church to pray for its ministers.) The vice-president was in the chair, several of the brethren prayed, and addresses were given by Pastor T. W. Medhurst, Landport; and Mr. Clarke, of Spezzia. Meanwhile, during the same afternoon, about two hundred of the pastors and students were entertained at tea at Trinity Chapel, John Street, Edgware Road, by invitation of Pastor J. O. Fellowes and his friends. At seven, the chapel was crowded for a public meeting, the president was in the chair, and a right good, warm-hearted meeting it was. Mr. Norris's (Bedminster) appeal for men to go to China, and Mr. Hamilton's account of the work in Cape Town, were memorable notes in a meeting where each of the addresses had a special charm. It was a glorious beginning of a happy week. At the suggestion of the chairman the collection, which amounted to £20, was given to Mr. Hamilton for his new chapel in Cape Town, for which he needs liberal help at this present.

On Tuesday morning, May 6, at the College, the first hour was spent in special thanksgiving and prayer. The president, whose entry was the signal for the "band of brothers" to sing the doxology, referred in his inaugural address to the fraternity existing amongst the members of the Conference, glanced at the general outlook, and then spoke with special reference "To the discouraged." These were counselled (1) not to be so discouraged as to feel satisfied without success, (2) to remember that others have their burdens, (3) not to judge themselves by others, (4) to take care of their own piety, (5) to be themselves happy in the Lord, (6) to be patient in labour, (7) to have a single eye to God's glory, and (8) to encourage others even when they were depressed themselves. The address, which lasted more than an hour and a half, was closed with the expression of the speaker's prayer that those who fell asleep with a great heaviness upon them might be encouraged through some such visions as were given to Abraham, Jacob, Ezekiel, Daniel, Zechariah, and Paul. After a short interval prayer was offered by Mr. W. P. Lockhart, of Liverpool; and the Conference business was transacted, among which record was made of the falling asleep in Christ of our beloved brethren Ness, Wills, Burt, Gregory, and Mead. The names of thirty-six students were added to the Conference roll, and the officers were unanimously re-elected.

In the evening a *Soirée* was held at the Orphanage. Our sweet singers, Messrs.

Mayers, Smith, Burnham, Chamberlain, and Parker, and the orphan boys sang us many of the songs of Zion. It was meet that we should praise the Lord for his goodness to us all through another year, and we all rejoiced with full hearts. Mr. Fergusson gave us a soul-searching address on the enquiry, "What is ministerial success?" Mr. Hamilton told us more about his wonderful work in Cape Town; Charles Davis, one of the orphans, recited, "The blind boy," as a prelude to Mr. Chamberlain's solo, "Shew me thy face"; Pastor J. Dodwell (Middleton Cheney) read his paper on "John the Baptist and ourselves," and a most enjoyable meeting was brought to a close by a few earnest words from Mr. Lockhart. It was a love feast indeed.

On *Wednesday morning, May 7*, after a season of devotion, the Vice-President spoke upon the words of the Lord Jesus to his disciples, "Henceforth I call you not servants; . . . but I have called you friends." It was indeed good to be there. We next had the privilege of listening to a delightful paper from our esteemed friend Pastor H. O. Mackey (Southampton) on "Inward qualifications for the ministry: how to develop and maintain them." We need not say more about the paper now, as we hope soon to present it to our readers in full. The morning session was solemnly but suitably closed by Mr. Gracey's trenchant essay on "Our present position with regard to the doctrine of future punishment." We separated, feeling that our hearts were the better for the instruction which we had received, and for the solemn truths which had been laid before us.

In the evening, the subscribers to the College partook of tea together, and afterwards assembled for the annual meeting, under the able presidency of T. A. Denny, Esq. Prayer was offered by Mr. G. T. Congreve, the annual report was presented by the President, addresses were delivered by the Chairman, our venerable tutor, Mr. Rogers, Pastor W. Hamilton, Messrs. Charles and Thomas Spurgeon, Messrs. Clarke and Smith, Mr. Alderman McArthur, M.P., and Mr. Thomas Blake, M.P., and solos were sung by our evangelists, Smith, Burnham, and Parker. The company then adjourned to the lecture-hall under the Tabernacle, to partake of the supper once more provided by Mr. Phillips, and before the proceedings closed more than £2,000 had been presented to the College funds. Praise ye the Lord.

Thursday morning, May 8, commenced with special thanksgiving for the mercies

of the previous evening, and prayer for future blessings. Pastor S. Pilling (Blackpool) read a paper on "Spiritual Stagnation: its cause and cure," and after a brief discussion, Pastor R. F. Jeffrey (Kingsgate Street Chapel, Holborn) read his paper on "The Pentecostal prayer meeting: its Place and Power in the Primitive Church." These important papers were followed by a number of short speeches upon the way to make prayer-meetings interesting, and it was agreed that one day in the year should be set apart by every member of the Conference for simultaneous prayer to God by the whole of our associated churches. We recommend the brethren to arrange for this year to have one meeting or more for special prayer on Monday, *June 23*, which is probably the most convenient day in the proximity of Midsummer. We shall immediately issue a paper upon this day of prayer, and we beg all the brethren to observe the day with great earnestness.

In the evening, as many friends as we could accommodate were present at tea, and afterwards we had the largest public meeting that we have ever had during our conferences. The President referred in detail to the work of the College, which continues to be most cheering and successful. Mr. Gracey presented to the President the College contribution to the Testimonial Fund—£414 8s. 9d. (This amount is included in the larger sum which was presented to us afterwards.) The gift of love was affectionately accepted for the Lord's work, to which it is to be all applied, while the words of praise that accompanied it were passed on to the noble band of co-workers without whom the work could never have grown to its present dimensions. Shortly afterwards Mr. Murrell came on the platform to speak to us, and we gladly seized the opportunity of saying how much we owe to his thoughtful and untiring help in almost every department of our vast enterprise. In his reply he very earnestly thanked the contributors to the weekly offering, which last year realized £1,878, and asked them still to continue in that way to show their love to the College. "Remember," said our friend, "when the money comes in week by week, we are able to pay our way just at the right time. There is nothing like the weekly offering, so mind you keep it up." (Blessed be God for this brother's zeal for the weekly offering which is right in principle and noble in practice.) Addresses were delivered by Pastors W. Hamilton, C. A. Davis,

(Bradford), W. Usher (Daore Park), and G. Samuel (Penge); and the evangelists again led the singing. The ministers and students were then once more feasted on the good things prepared by Mr. Phillips, who was heartily thanked by the President in the name of the whole assembly. A right royal day had this been all along.

Friday, May 9, the last and best day of the feast, began with a sweet season of prayer; after which the President read and expounded *Philippians ii.*, and then our dear old Father Rogers spoke to us for more than an hour from the words of the apostle Paul: "I laboured more abundantly than they all: yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me." It was one of the raciest, wisest, and most faithful addresses to which we have ever listened. Our venerable friend will soon retire from his regular College work, but he will be with us in heart and soul as long as he lives. He certainly gives us his best things last. Having listened to the oldest member of our College family we were very pleased next to have an address from Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, the last admitted student. His subject was part of *Mark vi. 1*: "His disciples follow him." All felt that the Master himself spoke to us by his youthful servant, and our hearts were touched with holy emotion. Then followed the communion, and the closing psalm was sung as usual by all present, who stood with hands linked in token of the union existing between them. At the dinner table it was reported that the students and their churches had contributed over £433 during the year to the College funds, in addition to the amount added to the Testimonial. Thanks were given with hearty cheers to many of our generous helpers, and especially to Mrs. Spurgeon for the books with which so many poor preachers' libraries have been enriched. Here ended another of the Feasts of Tabernacles, and every man went unto his own home strengthened and made glad.

On Monday, May 12, the prayer-meeting was turned in the direction of foreign missions, and our hearts were cheered by a letter from a missionary in China who had been one of the Tabernacle Sunday-school teachers, and from another missionary who had gone from the *College Evening Classes*. It was a young man's night, and it was refreshing to observe how the missionary feeling is kindled in the church and the College, and promising brethren are yielding themselves to the divine call.

THE TESTIMONIAL PRESENTATION.—The

services held in commemoration of the completion of the twenty-fifth year of our pastorate were continued from *Sunday, May 13th*, to *Tuesday, the 20th*. On the Sunday we preached in the morning from *Habakkuk iii. 2*, and in the evening from *Psalm lxxv. 11*. Both the sermons will be published, together with the papers read, speeches delivered, and hymns sung at the meetings held in connection with the presentation of the Pastoral Silver Wedding Testimonial. We shall, therefore, give here only a brief outline of the proceedings. The meeting on Monday evening was set apart exclusively for praise and thanksgiving. It was preceded by a tea in the school-room, to the poorer members of the church, as it was the pastor's especial wish that if any persons should have more joy than others at the various gatherings, it should be the poor of the flock, who are dear to the Lord. The meeting in the Tabernacle was beyond all former experience joyful. The prayers, or rather praises, were offered as far as possible by representatives of the various sections of the church. The pastor and co-pastor expressed the gratitude of the whole membership as well as their own: Mr. William Olney gave thanks in the name of the deacons, Mr. Perkins in the name of the elders, Mr. Allison for the members and Colportage workers, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon for the young Christians, Mr. Pearce for the Sunday-school, Mr. Charlesworth for the Orphanage, and Mr. E. J. Parker for the College. The pastor then delivered his address of thanksgiving, which is printed in full in the report of the proceedings, to which we would direct our readers. All the while hymns and psalms varied the strain, and the whole assembly made a joyful noise unto the Lord who dwelleth in Zion.

The following evening, as many of the contributors to the testimonial fund and bazaar as could be accommodated in the lecture hall and schools met for tea, and afterwards adjourned to the Tabernacle, which was soon crowded to its utmost capacity in every part, not alone by members of the church, but by loving friends from all parts of England. Joyful hymns were sung while the congregation was gathering, and when every inch of space was full, prayer was offered by the pastor, and Mr. Stott (St. John's Wood). Mr. B. W. Carr, one of our deacons, then read a very valuable paper on "The Church during the Ministry of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon," Pastor J. T. Wigner and Mr. W. Higgs presented a letter of congratu-

lation from the Committee of the London Baptist Association, and Mr. Wigner also expressed his delight at being permitted to convey such a communication on such an occasion. Our brother and beloved co-pastor followed in a brief expression of his gratitude to God and his love to us, and then came Dr. Stanford with a wonderful paper on "The Baptist Churches twenty-five years ago and now." All this was interspersed with gladsome song. At length came deacon Wm. Olney, who made the presentation in the name of the treasurers and contributors of the fund. Most appropriately he commenced by giving to the Lord the whole of the glory for all the success which had been achieved during the past twenty-five years, and then in affectionate terms he declared to us the love of the brethren, and made formal presentation of the magnificent sum of £6,233 10s. 5d. Our brother presented the bronze clock and ornaments which it was decided should be placed in our study as a memorial of the deed of love thus consummated. The reception given to us when we rose to express our thanks for this crowning act of twenty-five years of kindness, sympathy, union, and help cannot be described. What we said was quite unworthy of the occasion, but it was hard to speak at all. We have no doubt many of our readers will be pleased to possess the little memorial volume which will be to the present and future generations a record of the abounding mercy and grace of the Lord to one of his churches, and at the same time an encouragement to all those who determine to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and him crucified.

COLLEGE.—During the past month the following students have accepted pastorates:—Mr. E. G. Evans, at Regent-street, Belfast; Mr. W. Goacher, at Hatherleigh, Devon; Mr. J. Rankin, at Guildford; Mr. J. W. Nichol, at Horncastle; and Mr. M. Mather, at Holbeach, Lincolnshire. Mr. A. V. Papengouth has been accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society as a missionary to Hayti, West Indies; and Mr. Kendon proposes to sail for Jamaica. Mr. H. Cocks will remove from Ballymena to Canada to labour there.

Friends who are likely to visit Worthing this summer may be pleased to learn that a Baptist church was formed in that town last month with very encouraging prospects. Mr. W. F. Stead, the pastor, will be glad to see as many visitors as possible at the services in the Montague Hall.

ORPHANAGE.—Thanks are heartily given to generous friends at St. Albans, Leighton Buzzard, Chelsea, and John Street, Edgware Road, for so kindly assisting the Orphan Choir in their services of song. We are personally grateful to friends whom we will not mention by name, but whose names are on our heart. Please to take notice that *the Annual Fête of the Orphanage will be held at the Stockwell Orphanage on the Pastor's Birthday, June 19.* We shall be glad to see country friends.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.—We have received from the founders of the Stockwell Orphanage £50 towards a GIRLS' ORPHANAGE, to which we have added another £50, and Mr. Galpin £50, besides two promises of £25 each. *At the fête on June 19 there will be a sale of goods on behalf of the Girls' Orphanage.* There will be no pressing of this matter, for we have a firm belief that it will grow of itself till we shall have sufficient funds to be able to move in it.

EVANGELISTS.—The fear we mentioned in last month's magazine with respect to Mr. Clarke was only too well founded, for in the midst of the work at Bacup he had to be sent home invalided, and we had to find a substitute. In sending Mr. Fullerton, of our Tabernacle Evangelists' Association, we felt that we could with confidence say that he was a brother like-minded, who would naturally care for the souls of the people. We should scarcely like to publish all we hear concerning the labours of our beloved brethren the evangelists, and if we did publish it, many would not believe it. It seems to us that every place visited gets a larger blessing than those where our friends have previously been, and if we ever had any doubts as to the employment of this form of service the abundant tokens of the Lord's approval would long ago have removed them. Services were held in no less than ten different places in Bacup, but none of them were large enough to hold the people who flocked to them. Although our brethren and their hearers had to contend against heavy snow-storms, more than once they had 2,000 people at the principal service, and 1,000 more at an overflow meeting. Messrs. Smith and Fullerton addressed both audiences in turn, and one Sunday evening conversed with more than one hundred enquirers. The full result of the mission will be a grand accession to the churches in the town. Our heartiest thanks are due to

the local ministers, committee, and choir for the admirable arrangements made by them, and the help rendered by them, nor must we forget to mention our excellent colporteur, Mr. Allen, who assisted in no small degree in securing the success of the services.

Our evangelists were all with us at the Conference, and greatly cheered us with the tidings of what the Lord had done by them wherever they had gone. The following Sunday, May 11, Mr. Smith commenced a series of services in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and on Wednesday, the 14th, he was joined by Mr. Fullerton. *Gildersome* was the first place visited, and the only regret seems to have been that the evangelists' stay was too short to secure the greatest amount of good. On the Sunday the crowd was so great that many of the regular congregation at the Baptist chapel were obliged to go to the parish church, as their usual seats were occupied by others. The clergyman was so surprised at the unusual addition to his audience that he sent to ask Mr. Smith to preach on his green. The offer was gladly accepted, on condition that the vicar would take part in the service. We have not heard whether the bargain was closed. The evangelists held one rather unusual open air service, the pulpit being a very old cart, and the musical accompaniments including a sharp shower, an east wind, cornet, trombone, bombard, clarinet, and the shrill voices of numberless urchins. These, combined with an earnest address, drew a large number of outsiders into the chapel, which was quite crowded. During one of the dinner hours a short but sweet service was held at *St. Bernard's Mill*, at which all the work-people were present. Much good appears to have been done by this and all the other meetings of the week. On Friday, May 16, the evangelists were to be at *Farsley*, and from thence they were to go on to *York*.

COLPORTAGE.—The Secretary writes, We beg to call special attention to the approaching Annual Meeting of the Colportage Association, which will be held at the Tabernacle on *Monday Evening, June 9th*. Through the liberality of several friends the committee have been enabled to invite thirty of the colporteurs to meet in conference for a day or two at the Tabernacle. This opportunity for prayer, and the interchange of experience in the work, has always proved a great stimulus to the men, and has been accompanied by much spiritual blessing.

Rev. J. Jackson Wray has promised to

address the meeting, Mr. C. H. Spurgeon will preside, and several colporteurs will tell of their interesting labours. As the association is in special need of increased pecuniary help just now, it is earnestly requested that friends will come to the annual meeting in larger numbers than heretofore, and by their contributions enable the society to continue its present staff and open up new districts. The annual report will be printed and ready for the meeting. We thankfully acknowledge further subscriptions to the General Fund, received since the last published list in *The Sword and the Trowel*, to the amount of £214 5s., and trust that other friends will be moved to contribute until we have the additional £1,000 for the necessary working capital. Mr. Spurgeon has promised £100 from his testimonial, and looks forward with confidence to the making up of the capital required.

PERSONAL MATTERS.—Mr. Broomhall, who is conducting the home affairs of Mr. Hudson Taylor's mission, brought us the other day a copy of our sermon on "The Divine Call for Missionaries," No. 1351. It was scored and underlined, and had been carried about in his pocket by a brother who is now a missionary; the sermon having constrained him to devote himself to that work for the Lord. We prized the discourse more than if the princes of the land had covered it with jewels. To God be all the glory.

A nobleman of Alsace visited us at Mentone, and gave us copies of two of our sermons, which he has translated into French, and lithographed in running hand, to be read in congregations. We found our friend almost as well acquainted with our work as if he had attended the Tabernacle all his life. He came a long way for a short interview, bringing his wife and his son, and by this visit he greatly refreshed our spirit.

A minister, living at Wisbech, authenticates the following singular case of conversion through our sermon on "The Portion of the Ungodly," No. 444. The writer says in a recent letter to us, "Seventeen years ago it pleased the Lord to permit me to dream that the end of the world was come, and in my dream I saw the saints rising with the Lord Jesus to glory. I was left, and near me, upon a large quantity of stubble stood an acquaintance who addressed me thus:—'They used to say in the other world that we should be in fire, but it is not so.' In a moment flames burst out, and in my fright I awoke. A few days after my

dream my friend and I heard you preach at the Tabernacle. Judge how great was our surprise when you announced for your text, Isaiah xlvii. 14, 'Behold, they shall be as stubble; the fire shall burn them; they shall not deliver themselves from the power of the flame: there shall not be a coal to warm at, nor fire to sit before it'. In August, 1876, a severe affliction, the dream, and our sermon resulted in our friend's conversion.

One of our students writes to tell us about the conversion of one whom he has recently baptized, who thus refers to the channel through which the blessing reached her:—"Before I was brought to Christ I had a desire to hear Mr. Spurgeon, accordingly, I went to Exeter Hall, and afterwards to the Tabernacle, but still remained in my state of unregeneracy. One day I was entering the drawing-room, and looking upon the table my eye fell at once upon a printed sermon. Taking it into my hand I read the text, Psalm li. 4. I read a little of the sermon, was interested,

and read on until I was not only interested in it, but in Christ—this was the means of my conversion." It was our sermon, No. 86, on "Unimpeachable Justice."

A Christian sea captain writes to tell us about the joyful reception of our sermons at St. Kitts, one of the West Indian islands. He says, "All my sermons that I had in the monthly parts I separated, for the people were so eager for them they came from every quarter to ask for them. We gave some to the master of a little vessel that trades to different islands, and we saw several of the labouring men gather round him as he read the sermons to them. The natives seemed to drink their contents down with as much pleasure as a thirsty ox does water on a summer's day." The mate of our friend's vessel went down among the very poor who do not go anywhere, and had two meetings among them, which the people very much enjoyed. They wanted another visit, but before the next Sabbath the vessel had sailed.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from April 20th to May 19th, 1879.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Ellen Johnson	0	10	0	Mr. Greenwood	50	0	0
Captain McKay	2	0	0	C. E. G.	2	0	0
J. and E. C.	1	0	0	B. I. G.	2	0	0
Mrs. E. M. Jones	2	0	0	H. M. G.	1	0	0
Almshouses Sunday-school	5	0	3	Mr. J. T. Daintree	5	0	0
C. S., Thankoffering	1	1	0	Mr. M. H. Foster	5	0	0
Readers of "Christian Herald"	10	9	2	Mr. and Mrs. Bithray	10	10	0
Mr. J. Evered (annual subscription)	1	0	0	Mr. W. W. Thompson	5	5	0
Mrs. H. Keevil	2	10	0	Mr. V. J. Charlesworth	1	1	0
C. and M. Heath, Thankoffering	5	0	0	Mr. J. M. Smith	1	1	0
Mr. J. Dore	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Wayre	3	3	0
Mrs. Fauconer	20	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. C. Taverner	1	3	0
Miss Steedman	10	0	0	Mr. J. Winkworth	2	2	0
Mr. Marcus Martin	10	0	0	Mr. J. W. Sorrell	1	1	0
Mr. T. T. Marks, C.E.	2	2	0	Mr. J. E. Elvin	1	1	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Pearce	5	0	0
Mr. Whittaker	5	0	0	Mr. A. Doggett	10	0	0
Mr. W. C. Price	5	5	0	Mrs. Rose	0	5	0
Mr. J. B. Mead	10	10	0	Mr. W. Rea	10	10	0
Mr. E. S. Boot	1	1	0	Mr. G. Scott	5	5	0
Mr. J. Finch	5	0	0	Mr. W. H. Butcher	1	1	0
Mr. Latham, per Rev. G. Rogers	1	0	0	Miss Butcher	1	1	0
Mr. H. Tubby	5	0	0	Mrs. Robbins	0	10	0
Mr. H. Keen	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Scott	5	0	0
Mr. G. Palmer, M.P.	21	0	0	Mr. F. B. Scott	1	1	0
Mr. T. Blake, M.P.	6	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Scott	2	2	0
Miss Winslow	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. A. Ross	5	0	0
Mr. W. H. Hale	5	0	0	Miss Ross	0	10	6
Miss Spliedt	3	0	0	Mr. W. C. Ashby	0	10	6
Mr. J. Jarvis	1	1	0	Anon	0	10	0
Mr. H. J. Shipley	1	1	0	Mr. Clarkson	1	1	0
Mr. W. J. Dennis	2	2	0	Y. Z.	0	10	0
Mr. F. Sexton	2	0	0	Mr. R. W. Dearing	0	10	0
Mr. J. Malham	1	0	0	Mr. Philcox	1	1	0
Mr. P. H. Moore	1	1	0	Mrs. Philcox	0	10	6
Mr. G. Pedley	5	0	0	Mr. W. Olney, jun.	2	2	0
Mr. C. H. Goode	5	5	0	Mr. J. Payne	1	1	0
Mr. M. Goode	3	3	0	Mr. R. Pullar	6	0	0
Mr. G. H. Payne	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. Payne	5	0	0
Mr. Oxley	3	3	0	Mr. W. S. Payne	1	1	0
Mrs. Martin	0	11	0	Miss Payne	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Abraham	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Gwillim	1	1	0
Mr. J. P. Coc	5	0	0	Mr. T. H. Olney	25	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Romang	5	0	0	Mr. O. F. Owens	0	10	0
Mr. W. Mills	2	2	0	Mr. W. Fox	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Olney	5	0	0	Mr. W. B. Fox	5	0	0
Mr. Thompson	1	1	0	Mr. G. Redman	5	0	0
Miss Thompson	1	1	0	Mr. B. Vickery and Friend	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Ball	7	7	0	Mr. F. H. James	1	1	0
Miss Olney	1	1	0	Mr. J. Remington	1	1	0
Mr. W. B. Fisher	2	2	0	Mr. Heyson	0	10	0
Mr. G. H. Dean	15	10	0	Mrs. Woodfall	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cross	10	10	0	Mr. C. Russell	2	0	0
Miss Fulford	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Creasey	2	2	0
Messrs. Straker and Son	10	0	0	Miss M. Creasey	1	1	0
Proprietor of "Christian World"	10	10	0	Dr. J. F. Bernardo	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Johnson	5	0	0	Mr. S. Walker	5	5	0
Mrs. Ellwood	5	5	0	Miss Walker	2	2	0
Mr. G. Ellwood	1	1	0	Mr. W. C. Greenop	2	2	0
Mrs. Thorne	1	1	0	Mr. C. Mace	3	0	0
Miss King	0	10	0	Mr. Bishop	1	0	0
Mr. W. Scarborough	1	0	0	Mr. F. Wild	5	0	0
Mr. J. Coombes	1	0	0	Mr. T. Boys	10	6	0
Mr. B. Corrick	0	10	0	Mr. F. J. Feltham	1	0	0
Mrs. S. E. Goslin	1	1	0	Mrs. Feltham	2	2	0
Miss Goslin	1	1	0	Dr. A. C. Air	1	1	0
Miss A. P. Crumpton	2	2	0	Mrs. Air	1	1	0
Miss S. M. Crumpton	2	2	0	Mr. T. F. Probin	1	1	0
Miss M. L. Crumpton	2	2	0	F. R. T.	1	1	0
Mr. R. H. Tyrer	1	1	0	Mr. J. Benson	2	2	0
Mr. C. R. C. Goslin	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Hammer	3	3	0
Mr. C. E. Fox	6	0	0	Mr. S. M. Hammer	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Short	5	5	0	Mrs. Chapman	0	10	0
Mrs. Virtue	10	0	0	Mrs. Tyson	1	1	0
Miss Virtue	1	1	0	Mr. F. W. Smith	3	3	0
Mr. C. Spurgeon	1	1	0	Miss B. Scott	1	1	0
Mr. T. Spurgeon	1	1	0	Mr. W. Evans	5	5	0
Mr. A. Altham	20	0	0	Mrs. W. Evans	2	2	0
Mrs. Altham	5	0	0	Mr. R. Evans	10	10	0
Rev. J. Oldring	5	0	0	Mr. J. L. Potier	10	10	0
E. J. K.	1	5	0	Mr. J. Payne	0	10	0
A Friend	0	10	6	Mr. E. J. Farley	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Vinson	5	5	0	Mr. J. Smart	1	1	0
Mr. C. Neville	5	0	0	Miss Cornish	2	0	0
Mrs. Arundel	0	10	0	Mr. C. Davies	5	0	0
Mr. G. Tomkins	5	0	0	Mr. G. C. Hard	3	3	0
Mr. R. Hellier	2	2	0	Mrs. Lindsey	1	1	0
Mrs. Hellier	1	1	0	Mr. J. Turner	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Whittle	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Narraway	2	2	0
Mr. J. G. Marshall	15	15	0	Mr. G. Beal	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Burrell	2	0	0	Mr. H. S. Pegg	1	0	0
Mr. W. W. Baynes	5	5	0	Mr. J. G. Hall	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Grose	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Frowd	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haydon	10	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. G. Higgs	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Alldis	4	4	0	Rev. W. Allen and Miss Phillips	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Mansell	10	0	0	Mr. W. Mills, junior	2	2	0
Miss Dransfield	5	5	0	Mr. B. Venables	1	1	0
Mr. Chilvers	2	0	0	Miss Kate Olney	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, junior	2	2	0	Mr. W. Higgs	100	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Marsh	10	0	0	Mr. T. D. Galpin	10	0	0
Mrs. Jenkins	5	0	0	Mr. J. H. Townend	3	3	0
Mr. Read	2	2	0	Mr. J. P. Bacon	5	0	0
Mr. W. R. Selway	2	2	0	Mrs. Brown	2	2	0
Mr. Corsan	1	11	6	Mr. G. Startin	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Everett	5	5	0	Mr. Padgett	5	0	0
Mrs. Dunn	1	1	0	Mr. S. H. Knight	2	2	0
Miss Everett	1	1	0	Mrs. J. E. Knight	1	1	0
Mr. Licwellyn	5	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Huntley	21	0	0
Mr. E. Falconer	5	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Raines	10	0	0
Mr. T. Sutcliffe	3	0	0	Miss Raines	1	0	0
Salters' Hall, per Mr. Noble	10	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. C. Murrell	3	3	0
Mr. Noble	1	1	0	Miss C. M. Murrell	0	10	6
Mr. W. G. Wilkins	1	1	0	Rev. E. H. Brown	1	1	0
Mr. Cleve Hooper	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. H. Smith	21	0	0
Mrs. R. A. James	5	0	0	Mr. R. S. Pearce	5	5	0
Miss Hill	1	1	0	Mrs. R. S. Pearce	1	1	0
Mr. S. Thomson	2	2	0	J. K.	2	2	0
Mr. J. Edwards	25	0	0	Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	5	0	0
Miss Smith	1	1	0	Mr. Renton	25	0	0
Miss E. Smith	1	1	0	S. S. Absolum	5	0	0
Mr. J. F. Thoday	2	2	0	Mr. Robinson	5	0	0
Mr. E. S. Thoday	1	1	0	Mrs. Adam	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. John A. Hart	0	10	0
J. M., Dufftown	1	0	0
Mr. G. Mendows	0	5	0
Executors of late Mrs. Sarah Glennan	50	0	0
Mr. Jones, junior	0	10	0
Miss H. Fells	0	10	0
Mr. H. W. Westrop	10	0	0
D. E. G., Wilts	0	4	0
Mrs. M. Callam	5	0	0
Mr. Robert Pullar	10	0	0
Maria Davys	0	6	8
John xvii. 20—22	7	0	0
Ashford	1	0	0
M. C.	0	5	0
Executors of the late Mr. James Brown,			
Currie	19	19	0
Dr. Beilby	1	0	0
Rev. John Lobb	2	2	0
Dr. O. R. Frankerd	2	2	0
Miss Rooke	0	10	0
Mrs. T.	100	0	0
Mr. E. Edgley	5	0	0
Mr. Thom's Banson	1	1	0
Mr. W. J. Bigwood	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Allison	15	0	0
Mr. T. A. Denny	105	0	0
Mr. E. M. Denny	30	0	0
Mr. F. A. Denny	5	0	0
Messrs. Hollings and Brock	5	5	0
Mr. S. Harwood	10	0	0
Mr. E. P. Fisher	5	5	0
Mrs. Newman	3	0	0
Mrs. Goldston	1	1	0
Mr. J. Duncan	200	0	0
Mr. Jeanneret	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. Mills	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Ross... ..	7	17	6
Mr. B. W. Carr	5	0	0
Mr. Wood	1	0	0
A Friend, per Rev. G. Rogers	20	0	0
Mr. E. Figgis... ..	4	4	0
Mr. J. Clark... ..	20	0	0
Mr. R. May	20	0	0
Mrs. May	5	0	0
Miss May	2	2	0
Miss F. May	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. J. May	5	0	0
Mr. Feltham	1	1	0
Collection at King Street Chapel, Bristol,			
per Rev. G. D. Evans	10	0	0
Collection after Lecture by Rev. J. Hollingshead			
... ..	2	2	10
Donations, per Mr. Hollingshead	0	9	6
Mr. and Mrs. Firman	0	3	0
Master C. Wilton	0	5	3
Newcastle, per Rev. G. Dunnott			
Church at Ulley, per Rev. W. Ewens	1	1	0
Church at Dover, per Rev. J. F. Frewin			
Church at Chesham, per Rev. W. L. Mayo			
... ..	1	11	0
Mr. Mayo	0	10	0
Offering, Clarence Street Chapel, Penzance,			
per Rev. A. A. Bird	4	0	0
Rev. J. Bateman	1	0	0
W. M. O.	1	1	0
Church at Shoreham, per Rev. C. D. Crouch			
... ..	1	10	0
Rev. J. Sones	1	0	0
Collection at Maidenhead, per Rev. J. Wilkins			
... ..	4	0	0
Church at Tenterden, per Rev. W. H. Smith			
... ..	0	15	0
Friends, per Rev. J. T. Almy	1	10	0
Collection at Ashdon, per Rev. R. J. Layzell			
... ..	1	8	10
Mr. J. R. Cowell, per Mr. Layzell	1	0	0
Collection at Shrewsbury, per Rev. W. W. Robinson			
... ..	9	5	6
Part Collection at City Road, Bristol,			
per Rev. W. J. Mayers... ..	7	10	0
Friends at Halstead, per Rev. E. Morley			
... ..	1	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Per Rev. G. T. Ennalls:—			
Mr. J. Nutter	1	1	0
Mr. Watts	1	1	0
Miss Piper	0	10	0
Mr. W. E. Lilley	1	1	0
Mr. G. E. Foster	1	1	0
Mr. Clear	0	10	0
Mr. J. Chaplin	0	10	0
Mr. Chivers	0	5	0
Mr. Moffatt	1	1	0
Mr. Maris	1	1	0
Mr. Seymour	0	5	0
W. S. G.'s Box	0	5	0
Collected by Miss A. Mather	1	11	0
Collection at Limpsfield, per Rev. F. Cockerton			0 15 0
Bromley, per Rev. A. Tessier			2 0 0
Collection at Portland, Southampton,			
per Rev. H. O. Mackay			4 8 4
Collection at Redruth, per Rev. H. W. Taylor			1 2 6
Leytonstone, per Rev. J. Bradford			5 5 0
Conference Hall, Carlton Square, per Rev. J. A. Soper			2 17 0
Rev. J. A. Wilson			1 1 0
Collection at Southend, per Rev. J. T. Wilson			2 10 0
Lecture at Sutton in Ashfield, Rev. A. R. Johnson			1 1 0
Morice Square Chapel, Devonport, per Rev. E. A. Tydeman			1 0 0
Sarratt, per Rev. H. Channer			0 10 0
Collection, Carlton, Southampton, per Rev. E. Osborn			3 11 0
Ossett, per Rev. J. W. Comfort			0 10 0
Rev. D. Mace			0 10 0
Collection at Hillesley, per Rev. N. T. Miller			1 0 0
Friends at Attercliffe, per Rev. R. Ensoll			0 16 6
Collection at Roade, per Rev. C. A. Ingram			1 10 0
Collection at Coggeshall Road, Braintree, per Rev. J. C. Foster			4 0 6
Rev. A. Babington, Collected			5 17 0
Church at Tiverton, per Rev. D. Sharp			1 7 0
Collection at Stockton-on-Tees, per Rev. G. Wainwright			6 10 0
Gresham Chapel, Brixton, per Rev. J. T. Swift			2 2 0
Per Rev. R. S. Latmer—			
Mr. T. Woolstenholm	0	5	0
Mr. E. Few	0	10	0
Mr. James Smith	0	5	0
Mr. E. Ingie	0	10	6
T. J. E. L.	0	10	0
R. S. L.	0	10	0
Part Collection, Sittingbourne, per Rev. G. D. Cox			1 5 0
Rev. G. B. Richardson			0 5 0
Rev. J. M. Cox			0 10 0
Rev. J. Jackson, Sevenoaks			2 0 0
Friends at Bures, per Rev. J. Kemp			0 17 0
Friends at Cheltenham, per Rev. W. Julyan			16 13 0
North Finchley, per Rev. J. Chadwick			1 15 0
Burslem, per Rev. H. C. Field			0 10 0
Commercial Road, Oxford, per Rev. W. Hackney			2 14 1
Rev. D. Asquith			1 5 0
Charles Street, Woolwich, per Rev. J. Wilson			2 0 0
High Wycombe, per Rev. W. J. Dyer			1 16 0
Minchinhampton, per Rev. H. Kidner			2 5 0
Mr. Baker			0 10 0
Mr. J. Palmer			0 2 6
Herne Bay, per Rev. G. Pettman			0 14 0
Rev. G. Smith			1 15 0

	£	s.	d.
Per F. R. T.:-			
Mr. H. Johnson	0	5	0
Mr. Abingdon	0	5	0
Mrs. Abingdon	0	5	0
Mr. J. Simonds	0	5	0
Mr. J. Benson	0	5	0
Baby Benson	0	5	0
			1 10 0
Mr. T. Pocock			2 2 0
Donations, &c., per Mr. Charlesworth:-			
Mr. Mills	1	0	0
Mr. Bartholomew	0	10	0
Rev. G. Grant	0	10	0
Mrs. Stone	1	0	0
Mr. Pratt	0	3	0
Miss Price	0	2	0
"For love of Jesus,"			
Ventnor	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
"A Friend of Orphans"	10	0	0
W. J. Murphy	0	10	0
West Croydon Sunday School	5	5	0
Pillar Box, Orphanage Gates	0	8	7
Services of Song:-			
St. Albans	11	0	0
J. Betts, Esq.	5	0	0
Leighton Buzzard	15	8	0
Chelsea Chapel	4	14	0
John Street, Edgware Road	3	17	6
Balance, Cambridge	1	6	0
" Ryde	0	6	4
			68 0 5
			£223 8 1

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth:-PROVISIONS.—Half chest of tea, Mr. Altham; a sack of flour, Eisdell and Soundy; 120 eggs, Janet Ward.
 GENERAL.—Two boxes of starch, C. S. Holliday; 2 flannel shirts, the Misses Miles and Powell; 10 banners, the President; 2 royal ditto, J. and J. King, Norwich; a small harmonium, R. Collins, jun.; a wool cushion cover and four babies' shirts for sale room, " Sarah."

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from April 20th to May 19th, 1879.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:-		£	s.	d.
Rev. F. S. Attenborough, for Leamington	...	5	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday school	...	5	0	0
Melton Mowbray District	...	10	0	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association	...	17	10	0
Rev. C. H. Surgeon, for Dorking	...	15	0	0
Northampton Association	...	20	0	0
High Wycombe District	...	12	10	0
Mrs. Allison's Bible Class, for Crawley Working Men's Class, West End, for Crawley	...	1	18	5
Cambs Baptist Association	...	20	0	0
Nottingham District	...	10	0	0
North Wilts District	...	7	10	0
Minchinhampton District	...	10	0	0
G. H. Dean, Esq., for Sittingbourne	...	10	0	0
For Bethnal Green:-				
C. E. Fox, Esq.	...	5	0	0
W. R. Fox, Esq.	...	5	0	0
		10	0	0
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale District	...	7	10	0
Oxfordshire Association:-				
Witney District	...	10	0	0
Stow District	...	10	0	0
		20	0	0
S. S. Mander, Esq., for Wolverhampton	...	10	0	0
Ebenezer Baptist Church, Bacup	...	10	0	0
Ludlow District, per James Evans, Esq.:-				
Subscriptions	...	10	0	0
Collection at Rock Lane	...			
Mission	...	0	13	0
		10	13	0
				£217 14 0

Per Mr. C. Carpenter:-		£	s.	d.
Mr. C. Potter	...	5	5	0
Mr. A. Reid	...	1	1	0
		6	6	0
Z.	...	0	10	0
Mr. W. McEwing	...	2	0	0
Captain McKay	...	1	0	0
J. C. (Tain)	...	0	4	0
"Thy kingdom come"	...	0	5	0
The Dying Gift of an Aged Saint	...	1	0	0
Mrs. Spreckley	...	1	0	0
M.	...	5	0	0
Mr. George Emery	...	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. Irwin	...	1	0	0
A Friend, per John McDougall, Colporteur, Crief...	...	1	0	0
Collected by Ann Gardiner	...	0	10	0
Friends at Perth	...	0	14	6
Stamps from Aylsham	...	0	2	6
I. M. A.	...	5	0	0
Mr. S. Hobley	...	1	0	0
D. Mc. C. Sillith	...	0	2	6
The Widow's Mite	...	0	1	6
Mr. R. J. Shipway	...	0	3	6
Mrs. H. Keovil	...	2	10	0
Thankoffering from C. and M. Heath	...	2	10	0
Ann Thompson	...	0	6	0
Mr. J. Dore	...	1	1	0
Mrs. Catherine Parker	...	0	10	0
Mrs. M. J. Robertson Aikman	...	3	0	0
A Friend, G. M.	...	2	10	0
Mr. Russell	...	1	0	0
Per Mr. Woolland:-				
Mr. Padgett	...	1	0	0
Mr. Smith	...	1	0	0
Mr. Sewell	...	0	5	0
Mr. Hillier	...	0	2	0
Mr. Bennett	...	0	10	0
Mr. E. Smith	...	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas	...	1	0	0
Mr. Matthew	...	0	10	0
Miss Pidgeon	...	0	5	6
Mr. Woolhuott	...	5	0	0
Miss Newman	...	5	0	0
Mr. A. Rogers	...	0	11	0
Mr. T. Rogers	...	1	0	0
Mr. Chilvers	...	0	2	6
Mr. Griffith	...	0	10	0
				17 0 0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund.		£	s.	d.
T. H. Olney, Esq.	...	5	0	0
Rev. W. A. Blake	...	0	10	6
A. S. W.	...	1	1	0
T. E. Davis, Esq.	...	2	2	0
Mrs. Brander	...	1	0	0
Mr. T. Goslin	...	0	10	6
Mr. Nesbit	...	0	10	0
Mr. T. Mills	...	5	5	0
Mr. S. J. Brown, per Mr. G. Gregory	...	0	10	0
A Somersetshire Working Man	...	0	10	0

Per Mr. C. Carpenter:-		£	s.	d.
Mr. C. Potter	...	5	5	0
Mr. A. Reid	...	1	1	0
		6	6	0
Z.	...	0	10	0
Mr. W. McEwing	...	2	0	0
Captain McKay	...	1	0	0
J. C. (Tain)	...	0	4	0
"Thy kingdom come"	...	0	5	0
The Dying Gift of an Aged Saint	...	1	0	0
Mrs. Spreckley	...	1	0	0
M.	...	5	0	0
Mr. George Emery	...	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. Irwin	...	1	0	0
A Friend, per John McDougall, Colporteur, Crief...	...	1	0	0
Collected by Ann Gardiner	...	0	10	0
Friends at Perth	...	0	14	6
Stamps from Aylsham	...	0	2	6
I. M. A.	...	5	0	0
Mr. S. Hobley	...	1	0	0
D. Mc. C. Sillith	...	0	2	6
The Widow's Mite	...	0	1	6
Mr. R. J. Shipway	...	0	3	6
Mrs. H. Keovil	...	2	10	0
Thankoffering from C. and M. Heath	...	2	10	0
Ann Thompson	...	0	6	0
Mr. J. Dore	...	1	1	0
Mrs. Catherine Parker	...	0	10	0
Mrs. M. J. Robertson Aikman	...	3	0	0
A Friend, G. M.	...	2	10	0
Mr. Russell	...	1	0	0
Per Mr. Woolland:-				
Mr. Padgett	...	1	0	0
Mr. Smith	...	1	0	0
Mr. Sewell	...	0	5	0
Mr. Hillier	...	0	2	0
Mr. Bennett	...	0	10	0
Mr. E. Smith	...	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas	...	1	0	0
Mr. Matthew	...	0	10	0
Miss Pidgeon	...	0	5	6
Mr. Woolhuott	...	5	0	0
Miss Newman	...	5	0	0
Mr. A. Rogers	...	0	11	0
Mr. T. Rogers	...	1	0	0
Mr. Chilvers	...	0	2	6
Mr. Griffith	...	0	10	0
				17 0 0



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JULY, 1879.

Inward Qualifications for the Ministry, and how to develop them.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE 1879 CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE, BY PASTOR H. O. MACKEY, OF SOUTHAMPTON.



It is manifest that such a subject—embracing as it does the most vital questions of spiritual endowment—cannot be treated exhaustively within the limits of a half-hour's paper: rather, we must seek to scatter a few seed-thoughts, which shall germinate, unfold into blossom, and produce fruit in the kindly soil of experience and practice, and under the maturing influence of personal service for God.

The title of our subject assumes that there are two broad classes of qualification for the Christian ministry,—inward and outward. For all practical purposes such a division is very useful, though we should never forget that it exists far more for our mental convenience in study than in fact. An equatorial line is useful to our theory of geography, but we should be misled if we expected to find such a division upon the earth; and so vitally connected, and mutually dependent are the outward and inward qualifications for the ministry that it would be difficult to tell where those of the one class end and those of the other begin; and if either be wanting to any serious degree, the spiritual manhood of the gospel preacher will be warped or restrained, and, it may be, his usefulness utterly destroyed. It is important that a man's heart, lungs, and liver should be healthy if life is to be a psalm of joy; it is no less important that outdoor exercise, fresh air, and a fair share of recreation be secured, or healthy heart, lung, and liver will rebel, to the manifest inconvenience of this complex ME. If, therefore, in this paper, we should confine our attention to the purely inward qualifications, it must not be supposed that we are either so transcendental or so stupid as to forget the outward qualifications, which are no less desirable for the minister of God's

gospel. What do we mean by this term "inward"? What are the boundaries within which we are working? We believe in the personal Trinity of the Godhead; in the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. We believe also in the trinity of regenerated manhood. We believe in the body; that it is "the house we dwell in"; and that if we do not believe in the body we shall pay the penalty of having no body in which either to believe or doubt. We believe in the soul; in those natural powers and affections by which we know, feel, think, love, rejoice, thrill with delight, or agonize with grief. But we believe also in the spirit; that which in us is the image of Christ as Christ is the image of God: that Holy of Holies: nay, that Shekinah of our being in which the Godhead is manifest in all its glory; that spirit which can be so indwelt by the Eternal as to be able to say, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Now, it is in this sphere—whether rightly or wrongly—that we have understood that the title of the paper limits us.

Qualification implies adaptation of means to an end. If, therefore, we can only get an authoritative description of the ministry, we can learn what are the qualifications necessary for its successful pursuit. Is there anywhere such a description? In one of Paul's letters there is a passage in which he gives us his idea of the Christian ministry. He says, "All things are of God, who hath reconciled us unto himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God": 2 Cor. v. 18—20. Such is the ministry of the gospel according to Paul, inspired of the Holy Ghost. It is a ministry of reconciliation, reconciliation of sinful men to a holy God whose law they have broken, whose love they have slighted, to be accomplished by men of like passions with themselves, only indwelt by the Spirit of God; and the chief instrument in this work, the main weapon in this warfare, is the reconciling Word given unto us as ambassadors for Christ. This description of the Christian ministry will best suggest to us the necessary inward qualifications. The first qualification, in order of time at least, will be—

I. *A deep and sincere love for the souls of men.*

There is always a danger of elevating any single grace out of proportion and harmony to the other graces of the complete Christian character. It requires very skilful chemistry to proportion the varied beams which form the pure white ray of light; and it requires a delicate balance of the different graces to make the transparent holiness which was seen in Jesus. Even our graces, if disproportionate, will mar the perfection of our character. But you will have noticed, that in respect to the grace of love, there is what we might call a sacred indulgence, granted by the Spirit of God. It is as though he said, "You can't have too much of this; it is the Alpha and Omega, having this you possess all else, for all other graces are pleased to follow in the train of Love; but without this you are nothing, it is the one figure which gives value to the ciphers which follow. Do we exaggerate? Let us see. "Though I speak with the tongue of angels, and have not love, I am as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal": 1 Cor. xiii. 1. Who would not like to speak with angel's tongue? In those moments when the vision of

Christ's glory bursts with such blazing brilliance on the soul as to strike it dumb with the very fulness of the revelation, what would we not give to change this lisping, stammering tongue for angel speech to utter all the glory of Jesus! And yet, though we should do that, and had not love, we should be but as tinkling cymbals! "Though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing!" Who that has stood before the mystery of life, bewildered, has not longed for the mystery-piercing power which should make it open, and naked, and manifest? Who that has tried to enrich men with the Word of Truth but has wished for the power to peer into its quiet ocean-depths, and gaze upon the pearls that lie hid in its secret caves? Who that has stood with the crowds of baffled disciples at the foot of the Transfiguration mount, and heard the Saviour say that unbelief was spiritual paralysis, but has yearned for the faith that could remove mountains? And yet, supposing all this granted, and love lacking, what would the result be? Nothing. Are we wrong, then, when we say that the first qualification for the Christian ministry is Christlike love, manifested in an intense affection for the souls of men? Are we not taking our stand with Paul as he says, "Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love"?

This love for the souls of men will be seen in the endurance of suffering in order that men may be blest. One of the reasons why love is the preeminent grace is this, "Love suffereth long, and is kind." Whoever else is not a sufferer, the Christian minister must be. When Ananias was sent to Paul to declare unto him the will of the Lord, he was told to go because God would "shew him (Paul) how great things he must *suffer* for my name's sake": Acts ix. 16. Much of our work is inseparably connected with suffering, and oftentimes suffering caused by those whom we would bless. We remember standing once in an operating theatre where a poor patient was to undergo a most painful operation: chloroform was administered, and the surgeon stripped to his work; he was in the midst of his labour when suddenly the patient, frenzied with pain, arose, and with clenched fist struck his benefactor. Did the surgeon expostulate? Did he cease his work? Nay, he went quietly on; he loved too much his ministry of blessing; cared too much for the life of the patient to heed the blow; he finished his work and retired. That is a picture of what the Christian ministry often demands; while trying to remove the cause of suffering in others, suffering will be inflicted upon us, but we must patiently endure it if we are to bless men with the gospel of God. From whence is that power of endurance to come? We only know of one force that will bear the strain, and that is, a love for the souls of men, deep and sincere—a love which shall lead us to cover a multitude of their sins against us. If we are to lead Israel from the land of bondage, to bear the forty years' trial in the wilderness, we must know something of the self-annihilating love which can plead, "Oh, forgive me this sin—and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of the book which thou hast written." If we are to bring an apostate people as humble believers to the feet of Jesus, we must be ready to say, "I

could wish myself accursed from Christ, for my brethren after the flesh." It was this that made Jesus such a model minister. His love for humanity taught him to look forward with longing to the cross, and to cry, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished." It was this which led him to weep over the city which was his cruellest foe, and in tones of disappointed love to cry, "Oh Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye would not"; it was this which enabled him swan-like to sing his sweetest song as he was leaving life for death: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." The heart of Jesus was the world's Æolian harp. Placed in the open, it mattered not whether the summer zephyr with fairy footstep danced upon its tender strings, or winter's rude biting blast shivered its trembling chords with pain; it always gave back music, for the heart of Christ is the heart of God, and God is love.

This love for the souls of men will be manifested also in sympathy with the sinful, the suffering, the despised. In God's law of spiritual cause and effect—what men call "the nature of things"—sin and suffering, sin and shame are ever in some degree connected. Love for the souls of men will lead us to sympathise with their suffering and shame, and this sympathy will be the power to lift them therefrom. God's way of raising men is by the love of the Son of man as seen in his followers. "Jesus loved Mary, Martha, and their brother Lazarus," and he loved them into loving him. The easiest thing in the world is to be sarcastic about sin, to lecture, to scold, to denounce; the difficult thing is, while severe upon the sin, to show the tenderest love for the sinner. Pharisees can lift stones at the woman in the temple; only Christ can shield the trembling fugitive, and while not winking at her sin, yet breathe hope into her agitated spirit with his "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more." Ay! it is glorious preaching when we can in sympathy put ourselves side by side with the worst sinners in our congregation, and with the "*Woe*"—not of patronizing affectation, but of deepest sympathising love—lead the sin-stricken soul to the Saviour, waiting to bless.

Humanity lies like the child in the prophet's chamber, stiff, cold, voiceless, insensible to the love of God; it will become alive, happy, musical, instinct with heavenly life, when our ministry, full of loving sympathy, goes eyes to eyes, mouth to mouth, heart to heart, and stretches itself upon the corse, and by the energy of the Holy Ghost the life from us streams into the icy limbs.

The next inward qualification will be—

II. *An intense love for the Word of God.*

Love for the souls of men, pure in its origin, is yet liable to be abused, unless supplemented and balanced by an equal love for the Word of God. We believe that all—no, not quite all—of us at this conference are Baptists. We are more anxious that we should all as truly be "*Bible Christians*." As ministers, the Word of God is our chief instrument; it is by teaching, preaching, and applying this that we must succeed, and to do this we must be masters of the Word, and to master it we must love it. Love is ever a revealer; and some of the

revelations of this Word are reserved for those who love it intensely. Pardon me if I use a home-spun parable. Here is a child who, in the course of Providence, is separated from its home: every week, however, a letter is sent from the parents of the child; in that letter are certain expressions of endearment, statements of love and interest which are unspeakably precious to the child. By some accident the letter is lost, and a third person picking it up, reading it, makes sport and ridicule of the endearments, and, because they know not nor love the writer, the beauty, the tenderness of the writing is lost upon them. Follow that out in all its degrees, and you will find that it is a faithful picture of the love which is required to the Bible and to the God who wrote it, if we are to understand the beauties which lie gleaming on its every page. When we can say, "Oh, how love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day," then can we with confidence pray, "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." This love for the Word of God will teach us to listen to its teachings, rather than to obtrude our thoughts upon it. Our danger ever lies in talking to the Book, instead of letting the Book talk to us. We have seen it somewhere related of Dr. Johnson that he would have a gathering of literary men at his house for what he called a "conversation." If anyone were bold enough to interrupt the ponderous flow of the Johnsonian eloquence, he speedily paid for his mistake by the sudden and persistent silence of the host, while if they were only content to listen for two hours to the talk of the autocratic doctor they would be rewarded by the rubbing of his hands in self-satisfied pleasure and the utterance from those oracular lips of the words, "*What a splendid conversation we've had!*" Now, what was arrant assumption and conceit in Dr. Johnson is very much the method of the Holy Ghost through the Word of God. If we talk, the still small voice of God cannot be heard; if we are silent, out will flow its tenderest, most inspiring speech. One of our nature poets talks of sitting in a wood and becoming so enchanted with the scenery as to expect to see the Spirit of the Woods, answering to his imagination, coming through the fairy tracery of the forest; and have not we sometimes sat quiet before the Word of God and drank in its beauty until it has so mastered our spirit that we have seemed to hear the rustle of the pages as by the Spirit of God, and seen coming through its leafy bowers one like unto the Son of man? When love for the Word keeps us silent, then are its choicest revelations made known to us.

Love for the Word of God will enable us, too, to make known its beauties to others. In the Word of God there is latent music enough to charm away all the discords of sin, and bring in the era of gladness. Who are the men to call it forth? The men who love it with a deep affection. In one of the rooms at the Kensington Museum may be seen a harpsichord that belonged to Handel. The inscription tells us that it was from this instrument that birth was given to those masterpieces of music to which for a century the world has listened with such delight. How was it that Handel was able to make it speak with such entrancing strains? Its age-browned keys worn hollow with constant practice will give the answer: it was his favourite instrument, his loved companion daily, and whenever he sat down to play it seemed to answer to his soul like a thing of life. So have we known men who knew but little else,

but they did know and greatly love their Bible, and whenever they attempted to draw forth its melodies souls were enchanted with its sweetness and made captive by its power. "Beware of the man of one book," says the old Latin proverb, and that maxim is fullest of meaning, and becomes doubly suggestive when the book is the Bible.

The other qualification is—

III. *Supreme love for the person of Christ.*

If there be one quality which more than another makes the difference between a successful and unsuccessful ministry, is it not that strange anointing of the Holy Ghost which we consent to call—thereby confessing our inability to describe it—unction? Unctuousness—that holy oiliness, sacred softness, which seems to abound in certain unsectarian quarters, we neither believe in nor covet; but unction, that marvellous discernment and quickening of soul which first turns the preacher into the seer, and then into the declarer of the mysteries of God, oh, how we long for that! Unctuousness babbled on Pharisaic lips, and made Christ loathe it. Unction anointed Peter at Pentecost, and turned the rough fisherman—the smell of the brine yet upon him—into the mighty orator, who swayed the souls of his hearers as the fields are rippled by the summer breeze. How is this power to be gained? How are we to become the temples of the Deity? How is the glory of the Godhead to flash from us? Is not this the whole philosophy of it? "If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him": John xiv. 23. Loving Christ will secure the abiding of the Eternal in us, and the manifesting of his glory in our life and work. Some few years ago we got up ere break of day to see the sun rise amongst the hills. Eagerly scanning the grey east, we watched for his appearing: as the clouds began to break, the rifts between disclosed the rosy fingers opening the gate of day. But what on the earth was the first to catch the beams of the rising sun? The broad field? The calm valley? Nay, it was the scarred, heaven-piercing crag which first caught the sun's brilliance and flamed as though lit by angel's torch; and then, quietly, steadily, the light crept down its rugged sides, and was at last flung in prodigal splendour o'er all the plain. Who is it that first catches the beams of the rising Sun of righteousness? The soul that lives content with ordinary affection for Jesus? Nay! Is it not those solitary, separate, because passionately-loving, friends of Christ who, while joined to earth, have their conversation in the heavenlies, are at home in the atmosphere of the breezes from the throne, and who abide in loving communion with Jesus? Are not these the Chrysostoms of the church; golden-mouthed when they speak, because they dwell with the Altogether Lovely?

In our treatment of these qualifications we have necessarily anticipated the answer to the question, "How are they to be developed?" The first law of all spiritual attainment is, "To him that hath shall be given." Every advance is the platform for new advance; the forward height of yesterday becomes the starting-point of to-day, and the goal of to-day will be the point of to-morrow's departure. I take it that we *do* love the souls of men—else, why are we here?—though that love is not yet the consuming passion we would have it be: we *do* love the

word of God, though it is not yet the absorbing delight of our soul: we *do* love Christ—*do we not?*—though that love oft blushes at its own unworth. Well, then, let this triple love to which we have attained in some measure become to-day the first step towards the towering heights of Christian perfection which yet we have not scaled, and let the feeblest of us put our hand into the masterful grip of Paul's, when he says, "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

The Rhubarb Pie Plan.

DURING a discussion in a certain church, on the question of the duty of giving, a brother well known for his generous benefactions, was asked what part of his income he was in the habit of contributing to the Lord's treasury. "I do not know," said the brother: "I do very much as the woman did who was famous for the excellence of her rhubarb pies. She put in as much sugar as her conscience would allow, and then shut her eyes and put in a handful more. I give all my conscience approves, and then add a handful without counting it."

We commend this plan to those who believe that "he that soweth bountifully shall reap bountifully," and who wish to err upon the safe side. Many men seem afraid of giving too much; but among all the failures in business of which we have heard, we have never known an instance where a man has ruined himself by giving to the poor or to the cause of God. Men have failed in business through dealing in stocks, through speculating in corn, wheat, pork, apples, oil, coal, real estate, patent rights, bank shares, newspapers, steamboats, and almost everything else that men can discover, make, buy or sell,—they have lost their money by trusting friends, endorsing notes, neglecting business, and selling whisky, but we have never yet seen the man who was ruined financially by liberal giving to the Lord's poor, or to the Lord's cause. A business so safe as this ought to attract the attention of investors, and we hope some will commence operations on the "rhubarb pie" plan—give all they conscientiously can, and then shut their eyes and put in another handful, and report the results of the experiment.

The above paragraphs are from an American paper called *The Christian*. There is a large amount of sound sense in the advice, but some churches are in such a plight that we should recommend "the sour gooseberry pie plan," for that requires double the quantity of sugar. We can tell of half-starved ministers, with children destitute of clothing and wives unable to procure necessaries. In some of our churches there are well-to-do people who could easily remove poverty from their pastor, and yet they are content to let him pine. Where the bulk of the people are poor, the one or two wealthy ones should reckon it a joy and a delight to sugar the sour pie, by quietly, regularly, and delicately popping in handfuls on purpose. Their own lives will be sweetened in the process. Try it, brothers, and taste for yourselves. If your own minister is not poor, look around you, and you will soon find one who is, for lately there has been a great baking of very sour gooseberry pies.

Mr. Thorpe and the Three Texts.

THE following narrative relates to a remarkable incident which occurred in the life and during the ministry of the late Mr. Thorpe, who for several years was an eminently useful dissenting minister in Bristol.

After Mr. Thorpe's death, his son was anxious to collect all the information he could respecting the labours of his father during the early years of his ministry in various parts, and for this purpose he visited several places. On one occasion he went to a small village, and was directed to a cottage, where it was thought he could get some information. He went and knocked at the door, and was soon requested by a voice from within to enter; he opened the door, and there he saw seated by the fireside a remarkable-looking old man, with spectacles on, and a large Bible open before him.

Mr. Thorpe saw the old man looking most intently at him before he spoke. Mr. Thorpe then told him his name and the object of his visit. The old man soon asked him to sit down, and he would tell him what he could.

"So many years ago a'thout one Sunday I'd gang to church, t'were a long toime sin I wor in a church, so I got Tit out at stable, and off. When a got tut place, a put Tit up at public, and took a walk down tut brig, as a were too soon for church. When a got there a seed a man, and a said tull him, a cum here tut church, but a'se o'er soon. Oh, says he, there's no church this morning, but there's a man as comes ivery Sunday to preach in a house yonder, among yon trees; so a thout as a had cum a'd go and hear him. When he cummed in they began to sing. I thout it were varry noice. He prayed, and then g'ied out his text, and what do ye think it wur, sir?—'Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.' Whoy, a' thout, what a queer thing this is; a'bin warking so manny years uppo t'roads and t'hedges, and nobody niver axed me to come in. Howsomever he soon telled us what it meant, and a' thout what a sinner a'd bin, and what a loife a'd lived. So arter preaching a went tut public and got Tit, and went whoam and a says to Betty, Betty, go and fetch t'large Bible down stairs. 'Whoy, Johnny, whativer dost ta want wi that?' A says 'W'ere all wrang, Betty.' 'All wrang, Johnny, whoy, if thou is'nt reet, a donna know who is, for thou niver did anybody no wrong.' 'But we *are* wrang, Betty, and preacher said so, and it's true.' So, sur, all t'week a'prayed and cried to the Lord. Saturday cummed, and a went tut market and bought a pilly-seat to put upo' Tit, so as Betty could ride behoind, and gang wi me a Sunday. So when a cummed whoam, a says, Betty, see what a nice pilly ase bought. 'Whoy, Johnny, tis a noice one.' So a Sunday morning a got Tit out and put pilly-seat on, and all ready, and then says, Noo, Betty, thou mun gang wi me to this preaching. 'Nay, Johnny, a sure a can't.' 'But see, Betty, what a noice pilly seat.' 'A know that, but a can't go.' 'Weel, Betty, ye mun gang this toime.' 'Weel, then, a'll gang this wunce, Johnny.' So Betty got up beheend me, and we went off, put Tit up at public, and went down tut preaching place, and t'were same man agin; but, oh, sur, what d' ye think text were? 'For what knowest thou, oh

wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband, or how knowest thou, oh man, whether thou shalt save thy wife?' A looked at preacher and then at Betty, and by-and-by a saw a big tear upo' Betty's cheek, and a wur glad. Arter preaching we got Tit and set off whoam. Betty nivver spoke a word for a long toime : at last she says, 'A see, Johnny, yo were reet, we are all wrang'; so we read and talked, and Betty savs at neet, 'We mun pray, Johnny,' and Betty cried and prayed. We prayed together, and we had su' a happy neet, 'cause we found the Lord ; but, oh, Betty did pray for our poor Tom, he wur a varry bad lad, sur, and oftens vexed us varry much; we thought if we could but get him to go, what a blessing t'would be. So a Sunday we axed him to gang wi' us, but he soon said, 'Nay, not soa; a wheant gang to sich places.' He wur a varry bad 'un, sur, but there were one good thing about him, he loved his mother; and when his poor mother cried 'caus he wad na' gang wi' us, Tom says, 'Nay, mother, if thou maks sich a blubbering about it, a'm sure a'll gang wi ye': so Betty and me got upo' Tit, and Tom walked at roadside. We put Tit up, and went down tut preaching place. Tom sat afore us; t'were same preacher agin, but when he gied out his text a' thout somebody must a tell'd him, but then nobody knew ought about it. A looked at Betty and Betty at me, and then at Tom. Tom looked at preacher, and tears began to run down poor Tom's face: th' text were this—'A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish man despiseth his mother': and arter all was done we went whoam. Tom nivver spok a word all t' way, but when we got whoam Tom says, 'Oh, Faither, a bin a varry bad lad; will God forgive me? will yo' forgive me?' He stopped in all day, sur, and neet, too, sur, and we are a happy family, sarving the Lord, and striving to get to heaven; and a thout, sur, when a see'd you cum in at that door, and ston here afore yew spoke, it mun be your faither cum to loife agin."

Beware of Temptation.

A BOATSWAIN engaged in the American fleet at Villafranca had, by hard work and great economy, saved the sum of £240. In an evil hour he went over to the gaming-table at Monaco, *just to see it*, and being there he put down a single five-franc piece, *just for the name of the thing*. He ended by losing all his hard-earned gains. Thousands have done the same, not only by gaming at Monaco, but in multitudes of other ways. They only meant to look, but they went on to touch, to handle, to taste, and to die. The only safe position with regard to sin is that which Solomon recommends,—“Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away.” The idea that the knowledge of evil is necessary to enlarge our minds received an early refutation at the Fall, and yet thousands of the sons and daughters of Eve must needs believe the serpent, and ruin themselves, out of a foolish and proud curiosity.

If the sad experience of the many who have been ruined by parleying with sins and errors will not suffice to warn our young men, what can we do but weep in secret for them as for them that are slain? In the first step towards evil there are the beginnings of death. To parley with the devil is to surrender to his infernal sway.

William Pennefather.*

EVERYBODY who knew the man respects the memory of the catholic-minded and devout William Pennefather; and Mr. Braithwaite's volume will fairly satisfy the popular craving for a more complete knowledge of a man whose life was a success because his efforts were honoured by the Lord. The book before us will be pronounced satisfactory; we have found every page interesting, and the editor has eschewed the vice of over-colouring. The hand of friendship is visible throughout; but the portrait is not marred by the partiality which caricatures humanity by painting it as perfect.

The child in every case must be the father of the man; but William Pennefather was never a child in the sense in which the majority are children: he was all along disciplined in the school of affliction, and weak health interfered with his education both at school and at College. While suffering as a child, however, he showed an "energy and vivacity of mind," and a buoyancy of spirit which overcame "all hindrance to his active amusements." On one occasion when he shrank from taking a dose of medicine, his mother remarked reprovingly, "I cannot call you my angel now"; but, equal to the emergency, he answered reassuringly, "Oh, yes I am; but I'm your fallen angel." Such a being was necessarily a child of promise, and the promise was abundantly realized. William was born at Dublin in 1816; and his father, Richard Pennefather, who was connected with the Irish Bench for a number of years, was made Baron of the Court of Exchequer in 1821.

William Pennefather's college course at Dublin was a constant battle with physical weakness; and the manner in which he passed the usual examinations, in spite of constitutional languor and wearing pain, shows how his natural force of mind was strengthened by divine grace. At the same time the sorrows of others so far drew forth his sympathy that his early letters are really sterling productions when the youth of their author is taken into account. His sister Susan—a well loved nurse and companion—was suddenly cut down a few months after marriage, and another young friend was burnt to death; Mr. Pennefather, senior, eventually lost his sight, continuing, however, to adorn the Irish Bench as a blind judge: thus, notwithstanding the advantages of his social position, Mr. Pennefather had to fight against adverse influences such as might easily have crushed a weaker subject.

During his student life he was a Christian worker. At one time we find him telling of the triumphant death of poor Christians he had visited, and it was his custom to write anonymous consolatory letters to afflicted persons who came under his notice. While he was an adherent of the Established Church, he very fervently hated the errors of that ceremonialism which would virtually supersede the sacrifice of Christ by the acts of a priest. Apart from this, his sympathies were broad; and while he thought that Plymouthism agitated "questions little conducive to edification," he also objected to it as a "brethrenism"

* The Life and Letters of the Rev. William Pennefather. Edited by Robert Braithwaite, Vicar of Chipping Camden. J. F. Shaw and Co.

that unbrethrened those who are outside its own sectarian boundaries. If the hall at Mildmay Park should become a recognized rendezvous of brethrenism, it will assuredly be used for a purpose which its founder never desired.

Certain pictures of life in Ireland forty years ago are replete with interest. We read of the well-known Father Mathew making "No common sensation." Perhaps no man in the three kingdoms ever achieved a like success as a teetotal agitator; for in three days he enrolled 40,000 volunteers for the total abstinence army. Indeed, it must have seemed as though the millennium of universal sobriety was opening. Malting barley fell in price; people said the distilleries would close for lack of custom, and that, in future, publicans would be the principal occupants of the workhouse. "During his stay in Clonmel," says Mr. Pennefather, speaking of Mathew, "I heard from the common people that night and day the roads were thronged with people coming from a distance to him." There was much that was winning in the indefatigable priest; but those who are acquainted with the spirit of popery will be prepared to learn that there was much beside teetotalism in the background. The movement was a money-raising one, the object being to plant chapels and convents thickly over the face of Ireland. The happy day in which the publicans were to be paupers, and paupers thrifty artisans, never came.

Writing from Portstewart during his college days, the student gives one of the most charming portraits of a Christian innkeeper we have ever met with: it runs as follows,—

"I was talking to-day to a dear friend, one of God's holy children, Mr. C.'s late butler, a man who has lived with him ever since we knew him; he has now by numerous providential circumstances become keeper of the inn at Portstewart; so refined, so devoted a man I never saw in his rank of life. He will not open his house on Sundays, or take out a spirit licence. Portstewart is beautifully situated on a rocky shore, very healthy, eight miles from the Giant's Causeway, and in the neighbourhood of Dunline; and now it contains a most comfortable and rising inn, kept by this most devoted saint. Often have I felt when I saw that man attending at dinner that I ought to have been ministering to *him*, rather than see him waiting upon me. His very countenance beams calm and spiritual piety. Such a character in such a situation is not often met with. He has regular family prayer. I hope he may succeed. His wife is a good woman, too, and his only aim is to glorify his God, and meet his expenses. Already he has experienced severe trial for refusing gentlemen calling on Sundays for wine, etc.; but he is gentle and firm, and thinks when his principles are known that he will not meet the reproach he now does."

During these early years Mr. Pennefather thought much about the spiritual destitution of the dark places of Ireland; and with the enthusiasm of youth he would at once have established churches at Roundstone, on the island of Arran, had not difficulties arisen too great to be immediately overcome. There was, indeed, a little church in the wilderness; but in these days, and we suppose the case has not greatly altered since, people who turned Protestants in the more benighted parts of the country were subject to gross ill usage. "I visited the

poor girl who was so injured for becoming a Protestant, and found her in a happy state, but very suffering," Mr. Pennefather could write. "A lady had given me a pound for her, and I found that she had been three days without anything to eat or drink but a piece of bread and cold water. 'Did you ever think of the Irish islands?' we asked a friend. There are afflicted, persecuted, yet noble followers of the Lamb there. A few days since I had one of the natives of Arran with me, one who has been persecuted nearly to death for the religion of Jesus."

When Mr. Pennefather, after taking his Bachelor's degree, was ordained by the Bishop of Durham in 1841, he was content to live a kind of missionary life in the out-of-the-way district of Ballymacugh, as an unpaid curate. The inhabitants, with the exception of two or three families, were not above the peasantry in social rank; "misery, filth, and pigs" being characteristic of the parish. In spite of all, he prosecuted the work with apostolic energy, and a new church was opened at Roundstone in 1843.

We speak of his energy as apostolic because in his removal from a small to a larger sphere self seems never to have entered into his calculations. A man so highly connected might have sought and have won an ecclesiastical prize, and yet have passed as anything but a self-seeker in social circles. William Pennefather's prizes were, from the first, souls won for the Redeemer. From a curacy without stipend he removed in 1844 to Mellifont, near Drogheda, where the income, including ten acres of glebe, would hardly exceed £100 a year. The large parish contained a population of 4,500, nearly all of whom were Romanists. His activity exceeded his physical power. "Besides constantly visiting his people, he was at all times at their call," we are told by a friend. "His intense anxiety for those who were in any sickness or sorrow was well known, and his deep, loving sympathy was continually sought, and never sought in vain. His health needed much care, but it was the last thing he thought of, and often on my going to the cottage the servants would come to me with the complaint, 'Oh, sir, Mr. Pennefather is killing himself.' He did not confine his preaching to the pulpit of the church; wherever he was able to found a mission-station in the outlying country he did so, and not without encouraging success. "Mr. Pennefather was the first friend who showed me kindness after I had renounced the errors of the church of Rome," wrote a converted priest in 1846. The priest referred to was Mr. Ryder, who was invited by another clergyman to prove the sincerity of his new faith by becoming a Bible-reader among the very people he had formerly instructed in the errors of Rome, and these included his family connections. He took one night to think about the matter, and in the morning "consented to cast himself upon God, and undertake the work in the full conviction that his almighty arm alone would raise him from death." Not long after, this imprudent man, as the world would judge of prudence, could point to nearly fifty persons who valued his visits.

The most trying time of Mr. Pennefather's experience in Ireland was the famine period of 1847-8; the behaviour of the priests during that awful visitation was not always in keeping with the gospel of Christ, nor even in harmony with the finer instincts of humanity. Crowds of poor starving people would surround the glebe of the Protestant

minister, and there wait in their misery with dogged patience until something was given them to eat. Taking the average, two out of every three people in the parish were paupers. We will give two little pictures of Irish life in those days from the pen of the schoolmistress, and then pass on :—

“On one occasion, a poor woman came to the door just at my dinner time, and not having anything left in the house but the piece of bread on the table, I gave it to her. She had tasted no food for some days, except a turnip pulled up in a field, and, after eagerly eating the bread, she dropped down dead in the next house she entered. We were obliged to close the windows, or we could have eaten no food ourselves; often the supplies were out and the last shilling gone. But the people's hearts were won, and I had no uncivil word in all my wanderings, early and late.”

An Irish Protestant schoolmistress is one of the best qualified creatures in the world to answer the question, What is priestcraft? “I could fill pages,” she continues, “with incidents of that year of dreadful trial; for fever, amounting to pestilence, was making terrible ravages amongst the inhabitants of the district, and took its worst form in a hamlet lying still nearer to Drogheda. I remember on one occasion a son entreating the priest to go to his mother, who was dying. The father lay dead in the house, and others were lying ill, but he steadily refused to go until the money was paid down. The poor fellow, not having a farthing left, promised to get it, but nothing would move the priest, and in desperation the poor son cried, ‘Then I will fetch the Protestant minister,’ and off he went to Mellifont Glebe. Mr. Pennefather's kindness to all the poor around, without distinction of creed, was well known.” This same priest would frighten the children with his riding-whip while they were on their way to school, and occasionally would even enter the school itself to create a disturbance.

His heart being knit to Ireland, Mr. Pennefather hoped to spend his life in the service of that priest-ridden country; but other things were in store. In 1848 he received an offer of the perpetual curacy of Walton, Aylesbury, another post with plenty of hard work attached, with a stipend of £130 without glebe or house. Instead of repining, he seemed to be in his element in such a situation. He had the gift of perceiving at a glance what was needed, and according to his resources he made provision for the wants of the people. The church soon became crowded; schools were established for neglected children: and at the wharf of the basin of the canal he preached in the open air to crowds of bargemen and others. “God wonderfully blessed the effort,” it is said; “and when the preacher was compelled to leave them, a number of these poor men, hitherto considered so unapproachable, came forward to present him with a sum of money, collected among themselves, to help someone to go and do the same for their mates further up the canal.”

It was not without much regret, and only in response to the call of duty, that Mr. Pennefather left Aylesbury to enter a larger field of usefulness at Barnet, in 1852. In many respects Barnet, which had been the first stage out of London on the Great North Road during the

old coaching days, was quite a contrast to Aylesbury. The artisan class appear to have been more difficult of access, so that "the dear *poor* people, the loving old men and women," were sorely missed. Yet here, as elsewhere, the pastor learned how to throw his burden of care on the Lord while engaging heart and soul in what was given him to do. "His house was sometimes called the Missing Link," says Mr. Braithwaite, "where noblemen and farmers, bishops and nonconformist ministers could meet most naturally and pleasantly; where nationalities and denominations were easily merged in the broad sunshine of Christian love." In course of time four hundred orphans of soldiers who had fallen in the Crimean war were located at Barnet, the cost of their maintenance being supplied by the Patriotic Fund, and these naturally became objects of intense solicitude to a man like Mr. Pennefather, whose influence on the young was truly remarkable. "Will you sometimes lift up your heart in prayer for these little ones?" he wrote to a friend. "Some of them are the children of Roman Catholic parents, and many of them have been rescued from a life of the lowest degradation." He intensely realised the value of prayer, which in all manner of trial and difficulty was his first and last resource.

In 1864, contrary to the wishes of many friends, Mr. Pennefather left Barnet, and settled at St. Jude's, Mildmay Park. The change from the country, in which he delighted, to a new London neighbourhood with its less pure atmosphere and rough unfinished streets, was not inviting; but having determined that his work was done in the suburban town he counted the cost and went forward in faith. The people at once found that a man of power had come among them, although the vast influence he exercised had its spring in his habits of unceasing prayer and all-sufficient faith. The church had soon to be enlarged, and the schools were proportionately prosperous. While at Mildmay, he originated the great Conference Hall and Deaconess Houses which have, in many respects, proved a blessing to the church at large, by drawing together Christians of all denominations for mutual counsel and encouragement. Mildmay Hall will, we trust, be kept in its own line of usefulness for many years to come, and develop into a more and more attractive centre for a true form of Evangelical Alliance. The Plymouths will spoil the business if they can, with their wild gourds, and then we shall have to cry, "there is death in the pot;" but at this present there are noble spirits in the front who will, we trust, be aware of the danger and prevent it. Undenominational sectarians of the bitterest type, anxious to promote their disintegrating projects, rush to any likely centre for a time, but they have no element of cohesion, and when the bond of common disorder is gone they scatter again to do mischief elsewhere, leaving their old haunt a mere ruin. They are of no use when they are at their best, and when they show their rough side they are bad indeed.

The rise and progress of Mr. Pennefather's institutions form a telling chapter in the history of faith's achievements; but space will not allow of our detailing them here. Mr. Pennefather was looking forward to another conference when he was called away to his rest and reward in the spring of 1873. His memory is blessed.

The China Inland Mission.

MR. J. HUDSON TAYLOR and the China Inland Mission have often been referred to in *The Sword and the Trowel*. Some particulars concerning this mission, when and why formed, its objects and aims, its progress, how it is sustained, and some other peculiarities of its work and history, will not be without interest.

We think that the facts of its history not only justify its existence, but establish its claim to the prayerful sympathy of all evangelical churches.

WHEN THE MISSION WAS FORMED.

The mission was formed in 1865, but previous to this date several missionaries had gone out to China in connection with Mr. Taylor. Coming home from China in 1860 after six years' labour, broken down in health, and deeply affected by China's need, he was anxious for an increased number of workers; and under date January 16th, 1860, as we find in his pamphlet, "China: its spiritual need and claims," wrote to a friend in England—"Do you know of any earnest, devoted young men desirous of serving the Lord in China; who, not wishing for more than their expenses, would be willing to come out and labour here? Oh, for *four or five* such helpers! . . . In answer to prayer the means would be found." Throughout his voyage, he says, "Our earnest prayer to God was that he would overrule our return to this country for good to China, and make it instrumental in raising up *at least five helpers* to labour in Ningpo, and the province of Cheh-Kiang."

These prayers were answered, and in 1862 Mr. Meadows, the first missionary helper in connection with this work, went out. He was followed by others, and in 1865 the mission was formed.

WHY THE MISSION WAS FORMED.

The pamphlet already referred to sets forth the deep spiritual need of China, and the utter inadequacy of the existing agencies to meet it. China, with about one-third of the entire population of the world, had, in 1865, about ninety-one Protestant missionaries—about four millions of Chinese to each missionary. To quote from the pamphlet:—"There are eleven provinces in China proper in which not one Protestant missionary is, or ever has been, stationed, the average population of which equals the total number of inhabitants in England. . . . Shall not the claims of an empire like this be not only admitted, but realized? Shall not the eternal interests of one-third of our race stir the deepest sympathies of our nature, the most strenuous efforts of our blood-bought powers? Shall not the low wail of helpless, hopeless misery, arising from half the heathen world, pierce our sluggish ear, and rouse us—body, soul, and spirit—to one mighty, continued, unconquerable effort for China's weal; that, strong in God's strength, and in the power of his might, we may snatch the prey from the hand of the mighty, may pluck these brands from the everlasting burnings, and rescue these captives from the thralldom of sin and Satan, to grace the triumphs of our sovereign

King, and to shine for ever as stars in his diadem? . . . It is the prayerful consideration of these facts, and the deepening realization of China's awful destitution of all that can make man truly happy, that constrains the writer, by every means in his power, to lay its claims as a heavy burden upon the hearts of those who have already experienced the power of the blood of Christ; and to seek from the Lord the men and the means to carry the gospel into every province of this benighted land."

With a need so urgent there was no room to doubt *the necessity for further effort*, but there was a special desire that what was done should not be in competition with any existing mission, but auxiliary to all other agencies at work.

The problem was—how to attempt an auxiliary effort that should not in any degree interfere with the operations of those missionary societies whose agents were already in the field, and on whose labours God had put his seal of approbation. There were societies already seeking in vain for additional labourers; where, then, were new missionaries to come from? There were agencies in need of increased funds; how could pecuniary supplies be drawn without diverting contributions from established channels? a procedure greatly to be deprecated. Again: were men and means forthcoming, would the interior of China be found open to their labours? Would they have needful protection? and should they succeed in penetrating the remote provinces of central and western China, could pecuniary supplies be transmitted to them? Such were some of the problems before us.

After prolonged waiting upon God and much earnest prayer, and after conference with experienced workers in the home and foreign field, it was concluded that these difficulties might be largely met by forming a mission on a catholic basis, for evangelistic purposes; one in which members of various evangelical churches, sound in the faith on fundamental points, might work together in spreading the knowledge of the blessed Saviour, whom all love and adore. It was believed that, in answer to prayer, suitable agents would be raised up; and that by adopting the plan of making no collections, interference with contributions to existing societies might be avoided; while, if we only had God-sent workers, there could be no doubt as to his faithfulness in supplying their pecuniary needs.

THE AVOWED OBJECT OF THE MISSION.

This was, as we have already named, "to carry the gospel into every province." This was distinctly stated at the outset, and in reference to it, under date January 5th, 1866, the devoted W. C. Burns, then in Peking, wrote:—"Your plan of seeking to plant two missionaries in each of the unoccupied provinces is a noble one; and if, by the help of our God, it is but half accomplished, a great step will have been taken in advance, and the necessities of China will become more visible and urgent in the view of all Protestant churches." This purpose was referred to more fully in the pamphlet, but it was decided in the first instance to open a number of inland stations in the province of Cheh-Kiang, and gradually to extend the operations, as the workers gained experience, and as God opened the way.

THE AGENCY EMPLOYED.

To accomplish the object in view missionaries were needed. The first prayer was for *suitable men and women* to go out to the field. The need was made known in various ways, and candidates offered themselves from different parts of the United Kingdom, from among whom, after suitable training and probation, missionaries have been selected from time to time.

Mr. Meadows, the senior missionary, went out in 1862. In 1865 five others were sent, and on the 26th of May, 1866, a party of seventeen sailed in the *Lammermuir*, making altogether twenty-three in the field.

From 1867-70 sixteen others arrived in China; from 1872-74 eight followed; during 1875-76 *twenty-two* were added; during 1878 twenty-eight more followed, and six others have gone this year. Of these, eighty-eight (namely, nineteen married couples and fifty single missionaries) are now in connection with the work. There are also twelve native pastors, thirty-six evangelists, thirty-seven preachers, colporteurs, and schoolmasters, ten Bible women, and six chapel-keepers.

UNSECTARIAN CHARACTER OF THE AGENCY.

Mr. Taylor says—"Our missionaries have been accepted from all the leading denominations on satisfactory evidence of their personal piety, soundness of faith on essential points, and, as far as could be judged, fitness for the work. Those whose views correspond on minor points work together, and, as far as possible, in contiguous districts. When the Lord uses them to gather churches they are at liberty to carry out those views of church government which they believe to be most scriptural. The area we cover being wide, there is little danger of clashing, and the harmony of our work has never been disturbed by questions arising from difference of views."—*China's Millions*, 1875, p. 31.

SOME PARTICULARS ABOUT FUNDS.

As to pecuniary support, we have to praise God for his constant and continued care. The spontaneous liberality of his people not only met the immediate expenditure connected with the going out of the *Lammermuir* party, ten years ago, but enabled us to commence our work in China with a balance in hand of rather more than £2,000. The contributions from year to year have sustained the work adequately, though not without our faith being at times considerably exercised. But we have never had to leave an open door unentered for lack of funds; and although the last penny has not unfrequently been spent, none of our native agents or foreign missionaries have ever lacked the promised "daily bread." Times of trial have always been times of spiritual blessing, and needed supplies have never failed. The income of the mission has been as follows:—

January to December, 1865	£1,130	9	2
January to May 25, 1866	4,094	12	3
May 26, 1866, to May 25, 1867	2,971	19	9
Do., 1867, to do., 1868	3,358	3	9
Do., 1868, to do., 1869	4,102	19	4
Do., 1869, to do., 1870	3,912	11	1
			22

May 26, 1870, to May 25, 1871	£3,711	2	6
Do., 1871, to do., 1872	3,205	1	2
Do., 1872, to do., 1873	3,373	18	10
Do., 1873, to do., 1874	4,426	3	7
Do., 1874, to do., 1875	7,311	15	7
Do., 1875, to do., 1876	8,119	14	2
Do., 1876, to do., 1877	7,726	17	11
Do., 1877, to do., 1878	8,644	9	0
Donations for new work sent direct to or contributed in China... ..	2,200	0	0

Besides this, several thousand pounds, specially given for work in new provinces, were received. About £8,000 was also received by the mission for relief of the sufferers from the famine, making more than £76,000 received since the formation of the mission up to May, 1878.

SOME ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

God had been besought for the needed funds for the outfits and passages of missionaries, and with what result the following extract from the second *Occasional Paper*, issued in May, 1866, will show:—

“From *Occasional Paper* No. 1 it will be seen that the receipts for 1864 were £51 14s.; for 1865, from January to June, £221 12s. 6d., besides two free passages; from June to December, £923 12s. 8d. Hindrances having occurred, the rough manuscript of the *Occasional Paper* No. 1 was not completed till February 6th, 1866. Up to this time we had received (from December 30th) £170 8s. 3d. We felt much encouraged by the receipt of so much money in little more than a month, as it was entirely made up of donations unsolicited by us—save from God. But it was also evident that we must ask the Lord to do yet greater things for us, or it would be impossible for a party of from ten to sixteen to leave in the middle of May. *Daily united prayer was therefore offered to God* for the funds needful for the outfits and passages of as many as he would have to go out in May. Owing to delays in the engraving of the cover and the printing of the *Occasional Paper*, it was not ready for the publisher till March 12th. On this day I again examined my mission cash-book, and the comparison of the result of the two similar periods of one month and six days each, one before and one after special prayer for £1,500 to £200 was very striking:—

Receipts from Dec. 30th to Feb. 6th	£170	8	3
” ” Feb. 6th to Mar. 12th	£1,774	5	11
Funds advised between Feb. 6th and Mar. 12th (since received)	200	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£1,974	5	11

“This, it will be noticed, was *previous* to the circulation of the *Occasional Paper*, and consequently was not the result of it. It was the response of a faithful God to the united prayers of those whom he had called to serve him in the gospel of his dear Son. We can now compare with these two periods, a third of the same extent. From March 12th to April 18th, the receipts were £529; showing that when God had supplied the special need, the special supply also ceased. Truly there is a LIVING GOD, and He is the hearer and answerer of prayer.”

“Then, in regard to means, our trust in God was not disappointed. On the morning of the 24th of May, when we met for our usual hour of prayer for China, I remarked, ‘The Lord has lessened our correspondence, as I suggested might be the case, but this has involved lessened contributions. We must ask him to remind some of his wealthy stewards of the need of the work.’ I added up the amounts received by me from May 4th to the 24th, and found they came to £68 6s. 2d. I then added, ‘This is nearly £235 less than our average expenditure in China for three weeks. Let us remind the Lord of it!’ We did so.

“That evening the postman brought a letter, which, when opened, was found to contain a cheque for £235 7s. 9d., to be entered, ‘From the sale of plate.’ Thus the Lord made up the sum asked for, and even more, for the next morning the first half of a £5 note was also received from another donor. I need not say how joyfully we thanked God at our little prayer meeting, an hour or two later, for thus caring for our far-off brethren, and how earnestly God’s blessing was asked for the bountiful donors and their families. Dear readers, ‘trust in him at all times;’ you will never have cause to regret it.”—*China’s Millions*, 1875, p. 19.

“On the afternoon of October 14th we wrote to our brethren, Mr. S. B. Drake and Mr. W. L. Elliston, telling them that, the missionary party having left us, we were able to receive them with a view to their early departure for China. We mentioned that we had not a penny in hand towards the expenses of their going out, but reckoned, as heretofore, on the faithfulness of God to supply all that was needed. These letters we posted at 5.15. By the 9 o’clock delivery of that same night, a letter reached us from a distant European capital, containing donations for several objects. And amongst them one hundred pounds to pay the passages of two new missionaries to the very districts to which we had designated the above-named brethren. The kind donor knew nothing of the circumstances in which we were placed; but God, who knew all, had anticipated the prayers of that very day, and laid several needs, which we met by that letter, on the heart of his servant. In writing to these two brethren, whom we had known as desirous of serving the Lord in China, for two or three years, we had, as usual, to act in faith; but our readers will notice how soon after the Lord justified that faith which rested on his own sure word of promise. Mr. A. G. Parrott, who has been preparing for work in China about the same time, accompanies them.”—*China’s Millions*, Dec. 1878.

“On Friday, February 21st, we were able to make no remittance to China; and the funds were not yet in hand for the outfits and passages of some of the party expected to sail from Marseilles on March 9th. Under these circumstances it was remembered with thankfulness how frequently—nay, almost invariably—God has given special tokens of his readiness to help, about the time of a departure of new missionaries; and at the daily prayer-meeting from twelve to one o’clock, with thanksgiving and praise for past mercies, God was asked again to show himself gracious, not only in supplying present and immediate needs, but also in encouraging the hearts of his young servants, who were casting themselves upon his faithfulness for life, for health, for food, for raiment,

and for all the grace and help needed in his service. He was asked, if it were his gracious will, to send, and to send speedily, some large and considerable gift, or gifts—something so marked as to be unmistakably his ‘answering message’; and to select from among his many children some whom he would as richly bless in the giving as he would the work by the gift. With great joy and rest of heart these petitions were left with him.

“On Saturday morning, February 22nd, the ‘answering message’ came by the first post. One of the letters contained a cheque for £600. Our hearts were gladdened, our faith was strengthened, and not only in private, but at our weekly prayer-meeting, thanksgiving and praise were offered to God, and hearty prayer went up that he would abundantly bless the munificent donor, and every member of his household. We can testify from oft-repeated experience that it is blessed indeed to ‘trust in him at all times,’ and would exhort all his tried ones to ‘pour out’ their hearts ‘before him,’ for the LIVING GOD verily ‘is a refuge for us.’”—J. H. T.: *China’s Millions*, April, 1879.

In Mr. Taylor’s pamphlet on “China’s Spiritual Need, etc.,” published in 1865, he wrote:—“Feeling on the one hand the solemn responsibilities that rest upon us, and on the other the gracious encouragements which meet us everywhere in the word of God, we do not hesitate to ask the great Lord of the harvest to thrust forth at least twenty-four European and twenty-four native evangelists to plant the standard of the Cross in the eleven unevangelized provinces of China proper and in Chinese Tartary.” The following paragraph proves that God delights to honour those who honour him by trusting his pledged word:—

To-day (May 27, 1878) we are permitted to record that twenty-four European labourers have gone forth for this special work, and that eleven provinces have all been visited. Though Chinese Tartary has not yet been penetrated, Eastern Thibet has, and an important station has been opened in Bhamò on the Burmo-Chinese frontier.

SOME RESULTS OF THE WORK.

From the table of the stations of the mission, corrected to 1878, we learn that no less than 64 stations and sub-stations have been opened. The statistical statement for 1877 showed that 777 persons had been baptized to that date, and we are assured that the present total is about 1,000. The total number of Chinese in church fellowship in connection with the mission in May, 1878, was 593. The report for the two years ending May 26, 1878, makes special mention of the evangelistic tours of the missionaries into provinces previously without a witness for Christ. Nine provinces were thus visited by the agents of the China Inland Mission, accompanied by native Christians, and in all of them they preached the gospel, and distributed many thousands of tracts and portions of Scripture. During these journeys they travelled more than 30,000 miles. The provinces to which they went contained *a hundred and fifty millions of people*, but NOT ONE PROTESTANT MISSIONARY resided in the whole of the nine provinces.

Causes of Eccentricity in Ministers.*

SOME ministers have been reckoned eccentric simply and only because *they have been natural*. They have been themselves, and not copies of others: what was in them they have not restrained, but have given full play to all their powers. Take for instance John Berridge. Berridge was quaint by nature. In the former lecture I quoted purposely from his letters rather than from any of his sermons or didactic works, because in a letter you see a man at ease. Berridge could not help being singular, for the form of his mind led him in that direction, and his bachelor life helped to develop his idiosyncrasies. His quaintness was all his own, and you see it in his household arrangements, as for instance when he says to a friend: "I am glad to see you write of a visit to Everton; we have always plenty of horse provender at hand; but unless you send me notice beforehand of your coming, you will have a cold and scanty meal; for we roast only twice in the week. Let me have a line, and I will give you the same treat I always gave to Mr. Whitefield, an eighteen-penny barn-door fowl; this will neither burst you nor ruin me; half you shall have with a pudding, and the rest at night. Much grace and sweet peace be with yourself and partner; and the blessing of a new heart be with your children. With many thanks, I remain your affectionate servant, J. B."

Nor is it less manifest in his hymns, even the most sober of them, as for instance in the well-known verse where he speaks of the saints in heaven and cries—

"Ah, Lord, with feeble steps I creep,
And sometimes sing and sometimes weep;
But strip me of my house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they."

We are not likely to censure the good man for his oddities more severely than he does himself, for in another of his pieces he writes—

"Brisk and dull in half an hour,
Hot and cold, and sweet and sour,
Sometimes grave at Jesus' school,
Sometimes light and play the fool.

"What a motley wretch am I,
Full of inconsistency!
Sure the plague is in my heart,
Else I could not act this part."

Rowland Hill, again, was odd by nature, and put as great a constraint upon himself as he could, but it would break out. On one occasion he preached in Dr. Collyer's chapel at Peckham, where everything was of the most stately order. He spoke for twenty-five minutes in a strain of deepest solemnity, but at last the real man broke out, and for the next quarter of an hour quaintness came to the front. In the vestry, at the close, he observed that he had over and over again resolved to utter no expression which could excite a smile, but, said he, "I find it's

* These pages are a sample of the new volume by C. H. Spurgeon, entitled—"Eccentric Preachers," which will be issued in a few days. It is the sixth book of Mr. Spurgeon's shilling series, and will we trust meet with a warm reception.

of no use. Though my very life depended upon it, I could not help myself." He never went out of his way for odd and striking sayings, he even strove to avoid them, but they were natural to him, and he was not himself without them. Do we blame the man for being himself? We blame him not, but commend him. Originality is not to be censured, but encouraged. Sir Joshua Reynolds says of painters, "Few have been taught to any purpose who have not been their own teachers." It was the excellence of Gainsborough that he formed his style for himself in the fields, and not in the studies of an academy. "The methods he used for producing his effects had very much the appearance of an artist who had never learned from others the usual and regular practice belonging to the art; for still, like a man of strong intuitive perception of what was required, he found out a way of his own to accomplish his purpose." We need in the pulpit more Gainsboroughs, for we have quite enough of the academy men of this school and the other.

Some men have been dubbed eccentric because *they have been more truthful than their fellows*. Exact truth-speaking is none too common in our country. Few say that they are busy and cannot see those who call on them, but they are "not at home." Writing to persons whom they hate many begin with "My dear sir"; and to persons for whom they have no respect they subscribe themselves "Your obedient servant." These are only quoted as feeble specimens of genteel falsehood, but like straws they show how the wind blows. Now, there are a few men who are called eccentric because they do not believe in etiquettical lying, but speak the truth, whether they offend or please. A gentleman not long ago was set down as very eccentric because, being asked whether the tea was to his taste, he replied that it was not, for it was very weak and nearly cold. Others had equivocated, or had expressed themselves delighted with the nauseous decoction, and none of these were set down as eccentric. The more's the pity! Where truth is thought eccentric the age itself is out of gear.

Good Mr. Grimshaw of Haworth once displayed his eccentricity when Mr. Whitefield was preaching in his church. Whitefield in his sermon having spoken severely of those professors of the gospel who, by their loose and evil conduct, caused the ways of truth to be evil spoken of, intimated his hope that it was not necessary to enlarge much upon that topic to the congregation before him, who had long been privileged to listen to the earnest addresses of such an able and faithful preacher. Up gets Mr. Grimshaw and says in a loud voice, "Oh! sir, for God's sake, don't speak so; I pray you do not flatter them. I fear the greater part of them are going to hell with their eyes open." Very different this from the smooth-spoken flatterer who did not desire the visit of an evangelist, because such people were only fit to preach to the wicked, and he was not aware that there was one such person in his parish.

Mr. Hill once rebuked an Antinomian who was in the habit of drinking. The man replied with a knowing look, "Now, do you think, Mr. Hill, a glass of spirits will drive grace out of my heart?" "No," said the faithful old gentleman, "for there is none in it." This was putting the truth pretty clearly, and for that very reason it is spoken of as eccentric.

Matthew Wilks was remarkable for hatred of the flattering terms

which certain unctuous brethren would every now and then lavish upon him. "There," said he, "I have been much pleased with my people's prayers to-night. No stuff, no flattery, no speaking of me as a dear venerable saint, until I almost go into hysterics. Saint, indeed! A poor worm! I can scarcely refrain from speaking aloud when such language frets my ears." To a wealthy man who had headed a subscription list for an excellent institution with a very small sum he said, "I will have nothing to do with it since you do so little for it. You have strangled the child in its birth, when you should have nourished and cherished it until you had set it upon its feet."

Now, in these cases the eccentricity lay in plain speaking, and this is an order of eccentricity of which we cannot very well have too much, if it be accompanied by sincere affection and tempered with gentleness. But of this I feel quite sure, that if any man will make up his mind that he will only say what he believes to be strictly true he will be thought odd and eccentric before the sun goes down.

Certain preachers have been very eccentric because *they have been manly*, too manly to be hampered by the customs and manners of the period. They have broken through one and another of the rules which have been constructed for the propping up of mannikins, and have behaved themselves as men. Mr. Binney was often thought eccentric for nothing else than his boldness and freedom from pulpit affectations. Why, sirs, there are places where it would be eccentric to speak so as to startle the drowsy, eccentric to illustrate your words by suitable action, eccentric to use a simple illustration: in fact, eccentric to utter anything more striking than the polished nullities of Blair. True-hearted men are not readily held in by the cramping-irons of childish fashion, but they are of the mind of Matthew Wilks who said, "Flesh will cry out, 'What will men say?' but a sanctified conscience will cry, 'What will God say?'" Egyptian art was reduced to an unvarying ugliness by laws which fixed the form of every feature and limb of its statues: the artist who should have imitated the graceful life of Grecian sculpture would have been condemned by his nation as grievously eccentric, and yet unbiassed ages would have exonerated the innovator from any fault; the case is the same who break through artificial rules, and boldly refuse to be mere copyists of the regulation patterns. In some places the style has been fixed by some venerated pastor who has gone to his rest; his threadbare mantle, which was excellent wear for him, is supposed to be the exact garment for his successor, and the old women of both sexes cry out against any who choose to wear their own clothes.

After all, the eccentricities of manly life never equal those of the wretched dance of death, or sleep of death, which is so dear to mere routine. Think of such an event as the following happening among your orderly readers of other men's discourses, for the like has happened and must have happened many times. A certain preacher delivered a discourse in which occurred such a passage as this: "On account of your sins and your neglect of the house of God, your wantonness and your gluttony, the anger of the Most High is provoked, and therefore is this great plague come upon you, and death is raging in every street." When the sermon was finished the officials of the township came to

know where this plague was, and what deaths had happened; indeed, all the congregation were anxious to know where this dreadful disease was raging. "Oh," said this orderly reader of sermons, "I do not know where it is, but it was in my sermon, and so I was obliged to read it to you." It would be easy enough to enlarge upon the accidents which must occur where borrowed, or rather stolen, sermons are preached; but this is not my point, I merely mention this as one instance of the way in which prosy routine becomes itself ludicrous. To me it seems always ludicrous if looked at through the glass of truth. Primness, fashionableness, and dignity are but little separated from the ridiculous; at their very best there is but one step between them, and that step is often taken with grave obliviousness that it is so.

I make bold to say that some men have been styled eccentric because *they are really in earnest*, and earnestness defies rules. I do not believe that it is possible for a man in downright earnest to be always "proper." I suppose there is a proper way of getting a lady out of her bedchamber when her house is on fire, but doubtless our firemen often violate the proprieties when they have such a thing to do. They have to rush in anyhow to save life, and they cannot stay to make apologies. The flames are urgent, and so must the rescuer be, or life will be lost. I suppose there is a proper way of pulling persons out of the water when they are drowning, but I have known brave fellows drag them out by the hair of their heads, which was rough and rude, but it answered the purpose. Did anyone ever blame the doer of the deed for his roughness? Is not the soul more precious than the body, and who would suffer it to be lost for the sake of etiquette? A man may go into the pulpit as prim as you please, and he may even wear tight-fitting lavender gloves, such as I have heard of, but let him feel an inward anguish for the souls of men and he will forget his dignity and burst his gloves, and in all probability never buy a second pair. A man may be stiffly proper, and even elegant and delicate till he comes to real grips with men's consciences, and then, like the soldier at Waterloo who wished to be in his shirt-sleeves, he will feel hampered by his buckram and his starch, and speak like a man to men, and then some booby or other will hold up his hands and cry, "Dear me, how dreadfully eccentric!"

A few divines have seemed to be eccentric because *of the wealth of poetry which dwell in their speech*. Men of the prosaic school are quite startled by expressions which to poetical minds are natural enough, and by no means singular. It needs genius in the hearer to enjoy genius in the preacher. One of my personal friends, whose sermons are essentially poems, laughed the other day right heartily at the expression of an admiring hearer, who did not at one time appreciate him. "Ah," said the good man, "I am very sorry that I was so foolish as to leave your ministry for a time, but then you see *I used to hear you with a jaundiced eye!*" It is this jaundiced eye of cold matter-of-fact which is unable to perceive the beauty of sparkling metaphors and images, and therefore sees instead mere eccentricity. In my earlier days I have heard rustic prayers which thrilled me, not only with their spirituality, but with their poetry, and yet I heard others exclaiming against the extravagance of the language. One whom many regarded as eccentric in his preaching was a great favourite with me, and I remember now

his striking sayings, his choice aphorisms, and his rare imagery, while other sermons have faded from my memory, because they never touched my heart. I could have said of him what John Bradford said of Latimer, "I have an ear for other divines, but I have a heart for you." Doubtless there are many others who are condemned for their eccentricity by the simpletons around them, because they have wealthy creative minds, and scatter pearls with both their hands.

Eccentricity has also been charged on *men of shrewd common sense*. They have baffled those who sought to entrap them, and in revenge their adversaries have dubbed them eccentric. They were not quite so easily gulled as their contemporaries, but levelled a little mother-wit at cants and hypocrites, and deriders, and so they must be libelled as odd fellows. As this is a point which I do not intend to dwell upon at any length, I will only illustrate it by the story of the eccentric shepherd, and remark that similar shrewdness on the part of ministers is of the utmost value, but is pretty sure to incur the charge of eccentricity. Here is the story. "An exceedingly proud clergyman, riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock and wearing a new coat. The parson asked in a haughty tone who gave him that coat. 'The same people (said the shepherd) that clothe you—the parish.' The clergyman, nettled a little, rode on murmuring a considerable way, and at length sent his man back to ask the shepherd if he would come and live with him, for he thought of keeping a fool. The man went to the shepherd accordingly and delivered his master's message, imagining that his master really wanted a fool. 'Are you going away then?' said the shepherd. 'No,' answered the other. 'Then you may tell your master (replied the shepherd) that his living won't maintain *three* of us.'" Such crushing replies Rowland Hill and others were quite capable of giving to hypocrites and mockers, and they did well thus to silence them, but it earned them the title of eccentric.

Popery and Paganism.

POPERY is but heathenism disguised with a Christian name. Their penances and penal satisfactions are like the gashing and lancing of Baal's priests; their saints and mediators of intercession are like the doctrines of demons among the Gentiles, for they also had their inferior deities, and glorified heroes; their holy water suits with the heathen lustrations; and their costly offerings to their images answer to the sacrifices and oblations to appease their gods, which idolaters gave for the sin of their souls. Adoring their relics is like the respect the heathens paid to the memorials of departed heroes; and as pagans had tutelary gods for every city, so papists have their saints for every city and nation; their St. Sebastian for the pestilence, their Apollonia for the toothache, and the like. It is easy to rake in this dirt. It was not for the devil's interest, when the ensign of the gospel was lifted up, to draw men to downright and openly avowed heathenism; therefore he did more secretly mingle the customs and superstitions of the Gentiles with the food of life (like poison conveyed in perfume), that the souls of men might be the more readily infected, alienated, and drawn from God. Popery doth not only add to the true religion, but destroys it and is contrary to it.—*Thomas Manton*.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Country Mission.

ALL the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* are probably by this time familiar with the history and progress of the principal institutions connected with the church at the Tabernacle,—such as the Pastors' College, Stockwell Orphanage, Colportage Association, and Evangelists' Society. There are, however, many smaller works which are well worthy of the support and sympathy of Christians generally; for although they are under the management of some of our friends their sphere of usefulness extends far beyond the region in the neighbourhood of Newington. In the December number of our magazine we gave a description of our Home Evangelists' Association, and the kindly interest elicited by that article encourages us to say something about its companion in labour, the Country Mission, of which our venerable brother, Elder Bowker, is the President; Elder White, Vice-President; Mr. R. Hayward, Treasurer: and Messrs. T. G. Clough and Burbridge, Secretaries. Mr. Elvin's evangelists confine their efforts to the metropolis, but the Country Mission, as its name implies, embraces a wider area, and supplies, as far as it can, the spiritual wants of the regions within easy reach of London, longer distances as a rule needing more time than can be spared by its members, most of whom have to be back in business on Monday mornings. There is no prescribed limit to their operations, but practically their labours do not extend beyond forty miles from the head-quarters of their Mission. The stations occupied at the present time are situated in the five counties of Surrey, Essex, Kent, Middlesex, and Herts; and their number might be largely multiplied if Christians living in the suburban and country districts where there is a lack of faithful, earnest, gospel preaching would supply information as to suitable rooms or halls in which the young men could commence evangelistic work. If no better place could be secured, they might follow the example of Cornelius, and call together their kinsmen and near friends into their own houses, and send word to the President of the Mission that they were all waiting to hear a man who, like Peter, should speak unto them in the name of the Lord; and who knows but that the result in many cases might be the same as it was in Cæsarea, where "the Holy Ghost fell on all them that heard the word"?

The origin of this society was a very humble one, but the germ having been full of life it has continued to grow, and every year rich harvests are reaped from what a little more than ten years ago was only a single grain. A small band of Christian workers, principally connected with Walworth Road Chapel, had been for a long time labouring in one of the dark parts of London, when they were invited to conduct services at *Sutton Valence* and *Headcorn*, in Kent. They commenced by spending their holidays there, preaching in a private room and in the open-air, and visiting the people at their homes. The needs of these two country places, and the success given to the brethren's efforts there, suggested the desirability of establishing a society which should seek to carry the gospel to other places similarly destitute; and accordingly, on October 2nd, 1868, "THE BAPTIST COUNTRY MISSION" was formed with a membership of thirteen. Among the rules adopted at this meeting was one to the effect that every member should be a subscriber to the funds of the

society, and that no liability should be incurred without there being sufficient funds to meet the claim. At the end of the first twelve months the Treasurer reported a total income of £28 2s. 9d., which had all been expended on the work at Sutton and Headcorn. The following year another station was occupied, namely, *Tiptree Heath*, Kelvedon, Essex, which still remains connected with the mission. Two of the members lived on the spot, and consequently only occasional supplies were needed from London. As the society grew strong enough, Mr. Near, who had charge of the work, received a small grant from its funds, in order that he might devote part of the week to visiting people and evangelizing in the surrounding villages. Last year he was accepted as one of the agents of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, but the Country Mission continues to render him some help in his labours at Tiptree. The following report of the work at this place was presented at the annual meeting held at the Tabernacle a few weeks since:—"The services held in the Mission-room on Sunday evenings are largely attended and highly valued. They are much needed, as there are no other Sunday evening services in the neighbourhood. Mr. Near superintends the work, but spends as much time as he can in holding cottage meetings in the surrounding villages. We are happy to say that souls have been led to Jesus, and that the Lord's people have been blessed and strengthened. We feared that we should have lost the Mission-room, as it was recently put up for sale, but a kind friend in London, Mr. Parker, of Walworth Road Chapel, purchased it, so that the services might not be discontinued. Our treasurer and secretary lately visited Mr. Near, when they were greatly cheered by the testimony they received of the good work which is being done by their representative."

The total income for the year ending October, 1870, was £39 12s. 3d., but as the members considered that amount too large to spend on such a small number of districts at so great a distance from town, they decided to look for "fresh fields and pastures new" near London. Accordingly, the following report contains notices of services commenced at *St. Mary Cray*, *Forest Hill*, and *Tooting*; and since then the banner of the Mission has been planted in *Coggeshall*, *Carshalton*, *Putney*, *Walthamstow*, *Southgate*, *Teddington*, *Peckham*, *Sydenham*, *Pope Street near Eltham*, *King's Langley*, *New Hampton*, *Westbourne Park*, *Morden*, *South Mims*, *Isleworth*, *Brentford*, *Caterham*, and other places of which no record has been kept. In August, 1873, the Mission became recognised as a Tabernacle institution, and from that time it has borne the name of "THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COUNTRY MISSION."

Success has not been realised to an equal extent in every instance, but the blessing that has been given in some cases has been of the most remarkable kind. Churches have been formed, chapels erected, Sunday-schools and other agencies organized, and the young men who began by holding, perhaps, an open-air service in the place, are at the present moment pastors of flourishing communities, having in the meantime received in the Pastors' College the necessary training for "the office of a bishop," or being now students in that most valuable institution.

Two illustrations of works of this kind may here appropriately be given. The first is—

MARKHOUSE COMMON, WALTHAMSTOW,

This was commenced by some gentlemen in the neighbourhood, who undertook the necessary financial responsibility, the Mission being only required to find the preachers. This it was most happy to do, and it will be equally pleased to do the same for any other district where the means can be found by Christian friends on the spot. The men are ready: will not the Lord's stewards find the money that is needed, that in days to come reports similar to this may be sent from other districts all around us? Mr. Breewood, who was the Secretary of the Mission from its formation until he entered the College, in 1876, has issued a circular soliciting subscriptions for the building of a chapel to seat 600 persons, and to cost £2000; for this there is a great necessity if the spiritual needs of the district are to be met.

PUTNEY.

The work here was commenced in a very small hall, and with an exceedingly limited congregation; but it has developed so largely that a plot of ground has been bought, a chapel to seat 220 has been erected, and it is hoped that before long a much larger chapel will be built in the front of the present one, which will then be used for the Sunday-school. The Mission does not undertake any responsibilities in the way of building places of worship, but only starts new causes, and sustains them till they are strong enough to support themselves. In reply to enquiries the pastor, Mr. Geale, who has been for some months a student in the College, says:—"I think you may speak of the work at Putney as one of gradual progress. The church numbers 82 now; the additions to our membership last year were 39. We have about 140 scholars on the Sunday-school books, an average attendance of 85, and 14 teachers. We send out about 1,000 fresh tracts every month by 14 distributors. Last Sunday morning there were about 100 present at the service, in the evening I suppose 170."

Besides the above cases there are many others which supply evidence of useful service in the Lord's cause, even if they are not so remarkable as the two just quoted. The following will give some idea of the general character of the work:—

CARSHALTON.

A house was hired by the Mission, one of the rooms was fitted up for worship, and the rest sub-let. After a while the meeting-room, landing, and staircase were all filled with eager listeners. The "Public Hall" was obtained after some difficulty, and the services are still held there. A church was formed, Mr. May became the pastor, and worked with considerable success until October last, when he received and accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Underhill-road, Dulwich. Students from the College are supplying at Carshalton, a building fund has been started, a plot of ground selected, and there is every prospect of a strong Baptist interest being ultimately established.

ST. MARY CRAY.

This station was, until recently, under the charge of Messrs. Fullerton and Chamberlain, whose labours in connection with the Evangelists' Association were referred to in our former paper. The last annual report stated that the chapel was crowded, and a larger one was required, and that the friends had united themselves into a "Christian community" in preparation for the formation of a church, and had undertaken to defray their own expenses.

TOOTING.

Mr. Witney's work here continues to grow. He has an average attendance of from seventy to eighty every Sunday; a week-night meeting is also held, and in anticipation of erecting a chapel by-and-by a plot of land has been secured, and £90 subscribed as the commencement of a building fund. A church is soon to be formed, the Sunday-school is increasing, and Mr. Spurgeon's sermons are widely circulated. On the occasion of Mr. Witney's recent admission to the Pastors' College a meeting was held, and a purse containing £6 presented to him as a mark of esteem and gratitude for his services.

SOUTHGATE.

Hearing that there was a population of about four thousand in this place with very little chapel accommodation, some members of the Mission commenced by holding services in the open-air, and as many of the inhabitants met to listen to the word, a small room was secured, and afterwards a larger one, which is already well filled. The need of a more convenient meeting-place is greatly felt, and on the suggestion of Mr. Pearce, a building fund has been started. £17 has already been contributed, and £10 more promised on condition that the fund reaches £50 in six months.

TEDDINGTON.

This is a comparatively new work; and although a Baptist cause is much needed there has been a difficulty in beginning one, in consequence of the unsuitableness of the preaching room. The services are now held in a better building, and it is hoped that as the result of the change a good church will be formed.

POPE-STREET, NEAR ELTHAM.

The Eltham Congregational Church has a mission room at Pope-street, but the Country Mission has furnished the preacher since the latter part of the year 1877. The last report of the Mission states that the work here is very encouraging. The friends were so pleased with the ministrations of Mr. Keys that last August they requested him to take charge of the station for a year, to hold two services each Sabbath instead of one, and to administer the Lord's Supper once a month. This he consented to do; and, although a new chapel has been opened in the neighbourhood, and also a free church, with a real live bishop as the minister, the Mission-hall is still comfortably filled every Sunday evening, and, best of all, the Lord does not withhold his blessing.

KING'S LANGLEY.

A chapel was built at Primrose Hill about five years ago, mainly

through the liberality and labours of a gentleman in the neighbourhood. It has had varying fortunes, but at the time that the help of the Mission was solicited the church was unable to support a pastor. Supplies are sent every Sunday by the Mission, and their services appear to be thoroughly appreciated. Since December Messrs. Ford and Davidson have had charge of the work, which has produced the most cheering results. When they commenced preaching there the average attendance was about a dozen persons, but the congregations have steadily increased, and it is hoped that the chapel will soon be quite filled. A general interest has been awakened, several are seeking salvation, many have already been blessed, the Sunday-school is flourishing, the people are visited by our brethren, and although financially they were at the lowest possible point they are now able to do without the support of the Mission.

SYDENHAM.

In November last a chapel at Bell Green, Sydenham, which had been closed, was re-opened, and services commenced. Messrs. McLauchlan and Crathern have been deputed to try to raise the cause, and they report some signs of growth.

The present number of members of the Mission is fifty, about fifteen of whom are also connected with the Evangelists' Association. They are nearly all sons of the Tabernacle church, although members of other Baptist churches are welcome to join them if they can prove that they have the necessary ability for the work they are required to do. The principal qualifications needed are a firm grip of the old gospel, an intense desire to proclaim it to others, some measure of acceptance in preaching the truth to many or few, a readiness to labour with self-denying consecration wherever the President of the Mission may think wise to direct them, and a determination to "peg away" in the teeth of all obstacles until success is secured. Young men who feel that they can pass these tests will do well to apply to Mr. Bowker, 10, Penton Place, Newington Butts.

We have already stated that the amount of the income for the first two years of the existence of the Mission was £28 2s. 9d., and £39 12s. 3d. respectively. For two or three years after, similar sums were raised; but in the annual report for 1877 we find that the receipts had increased to £74 14s. 1d., while last year (1878) £112 19s. 2d. found its way into the Treasurer's hands. This was no more than was needed for the work; indeed, it was not nearly sufficient, for one month after the travelling expenses had been paid there was only a balance of sixpence left, and one station offered to the committee could not have been occupied if Mr. Spurgeon had not paid £13 for the chairs that were required for the furnishing of the new preaching room. The treasurer's account presented at the annual meeting recently held showed that the receipts for the fourteen months ending April, 1879, had been £131 19s. 8½d., and that the balance in hand was only 7s. 11½d. Our friends have adhered nobly to their early resolution not to run into debt, but they really ought to have more funds at their command for the maintenance and extension of their useful work. We can confidently assert that both Mr. Bowker and Mr. Elvin could judiciously

expend at least twice the amount they now receive for their societies, and London and the districts around would soon find the benefit of the increased agencies employed for the dissemination of the truth as it is in Jesus. These are the kind of missions in which we most firmly believe, and Christians who want a good investment for their money cannot do better than entrust it to one or other of our esteemed elders. There are no salaries to be paid, the office expenses are very small, and the expenditure is only for the hire and furnishing of halls and preaching rooms, and the travelling expenses of the preachers, whose services are all given gratuitously.

If anyone feels inclined to doubt the urgent need of such pioneer work as that we have attempted to describe in this and our former paper we should advise him to procure and ponder some statistics recently issued by the Rev. Samuel Figgis, of Tulse Hill, the President of the Surrey Congregational Union for 1878. The facts and figures collected by that gentleman relate only to Surrey, and they are avowedly published for the purpose of inciting the Congregational churches of the county to make a considerable addition to their mission stations and evangelistic efforts. Returns for the rural and metropolitan divisions are furnished separately, the former including the (registrar's) districts of Epsom, Chertsey, Guildford, Farnham, Hambledon, Dorking, Reigate, Godstone, Croydon, Kingston, and Richmond, and the latter comprising the districts of St. Saviour, St. Olave, Lambeth, Wandsworth, and Camberwell. The total population of the whole county in 1878 was estimated at 1,221,634 persons, whereas the whole number of sittings provided for them by all denominations was only 400,577. Supposing, as is usually assumed, that accommodation ought to be prepared for 58 per cent. of the population, there is a deficiency of 308,170 sittings; or, in other words, if on any one Sunday all who might reasonably be expected to be found at church or chapel should resolve to go, *more than three hundred thousand of them could not be admitted for want of room.* Rural Surrey seems to be somewhat better supplied with places of worship than the metropolitan portion of the county, there being 149,013 sittings for a population of 365,797 in the one case, and 251,564 sittings to supply the wants of 855,837 inhabitants in the other, or 63,140 sittings in the country, and 245,030 in town less than would suffice for 58 per cent. of the total number of the people. The free churches, we are told, provide rather over one-third of the accommodation in the rural districts, but Mr. Figgis does not give us the details as he does in the Metropolitan division, where the Church of England furnishes 125,886 sittings; Baptists 35,413; Congregationalists, 31,450; and other free churches and missions 58,815, making the Nonconformist total 125,678.

It must not be forgotten that these statistics only refer to a portion of the metropolis and its suburbs and surrounding towns and villages, viz., the part comprised within the area of the one county of Surrey. If similar returns could be obtained from the other districts within the sphere of operations of the Evangelists' Association and Country Mission, we fear there would be found in them also an equally sad disproportion between the population and the church and chapel accommodation

provided for them. How wide, then, is the door that is open before these societies, and how well worthy of sympathy and support are they in seeking to supply the messengers who shall enter into it to proclaim in all its fulness and freeness "the glorious gospel of the blessed God"! As the preachers think of the vast masses yet un-reached, and of their own small numbers and feeble powers, they may well exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?" How consoling it must be to all of them to know that the answer is close at hand, "Our sufficiency is of God"!

Not mine, but thine.

"Not my will, but thine, be done."—Luke xxii. 42.

I.

Teach thy poor child, O Father God,
To breathe this prayer to thee,
Beneath the anguish of the rod,
In all the mystery,
 To cry from out the darkness, like a son,
 Father, not mine, but thy great will be done.

II.

I'm but an infant groping in the night,
Yet feeling after *thee* ;
My spark of reason lends but feeble light
Thy purposes to see ;
 Yet aid me, Lord, to answer like a son,
 Father, not mine, but thy great will be done.

III.

Thou art the great concealèd One,
And yet 'tis *light* enwraps thee like a *veil* ;
Thus, like one's eye all blinded by the sun,
So doth my vision fail.
 Yet aid me, Lord, to answer like a son,
 Father, not mine, but thy great will be done.

IV.

I may not understand, or trace, or know,
How love can offer such a bitter cup ;
Yet faith, not reason, says it must be so,
And bids me bow my will and drink it up.
 So aid me, Lord, to answer like a son,
 Father, not mine, but thy great will be done.

V.

I will be still, and bear me like a child,
And kiss the hand that holds it to my lip :
Beside *his* chalice *mine* is sweet and mild ;
Of that his pity would not let me sip.
 So aid me, Lord, to answer like a son,
 Father, not mine, but thy great will be done.

ALFRED BAX.

On Colportage.

A SPEECH DELIVERED BY MR. JACKSON WRAY, WESLEYAN MINISTER,
AT THE TABERNACLE.

DEAR sir, I speak with all the greater freedom to-night because I feel that not very much is expected of me, either as to quality or quantity. I know that I have here a very definite mission, and I want to say at the outset, that I am here, first of all, to show that with all my heart I like this kind of work. I do not care who does it, and I for one do not care by what name it is called, so that by any means through earnest hearts the name of Jesus Christ is made known anywhere and everywhere. One thing that strikes me in connection with this colportage work is the wondrous extent to which it may be extended. What a glorious opening it is for spreading abroad the gospel! Why, we only want money. What a mercy that this is all we want. I will guarantee to find you another regiment of men like those before you if you want them, there is no hindrance in that direction. Sturdy, godly men are to be found all around us: thank God, he still keeps up a full supply of workers, and he honours his church in proportion as his church honours him by her self-sacrifice. While you are thoroughly liberal in the carrying on and carrying out of work of this sort, you may depend upon it that the Lord will send you plenty of men like that grand Yorkshire brother of mine who has just spoken to you (Mr. Thomson, colporteur at Preston), men who know what they are about, and men that can gain an entrance where ministers never can.

I am struck, also, with the unregistered success of a work of this sort. After you have heard all that these colporteurs can tell you of their success, and after you have read all that these men have written concerning what the Lord has enabled them to do, you may depend upon it that the unknown, the unregistered, the uncatalogued success is grandly greater than all that can come before your eyes; and it is only when the light of eternity is flashed upon the doings of time that you will understand the glorious work which these men and their great-hearted president and other workers for Christ have accomplished. Why, you know, I am getting tired of blue books and statistics, and have little love for the figures in a report. Can you tabulate the dewdrops? Can you count human heartbeats? Can you tell the number of seeds cast into the earth at the spring sowings, or can you calculate the quantity to be gathered when autumn ripens all fruit and corn? No more can you obtain any real measurement of the glorious success of that which is done in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. I was thinking as I sat there of a couple of verses in Longfellow, where he gets hold of an idea that I am very fond of nursing in those hours when I am inclined to say, "Who hath believed our report?" Here are the verses:—

"I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where:
For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

"I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?"

"Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And my song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of my friend."

Believe, then, that so surely as these godly toilers labour on, so surely will they hear again the echoes of their own godly deeds when the hallelujahs of eternity are raised around the throne of God.

One fact gives me a very hopeful idea of this work, and that is, that these men all seem to know what they are talking about. Why, it made my heart dance

to hear those three dear brethren speak just now. There was the ring of the man's heart in the words of each one, whether it was the one who first talked with the clergyman, and then went into the workhouse to preach Jesus Christ, going from the parson to the paupers; or whether it was the good brother who stopped to prove the authenticity of the Scriptures to some daring atheist, and then went off to take the simple gospel to a sinful soul on his deathbed; anywhere and everywhere these brethren feel the heart-beat of love to Jesus Christ prompting them to seek the souls of men for Jesus. Because that is their motive they must be successful. Godly work can neither fail nor die. There is a good little story that I read, in that excellent periodical *The British Workman*, of a seaman who was passing over London Bridge, and who saw at one end of the bridge a cage full of larks. Jack stood perfectly still while looking at the little captives in their prison-house; at last he said to the man who owned them, "I say, mate, how much for that lot?" The man thought, of course, that the sailor was chaffing him, and so he replied, "Well, I suppose, one of them will be enough for you." "No, it won't; I want to buy your whole stock-in-trade." The price was named, Jack pulled out a handful of silver and gold, paid the money without a word, and then grasped the cage and all its contents. The cage trembled with the excitement of the holder, and when he had got a thorough hold of it, he opened the door, inserted a finger, gave an inviting chirp to the foremost bird, and brought it out and sent it off into the clear blue heavens. Then he put his finger in again, and enticed another out, then another, and so on until the cage was empty, and then he watched with a radiant smile upon his face the emancipated captives as they soared away, singing for joy at their newly-found freedom. He gave the cage back to the man, saying, "There, gov'nor, you can have that back again; but if you had been in a French prison as I have, for three years, you would know how sweet it is to be at liberty." Now, Mr. President, and ladies and gentlemen, you may depend upon it that when you get a few scores of men who were once bound in sin and shut up in nature's cage, who groaned in their captivity and sighed in their bondage, and who have received the snapping of their fetters and known the liberty wherewith Christ has made them free—when you get a band of men of that kind going amongst people who are still in fetters and in chains, you may expect them, by God's grace, to set poor hearts at liberty. They will leave no stone unturned in order to release those who are bound even as they themselves once were. Their manly sympathies will make them rejoice to proclaim liberty to their fellow men.

Just think of a man being at Bovey; I know Bovey, and what sort of a little dark corner that is; and then you have another man whom we have heard to-night, who is at work in Suffolk; and you have another big-souled brother among the ninety thousand people in Preston, among the hard-handed, keen-intellected men that I know very well; and the message is the same everywhere, the story is the same, the messengers' fire and earnestness are the same, and, thank God, the results are the same, as we have had them described to us in the case of the pauper's bed exchanged for the throne of glory. This seems to be the way the work is done, there is a knock at the wayside door, and some little difficulty in getting it open, but there is a certain kindness about the colporteur's manner as he offers a book for sale, and very soon the half-uttered "no" seems as if it really meant "yes," and when perhaps another and more attractive title of a book is mentioned the colporteur is admitted. What began with a knock at the door goes on to a knock at the heart, and the glorious result is the incoming of the Lamb of God into the soul. I do not intend to say more to-night except this, that if I can in anywise help this excellent movement, fetch me, and I will come.

The Work of God in Paris.

WE have lost a well-beloved friend in the death of the Rev. James Robertson, of Newington, Edinburgh. He was one of the most lovable men we have ever met with, an Israelite indeed in whom was no guile. He was ever bright, happy, and genial, and yet we have seen him in sorrows so deep that few have ever known the like. It was joy to comfort him, for he was himself ever ready to speak a word in season to the weary one. He possessed great tenderness of heart, and overflowed with affection. One would think he could hardly have had an enemy; he must have been beloved by all who knew him. He has passed away very suddenly, and we can hardly realize it. Assuredly we ne'er shall look upon his like again. A fortnight before his death he issued a little book entitled, "Among Christian Workers in Paris," which is published by Andrew Elliot, 17, Princes-street, Edinburgh. We believe we shall be performing an act of friendship exactly to his mind if we give a considerable portion of this little tract, which describes what he saw in Paris. We are sure it will greatly interest our readers:—

"To the Rev. Mr. M'All's work my heart recurs with very lively gratitude to God. Five or six of his meetings I was asked to address at different stations. These stations had at that date increased to twenty-two, scattered like forts over the city, the average weekly attendance being considerably more than eight thousand men and women, besides three thousand children under Christian instruction. So wide-spread has the area become of those refreshing branches, all springing from that tiny acorn, the appeal of the workman, who at the corner of the street first grasped M'All's hand and said, 'We want in Paris a religion of reality and love; if any one would come to teach us *that*, we are ready to hear him.' True to this word of promise, there they now are to be seen night by night, flocking round the preacher, hanging on his lips, and hearing as for very life. Many of them are young men in their blue blouses, apparently fresh from their hard day's work. Most of them are men and women of the very class among whom burst forth the volcanic eruption of the Commune,—those whom everybody used to dread when they brought their petroleum to set the Tuileries on fire; but their rugged faces have now a softened and thoughtful cast. French working people in general have sharp wits, with heads cool and clear for listening intelligently,—intemperance not being with them, as it is with us, the demon curse, meeting and marring mission work at every turn.

"Mr. M'All's own genial winsomeness, and that of his like-minded and like-hearted partner, has helped much to smooth their way with the usually sulky and suspicious functionaries of the law. Often have the police been heard saying to the people, near the doors of the meeting-places, 'Go in there; yes, go in, you'll hear good things in there.' The characteristic features of the service are brightness and vivacity, yet fixed and hushed attention, with profound impression. Marvellous is the animation with which their gospel hymns are sung. They never seem to weary of hearing about what Mr. M'All's famous father designated, when he was dying, '*the core of the gospel*,'—the simplicity of God's way of saving sinners,—the beauty and fitness of the finished work,—the grand central truth, intelligible to a little child, while it dilates the intellect of angels. What magnet can draw men if not that? There is no formal 'second meeting' after the addresses; but the purpose of it is greatly served by what usually takes place as the people linger behind, and gather round the speaker to express their gratitude. A very common sentiment seems to be that of one who said, 'You bring us news—it is news to us. We never thought it was anything so simple! Will you come and tell us more?' The remark of another was to this effect, 'If you had come to tell us all that sooner, there would have been no Commune.'

"The Bible classes, held at the close of many of the meetings, were, to my

view, among the instrumentalities most richly laden with precious fruit. I have seen, of old and young together, seventy present at one of these, searching the Scriptures, apparently with the eagerness of gold-diggers. When the meetings were dismissing, Mr. M'All was always to be seen near the door, taking the people by the hand, with some word of kindness for each, or some Bible text to be carried away hidden in the heart. It is obvious that they all draw to him as their counsellor, their comforter, their self-forgetting friend,—a friend whose good sound common sense is equalled only by his humility—the tone of all his intercourse with them being, 'I am among you as one that serveth.' The municipal authorities, as well as some philanthropic societies, have conferred upon Mr. M'All honorary medals, in recognition of the fact that his work has proved such an auxiliary in the preservation of public peace, and that his character has exercised over the community the twofold sway of commanding sagacity and endearing goodness. His plans are nobly seconded, and his labours shared, by devoted coadjutors, such as the Rev. G. Dodds and Mr. A. Maitland Heriot. The special chosen field of the latter has been the *Juvenile Mission*, furnishing now many thousands of children for the Sabbath and week-day schools. From what I have seen when visiting and addressing them, I can freely speak of this branch of the work as worthy of a warm place in all Christian hearts. Who can estimate the value of so many Bible-taught little missionaries carrying home into families, otherwise dark and vicious, a reproving light and a sanctifying leaven.

"*Miss De Broen's work*, in which I was privileged to take part some six times, often led me to think of the kingdom of heaven being like unto leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal; and of that other symbolical woman who, with her candle and her broom, sought diligently till she found the lost silver. Feminine tact and gentleness would seem to have found the key to the French heart, even in a quarter of the city so depraved and dangerous, that in former years the cabman used to ask English strangers, if they really knew what sort of a locality they wished him to drive them to. It was amid these scenes of saddest and strangest horrors, when Communist blood had just been flowing like water, that Miss De Broen first said so tenderly to a widow, wild with grief over her husband's grave, 'Much as you have lost, you have not lost the love of God.' On the small wire of that first kind word God has hung great weights of blessing for Belleville.

"One of them is the *Medical Mission*, where there are to be seen the sick and suffering, filling to an overflow the waiting-room of the dispensary. One of the mornings I addressed them there might be one hundred and thirty present. Some of them were said to have come from far, and to have been forward two hours before the consulting time. While they were waiting their turn to see the doctor, the lady workers were moving about among them, telling them of free grace and dying love, and taking down their names and addresses, with a view of visiting them in their own homes. Thus multitudes are reached who would be quite inaccessible otherwise; and to many the 'mercy' has been 'twice blessed,' for there they have found a Gilead, a place of healing for soul and body both. From not a few Christian families in our own country, earnest helpers have gone forth for several months at a time, carrying sunshine into those shady places, and earning the encomium with which their Master applauded their sister of Bethany, 'She hath done what she could.' They are to be found threading their way through the recesses of the district, knocking from door to door, seeking in the spirit of godly prudence and godly love to domesticate the gospel, to make dark places radiant, and solitary places glad.

"Many a time have their own hearts been gladdened by meeting with those who can echo the Samaritan testimony, 'Now we believe, not because of thy saying, for we have heard him ourselves and know.' There is something very affecting in the personal love of some of them to a personal Saviour. 'My life would be no life at all *without him*,' said one. And it was the saying of another, a destitute woman—'Since I came to know *him*, hunger has been such

a different thing from what it was before.' Among the varied offshoots of the work are mothers' meetings, sewing classes, winter soup-kitchens, and the lending library, the books of which are given out at the end of the meetings, and read with evident avidity. The centre of all this beneficent machinery is 'The Iron Room,' where there are many evangelistic services every week, for both old and young. The little ones of the week-day and Sunday-schools I had the happiness of addressing repeatedly; and by way of testing their Scripture knowledge, I used to give out questions, to which answers, written in French, were frequently sent me by the older scholars. I wish I could here insert some specimens, as illustrative of the success with which the healing salt of the Word has been cast into these *watersprings*. 'Oh that I had a bigger boat,' cried the boatman in the recent accident on the Thames, after rescuing some of the perishing,—so, after completing the new premises, and fitting them up, partly as an infirmary for the sick poor, and partly as a place for training girls to be French-speaking governesses, or nursery maids abroad,—Miss De Broen's heart is now farther set on securing an adjacent piece of ground as a Bible kiosque. It is most eligible, as being directly opposite an omnibus station, and there being no *depôt* of the kind in that whole region, containing 300,000 inhabitants. It is an excavation of rock, once well known to be a stronghold of thieves,—and by God's blessing there on the dissemination of his word, and of healthy Christian literature, we trust it is yet to become, like the cleft of the rock into which Moses was put, when all God's goodness passed before him.

"Of Miss Leigh's indefatigable labours we have space left for no more than the merest gleanings. Her 'Young Women's Home' in Avenue Wagram, for day and unemployed governesses, shop girls, and servants seeking situations, and her 'Hospital for Orphans' at Neuilly, have risen to large proportions, and supply most suggestive lessons as to the good which may be achieved by what Augustine calls 'one heart of consecration.' I was much indebted to her untiring energy in some efforts I made to reach with gospel influence the employés of the Exhibition. At a social tea-meeting, got up expressly for them one evening, I had a precious opportunity of commending Christ, and this led afterwards to many conversations with individuals as to the ground of their immortal hope. Such friendly personal converse there was reason to regard as not the least important part of this mission enterprise.

"There are other names not a few which rank high on the list of the 'women that labour much in the gospel,' from among whom we can only select Miss Howard, who has rendered signal service among students, as Mrs. Grant has among soldiers; and Miss Blundell, so skilful in translating gospel books, and editing such periodicals as the *Rayon de Soleil*. In the midst of fields so white unto harvest the labourers are overburdened, because they are few. What urgent occasion to pray for many more! With one voice they bid us implore our fellow Christians to invest Paris with a bulwark of prayers. They feel that the more they work the more they need to pray; that they must either sound a retreat, or betake themselves to God in unprecedented supplication. Blessed necessity that sends us to our knees! Each of the cherubim had six wings, two for work but four for worship. I was asked to take part in a private prayer-meeting with a company of the workers who come together periodically to spread their cause before the Lord. And among my most cherished recollections are the lessons I there learned as to the real spirit of prayer,—so tenderly expectant that the Lord is coming near in mercy and in power. They seemed to lay their hand on the Lord's arm, with a grasp that said, 'It is a case of life or death, and we will not be denied.' If the 'Good Spirit' in a single day turned the heart of giddy, godless Nineveh, why not Paris in her day of visitation! What a gem she would be in Christ's crown. 'Come, O breath, and breathe.'

"Looking back on *all that has yet been done*, it is only like the fringe of vegetation skirting mountains of prey. 'Lengthen thy cords' is the summons, and has been responded to by Mr. M'All's recent visit to Lyons, and by the location

at Marseilles of his late valued assistant, M. R. Salliens, whose last communication to me states that though his meeting-place holds more than two hundred it is not half large enough for the crowds that come; and that if the gospel is presented to that population lovingly and simply, apart from what is controversial, they are sure to hear it gladly. It must be cheering to our *young men* to know that the initiator and promoter of this onward movement is the 'Paris Young Men's Christian Association.' Many a time did I say to myself, 'If our Divinity Students were here to see all this, with what enthusiasm they would take it up, and perhaps adopt it as their next year's 'Mission Scheme,' and then go forth as blest incendiaries of our congregations, setting them on fire with zeal for the land of the martyred Huguenots. Oh for celestial wisdom to seize the crisis that has come, for speeding that gospel-plough, which is destined to turn the wilderness into a fruitful field! It may well turn our valley of Achor into a door of hope for France, to see that now the Premier himself and one-half of the Cabinet Ministers are Protestants; and also to hear, as we do, from our worthy friend, Dr. Fisch, that he has recently obtained full permission to lecture on Protestantism in the theatre of Gueret, capital of the Creuse, one of the chief seats of Popish bigotry and intolerance. Indeed, he speaks of there being liberty to preach the saving truth to large popular gatherings in any of the thirty-six thousand townships, so that he and his co-workers sometimes feel like the disciples when their nets were breaking. It makes our broken bones rejoice to know of gifted Frenchmen in high station, and with large influence, having been recently snatched as brands from the burning, and transformed into luminaries to light others on the way to heaven. It is a 'joyful, wondrous story, such as angels love to hear.' The mystery of iniquity and the mystery of mercy seem hastening to a close. Christ's cause has got into the rapids of the stream, and is sure of being fairly lifted up and floated high over insensate irreligion and educated unbelief. His truth must win, and his life spread, and his name be magnified, and his kingdom come. Among their battering engines, the old Romans had formidable machines called *Helepolis*,—the Takers of Cities, and of these there was one which, from its power of breaking down everything before it, was named the Victorious. What is our Victorious Taker of cities but the Gospel of the cross of Christ? 'God wills it' was the cry of the old Crusaders,—ten thousand times more appropriate *here*. He has given us his promise. Let us perfume our prayers with it. Let us push on this ministry of mercy in the strength of it,—'I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord; and the name of the city shall be, *The Lord is there.*'"

Mistress of the Nations and yet a Slave.

AUGUSTINE said of Rome that she was *domitrix gentium et captiva vitiorum*, mistress of the nations and a slave to vice. While she subdued others she was herself subdued by sin. Is there not a great fear that this is in a measure true of Britain, and is in a fair way of being truer still? While we bully Russia, invade Afghanistan, pour out our wrath upon the Zulus, and stand sword in hand over against Burmah, is not our nation becoming the slave of drunkenness? We outfight and outdrink all other peoples. We enlarge our territory, and enlarge our expenditure upon that which inflames thirst, drowns sense, and increases sin. As we can never tell one week within another whether our belligerent rulers will not commence a new war abroad, it would be well to take time by the forelock and proclaim war at home against the tyrant vice which devours our fellow countrymen. When we think of the slain at Isandula we shudder, but when we look at the thousands who die of drunkenness how few enquire, "Who slew all these?" May the Son of God set our nation free from sin, and it will be free indeed.

Notices of Books.

Spurgeon's Testimonial. The Sermons and Speeches delivered in commemoration of the 25th year of his Pastorate. Passmore and Alabaster.

IT is only at our express desire that the publishers have issued this handsome volume for a shilling. It is a choice memorial of a rare event, and every one of our friends should persevere a copy. It will soon be out of print and unobtainable.

Spurgeon's Birthday Book and Autographic Register. Compiled from the Works of C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster.

OUR young friends delight in possessing birthday albums, and here is one which is fit for a queen. We will say nothing of the contents, but the binding is simply gorgeous. Whether in cloth at 2s. 6d., or in a more luxurious form at 5s., this is a dainty birthday present, and is equal to any that have gone before it; we think we might venture to say that it is second to none. Facsimiles of the autographs of the Pastor and his wife are given in their proper places.

Short Papers on Church History. By ANDREW MILLER. Three vols. G. Morrish, 24, Warwick Lane.

CHURCH history by a truly Christian man is always more clearly written, because he understands and discerns between things that differ. In this case a bed-ridden servant of God has rendered earnest service to his Lord according to his ability. It amuses us, however, to see the history of the church culminating in "the exclusive brethren," and concluding with a denunciation of good Mr. Newton; it reminds us of the road in America which commenced by being a hundred feet wide and ended in a squirrel track up a tree. From Pentecost to the endless squabbles of our Plymouth Brethren is rather a descent. We are, however, right glad to have a church history from the peculiar point of view of "the brethren:" this cannot fail to be instructive. For the most part it is our own view, but there are noteworthy differences when modern times are spoken of.

Henry Vincent; a Biographical Sketch. By WILLIAM DORLING. With a Preface, by Mrs. Vincent. London: James Clarke and Co.

A BRAVE man has gone to his rest, and it is well that a memorial should be issued. We remember the time when godly people connected the name of Henry Vincent with violent radicalism, but he lived to wear out that undeserved repute, and to be regarded as one of the most useful Christian workers of the period. He did far more for the cause of Christ than those dream of who only knew him as a lecturer, for he preached the gospel, and pressed it upon others whenever he had an opportunity. The lectures themselves were not only noble, and true, and on the side of liberty and right, but there was in them a reverential feeling for the things of God, which made them the best of sermons. He has gone home. Saved by the sovereign grace of God he lived to help others to think and act rightly as in the sight of God, and to rouse them to cast off all fetters and enter into the liberty of Christ.

Outlines of Theology. By ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER HODGE, D.D. New Edition, re-written and enlarged. T. Nelson and Sons.

Princeton Sermons. Outlines of Discourses, Doctrinal and Practical. By CHARLES HODGE, D.D. T. Nelson and Sons.

WE commend the "Outlines of Theology" to all who would be well instructed in the faith. It is the standard text book of our college. We differ from its teachings upon baptism, but in almost everything else we endorse Hodge to the letter.

The "Princeton Sermons," or "Outlines of discourses," is by the elder Hodge. It is a work of the utmost value. The work might be used as a body of divinity; but if weary preachers turn to it for outlines of discourses, they will find some two hundred and fifty of the best that were ever composed. Our readers will remember that the elder Hodge—Charles Hodge—is the Hodge of Romans and Corinthians.

St. John's Gospel described and explained according to its peculiar character. Vols. I. II. III. By C. E. LUTHARDT, translated by Caspar René Gregory.

Commentary on the Gospel of St. John. With a Critical Introduction. Vols. I. II. III. Translated from the second French edition of F. GODET, D.D., by F. Cromwell and M. D. Cusin. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

CHRISTIAN men, and especially ministers, are under great obligations to Messrs. T. and T. Clark for the vast amount of theological literature which they issue from their press. We feel personally under great obligation for Luthardt and Godet, but especially for the last, which has well repaid us for perusal. When we receive such works as these we cannot review them at once, because considerable time is needed for their examination, and we do not like to write a notice which has cost us nothing, and is mere guess-work. After personal examination we can heartily recommend our brethren in the ministry to purchase Godet, and if they have the means they should buy Luthardt too. Some of the German books are dry as bone-dust, but others are rich in thought. Godet is, of course, Swiss-French, and has a vivacity and tenderness peculiar to France and Switzerland, yet his book has pleased the Germans, and is sure to be prized in our own land.

"A Reason for the Hope that is in You"; or, what the Baptists believe, and why. By Rev. W. HANSON. Elliot Stock.

THIS is a well written manual, very instructive and convincing. It deserves to be studied by all our Baptist Bible-classes that our young people may know what their fathers believe, and why. There is a remarkable clearness and completeness about the work for so small a book, and its tone is all that could be desired. It deserves to be bought by every Baptist, and then lent or given to those who as yet have not entered into our liberty. We might differ from the writer here and there, but we much prefer to take off our hat and say—"Mr. Hanson, we are all obliged to you."

The Life and Words of Christ. By CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D. 2 vols. Straban and Company, Limited.

WE have had occasion to refer to Beecher, Farrar, and Geikie at the same time, and we can bear witness that the last is by far the best. Farrar's work must not be relied upon, for his tendencies to the loose side of things are everywhere apparent where there is a chance to bring them forward. Beecher is Beecherine. Geikie shows more research, more sympathy with the subject, and more understanding of it than either of the others. We would not depreciate any one of the three "Lives of Christ," nor should we like to be without Pressensé's addition to the number, but Geikie is equal to the others combined;—this is our verdict, and, though tastes differ, we believe it will be the verdict of the future.

A Hidden One brought to Light; or Memoir of Elizabeth Gow. Written by herself, and edited by the Rev. J. J. BONAR. Glasgow: C. Glass and Co. London: Houlston and Sons.

THIS is a dear, delicious little book for spiritual people. It would bore and weary a reader who wants to be amused, but those who love the Lord, and wish to be profited, will peruse it with delight. When we were ill at Mentoné we had this simple little diary of a poor servant read to us piece by piece, and it brought the tears to our eyes to hear it. Our very heart seemed to be unveiled as we read the experience of Elizabeth Gow. Quiet, humble, young believer, this is the book for you! It is infinitely superior to Leigh Richmond's "Dairyman's Daughter," and ought to be a favourite with all Christian people.

The Science of Common Things. By JOHN A. BOWER, F.C.S. Sunday School Union.

CONTAINS a great deal of information about pumps and weather-glasses, electric telegraphs and steam-engines. We hope that many boys will read it, but we are a little afraid that in this giddy age many will reckon it slightly dry. To a clever, thoughtful boy of a mechanical turn this would make a delightful present.

Pulpit Gleanings: being Selected Extracts from Sermons preached by Rev. JOSEPH HALSEY, Anerley. John SNOW and Co.

A MAN who can preach sermons out of which such sayings as these can be gleaned at random must be well worth hearing. Some of these gleanings are racy things, with both point and pith in them. The intention of the book is devotional, but here and there we meet with a touch of satire and a stroke of humour. It is a readable book, and this is saying a good deal. Mr. Halsey thus speaks of the

FATE OF MODERN HERESIES.

"At Cudham, in Kent, is an old church. Walking round it on one occasion, I observed a portion of the roof falling to decay and needing to be propped up with a timber stay. On closer investigation, however, I discovered that the decaying portion was none of the old structure, but a *modern addition*. We need not fear for the ancient fabric of Christian truth. The new-fangled doctrines will fall to the ground, while the old gospel 'endureth for ever.'"

The Romance of the Streets. By a London Rambler. Eighth Edition. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE are right glad to see Mr. Pike's book in the eighth edition. As much of it appeared in *The Sword and the Trowel* years ago, the continuous sale proves the value of the material of which the magazine is composed. Mr. Pike writes better every time, but some of these early papers were upon very striking subjects, and were sure to enlist attention. Those who wish to see the curiosities of London low life, set in a Christian light, should get this entertaining volume.

The Chart and Compass, Sailors' Magazine. Edited by Rev. E. W. MATTHEWS. Twopence monthly. S. W. Partridge and Co.

THIS is a real live magazine, well conducted, well worth Jack's twopence, and indeed of anybody's.

Sowing and Reaping: a Word for Young Men. By Rev. W. H. AITKEN, M.A. London: Shaw and Co.

Two plain, earnest sermons delivered to young men, and now printed in small, portable form. They deal very powerfully and faithfully with the prevalent "sins of the flesh," and we trust may be blessed of God to prevent many a young spirit "sowing his wild oats" as the world lightly calls it.

"*The Heart of the City*": a Narrative of Christian Work in connection with the Whitcross-street Mission. Compiled by J. H. R.

A GRATEFUL description of this poor and benighted neighbourhood; and an account of the endeavours made to improve it by means of free breakfasts, a medical mission, night schools, gospel meetings, etc.: we are glad to see such efforts in operation, and wish for them increased success.

Friendly Words with Fellow Pilgrims. By J. W. KIMBALL. London: Religious Tract Society.

A CAPITAL little manual to put into the hands of an anxious enquirer, a trembling believer, or a novice in Christian labour. Written in a clear colloquial style, pervaded with deep and vigorous piety, it cannot but strengthen the weak and inspire the strong.

Entering on Life. A book for young men. By CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D. Seventh Edition. Strahan and Co., London.

WE cannot conceive of a young man reading this book without having mind and heart quickened and elevated. To us it has been like a draught of cool, sparkling water in a thirsty land. Fresh, forceful, invigorating as an ocean breeze, and yet full of beauty and ripeness as an autumn landscape in the setting sun. It is a book which deserves to be read again and again, each time to greater advantage. It is strong with argument and appeal, beautiful with fancy and figure; tender with pathos and piety. An epigrammatic style, sometimes a whole volume of thought packed into a single sentence, render it doubly valuable to the man of small purse and scanty library. Well deserves to go through another seven editions.

Through Bible Lands: Notes of Travel in Egypt, the Desert, and Palestine.
By PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., LL.D.
James Nisbet and Co.

THIS goodly volume is a valuable addition to the literature of Bible lands. The author's journey to the East was undertaken in order to gain relief after a severe domestic affliction, and also with the ulterior object of obtaining fresh information for Biblical studies. While on his travels he sent home descriptive letters to his friends, and on his return he remodelled them in the present form. Dr. Schaff seems to have had his Bible open in his hand wherever he went, and as he appears also to have been well acquainted with the discoveries and conjectures of former travellers he is able to give in these pages the result of the latest investigations into the difficulties and disputes of Biblical geography. Had he been less exhaustive in his collection of the evidence of former writers his work would have been more interesting, but at the same time it would have been less instructive. One pleasing part of this book is the frequent mention of the various missionary agencies that are being employed for the diffusion of the truth as it is in Jesus in those countries which for many centuries have been "Bible lands" only in name. Incidentally Dr. Schaff gives us his views on the Eastern Question, which we quote for the purpose of showing the opinion of a leading American doctor of divinity and professor of Biblical learning on a subject of which we have not yet heard the last. Writing concerning the Anglo-Turkish treaty, he says:—"I would rather see the Czar on the throne of Constantinople than the Sultan, for he represents a progressive and civilizing power whose superiority is well typified by the contrast between young Petersburg, risen from the swamp in a forbidding climate to the position of one of the finest capitals of Europe, and old Constantinople mouldering on the smiling shores of the Bosphorus between two continents and two seas. Alexander II. must be counted among the best of Russian sovereigns; and, as the emancipator of twenty-three millions of serfs, and protector of the Greek church, he would have brought liberty at least to the vast majority of Christians in

Turkey. But I greatly prefer the constitutional sceptre of England to the despotic government of Russia, which tolerates or persecutes Roman Catholics and Protestants as the interests of the State and of the Greek Church may seem to require. England is everywhere, at home and abroad, the friend and protector of civil and religious liberty, as well as of material progress, and allows fair play to missionary activities without distinction of sect. She has, moreover, shown a wonderful skill and success in planting colonies and ruling heathen and Mohammedan races. Her rule in India, no matter how acquired, has been a blessing to the Hindoos, giving them peace and prosperity, and, without interfering with their religion, has opened the way for the orderly introduction of Christianity. Her motives, including the secret convention with Turkey, may have been purely selfish, but it is an undoubted fact that the interests of England are identical with the interests of constitutional freedom and an enlightened civilization. Wherever the British flag waves there is security of life and property and the rights of men; there is freedom of speech and of the press, there is vigorous and honest administration of justice, there is commercial prosperity, there is the literature of Shakespeare and Milton, there we find an open Bible and a free pulpit, the purity and dignity of woman, and the blessing of a Christian home. Viewed from this point of view, the English protectorate of Turkey, which may result sooner or later in annexation, promises to be in the end as great a benefit to the Turks and Arabs as England's reign in India has been to the Hindoos. She has, indeed, assumed an enormous responsibility and a most difficult task. It will tax all her capital and energy to lift Turkey out of the chaotic confusion and bankruptcy in which she is left after an exhaustive war. But she is better fitted for the task than any other government on earth, and she will have the hearty sympathy and co-operation of all true friends of those classic lands now fearfully prostrated, but destined to see a day of resurrection to new life. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the Turk can be truly reformed without

ceasing to be a Mohammedan. In the transforming process he must become either an infidel or a Christian. We hope and pray that before long he will transfer his allegiance from the false prophet of Mecca to the true Prophet of Nazareth."

Bible Truths with Shakespearian Parallels. Whittaker and Co.

Lamb's Tales from Shakspeare. By the same firm.

THESE are capital little shilling books. As to the first, it is an interesting fact that there are more than eighty allusions to Holy Scripture in the works of the world's great poet. He is so much the singer of truth as to man that we do not marvel that when he touches revealed truth as to God he is usually correct; hence quotations from him are very useful to those who have to speak of God to man in a way which the ungenerate can understand.

Lamb's stories are known to everybody, and the public will be glad to get such an amusing work in a form so neat, portable, and cheap.

The Young Rebels. A Story of the Battle of Lexington. By ASCOTT R. HOPE. Sunday School Union.

A FAIRLY amusing story, the scene of which is laid in America during the war which liberated the colonists from the yoke of George the Third. Boys will be pleased with the incidents and improved by the lessons.

The Teachers' Storehouse and Treasury of Material for Working Sunday School Teachers. Vol. III. Elliot Stock.

A most useful magazine for all Sunday School teachers, for no class should ever be given to a drone. Those who are willing to work will here find plenty of straw, and ready-made bricks, too, so they can at once begin to build. Here are papers, sermons, and addresses on "The Work," explanations and illustrations of "The Book," outline lessons for "The Class," and model addresses for "The Desk," all for one penny a month. What more can any teacher want except the grace and wisdom to use aright the material here prepared for him?

Eternal Life by Death. A Testimony on Ritualism, Vicarious Substitution, and Immortalism. By W. GRIFFITH. John Snow and Co.

WITH the author's evident desire to uphold the grace and sovereignty of God we are in the fullest accord, and hence we feel the greater pain in differing from him, as we do most decidedly as to the immortality of the soul. Much that he states is excellent, although his style of thought and mode of expression make the perusal of his pages a somewhat severe task. There is nothing in his opinions which can move us from the old ground which is now so continually assailed, and we are sorry that Mr. Griffith should himself have been charmed by modern inventions. We do not think that the work will do much harm, for few will have the patience to read it.

Manufacturing Arts in Ancient Times, with special reference to Bible Studies. By JAMES NAPIER, F.R.S.E. Paisley: Alexander Gardner.

THE more of such works the better for biblical study. When practical men acquainted with the processes of their own trades give us the advantage of their knowledge and experience, we are far more likely to get at the truth upon their own special subjects than when commentators have to make guesses at the meanings of words. If the Scriptures speak of iron or lead, we would rather consult a worker in metals than a divine if any difficulty occurs in understanding the processes connected with smelting, casting, or fashioning. When the expositor who is unskilled in any branch of science or art comes across a passage touching upon such matters he should consult some practical authorities or he is sure to blunder. Mr. Napier in the work before us manifests a profound reverence for Holy Scripture, and in our judgment his contribution to its elucidation is of high value. We are not able to judge as to the accuracy of his metallurgic knowledge, but accepting it as correct (and we do so without hesitation), he has produced a standard book of reference which all students of Scripture will greatly prize.

England's Royal Home: the Home Life of the Prince Consort; Memorials of the Princess Alice; with other Papers Illustrative of Royal Incidents. By the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. 1, Paternoster Buildings.

A RIGHT royal book from one who is at home with such subjects. We rejoice in all the good which can be said of the royal family, and it is not a little; though rumour continually babbles of one at least whose life casts a dark shade over the glory of the royal house. Whether those rumours speak truth or not we cannot tell; but if they do—

shame on the profligate! Happy is the land which has virtue on its throne; but woe to the nation whose princes can justly be charged with licentious folly! May such a calamity never overshadow our beloved country.

Long live the Queen, and may all her sons be like their father, whose memory is still sweet and blossoms from the dust. In times when other nations are darkened with the smoke of smouldering discontent, it is well done for our good author to foster loyalty, and say the best that can be said of a beloved queen and her royal issue.

Notes.

THE testimonial which celebrated our twenty-five years of pastoral work was presented on Tuesday, May 20, and there and then dedicated to the Lord. On the following Thursday evening we commenced a new period in our church history, and it is a singularly pleasing coincidence that at the church meeting held on that evening no less than thirty-seven candidates came before the church and confessed their faith in Christ,—the largest number that we have ever received at one church meeting. This was the more remarkable as it happened entirely without arrangement on the part of the pastor or anyone else. We regard it as “a token for good,” and look for greater things than these.

On *Friday evening, May 30*, the first annual meeting of Mrs. Allison's Bible-class was held in the College. First came tea, and then a public meeting, over which Mr. Allison presided. Mrs. Allison presented to Mr. Spurgeon £16 18s. 6d. as a special thankoffering from the class for his restoration to health. She explained that this was quite distinct from the contribution of the class to the testimonial, and also in addition to their subscription for the colporteur at Crawley; but as the colportage work needed funds the class wished to relieve their beloved pastor of this care as far as they could by this extra gift. Mr. Spurgeon gratefully acknowledged this thoughtful deed of love, and then left for the Country Mission Meeting. Miss Henry then spoke on “Woman's Influence”; Mr. Bellamy, the colporteur, supported by the class, gave an account of his work. Short addresses followed; and then Mrs. Gwillim, in the

name of the class, presented a beautiful album to Mrs. Allison. This class is greatly refreshed with the divine blessing. Its generous thoughtfulness for the pastor in his many cares is worthy of all praise.

On the same evening, the tenth annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COUNTRY MISSION was held in the Lecture Hall of the Tabernacle,—Mr. Spurgeon in the chair. It was a good, lively, earnest meeting; but instead of giving the details we refer our readers to the article upon the subject in this month's magazine. Here is an agency exactly to our mind, which deserves the prayers and good wishes of all Christian people.

On *Monday evening, June 2*, our prayer-meeting was made unusually interesting by short reports of foreign missions presented by our students. Mr. Maplesden gave us a very cheering account of Mr. Blackie's work at Calcutta, Mr. Churcher described open-air services at Delhi, Mr. Billington told us of the wonderful blessing that has rested upon the Telogoo mission, and we reported the tidings received from Miss Long, who is engaged in Zenana work at Suwat. This is the way to make prayer-meetings interesting. We get seven or eight prayers, three or four short speeches and hymns between, and the people are refreshed.

COLLEGE.—During the past month Mr. G. J. Moore has accepted the pastorate and settled at Grafton-street, Northampton.

Mr. J. J. Kendon has sailed for Jamaica to take charge of two small churches near Spanish Town, and Mr. A. J. Clarke is about to sail for Australia to become the pastor of the church at West Melbourne. May the Lord be with both our brethren. (See EVANGELISTS.)

Mr. John Collins, late of John-street, Bedford-row, is removing to Lymington, Hants; Mr. W. Sumner is going from Brentford to the church at South-street, Hull; and Mr. H. C. Field, of Burslem, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Cross Leech-street, Staleybridge.

The work of Messrs. Blackaby and Blockside, at *New Brompton*, Kent, has resulted in the formation of a church which gives good promise of soon becoming self-supporting. Will our friends in that region encourage the young church all they can?

Monday, June 23, was observed as a day of prayer by the churches associated with the College Conference. "The Lord hath been mindful of us, he will bless us." Telegrams and letters received from several pastors show that the day has been owned of God for reviving the prayerfulness of many.

The College summer vacation commenced on June 26, and will terminate on Aug. 11, when we expect to welcome a large number of new students. We have spent several days in the difficult and responsible work of trying to select the most suitable men out of the host of applicants for admission. Will our friends pray that we may be at all times guided in our choice, and that the admission of those who are selected may be wholly for the glory of God and the good of our fellow men?

EVANGELISTS.—During the past month a complete change has been made with respect to our esteemed evangelist, Mr. A. J. Clarke. We felt that the failure of his health indicated that for the present the Lord did not intend him longer to endure the excitement of evangelistic work. While we were waiting for guidance as to what the Lord would have him to do, an invitation came from the church at West Melbourne, and after due consideration Mr. Clarke accepted the pastorate. He will soon be on his way to his sphere of labour. We pray that in Australia this dear servant of the Lord may be the means of winning even more souls for Christ than he has won in the United Kingdom. Australian friends, please receive him heartily, and esteem him very highly in love for his work's sake, for a better man never visited your shores.

Messrs. Smith and Fullerton have just completed their series of services in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Pastor T. E. Cozens Cooke sends us the following account of the work in *York*:—

"My dear Mr. Spurgeon,—We have lately been favoured with the presence of

your two excellent evangelists, 'Smith and Fullerton.' The moral atmosphere of an old cathedral city is anything but favourable to these special efforts, and we were not surprised that some of our 'cultured' friends manifested their opposition by a warm newspaper correspondence. This, however, did us no harm, but almost daily advertised our services free of charge. Mr. Smith's attractive singing, and his colleague's heart-stirring addresses, were much appreciated, and the interest evidently increased. The meetings were largely attended every night, and considerably over one thousand copies of the hymn book were sold at the doors. Several persons professed to receive good, and we are trying to follow up the work. We parted with our dear brethren with much regret, some of our friends gathering at the railway station, and singing their 'Farewell' as the train glided away. Their affectionate, genial society, and above all, their unwearied devotion to the Master's work quite won our hearts, and we shall hope ere long to welcome them again. Our local expenses were heavy, but we are so glad to be able to send you (through Mr. Hillman) £10 for your 'Society of Evangelists,' with the earnest prayer that the richest blessing may continue to rest upon this and every other agency associated with your noble work at the Tabernacle."

Leeds was the next place visited, from June 7 to 25, and a great stir has been made and good results are sure to follow. We have just received most glowing accounts, but these we must reserve for next month.

Mr. Burnham was engaged at *Wootton*, Beds, from June 1 to 6, but the meetings were so successful that they were continued a few evenings longer. There were large congregations every night, and on the Sunday the chapel was crowded in every part, and almost all who were present remained to the prayer meetings, which were held after each service. Our brethren McAllister (Cranfield) and Williams (Bedford), and Messrs. Burt and Gammon spoke at some of the meetings. Many have been led to the Saviour, and the minister's family has been specially blessed. Mrs. Readman, the wife of the pastor, mentioned one evening after the service that the promise "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord" had been much on her heart all day. This enabled the evangelist to speak with special power to a daughter, who soon entered into gospel liberty. At the family altar thanksgivings for the salvation of one were mingled with prayer for the rest of the

family, and by-and-by an answer came. One after another the members of the household were called to the room where a son was in terrible distress about his soul. Prayers and promises seemed all of no avail, and even the sweet experience of his newly converted sister brought no peace to the troubled heart. All through the night and part of the morning the conflict raged, but after a while Jesus conquered, peace was proclaimed, and the whole family sang Mr. Burnham's hymn:

"Tell it with joy! tell it with joy!
Oh the sweet rapture of pardon!"

Mr. Burnham has engagements for services as follows:—July 6 to 13, Newport, Mon.; Sept. 5 to 26, among the hop-pickers at Goudhurst, Kent; Sept. 29 to Oct. 5, Naunton, Cheltenham; Oct. 13 to 19, Leamington; Oct. 20 to 26, Markyate Street, Herts; Oct. 27 to Nov. 2, Bedford; Nov. 10 to 16, Thetford, Norfolk; Nov. 17 to 30, Burton-on-Trent, etc.; Jan. 19, 1880, to Feb. 1, Driffield and Cranswick, Yorkshire; Feb. 2 to 3, Sheepshed, Leicestershire. Applications for any of the vacant dates, except those needed for rest, may be made to Mr. Spurgeon. Will all friends who are likely to be corresponding with Mr. Burnham note that he has removed to 11, Dundas Road, St. Mary's Road, Queen's Road, Peckham, S.E.

COLPORTAGE.—About thirty of the Colporteurs came to London to meet the Committee and friends for prayer and conference on Sunday and Monday, *June 8 and 9*. They were addressed by Mr. Spurgeon on the Monday afternoon, and their visit was brought to a close by the annual meeting at night in the Tabernacle. We were glad to see a much larger number of friends present than we have had at this meeting in previous years, and we hope that this is an indication that the Colportage work is at last gaining its rightful place in the esteem of our friends and the public generally. After prayer by the pastor, co-pastor, and Mr. F. A. Jones (the late hon. sec. of the society), Mr. W. Corden Jones, the secretary, read some extracts from the twelfth annual report, copies of which he will be happy to forward to any friends who wish for them and will send a stamp for postage addressed to him at the Tabernacle. The progress of the work will be seen on a perusal of the following statistics:—

During the year 1878 the ninety-four Colporteurs employed sold about 927,000 publications of various kinds, for which they received £8,276 0s. 4d., that being an increase of £1,325 2s. 2½d. upon the previous year. They also distributed

upwards of 162,000 tracts, and visited 926,290 families. The subscriptions for the year have amounted to £4,148 15s. 5½d., of which £3,052 4s. 10½d. has been given for districts, and £212 10s. towards the Capital Fund. (That is up to Dec. 31, 1878).

The Capital Fund, of which we have often spoken, is much needed, but it is not yet forthcoming. We reckon that we have now received nearly £600 of it, and we wait for the rest of the £1,000. Without sufficient capital the working of this society cannot go on pleasantly. We have not run aground yet, but the sailing will not be clear till the capital reaches the sum we have asked for.

Subscriptions to the General Fund are still urgently needed, both to meet the necessary working expenses, and to supplement the deficiencies continually arising in most of the districts. Everybody ought to help this work, because the publications sold are entirely unsectarian, while the works of no evangelical denomination are excluded when ordered through the Colporteur. The Colporteurs themselves are members of the Presbyterian, Congregational, and Baptist Churches, and the several branches of the Methodist families. The preaching services which the Colporteurs conduct are not confined to any, but extend to all, branches of Christ's Church willing to utilize Colportage in the extension of the Kingdom of God.

ORPHANAGE.—The annual meeting was held on *Thursday, June 19*, the President's forty-fifth birthday. Through the kind providence of God the weather was beautifully fine, and the whole *fête* was a great success. More than four thousand persons entered the grounds during the afternoon and evening, and though everybody seemed to be full of joy, the President and his beloved wife feel sure that no one could have been quite so happy as they were. It is a subject for the most grateful thanksgiving to God that the sick one, who has been so long confined to the chamber of suffering, was once more permitted to mingle with loving friends, who have for so many years rallied round us and helped us in the Lord's work. To his blessed name be all the praise.

At half-past three o'clock Mr. John Macgregor (Rob Roy) gave an interesting account of some of his "strange adventures." At its close the audience dispersed over the grounds, or gathered in the refreshment tents, and in the Bazaar, which was held for the Girls' Orphanage.

The total receipts at the stalls amounted to more than £150. Dr. Barnardo's band was stationed in the grounds, and performed at intervals, in a most creditable manner.

In the evening, the crowd was so great that we were obliged to hold two public meetings simultaneously. Sir Charles Reed, Chairman of the London School Board, presided at one meeting, and our brother, J. A. Spurgeon, at the other. Some of the speakers kindly did double duty, and they therefore deserve our double thanks. We are heartily grateful to all the kind friends who thus ably assisted us to make known the needs and claims of the institution. The following is a list of those who took part in one or the other of the meetings: the Vice-President, Messrs. C. and T. Spurgeon, Dr. Maclean, E. Maclean, Burman Cassin, M.A., John Collins, and Dr. Barnardo. The announcement that we are enabled to go on with the GIRLS' ORPHANAGE, under our present trust-deed, was received with hearty applause, which was repeated when we announced that we had already made a beginning by purchasing for £4,000 the adjacent house and grounds, called "Hawthorns." Towards this amount we had received up to the 20th June, in addition to the profit of Bazaar, £309 16s. 2d., together with £200 towards a house to be called the Deacons' House. We have also promises of £25 from one friend, £50 from another, £500 for one of the houses for girls, from a friend, £500 from a firm for another house, and £25 worth of painting and glazing work when it is needed. We shall be glad if the Lord inclines his stewards to send the rest of the £4000 before the purchase-money has to be paid, which must be done on July 15; but in any case we leave the matter in his hands, knowing that all will be well. With not more than £550 specifically given or promised for this object, it is rather daring to hope for the rest in a fortnight, but our Provider is a God of great resources.

The amount presented to Mr. Spurgeon in birthday gifts for the Boys' Orphanage was £126 3s. 9d., while collectors and subscribers paid in about £200 during the day. The *fête* was appropriately closed by the music of Mr. Courtenay's and Mr. Frisby's choirs, and the usual illumination of the grounds.

COLLECTING BOXES AND BOOKS.—An anonymous donor asks how collecting boxes for the Orphanage can be obtained. Collecting boxes or books can be procured either from Mr. Blackshaw, at the

Tabernacle, or Mr. Charlesworth, at the Orphanage.

PERSONAL NOTES.—In *The Preachers' Annual* of 1877, page 544, in an article by the Rev. G. T. Dowling on "Candidating," we chanced to read as follows:—"Charles Spurgeon was not even seriously thought of as a prospective pastor the first time he preached in London. Months passed by before he was again invited to spend a Sabbath, and when even a call was extended it was by no means unanimous. Some families even left the church because 'that boy' was called."

This is given as a proof that successful preachers frequently produce a poor impression as candidates. This may be a general fact, but it was a pity to fabricate an instance. The truth is exactly the contrary. The moment after our first sermon was preached we were invited by the principal deacon to supply for six months, for he felt sure that at a church meeting, which would at once be held, such a resolution would be passed. We declined his offer, for we thought it too hasty, but promised to preach alternate Sabbaths during the next month, and this was done and followed up immediately by a further invitation. No one person left the church to our knowledge, and the resolution inviting us was as nearly unanimous as possible, one man and four women voting to the contrary, all of these becoming in after time most friendly to us. We only mention the incident as a specimen of the manner in which advocates of a theory too often manufacture their instances, and as a warning to our friends to be slow in believing anything which they may hear or read about public persons.

Our friend and former student, Mr. C. Dallaston, of Christchurch, New Zealand, writes to tell us that he has frequently met with persons who have been converted through reading our sermons, and he mentions one instance which had recently come under his notice. He was called in to see a woman who was at the point of death, and she told him that when living away on the plains, where attending a place of worship was out of the question because of the distance, her husband read to her one of our sermons every Sunday, and God used the words thus read to bring her out of the bondage of sin into the glorious liberty of the Son. Mr. Dallaston adds:—"In many of our up-country churches your sermons are read every Sunday."

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

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	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Alfred Benest...	0	11	6	Miss Evans ...	0	4	5
Rev. H. Wilkins ...	0	5	0	Miss Farmer ...	1	8	5
A Friend ...	0	2	6	Miss Green ...	0	2	3
Mrs. Treherne's Box ...	0	2	1	Mrs. Fisher ...	1	3	0
Mr. Henry Smith ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Pope ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Williams ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Barnden ...	0	10	0
Miss H. Perkins ...	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. Waight ...	2	0	0
H. E. S. ...	1	10	0	Master H. Frisby ...	0	7	1
Mr. E. W. Fetter ...	5	0	0	Miss Frisby ...	0	5	0
E. B. ...	45	0	0	Miss Alice Morgan ...	0	13	3
Collected by Minnie Maxwell Bayley ...	1	2	0	Mrs. Stockwell ...	0	13	8
Mrs. Walker ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Lewis ...	0	10	0
Miss H. Fells ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Hertzell ...	0	17	6
Mrs. O. Lewis ...	1	1	0	Miss Crawford ...	0	6	0
W. H. S. M. ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Maynard ...	0	8	9
Mrs. A. C. Watson ...	2	0	0	Mr. J. White ...	1	5	0
Mrs. Robertshaw ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Farrar ...	1	18	9
Miss Newman ...	3	0	0	Miss E. Ridley ...	0	4	6
A Friend ...	1	0	0	Miss Cockshaw ...	1	1	6
S. A. ...	0	2	6	Miss Hunt ...	2	1	9
A Friend ...	0	1	0	Miss Liberty ...	1	4	0
E. R. ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Abbott ...	1	2	6
Mrs. Wheatley ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Healey ...	1	0	0
Miss Wheatley ...	0	5	0	Miss Baulf ...	0	9	6
A. W. S. Raxworthy, Birthday Gift ...	1	1	1	Mrs. Duncomb ...	1	0	0
E. Bowes ...	0	5	0	Miss Warren ...	0	14	7
Miss Hall ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Cropley ...	0	6	0
Mr. G. Dickey ...	0	10	0	Miss Hickenbotham ...	3	12	0
A Friend ...	6	6	0	Mrs. M. Earl ...	1	0	0
A small Gift from a Widow ...	0	2	6	No Name ...	0	14	0
Myself and Friend ...	1	1	1	Master Corsan ...	0	8	7
Mr. Fox ...	2	2	0	Miss L. Corsan ...	0	5	9
Florence Clayton ...	0	10	0	Miss B. Corsan ...	0	7	6
A Friend ...	0	2	0	Miss Ellwood ...	3	3	0
Mrs. Denny ...	0	2	0	Miss Errington ...	1	12	1
Two Friends ...	0	6	0	Miss Descroix ...	2	2	6
Miss M. Perkins ...	0	2	6	Miss Powell ...	2	0	0
Two young Sisters ...	0	2	0	Miss Fairey ...	2	2	6
A small Portion ...	0	2	0	Mr. Bull ...	1	0	0
Every little helps ...	0	3	0	Mr. Bull (for Girls) ...	1	0	0
A l ...	5	0	0	Mr. F. Hunt ...	0	12	0
A Widow's Mite ...	0	2	6	Miss Rogers ...	0	15	0
Mr. George Tomkins ...	1	1	0	Messrs. Wills and Packham ...	5	0	0
Mr. Henry Tubby ...	5	0	0	Mr. J. Mather ...	0	10	0
A Friend ...	5	0	0	Miss Perrett ...	1	10	0
G. F. P. ...	0	10	0	Mr. Hill ...	0	10	0
Executor of the late Miss Corben ...	50	0	0	Mrs. White ...	0	15	6
Collected by Ollie Rossiter ...	1	10	0	Miss Field ...	1	19	0
Miss Summers ...	0	2	0	Mr. A. P. Chambers ...	0	8	11
Service of Song, Blackheath ...	6	17	8	Mr. Nisbett ...	1	1	0
Miss Clout ...	1	0	0	Friend ...	1	0	0
Mr. Cloudey ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Brightwell ...	0	3	4
C. Hunting ...	2	0	0	Miss Buck ...	0	3	4
Sandwich ...	2	2	0	Mr. Glenny ...	0	1	8
Executors of the late Mrs. Jane Young, Whitelawstone, Dundee (less bank charges) ...	199	17	0	Miss Godfrey ...	0	3	2
Annual Subscriptions:—				Mr. J. Pain ...	0	10	4
"The Merchant" (for one boy's support) ...	25	0	0	Miss Seward ...	0	13	3
Mrs. M. Wilson ...	0	10	0	Mr. T. H. Olney ...	10	0	0
Miss E. Burdon Sanderson ...	3	0	0	Mr. R. Evans ...	10	0	0
Collecting Books and Boxes:—				Miss Edwards ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Bowles ...	1	4	0	Mr. and Mrs. Westley ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Bonser ...	0	9	0	Miss Hobbs ...	3	0	0
Mrs. Jenkins ...	2	0	0	E. H. ...	4	0	0
Mr. Maynard ...	0	2	0	Miss Cockrill ...	2	0	0
Mr. H. Barrett ...	1	0	0	G. Paine ...	0	16	2
Mrs. Evans ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Whitehead ...	1	6	0
Miss Arnold ...	0	10	0	Miss Burden ...	1	0	0
Master H. Mills ...	0	13	3	Miss J. E. Binder ...	1	3	7
Miss Shaw ...	0	5	0	Miss M. Cotton ...	0	7	4
Mrs. Laker ...	2	1	2	Master Dowcett ...	0	2	7
Miss Mackay ...	1	0	10	F. Cowper ...	0	4	2
Miss Powell ...	1	5	0	Miss Corsan ...	0	8	6
R. and A. Gallant ...	0	14	0	Miss Cook ...	0	10	1
Master T. Woods ...	0	8	0	Miss Snell ...	0	14	0
For C. H. S., 45th Birthday ...	2	5	0	Master Delacourt ...	0	7	0
Mrs. Culver (Book) ...	1	2	0	J. B. L. ...	0	11	0
Mrs. Culver (Box) ...	0	5	2	Mrs. Martin ...	0	3	9
Mrs. Mackrill ...	0	16	0	Mrs. Mallison ...	0	3	5
Ditto (for Girls) ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Samuel ...	0	10	0
				Mrs. Weare ...	0	8	10
				Miss Pattenson ...	0	0	11

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. Miles	0	6	7	Mrs. McDonald	2	4	0
Miss Vinay	0	4	2	Miss Hallett	1	0	0
Miss Nay	0	5	0	Friend	0	2	0
Miss M. Wilson	1	7	6	Mr. F. A. Atkins	0	8	6
Master Horne	0	4	2	Miss Thompson	0	10	0
Miss E. Luxford	0	4	11	Mr. H. C. Raxworthy	0	10	0
Miss Leworthy	2	5	0	Master Sidcolo	0	11	2
Miss A. Atkins	0	15	0	Miss White	0	4	1
Miss E. Atkins	0	12	5	Miss H. E. Phillips	0	17	6
Miss J. E. Cocksaw	2	0	0	Miss Court	0	3	9
Miss K. Bowser	0	5	0	Miss E. Ridley	0	4	0
Miss Jane Hoare	0	10	6	Mrs. Duncombe	0	5	0
Miss Day	0	8	0	Miss E. Baxter	0	14	0
Miss Smith	0	10	0	Mrs. Gladwell	1	7	5
Mr. C. Miller	1	0	0	Mrs. Turner	0	15	0
Miss Goslin	0	12	6	Master A. Jennings	0	15	0
A. Green	0	2	11	Miss Houlgate	1	1	7
Miss Mills	0	4	5	Miss Badenock	1	4	8
Mrs. Lloyd	0	6	0	Miss Hudson	1	0	2
Alice Brewer	0	13	0	Master Walter Hubbard	0	7	3
Miss Payne	0	2	3	Miss C. Hubbard	0	12	1
Miss Johnson	0	6	2	Mrs. Dew	1	0	0
Miss Ball	0	1	11	Miss M. A. Wells	0	5	6
Mrs. Perry	0	3	6	Miss Ellis	0	5	0
Miss Buckley	0	9	4	Miss Black	0	5	3
Miss Stone	0	10	10	A. B.	0	10	0
Miss Hughes	0	8	11	Miss Alderson	0	12	0
Miss Weber	0	1	11	Friend, by J. A. S.	2	2	0
Master Williams	0	0	4	Master Bates	0	15	9
Miss Brown	0	3	10	Mr. Doddington	0	4	9
Miss A. Moore	0	6	0	Master Perryman	0	5	0
Mr. Dury	0	6	8	Miss Thomas	0	14	4
Mrs. Baker	0	16	4	Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Mrs. Miller	0	6	6	Mrs. Hubbard	1	0	2
Master W. Phillips	0	8	11	Mrs. Bentinck	2	0	0
Master G. Buckley	0	11	5	Miss Corfield	0	10	0
Miss Kierman	0	8	10	Miss Winslow	2	10	0
Miss Blackwell	0	12	6	Mr. F. Burridge	0	5	9
Master J. G. Romang	0	15	10	Mrs. Smith	0	3	2
Miss Burman	1	1	2	Miss Jane Bull	0	8	6
Master J. Webber	0	3	8	Master Ernest Marsh	0	5	6
Master Phillips	0	7	2	Mrs. Burton	1	16	9
Mrs. Brown	0	3	5	Miss E. Payne	0	4	9
Mr. J. Smith	0	10	0	Miss Besfer	0	5	3
Mr. A. Willcox	1	14	0	Master Allum	0	2	6
Miss Dixon	0	16	2	Mr. Crofts	1	12	0
Mrs. Goslin	0	12	0	Mrs. Hopkins	1	11	6
Miss Passmore	0	8	1	Miss Crofts	0	4	9
Mr. and Mrs. Pullin	1	0	0	Miss R. Richardson	0	2	6
A Friend	0	3	0	Miss Choat	1	7	0
Friend	0	1	0	Miss A. Wheeler	1	2	6
Mr. Nicholls	0	9	0	Miss Grose	1	5	4
Master Boulter	0	5	11	Mr. R. Smith	0	1	1
Miss E. May	0	1	5	Miss Hale	0	10	9
Mr. S. F. Evans	0	7	0	Master Blundstone	1	5	9
Miss Baverstock	0	10	0	Miss E. Jones	1	0	0
Miss F. Lewis	0	3	1	Miss E. F. Higgs	1	12	2
Miss Boulter	0	3	1	Mr. R. Wagner	0	2	6
Ethel	0	2	6	Master William Ranford	0	6	8
Miss Nay (for Girls)	0	5	0	Mrs. Mills	0	6	8
Mrs. Shaw	0	10	0	Walter Kemp	0	1	8
Penny a Week Subscriber	0	15	0	Arthur Kemp	0	1	2
Mrs. Allum	1	8	6	F. Wartell	0	1	8
Mr. Pickering	0	18	4	J. R. Stores	0	1	1
Mrs. Marsh	1	1	0	Master Brooker	0	4	8
Mrs. Gibbons	0	11	3	Mr. Marshall	0	4	7
Mrs. Lanchester	1	10	0	Mrs. Day	0	1	10
Miss E. Mountain	0	14	6	Master R. Frisby	0	5	11
Mrs. M. Gooding	3	0	0	Mrs. Nightingale	0	5	11
Miss E. Underwood	0	10	7	Miss Chamberlain	0	7	3
Mrs. Buswell	1	10	0	Mrs. Romang	0	14	0
Miss Maynard	0	10	6	Mrs. G. Rose	0	3	5
Master C. Fern	0	14	1	Mr. Lawrence	0	9	10
Mrs. Wicks	0	12	8	Master W. Chamberlain	0	6	7
Miss Wayne	0	6	3	Mrs. Lawrence	0	12	5
Mrs. Davis	0	8	9	C. Blackshaw, jun.	0	5	0
Mrs. J. E. Knight	3	0	0	Mr. Jago	0	4	5
Miss Cox	0	12	6				
Miss L. Lovegrove	0	16	0				
Mrs. Emery	0	10	0				
Miss M. A. Smith	0	14	4				

Girls' Orphanage.

The following amounts have been received by Mr. Spurgeon up to June 20th:—

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mrs. Hillyard	50 0 0	M. C.	0 4 0
Emma Davis	0 5 0	A Lover of Christ	0 2 6
Mr. Thomas D. Galpin	50 0 0	A Lover of Christ	0 2 0
An Orphan	0 10 0	Mr. McKee	0 2 6
Mr. Edward Burton	0 5 0	F. L.	0 2 6
Mr. Spurgeon	50 0 0	F. A.	0 2 0
A widow	0 5 0	Miss B.	0 5 0
H. E. S.	50 0 0	Mrs. Wheatley	0 5 0
Miss Wright	1 1 0	Miss Wheatley	0 5 0
T. I. B.	50 0 0	A. W. S. Raxworthy, birthday gift	1 1 1
Mr. John Groom	2 0 0	Seven Little Girls	0 10 0
Mrs. W. R. Fox	10 0 0	Nellie	0 5 0
Miss Carr	2 0 0	Myself and Friend	1 1 1
From Natal	5 0 0	Dr. Bithray	2 2 0
Mrs. Horwood	0 5 6	E. S. B.	0 5 0
"First Fruits"	0 3 0	A Friend	0 2 6
M. A. N.	0 10 0	A Friend of the Orphans	0 10 0
Mr Peter Calder	1 1 0	Little Alice	0 3 6
Miss Hobbs and Lizzie	0 10 0	J. and J.	0 5 0
"Praise Offering"	2 0 0	Mrs. Gwillim	1 1 0
Mr. and Miss Bowley	1 5 6	A Friend, per Mrs. Spurgeon	1 0 0
Mr. A. Scard	1 0 0	Emma Jane Moss	0 0 6
Mr. Bartlett's Class	20 0 0	Miss Dransfield	19 10 0
A poor widow's mite	0 0 0½	Towards Deacons' House	20 0 0
E. R.	0 2 6		
Rev. G. W. Linnecar	0 5 0		
A Friend	0 10 0		
Elizabeth	0 3 0		
Miss Ely	0 10 0		
Miss S.	0 3 0		
Miss S.	0 2 0		
M. S.	0 2 6		
			£520 6 2½
		<i>Promises:—</i>	
		A Friend (for one house)	500 0 0
		Mr. Burgess	25 0 0
		Mr. Hayles (painting and glazing)	25 0 0
		Mr. Andrew Dunn	50 0 0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from May 20th to June 19th, 1879.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
<i>Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—</i>		Mr. W. J. Thompson	1 0 0
Newbury District	10 0 0	Andrew Dunn, Esq.	2 2 0
Stapleford Baptist Church, towards		J. H.	0 2 6
Longeaton District	5 0 0	Mrs. A. Boot	3 3 0
Tiptree, per Rev. H. Hagell	10 0 0	Mr. G. Shepherd	0 2 6
Great Yarmouth Town Mission	7 10 0	Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	100 0 0
Skipsea District (Yorkshire Congrega-			
tional Union)	10 0 0	Presented to Mr. Spurgeon for the	
R. W. S. Griffiths, Esq., for Fritham	10 0 0	Colportage work by Mrs. Allison's	
Melton Mowbray District	15 0 0	Class:	
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde	10 0 0	Miss Wade	1 0 0
	£77 10 0	Mrs. Howlett	0 2 0
<i>Subscriptions and Donations to the General</i>		Miss Freeland	0 1 0
<i>Fund.</i>		Miss Kate Clark	0 1 0
Mrs. Evans	0 5 0	Miss White	0 5 0
H. H.	5 0 0	Miss Seaward	0 2 6
E. B.	5 0 0	Miss Tillbury	0 2 0
Per Mr. Woollard:—		Miss Whittell	0 1 0
Mr. Hazell	2 2 0	Mrs. Skeels	0 1 0
Mr. and Mrs. Causson	0 7 6	Miss Wyness	0 2 6
Mrs. Buckley	0 2 6	Mrs. Jones	0 1 9
Miss Tompson	0 4 0	Mr. Sandell	0 1 0
A Friend	0 4 0	Mrs. Hill	0 5 0
	3 0 0	Miss Allen	0 2 6
Per Mr. C. Waters:—		Mrs. Barnett	0 5 0
Mr. Wakeford	1 1 0	Mrs. Howlett	0 2 0
Mr. Price	1 1 0	Miss Caroline Ringer	0 2 0
Mr. M. Medwin	0 10 6	Miss Candelin	0 2 0
Mr. J. R. Lynn	0 10 0	Miss Rae	0 2 6
C. W.	1 1 0	Miss Rogers	0 10 9
Mr. C. Waters	1 1 0	Miss Sarsons	0 1 0
Mr. W. Medwin	0 10 6	Miss Starr	0 3 0
	5 15 0	Miss Watts	0 3 0
		The Misses Hampson	0 2 0
		Mrs. Bantick	0 2 6
		Miss Coffield	0 2 6



THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

AUGUST, 1879.

Among the Poor of Seven Dials.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.



SAINT GILES'S and Saint James's suggest very opposite ideas to the minds of Londoners who are acquainted with the characteristics of the two parishes. We associate the first with all that is squalid and miserable; but when mentioning Saint James's, though so near a neighbour, we think of the town mansions of the aristocracy. So true is the aphorism about extremes meeting that one name seems to be fragrant with the aroma of fashion, while the other is redolent of beggary and thieving, and yet the two parishes lie close together. From a suburban parish, containing no more than the usual population of poor, the area of St. Giles's has during many generations grown to its present over-crowded condition. The place is the home of poverty-stricken mortals who have long ago lost heart and hope in life; and who, abandoning themselves to despair, take the world as it comes with dogged indifference. Those marvels of our advanced civilization, the low lodging-houses, abound here in profusion. It is a kind of low-life world complete in itself; and cadgers, thieves, and adventurers of different grades, whose features have become tanned by the thick atmosphere, seem to contract a liking for the place. It would be impossible to enumerate all the classes huddled together in the thousands of attics and cellars which abound in the narrow streets and unfragrant courts of St. Giles's. Perhaps a greater number of begging-letters have there been concocted by professional impostors than anywhere else in the world. There robberies innumerable, as well as crimes of deeper die, have been

planned and successfully carried out. Tramps who have penetrated into every county of England, there tell their stories of adventure, and spend in riot the proceeds of their frauds. Criminals find lurking-places secure from justice; and others undone by selfish indulgence, or overwhelmed by calamities they could not avert, there hide themselves from the gaze of the unsympathetic and respectable. St. Giles's, moreover, has its thousand-and-one curiosities, and above all its literary curiosities. Millions of songs and catch-penny tracts, which find a wonderfully ready market in town and country, are poured forth from its printing presses. Such is this wonderful world of sin and suffering, for whose uplifting many a good man has toiled and prayed. Among others Mr. George Hatton has laboured in his leisure hours since 1860 for the reclaiming of the fallen, and the assistance of the destitute. Our present purpose is to give some account of our friend's endeavours and successes.

Twenty years ago Mr. George Hatton and a few other young men who were like minded turned their attention to the suffering poor who lived and died in ignorance in the dense dark neighbourhood surrounding Bloomsbury Chapel, with which they were associated. At that time the tens of thousands of nondescript people who swarmed about the notorious centre of Seven Dials were generally looked upon as past hope and irreclaimable. It was, indeed, one of the earliest fields occupied by the London City Mission; but the first missionary appointed caught a fever in the horrid dens within his circuit and died. Though the district was overcrowded to an incredible extent, it was supposed by many to be impossible to collect an orderly congregation of worshippers. Mr. Hatton made the experiment and succeeded. He then progressed from one thing to another until he gathered a working mission church, one of the most successful of its kind in London.

Some facts about the parish as it was about the time of the erection of Bloomsbury Chapel may help us to better understand the character of the work which Mr. Hatton and his band of helpers took in hand. A hundred people to one small house was about an average complement. An authority writing in 1847 remarked: "The rooms are close packed with human beings in a manner which would hardly be believed by those who had not actually seen them. Church Lane consists of thirty-two houses, which contain one hundred and ninety rooms, in each of which rooms live an average of nine individuals, making a total of 1,710 persons. Separate families live in separate corners of the rooms. The party who hires the entire room relets it in portions. And such rooms are the private and *respectable* rooms of the district in distinction to the lodging-houses." The same writer adds: "Here are domiciled the gentlemen who gain their living by writing on the pavement of the streets that they are in great want and scarcely able to move. They generally manage to sit down to a substantial breakfast of bread and butter, tea and eggs, beefsteaks, and mutton chops. Here also are domiciled the women who go out as widows after they have hired children for the day. What they receive they spend chiefly in drink. Drunkenness prevails in the district to an alarming extent, but of the drunkards the women are the more numerous. Indeed, the women of St. Giles's in general are more like Indians than inhabitants of the capital of the British Empire, and the metropolis of an enlightened land." At that

time not a fourth part of the children who grovelled in the gutters ever attended school, and fights among their parents, especially the mothers, were constantly occurring. The Irish lived in a state very closely resembling heathenism, their highest hopes depending on images and charms, medals and crucifixes, while the Lord Jesus Christ was thrust into the rear. The poisonous stench of the closely-packed rooms was overpowering to a visitor, but the people placed more dependence on holy water than on cleanliness as a preventive of disease. The whole region was a scene from which the most hopeful Christian worker might have turned away in despair.

When, in the early days of 1860, Mr. Hatton first felt a desire to do something in the way of carrying the gospel to the degraded classes of St. Giles's he was a Sunday-school teacher at Bloomsbury Chapel, and inexperienced in other departments of Christian service. He tells us that his first efforts were anything but encouraging; "Painful want and destitution met the view in almost every home visited, and I was not long in discovering that unless some practical sympathy could be shown amongst the people, little good was likely to be accomplished." After many days "of anxious thought and much prayer" he invited half-a-dozen Christian young men to his house, and having conferred together, these friends formed themselves into a society, each member subscribing a small sum weekly. In a short time an income of £1 a week was secured, and what was better than money, young men of the right sort gave their services. The next step was to hire a room, capable of seating sixty persons, in Queen Street, Seven Dials. "Here, then, amongst very much painful discouragement," Mr. Hatton says, "we were permitted to labour for some three years. During the greater part of this time we saw little or no result, which was most trying to our faith; but at length fervent prayer was answered in the ingathering of several of the most unlikely of our worshippers to Christ, the sinner's friend. Encouraged by this manifest token of the divine approval, we laboured on with renewed energy, our room soon became overcrowded, and it was necessary for us to look for a larger and more suitable place for our meetings." The King Street Hall was then taken, and the meetings there were continued for about ten years.

After ten years of very successful work in King-street, the extension of the work rendered a more capacious meeting-place an urgent necessity. A suitable site on which to erect a convenient building was sought in vain; and money was offered for several freehold houses near to the Seven Dials, but the purchase was not effected. Though sorely perplexed Mr. Hatton now exemplified the truth of Matthew Henry's aphorism, that a man at his wit's end is not at his faith's end. "Now mark," he says, "almost immediately following this, I received a note from the few remaining friends who constituted the church worshipping at Little Wild-street, offering me the place entirely unrestricted in any way for the purpose of our mission work." The offer was at once accepted, and, including some repairs at King-street Hall, a sum of nearly £3,000 was expended. For all the purposes of a mission the premises are of a very superior kind, and it is a blessed use of that ancient Baptist sanctuary to see it turned into a house of mercy for the neighbourhood.

In giving some examples of good effected, we will commence with the lodging-houses, which in St. Giles's are of the worst description allowed by the law. Concerning this department of his work Mr. Hatton remarks: "On account of the misery and wretchedness endured by the poor men, who exist in these dungeons mostly underground, we are oftentimes sorely troubled, and what to do to permanently benefit them we scarce know. Frequently on entering the kitchen we find assembled some forty to fifty men, invariably most wretchedly clad, hungry, dirty, and depraved. They consist of the very poorest class; among them may be found broken-down cabmen, board-men, shoeblacks, and costermongers, some of whom are struggling as honest men to make both ends meet, while others are of doubtful character, who follow no recognized means of obtaining a livelihood. Not unfrequently do we meet with those who have at one time been respectably connected,—sons of noblemen, clergymen, physicians, editors of newspapers, etc., and in most cases they have been reduced to beggary either through excessive drinking of spirituous liquors, or dark deeds of crime."

Through the mercy of God, however, the darkest den may be enlightened, and its captives led forth. Degraded souls rescued from the lowest lodging-house occasionally become real ornaments to the Christian church. Some time ago a gentlemanly man called at Mr. Hatton's house to leave a sovereign for the Mission, as a thankoffering. He then confessed that about a year before he had been in possession of no better home than a St. Giles's lodging-house, and there he heard the Scriptures read and prayer offered by an agent of the Mission. After that he attended service at King-street Hall, where the truth found its way to his heart. Through becoming a changed character he obtained a good situation, and being grateful for the good he had himself received he engaged in the same kind of work in a provincial town. From being a slave of sin he became a servant of righteousness.

Some of the general cases of conversion are as striking as they are encouraging. The female visitor once met with a drunken sailor, and persuaded him to enter the service by the promise of some tobacco. He held to his bargain, but vowed he would not be so caught again. He passed an uncomfortable week, however, and on the succeeding Sabbath, while on his way to the public-house, he was again captured, and ultimately became a changed character. He afterwards thus quaintly and gratefully wrote of himself:—

"Mondy Morning 3 klok.

"Dere Sur,—Plese to exuse this i send, i ham of to morrow 5, But cant go till i tel you wat God as don for me by you and a Dere Woman that tocked me to your place too Sundays. Bless her she did beg me and i did say very Bad things to her i went the furst time to hav a game, But o Sur the way you spoke stoppt me, i culd not say a word to upsit any Body, the woman kept her Eye on me Sharp. i hav bin a dridful Man for 55 years, i hav gone in the Brod Way all my life, But i was stoppd that nite, what i wold give to have got out But Bless God he old me fast what a week i had you cant tel. the Dere woman told me she wold pray for me and she must hav done so. i thout i wold slip her Sunday but some thing said to me go the same way. i was going to the bad house to drink and joue in at the Bad

things, but i mit her and she tookd me in to your place. Bless the Lord, i can Say Sur, that i no and fele that my Savour died and lives for me. O Sur i felt in a dredful Way but al in a momint i could se thot my Sins wher put away and i culd joy. i wished i could se you at that time the Lord Bless you Both and her Dere Child to that gived me her Bible, it will be my frind and mate when I am on the Wide Sea. tis just 3 and i go at 5 to Liverpool to join ship we are bound for Valperrasa if the Lord in his mercy brings me Back i hope to see you both again. i will pray for you ever i Live please Sur will you please tel the dere Woman what as bin done for me, i will tel you. she wares glases and is in Black she does sit rite up in front of you she told me she did alway sit thare she as a litel girl and she gived me her Beble and Litel Boke god bles you all. i hope to se you al again Do pray for me, my time is up, i could get no paper But this. tel the Woman to go on, there are many more lik me, i no Sur they cant say no to her, she will Be Blessed for it. God Bless you all."

Another in an artless confession tells us how from being the most wretched outcast he became the happiest young man in London:—

"I left my poor lodging without a penny in my pocket. I came to Covent Garden; there I asked a policeman what I could do to find work; he asked me a few questions, and gave me a penny, all that he had, and told me to go and get some coffee with it; he could not tell me where to go to get work, but he told me to go over the water and see there. I was going, but it came on to rain, and instead of going over the river I turned my steps into the City again. I went up one street and then another, till at last going up a street which since I have found out to be Princes-street, Drury-lane, there I saw a board over a room named the Mission Room; on this board was the time that the services commenced, the door was ajar (for me) as you will see. I pushed the door open, and then looked into the room; it was empty, and I turned to go away, but as I turned to go a voice said—'Did you open the door?' I said, 'Yes.' I began to beg his pardon for doing so, and told him being tired I thought I might sit down if there was service going on, but found the room empty, was going away when he asked me in, and spoke kindly to me. I asked him if he could give me something to do, and with that he asked me where I came from, and several other questions, which my pride at first would not let me answer, but kindness did it; he got out of me that I was hungry; he set before me a good breakfast."

Too wretched to eat, he could yet listen to kind words, and to the invitation to cast his sin-burdened soul on Christ. Eventually he was one out of many more who found peace at King-street Hall.

A Jewish periodical lately informed us that Hebrew converts cost £6,000 each to the societies which make it their business to look after them. If this be the case with great societies which maintain a large staff of officials, it is otherwise in St. Giles's. The son of a Jew called one night at the evening school and asked that some one should visit his father, who was dying. The Bible-woman went and was coldly received. "I do not want to hear anything you have to say," the man remarked. "Are you a Romanist?" "No, I am a Jew," he answered

rather sourly. Confessing that she herself was a daughter of Israel, the visitor talked for an hour, progressing from the righteousness of Abraham to that of Christ. When she had done the patient confessed, "I cannot understand it; some one else has been to speak to me *about this same One*; but I told him if he came again I would kick him down stairs. But you speak so differently, and yet of the same One. I shall be glad to see you again." The man was prayed with, and as days passed he grew more anxious. With his latest breath this son of Abraham called out, "I am trusting wholly to the blood of Jesus, Christ alone is my Redeemer."

During some years past Mr. Hatton has had his attention turned to the reclamation of London thieves, especially to discharged prisoners, who are frequently disposed to turn into paths of honesty if a little Christian help can be accorded them. In this work he has been assisted by Mr. Wheatley and Joshua Poole. The scene that may be witnessed every morning outside the House of Correction, Coldbath Fields, is well portrayed in our engraving. As the men, one by one, come forth from the gloomy precincts they receive an invitation to partake of coffee and bread-and-butter at a house of entertainment close by; and a view of what may be witnessed every morning is shown in our second picture. While the guests are enjoying their most comfortable meal a gospel address is given either by Mr. Hatton or his assistant, Mr. Wheatley, besides which a hymn is sung and prayer offered. At the close an endeavour is made to induce the men to sign the teetotal pledge; for as drink is mainly the cause of their having fallen into trouble, abstinence from the temptation is their safest path. In any case, the discharged prisoner who sits down to Mr. Hatton's breakfast is not without a friend; and if he is really disposed to forsake the ways of crime he finds just the assistance he needs. The work is arduous, for each morning brings its fresh complement of subjects requiring attention, but its good effects do not end with the individuals reclaimed; a reformer of thieves is a national benefactor. The hour of leaving prison is necessarily a very critical time, especially to a young adventurer, who, to use the customary phrase, has never been in trouble before. The man comes to another turning point in life, another chance of reform is before him; he may make a stand for freedom and honesty, but if he should fail he will in all probability lapse into a more inveterate rogue than he was before. Left to himself to fight and scheme in a world which has no sympathy for him, he may not always be master of himself, even though his intentions may be good. If he seeks a situation he does so trembling, lest the truth should break out that he has been a jailbird; and sometimes, even when he is honestly working to retrieve a lost character, the effort of months, or it may be of years, is lost when the evil rumour finds its way to his employer's ears. It will be very obvious to all who think about the subject, that to such a discharged prisoner as we have described, a helper like Mr. Hatton is a heaven-sent friend. He is so well acquainted with the nature of the world they were born and reared in, with the snares and deadly temptations which early beset their path, that they can, without hesitation, make him their confidant. With him at their side, they feel that they have a trusty guide in a difficult road. The very fact of their being in association

with him is an omen for good, and in hundreds of happy instances it has proved a passport to an employer's favour. Mr. Hatton's general plan is to learn what he can about the antecedents of those who need his help, and then if they have fallen from positions of honesty, to go straight to their former employers and plead the cause of the renegades with the hope of getting them reinstated. No plan of action could be more effective; for the employers have their confidence partially restored by the high character of the interceding agent, while a man thus restored to his old position of trust feels new incentives to retrieve a character. "Some of the men we have been successful with are doing exceedingly well, and are a great joy to us," says Mr. Hatton. "Indeed, the striking results are a marvel to ourselves, setting forth as they do so grandly the exceeding riches of God's grace in the mighty power of the gospel that can so entirely change men of the type and character that we often have to deal with."

The best proof that a wonderful influence is brought to bear on discharged prisoners is seen in the letters written by the men themselves after they have been rescued from a vicious course of life; and as Mr. Hatton has supplied us with a few specimens, we cannot do better than present a selection to the reader. The following is from F. D., a young man who began life as a burglar:—

"I take the pleasure of writing to you to try and express my thanks for the kindness you have showed me by taking me in hand at the prison gates, and thanking you for the kind treatment you have shown me the six months that I have been at your home in Great Earl Street. Dear sir, although I try to explain my thanks to you in this letter, I know that all your desire is to see me trying to walk in the footsteps of our Saviour Jesus Christ. I believe that the work which you are doing at the prison gates is causing many angels to rejoice to think that day by day they can see a wanderer brought home to their Father above. I can say now, since I have been under your care, my friends love me, because they know that I am trying to be a Christian man, and I can assure you I feel much happier since I have trusted in the Lord Jesus."

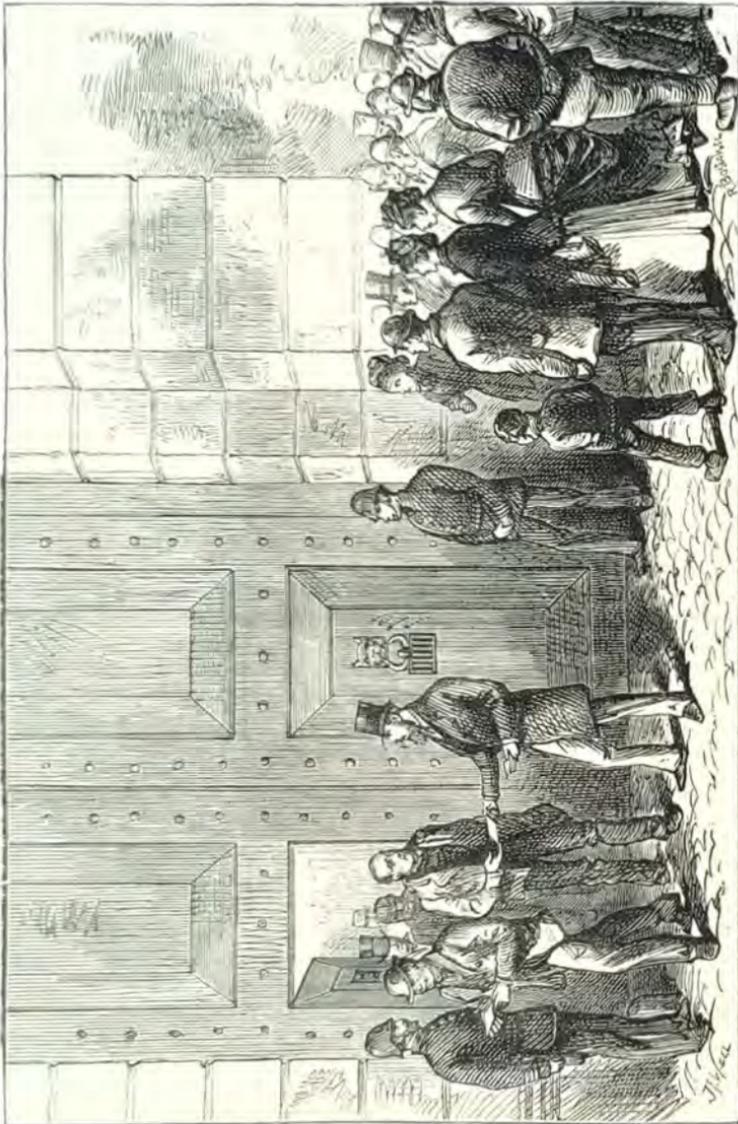
The next is from J. H., whose crime was that of stealing a loaf of bread:—

"Now, as I am going away to New Zealand, I think it only just on my part to thank you for that you have done for me when I came out of prison. Wretched and without a friend in the world, you took me to the Hall and gave me a breakfast, and employed me to carry out coals, and as now being started in life once again, I thank you from my heart for the clothes that you gave me and the kindness that I received from you and many more. If it was not for you I believe I should be in prison instead of going out to New Zealand to-morrow morning."

We should have stated that Mr. Hatton maintains a Home for reformed criminals in his mission district, an ordinary old dwelling-house, which affords temporary accommodation, which the inmates pay for, until some likely opening occurs. The writer of the next letter, A. F. C., a young forger, is reported as doing exceedingly well.

"I write you trusting you will place this letter before the committee of St. Giles's Christian Mission. I was sentenced to six months' hard labour for forgery, and during that time I was led to see that God was

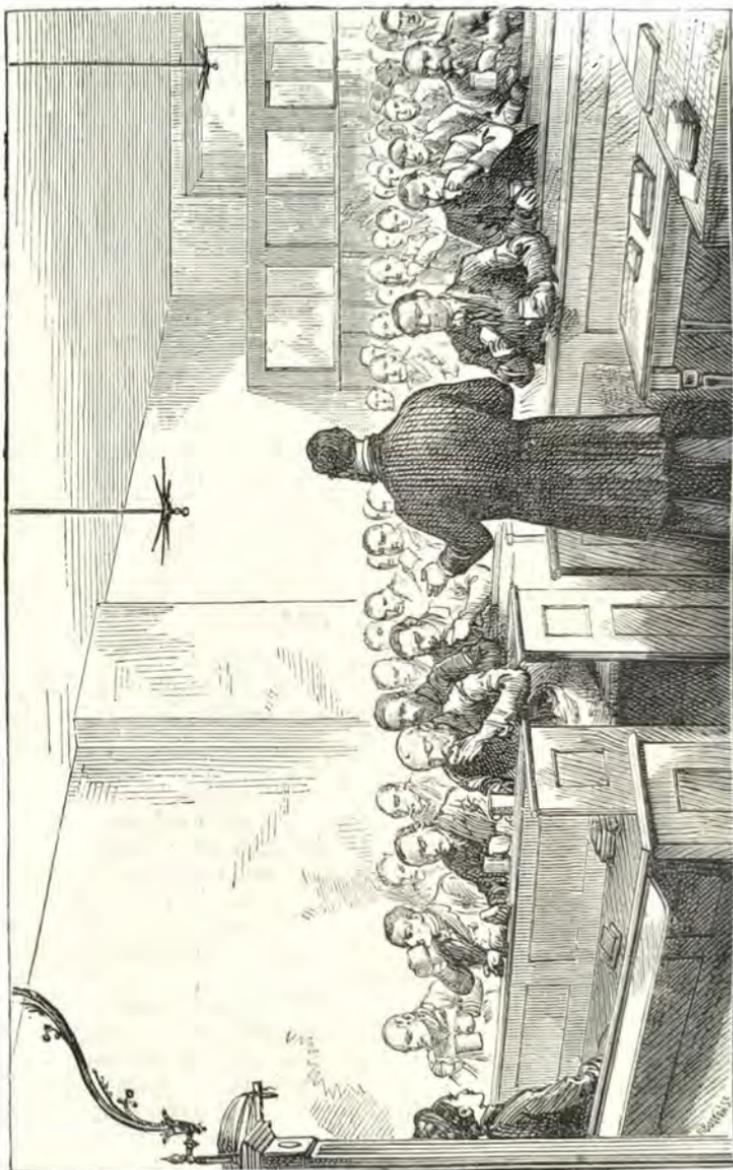
leading me by a strange path, and allowed me to fall from position and society. Mr. Playford, chaplain, Holloway jail, kindly visited me in prison, and, as you are aware, gave me a letter of introduction to your-



NINE O'CLOCK, A.M., AT THE PRISON GATES, COLDBATH FIELDS, LONDON.

self. The result was, you kindly took me in the Mission Home, where I've been provided for with the necessary comforts of life, and received that spiritual comfort which every man stands in need of, especially

prisoners. To the longest day of my life I shall never forget the manifold unselfish Christian charity I have received at your hands.



Miss Ling and Mr. Clarke, I may say with thankfulness, were the instruments in the Lord's hands of restoring my soul to peace. The

words I have received from yourself have tended to guide my thoughts upward, and though I may not make that profession of Christ by speaking openly, I trust (knowing how weak I am, and how much I have sinned) that Jesus which is able to keep me will give me complete confidence to appear boldly for him who has done so much for me. He has truly blessed me all through my life, and more so since I came from prison, and though I have met with kindness from my mother-in-law and her family, my dear wife knows that I have had the 'cold shoulder' given me at times. It is for this cause I feel the pure Christian-like kindness given me is simply for the love of God. I pray that the Home may be blessed in every effort for the welfare of men. I thank you again, dear sir, for your kindness, and I trust that my future will prove that I've appreciated the kindness of yourself and others connected with this work. May he comfort you and yours, and give you your heart's desire, is my prayer."

During seventy years the Sheriffs' Fund Society has shown the need that exists for assisting discharged prisoners, and that society has done excellent service in the City of London. Mr. Hatton's work is far more aggressive, however; and numbers who are to-day leading Christian lives would have returned to crime in despair if he had not met them at the prison gates to hold out a helping hand, and to speak a word of Christian sympathy. The St. Giles's Mission is one of the most valuable institutions in London, and as a Christian agency it is one of the most successful. We have great pleasure in setting it before our readers.

Three to one.

UPON a public fast at Covent Garden church, for the persecuted Protestants in the valley of Piedmont, Dr. Manton had got Mr. Baxter, who happened to be then in London, and Dr. Wilkins, who was afterwards Bishop of Chester, to assist him. Mr. Baxter opened the day, and preached upon the words of the prophet Amos, chap. vi. 6: "But they are not grieved for the afflictions of Joseph." He, after his manner, took a great compass, and grasped the whole subject. Dr. Manton succeeded him, and had chosen the same text: he was obliged often to refer to the former discourse, and to say, every now and then, "As it has been observed by my reverend brother." Dr. Wilkins sat cruelly uneasy, and reckoned that between them both he should have nothing left to say; for he had also taken the same text. He insisted upon being excused, but Dr. Manton obliged him to go up into the pulpit; and by an ingenious artifice he succeeded admirably. Before he named his text, he prepared the audience by expressing the fears of their narrow-spiritedness, and little concern for the interest of God in the world; "For," says he, "without any knowledge or design of our own, we have all three been directed to the same words," which, spoken with the majesty and authority peculiar to the presence and spirit of that excellent person, so awakened the attention and disposed the minds of the people, that he was heard with more regard, and was thought to do more good than both the former, though he had scarce a single thought throughout the sermon distinct from the other two.

Pleasing God.

A FEW WORDS SPOKEN AT THE TABERNACLE AT A PRAYER-MEETING
BY MR. THOMAS SPURGEON.

I WOULD speak to you upon "pleasing God." This subject is somewhat remarkable, and the more you meditate upon it the more wonderful it will appear. Thank God, the fact though strange is none the less true, that the creature can please his Creator, and the sinner can delight his Saviour. God is pleased not so much by what we do as by what his grace has wrought in us, in making us both to will and to do of his own good pleasure. I met with an early settler in the bush who pointed with great pride to his dwelling-house, and to the land surrounding it, which he had cleared and fenced and cultivated. He told me how barren it once was, and that now this fertile spot, which had cost him so much toil and expense, was a source of boundless pleasure to him. He was pleased with the transformation he had accomplished, and with the return it brought to him. In some such sense we please God. *We* cannot take any credit for it plainly enough, for the Lord has wrought the change in us; but we yield him pleasure by being different from what we used to be, and by bringing forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness instead of the thorns and briars of sin.

There are, however, some special matters in which we ought to please God. The first and foremost is *faith*. "Without faith it is impossible to please God," and the more of faith we have the more pleasure God has in us and from us. The more we trust *him* the more he will take delight in trusting *us*; and the more we believe in him the more will he reveal to us reasons for believing. Our character and condition are pleasing to God when faith is conspicuous in us. How much *we* like to be trusted! Those of you who are parents know how you like your child to trust you. When the way is rough and dark you love to feel the little fingers clinging to yours; and God is pleased too, only in a nobler and much higher degree when we grasp his hand, when we believe in his loving heart, and cling to his gracious power. If we would please God we must believe his word, and never for a moment doubt that he means what he says, and intends to do even more than he has promised. Mr. Gough told us a very good story illustrating the confidence of a little boy in his mother, which will show what our faith in God should be, and how it will please him. The little boy believed so strongly what his mother said that though his companions denied the truth of her statement he replied, "I am sure of it, because my mother said so; and if mother said so it is so, *if it isn't so.*" We are inclined to smile at the boy's expression, but there is a wondrous lesson in that apparent contradiction, and I will be bound to say that when the mother heard of it she was very pleased with her little son's confidence. It is just so with God when we trust him. If *he* says it is so it is so, *if it isn't so.* O Lord, it is not so to my eyes, but it is to my faith. I do not understand it, I cannot conceive how it can be so, but if thou sayest it is so it is so, I take thee at thy word, and I will not dare to doubt thy truth. If only for the sake of pleasing thee I will never quibble or question when thy word is in the case. Without faith it is impossible to please God, be

our other graces what they may. "Lord, increase our faith" that we may give thee joy.

We please God also by *prayer*. I do not know that I need make much distinction between faith and prayer, for faith expresses itself by prayer, and prayer without faith is no prayer at all. It is the prayer of faith which is prevalent, and it is the faith which prays which is accepted. We cannot pray without faith any more than we can believe and still be prayerless. God says, "I will yet for this be enquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them": he gives the promise to our faith but he gives the fulfilment to our prayers. You like a person who wants your aid to state his difficulties and tell his troubles, and if it is in your power to supply his need you do it the more cheerfully for his asking. It is even so with God. He loves that we should tell him our desires, and he is pleased that we should expect him to grant them. He is doubly pleased, first, in hearing our petitions and then in answering them.

Another means of pleasing God is by our hearty *praise*. When we have received answers to our prayers we should joyfully thank the Lord for his benefits, for whoso offereth praise glorifieth God. Broken and faulty our voices must be at best, but he loves to hear our songs. Though many a discord must grate upon his ear, it does not grate upon his heart. "To him there's music in a sigh and beauty in a tear." A child's prattle pleases the parent's ear. You remember how David spoke of praise; he said, "I will praise the name of God with a song, and will magnify him with thanksgiving. This also shall please the Lord better than an ox or bullock that hath horns and hoofs." That is a great mercy for us, for we could bring neither ox nor bullock, and many of us could not even manage to give the horns and the hoofs, but we can present the hymn of thanksgiving, and we can magnify his name, and that shall please him when sacrifices fail. Oh God, how canst thou be pleased with our childish hymns? And yet thou art, if they come from childlike hearts. The Psalmist said, "Seven times a day do I praise thee." I do not know why he did it "seven times a day," unless it was that he wanted to be perfect in his thanksgiving. Or perhaps he knew that he could not praise God too much, and wished to offer as much of it as possible, and so when he left off it was only that he might take breath to go on again. He could praise more and praise better with intervals between. Perhaps he made seven utterances of it, so that he should not leave anything out, or forget to bless the Lord for any one of his sweet mercies; when we leave spaces for recollection we fill up omissions and amend mistakes. God was pleased with such praise, I am sure, and though we have not David's harp, we can nevertheless praise the Lord each moment of our lives, till every thought and word and deed shall become a note in the lifelong psalm.

Let us also seek to please God by *patience*. Remember what the apostle said to Timothy, "Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; *that he may please* him who hath chosen him to be a soldier." Now, if you want to please him who has chosen you, as he did Timothy, to be soldiers, you must endure hardness and be

willing to suffer privations for his sake. If you fight the good fight of faith you shall be more than conquerors through him who hath loved you, but even if you had not that hope you should still endure hardness, for so shall you please the Captain of your salvation. Can you have a nobler motive? What a delight our King takes in his warriors! It reminds me of Edward III. when from a distant hill he watched the battle in which his son was winning his spurs. So our Lord, up yonder in heaven, on the mount of God, sees—well, I was going to say, our deeds of chivalry and prowess, for he is kind enough to count them such; rather let us say he sees our poor attempts to do our best for him, and rejoices over us at every blow exchanged and every difficulty overcome. He knows we will gladly give the glory of the victory to him, and therefore while the fight continues his pleasure is to see us suffering gladly and fighting bravely. He does not intend us to lose the battle; that shall never be, but he does mean that we shall not win it without desperate efforts and strong exercises of grace. May we not be well content to bear the burden and heat of the day, and endure patiently forced marches and hot contests if by so doing we can please him?

By teaching in the Sunday-school, by talking of him by the way, by every opportunity that comes to hand, let us endeavour to please him. Lord, thou art easily pleased, for even our poor prayers and praises are acceptable in thy sight. Oh for grace to please thee more.

Then shall we be better pleased ourselves, when we are assured that we have pleased thee better. Help us to do always those things which are pleasing in thy sight.

A Prison on Fire.

WHEN the Holy Spirit enlightens men to see their true condition, they perceive that they are shut up under sin (Gal. iii. 22), and also shut up in unbelief (Rom. ix. 32). This is a horrible imprisonment, for in vain do they seek to escape from it; the bars are bars of iron, and the fetters are of steel. Then comes a dreadful cry in their ears of wrath to come: the prison is on fire. Caged in with iron, they see no way of escape; the flame draws nearer to their cell, they expect hourly to be consumed. Then do they welcome the Deliverer, and when Jesus sets them free their souls begin most heartily to magnify the Lord. Saved from the devouring fires, their hearts burn with gratitude.

Army Discipline and Regulation Bill.

FROM the House of Commons we received the other day a printed memorandum, prepared for the information of the members, as to the offences which according to military law are punishable with death. It struck us that the various items were eminently suggestive, and we therefore made them the heads of a sermon to the good soldiers of Jesus Christ. We hope to print the whole discourse for the use of soldiers, and meanwhile we give the Bill, and a few comments upon it, just as hints to our brethren as to its use for instruction. The private Christian may profitably trace the analogies for himself, and to the ministers of the gospel the items must be abundantly rich in symbolic teaching. We give the whole memorandum, though we did not find it possible to introduce the whole into our sermon, and it is not all equally suggestive. In these days, when so little beyond useless talk comes from the House of Commons, it is a mercy to snatch even one floating fragment from the general wreck.

A Person subject to Military Law, when on Active Service, is punishable with Death, if he commits any of the following offences:—

1. Shamefully abandons or delivers up any garrison, place, post, or guard, or uses any means to compel or induce any governor, commanding officer, or other person shamefully to abandon or deliver up any garrison, place, post, or guard, which it was the duty of such governor, officer, or other person to defend.

It is disgraceful to give up any truth of doctrine, precept, or ordinance, all of which we are bound to maintain even to the death. Those who would have their ministers tone down any of the teachings of Scripture, or leave their posts because of persecution or slander, are guilty of this offence. Even to desert the Sunday-school class, or the little village station, will bring us under this censure. He who would leave the smallest post assigned him would surely surrender the greatest if it were in his power.

2. Shamefully casts away his arms, ammunition, or tools in the presence of the enemy.

We are exhorted in Holy Scripture not to cast away our confidence, which hath great recompense of reward. It would be a proof that we were not true Christians if we forsook the faith, or cast off the fear of God, or threw down the truth, and fled out of selfish fear. We are to stand bravely before the foe in full armour, bearing our shield, and wielding the sword of the Spirit which is the word of God. We may never lay down our tools till we lay down our bodies. We must either work or suffer till we die.

3. Treacherously holds correspondence with or gives intelligence to the enemy, or treacherously or through cowardice sends a flag of truce to the enemy.

Worldly conformity amounts to this, for it leads us to be friends to the world, and then we are the enemies of God. Thousands are trying to unite the church and the world, and for this purpose they encourage the enemy by finding fault with religion, and making out that God's

people are in no great degree different from other men ; and at the same time they try to establish the truth of their own words by seducing Christians from the narrow way into worldly amusements and habits. Many professors not only send a flag of truce to the devil, but they are in covenant with him—you shall not hurt me and I will not hurt you. I will praise the theatre and you shall call me “liberal.” Come half-way and be decent, and we will go the other half, and we will be “hail fellow well met.” This is fatal.

4. Assists the enemy with arms, ammunition, or supplies, or knowingly harbours or protects an enemy, not being a prisoner.

We supply the enemy with weapons against the Lord when we live inconsistent lives ; they take up a reproach against the good cause and injure it greatly. We do the like when we report the failures and weaknesses of good men, and cause the adversary to blaspheme. If we indulge any known sin and harbour it in our bosoms we also greatly grieve our Captain. Sin will enter our doors, but it must be driven out by main force of grace ; to make provision for it is to play the traitor.

5. Having been made a prisoner of war, voluntarily serves with or voluntarily aids the enemy.

We may be surrounded by ungodly men in our daily life, and they may try to force us to evil, but we must resist, even unto blood, striving against sin. Children under ungodly parents, and wives with wicked husbands, are like prisoners of war, but they must take care to maintain their integrity, and never yield under pressure, however great. Even if we are surprised by temptation and so fall into the power of sin, our will must not consent to abide therein, but we must strive to escape from bondage. A Christian marching with the enemy against his Lord is a very Judas.

6. Knowingly does when on active service any act calculated to imperil the success of Her Majesty's forces, or any part thereof

This is very sweeping. We are to avoid any act which would of itself imperil the good cause. Even though the cause is safe, yet if there be an evil tendency in the act we are guilty. Non-profession of our faith, cowardice, slackness in prayer, absence from prayer-meetings, indolence, worldliness, carnal indulgence, and many other forms of evil may be censured under this head. Think what would become of the cause if all did as you do, and by this you may measure your conduct.

7. Misbehaves or induces others to misbehave before the enemy.

We are always before the enemy. The eagle eye of the world is upon us. “See that ye walk circumspectly,” for ye always walk before a cloud of witnesses. Cowardice, rashness, greediness, quarrelling, pride, folly, &c., are forms of misbehaviour in the soldiers of Christ.

8. Leaves his commanding officer to go in search of plunder.

This Demas did when he forsoke the Lord, having loved this present evil world. To gain a good situation, a fair damsel, or a handsome profit many professors forsake the colours to their eternal shame.

9. Without orders from his superior officer, leaves his guard, picquet, patrol, or post.

Some plead distance, business, or age; others leave their work because of petty jealousies, discouragements, or self-denials. Christ's soldiers should be ashamed to do this. Stand to your post so long as health and life will permit. See your successor, or see the post ready for a better man who is likely to come, before you leave it.

10. Forces a safeguard.

Whatsoever the Lord forbids we must carefully forego, what he reserves we must respect, and what he enjoins we must obey. Those who broke through the bounds of Sinai died; let us always keep the bounds of our Lord Jesus. We may not rush into a church or hurry out of it contrary to the laws of Christ, neither may we trifle with his ordinances lest we incur judgment.

11. Forces or strikes a sentry.

To oppose a man of God who stands for the defence of the truth is no mean sin. Many a time has this been done in ignorance, and the faithful have suffered thereby. Despise not the honest warnings of God's ministers, and above all do not make them your enemies for telling you the truth.

12. Impedes the provost marshal, or any officer legally exercising authority under or on behalf of the provost marshal, or, when called on, refuses to assist in the execution of his duty, the provost marshal, or any such officer.

Order must be maintained in the church, and he who is set to exercise discipline should have the hearty support of all true Christians. The duty is often painful and irksome, and church officers should never be hindered in their efforts by unkind remarks and unseemly oppositions. A certain crew will have neither officers nor order, but we have not so learned Christ. Flocks without shepherds and armies without officers are in a poor plight. What is everybody's business is nobody's business. Christians who imitate Corinthian anarchy soon fall into Corinthian laxity and division.

13. Does violence to any person bringing provisions or supplies to the force; or commits any offence against the property or person of any inhabitant of, or resident in, the country in which he is serving.

We are to do good and not evil to those around us. The church often suffers from the world, but the world must never suffer from the church. We are to fight for our Lord but not for ourselves. Those who come to us are to be welcomed and not despoiled. Pastors who bring us food are not to be abused.

14. Breaks into any house or other place in search of plunder.

Our great Captain will provide for us, and it would be most unseemly for us to do any disobedient act by way of finding our own rations. Some break into other churches and destroy and steal, but we are not of the order of Plundering Brethren.

15. By discharging firearms, drawing swords, beating drums, making signals, using words, or by any means whatever intentionally occasions false alarms in actions, on the march, in the field, or elsewhere.

This may be done by scaring the brethren by the discoveries of science, or the doting dreams of learned men ; it may also be accomplished by pretended explanations of prophecy of an alarming kind. Anything which distresses and dispirits without cause is exceedingly evil. To bring up scandalous reports, and to declare that the church is unloving, prayerless, dead, &c., as some do, is a wretched form of this offence. It is the little ones who suffer much from these false alarms, and therefore the sin is all the greater.

16. Treacherously makes known the parole or watchword to any person not entitled to receive it ; or, without good and sufficient cause, gives a parole or watchword different from what he received.

We cannot too often repeat our parole, for we are to preach the gospel to every creature, but woe be to us if we falsify the word. "The blood of Jesus" is the watchword of the Salvation Army, and we must not substitute for it any other form of parole.

17. Irregularly detains or appropriates to his own corps or detachment any provisions or supplies proceeding to the forces, contrary to any orders issued in that respect.

We must beware of hoarding up comfort for ourselves and leaving others to perish for lack of knowledge. To forage only for our own denomination to the injury of other brethren is also contrary to the mind of him who hath called us to be his soldiers.

18. Being a sentinel, commits any of the following offences (that is to say) :—

- (a) Sleeps or is drunk at his post ; or,
(b) Leaves his post before he is regularly relieved.

We know who hath said, "Let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober." Watching and sobriety go together. He who is drunken with wine, or pride, or worldliness, or error ceases to watch. We have each a post assigned us, and to sleep or to be drunken there is to betray our Lord. Leaving our post altogether is utterly unsoldierly. Jonah did so, and was saved by special miracle. If we imitate him we cannot be sure that a whale will be provided for us.

19. Causes or conspires with any other persons to cause any mutiny or sedition in any forces belonging to Her Majesty's regular, reserve, or auxiliary forces, or Navy. (Clauses 20, 21, 22 are of like effect.)

Troublers in Israel are many and busy. Quiet and happy churches are disturbed and even rent in twain by these ill-disposed professors, who seem to live for nothing else but to create or ferment discord. These go from house to house to spread ill reports, and to blow up jealousies and suspicions, and nothing pleases them better than to set good men by the ears. We would abolish the cat in the army, but a slight taste

of it in church circles, in a spiritual or metaphorical sense, might be a salutary warning. We have so much to do in combating the enemy that it is a shame to waste a moment in internal contentions; yet some are always creating mutiny and fomenting discontent. We cannot drum these people out of the regiment, but by keeping up a constant warmth of love we may make the place too hot to hold them. We cannot pitch the mutineer overboard, but we can give him a wide berth. If no one will join the maker of quarrels he will be powerless, and will either drop the habit, or remove to more congenial quarters.

23. Strikes or uses or offers any violence to his superior officer, being in the execution of his office.

Against elders we are not to receive an accusation without much deliberation, far less then may we speak ill of them without cause. Church officers are to be censured when they overstep their authority, but to resist their authority when they are carrying out their Master's rule is more blameworthy than many think. The Scripture saith, "Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves: for they watch for your souls, as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy, and not with grief: for that is unprofitable for you."

24. Disobeys any lawful command given by his superior officer, being in the execution of his office.

Our great superior officer is the Lord Jesus. "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." Are all of us scrupulously obeying the words of our great Leader? The spirit which neglects a little command is not a little evil, for it is essentially rebellious. If the command be so small, why not keep it?

25. Deserts or attempts to desert Her Majesty's Service.

Alas, that any should do this! Yet this is the test of distinction between real grace and its counterfeit. Many declare that they will follow their Lord whithersoever he goeth, and yet in a short time they leave his standard, and consult their own interests by finding another leader. Backslider, are you a deserter? A deserter is a son of perdition, and belongs to the breed of Judas.

26. Persuades, endeavours to persuade, procures, or attempts to procure, any person subject to military law to desert from Her Majesty's Service.

When some men forsake religion they grow venomous, and fill others with their poison, never resting till they lead them into a like apostasy. It might surely suffice them to go to hell alone; but no, they must entice others thither. Lord, have mercy upon such.

These rules admit of a wider range of interpretation than our notes may indicate, but if they suggest holy caution, and lead our brethren to meditate in that direction, it is not in vain that we have placed them here.

C. H. SPURGEON.

Evidence Meetings.

CHRIST JESUS came into the world to deliver men, first from the dominion and then from the consequences of their sins. The Holy Ghost comes to convince men of the guilt and evil of sin and to reveal Christ as the Saviour from it. We are therefore co-working with God when we lead men to see sin in its true character and to accept Christ as a Saviour from its tyranny.

It is greatly to be deplored that much of the testimony of Christians seems to lack force: men appear to think we have no subject to present to their notice in which they have an immediate interest, whereas the sober truth is, we are in possession of a glorious and available remedy for all the evils under which they suffer.

I have lately been serving as a special juror in one of the law courts, and I have been impressed by the efficiency of the method there employed in convincing interested persons as to the facts under consideration. An advocate states his case, call his witnesses to say what they know, and then comments upon the value and effect of their evidence; the presiding judge taking care that all is done in order. Now, assuming that the advocate *has all the truth and all the facts on his side*, and that he has *good witnesses* to speak to the facts, the result is almost inevitable, the jury and all intelligent witnesses would and must be convinced. Now, with reference to the unspeakably important matter of the destructiveness of sin and the glorious power of Christ to deliver men from its horrible dominion; we have *all the facts in existence, ancient and modern, moral and physical*, on our side, and I feel much impressed that if in some similarly definite way we could get a hearing for what we have to present, we should succeed in creating an absorbing interest in the truth, personally affecting as it would be felt to do, every listener, and with the blessing of God and by the power of his Holy Spirit working with us, we should succeed in so getting the verdict in every man's conscience, as to produce most important results, both in the sanctification of believers and in the conversion of sinners. Could we not have meetings of some kind—perhaps of men exclusively—under the presidency of suitable Christian men, in which the effects of sin in some of its most salient forms, as gambling, theft, impurity, or drunkenness, might be considered, and in which evidence might be taken and testimony given, both as to its destructive effects on individuals, families, and communities, and as to the blessed and wonderful power of our Risen Redeemer to deliver from its dominance?

With such a glorious redemption available as that in which we rejoice, how one groans at the sight of the superfluous misery occasioned by its rejection, and longs to have men accept the gracious dominion and loving care of our wise and mighty King.

THOMAS D. MARSHALL.

The State of the World in the Time of Christ.

A SHORT time ago, while inspecting the somewhat meagre library of a Nonconformist College in Wales, we were glad to find that, however deficient the collection might be in standard works, it contained a copy of Dr. Geikie's "Life and Words of Christ." It was pleasant to find the book in a place where its high merits would be likely to be appreciated; but satisfaction was changed to disappointment when, on taking the work from the shelf, the leaves were found to be uncut. The explanation given was that most of the students had purchased the book on their own account, so impressed were they with its value. This, at any rate, was a good sign; for a competent knowledge of the condition of the world in the times immediately preceding and just after the coming of our Lord is what all students should possess, whether settled in the ministry or otherwise. To attain this knowledge may be a laborious exercise, but the labour is certainly curtailed since learners have been accorded the privilege of sitting at the feet of two masters like Canon Farrar and Dr. Geikie. We should be glad if our scientific men, who would have their disciples believe that Christianity is a worn-out thing, fit for very simple people only, would account first for the production, and then for the extensive circulation, of these two books. The library edition of Dr. Farrar's work has been dispersed by tens of thousands; and in addition to this a vast sum has been embarked in procuring the illustrations for the popular issue. When Geikie appeared on the scene, after Farrar, as was supposed, had swept clean the threshing floor of knowledge connected with the subject, people thought that the learned doctor was a day behind the fair; but such was the popular interest in the Person and times of Christ, that those who had read the first book found that they were the better prepared for the enjoyment of the second. The fact is that the one book does not supersede its rival; on the contrary, one is stimulating the sale of the other. This is a phenomenon of hopeful augury. Farrar is being read by the multitude, while the magnificent volumes of Dr. Geikie are ensuring favour on all sides with almost unexampled rapidity. To all theologians who can procure them these two biographies of Christ are indispensable; but perhaps their highest recommendation consists in the fact that all who are able to appreciate good reading will find them surpassingly interesting as pieces of history and biography. We have repeatedly referred to them, but also to a number of other authorities, while preparing the present sketch.

It is generally agreed that the star in the east, heralding the day of Christ, appeared at the midnight of the world. One grand empire under the sceptre of Rome, the world, as it was then known, was oppressed by heathen taskmasters, who, regarding nations as the slaves of rulers, cared nothing about patriotism so long as they could enrich themselves. In the far distance, beyond the boundaries of Italy, the rule of Cæsar might be tolerable in theory; but in reality it was frequently so bad as to be utterly unendurable. In certain of the more unfortunate provinces hope must have died in the breasts of the inhabitants, and despair must have been their daily companion. It was

an age in which we meet with man at his worst, in the persons of the emperor and his vassals ; but, on the contrary, the sons of genius, who then arose and flourished, have caused the epoch to be called the Augustan age.

The universal ruler was Caius Octavius, commonly known as Augustus Cæsar, the first of the emperors who sat enthroned in Rome as superior governor of the entire human race. We shall hardly be wrong if we call him an adventurer who hazarded his all in a desperate game and came off the winner. Although he was of the plebeian order, the future emperor was grand-nephew of Julius Cæsar, who always manifested a warm attachment for his youthful relative, and indeed started him on the road to worldly greatness. Caius Octavius was under twenty years of age when, in the year 44 B.C., in Illyricum, he heard of the murder of Julius Cæsar ; and had he then listened to the advice of certain military enthusiasts among his admirers, he would have precipitated disaster by rash impetuosity. Going unattended into Italy he found himself the heir of Julius Cæsar, and accordingly in a situation abounding with perils. The death of Julius Cæsar was an event of evil omen for the Roman commonwealth ; for when after much civil strife and bloodshed Octavianus, Antonius, and Lepidus formed themselves into a triumvirate for the government of the world, they ordered the murder of between two and three thousand of the leading citizens. After this the progress of Octavianus towards the supreme power was rapid : for while Lepidus in the province of Africa was too weak a man to be taken into account, Antonius estranged the Romans from him in consequence of his infamous alliance with the Egyptian Cleopatra after he had married the sister of the future emperor. In due time, in the prime of their years, both Cleopatra and her lover perished miserably as suicides, and Augustus alone held the reins of power, which he continued to hold for nearly fifty years, or until the year 14 of the Christian era.

When Octavianus wanted a title he thought first of calling himself Romulus ; but eventually Augustus suggested itself to him as being more appropriate. The name was one "which no man had borne before, and which, on the contrary, had been applied to things the most noble, most venerable, and most sacred. The rights of the gods were called *august* ; their temples were *august*. The word itself was derived from the holy *auguries* ; it was connected in meaning with the abstract term authority, and with all that increases and flourishes upon earth. The use of this glorious title could not fail to smooth the way to the general acceptance of the divine character of the man who was deemed worthy to bear it. The senate had just decreed the divinity of the de-funct Cæsar ; the courtiers were beginning now to insinuate that his successor, while yet alive, enjoyed an effluence from deity ; the poets were even suggesting that altars should be raised to him ; and in the provinces, among the subjects of the State at least, temples to his divinity were actually rising, and the *cult* of Augustus was beginning to assume a name, a ritual, and a priesthood."

The above passage, contributed by Dean Merivale to the new edition of "The Encyclopædia Britannica," will show how utterly abhorrent such a ruler must have been to the Jews of Palestine, who were hoping

to throw off their yoke of slavery at the advent of the Messiah. Viewed in the light of later events, the acceptance by Augustus of the chief pontiff's prerogatives is also very significant; for the college of pontiffs, with its chief dignitary in heathen Rome, has its counterpart in modern times in the pope and his conclave of cardinals. Augustus claimed divine honours; Pius IX. claimed little less; why is not the great emperor put in the calendar of the saints? No pope has ever been more zealous for the papacy than Augustus was for the gods. He gratified the common people by erecting hundreds of temples, although in his palace he showed his hypocrisy by professing the principles of Epicurus, whose system virtually said—"There is no God; let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." It has been said that Augustus "touched with great sagacity a chord which vibrated to the hearts of the people, who firmly believed that the destinies of the city were bound up with the due observance of ancient rites; and statesmen looked on with decorous acquiescence at shows and ceremonies to which they attached no significance whatever." And yet the age of which this is said was the golden or Augustan age of Roman literature; the age that produced Virgil and Horace, Ovid and Livy. Augustus died when the Lord Jesus was fourteen years of age, and as he passed away the clouds of coming storms were gathering over the kingdoms of the world.

Thus Christ came, when the world seemed to have arrived at its worst, to show mankind that they were brethren, and to open a door of immortality in the gospel. Enveloped in darkness, and daily oppressed, the nations yearned for relief; all alike needed a divine Teacher. The best things of man, apart from the Old Testament Scriptures, showed only too plainly that he could not civilize himself. Cruelty was the characteristic of the Gentiles; spiritual pride blinded the Jew; Roman and Greek philosophers knew nothing about the existence of moral evil, and they glorified themselves by attaching the epithet Barbarian to all outsiders. Civilization without God seemed to refine man in the art of cruelty; and even the Jews' ignorance of the nature of God is almost incomprehensible when looked at in the light of the present day. Under Roman rule the life of an ox was more sacred than that of a slave. "Augustus, in violation of his word," says Dr. Geikie, "delivered to their masters, for execution, 10,000 slaves, who had fought for Sextus Pompeius. Trajan, the best of the Romans of his day, made 10,000 slaves fight at one time in the amphitheatre, for the amusement of the people, and prolonged the massacre 123 days." Quite as surprising as this taste for blood was the self-complacency of the Jew who could stand forth and say in unwavering faith, "A single Israelite is of more worth in the sight of God than all the nations of the world."

It is not necessary that we should attempt to describe how, amid civil strife, bloody wars, and much popular suffering the sceptre of Israel passed from the royal line of the Maccabees, the Asmonæan family, to the hand of Cæsar. When Christ was born the throne of Judea had been occupied by Herod the Great for more than thirty years; and the aged tyrant, the victim of a frightful disease, was just passing from the scene. Under such a ruler, Israel, as a nation, was sunk low in the depths of affliction; but the Jew who could look back on the golden days of David and Solomon, and forward to the triumphal era of the

Messiah, never lost hope. The detested Edomite was to him a scourge permitted by the Lord. The day was at hand when Jerusalem would eclipse the sun in glory, and be the envy of the world. In such evil days even the enthusiasm which could inspire these emotions was better than despair ; for Herod was about as near an approach to Diabolus incarnate as earth has ever seen. Cruelty was with him a pastime ; the life-blood of wife or child being no more sacred in his eyes than that of an animal which stood in his way.

Herod was a trimmer or time-server in the very worst sense. He married Mariamne, a daughter of the Maccabæan house, to increase his favour with the Jews ; but he murdered his wife on a false charge ; and in hope of winning favour at Rome he became the embodiment of an aggressive idolatry. "It seemed as if the throne of David existed only to spread heathenism," says Dr. Geikie. "It was clear to the Jews that Herod's heathen subjects were nearest his heart, since amidst all his lavish munificence to them, he had done nothing to beautify a single Jewish town, except Jerusalem, to which his additions were themselves heathen." He rebuilt the temple, but outraged the Hebrew conscience by setting a heathen emblem—a golden eagle—over the great gate. He tried persistently to win favour with the Jews, and at the same time spoiled by selfish indiscretion what would otherwise have been his most gracious actions. When at length he went to his dread account, in the very year of the birth of Christ, the circumstances of his death must have been talked about with bated breath throughout Judæa. In Dr. Kitto's forcible language, "His disease was of that excruciating and loathsome kind in which God, in his righteous judgments, has often afflicted and dishonoured the last days of great and blasphemous tyrants. It was a fever, accompanied with violent internal heat. His intestines were ulcerated, the feet were swollen, and the tender parts were gangrened, and filled with worms. His breathing was oppressive and horribly fetid ; and he was subject to violent convulsions ; yet in the midst of all, he retained a most voracious appetite for food."

In a manner thus dreadful passed away this monster of iniquity, but not until he had surpassed all his other crimes by attempting to murder the infant Saviour. For long after his family continued to afflict the Jews and trouble the church. The heirs quarrelled among themselves, and Archelaus, mentioned in Matthew ii., was appointed by Cæsar ruler over Judæa, Idumæa, and Samaria. These small provinces were ethnarchies rather than kingdoms. Archelaus was afterwards disinherited, and died in exile. Herod's other son, Herod Antipas, tetrarch of Galilee and Peræa, the murderer of John the Baptist, was afterwards banished by Caligula, on account of having maintained an unlawful understanding with the Parthian nation. Herod Agrippa, the grandson of Herod the Great, succeeded to the dominions of Antipas, and, favoured by Claudius Cæsar, Judæa and Samaria were afterwards added to his rule ; and it is he who is mentioned in Acts xii. as vexing the church, and killing James, the brother of John. In the same chapter we read how, through accepting divine honours, he was smitten by an angel, and died like his grandfather, of a horrible disorder. Herod Agrippa, his son, was favoured by Claudius and Nero successively ; and he was the man who, when sitting on the judgment seat, said to the

Apostle Paul, "Almost thou persnadest me to be a Christian." He appears to have done what he could to subdue the spirit of revolt among the Jews; but when the crisis came he went over to the Roman army, and after the destruction of Jerusalem retired to Rome, where, with his sister Bernice, he lived to a good old age.

A word must be added about Pontius Pilate, who was appointed to the governorship of Judæa in A.D. 26. There is some doubt as to the precise nature of the appointment given him by Tiberius; but the powers with which he was invested seem to imply that he was more than procurator. Cruel, covetous, and utterly unprincipled, he made himself specially odious to the Jews. He openly insulted the people, and stirred up dangerous tumults on one or two occasions by bringing heathen emblems into the holy city; and curtailed his own power by having to yield through fear to the popular clamour. One of his best works was an aqueduct, twenty-five miles long, to supply Jerusalem with water. "As the temple was to be benefited," remarks Dr. Geikie, "he naturally thought that he might defray the expense from its treasury, forgetting that the money was corban, or consecrated to God. Hardly had the news of his intention spread than, at the next feast, a frantic cry rose that the temple was to be plundered, and thousands streamed to the palace. . . . But the procurator had this time prepared himself beforehand. He had scattered numbers of his soldiers, dressed as Jews, among the crowds, and no sooner had the tumultuous cries begun, than these assailed those around them with clubs, and speedily drove them off in wild terror, leaving many of their number, severely wounded, behind. Perhaps it was about this time, when the works had been pushed to the Pool of Siloam, that the tower there fell, and killed eighteen men; a calamity attributed by the rabbis to the wrath of God at the secularization of the temple's treasures." According to Josephus, Pilate became involved in trouble through his rough and cruel treatment of the Samaritans. Being accused by the suffering people before his superior, the Governor of Syria, he was ordered to appear at Rome to defend his conduct after he had been procurator for ten years. His latter days are supposed to have been spent in exile, and he is said to have died at last by his own hand.

In the time of our Lord Jewish society in Palestine had its leading sects, and without knowing something about the characteristics of these divisions, it is hardly possible to understand many of the allusions in the New Testament. The most powerful as well as the most numerous party were, of course, the Pharisees. The date of their rise is not known; but they abounded in the second century before Christ, and they lasted till Gamaliel instructed the apostle Paul. They were popular among the people as being the representatives of sanctified scholarship; and their system gained favour because it was directly opposed to that of the rationalistic Sadducees. They believed in another life, in the existence of angels, and in the transmigration of the soul. Those who, like themselves, were holy would be rewarded; the wicked would descend into the hades of everlasting contempt. While believing that God was supreme, they still maintained that man had much to do in shaping his own destiny. Their great stone of stumbling was tradition; for they pored over "the traditions of the elders" until Moses

and the prophets were lost sight of in the shade of the background. Though there were many good men in their ranks as Simeon and Zacharias, the majority were notoriously hypocritical and self-assuming, speaking by every action of the vulgar throng, "Stand aside, for I am holier than thou." Their traditions now fill a dozen huge folio volumes, so that students whose chief aim in life was to become thoroughly familiar with such a mass of frivolities, would necessarily neglect the weightier matters of their inspired books. Then numbers degenerated into mere fanatics. Some esteemed themselves so holy that they wore a shade over their eyes, lest they should be defiled by the impurities of a wicked world. Others were so humble that they shuffled along the streets of Jerusalem with drooping heads; and a contrast to these were the proud zealots—the perfectionists of their day—who claimed to have kept the whole law. Perhaps the common people honoured the Pharisees because the distinctions of the body were open to all competitors. While the priesthood was hereditary, being confined to the Levites, the poorest Hebrew, by persevering industry, might become a Rabbi.

The cold, heartless system of the Sadducees was enough to kill all religious life in its professors; and yet such high priests as Caiaphas and Ananias were among its disciples—men who stood as the most prominent figures in the temple worship, while denying the immortality of the soul. The Sadducees believed in the existence of God, but in no other supernatural beings, such as spirits or angels. They even rejected the doctrine of providence, maintaining that his Creator left man to look after himself and to take care of his own interests. They seem to have had nothing in common with the Pharisees, save in their opposition to Christ. They were the easy-living Jews of their day, whose aspirations were bounded by the horizon of time, because their affections were set on this world alone.

The most mysterious of the Jewish sects, which in the time of Christ may have numbered four thousand members, as Josephus computes, was that of the Essenes. In his youth the Jewish historian himself had some contact with the society, but he does not appear to have ever been initiated. It is not known how, when, or where the sect was originated, and, indeed, all accounts of their origin, in common with their peculiar tenets, may have been purposely held from the vulgar as a sacred secret. With some exceptions they rejected marriage; they denounced slavery, enjoyed their goods in common, and preferred the seclusion of rural life to the luxury of the town. "They despised riches not less than pleasure," says a recent writer on the subject; "neither poverty nor wealth was observable among them; at initiation every one gave his property into the common stock; every member in receipt of wages handed them over to the funds of the society. In general they thought it good to dress coarsely, and preferred to be clad in white. Their daily routine was prescribed for them in the strictest manner. Before the rising of the sun they were to speak of nothing profane, but offered to it certain traditional forms of prayer, as if beseeching it to rise." They were frugal in all their habits, exceedingly liberal to the poor, forbade the taking of oaths, and as a consequence of their temperance and preference for out-door pursuits, commonly lived to old age. Their faith so far corresponded with the belief of the Pharisees that

they declared the soul to be immortal. The spirits of the just soared at death to a land of perennial delight; while the wicked were imprisoned in a land of winter and despair. According to Josephus, they were fatalists; but to the Pharisaical historian a daily dependence on an overruling Providence may have looked like fatalism. There has been much speculation as to the origin of this strange system, but there can be little doubt that the Essenes borrowed some of their notions from the prevailing heathen philosophy.

The above were the three chief Jewish sects at the advent of Christ; although in addition to these there were the Zealots, who, as a remnant of the Maccabean enthusiasm, were ready to sacrifice life and property in an attempt to dethrone Herod, the Edomite usurper, and to throw off the Romish yoke. According to our conceptions the world, as the great Roman empire, presented a spectacle no less awful than unique. The murderous strife of generations had subsided, political liberty was dead, revolution had been quenched by torrents of blood. Their domestic quarrels had produced their natural fruits in giving to the Jews a master with an iron hand and a tyrannical will. Augustus, the pagan despot of every land, was probably a better man than some of his successors; but in such an age of general corruption it was not possible for one representative to ensure the reign of justice in every province. The publicans, or tax-gatherers, were universally hated, because they represented a system about as shamefully tyrannical as the rule of the Sultan in the present day. Harsh and even ferocious was the Roman method of collecting taxes in the provinces. "If anything could be thought of as a pretext for a new tax, the tax was imposed," says Dr. Geikie. "Men with military authority were set over cities, and even over small villages and petty fortified places; and he who used his power most harshly and remorselessly was thought the best man and the best citizen." Can we wonder that the Jews of Palestine thought that the day of their extremity had come, and that the advent of Messiah—through whom alone they could hope for deliverance—was at hand?

The proud Pharisees and the Levites or chief priests who walked the streets of Jerusalem in the days of their oppression, must have realized, with a bitterness we cannot estimate, that bad as the Roman rule might be at its best, it was seen at its worst in the person of Herod—"Herod, a mere Idumean usurper," as Dr. Farrar exclaims, "a more than suspected apostate, the detested tyrant over an unwilling people, the sacrilegious plunderer of the tomb of David." Certainly the world appears to have reached its worst when Christ came to deliver it from bondage. He came unto his own, and his own received him not. It was strange indeed that Jewish parties which were united in nothing else joined hands in opposing the Deliverer when he came.



Richmond Street Mission and Schools, Walworth.

THE above engraving represents the head-quarters of one of the most useful of the outworks of the Tabernacle church. Its operations are carried on under the superintendence of our esteemed elder, J. T. Dunn, in a district where such work is greatly needed, and we are glad to be able to add, highly appreciated. The Richmond-street Mission has been in existence for about twenty years, although like most efforts of the kind it has been so frequently removed and improved that its early friends would scarcely recognize it in its present position and prosperity. It is an interesting occupation to trace a wide and beautiful river back to its source, and many lessons may be learned ere we reach the bubbling spring far away on some lone hill-side or quiet mountain-top; and it is equally pleasant and profitable, or even more so, to find out the commencement of works of usefulness which have gradually grown into rivers of mercy, affording refreshment, comfort, and joy to those who dwell near their banks. About the date already mentioned Mr. Dunn, who was then a member of the church at New Park-street, hired a room in Richmond-street, Walworth, for the purpose of "missioning" the inhabitants of the district. Possibly Mr. Spurgeon's well-known caution against "borrowed forms" had not then been uttered, at all events two were borrowed from a builder, and cleaned by the zealous home missionary "with a lamb's tail and an old teapot full of half dirty water" before they were placed in the room, which soon

earned the title of "The Black Hole of Calcutta." A couple of candles in bright brass candlesticks served to illuminate the little company that met together on the first Sunday evening. Four boys formed the class or congregation on that memorable occasion, and before long, in response to an invitation to adults to attend the services, four old ladies also put in an appearance. The dear old souls, with characteristic modesty, took the lowest seat, leaving the juveniles in undisputed possession of the other one. The day of small things was not despised, so in due time the Lord opened the way for the next development of the effort which had been begun in his name and carried on for his glory.

As the pillar of cloud seemed to tarry at that spot, the second encampment was made at the Manchester Hall, East-street, although the accommodation there was very little better than at the first halting-place. The roof was considered so unsafe that it had to be supported by two scaffold poles, which Mr. Dunn designated "Jachin and Boaz," and while the rain came in from above the rats came in from below, and there were so many of these interesting creatures in the neighbourhood wishing to be present at the services that sometimes as many as ten or a dozen would march across the room at one time. We cannot help thinking that some one ought to have pointed out to them that they had come to the wrong place, and that they had better betake themselves as speedily as possible to the nearest *ratualistic* church, where they would be much more at home. We take it that their presence was an evidence of the strong attractive powers possessed by our brother, and that, if he had lived in the days of St. Anthony, that worthy's sermon to the fishes would have been eclipsed by the more wonderful "Discourses delivered to a company of rats by J. T. Dunn." It is satisfactory to learn that, notwithstanding the adverse circumstances we have described, the hand of the Lord was with his servants, and about ten joined the church every year from this spot. In 1869 two rooms were hired in Villa-street, but they do not seem to have afforded much more comfort than the former ones, for underneath was a rag and bone yard, inside was a smoky chimney, and close at hand were sufficient malodorous drains to carry off all the teachers and scholars with typhoid fever. Yet, week after week, for eight years or so, earnest Christian men and women braved the dangers of this pestilential atmosphere that they might tell the old, old story of Jesus and his love to those who gathered to listen to them, and their labours were not in vain, for here many precious souls were won for Christ. It was not a cause for very deep regret when the expiration of the lease made another march necessary. Now came a trial of the workers' faith, for the only room that was available could only be obtained for Sundays, and consequently it was feared that the many week-day meetings would have to be abandoned for want of a place in which to hold them. This partial hindrance of the work became the prelude to a greater development than had been previously possible. The ebbing of the tide, which was watched so sorrowfully, was followed in due time by a more joyous flood than any that had preceded it.

As no suitable building could be hired, nothing remained for Mr. Dunn and his willing helpers but to erect one for themselves. A site was offered to them, in the same street in which the Mission was

commenced, at a ground rent of £16, which, on payment of £100, was reduced to one-half that amount, and the land secured. Collectors were set to work, shortly afterwards the builders also were fully employed, and about two years ago, on a day that will long be remembered by all connected with the Mission, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon opened the new premises, and contributed £220 towards the expense of the erection. The buildings cost altogether £1,000, and so heartily was the project supported by our numerous friends that no debt was allowed to remain as a clog to future exertions. Mr. Ellis Marsland kindly undertook the duties of architect, free of cost, and the whole affair was carried out to the complete satisfaction of everybody concerned. Last year additional accommodation for seventy or eighty children was provided by the erection of class-rooms, and at the present time nearly six hundred children can be taught in the different rooms. Looking back upon the uncomfortable and unhealthy scenes of their former labours, the staff of workers at RICHMOND STREET MISSION AND SCHOOLS may well bless the Lord that he has directed them to such a goodly land, and helped them to go up and possess it in his name.

Having thus traced the history of the Mission from its commencement, we will now refer in detail to its various branches, and give a brief account of the recent operations of each of them. These will show that the premises are constantly in use for religious, educational, and philanthropic purposes, one meeting at least being held every evening in the week, and quite a number of services every Sunday. The first department to be noticed is the *Ragged School*, which is held every Sunday evening. This work has been for many years under the able superintendence of Mr. C. G. Barr, who has been nobly assisted by a band of self-denying teachers, numbering at the present time thirty-six. Mr. How has during the past year proved himself an efficient substitute for the late secretary, Mr. Parkhurst. The average attendance of scholars is 317, but as many as 409 were registered on one Sunday in 1868. During the year 2,628 copies of *The Band of Hope Review* were given to the most regular attendants, seven received prizes from the hand of the Earl of Shaftesbury in Exeter Hall, as a reward from the Ragged School Union for having kept their situations more than twelve months; and, best of all, twelve of the scholars professed to have found faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and gave satisfactory evidence that their profession was genuine. This cheering ingathering was the direct result of a special prayer-meeting held by the teachers of the three senior girls' classes with their scholars, at which not only were believing petitions presented at the throne of grace for them, but earnest entreaties were addressed to them to decide there and then to be on the Lord's side. It would be well if other teachers who have mourned over the non-success of their ordinary instructions in their classes would adopt this or some other unusual method of personally pleading with the boys and girls committed to their care. It may be that many of them are only needing some occasion like this to cause their latent love to Christ to burst forth into a mighty flame.

Amongst the twelve scholars just mentioned was one who had, very shortly afterwards, great cause to bless God that she had been present at that hallowed little gathering. She had for a long time regularly

attended the school, and some years previously was believed to have given her heart to the Saviour, but in consequence of associating with careless companions she had, like David, lost the joy of salvation. Before the meeting closed she was once more able to realize joy and peace in believing, and went away happy in the Lord. During the week, as she was passing down a street where small-pox was prevalent, that terrible disease was permitted to lay its hand upon her, and she was removed from her home to the hospital. The attack proved to be a very severe one, and for a considerable time she was unconscious of everything. As soon as she was sufficiently restored to converse with those who were watching beside her, she was asked if she was prepared to die. Her answer was, "Yes, I am; but I might not have been a little while ago." For weeks her life hung as by a slender thread, it was thought that she could not recover, her eyesight, once so good, entirely failed, and her fair features, which had been decidedly attractive, were sadly marred; but amidst it all she was calmly trusting in Jesus, willing to live and labour for him, or ready to die and go to be with him, and daily rejoicing in the sweet companionship of her Lord in the furnace of affliction. It pleased him to spare her, and now, though she will all her life bear the marks of the suffering she has passed through, her one joy is that she was brought back to the Good Shepherd before she was summoned to stand so near to the unseen world.

The Sunday School, which is a distinct department from the Sunday evening Ragged School already described, is ably managed by the hard-working superintendent, Mr. Northcroft. His report for the past year states that the number of scholars is 356, of whom 40 are church members; the number of teachers is 42, only one of whom is not a church member; and six scholars have joined the church during 1878. It is interesting to note that the contributions from the school towards the funds of the Stockwell Orphanage in the last three years have amounted to £47 5s. 10½d., of which more than £18 was subscribed last year. Remembering that the district is anything but a wealthy one, and that the teachers have many heavy expenses to meet in carrying on the numerous agencies of the Mission, these sums are exceedingly good. If other Sunday schools in different parts of the kingdom would help in a similar way, Mr. Charlesworth's suggestion, that the thirty orphans in the Sunday School house might be easily supported by the scholars who collected the money to build it, would soon become an accomplished fact.

A *branch Sunday school* has been started at Flint-street, Walworth, where there is accommodation for 400 children. Mr. Lade is the superintendent, and under his judicious management there is every prospect of success and blessing. An evening service for young people is conducted in the same building by Mr. Northcroft, and at the close another service is held, with a view to reach the adult population of the neighbourhood. The magnitude of these various Sunday school organizations may be judged from the statement that in the summer 83 adults and 540 scholars were treated to a day's outing at a cost of £37 9s. 8d., while 300 infants were bountifully provided for at home. If the Mission did nothing beyond trying to train up these children in the way they should go, it would still deserve a high place in the esteem

of all who love the Lord, and indeed of all who care for the future of our country; but this is only one among many of the agencies which are constantly at work in the districts around the Mission Hall. Before passing to these other good works, we may just stay to mention a pleasing incident connected with the Sunday school at Richmond-street. One Sabbath afternoon a teacher was engaged in instructing one of the senior classes when she was interrupted by a number of the lowest girls in the neighbourhood rushing into the room without hats or bonnets, with their hair rough and uncombed, and altogether presenting a most disreputable appearance. As they did not seem inclined to listen they were requested to withdraw, but this they refused to do, and the lesson was continued as best it could be under the unfavourable circumstances. One of the intruders appeared somewhat attentive, and, rather reluctantly, was induced to remain to the prayer-meeting at the close of the school, when she manifested some slight signs of having been impressed by what she had seen and heard. For some time the teacher lost sight of her through her removal to another part of the metropolis, but one afternoon she again appeared, and openly stated her intention of renouncing her evil companions, and seeking to lead a new and nobler life. This proved to be the beginning of better days, for at a prayer-meeting held shortly afterwards she accepted Christ as her Saviour, and now her heart's desire and prayer to God is that her former friends also may be saved.

Another important institution is the *Tract Society*, which is under the careful management of Mr. Clark. Eleven streets are regularly visited, and Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, *The Sword and the Trowel*, and useful tracts are lent to the inhabitants. The distributors also seek opportunities of personal conversation with the people in their districts, and occasionally give relief where they think it is needed. The accounts for 1878 show that the year was commenced with a balance of £5 1s. 3d. in hand, the teachers subscribed £13 4s. 8d., and other friends £2 0s. 5d., making a total of £20 6s. 4d., the whole of which was expended as follows:—Tracts purchased, £8 5s. 7d.; Bibles, 5s.; temporary relief, £4 3s.; 118½ lbs. of beef, 30 quarterns of flour, and 30 parcels of grocery given to 30 poor families who otherwise would not have had a Christmas dinner, £7 12s. 9d. This is Christian work of the most real and practical kind; and as additional distributors are greatly needed we should advise any of our friends who are inclined to sing—

“ We've got no work to do,
We're willing to work,
But we've got no work,”

to apply to Mr. Dunn or his co-worker, Mr. Clark, and it will not be long before their powers are removed from the category of “the unused energies of the Christian church.”

The Lord has owned this useful Society's labours in the conversion of many to whom the word of life has been carried in their homes. Here are a couple of instances out of the numbers that might be narrated. An old widow lady, who lived in a small but scantily-furnished room, was stricken down by sickness, and for the first time began seriously

to consider her state in the sight of God. The visit of the tract distributor was eagerly welcomed, the plan of salvation was laid before her, and prayer offered that her eyes might be opened to see it. For a time each succeeding interview only increased her conviction of sin, but brought no rest of soul, and meanwhile her last hour on earth was fast approaching. Before she passed away she was permitted to bear witness to the fact that Christ receiveth sinners still, for by the Holy Spirit's aid she had been enabled to come to him, and he had received her even at the eleventh hour. In the same street lived a younger woman who had often disheartened the distributor by her seeming indifference to everything connected with religion, and her determination not to converse with anyone who wished to speak with her upon the subject. Her brusque manner was, however, only assumed in order to conceal the real concern which she felt about divine things, for when the visitor was gone the tract or sermon left with a tear or a prayer would be eagerly perused, while the anxious worker was grieving that her labour seemed only like ploughing on a rock. It really was not so, for one day the formerly stolid and immovable woman requested that some one might be sent to read and pray with her. Gradually light dawned upon her, she realised her lost condition, trusted her all in the hands of him who is "mighty to save," and is now rejoicing in the full and free salvation purchased by Christ on Calvary.

The Mothers' Meeting, conducted by Miss Frances, owes much of its success to the tract distributors, who frequently remind those at whose houses they call that their presence is earnestly desired at the meetings which have been arranged specially for their benefit. There are 154 names on the books, and the average attendance is about 70. The report mentions that during the past year one of the members has been brought to the Saviour through attending the meetings, and she has since induced her husband to accompany her to the house of God. Two of the mothers have died bearing testimony to the power of the precious blood of Jesus, and others "hope that they have learned the value of prayer." The managers do not depend simply upon the influence of what is said and done at the meetings, but as often as possible they visit the members at their homes, and do all they can to ensure their happiness in this life as well as to assist their preparation for the life which is to come. During last winter, through the kind help of Mr. Brooker and other friends, nine hundred quarts of soup were given away, in addition to a large number of tickets for bread and coal. The total receipts of the mothers' meeting for 1878 were £43 11s. 3½d., and the expenditure £43 5s. 8d.

Each season has its special service for the Christian workers, who are watching for an opportunity of doing something for their Lord, and, consequently, summer time is hailed with delight by the ladies of the *Flower Mission*, for it is then especially that their little posies are sent forth bearing sweet messages in the Master's own handwriting to the suffering and sorrowing. Last year Messrs. Fullerton and Chamberlain, of the Tabernacle Evangelists' Association, brought up a supply of flowers week by week from St. Mary's Cray, where they were preaching, but as their evangelistic efforts have called them to wider spheres, there will be a need of help from other quarters, that the good work may not

be allowed to flag or cease. Distributors can be found in any quantity if friends will only supply flowers and texts. Some of the poorest houses in Walworth have been brightened by these evidences of Christian ingenuity and thoughtfulness. The Flower Mission Committee desire to tender special thanks to the Misses Dransfield and their young ladies for the Scripture texts sent by them to accompany the flowers.

The Mutual Improvement Society, Pure Literature Society, and Popular Lectures provide mental food both for the workers of the Mission and the general public. Mr. Dunn asks us to mention that a library is very much needed for the Mutual Improvement Society, and any suitable books entrusted to his care will be sure to get well used. The attendance has ranged from seventeen up to seventy. The manager of the Pure Literature Society, Mr. Medwin, is a sort of colporteur, visiting from house to house, for the purpose of selling religious periodicals and books of a healthy character. The profits on his sales last year amounted to £6 11s. 8d., and were expended for the benefit of the Sunday-school library, to which a welcome addition was made through the kind help of the Religious Tract Society.

Practical economy is inculcated by *the Penny Bank*, which is open every Monday evening for the receipt of small sums, from one penny upwards. Messrs. Martin and Layzell are the bankers, and during 1878 they issued 440 deposit books, and received £126 11s. 5d., and at Christmas time paid out £124 12s. 5d.

On Tuesday evenings, in accordance with a suggestion from the Sunday School Union, *Special Services for Children* are held, the cost of the meetings, which last year amounted to £3 11s. 6d., being defrayed by the teachers. Texts of Scripture and hymns are committed to memory, and addresses on Bible subjects are delivered, and it is hoped that what the scholars are taught at the services will be blessed to their early conversion, and also that they will carry home to their parents some of the precious passages or gospel melodies that they have learnt at school.

The Band of Hope and Temperance Society both meet on Friday evenings, and appear to be doing good work under the energetic superintendence of Mr. How. During the year 144 pledges have been taken at the weekly meetings; and the barracks at Chelsea, Wellington, and St. James's Park have been visited, and a considerable number of soldiers induced to become total abstainers. Mr. How furnishes us with a touching story of the firmness of one of his little Band of Hope girls, and it would be well if many older people, as well as children, would "Learn to say 'No,'" as this dear child did. She was very ill, her head was hot, her tongue was parched, and her constant cry was, "Mother, I'm thirsty." The more she drank the more the fever increased and her strength declined, until the doctor said that brandy must be given to pull her through. Her quick ears caught the unwelcome words, and pointing to her card of membership, she said with an emphasis none could mistake, "*Don't* make me break my pledge." Her mother and the doctor tried to persuade her that it was necessary, but the brave little maiden would not yield; she had learned at the Band of Hope how much evil came through drinking brandy, and she begged the doctor to give her something else. This he did, and in a month's

time she was well and strong, and able to go to the Friday night's meeting, and hear her mother's approving recital of her darling's steadfastness. Many narratives of the usefulness of these two societies might be given, but space will not permit.

We have reserved till the last what is by no means the least important of the Richmond Street agencies, namely, *The Evangelists' Society*, the members of which in the summer conduct open-air services, and in the winter deliver evangelistic addresses on Thursday evenings in the hall. This proves a capital training for future work. One of the teachers, Mr. R. Layzell, is now in the ministry: and during the past year another, Mr. Nightscales, entered the ranks of the London City Mission; and three others, Messrs. Whitney, Lake, and Billington, were admitted as students of the Pastors' College. A harmonium has been purchased for the purpose of attracting people to the open-air services, and by means of music and singing large congregations are gathered. One of the most remarkable cases of conversion occurred one evening while Mr. Dunn was preaching. Amongst the audience was a man who during the previous week, while in a fit of drunkenness, had attempted to cut his wife's throat. As he listened to the preacher's words he was convinced of sin, he repented, and believed the gospel, and shortly afterwards became a worthy member of a Christian church. On another occasion an old man came up to Mr. Dunn at the open-air service, and with clenched fist threatened to make him move off. A short prayer was offered for him, which elicited the question, "Did you mean that for me, sir?" "Yes, I did." "Thank you," said the silenced objector, as, like Apollyon, he took himself off, and was seen no more. The indoor services have also been greatly blessed to the unconverted. One most interesting case has been mentioned to us of an old man who for more than sixty years had led a godless life, but who is now sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind.

It is evident that such an amount of Christian work as we have tried to describe in this paper cannot be carried on without a large staff of earnest labourers, and a very considerable expenditure of talent, time, and money. Each department has its own committee of workers, on whom the responsibility of their portion of the Mission rests, and there is one general committee of ways and means. We have referred in passing to the finances of most of the separate agencies, and it only remains for us to mention that the total expense of management for the year 1878 amounted to £65 11s. 1d., of which £24 4s. 11d. was due to the treasurer when the account was balanced. Friends wishing to help any branch of the work can communicate with the president, Mr. J. T. Dunn, 65, Boyson Road, Walworth, S.E., or the treasurer, Mr. Russell, 230, Walworth Road, S.E.

Evangelists.

BY GEORGE HILL, M.A., SOUTH PARADE CHAPEL, LEEDS.

EVANGELISTIC work has during recent years secured for itself an unusual amount of attention. Scarcely a meeting of union, conference, or association has been held of late in connection with any of the larger evangelical denominations at which this subject has not come under consideration. The church of Christ seems to be realizing, as it has never done, its duty to obey the Saviour's command—"Preach the gospel to every creature"; and the period that witnesses unexampled activity in the work of Foreign Missions is marked, as indeed we should naturally expect it to be, by corresponding energy in carrying on Home Evangelization. The very excesses and extravagances with which some Christian workers may fairly be charged are significant of the earnestness and zeal pervading the church; and, while we may reasonably protest against methods of procedure which seem likely to do much harm, we must sympathize with the manifest desire to bring the abandoned, irreligious, and "unchurched masses" under the influence of the gospel. All around us, especially in our large and populous towns, are thousands of men and women living in as utter disregard of Christian truth and duty as if no Saviour had died, no glad tidings of salvation had been preached. Have we any responsibility in regard to these people? Is it not for all who call themselves Christians to do everything that may be done that they may be won for Christ? An aphorism of the late Archbishop Whateley reminds us that Christianity must be true or false: that if it is false we are bound to abandon it; if true, we are bound to propagate it. The force of the words will be admitted at once; and here, at any rate, it would appear that duty and inclination run in the same direction. The duty is plain; and if, as Carlyle tells us, "man is emphatically a proselytising creature," we may naturally expect to see the disposition to proselytise carried out in relation to the greatest of all matters which can occupy his thoughts—the truth he believes and the religion he practises.

Every Christian should have the abiding conviction that the responsibilities of Christian life are not fairly met unless some effort is made to communicate to others the spiritual blessings he himself possesses. When God bestows favours it is not his will that the enjoyment of them should be limited to the first recipient. The thought is well expressed in the lines of Keble:—

"Largely thou givest, gracious Lord,
Largely thy gifts should be restor'd,
Freely thou givest, and thy Word
Is, 'Freely give.'
He only who forgets to hoard
Has learn'd to live."

We have not understood the purpose of God in blessing us unless we are ready in our turn to bless others. Service, not selfishness, is the law of the highest life. We must live to *do* good as well as *get* good. We hold such things as we have as a trust of which we are stewards, rather than as a possession of which we are irresponsible owners; and we can be faithful stewards only as we follow him who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." We have the Bread of Life that our own hunger may be satisfied, *and* that we may feed the famishing around us. We have the gospel that we may make it known.

"Heaven does with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not."

So far then as it is worthy of the name, every church may be said to be an evangelistic agency. We do not unite in Christian fellowship for our own personal enjoyment and edification merely, but that our union may increase our power to extend the kingdom of Christ; and by the ordinary operations of our

churches a work is done the value of which cannot be estimated, and for the lack of which nothing else could possibly make up.

There is, however, a growing conviction that the regular and systematic work of the churches may advantageously be supplemented by agencies of a special kind. It is well known, indeed, that special agencies have lately been employed among us to a large extent. Our denominational newspapers have reported evangelistic services conducted by well-known ministers, in various parts of England, under the auspices of the Baptist Union. A far more extensive, though for the most part an unreported, work, has been done by ministers who have conducted similar services for churches in their own immediate neighbourhood. But the work to which I desire to invite the attention of the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel*, and concerning which I feel myself just now best qualified to speak, is that carried on by the Metropolitan Tabernacle Society of Evangelists. This society, though one of the youngest and least famous of the institutions which owe their origin to Mr. Spurgeon, is by no means the least important or least deserving of sympathy. Were its operations more widely known its value would, I am sure, be readily acknowledged and its needs promptly met; and perhaps I can adopt no better method in trying to secure for it the interest and help it deserves than if I give some account of what I have lately seen of its work here in Leeds.

Arrangements were made last year for Messrs. J. Manton Smith and A. J. Clarke to visit the West Riding of Yorkshire for a month's evangelistic work. Owing to Mr. Clarke's ill-health, his place was taken by Mr. W. Y. Fullerton, who proved himself a most efficient substitute. The first place visited was Gildersome, the second was York, and reports of the services at these places have already appeared in *The Sword and the Trowel*. The evangelists reached Leeds on Saturday, June 7th, and began their work at York Road Chapel, where our friend Mr. James Smith so earnestly and successfully laboured. Here meetings were held night by night for a week, good congregations coming together, and the interest manifestly increasing to the end. It was not, however, until the second week of their stay with us, when the services had been removed to the centre of the town, that the work of the evangelists assumed the magnitude which will make their visit an event long to be remembered by multitudes of our townfolk. The wisdom of the removal began to be seen at once. On Monday, June 16, South Parade Chapel was well filled. On Tuesday it was crowded. On Wednesday, extra seats were provided and every available place was occupied. Meanwhile arrangements were being carried out to meet the requirements of the deep and wide-spread interest excited by the services, and on Thursday, the 19th, an adjournment was made to the Circus, a large unoccupied building a short distance from the chapel, and there, for a whole week, dense crowds of people, estimated at from three to five thousand, came together every night to listen to the preaching of the gospel. On Sunday, the 22nd, two services were conducted, in the afternoon at three and in the evening at eight, these hours being fixed to avoid collision with the ordinary chapel services of the day, and on both occasions the building was crowded to excess, while hundreds went away unable to gain admission. So manifest was the eager desire to hear that our brethren felt unwilling to leave the town at the close of their engagement, and robbing themselves of three or four days' much needed rest, carried on the meetings until the following Wednesday night, preaching the gospel to the same large congregations on almost every occasion. In addition to the evening services, our brethren took charge of the noon-day prayer-meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, and during the latter part of their stay with us Mr. Fullerton conducted afternoon Bible-readings for Christians, at which some two hundred or more were generally present, and which were found to be a means of much spiritual enjoyment and profit.

The results of the work cannot, of course, be estimated. It may, however, be said that scores of enquirers were conversed with, many of whom are now seeking admission to Christian churches; backsliders were reclaimed, and the

gospel was preached not only to regular church and chapel goers, but to a large number from the class of those who habitually neglect the house of prayer, and who, by the ordinary agencies on which we rely, are almost untouched. Only the day of Christ will declare all that has been accomplished, but I may say in the behalf of those who took some part in the services that we heartily rejoice over the work, we regretted exceedingly that it was necessary for the evangelists to leave us just as the interest was at its height, and we look forward to another visit with the assured hope that we shall yet see greater things than these.

I had thought of saying something as to the evangelists themselves and their peculiar fitness for the work to which they have devoted themselves. This is, perhaps, unnecessary, and I fear lest my remarks have already been drawn out to too great a length. There is one matter, however, of which mention must be made. It seems almost incredible that the great hindrance in the way of carrying on and extending the work of the Society in connection with which Messrs. Smith and Fullerton labour is *want of funds*. I understand that Mr. Spurgeon has considerable difficulty in supporting the men already engaged, while he is anxious to send forth other brethren whose gifts qualify them to render efficient service in this vast harvest field. Will not those who have it in their power to do so help a society which is in every way so worthy of confidence and sympathy, and give twice by giving quickly?

Notices of Books.

Eccentric Preachers. By C. H. SPURGEON. London: Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings. Price One Shilling.

OUR book upon *eccentric preachers* will, we believe, interest our friends all through. It will probably be reviewed with severity, but this we reckoned upon when writing it. It is intended to be a plea for lenient criticism in reference to useful men,—an argument, not for license, but for liberty. God's servants are not all fashioned upon one model, neither is there a standard of mannerism to which all must conform, and yet many judge and condemn useful ministers because of their individualities and originalities. "Wisdom is justified of her children:" upon this text our pretty little book is practically a sermon.

Worldly Conformity. What it is not and what it is. By Rev. J. C. RYLE, M.A. London: Wm. Hunt and Co.

AN excellent treatise, in compact form, suitable for presentation to young believers, that they may be armed against the world's allurements. Canon Ryle is always in earnest, and generally powerful; here he has found a subject congenial to his tastes and powers. We heartily endorse his exhortations.

The Principles and Practices of the Baptists. A Book for Inquirers. By CHARLES WILLIAMS, of Accrington. Baptist Tract Society, Castle Street, Holborn.

WE are pleased to see that the Baptist Tract Society is moving onward. This capital work is one of its first ventures with a book of its own, and we congratulate it upon its choice of author and subject. Candour and impartiality are evident upon the very surface of the work. The author is firm, yet calm and dispassionate, in his advocacy of Baptist principles, and on the matter of strict and open communion he is specially careful to give each view correctly. Our own judgment upon the subject is scarcely expressed by our author, but we do not very well see how it could be, as we have written but little upon the subject, and occupy a middle place between the absolutely strict and the utterly unrestricted; yet even we do not demur to Mr. Williams' statements. Pædobaptists who want to know the Baptists will do well to read this book. We wish the Baptist Tract Society success beyond its own hopes. May it break every trammel, and attempt great things, and success will attend its efforts.

Anglo-Israelism Examined in the light of the "more sure Word of Prophecy." By FRANK H. WHITE. Haughton and Co., 10, Paternoster-row. Price Fourpence.

As the monstrous fable of our Israelitish origin seems to be seriously believed, it is time that it was seriously exposed. Mr. White has done his work well. We have always looked upon this craze as a sort of folly of the hour like other manias which have come and gone, and we have felt inclined to amuse ourselves with the absurdity; but having lately met with sane persons who incline to it, we change our amusement into amazement. We had a book for review in which Ireland was proved to be Ur or Umland of the Chaldees, and Padanaram was shown to be Paddie's land. "The harp that once in Tarah's halls, the soul of music shed" was declared to be the harp of Terah, and so on, in a manner as clear and lucid as the arguments of the Anglo-Israelites. Truly, "the letter killeth." If we forsake the spirit of Scripture, and play upon its words, we may prove any dogma we choose to invent.

The Song of Solomon arranged for Sunday Reading; with Meditations on each Portion. By the Very Rev. HENRY LAW, M.A., Dean of Gloucester. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THIS is a subject in which our venerable friend and brother must feel quite at home. His deep spirituality and fervent love to his Lord are qualifications for expounding the Song far superior to those of mere scholarship and erudition. The book is *sweet*, yea, sweetness itself; and instead of criticizing it we would merely say, "taste and see." Divided into fifty-two portions the comment affords a honeycomb for every Sabbath in the year.

The Unsafe Anchor: or, "Eternal Hope" a False Hope. By C. F. CHILDE, M.A. W. Hunt and Co.

A FIFTH edition and cheap issue of an antidote to the Westminster Sermons of Canon Farrar. We have already noticed it in our February issue, and are pleased to see it has been so largely purchased. May it counteract much of the misty mischief done by the speculations of the author of "Eternal Hope."

The Lord's Host; or, Lessons from the Book of Joshua. By the Rev. GEORGE WILLIAM BUTLER, M.A. Edinburgh: William Oliphant. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

OUR author is sound in the faith of the gospel, and in a reverent confidence in the authority of Holy Scripture. To our mind he does not add much to our stores of exposition, and yet his work is useful as popularizing portions of what has been already written upon the Book. So little has been done to make Joshua instructive to the mass of Christians that we welcome this attempt. We feel persuaded that to some readers it will be new and suggestive; and that even those who are well read in previous Joshua literature will not read it without interest.

The Children's Moral Alphabet. By OCTOGENARIAN. Kettering: J. H. Waddington.

A FRIEND, who is over eighty, yet finds it in his heart to provide for the little ones a sixpenny alphabet. He wants Master Bob to give up saying—

"A was an Archer who shot at a frog,
B was a Butcher who kept a great dog";
and say instead—

"A stands for the Ass; this burden he bore,
A bag of good meal from the water-mill store;
Then should he be beaten 'cause slowly he trod?
No! Neddy and meal are both creatures of God."

Kindness to animals, temperance, honesty, and other good things are inculcated by verses which are accompanied with pictures. The author has carried out a good design, to the best of his ability. A publisher upon a larger scale could afford to do it cheaper, but as a country production it is by no means dear.

The Lay Preacher. January to December, 1878. Edited by Rev. F. WAGSTAFF. London: Longley.

WE are ever ready to appreciate any effort to supply the needs of Christian workers; but we cannot believe that this volume would help the mass of our lay preachers. It is far too elementary and dull: a very Huntingdonshire fen of flatness. The only original thoughts are in the quotations.

By Little and Little, and other Sermons.
By the Rev. D. PARKER MORGAN,
M.A. Hodder and Stoughton, 27,
Paternoster Row.

FOR one sermon to give a title to fourteen others, it should express the meaning and design of the whole series; and for one to be distinguished as one only amongst others upon different subjects, it should be superior to all the rest. In neither of these respects is the title of this book to be commended. It is in accordance, however, with modern taste, which, we hope, will not long prevail. The sermons themselves are more practical than experimental, and more experimental than doctrinal. The whole are evidently founded upon an evangelical basis, although not so frequently and prominently expressed as a fact of such importance requires. The chief interest of these sermons consists in their originality and simplicity, and frank and familiar style of address. They are far remote from the dull and drowsy discourses with which vicars, as well as others, have often been charged.

Light for the Blind. By W. MOON,
LL.D. Longmans and Co., Pater-
noster Row.

To all who are interested in the welfare of the blind this book will be doubly welcome, and none can read it without having some sympathy awakened on their behalf. It gives a full detail of the author's own improved system of reading by the touch; and abounds with instances of its successful application to all modern languages, and of the readiness and ease with which it may be acquired. Numerous volumes in different languages have been printed in its embossed type; and the majority of these, we rejoice to know, consist in the whole or in parts of the sacred Scriptures. The industry and zeal with which Mr. Moon has condescended to extend the benefits of his discovery in this and in other countries have evidently been prompted and sustained by the one desire that they who cannot see God in his works or his word, may yet seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him. It is a privilege to be associated with him in any degree in the prosecution of his design.

A Primitive Methodist Soldier in the British Army. By WILLIAM MASON.
Leeds: James Stafford, Briggate.

WHEN an autobiography concludes with such a statement as the following—"I find that at the various services I have held there have been one thousand seven hundred and five persons who have professed to be converted"—we must regard the author as no ordinary man. The story of his life is one of considerable interest, and though the writer lays no claim to literary ability, he has succeeded in weaving into the book many remarkable incidents in his career and judicious reflections in the interests of temperance and religion. He was in the Crimea during the Russian war, and was wounded at the battle of the Alma. Several times he rescued the colours of his regiment during that fearful contest, and received the medal for valour at the hands of the Queen. Sergeant Mason is at the present time a local preacher amongst the Primitive Methodists, and though retired from the army, he preaches and lectures in uniform. Some may object to this, but we see no reason why he should not wear the regimentals in the pulpit if, by so doing, he can attract outsiders to hear the gospel. To Christian soldiers the book will prove very useful, and we shall be glad to hear that it has found a place in every barrack library. Many a young recruit would be greatly helped by its perusal, and, taking to heart the lessons which are enforced, could not fail to become a better man. We wish for the gallant sergeant many victories in his spiritual warfare and success in the sale of his autobiography.

Feed My Lambs; or, Short Expositions of Scripture in Prose and Verse, for the Little Ones. By ARTHUR G. BUTLER. London: A. S. Mallett, Wardour Street.

GIVING the author and illustrator the fullest credit for good intentions, we are afraid that the matter is too goody-goody and that the pictures are not good enough to interest the little ones. Periodical literature for the young is so superior in these days, that books intended for them must be first-rate, or they will not succeed.

True and Strong: with other Home Tales. By EMMA MARSHALL. 1, Paternoster-buildings.

THREE short stories, fairly told, and likely to interest readers who wish for a full share of the "churchy" element in the books provided for them.

The Earlham Temperance Tracts. Packet No. 1, 6d. S. W. Partridge and Co.

"BUY your own cherries," and eleven other short temperance tales, appeals, and addresses in neat illustrated wrappers. Very suitable for enclosure in letters, or for general distribution.

Warfare and Victory. A Record of Bible-class work. By M. I. T. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, Fleet-street.

A PLEASING narrative of the work of grace in the hearts of two of the young men in the writer's Bible-class. There was nothing particularly striking about either of the cases here described, but the record of their experience may be helpful to others who are tried as they were. The teaching is on the whole tolerably sound, but some reference to confirmation and communion appears to us at least questionable.

Practical Religion. By the Rev. J. C. RYLE, M.A. William Hunt and Co., 12, Paternoster Row.

LITTLE more need be said of this volume than that it sustains the author's well-earned reputation for evangelical simplicity and power. Mr. Ryle is looked upon as a typical representative of evangelical churchmanship, but in reality he ascends far higher. While with all her faults he loves the Church of England still, he loves the souls of men much more, and most of all the gospel of their salvation. This, too, is a gospel to be loved, the gentleness of which has made him great, and the experience of which has led to the earnest desire that it may do for others what it has done for him. Men may be equally earnest for the promotion of other views than such as are purely evangelical, but they are not so faithful in the practical application of them to the souls of their fellow-men. Men's ideas of the wrath to

come may be judged of by the earnestness with which they exhort others to fly from it; and their ideas of the hope set before them in the gospel by their ardent and unwearied efforts to persuade others to avail themselves of it. Judged by this rule the sentiments of the writer of this book might be known to be thoroughly evangelical, even if no professed statement of them had been made. That statement, however, on suitable occasions is never withheld. Although "Practical Religion" is the main object, there is in this volume an ample recognition of the doctrines of grace. Human instrumentality is not less useful because it is God that worketh in us to will and to do of his good pleasure, but the more we prize grace the more we value its fruits. The practical claims of the gospel upon true believers are here most scripturally and lovingly enforced, and at the same time the self-deceived and unconcerned are called upon to see how much they also need the atoning blood. It would be impossible, we think, for any to read this book without being both doctrinally and practically benefited by it, under the blessing of the Holy Ghost.

The Christian Mirror, and other Sermons. By the Rev. J. MARTIN, B.A. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

It is natural and commendable when the living voice of a faithful minister has ceased to be heard that his people and his family connections should desire to have some portion of his instructions to them preserved in a printed form. It is not always, however, that the sermons even of a useful ministry are found to possess sufficient originality and literary merit to answer the expectations which had been raised respecting them. This does not apply to "The Christian Mirror, and other Sermons." We admire their simplicity, their adherence to gospel truths, their individuality, and their fidelity to the souls of men. One sentence may suffice to show the answer given to the question, "What think ye of Christ?" "The blessings of his kingdom are pardon for the sinner, righteousness for the culprit, holiness for the corrupt, eternal life for those that were dead."

Forbidden Fruit; a Series of Sermons on Temptation, preached in New College Chapel, London. By Rev. JOHNSON BARKER, LL.B. London: W. Kent and Co.

IN some quarters, we doubt not, these sermons would be regarded as well-nigh perfect; but after having carefully read them we feel compelled to give them but very limited approval. The preacher's preface tells us that they are "printed substantially as they were delivered, the freedom of the spoken address being purposely retained." We think a little, but careful, revision would have greatly improved them. But our objection is not confined to the form of presentation; the matter, the teaching, is in some instances very far from our taste. The ideas of sin, of punishment, and of the nature of temptation, are not such as we can endorse as being in accordance with our rendering of the Scriptures. Far better is the practical exhortation than the doctrinal statement. We should not put this volume into the hands of Christians to confirm and establish them, nor into the hands of those seeking to know the elementary principles of the gospel as a direction to the Saviour.

All about Jesus. By ALEXANDER DICKSON. Robert Carter and Brothers: New York.

YES! It is all about Jesus, but not all that Jesus is. It is all about Jesus as the Beloved in the book of Canticles, rather than about Jesus as the atoning High Priest and the Lord our Righteousness in the New Testament; all about Jesus in his glorified humanity, rather than as a Lamb that had been slain in the midst of the throne. It could not be better described than in the author's own words: "It is not the Great King crowned with many crowns, nor the glory of his kingdom, nor the might of his terrible acts; it is not the Great Prophet coming from God to instruct us in the things that make for peace; it is not the Great High Priest offering himself upon the cross for our redemption, and making continual intercession for us in heaven,—no, it is not the Messiah in any or in all his offices, but it is 'the man Christ Jesus'; it is 'Jesus himself,' and 'Jesus only,' who charms us most

by the powerful fascination of his personal love." It will be evident from this quotation that much more is said of the person of Christ in this book than of his work. The one could not, indeed, be spoken of without the other; but in no respect could the person be admired or loved, or even have existed, without the work. The beauty of Christ's person consists in its adaptation to its office. This is its glory in the view of the Father, of the redeemed, and of the whole universe. Many attempts have been made of late to separate a personal Christ from an atoning Christ; and though this is far from the design of the volume before us, it is not without its tendency in that direction. Apart from this consideration, there is much here to help the established believer in the loving, and confiding, and rejoicing contemplation of the person of Christ; much to aid his devotions; much to fix well-known truths, by apt illustrations, more powerfully upon his heart and mind; much to console him amidst the sorrows of this life; and much to stimulate his desires to be for ever with the Lord.

The Life and death of a Christian. A Memoir of the late Mrs. Holyoak, and a sermon preached after her death. By her husband, Rev. T. H. HOLYOAK. London: The Book Society.

A VERY tender memorial of a gracious, though brief, life. Such a memoir is a very cheering proof of the power of the gospel to rob death of its terrors.

The Englishman's Critical and Expository Bible Cyclopædia. Compiled and written by the Rev. A. R. FAUSSET, M.A. Illustrated by Six Hundred Woodcuts. Hodder and Stoughton.

IT is not easy to get a cyclopædia in one volume, but after labouring for seven years Mr. Fausset has accomplished his task, and deserves the highest commendation. Many subjects which other Bible dictionaries omit are here touched upon, and though the space given to each topic is necessarily brief, yet the matter is condensed, and a great deal of information is thus conveyed. Smith and Kitto are beyond the reach of a large number of readers, and this we hope will meet their case.

Jesus is coming. By W. E. B. Edinburgh : R. M. Cameron.

HERE are the usual predictions, and the customary diagrams ; quite a heap for sixpence. Those who think that these speculations are productive of holiness should go in for them, but we are growingly doubtful as to their practical value. The Lord will come : let us live in view of his advent, and we shall then have something better to do than drawing triangles, and circles, and arrows, and amusing ourselves with things which we do not understand.

The Holiday Annual: a Handbook of Practical Information on Holiday Topics. Edited by A. B. C. Sir Joseph Causton and Sons, 47, Eastcheap.

THIS eight-pennyworth of information will be of great service to those persons who have a holiday, but are anxiously asking "Where shall we spend it?" A vacation is no waste of time, but tends to lengthen life and to give more mental and physical power to use life well. It may even become a spiritual blessing, for the highest part of our nature is so intimately bound up with the lower that a weary body frequently drags down the soul, and what is set down to weakness of faith is really indigestion. All created things need recreation, and to get it in time, and of the right kind, is of the utmost importance.

The Unerring Guide: or Scripture Precepts, Topically arranged. By Rev. H. U. DEXTER, D.D. Edinburgh : W. Oliphant and Co.

EVERYTHING that will save time in the preparation of sermons, Bible-class lessons, or school addresses, is eagerly welcomed by the overworked brains and hands of this bustling nineteenth century. Searching the Scriptures is, we are afraid, almost a thing of the past. This little volume will be found very useful to the many who want to know the Scripture statement upon any point of duty. The arrangement is simple, thorough, and yet not needlessly repetitious. For instance: on the duties of enquirers we are told—I. To enquire the way. II. To go to Jesus. III. To

give up all for Jesus. IV. To believe in Jesus. And under each of these divisions we have the most appropriate Scriptural directions and examples. Heartily do we give it a place in our library of reference.

Homeward Bound: Sunday Afternoon Lectures to the Masses on the Prodigal Son. By the Rev. CHARLES LEACH, F.G.S. R. D. Dickinson.

NINE extempore addresses on the parable of the prodigal son, delivered in Birmingham by a Methodist minister to crowded audiences. They contain some very plain talk about the evils which especially beset the working classes in large towns, a good number of tolerably well-known anecdotes, besides others from the author's own experience, and some gospel teaching, presented in a striking and occasionally humorous style. We should have felt more certain about the permanent usefulness of the lectures if they had contained a clearer and fuller presentation of the gospel, which is conveyed to us in our Saviour's words, as recorded by Luke.

The Philosophy of Science, Experience, and Revelation. By JOHN COURTS. London : Pitman.

WE have heard of metaphysics being defined as "an attempt to tell another what you do not understand yourself"; and such a description would well apply to the philosophy which the author of this work tries to expound. Everything in heaven and in earth is dabbled in; and, where confusion already existed, it is worse confounded by this attempt at explanation. The climax of absurdity is reached when we are told that for man to be renewed in the divine image, all that is needed is the study of the example of Jesus Christ. For "to redeem man the Invisible God manifests himself as man, and by his life in Jesus Christ shows to men a perfect example of how they ought to live, and to teach them that since God has found a means of being gracious to them, they ought also to be gracious and forgiving towards each other." A mixture of diluted Socinianism and metaphysical muddle.

The Early Years of Christianity. Vol. I. The Apostolic Age. By E. D. PRESSENSE, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE course of thought in the present day has compelled Christian men to study the historical proofs of the truth of Christianity. Next to the life of Jesus Christ, the history of the early Christian Church is of paramount importance, and in this volume, which treats of the apostolic age, we have a charming description of its progress and internal history. The author's literary genius, scholarly research, fascinating style, and deep piety are all here used to make his subject plain.

The volume is a fitting and worthy sequel to Pressense's "Life of Christ." Most emphatically do we commend this first instalment of a great work, and we shall eagerly await the remaining volumes.

Thoughts for the Sick (with Prayers and Hymns). By A. L. M. Hatchards.

A few short addresses, printed in clear, bold type, and selected specially for the sick. Some of the hymns are very beautiful and tender, but the prayers—but there—we are no judge of forms of prayer, and the less we say on that subject the better. The book is, on the whole, a praiseworthy attempt to minister to the suffering and afflicted.

Notes.

On *Tuesday evening, July 1*, about three hundred of the Teachers of the Tabernacle and branch Sunday-schools met for tea in the College buildings by invitation of the pastor. After tea, a profitable evening was spent in prayer, exhortation, and conference on Sunday-school work. We believe it will do us all good if we can have similar meetings every quarter; at all events we hope to repeat the experiment, as we understood one teacher who was present offered to defray the cost of the next gathering. That teacher was Mr. Andrew Dunn, candidate for the parliamentary representation of Southwark, who for years has conducted a senior class at the Stockwell Orphanage.

On *the same evening*, the annual meeting of the SPURGEON'S SERMON TRACT SOCIETY was held in the Tabernacle Lecture Hall. Mr. William Olney presided, and he was supported by Messrs. W. C. Murrell, C. F. Allison, J. T. Dunn, and T. Lardner, while the Orphanage choir sang suitable pieces between the speeches. The object of this society is to make known the way of salvation by means of the circulation of our sermons, which are issued as loan tracts. During the past nine years about 100,000 sermons have been thus circulated with gracious signs of divine approval. The expenditure for the year amounted to £74 14s. 11d., while the balance in hand at the annual meeting was £3 2s. 10d. The Hon. Sec. of the Society is Mr. C. Cornell, 60, Hamilton Square, King-street, Borough, S.E., who will be happy to receive subscriptions or to give information concerning the work to persons who would like to form districts, and lend out

the sermons around their own places of abode. This is an inexpensive way of doing good, and one which bears much fruit unto God.

On *Monday evening, July 7*, the annual meeting of the HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY WORKING SOCIETY was held in the Tabernacle Lecture Hall.

During the year 1,512 ready-made garments have been sent out to ministers' families, in addition to 585 yards of material for dresses, while 258 pastors' or colporteurs' children have been suitably clothed. The expenditure for the past twelve months has been £84 13s. 3½d., the value of materials and clothing received £158 15s. 1½d., and the estimated value of the parcels sent out £247 1s. 6½d. A balance of £3 2s. 9d. was due to the treasurer at the end of May. The report of the society was largely written by Mrs. Spurgeon; and this intimation will, we hope, induce many friends to send a stamp for a copy, and afterwards incline them to forward substantial help to this most deserving work. All communications should be addressed to Mrs. Evans, Missionary Working Society, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

COLLEGE.—The only student who has become a pastor since our last notice is our son Charles, who has accepted the unanimous invitation of the London Baptist Association Sub-Committee and the Committee of South-street Chapel, Greenwich, to become the minister of that place. A new church has been formed, the chapel is filled, and the prospects are most hopeful. If our kind friends will pray for our

son as they have done for us, we may expect to see the work of the Lord in Greenwich greatly revived, a vigorous church gathered, and a young minister enabled to commence his work under the happiest auspices. To friends who have aided the Greenwich church in its distress great praise is due. May they have their reward in the future history of the place.

Dr. Hillier has removed from Princes Risborough to Wingrave, Bucks: Mr. A. Macdougall from Aberchirder to Oban, N.B.; Mr. H. A. Fletcher from Alford, Lincolnshire, to Appledore, Devon; and Mr. G. W. Pope has left Thorpe, Essex, to become assistant to Mr. E. J. Silverton, of Nottingham.

During the past month we have had quite a succession of farewell meetings at the Tabernacle. Mr. A. V. Papengouth has left us for work in connection with the Baptist Missionary Society in Hayti. Mr. A. J. Clarke has gone to become pastor of the church at West Melbourne; Mr. H. H. Garrett, late of Merstham, Surrey, has sailed with him for Australia; and Mr. W. Hamilton has returned to his bishopric at Cape Town. The mention of these matters at the prayer-meeting has greatly tended to keep these meetings real and lively. There is reason for prayer visible to the people's eyes, and they do pray.

Mr. John Stubbs, of Eythorne, has accepted an invitation from the church at Allahabad to become their pastor; and Mr. D. Lyall, of Odiham, has been accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society for mission work at the Cameroons, Africa.

Our new *College tent* has been consecrated by the presence and blessing of the Lord in the services held by our brethren Mather, Maplesden, and Gwillim at Holbeach, Lincolnshire, which have been altogether a success.

Messrs. Wigstone and Blamire in Spain.—A letter recently received by Mrs. A. A. Rees, of Sunderland, from her daughter, Mrs. Wigstone, shows that our good brethren in Spain are still exposed to persecution of a most violent character. Returning from a very happy service in a village they were attacked in broad daylight by three different parties of Romanists under the command of priests, one of whom fired a gun at them from behind a tree, while the mob pelted them with stones. For a mile and a half our brethren had to run for their lives to get to the coach which was waiting on the high road to take them home. Through the protecting hand of God, Mr. Blamire was preserved from all harm, Mr. Wigstone's arm was hurt by one

of the stones, and a friend in the village, who had gone out to see what had happened to them, received a severe blow on the head. This is a specimen of Rome's work where she has the power.

Messrs. Johnson and Richardson in Africa.—We have news from our coloured friends down to the middle of May. When they wrote they had been for some time settled at their new station, Bakundu, Victoria, Cameroons, where they had commenced work under the auspices of the chief of the village, which contains about 1,000 people. This worthy was very ill in April, and thinking he was going to die, made his will. In one of the clauses he commended his youngest son to the care of the missionaries, and in another commanded his subjects to obey and protect the preachers and their wives. He seems to have been still living when our friends wrote, and through his influence all the boys in the village had been sent to the mission school. On Sundays services are held in the hut which serves as a temporary schoolroom, and by this time Messrs. Johnson and Richardson are probably able to preach to the people in their own language, although at first they needed an interpreter. The people appear to be very favourably inclined to the missionaries, and ask them many questions about the gospel they bring.

The rainy season had commenced when the last letter was written, and Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Richardson were still suffering from the fever, from which their husbands had recovered. They send very kind messages for all Tabernacle and other friends, and ask our prayers that they may be sustained and blessed in their work. If any friends wish to help them they need not send money, as that is of no use where they are, but they require clothes for the naked population, cloth, prints, buttons, cottons, thread, medicines, &c., for barter and use, and books, slates, pencils, &c., for their school of one hundred and six boys.

EVANGELISTS.—In another part of the magazine we have given Mr. Hill's report of Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at *Leeds*. This month, from the 9th to the 25th, they are to be at *Blackpool*.

Mr. Burnham was at *Newport*, Monmouthshire, from the 6th to the 13th ult., and at *Blaenavon* from the 14th to the 20th. At Newport the services were so successful that the friends there were induced to continue them with local help for another week, and Mr. Burnham, on his return from Blaenavon, on the 21st, conducted

a meeting for praise and testimony. The following report of the services has been sent to us, and the donation (£5 5s.) to the Evangelists' Society mentioned in the letter has come to hand, though too late to be included in our monthly list:—

“STOWHILL BAPTIST CHURCH,
“NEWPORT (MON.),

“July 14th, 1879.

“Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—We have during the past ten days been favoured with the assistance of your very efficient and attractive evangelist, Mr. Burnham. The week previous to his coming we had meetings for prayer every evening that a special outpouring of the Holy Spirit might accompany our brother's efforts. We record to the glory of God that the large blessings which we had solicited, and expected to receive, have been bestowed. At most of the week-evening services five hundred persons were present. On Sabbath afternoons Mr. Burnham held services at which over one thousand pupils connected with the Sabbath schools of the Baptist churches of the town were present, accompanied by their parents, teachers, and other friends. On Sabbath evenings our chapel, which seats about one thousand, was well filled. Forty, chiefly young persons, have decided for Jesus. Our church-members, and many of the Lord's people in connection with other Protestant denominations, have had the Divine life in their souls greatly intensified by means of our brother's visit.

“Our treasurer will in a few days remit to your Evangelist's Fund a donation, as an expression of the gratitude of this church and Sabbath-School for your kindness in sending us so amiable and efficient a brother. We regret we cannot do more. The local expenses have been considerable, and our town being on the confines of Wales, our members share in the terrible depression of trade which is so disastrous to the principality.

“My earnest prayer, and also that of the Church over which the Lord has placed me, is that your valuable life may be long spared and your health confirmed, so that you may win many more victories for Jesus.

“Respectfully yours,
“JOHN DOUGLAS, *Pastor.*”

ORPHANAGE.—Our good friend, Pastor G. D. Cox, sends us a very glowing account of the service of song by the Orphanage choir at Sittingbourne. The net profit to the funds of the institution amounted to £22 2s., and for that result we are deeply grateful to all who assisted

in any measure. Messrs. Wills and Packham have made us more than ever their debtors by their kindness to the boys and their liberal help to the work at Stockwell. One result of the orphans' visit is the promise of a freight of bricks for the Girls' Orphanage from Messrs. Smeed, Dean & Co.

Special Notice to Collectors.—We shall be glad to have all collecting boxes and books brought in regularly every quarter, especially as we expect soon to have girls to provide for in addition to our two hundred and forty boys. The next meeting of collectors and friends will be held at the Orphanage on *Wednesday, October 1st*. We will try to prepare an attractive programme for the occasion, and shall hope to see a large company present, as we expect then publicly to inaugurate the Girls' Orphanage.

GIRLS' ORPHANAGE.—Up to the moment of writing we have received towards the purchase of the “Hawthorns” £2,206 8s. 6d. In addition to this we have promises of £50 and £25 for the same purpose, and a notice has been sent to us that a poor widow who recently died had bequeathed nineteen guineas to the Girls' Orphanage, and a similar amount to the Boys'. This will make a total of £2,301 7s. 6d. towards the £4,000 required for the house and grounds. We have also the promise of *six houses* when we are ready to build, a freight of bricks from Sittingbourne, and some gas fittings from Cheltenham. After we have paid for the ground we hope to take some girls into the house, and this will involve the furnishing of it, for which we have no means as yet. After this is done the funds for Boys and Girls will be one in all respects, *except the expenses of the new buildings*, and donors sending either for Boys or Girls will please to notice that their contributions will go into the same fund, for the Institution will be one concern.

We have been delighted with many of the letters which have brought us contributions for this latest development of our work, but we have not space to mention more than one or two. “A poor gardener with seven children” sends 10s., which he obtained for four pecks of gooseberries which he devoted to the Girls' Orphanage. He says, “I have no doubt so many will be anxious to share in the honour of assisting you in this matter that you will have to cry, ‘Hold, enough!’” We have not yet come to that stage of the work. “A Friend of the Orphans,” at Middlesbrough, sent us what he could afford,

promised a monthly contribution, and wrote to a local paper to ask for subscriptions to be sent to us. We are much obliged to our unknown friend. A brother in the ministry asks us to send him some collecting cards in order that he may get various friends to collect a sovereign each, and adds, "If the brethren in the ministry will do likewise the amount will soon be raised."

Several amounts have reached us since the list of contributions was made up, including Mrs. T., £200; and "A Miracle of Mercy," £100. We have also received the following articles of jewellery for sale:—from C. P., a watch, chain, locket, and ring; from "A Sermon Reader," a brooch; from A. F., Reading, a ring.

COLPORTAGE.—It becomes increasingly evident that the objects and value of the Colportage Association are not known as they should be, beyond a very limited circle of friends who have watched its operations, and appreciated its value in spreading evangelical truth among the people. Hence it is very important that the testimony of those who have experienced the worth of Colportage should be made widely known. The following extract from the recently published Report of the Southern Baptist Association is full of interest and encouragement, and it is hoped will stimulate other local associations to adopt the Colportage agency. The report proceeds—

"The principal part of home mission work done by the association is that which takes the form of colportage. This has been carried on with unabated energy, and with results not less satisfactory than previous years. As the details of the work have been fully given in the reports of the last few years, it is scarcely necessary to repeat them now. A summary of this part of our work will, it is hoped, be deemed sufficient. There are six colporteurs employed in connection with this association. Their work is mainly to visit villages, hamlets, and isolated houses, in order to sell copies of God's word, and books and periodicals of a healthy moral character. The returns which have been received for the past year show the following results: of the Word of God, either the entire Bible, the New Testament, or in Scripture portions, there have been sold 1,472 copies; of books and periodicals, 22,474; of smaller publications, 3,072; and these sales have realized the sum of £539 17s. 2d. These returns are not complete, however; they include none at all from one of the six districts; and in another, owing to the

recent appointment of a new agent, they represent only three months' sales. Nor do these sales represent the entire work done. In one district 45 services have been held, in another 46, and in another 101. Thousands of Tracts have been distributed, two colporteurs alone report 13,965 visits made, whilst the Scriptures are read and prayers offered as opportunity is given. The pulpits, also, of some of our village chapels and stations are frequently occupied by our agents, and with great acceptableness, whilst work in the Sunday-school and in the week-night Bible class is also done. In connection with these manifold labours, it may not be uninteresting to note the following incidents:—One colporteur says that he 'was never so well received as now, and the books are welcomed by all classes. In some cases clergymen are good customers, and several have enquired for Spurgeon's works.' Another reports that he is able to make sure sale at almost every house at which he calls, and he also speaks of happy results arising from his visits to the sick. Another tells of the manifest blessing of God attendant upon his preaching at one of our village chapels during the past nine months, leading two persons to unite themselves with the church of Christ, and awakening in others a desire for such union. From a fourth district it is reported that the sales show an increase of nearly fifty per cent. on last year's report; and this, too, in spite of interruptions to the work of your agent—one of which was owing to seven weeks' severe illness, brought on by overwork; and another through injuries received in an attack made upon him by three drunken men, and by whom he was left unconscious on the road during one of the most severe nights in the past winter. From the same district the superintendent speaks of having received from a poor woman 'a half-crown as a thankoffering to God' for the spiritual light she had obtained from reading a book supplied by the colporteur. Another agent reports the hopeful conversion of an old man, to whom he had paid several visits.

"Regarding these as fairly indicating the results arising from this part of our Home Mission Work, your Committee are more than ever confident, that *it was a wise step taken when it was adopted by you, and that it will be evidence of progressive wisdom if you put it into the power of their successors to increase the number of your Colporteurs, and so widen the range within which the good influences of this agency shall be felt.*"

The italics are ours, and we call the attention of all thoughtful readers to the suggestions which they emphasize, but specially commend them to the secretaries and committees of local associations of Christian churches, believing that with great advantage they may "go and do likewise." The colporteurs in many districts are feeling the depression of trade severely, while in others the sales continue very good. There are also enquiries from several new districts, which we hope will lead to the appointment of additional agents. As the friends in some localities are finding it difficult to obtain the necessary local subscriptions, it is to be hoped that they will not allow the colporteur to be withdrawn without making the most strenuous efforts to retain him, as we can only maintain a man as long as the local guarantee is kept up. We trust also that our friends will remember the General Fund, which has not yet reached the necessary amount to relieve the association of anxiety in its working, much less to continue the advance of the work into new quarters. Annual subscriptions are much needed, and will be gladly received.

PERSONAL NOTES.—The following letter comes to us from Dundee, Natal, dated May 26th, 1879 :—

"My dear brother in Christ,—I cannot resist the temptation of spending a few minutes of my halting time on my way to join our soldiers on the Zulu border, to tell you of a little circumstance that will perhaps be cheering. In a small wayside hotel in a wild, lonely part of this colony I found some copies of your sermons, and *The Sword and the Trowel* lying on a side table. I asked the old landlady how they managed to reach that out-of-the-way place. 'Oh,' she said, 'Sir, I get them every month, and they are my best friends in the world.' I had a good talk with the old lady, and found her a bright, happy Christian, and, although she never attends a public means of grace, and very seldom gets anyone with whom she can talk on things concerning her Saviour, yet she maintains a quiet, settled peace, and it would have done you good to have heard her say, 'The good I get out of those sermons is more than I can tell, and, although I have never seen dear Mr. Spurgeon, yet he preaches to me every Sunday, and I love him very very much.' She also told me that she forwards your sermons after perusal to a Christian brother in some lonely place, and he, every Lord's Day, gets his friends and neighbours together,

and holds a service, and regularly reads your sermons to them, with the happy result of some three or four souls being soundly converted.

"I am in the Wesleyan ministry myself, but always take in your sermons and periodical. I have had the pleasure of distributing many of them to the sick and wounded in the hospitals at Pietermaritzburg, and am taking some to the front, where I am going to try and do what little good I can to our soldiers.

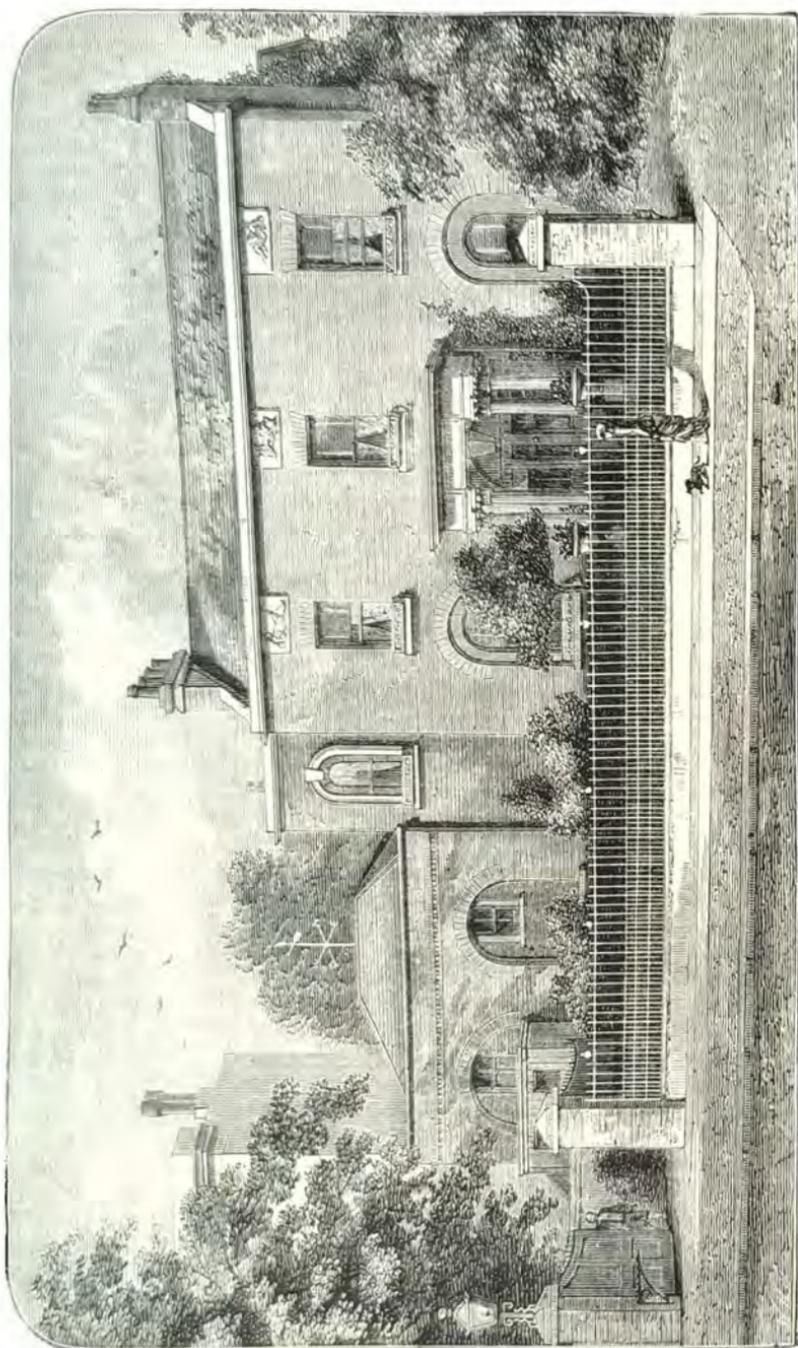
"It is time now to 'inspan,' and I will conclude."

A lady sends us the following extract from a letter recently received by her from a Presbyterian sergeant in the 92nd Highlanders in Afghanistan :—"Thanks for sending us five of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. I have hardly had time to read them myself; the men are all so anxious to have them, and not only the Christian brethren, but others of the men were glad to get them to read, and you may know how glad I was to let them have them. The sermons really set me a heart-searching: they went home to my heart with living power."

A friend from the country who was at the Orphanage fête on June 19th writes thus :—"While waiting and hoping to have an opportunity of speaking to you, a respectable young sailor came up to me to ask if I could point out Mr. Spurgeon to him, adding, 'I am all alone here, but I do so want to look upon Mr. Spurgeon. I have just come home from sea, after having been away from England for thirteen months. Our steward was a true Christian, and he prevailed on nine of our crew to meet him to hear Mr. Spurgeon's sermons read, and seven of the nine have now decided for Christ, and I do so want to look at the man whose sermons have led me to Jesus. When I left England, thirteen months since, I scorned the Tabernacle and religion.' I was delighted with the young man's earnest and intelligent conversation about the gospel, and was sorry that I lost him in the crowd."

A friend, who sends us £1 for the Girls' Orphanage as a thank-offering from his niece, says :—"She wishes me to inform you of the great spiritual good she has received from reading your sermon, 'Eyes Opened.' (No. 681.) Her case has been very remarkable: she has been very ill for more than twelve months in a decline, wasted to a mere skeleton, and not able to taste a bit of bread for a long time.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Given at Prayer Meeting, June 23	1	0	0	Rev. H. J. Dyer	0	5	0
Mr. Weekly	0	10	6	Mr. Joseph Bell	0	5	0
Mrs. Weekly	0	10	6	Mrs. Joseph Thomas	2	2	0
Mr. Andrew Hogg	2	0	0	Mr. John Masters	3	0	0
E. M.	2	0	0	Friends at Greenwich	0	2	0
Mrs. Jane Pilcher	10	10	0	Mrs. J. O. Cooper	5	0	0
A Friend	5	0	0	Mr. Joseph Sadler	1	0	0
Mr. John Sarjeant	1	1	0	Mrs. Lydia Morgan	2	2	0
Mrs. E. Halliwell	0	6	0	A Working Man	1	0	0
Nellie and Mabel Sacret	0	6	0	T. H. C.	1	0	0
Rev. F. H. Brown	1	0	0	Mr. C. J. Padgett	5	0	0
Mrs. M. J. Robertson Aikman	5	0	0	Mr. Chas. King	1	0	0
I. C. K., part tithe of favourable speculation	5	0	0	Mr. John Roberts	0	5	0
Mr. John Mamby	0	2	6	J. H.	5	5	0
Dr. Van Someren, Rangoon	5	2	0	Mrs. Shaddock	1	10	0
Mrs. Eliza Fernell	5	0	0	Mr. W. Hean	0	10	0
Mr. John Campbell	1	0	0	Caroline Watson	0	3	0
Sermon Readers	1	0	0	Mrs. Merritt	0	10	0
Dr. Sharp, proceeds of tract on Revival Work in Wales	10	0	0	C. S., Edinburgh	5	0	0
Mr. Thomas R.	6	0	0	W. B.	0	2	0
Mr. Charles Carter	0	10	0	A Member of the Church of England	0	10	0
Miss Mary Mack Wall	1	0	0	An Orphan	0	4	6
Miss Bruce, wedding gift	2	2	0	One willing to do more	0	5	0
Miss Desroix, thankoffering	0	2	6	Mrs. and the Misses Kemp	10	0	0
Stamps from London	0	1	0	M. and E.	100	0	0
Stamps from Sunderland	1	0	0	Mr. George Carse	2	2	8
Anonymous, per Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Penny	10	0	0
Mr. J. Dunlop	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Marnham	10	0	0
A Friend from the Country, per Mr. J. T. Dunn	1	0	0	E. H. J.	2	0	0
Mr. Wingate, per Mr. J. T. Dunn	0	10	0	Miss Poate	0	5	0
Mr. Andrew Dunn	50	6	0	An Earnest Well-wisher	0	2	0
Miss Lewin	0	5	0	A Constant Reader of the Sermons	0	5	0
Miss Farmer	1	1	0	Mr. W. D. Potts	1	0	0
A Friend, per Miss Jeph	0	6	0	Miss Lizzie Brownlie	1	0	0
Anonymous, per Mr. J. T. Dunn	0	10	0	Miss Annie Buswell	1	0	0
Stamps	0	3	0	Mr. Barry E. Conway	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Clark	0	5	0	Mr. Sangster	1	1	0
Mrs. Dodwell	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Luff	1	0	0
Miss Dodwell	0	5	0	G. and M.	1	1	0
Miss E. Watts	0	10	6	Mrs. M. P. Townsend	5	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	2	0	0	The Hon. Mrs. Tucker	100	0	0
Mr. Wadland	0	10	0	A Few Friends in Long Preston	0	10	6
A Feather from a New Bonnet	0	10	0	Mrs. Ritchie	5	0	0
Mrs. Healy	1	0	0	Miss H. Michell	1	1	0
F. H. T.	2	0	0	Mrs. Halket	1	0	0
Mrs. Monnery	5	0	0	A Lover of Jesus	1	0	0
Mrs. Leeson and four little girls	5	0	0	E. Lacey	0	3	6
Mr. Joseph Tritton	10	0	0	Mrs. H. M. Grange	1	0	0
S. S. Absolum	0	5	0	Mr. William Barlow	10	0	0
Part of a Tenth from the Country	5	0	0	Mr. M. G. Hewat	6	0	0
Mrs. Greenfield	5	0	0	F. E. S.	5	0	0
A Young Friend	0	10	0	Mrs. Mary Ewart	0	10	0
Miss Eleanor Brown	0	5	0	Miss Way	1	0	0
A. B. L.	2	0	0	Mrs. Doves	0	10	0
"Inasmuch"	0	5	0	Ashford	0	10	0
Mr. John Green	1	0	0	M. E. A.	0	1	0
M. W., Lacey	0	5	0	Mr. Alfred Tyrell	2	2	0
In Memory of a Darling Daughter	5	0	0	Miss Mary Purdon	1	0	0
Mr. W. J. Smith	2	2	0	Mrs. Milligan	2	0	0
Mr. Henderson, per Dr. Sharp; as acknowledged in "Sword and Trowel," April, 1872	5	0	0	A Widow's Mite, Poole	0	5	0
Mr. D. Melluish, proceeds of Sale of Gooseberries	0	10	0	S. C. R.	100	0	0
M.	0	10	0	Mr. Thomas Smith	1	1	0
Miss Roberts	0	2	6	Mrs. S. H. Brown	5	0	0
Miss Clara E. Berry	0	1	0	J. E.	1	10	0
"No Name"	1	0	0	Rev. W. Osborne	0	10	0
Mr. A. Darby	5	0	0	Mrs. Bult	1	0	0
T. L. W.	15	15	0	A Believer in Jesus	2	0	0
Mr. H. Liebstein	3	0	0	V. S.	0	5	0
C. M. R.	0	10	0	Miss Falconar	2	10	0
Mr. J. S. Potier	50	0	0	Mrs. Charles Bewick	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jackson	1	0	0	R. Campbell	0	2	0
Mr. T. S. Child	20	0	0	Wychbold	0	5	0
E. D.	0	10	0	J.	0	2	6
A Friend	0	5	0	E. W.	0	2	6
Mrs. Allen	1	1	1	G. and M. Miller	0	10	0
				Three children of Mr. Boulsher	0	10	0
				Three friends	10	0	0
				Miss Hobbs	0	6	0
				A friend, per Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	2	0	0
				Mr. White	1	0	0
				E. H.	0	5	0



HAWTHORNS, PURCHASED FOR THE GIRLS' ORPHANAGE, STOCKWELL.



THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

SEPTEMBER, 1879.

Timely Cautious.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE TABERNACLE PRAYER MEETING,
BY C. H. SPURGEON.



WE have great reason to bless God for the rich mercies we have enjoyed as a church and people for many years, in the unity of the brotherhood, the zeal of the workers, the number of conversions, the success of all our enterprises, and the growth of the whole body. It is on my heart to say a word upon another subject—a subject which presses heavily upon my heart. I beseech you, by the mercies of God, and by the love of Christ Jesus, your Lord, that as members of this church you do nothing which would grieve the Spirit of God, and cause him to depart from among us. Remember how Israel suffered defeat because of Achan. One man only, and one family only, had broken the divine rule, but that sufficed to trouble the whole camp. Achan had taken of the accursed thing and hid it in his tent, and all Israel had to suffer defeat because thereof; how much more may a people suffer if sin become general among them and is allowed to walk abroad unrebuked. At this time I am greatly mistaken if the church of God is not suffering grievously from the sin of its own members, sin in its own midst.

As I look abroad I am grieved and have great heaviness of spirit at what I see among professing Christians, not here and there, but almost everywhere. Many Christians nowadays do not order their families with godly discipline as becometh saints. I am thunderstruck to hear of Christian men who allow their sons to drink, to keep late hours, and even to swear, while their daughters are dressed as gaudily as the gayest of the gay. It grieves me that some professors have no family prayer, and have no command over their children whatever, but seem as if they thought that the duty of a father was to let his children have their own

way in all things, and make him their slave. We have too many of the race of Eli, who perhaps say, "Do not so," but exercise no authority, and put no real check upon the sins of their sons. This is a great source of evil. The Lord said, "I know Abraham that he will command his children and his household after him," and where households are not ordered aright we cannot expect that the Lord will show special favour to the parents. A husband is the king of his household, and if he allows everything to be in a state of anarchy he must blame himself in some measure. A husband cannot always govern his wife, for here and there a Jezebel is to be met with, but there are certain things which he should never permit in her if he be a Christian man, and if he fails in his duty of preventing and forbidding sin God will certainly visit him for it. In ourselves, and in our partners, children, or servants, evils are not to be winked at, but put down with a strong hand. May God grant us wisdom and strength of mind to discharge our duty at home! To show piety at home is to show real piety. Time was when there was not a professing family without family prayer, but now there are scores in which it is never offered. You can some of you remember that, if your father was absent on business, your mother carried on the daily sacrifice; and when mother was sick there was found a boy or girl who would read the Scriptures and pray, so that the holy fire was not allowed to go out. If there be no gathering together for prayer in the morning how can we expect to be prospered in the duties of the day? If there be no meeting for prayer at night how can we expect the Lord to guard the tents of Jacob through the night watches? If prayer be neglected in our families, how can we hope to see its spirit pervading our churches?

Another very serious matter concerns the amusements of professing Christians. I see it publicly stated by men who call themselves Christians that it would be advisable for Christians to frequent the theatre, that the character of the drama might be raised. The suggestion is about as sensible as if we were bidden to pour a bottle of lavender water into the great sewer to improve its aroma. If the church is to imitate the world, in order to raise its tone, things have strangely altered since the day when our Lord said, "Come ye out from among them, and touch not the unclean thing." Is heaven to descend to the infernal lake to raise its tone? Such has been the moral condition of the theatre for many a year that it has become too bad for mending, and even if it were mended it would corrupt again. Pass by it with averted gaze, the house of the strange woman is there. It has not been my lot ever to enter a theatre during the performance of a play, but I have seen enough when I have come home from distant journeys at night, while riding past the play-houses, to make me pray that our sons and daughters may never go within the doors. It must be a strange school for virtue which attracts the harlot and the debauchee. It is no place for a Christian, for it is best appreciated by the irreligious and worldly. If our church members fall into the habit of frequenting the theatre, we shall soon have them going much further in the direction of vice, and they will lose all relish for the ways of God. Theatre-going if it become general among professing Christians will soon prove the death of piety. One finds the taste for such things increasing on all

hands, insomuch that we cannot enter places of entertainment once dedicated to science and art without finding ourselves before long in the presence of something like a theatrical performance. I do not doubt that these things, which may be in themselves harmless enough, have tended to create and foster the taste which leads ultimately to the theatre and its surroundings. Who can suppose amusements surrounded with the seductions of vice to be fit recreation for a pure mind? Who could draw near to God after sitting to admire the performances of a wanton woman, and I am told that some who have dazzled London society are such. When manners are growing every day more lax and licentious, shall the Nonconformists of England cease from their godly protests and lower the standard of their lives? If they do so their spiritual power is departed, and their reason for existence is gone. If there ever could be a time when Christians might relax their rigidity, it surely is not now when the very air is tainted with pollution and our streets ring with the newsboys' cries vending filthy papers and abominable prints. It is sad to hear how people talk about acts of sin nowadays; how young men and women without blushing talk of deeds which deprave and destroy, as though they were trifles, or themes for jests. It is a thousand pities that the ends of justice should require the publishing of unsavoury details. I suppose there are grave objections to certain cases being heard more privately, otherwise it would assuredly be better for public morals. As for those who not only commit lewdness, but take pleasure in those who do it,—“Oh, my soul, come not thou into their secret.” My heart often cries, “Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest.” It will, indeed, be ill for the church of God if her members should become impure. In these days we must be doubly strict, lest any looseness of conduct should come in among us. Actual sin must be repressed with a strong hand, but even the appearance of evil must be avoided.

My dear brethren and sisters, be ye pure; whatever you are not, be pure in heart, and lip, and life. Never indulge an evil imagination, much less speak that which is unclean: let it not once be named among you as becometh saints. A lascivious glance, a doubtful word, a questionable act must be earnestly avoided; anything and everything that verges upon the unchaste must be eschewed. Only the pure in heart shall see God. We are all subject to human passions, and this wretched flesh of ours is all too easily fascinated by those who would minister to its indulgences, and before we know where we are the soul is led into captivity. Watch unto prayer; watch especially in these evil days. Cry, “Lead us not into temptation,” and if the prayer be sincere you will keep far from doubtful haunts. Make a covenant with your eyes that you will not look upon that which pollutes, and stop your ears from hearing of licentiousness. Pray God to keep your heart pure and holy. Watch your lips lest they spread corruption when speaking of sin. I do not fear so much your going into gross open sin as your doing that which will take you a little way upon the road to it. I think it is Augustine who tells a story of a young friend of his who had the greatest horror of everything connected with the Roman amphitheatre. A heathen friend tried to persuade him to enter the Colosseum, and as he was very hard pressed and was under some obligation to that

friend he determined to go just once, but to keep his eyes and ears closed all the time. It would seem to be a very small risk to sit there as one who was blind and deaf, but in the middle of the sports the people so loudly applauded a certain gladiator who had pleased them that he opened his eyes and ears to discover what it was all about. From that moment he was spell-bound ; he looked on, and enjoyed the sight, and though before he could not bear the very mention of it, he came at last to be a regular frequenter of the cruel sports, and a defender of them, and after a short time he abandoned his profession of Christianity. Beware of the leaven of worldly pleasure, for its working is silent but sure, and a little of it will leaven the whole lump.

Keep up the distinction between a Christian and an unbeliever and make it clearer every day. Have you never heard of the minister who complained of the devil for running off with one of his church-members ? The fiend replied, "I found him on my premises, and therefore I claimed him." I, also, may say, "Stop !" to the arch-deceiver, but it will be of no use if he finds you in his domains. Every fowler claims the bird which he finds in his own net. This is the argument, "I caught him in my net, and therefore he is mine." We shall in vain try to dispute this right of property with the arch-enemy, for possession is nine points of the law.

Avoid the appearance of evil. "But we must not be too rigid," says one. There is no fear of that in these days. You will never go too far in holiness, nor become too like your Lord Jesus. If anybody accuses you of being too strict and precise do not grieve, but try to deserve the charge. I cannot suppose that at the last great day our Lord Jesus Christ will say to anyone, "You were not worldly enough. You were too jealous over your conduct, and did not sufficiently conform to the world." No, my brethren, such a wrong is impossible. He who said "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect," has set before you a standard beyond which you can never go.

"Well, but," says one, "are we to have no enjoyments?" My dear friend, the enjoyments which are prepared for Christians are many and great, but they are not such as savour of sin and folly. Do you call vice and folly amusements ? Then I do not grudge you your mirth. When I go down into the country I see the farmer's men carrying out great big pails of hog's-wash for the swine, and I never grudge them their dainty meal. I never protest against their having a full trough twice over. But do I partake with them ? Not I. Not I ! I have no taste that way. Do I therefore deny myself ? Certainly not ! It never struck me that there was anything desirable in their rich mixture. I have no doubt that it has a fine flavour to the creatures for whom it is prepared ; at least, it is very sensational, and seems to be highly appreciated. So, when persons can enjoy the pleasures of the world and sin, let them have them : poor souls, they have nothing else to enjoy, they have no paradise for their hereafter, they have no Jesu's bosom to lean their heads upon for the present, let them have that which makes them happy while they can be so. But when I am talking to the children of God I adopt another tone, since for you these things have no charms if you have, indeed, tasted the high delights of fellowship with God.

"But," say you, "I should greatly enjoy a little of the pleasures of sin." Judge yourselves, then, to be falsely called children of God. "He that is born of God doth not commit sin," by which is not meant that he does not fall into sins of infirmity, but that it is not his delight to commit sin, it is not the way of him, he is a new creature, and he finds his joy and pleasure in living as near to God as possible.

"How far may we go in conformity to the world?" is a question that is frequently asked in men's hearts, if not in so many words. Have you never heard the story of a lady who wanted a coachman? Two or three called to see her about the situation, and, in answer to her enquiries, the first applicant said, "Yes, madam, you could not have a better coachman than myself." She replied, "How near do you think you could drive to danger without an accident?" "Madam, I could go within a yard of it, and yet you would be perfectly safe." "Very well," she said, "you will not suit me." The second one had heard the question upon which the other had been rejected, and therefore he was ready with his answer, "Danger! madam, why I could drive within a hair's breadth, and yet be perfectly safe." "Then you will not suit me at all." When number three came in, he was asked, "Are you a good driver?" "Well," he replied, "I am careful and have never met with an accident." "But how near do you think you could drive to danger?" "Madam," he said, "that is a thing I never tried, I always drive as far away from danger as ever I can." The lady at once replied, "You are the kind of coachman I want, and I will engage you at once." Get such a coachman as that yourself, to guide your own heart, and lead your own character. Do not see how near you can go to sin, but see how far you can keep away from it. If you do not take that advice, and if the Spirit of God does not work in you purity of life, by-and-by the church will have to hold up its hands and say, "Who would have thought it? These were the nice young people of whom so much was expected; these were the good people who used to say, 'You must not be too strict,' and where are they now?" To avoid the worst keep clear of the bad.

As for your Lord's work, be bound to the altar of Christ and be united for ever to him, and I am sure if such be the case you will not find that you are losers by giving up worldly pleasures. The Lord's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all his paths are peace. There is a safe and sweet pleasantness in holy living, and the pleasantness lies very much in the fact that an abounding peace springs from it. God grant us grace to keep in these peaceful paths, even though others should call us Puritans and ridicule our holy fear of sin. Amen.

Soul Work : its measure and motive.

A RHYME FOR THIS PRESENT HOUR.

"Whatsoever you may do, *work it from the soul*, as for the Lord, and not for men."—Col. iii. 23, *Wilson's Emphatic Diaglott*.

"Now is the accepted time."—2 Cor. vi. 2.

If you've any work in view,
This, God's message, friend, to you—
With all your soul now do it.

If for God you've aught to say,
Let there now be no delay,
With all your soul now say it.

If, as life is but a sieve,
You have anything to give,
With all your soul now give it.

If your heart is brought to feel
There's a wound you ought to heal,
With all your soul now heal it.

If you owe a debt of love,
Cheerfully all pride above,
With all your soul now pay it.

If the Saviour you have slighted,
With the world too much delighted,
With all your soul now seek him.

If your faith by Christ begotten,
Feels some truth has been forgotten,
With all your soul now grasp it.

If the cross, as you grew older,
You have shirked, as love grew colder,
With all your soul embrace it.

If to service for the Lord,
You stand pledged by your own word,
With all your soul now serve him.

If, through worldly toil and care,
You have failed in secret prayer,
With all your soul turn to it.

If much truth you do inherit,
Don't forget *use* shows its merit :
With all your soul now use it.

Something do, then, every day,
Something *near*, not far away ;
With all your soul, too, do it.

Do it bravely to the Lord,
Leaning on his strength and word,
With all your soul *now* do it.

W. POOLE BALFERN.

Remarkable Experience of Mrs. Gertrude Clarkson.*

DAUGHTER OF THE LATE REV. DAVID CLARKSON.

Given to the Church with whom she lived in Communion.

MY education has been very strict. The constant instruction and example of my parents had so early an influence that it is hard to tell which was my first awakening. Ever since I can remember anything of myself I have had frequent convictions of the danger of sin and an unregenerate state, attended with fears of the punishment due to it; therefore I was desirous of an interest in Christ by whom I might be pardoned and saved from the wrath of God. This made me very fearful of omitting duties, or committing known sins; and though these convictions wore off, yet they often returned, and rendered me uneasy, unless I was praying, or learning Scripture, or something which I thought good. In these exercises I was well satisfied, though it was my happiness to be under the most careful inspection and judicious helps for the informing of my judgment.

Before I apprehended what it was to rely upon an all-sufficient Saviour for righteousness and strength, I remember my notion of things was this, that I was to hear, and pray, and keep the Sabbath, and avoid what I knew to be sin, and then I thought God was obliged to save me; that I did what I could, and so all that he required. And I further conceived, that if at any time I omitted secret prayer, or any other duty, yet if I repented it was sufficient; and on this consideration I have often ventured upon the commission of sin, with a resolve to repent the next day; and then, having confessed the transgression, my conscience has been easy, and I have been well satisfied. Indeed, sin at that time was not burdensome. I truly desired that my sins might be pardoned, but thought the ways of religion hard; and though I durst not live in the constant neglect of duty, yet I secretly wished that I had been under no obligation to perform it. When I reflect on the thoughts and workings of my heart and affections in those times, and the confused apprehensions which I then had both of sin and grace, I am fully persuaded that, through grace, there is a real, and, in some measure, an universal change wrought in my soul.†

After my father's death (June 14, 1686), I was reading one of his manuscripts, wherein both the object and nature of saving faith were described, and the great necessity of it pressed. The plain and clear definition there given of the saving act of faith, caused other

* We have reprinted this from a scarce little volume, entitled "An Abstract of the Gracious Dealings of God with several Eminent Christians in their Conversion and Sufferings, by Samuel James, M.A.," and we give it as a specimen of the manner in which persons gave in their experience when they joined a Christian church two hundred years ago. The reading has been sweet to our heart; may it be so to our readers.

† A good rule for doubting Christians to judge of their state by, to look back and compare themselves with themselves, what they once were with what they now are, or at least desire to be. If, on such a review, we can say with the blind man, John ix. 25, "One thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see," then we may know that the Lord has wrought a miracle of grace upon us.

apprehensions of things than I had before. I then began to see how short I had come in all my performances, of that disposition of soul which the gospel called for, and how guilty I was while depending upon my own performances for acceptance with God, not casting myself wholly and alone upon Christ, and resting on his righteousness entirely for pardon and justification. The concern of my mind was very great, that I had lived so long ignorant of those things which related to my eternal welfare. I was sensible the means and helps I had been favoured with, for improvement in knowledge, were beyond what are common, but I had refused instruction; the consideration of which was very terrible to my thoughts, fearing lest I had sinned beyond all hope of forgiveness.

But in the most discouraging apprehensions of my case, my heart was much enlarged in the confession of sin, and in bewailing my captivity to it, which was attended with earnest wrestlings with the Lord for pardoning and purifying grace. Those absolute promises in the thirty-sixth chapter of Ezekiel, of "a new heart and a right spirit," were my continual plea, together with Matthew v. 6, "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." I found longings and pantings of soul after that righteousness, and saw that it could only be received by faith; this faith I earnestly begged, and I prayed the Lord to pardon that great sin of unbelief, which so provoked and dishonoured him, and that he would by his own Spirit enable me to embrace Christ as freely held forth in the gospel.

About this time I was much affected with the consideration of Christ's offices, as Prophet, Priest, and King. And though I durst not claim an interest in them, yet was often meditating upon them, admiring that infinite condescension which is manifested therein. I thought whatever my condition was in this world, yet if I might be under his powerful and effectual teachings as a Prophet, and have the benefit of his atonement and intercession as a Priest, and be entirely subject to him in every faculty of my soul, as my Lord and King, then how satisfied and happy should I be!

I was under these strugglings a long time before I came to any comfortable persuasion that I was accepted. Sins against light and love deeply wounded me, and the many aggravating circumstances which attended them, were so represented by Satan, that I could not tell how to believe such iniquities as mine could be forgiven. But in the midst of these distressing thoughts, I found in that manuscript of my father's, that none but unworthy sinners who are empty of all good in themselves, were the objects of pardoning mercy, that the whole needed not the physician, but the sick. This encouraged me to plead with hope that the Lord would glorify the freeness of his own grace in my salvation, and to urge that Christ called the weary and heavy laden to him with a promise of rest. (Matt. xi. 28.)

I found my soul was extremely burdened with sin; it appeared more exceeding sinful than ever before; sins of thought, as well as words and actions, were then observed with sorrow and lamented before him. Yea, even the sins of my most holy things, those swarms of vain thoughts and wanderings of heart and affections, of which I was conscious in my secret retirements, and my most solemn and close dealings with

God. In short, my own soul was my intolerable burden, which made me often question whether there were not more provoking sins in me than God usually pardons. O I found how every power and faculty was depraved, and that I could not do the good I would !

It would be tedious to relate the many particular discouragements and temptations I laboured under, sometimes pouring forth my soul with hope in his free mercy, at other times only bewailing my condition without hope, till it pleased him, whose power and grace no impenitent heart can resist and prevail, to put a stop to my unbelieving reasonings, from the unlikelihood of such sins being pardoned, sins so aggravated and so provoking as mine, by giving me an awful sense of his absolute sovereignty from those words, Exod. xxxiii. 19, "I will be gracious to whom I will be gracious; and will show mercy on whom I will show mercy." Also Isa. lv. 8, "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord." These considerations were so impressed on my mind, and struck such an awe upon my spirit, that I durst not any longer give way to my carnal reasonings; I thought I could commit myself to his sovereign pleasure, and let him do with me as seemed him good.

After some time, my mother, perceiving my concern, conversed very freely with me, and asked if I was willing to accept of Christ to sanctify as well as to save me? I told her I desired this above all things. She then said he had certainly accepted of me, adding, that it was Christ who had made me willing to close in with him, and that he never made any soul thus willing, but he had first pardoned and accepted that soul. I shall never forget with what weight these words were impressed on my heart. I thought it was as a pardon sent immediately to me. I could not but say I was above all things desirous to be entirely subject to Christ in every power and faculty of my soul, that every thought might be brought into subjection to Christ, and nothing might remain in me contrary to him, but that there might be a perfect conformity to his image and will in all things.

After this conversation, I found great composure in my mind, believing that the Lord had created those desires in me which nothing but himself, and the enjoyment of himself, could satisfy, and that he would answer them with himself; "that he would not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax," Matt. xii. 20. My delight now was in nothing else but meditating upon, and admiring the free and sovereign grace of God in Christ, which distinguished me from many others who had not so highly provoked him, having called me out of that gross darkness which I had long been in, and having given me some glimmerings of the light of the knowledge of the glory of his grace. My desires greatly increased after further discoveries and clearer light into the deep mysteries of the love and grace of God in Christ Jesus: and all diversions from these meditations were a burden.

O then I thought "all old things were passed away, and everything was become new!" I experienced a universal change in my mind, will, and affections; the bent of them was turned another way. The ordinances, which were once irksome, were above all things pleasant, and the return of Sabbaths continually longed for. I was very thankful it was my duty, as well as my privilege, to set apart the whole day for the

worship and glory of my Lord.* I bewailed much that I could not love the Lord far more than I did, that there was so much sin remaining in me, and mixing with all that I did, and that I was not wholly taken up in the blessed and delightful employments of prayer and praise without the least interruption. Oh, I longed for that state wherein all these fetters should be knocked off, and my soul set at liberty in the worship and praise of my God, being freed from corruptions within or temptations without.

My soul was thus delightfully carried out for some time, during which I heard a discourse from those words, John xxi. 17, "Thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." The scope of this sermon was for a trial, whether our appeal could be made to him who knows all things, that we loved him? Under this discourse I found my heart greatly carried out in love to Christ, in all his ordinances, and the discoveries made of his will therein. These subjects concerning the love of Christ, and his people's love to him, being long continued upon my mind by one sermon after another, I found that I sat under the word with great pleasure and enlarged affections.

At this time my mother was persuading me to join in communion with some church, which greatly startled me at first. I could by no means think of that, not apprehending myself to have come so far yet, I thought there must be something more in me, or I should eat and drink damnation to myself.† But being better informed both as to the nature and end of the ordinance; and that it was intended for the increase of grace and strength, and that it was a positive command of my Lord, with whose will in all things I was very desirous to comply, I was at last prevailed upon to venture on that great ordinance, and was much refreshed and satisfied in my renewed resignation and enlarged expectations of receiving all needful supplies from him who is the Head of the church. O the condescending love and grace of my Redeemer, represented to me in these transactions! how greatly did they delight and affect my soul! I wished I might have been always thus exercised, expecting, with great pleasure, the return of those seasons, wherein I might hope for further manifestations, and larger communications of grace and love.

* I cannot help observing (and oh that the Lord the Spirit may impress it powerfully on the consciences of all whom it may concern!) how different her frame from many professors who, through sloth and indolence, attend public worship but one part of the Lord's-day, as if they looked upon it as a perfect task or drudgery, and secretly said, "Behold what a weariness is it!" Mal. i. 13. Or, as the prophet Amos describes their sad character, "When will the sabbath be gone, that we may set forth wheat?" etc. Amos viii. 5.

† This is a usual device of the devil to prevent true believers joining in-church fellowship, suggesting that they must see themselves more worthy and prepared before they venture on this solemn ordinance. Whereas, in fact, that person comes most worthily to Christ and his table too, who is made most sensible of his own unworthiness. The best preparation is to confess our own unpreparedness and to base the whole of our acceptance upon the blood and righteousness of the dear Redeemer. And that *damnation* the apostle speaks of, 1 Cor. xi. 29, which has struck so much terror into the minds of many, and overawed them into a sinful neglect of their duty, does not intend eternal damnation, but some temporal judgment, chastisement, or correction, in a fatherly way, which the original word properly signifies, and is the only damnation the Lord's people are liable to, "for there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus," Rom. viii. 1.

But after some time my affections began to cool. I had not such sweetness and enlargement in my approaches to God in public as I used to find. I thought the preaching more empty, and that it came short of what I wanted. This deadness continuing filled me with no small concern, fearing lest I should fall off. I was very far from charging the ministry I sat under, but my own wicked wavering heart. I have often gone to the house of God with raised expectations of receiving those quickenings I used to be blessed with, but found sad disappointments. This frame of spirit, as to public worship, was matter of continual mourning and bewailing in secret. I was often examing my heart as to its aims and ends in my public approaches, and could not but conclude my desires were above all things to glorify my Lord in all his appointments, and to receive those blessings from him which might enable me to do so.

The missing of the Lord's presence under the means, in the use of which he had commanded me to expect it, and which he had heretofore, in some measure, vouchsafed, was very grievous. I earnestly begged a discovery of every sin that might be hid from me, which might be the cause of this withdrawing. But the decay of my affections still remaining, it caused great misgivings of heart that things were not right with me. Yet still I had supports in my secret applications to God, that his grace would be sufficient for me, and that I should be kept by his almighty power, through faith, unto salvation, which encouragements kept me still waiting with hope, that he would yet return and bless me.

After some time, being providentially brought to this place, I found the preaching of your pastor so suited to my case, that I was greatly enlarged in thankfulness to God who had so directed me. Those sermons upon Gal. vi. 3, "For if a man thinketh himself something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself;" though I had heard your minister before with great satisfaction, brought me to resolve to sit constantly under his ministry. I do not question but you remember what unusual and deep heart-searching discourses they were. I wish I could express what they were to me. They razed me again to the very foundation, and discovered the many secret holds Satan had in my heart, which before I thought not of, and how many ways I was taken up in something which was nothing.

These discourses caused deep humblings of spirit, and enlarged desires after further enlightenings. O I found these things reached me! I needed to be led into the depths of my own deceitful heart, that I might thereby observe that secret proneness there was in me to be laying hold on something in self to rest upon and expect from. In short, I now saw an utter insufficiency and weakness in myself, and everything done by myself, to satisfy the cravings of my immortal soul, which I had not so much as once thought of before.

I have been also led more to that fulness from whence only I can receive what may render me acceptable to the Father, and I have never found so much sweetness and solid satisfaction in my accesses to God as when most sensible of my own unworthiness and entire emptiness of anything agreeable to him in myself, and all my performances, and when most apprehensive of the infinite fulness and suitableness of grace laid up in Christ Jesus, from whence I am commanded and

encouraged to be continually receiving fresh supplies. O those infinite, inexhaustible treasures! Nothing, nothing less can satisfy the restless cravings and pantings of my soul. By this preaching I have been continually led to the fresh spring which never fails, and have experienced great quickenings in my applications to Christ, and comfortable rejoicings in him. Notwithstanding all the miserable defects and failures of my poor performances, this gives me comfort, that there is a perfect righteousness wrought out for me, which I receive freely by faith, and therein stand complete before God for ever.

The insisting on such truths as these, which have a direct tendency to lead from self to Christ, by opening and unfolding the mysteries of grace laid up in him, so admirably suited to answer all the necessities of poor helpless guilty creatures, I find above all things encourages me to duty, and enlivens me in it.* My slow improvement under these instructive helps fills me with mourning, to think there should be no greater establishment upon the sure foundation of a Redeemer's righteousness, on which I hope I have been enabled to build.

At times I can apprehend, with some clearness, that his righteousness was wrought out for me, and I can apply to him with confidence and joy, as the Lord my righteousness and strength, and gladly hope, that through his strength I shall be more than a conqueror over every disturbing corruption and temptation; yea, that I shall see him shortly as he is, in the full displays of the glory of that grace and love which I cannot now comprehend, and by the transforming sight I shall be made like him. But O how short! how scarce are these interviews! My unbelieving heart still returns to its former darkness and distrust, and gives me frequent occasions to bewail the fluctuations of my weak faith. O that it was stronger! that it was more steadfast! But blessed be his name in whom I put my entire trust, there is grace in him to help me under all decays and failings through weakness. It is from hence I receive strength to elevate and excite the acts of faith and love, when sunk so low that I cannot raise them. Yea, it is from the same fulness I receive grace to regulate the actings of grace, and to set my soul from time to time in a right way of improving the grace I have received, and for obtaining pardon for all my defects, as well as for the removal of all my defilements.

These are the truths that feed and support my faith, and without these were applied with power to my soul, I must give up under the great aboundings of my indwelling corruptions. I desire a submissive waiting for further manifestations of the Lord's love in his own time and way, and although I have not those constant shinings of the light of God's countenance with which some of his people are blessed, yet I humbly adore him for the little light he hath afforded me, and beg your prayers that I may be kept close to him, and have such constant discoveries as may strengthen my faith, by a close adherence to him, and firm reliance on him, without wavering. I am sensible that I am too apt to be looking off from the only support and foundation of my faith and hope,

* A plain proof that the doctrines of grace do not, neither can they, lead to licentiousness. No; wherever they come with power they are the strongest motives to universal holiness: the love of Christ constraineth us (2 Cor. v. 14). Free grace obliges and binds us to every duty.

and to be depending on, and expecting from, the frame of my own spirit, and the workings of my affections towards spiritual things.*

O the unsearchable deceitfulness of my heart! which in so many ways betrays me into an unbelieving temper of spirit. I find I need greater helps than those many who are more established, and I dare not neglect those helps which my Lord has provided for his church. I need to be watched over, and excited, and encouraged under difficulties, from those experiences which others have of the dealings of the Lord with them. I have been wishing for these advantages for a considerable time, being fully convinced that those who are members of Christ's church should be building up one another. I bless the Lord that he has discovered his will to me in this point; and that he hath provided greater helps than what I had been before acquainted with for my furtherance in my progress to heaven. Accordingly I would cheerfully and thankfully fall in with his will herein, and so take hold of his covenant in this church, expecting the blessing promised to those who are planted in his house.

Dr. Ryland and his Hymn.

DR. RYLAND was the author of that beautiful hymn, which he wrote under singular circumstances,—

“O Lord, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.”

He was at Bristol academy engaged to be married to a young lady, whom he fondly loved. She was taken with a dangerous sickness, from which it was feared she would not recover. Filled with anguish, he called to enquire about her, and was told by the servant if he would call in half an hour he would hear the opinion of the doctors, who were then holding a consultation on the case. He retired to an empty house, then under repair, sat down on a large stone, and taking a piece of slate wrote thereon that beautiful hymn which has been the comfort of thousands of the tried children of God,—

“When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name!

“No good in creatures can be found
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.”

He called, and received a favourable report. The lady recovered, they were married, and lived most happily together for seven years, when she was removed by death. Thus out of trial came a song, even as out of the lion came honey.

* Christians are too apt to live upon their frames instead of Christ's fulness, which keeps them low and lifeless, and lays the foundation of endless complaints and forebodings. Though frames vary as the wind, yet this is our comfort, God is unchangeable, and his covenant is sure.

Four Photographs.*

TAKEN nearly a quarter of a century ago, and kept ever since in the album of memory! A quarter of a century ago! I begin to think that I must be growing old; but I was a school-boy in Bristol then, and the grey hairs have yet to come. It was by the sunlight of my young impressive nature that they were taken, and the sharpness of definition and freshness of tone and tint still remain. Why do I bring them out now, and show them to the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel*? Simply because the form of Mr. Spurgeon is a central one in each of these mental photographs: and who that has read these pages will not regard that as a more than sufficient reason?

It was from the lips of my tutor, who was an earnest Christian man, as well as an able scholar, that I first heard the name of the popular young minister, who had even then made New Park-street Chapel famous. "Mr. Spurgeon," said Mr. C., after giving me some account of the eagerness everywhere manifested to hear him preach, "is visiting Bristol this week, and is to preach this morning at Arley Chapel. If you would like to hear him I will let you off the other classes, and you may go now." It was my last year at school, and I enjoyed rather more liberty than the other boys. Need I add that, after receiving the permission, it was not long before I was trying to make my way into the pretty, and then newly built, chapel where Mr. Hebditch, now labouring in the north of London, at that time ministered. The place was already full, and it was with difficulty that I managed to ensconce myself behind the pulpit. A few minutes afterwards Mr. Spurgeon ascended the latter, and I saw for the first time the preacher who was to be the Whitefield of the nineteenth century. My recollection of the appearance of the youthful divine is very vivid, and it may interest some of the younger readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* if I give it here. Already inclined to be stout, with a face somewhat pale, and innocent of beard and moustaches, but often played over by a genial smile, which won your confidence at once, with fearless but kindly eyes that told of the bold spirit and warm heart within, with black hair lightly tossed off the open brow, with gestures rather more frequent and rhetorical than those in which the great preacher now indulges, the hand being often uplifted, and with that rich, round, clear, full voice, which has never failed to charm with its music those who have had the privilege of listening to it, I still see and hear Mr. Spurgeon as he preached that morning at Arley Chapel. The point in the sermon which remains clearest in my mind was the very pronounced teaching of the doctrine of election, and the preacher's assertion of his being at one with Calvin and Augustine, of whom, as well as of the doctrine, my knowledge at that time was by no means extensive. At the close of the sermon, as Mr. Spurgeon came down from the pulpit, everybody

* It may show bad taste on our part to insert the above article, but the writer sends it as a token of affection, and we have not the heart to drop it into the waste-basket. Besides, it is well written, and will excite interest in another twenty-five years' time even if it does not to-day. Some few, at least, may even now like to see how the boy preacher looked to a youthful eye.—ED.

made a rush at his unfortunate hand, and I, too, by poking mine through the rails, managed to get a friendly shake from it. I have often thought since, when I have seen Mr. Spurgeon coming down from other pulpits, or amidst his own people at the Tabernacle, or surrounded by groups of friends on successive birthdays at the Orphanage, still, still shaking hands, how much he must have suffered in that way during all these years.

My second photograph—and I may add that the first three belong, I think, to Mr. Spurgeon's first visit to Bristol, and the last to another occasion—was taken one morning in dim, dark heights at the back of the gallery at Counterslip Chapel, whence I looked down upon a vast congregation below and around me, and upon the pulpit—the old roomy one, not the handsome stone erection by which it was replaced, and in which a few years afterwards I preached myself—at the other end of the chapel. Mr. Spurgeon entered the pulpit, accompanied by the venerable Mr. Winter, who was at that time the minister of the Counterslip, and whose knee-breeches and patriarchal form will be remembered by many. Mr. Winter was a worthy representative of the old school of Baptist ministers, and his quaint, forcible preaching was thoroughly in keeping with his appearance. Well do I remember some sound but homely counsel which he gave me, when taking tea with him at the house of one of his deacons, and shortly before entering college. But this is a digression. To return to Mr. Spurgeon at Counterslip, the sermon left on my mind a sense of the *joy* with which he preached, and of the fulness of *faith* with which he uttered his message. The striking originality, the pulpit unconventionality, and the wealth of imagination of the preacher were features, too, which could not escape even such a juvenile critic as I was at that time. But I was not a critic, I was a rapt and enthusiastic hearer. Never shall I forget the passage of the sermon in which Mr. Spurgeon made us *hear* the angels harping with their harps, and with a touch of simplicity, but great power, told us how he always stopped in the streets to listen where a harp was being played in the neighbourhood. I still see the rapturous look upon the upturned face of the youthful preacher as the light from one of the windows behind the pulpit fell upon it. I am inclined to think that Mr. Spurgeon gave a little more play to his imagination then than now.

And now, for my third photograph. This time I am standing on tip-toe at the back of the Broadmead Rooms, trying to look over a great sea of heads at the crowded platform, and the young preacher whom all are so eager to hear, that there is no little confusion and hustling around the doors. But soon Mr. Spurgeon's magnificent voice rolls through the spacious room and hushes all into silence. The Broadmead Rooms—I am not sure that they are now in existence—formed a large building with a somewhat low roof, and with side galleries rising from the floor, capable of holding, I imagine, between two and three thousand people. On the night of which I speak many must have failed to obtain admission. One incident in connection with this sermon is perhaps worth mentioning. Some seats had been reserved, and a small charge made for them, in order to defray the expenses incurred by hiring the room. This had been made a matter of complaint,

and Mr. Spurgeon, alluding to it, remarked that he had heard of a lady at Exeter who had given a guinea, or it may have been more—I am not certain—in order to hear the gospel preached. The perfect simplicity and honesty with which this was said, and the very unconsciousness of its being capable of being twisted into anything like self-glorification, impressed everybody with that utter losing sight of himself in his work which has been ever since so grand a characteristic of Mr. Spurgeon's ministry. I may add that at this time the Bristol papers were full of letters and articles respecting Mr. Spurgeon's preaching, not a few containing a good deal of hostile criticism. One article, and that in a Tory journal, however, stands out in my memory as containing a very vivid, and, I am disposed to think, fairly impartial account of an open-air service conducted by Mr. Spurgeon on the quay. A storm came on during the service, and Mr. Spurgeon spoke of one of the flashes of lightning as "God's spear in the sky." This struck the writer as being a singularly happy expression—a flash of genius.

My last photograph was also taken in a public building, in the beautiful Victoria Rooms at Clifton, which are said to be capable of containing some six thousand people. However that may be, they could not have held more than they did on the summer evening when I heard Mr. Spurgeon preach in them. I do not think I have mentioned that at that period Mr. Spurgeon was in the habit of wearing a white neck-tie of the most correct parsonic character, which, being of fair dimensions, and surmounted by a stand-up collar, served with its virgin whiteness to, at least, set the beardless face in strong relief. I mention it now as it forms a prominent feature in my recollection of Mr. Spurgeon's appearance upon that evening, sitting, as I did, at some distance from, but directly in front of, the platform. The scene presented by the densely crowded Victoria Rooms upon this occasion, with the platform filled by ministers, in front of whom stood the earnest and youthful preacher, was one which still shows clearly through all the years that have passed since then. The golden glow of the setting sun coming through the window lent to it, too, a singular impressiveness: for the text was, "Thou God seest me," and as we listened to the heart-searching eloquence of the speaker, the warm light which flooded the room seemed almost to place us more fully within the vision of the all-seeing eye. I do not care to dwell here upon the spiritual power of Mr. Spurgeon's preaching as it was personally realized by me. Such things are too sacred for magazine articles. If I have helped my readers to see and hear Mr. Spurgeon as he was twenty-five years ago, I shall have done all that I aimed at: but I may, perhaps, add that had I not heard him at that time I should not be able to sign myself

A BRISTOL COLLEGE MAN.

Samuel Waddy, D.D.

SOME professors work apart from organised churches, others have their hearts divided between several denominations, and, we thank God, many more having conscientiously joined themselves to some one section of the Christian Church, devote all their energies to seeking, in connection with that particular corps of the one army, the glory of God and the welfare of souls. Such workers are not only assured of the crown of righteousness at last, but are permitted even here to ingather, to a large extent, the fruit of their labours. Their successors also have the joy of reaping where they have sown, and of realizing by treasured words and recorded deeds that they, being dead, yet speak. Those who knew them are encouraged to walk so as they have them for an ensample, and to follow them as they followed Christ. This is the desire we find deepened within us after reading the biography of Dr. Waddy, who was a loving and consistent Christian; a Wesleyan of Wesleyans; a preacher of no mean order; a successful winner of souls and a teacher of the people.

Born at Burton-on-Trent, on August 5th, 1804, he came of a stock devoted to Methodism. He was the second child of a family of twelve, and as a boy was characterised by dauntless courage and a genial disposition. His school-life commenced when he was eight years of age, and lasted till he was fourteen, in the Wesleyan Academy, Woodhouse Grove, Yorkshire: he was fond of reading and was remarkably apt at learning. During his career at school a "Revival" occurred, and amongst those brought to the Lord was his elder brother. The youthful converts were in the habit of relating their religious experience at local love-feasts, an exercise which has its value so long as the speakers avoid the Scylla of morbid introspection and the Charybdis of self-satisfaction.

The junior Waddy, though not professing conversion, made his first speech, which was practical, droll, and somewhat personal, at a missionary meeting held amongst the pupils. Mrs. Martindale, the wife of the governor of the institution, had often urged him to attempt a speech in the interests of missions, and when at last she prevailed, Samuel revenged himself upon her importunity in the manner following.

Having gained the attention and sympathy of his audience, he endeavoured to enforce the duty of supporting missions in the spirit of self-sacrifice. Naming various luxuries which, in his opinion, might be dispensed with, he concluded by asking, somewhat mischievously, as he looked towards Mrs. M., who was known to indulge the habit of taking snuff, "and could not some dear old lady even spare the darling pinch of snuff?" This personality was good-humouredly condoned, the "dear old lady" exclaiming, "Oh Sammy, Sammy, thou art as deep as Garrick!"

From an entry in his diary for 1819 it appears that on leaving school he returned to his father's house in Bristol, intending to find some employment in which he could exercise himself in mathematical studies and mechanics, for which he manifested great partiality. No such opportunity presented itself, and he was ultimately apprenticed to a

linendraper in London, although the trade was most disagreeable to him. The term of his apprenticeship he always viewed as the most unhappy period of his life. The firmness and conscientiousness of the apprentice were frequently put to severe tests. He had two serious disputes with his master; the first was his refusal to tell customers that a certain material on sale would wash, when he knew it would not. His master, in expostulating with him, charged him with acting a dishonest part by depreciating the goods, adding, "If I, with my position in the church, could say it would wash, you could have done so." The argument, however, failed to convince the youth that he had acted otherwise than righteously, and the conduct of his employer—all too common, it is to be feared, amongst professors of religion—provoked his disgust.

His next offence was considered more grievous. His master brought home for sale a saddle, which he had bought under circumstances which clearly proved it to have been stolen. When this became known amongst the assistants, Waddy refused to sell it, at which the master was so vexed that he removed him from the shop to a damp underground cellar, lighted only by a flickering oil lamp. This place was called "the store," and the storekeeper was virtually imprisoned, as he was always expected to be there when goods were required for the shop, though sometimes a whole day would pass without communication with the upper world. Even this dastardly act failed to break the spirit of the boy, though he feared that the confinement in this chill vault, where, he says, "the uncertain light of the lamp was often more terrifying from the shadows it threw, than consoling from any light it gave," would drive him mad. This calamity, however, he was spared, God having some better thing in store for him, which even these unpromising, and, for the time, unhappy circumstances, were helping to bring about.

Having but little money to spend, and wishing to preserve his best clothes, which would have been injured by the damp and dirt of the horrible cellar, he bought a suit of the coarsest fustian, so thick and common that his employer was ashamed to see him in the shop, and therefore kept him more closely confined than before. The "store" was converted into a study, and the plodding youth carried thither books on medicine, surgery, and science, and fixing a seat under the lamp, contrived to get enough light by which to read. He thus made progress in studies which would have fitted him for eminence in the medical profession, when his conversion turned his attention to the noblest of all professions, that of preaching the gospel.

There was nothing very remarkable in the details of his conversion. Through a sermon by the Rev. Josiah Hill in November, 1822, and a conversation with his own mother, which on that occasion was particularly impressive, he was brought to a solemn sense of his unfitness for heaven, and commenced to pray that God would grant him true repentance. His sins appeared so enormous that he cried for mercy, sometimes despairing, sometimes hoping that he would obtain liberty and peace. At length his prayer was heard. After several days of wrestling, he was enabled to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and the Spirit of God bore witness with his spirit that he was a child of God.

Almost immediately he was impressed with the conviction that his duty was to preach the gospel. In company with another young convert he paid occasional visits to Guy's Hospital, where he read and prayed with the patients and gave exhortations to such as were well enough to assemble. He next became a local preacher, and his first attempt was memorable—he “broke down.” He had accompanied a friend to Christ Church Workhouse, Southwark, where he was to preach in one of the wards. He gave out his text, spoke fluently for a quarter of an hour, then abruptly stopped: after a momentary pause he turned to his companion and asked, “What next?” “You had better conclude,” whispered the friend. “I *have* concluded,” he answered, with the greatest readiness. Not daunted by this failure, he tried again. His father, however, was very pronounced in his opinion respecting him, for after hearing him, he said, “You will never make a preacher, Sam. If you *visit* well, and show great kindness and sympathy with the people, you may be beloved and get on pretty well, but a preacher you will never be.” His convictions became irresistible, notwithstanding the discouragement, and having offered himself as a candidate for the ministry, he was accepted and sent to the Cambridge circuit in November, 1825. His subsequent success proved that his father's opinion was erroneous, as did also the words of a plain-spoken Yorkshireman, who some years after heard him preach as a substitute for his father, the Rev. Richard Waddy, who also was present at the service, and to whom with characteristic bluntness the Yorkshireman exclaimed, “You couldn't preach such a sermon, not if you took your coat off to it.”

As a minister he was an indefatigable student, and yet a zealous worker in the cause of Christ. Every day was systematically divided for work and study, from six in the morning till late at night. Those who are at all acquainted with the frequent journeyings by road which Methodist preachers of that day had to perform will be astonished at the list of books read by Mr. Waddy during one year. A man of this order of mind and habit, with a passion for the conversion of souls and the instruction of Christian people, it will readily be surmised has neither time nor inclination for “idle words,” and the resolution which Mr. Waddy formed is worthy of imitation by ministers and private Christians alike. He records in his diary that having dined at the house of a friend, he “strove in vain to stem the tide of unprofitable conversation; then joined in it, and swam down the stream. The natural consequence was a dry and barren season in Bradford-street Chapel at night. It was hard work to preach with a mind so unprepared. This by the grace of God,” said he, “I am in future resolved to do—*Leave any company where I cannot stay to some good purpose.* It is better to sacrifice *courtesy* than *conscience.*”

Occasionally somewhat eccentric in his methods, if not in his habits, he once found and applied a rather singular remedy for “ministers' fainting fits.” The superintendent of his circuit having been laid aside by illness, a young man was sent to supply the pulpit, who, though of amiable disposition, was subject to long and frequent fits of depression, during which he had often refused to preach. After trying, without success, to persuade the good brother to strive against this weakness, Mr. Waddy concluded that the patient was suffering from an hysterical

affection, which was aggravated by sympathy, and he therefore resorted to severe measures. When in company with his young colleague, he told him that when next he failed to fulfil a preaching engagement through depression of spirit he would horsewhip him. The opportunity being afforded the threat was carried into effect, to the amazement and cure of the young man.

In contrast with this, an amusing instance is related of his tenderness towards a whole congregation of sleepy Christians. One sultry afternoon during harvest he was preaching in the village of Swaffham Fen, near Cambridge. The audience consisted entirely of farmers and their labourers, who had been hard at work far into the night getting in the crops. As the sermon proceeded they fell asleep. The preacher, observing this, asked, "Is there anyone in this congregation awake?" Receiving no answer, he quietly descended from the pulpit, and left the chapel without disturbing them. At some little distance he looked back, but there were no signs of life visible, and he walked home wondering what would be the feelings of the first person who awoke.

To those who refused to give to the Lord's cause according to their means he did not manifest the same sympathy. Calling at the house of one such on his way to a meeting, at which some money was to be raised, and finding that the person did not intend to be present, he asked for a subscription, which was at first refused. Pointing to a large basket of pence which two of his men were carrying in, ready for payment to his work-people, the miller said to Mr. Waddy, "You shall have that if you will take it as it is." As the chapel was three or four miles away, he did not expect that one man would undertake to carry such a burden so far, but Mr. Waddy replied, "Certainly I will, if you will let one of your men help me with it as far as the gate." This was conceded, and the minister soon disappeared with the basket and its contents. The workman who had carried the burden informed his master on his return that the gentleman was not walking, as their ministers usually did, but had his horse tied to the gate, and having lifted the basket on to the animal's back, walked beside him to steady the load as he trudged along. The narration of this incident, and the production of the offering, proved ample atonement for his lack of punctuality on the occasion, and Mr. Waddy was heartily cheered by the meeting.

In 1834 Mr. Waddy removed with his wife and family to Sheffield, where he had been appointed by Conference. This was a memorable event in his history, for, with the exception of an interval of four years, he laboured there for nearly a quarter of a century. For eighteen years he was actively engaged in what may be described as his life-work,—the establishment and conduct of a denominational Proprietary School, afterwards called Wesley College. Letters from pupils during their residence, affectionate allusions by those who had passed through the institution, and testimonials from the managers and Conference, vouch for the love which was borne to him for his own and his work's sake.

One of the most interesting incidents in connection with the College manifests the religious influence which he exercised over his pupils. On the twenty-sixth anniversary of his own spiritual birthday a revival occurred. At the beginning of the second half of that year five boys

among the seniors, who made an open profession of religion, became deeply anxious for the welfare of the souls of their schoolfellows, and prayed for their conversion. One of the five died, and an address from Mr. Waddy upon the event, followed by an earnest exhortation on personal religion and the necessity of preparing for an early death, was instrumental in producing a great awakening amongst the boys, and resulted in the conversion of about one hundred and fifty souls, including most of the tutors. Most affecting are some of the scenes described and conversations recorded at this period, but for these we must refer the reader to his memoir.

Mr. Waddy was privileged to see all his ten children become followers of the Saviour. That he combined with the characteristics of a loving parent those of a thorough disciplinarian, may be judged from the fact that when one of his sons misbehaved himself he punished him more severely than the other pupils for a similar offence, remarking, "You get the first half because you are detected in disorder; and the second because you are my son, and are adding to your father's difficulties in the management of the College." His opinion concerning one of his sons as a preacher, and his criticisms of some of his earlier sermons, were equally candid. He informed him on one occasion that, having heard him the previous night, he considered his sermon just good enough to show that he could have done better if he had tried! At another time he said, "I want to say a word to you, my boy, about that *sermon* of yours,—at least, I mean *about what you said* the other night at Carver-street. Now, there are many things which do, or may, in proper proportion, time, and place constitute parts of a sermon. You may have recourse to exegesis, illustration, poetry, doctrine, philosophy, experience, history, anecdote, argument, fancy, appeal. You may put in any or all of these in various combinations; but there is one sound rule of universal application to which I would advise you, *for the future* invariably and firmly to adhere. It is this, *Always put something in!*"

In 1843, the Conference appointed Mr. Waddy, with a brother minister, as a Missionary Deputation to the South of Ireland, and during his voyage thither he was exposed to the perils of shipwreck. The vessel in which they sailed struck on a rock during a fog, and when all hope of being saved was gone, a little sloop of but fourteen tons burthen came up with them, and although heavily laden ventured to take on board the passengers and crew, just before the ill-fated vessel sank in deep water. Being relieved of two-thirds of her cargo, the sloop managed to keep afloat until relieved by a steamer from Milford. The two men comprising the crew of the sloop confessed that their leaving Milford that day was remarkable; they were under the necessity of sailing at once, and experienced great difficulty in getting out of the harbour, but were impelled by an influence they could neither understand nor resist to attempt the voyage, and often said to each other, "We had better turn back." How true is it that—

" God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea, and rides upon the storm."

This incident supplies an illustration of the delivering power of the grace of God under circumstances which, to those concerned, were as

the valley of the shadow of death : it furnishes encouragement for the followers of Jesus to persist at all times, and may well lead the unsaved to ask, "Upon whom could *we* call in such an extremity?" At such a time none but God can save, and unless we have the same present Lord to whom Peter cried when perishing, the darkness of a double death must stare us in the face. What were your feelings at that moment of peril is a question which Mr. Waddy answers for the glory of God in these words : "I heartily thank God that I have been favoured with this opportunity of bringing my religious principles to the test of death. I withdrew from the crowd ; for the distinction between cabin and deck passengers was then disregarded, and all were instinctively gathered together. I hastily reviewed my private and ministerial life, but I found nothing there on which I could rest my hopes of acceptance. I set myself immediately to the process which I have a thousand times urged from the pulpit, and by the side of the dying bed,—a simple confession of sin, and a humble but confident reliance on the atonement of Christ. I felt that I was adopted into the family of God. My views of my own unworthiness were not diminished ; but I knew that I was 'accepted in the beloved.' I had peace with God, and a humble, yet delightful assurance that, should he call me hence, I should be for ever with him. The great doctrine of justification by faith is dearer to me than ever ; it does not give way under us in the time of difficulty and danger, but sustains when all other hopes are fled. I have no doubt as to its vast importance : I have no suspicion of the soundness of any part of the Methodist theory in reference to it. The only impressions on my mind are the following, and I pray God to deepen them every day : The absolute necessity of living in the constant exercise of saving faith ; of cultivating that jealous watchfulness which will prevent us from grieving the Holy Spirit, and preserve his testimony to our adoption constantly clear and unclouded ; and of preaching far and wide the sinner's only hope—that whosoever believeth on Jesus Christ shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

It will be readily seen that one who could thus face such fearful trial and rest in the Lord would be enabled to meet the grim master Death calmly when his approach was heralded by gradual decay ; that he would not dread removal to the eternal home when the cords and pins of the earthly tabernacle were gently loosed by the loving hand of God. Ere this happened, however, labours and honours awaited his servant. He was elected to the office of President of the Wesleyan Conference by a majority of 311 votes, the largest number ever given to one man. "I trust," he remarked, "I shall have grace to fulfil my duties to the glory of God and to the satisfaction of my brethren." During the year of his presidency he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Middleton College, America. In 1862, having the conviction that the responsibilities of the college were too great for a man of his years, he determined to retire from office. For eight years after this he laboured earnestly and successfully as a circuit minister and supernumerary. He attended his last conference in 1872, and in the year following he was seized with paralysis. His strength of will was seen in that, when suddenly seized on the Lord's-day morning, he nevertheless preached

twice on that day, although never able to preach again. When entreated not to attempt the labours of the day, he said, "I have come here to do God's work, and by God's help I will do it." He afterwards felt that the strain had been too great for his strength, and on his return home said to his wife, "Now my work is *done*." During his illness the grace of God was abundantly manifested, enabling him to bear his enforced retirement from public life and the affliction laid upon him. On November 7th, 1876, he died, in the 73rd year of his age and the 52nd of his ministry. Hundreds of loving testimonies were sent to his family concerning his character and usefulness, and upon his tombstone is this very appropriate inscription:—

"He was an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures,"

Christ and I.

I.

As clingeth ivy to some ancient wall,
Or twines itself about a stately tree,
So doth my clasping soul, lest it should fall,
Hang all its weight on thee.

II.

As hides a limpet in the crevice of a rock,
Amid the billowy thunder booming on the shore,
So, Christ immovable, I fear no tempest shock
With thy dear shelter o'er me evermore.

III.

As rests an infant in its mother's arms,
Rests and is carried safely by her might,
So like a child, and free from all alarms,
I'm borne from care to joy, from gloom to light.

IV.

As living branch within a generous vine
Grows rich in clusters nurtured by the tree,
So tree of life, whate'er of fruit is mine,
Is mine through thee.

V.

O all abounding, all containing Lord,
My empty vessel to thy fount I bring;
Parched and sun-smitten, some cool streams afford.
Yea, in this glowing desert let them spring.

VI.

Ah, Lord, how rich, immensely rich, art thou,
And, wanting all, I ever live in thee:
A breathing need, a living prayer, I bow
At thy dear feet all satisfied to be.

ALFRED BAX.

New Zealand.*

WE have before us a work on New Zealand by Mr. James Buller. Though Mr. Buller is a Wesleyan of the most loyal type, he is a man of such catholic sympathies that his book is certain to please all denominations of readers, provided those readers are interested in Christian work among the aborigines of one of the most flourishing and salubrious of English colonies. Having spent the best portion of an active life as a missionary, and as a pastor, among the native tribes and the English settlers of New Zealand, Mr. Buller tells the story of his experience with the vivid force of one who has seen what he describes. He makes considerable additions to our stores of knowledge respecting a very interesting people who, it is to be feared, will one day become as extinct as the gigantic moa birds which once fed and played on the antipodean plains. The period of Mr. Buller's labours, extending from 1836 to 1876, was a time of extraordinary progress; and a man who, after a protracted sojourn in the colony, was privileged to leave flourishing towns where straggling shanties had formerly stood, while tribes originally heathen cannibals were seen joining with white men in worshipping the true God, must have returned to England with a glad heart to spend the evening of his days.

Pleasant for situation in the vast expanse of the Pacific, the New Zealand islands appear to have all the resources necessary for the building up of an important nation; and on this account those who make the country their permanent home compare its characteristics with those of England, and even speak of it as the Albion of the southern hemisphere. If we include in our calculations the area of the several isles which supplement the two pieces of mainland, divided into north and south by Cook's Straits, we have nearly a hundred thousand square miles, or something like twenty thousand square miles more than the area of our compact empire of Great Britain. A line—not a straight one, however—drawn through the centre from end to end would measure in length some eleven hundred miles; but the breadth is comparatively narrow, the shores at the broadest part being not more than a hundred and fifty miles apart. The country abounds in most of the attractions which lend a charm to a tourist's wanderings; and there can be little doubt that, if the vast distance could be annihilated, New Zealand would become one of the most popular holiday grounds in the world. In this respect the contrast to the neighbouring continent of Australia is very satisfactory. Rivers are abundant, and the country is not swept by hot, scorching winds. The north island, where the native tribes chiefly reside, has its ranges of mountains, the highest peaks of which are never free from snow. The south island, described by one authority as being "in the strictest sense Alpine land," has wonders closely rivaling those of Switzerland, as may be inferred from the name of the Southern Alps given to the mountain chain, with its peaks towering, some ten, and others more than thirteen thousand feet above the sea level. Traces of gigantic volcanic convulsions are abundant,

* Forty Years in New Zealand, etc. By James Buller. Hodder and Stoughton.

and it is said that "in the north, extinct craters meet the eye on every hand, and add to the picturesque effect of the scenery." In the Lake District the charms of Cumberland are supplemented with the weird marvels of our own far north, and earthquakes are not infrequent. It is well known that this district is something more than a land of promise to rheumatic patients, who are able to bear "four days tremendous jolting" in the light, public conveyance which rolls twice a week between Tauranga and Napier, and *vice versa*. One traveller quoted by Mr. Buller believes that this region "is probably destined to be the sanitarium, not only of the Australian colonies, but of India and other parts of the globe." Such a place must be seen, and its curative powers must be felt, to be appreciated. The very ground is warmed by mysterious subterranean fires: springs, some milk warm, others at the boiling point are found thickly studding the surface, and the natives who prefer their victuals boiled have no need of any other kitchen than that provided by nature. The natural beauties of certain of the lakes, where "bathing pools of every degree of temperature present themselves," would need Mr. Ruskin's pen to describe them.

The climate in general is described as equable, the two extremes of heat and pinching cold being unknown in the habitable parts of the country. There is no such calamity as drought; floods seldom occur; and the only hot wind is that from the north-west on the lowlands about Canterbury. "There are occasional gales, but no hurricanes," says Mr. Buller. "The rainfall is equal to that of England—more than in London, less than in Devonshire. The climate is as favourable to health as it is to vegetation and beauty." The climate in general has been highly praised by those well qualified to give a judgment, and whose word may be trusted. One is of opinion that nowhere else in the world does nature so well know how to produce a fine day; and Bishop Selwyn, who laboured during a quarter of a century in the colony, called it perfection. Mr. Buller cordially concurs in the good churchman's opinion—"A sparkling breeze, a smooth sea, and a cloudless sky, give that indescribable sensation of a really fine day in this country, which I have never felt elsewhere."

In its native state New Zealand was found to be richer in fine specimens of timber than in its variety of fruit-bearing trees. Carpenters, cabinet-makers, and shipwrights found ample provision for their crafts, but the supply of edibles was singularly scant. The case has greatly altered since the introduction of Christianity and the settlement in the islands of European tillers of the soil. The stately monarchs of the forest—the pine tribe, and the iron wood, and numbers of others—all grew in a soil fitted for smaller but not less useful vegetation, and accordingly the fruits and vegetables to which we are accustomed in England there thrive abundantly, as in virgin soil, and remind the cultivator of the old country as well as of the bountiful hand of Providence which has made a provision in another land for the excessive population of our great towns at home. The scarcity of animal life greatly astonished the Europeans who first set foot in the country. The ominous *stillness* of those primeval forests must have been little less than awe-inspiring to adventurers like Captain Cook and his companions, who had witnessed the teeming life of other parts of the globe. With the exception of a

few wild pigs and dogs, and such insignificant quadrupeds as rats and mice, there were no forest rangers to prey or to be preyed upon by one another in the great wildernesses of the island. A bird was a rare sight, the note of a feathered songster still rarer. Thus the stillness was painfully suggestive of what to an Englishman were serious deficiencies. At the same time nature made some amends by the absolute absence of venomous reptiles, such as serpents and their kindred tribes. Birds, useful animals, plants and roots can be extensively naturalized in such a country; and this has already been done; but surely the Government should provide against the introduction of what is pernicious. A Scotchman has planted his native thistle at the antipodes; there may be others who would like to see adders and poisonous lizards luxuriating in the forest shades of New Zealand. We hope common sense will prevent the indulgence of such a taste.

When Mr. and Mrs. Buller landed in the country in April, 1836, the land, compared with what it has since become, was in a comparatively primitive condition; but while the towns were hardly in existence, there was a promise of good things to come in the mission-stations springing up in various directions, as well as in the cordial welcome which the Maories accorded to the missionaries. In the particular account which we have of Mangungre, on the Hokianga river, we see a well-drawn picture of one of the pleasantest of mission stations. Mr. Buller has very vivid recollections of his first evening's adventures in the new country. "Our feet seemed to touch on hallowed ground," he says. "There was much joy in the station that night. The arrival of a ship was at any time an event, but the advent of missionaries was a red letter day in the calendar of the people." Such a welcome, in conjunction with a luxuriously furnished supper table, was a demonstration well calculated to inspire with courage the hearts of young missionaries just entering on untried and difficult work.

The man of courage is keenly sensible of difficulties, but he differs from others in not being cowed by what would overwhelm his weaker comrades. A missionary who landed in New Zealand forty years ago found himself surrounded by uncommon trials, as well as by uncommon incentives to proceed and prosper. Though not so difficult as some other barbarian tongues, the Maori language was no easy conquest; and though he compiled his own grammar and lexicon, Mr. Buller laboured for a year before he ventured in imperfect accents to speak to the people about the gospel of Christ. Like other young beginners he made ludicrous blunders, which were politely overlooked; and the remarkable interest which the natives showed in the message of salvation must have sufficed to inspire the messenger with enthusiasm. Indeed, the Maori preparation for the Sabbath was an example we should like to see copied in many a nominally Christian country. From far and near they came in scores of canoes on Saturday evening, and having formed their camp, commenced making active preparations for the weekly rest. A scene so charmingly unique must, in itself, have constituted the best of wages to the English evangelists; and, moreover, it must have been what many would go round the world to see:—"Early on the Sabbath morn, they would wend their way to prayer-meeting. Sermons were preached to them in the forenoon and evening. A school was held in

the afternoon ; and here the old chief of sixty would sit beside the child of six, spelling out his lessons in the class, and desiring the sincere milk of the Word. Many a famed cannibal warrior had come to sit at the feet of Jesus." After spending such a Sabbath we are not surprised to find that the people would satisfy their thirst for knowledge by prolonging their stay at the mission station throughout the whole of Monday ; and while this all added to the toil of the missionaries, toil was almost the only relief they enjoyed in the monotony of their daily life. The native tribes appear to have been great gainers even in a worldly sense by the introduction of Christianity. They are far richer now than they were in the old times of idolatry and superstition ; but while they may hold their heads higher their hearts will not be made more susceptible of truth by the acquisition of material wealth. Still, many Maories of to-day are a wonderful illustration of the power exercised by the gospel in raising men in the social scale.

More so than is the case at present, the missionary in New Zealand of forty years ago needed to be a many-sided genius, capable of turning his hand to anything and retaining a cool brain in all emergencies. When the nearest surgeon lived a hundred miles away, the pastor was a gainer if he knew something about medical science. Nurses were not to be hired, so that when necessity arose the members of a family perforce looked after one another. The natives were also very anxious to benefit by the superior medical knowledge of the white people, and were not seldom sufferers in consequence. "Calomel and blood-letting were fashionable remedies at that time," says Mr. Buller, "I fear that with the best intentions, no little harm was done in the use of those measures. The people, however, had the fullest confidence in our skill, and by their continual coming with aches and pains, as well as with more serious ailments, gave us ample practice in the healing art." In New Zealand as well as in older countries the disorders hardest to cure are those which exist only in the imagination of the sufferers. In many respects most missionaries increase their usefulness if they are masters of a little medical science.

It is very interesting to note the gradual but certain way in which religion civilized the native mind. It is truly said, "A religion that costs nothing is worth nothing," and it was necessary to bring this teaching home to the Maori understanding. In their original condition the tribes were remarkable for several failings ; and among others their careless wastefulness on the one hand and their covetous disposition on the other were conspicuous. This had to be corrected : in other words, chiefs and people were taught their duty in reference to cheerful giving to the cause of God. After he had been about ten years in the country Mr. Buller first ventured on asking the people for a collection, and the response was at once hearty and unanimous. Money was a new thing with the people, they had little of it in their possession and were not thoroughly accustomed to its use. But the collection was impending, and "many expedients were contrived in order to provide a coin for the occasion. One would sell a little wheat, another a basket of potatoes, a third a fowl or something else ; but not one, though the youngest, was without an offering." No better discipline could have been devised. Those who put off heathenism and put on Christ need to

learn that they are bought with a price, and that neither themselves nor their possessions are their own.

When the heathen become subject to the benign influence of Christianity, and benefit by their knowledge of European arts, the wilderness begins to blossom as the rose, and emigrants from England are tempted to settle in the new country. In the course of a generation large tracts of New Zealand have been completely transformed. When the first missionaries landed, half a century ago, the primeval forests had hardly been disturbed. Now towns and villages stud the land; numberless farms have been laid out; roads have been made and railways have been constructed. The day of small things has passed away, and the islands are rapidly rising to occupy a first place among English colonies.

In turning our attention to the Maories as a people we are impressed with the fact that they are one of the most interesting races in the world among those which were originally heathen. They have so greatly altered during the last half century, that probably the personal characteristics and the manners and customs of former barbarous generations are scarcely even remembered by the present occupants of the country. The chiefs of the olden time are said to have been "majestic men":

"Of form almost gigantic he—
Bull-necked, square-jawed, firm-lipped, bold-eyed, broad-browed,
His looks proclaimed his character aloud."

According to their own traditions, which Mr. Buller is inclined to credit in part, if not altogether, the fathers of the present Maori race landed in New Zealand some five or six hundred years ago. They may have been the conquerors, and an inferior people may have yielded to their arms. Those who are best acquainted with their language and history, as reflected in legends, absurd but still picturesque, tell us, with some show of reason on their side, that the Maories are of Polynesian origin.

Although they possessed a language of "great beauty and power of expression," the natives knew nothing about the art of writing until taught by the English missionaries. Their alphabet contains only two consonants, in addition to five vowels. There are several dialects; and while all speak the language in its purity, age, sex, and rank, have each its special mode of address. Abstract ideas, such as *hope*, *gratitude*, and *charity*, have no equivalents. At first sight this may appear ominous; but it can easily be shown that the people are not wanting in the finer feelings of human nature. The substitution of one letter for another, in this language, may make a wonderful difference, and may even lead to unpleasant consequences. Thus a missionary who said *mou* for *mau* while presenting the testimonial of an iron kettle to a chieftain, was concerned to see the man betray symptoms of wrath. He had intended to say, "This is for you;" but in unlucky ignorance he had said, "This is for you to be cooked in."

In the mythology of the Maories, who had no notion of God as supreme, Mr. Buller traces "a dim shadow of the Mosaic cosmography." Something, at some remote era in the mighty past, was created out of nothing. In point of fact they were horribly superstitious; and the

beings of whom they were most afraid were the disembodied spirits of departed chiefs. These were ever active, ever to be dreaded. We are told that, "they had no visible idols, no forms of worship, no stated sacrifices." At the same time, offerings, which might be human victims, were occasionally made to appease the wrath of the gods; and certain priests and wise men were revered on account of their influence with the supernatural. They owned slaves; but the servitude was of a type far milder than that which once weighed heavily on the Southern States of America. Marriage was a thing about which they were particularly ceremonious. The marriage-day was a time of feasting, and the parents expected to be liberally rewarded with gifts. Adultery was always hateful, and when discovered entailed the penalty of death. Society was divided into three classes—chiefs, commons, and slaves. They were in their way respectful, and bountifully hospitable to guests. They had their gala days, and were fond of recreative games. A breach of etiquette was severely deprecated; and the offender might be told, what would expose him to general opprobrium, that he never had respectable parents, but was "hatched by a bird."

In their native condition the people were not indolent; on the contrary, they were "industrious, regular, and temperate." They loved hunting and fishing, and according to their knowledge they cultivated the land with considerable care. In higher arts they also showed much skill; some of their canoes occupied the builders years in completing, and the largest carried a hundred persons. In choosing the sites of villages, and in constructing their permanent habitations, their skill and forethought were also conspicuous. Their houses were well built, and some of them were very large. Indeed, such were their tact and inventive genius that they might have made considerable progress if it had not been for the curse of war. Their love of fighting seems to have amounted to a frenzy; one tribe would do its utmost to annihilate another. Their war customs were ferociously cruel, for they ate their captured enemies: the crews of unfortunate vessels wrecked on their shores were also cooked in their capacious ovens. Now all is changed by the influence of the gospel and the arts of civilization. To us the influence of Christianity over the savage mind indicates its divine origin. "A remarkable proof of the power of the gospel," says Mr. Buller, "was given when Tamati Mizemu Puna, the chief of the Aramoho, was admitted to the Lord's Table. By his side knelt Panapa, a chief of the Ngati-apa, who in former years had killed and eaten Tamati's father. This was the first time they had met together; Puna's emotion was most extraordinary, he seemed to quiver with it. After the service was over he was asked the cause of it. He then related the circumstance, and said it was only the gospel, which had given him a new nature, that could make him eat of the same bread and drink of the same cup with the murderer of his own father."

Examples like this are striking testimonies to the success of the gospel among the native tribes. There are those who would decry the work accomplished by the missionaries, and who would have us believe that their converts' faith is only skin-deep. This is not the case. The proportion of sincere believers among Maories appears to be as great as among other communities. Native teachers are now regularly

propagating the gospel, and their numbers will probably increase. In all the Australasian colonies the denominations are on an equality before the law; and Mr. Bickford, another writer on the subject, says that "under these conditions we find the highest type of social and religious life, and this must eventually tell upon the older populations of the globe." In a word, the islands of the southern hemisphere are lands of freedom in the best sense, as well as lands of plenty. May the ill effects of injustice and vicious habits on the part of white men be stayed, and may New Zealand be a garden of the Lord.

Baptists in Vienna.

PROBABLY it would be difficult to fix the date when—at least since the Middle Ages—there were no Baptists in Austria. In some guise or other, under this name or under that, there seem constantly to have been some in almost every part of the wide-spread realm. In the days of the Reformation, Hubmayer, from Moravia, preached in the open squares of Vienna. His pamphlets against Rome were widely circulated. He gives a curious, and probably thoroughly correct, definition of the word "*sacrament*," properly, as he says, used of Baptism, not on account of any magic power in the ordinance, but because the person baptized by that act swears, as it were, an oath of allegiance to his risen Lord and Master. For his bold preaching and teaching Hubmayer soon had to suffer at the stake. At that time the hated "Anabaptists" were numerous. But the Reformation in all its phases was stamped out by brutal force in the dread times of the "Anti-Reformation," under Ferdinand II., and, up to this day, Austria is suffering under the consequences.

But to turn to modern days. In 1847 five wandering journeymen, all Austrians by birth, all converted to God in Germany through the instrumentality of the Baptists, might have been seen crossing the Austrian frontiers on their way back to their Fatherland, their hearts glowing with a holy desire to hasten to their friends to tell them of the precious treasure they had found abroad. They showed whose they were by the Christian tracts they distributed so liberally, and they had scarcely set their foot on Austrian territory when this unheard-of audacity brought them into sharp conflict with the authorities. In 1848, during a short-lived revolution, commenced without wisdom and ended without success, these brethren, and others gained by them, availed themselves of the opportunity abundantly to bestrew the country with more tracts, and Brother Oncken, then yet full of strength and vigour, hurrying from the north, lifted up his powerful gospel-voice in the largest hall in Vienna before many thousands of hearers. Shortly after the Croat troops, entering the capital in support of the imperial cause, burnt the hall down to the ground. The Baptist brethren still went on their way cautiously but firmly, and met with such success that in 1851 the Government found it worth while to send to jail a number of men and women caught in a meeting worshipping God. On their release they were scattered up and down the country. From 1865 onward regular meetings were again commenced in Vienna. Public meetings could not be attempted, but meetings, to which admission was given by ticket, were arranged, and between 100 and 150 members have since that time been received, many of whom are already safely landed in the heavenly Jerusalem, and more of whom are scattered abroad in different countries, mostly all happy and consistent Christians rescued from the dark bigotry of Romanism. At the present time there are about fifty members in full communion with the Baptist church at Vienna.

All of a sudden, and without the slightest warning, the police last March forbade these meetings; the motive assigned was that they were under influence from abroad, and that baptisms had taken place in public. There was not a

shred of truth in these assertions, but they served their purpose as well as any other. The meetings, as held that far, had to be suspended, and an appeal to higher authorities has as yet received no kind of answer; or, rather, the answer may be found in an order lately published by the governor, ruling that adherents of religious communities not acknowledged by the State have no right to meet for religious purposes except with members of their own families, and in no other localities than such as are ordinarily used for domestic purposes.

The authorities do not pretend that these Nonconformists are guilty of any breach of moral or civil law, but they presume to be neither Roman Catholics nor Greek Catholics, neither Lutherans, nor Unitarians, nor Jews, and so they cannot be tolerated. It is true they have been winked at and allowed to exist for the last fifteen years, but of late they have been bold enough to grow and extend, and they have thus made themselves insufferable. It is not in our days considered good policy to make martyrs of such offenders by sending them to prison, but the police, when they can find out when and where they meet, will post a constable at the front door and another at the back door, and stifle the child in its birth.

The Baptists are not the only parties offensive to the authorities, the Wesleyans and the Congregationalists and others are distinguished in like manner. A Sunday evening lecture without any sectarian bias, confined to pure and simple gospel preaching, held with the foreknowledge and the assistance of the police by a Baptist brother for the last seven or eight years, is now tolerated only on condition that the speaker belong to one of the accredited churches, and moreover on condition that there be *neither singing nor praying!* Permission given to other parties to preach is made illusory by the addition of the clause that young persons between six and fourteen years of age must not be admitted, a condition which practically makes any public meeting impossible. All this happens, not in Anno Domini 1600 odd, but in 1879, in the same Austria that, in concert with Great Britain and the other great powers of Europe, forces religious liberty on the petty states of Roumania and Servia, and formally guarantees liberty of worship to her new Mahometan subjects.

The position of all Nonconformists in Austria is truly deplorable. It is they, and the Baptists first and foremost, that have introduced Bible classes, prayer-meetings, Sunday-schools, and Sabbath-evening services, things hitherto utterly unknown even among the other Protestants, and even now almost entirely unpractised by them still. Terrible havoc of all evangelistic work has been made by the late Government measures. All mission work is stopped; the circulation of the Bible has never been free, but the difficulties now thrown in its way in some provinces make the work almost impossible. As for other books and tracts, every sort and kind of colportage, or dissemination by private persons not provided with a bookseller's license, is strictly forbidden by the law. It is but right and proper that Christians in England and other countries should know how their brethren in Austria are oppressed and vexed, that they may lift up their voices to him that reigneth in heaven, supplicating him to send deliverance to his captive ones.

The above does not refer to Hungary, where practically there is full religious liberty, but to Austria proper *only*, including Lower and Upper Austria, Bohemia, Moravia, &c., &c., where the same emperor reigns, but with laws totally different from those that are in force in Hungary. Will not our readers lay this sad matter to heart and pray for the believers in Austria, and use any influence they may have to make this crying evil universally known, till for very shame the Austrian emperor gives liberty to our brethren? We are bound to work as well as to pray in such a cause. *If Christian newspapers and periodicals will copy this article and make public the bigotry of Austria they will be driving a nail in the coffin of persecution.* All our Christian members of parliament should join in agitating the question at all proper opportunities. This abomination must come to an end.

“Tullibody.”

DEATH of Mr. James Scott. Not in Tullibody only, but in Alloa, and indeed in all the district round, the announcement of the death of Mr. Scott will be heard of with deep regret. For upwards of forty years Mr. Scott has been connected with the Baptist congregation, which has during this long series of years worshipped in a chapel in Eastvennel, Alloa. So long ago as 1837 Mr. Scott (who was a native of Tullibody, we believe, where he resided till his death) became identified with the Baptist cause, and in this movement in Alloa, in its origin, was associated with Mr. James McIntyre and Mr. James Drysdale. Mr. Scott ultimately organized and became pastor of the Alloa Baptist congregation, and we are free to say that no pastor could have more faithfully discharged his duties than Mr. Scott. In season and out of season he was always at his post, while his visitations to the people of his charge were most exemplary, and he was specially assiduous in his attendance on the sick and the distressed of his numerous congregation.

“Mr. Scott was eminently a man of peace, and this prominent feature of his character prevented his taking part in controversial questions of any kind. It was impossible not to like and love Mr. Scott, for, while indelibly faithful to his religious principles and views, he was ever affable, generous, and friendly to all with whom he came in contact.

“We shall miss Mr. Scott very much, for we always looked upon him, from his ever consistent walk and conversation, as being an influence for good. We observe that the interment of his remains has been fixed for Monday next.”

Such is the notice that appeared in *The Alloa Advertiser*, of the 10th of May, of the passing away of one long known in Scotland, and much respected as a faithful and devoted agent of our Home Missionary Society, and pastor of the church in Alloa. When I first became acquainted with our late brother he was working in the Tullibody tan-yard at eleven shillings a week, employing his spare time, in the evenings and mornings, in study, preparing for his Sabbath work, and in the cultivation of a small croft, rendered necessary by the requirements of a family of seven children, three sons and four daughters, who all survive him.

The precise date of his conversion is not known, the important event, however, was due to the instrumentality of a working blacksmith with whom he became acquainted, whose godly conversation arrested his attention, and from whom he received the bread of life. A tract on the subject of baptism having been put into his hands directed his attention to that ordinance, which led to his baptism and union with the church in Stirling about the year 1805 or 1806, then under the pastoral care of the late Mr. W. McMillan. Possessed of a strong and active mind, a most retentive memory, and a robust constitution, and fired with the love of souls, he at once entered upon the work of an evangelist, which he continued with unabated energy and usefulness until laid down with his first and last illness.

He was wont at this time on Saturdays, when the week's work was done, to prepare and set off on foot over the hills to Crieff (a distance of twenty-two miles), Blackford, or Auchterarder, where he would hold two or more services on Lord's-day; recrossing the hills to Tullibody in time to answer the workman's bell on Monday morning. Two years after this the church in Alloa was formed; the following is the record of the event, copied from the church-book;—

“The formation of the Baptist church in Alloa took place in November, 1838, in a private house at the top of Mar Street. The names of those who solemnly agreed to unite as a church of Christ, taking the Bible as their only rule of faith and manners, were James McIntyre, John Drysdale, James Scott, Robert McKechnie, Mrs. McIntyre, and Mrs. Scott. After prayer they gave to each other the right hand of fellowship. Brother Scott was unanimously appointed to preside and conduct the services of the church. All the above were members

of the Baptist Church, Stirling, under the pastoral care of the late Mr. McMillan. The church in Stirling cordially agreed that such a step should be taken."

Of these five who first constituted the church in Alloa, Mrs. Scott, widow of our late brother, alone remains. As an evidence of the esteem in which Mr. Scott was held, and of his courage and ability in defence of the truth, the following is worth relating:—

A deputation of Mormon Bishops having visited the locality began disseminating their views, and holding meetings in the various towns and villages spread along the foot of the Yochal Hills. Emboldened by their apparent success, they challenged the ministers of the district to a public discussion on the merits of their religion. To this challenge there was no response, until, to the surprise of the whole country round, it came out that it had been accepted by Mr. Scott, and was arranged to come off in the Public Hall, Clackmannan. His late master, Mr. Alexander Paterson, also heard of it, and some days before the first meeting took place accosted him thus while at work in the tan-yard; "Jamie, what kind o' a scrape is this ye hae gotten yersell inta?" (Mr. Scott explained,) "How," continued his master, "Jae ye expect to be able to mind yer wark here a' day and then walk ta Clackmannan an' back, forby discussing wi' they folk?" "I was intending," rejoined Mr. Scott, "to request you to allow me to be off work for a week or two till this matter is settled?" "Aff wark, indeed," replied the master, "gae hame ta yer books, Jamie, gae hame to yer books, an' when the time comes tak my pownie wi' ye; but mind, if ye dinna gae they rascals a thrashing ye need na show yer face here again."

The thrashing the Mormons received during the four nights' discussion at Clackmannan was of such a nature that no Mormon has been since known to venture into the district; while the people were so well pleased with our brother's complete victory that they convened a public meeting in his honour, when, in addition to thanks, they presented him with a purse of sovereigns.

Coming down to the year 1847, we copy the following minute of the church, bearing date the 8th of March that year. "A meeting of the church was held this evening in Brother McTeshan's house, according to pulpit announcement last Lord's-day, when the following brethren met:—James McIntyre, R. Carmichael, Alexander McGechan, James Scott, Richard Wilson, James Wright, Robert Wright, William Watt, Joseph Fyfe. Brother McGechan having opened the meeting with prayer, Brother Scott was appointed to the chair, the object of the meeting being stated, viz., to take into consideration the propriety of purchasing the chapel which they stately meet in. After a little conversation the brethren were unanimous in the propriety of such a step; brothers McTeshan and Carmichael to effect the purchase of the same." The building referred to was an old Episcopalian chapel capable of seating fifty worshippers, and was accordingly purchased at a cost of £95, and repaired at a further expense of £22. The membership at this time did not exceed a score all told. Since then this building has been enlarged to accommodate two hundred persons, and a small vestry added at a cost of £150. The membership at present is one hundred and twenty.

Mr. Scott continued working in the tan-yard, and taking the oversight of the church down to the year 1854, when by desire of the church he relinquished his worldly calling to pursue his work of evangelization (which at this time began to bear much fruit) without interruption. Our Home Mission also took him under their wing, and supplemented the small allowance of salary the church was able to give him, while the friends in Bristo-place, Edinburgh, generously lent a helping hand in this matter.

For the last twenty-five years our late brother's time and energies have been wholly devoted to the work; and that his labours have not been in vain in the Lord is evident from the fact that, in addition to the one hundred and twenty that remain in fellowship in Alloa, the most of whom are his spiritual children, there are scattered far and wide and gone to the majority more than a thousand,

who received their knowledge of divine things from his lips and were baptized by him.

He may be said to have died in harness. On Friday, the 2nd of May, he attended a funeral in Alloa, and made some pastoral visits going home in the evening. He sat up till after midnight reading in *The Baptist* the account of the May meetings in London. Retiring to rest, he complained of cold, in a few minutes he was in a burning fever; delirium quickly followed, which continued with little intermission to the end. In him the ruling passion was strong in death, for in his delirium he was either expounding the Scriptures to his Bible class, or preaching the gospel to sinners, calling upon them to "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," or exhorting the church, until half-past six on the morning of Friday, the 9th, when, in the presence of his family, who had been summoned to his bedside, he passed to his reward in the 71st year of his age.

Intimate with our late friend and brother for over thirty years, and having frequently accompanied him in his itinerations, and assisted at his meetings in Alloa, Sauchie, Alva, Tillicoultry, and elsewhere, I knew him well, and desire to render this humble tribute to his worth, hoping that it may be an incentive to some of our young men to endeavour to follow in his steps.

His remains were interred in the Tullibody graveyard on Monday, the 12th of May, followed by a large concourse of people, many of whom had come considerable distances to be present on the occasion. Mr. William Grant, pastor of the Bristo-place Church, Edinburgh, and Mr. Yuill, pastor of the church, Stirling, conducted the devotional services on the occasion.

Glasgow, 13th May, 1879.

W. M.

Notices of Books.

Songs of the Isle, Seaside Musings, &c.
By MARY ANN WESTBOOK. Sandown, Isle of Wight: Taylor and Mearman.

Most of these pieces were contributed to an Isle of Wight newspaper, and are here collected into one little book. The authoress is evidently imbued with deep piety and an earnest desire to do good, but we fail to appreciate the form in which the musings of her mind are presented. Good, honest prose is infinitely to be preferred before musical or unmusical jingle.

Domestic Economy for the Use of Schools. Eighth edition. Glasgow: Bryce and Son.

THIS little manual, in the form of question and answer, is admirably adapted for giving to servants as a first lesson in household duties; and—says our own domestic economist, looking over our shoulder as we write—it might usefully be read by daughters who hope to become wives by-and-by. This, in these days of women's rights, should clear out the eighth edition at once.

Thoughts on Sickness. By E. JANE WHATELY. London: Hatchards.

FOR the small price of sixpence here is an invaluable handbook for the sick room. Its principal qualities are strong common sense and tender piety. The chapter on sickness, as it concerns the sufferer, is quite a refreshing draught to a thirsty, fainting spirit, while the other chapters on watchers of the sick, visitors, and convalescence are full of sensible suggestions. We wish this handbook the widest circulation.

First Steps in Science. Part II. Elementary Chemistry. By BASIL ARNOLD. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

AN easy handbook to chemistry, put in the form of question and answer, suitable for lads and lasses as a first introduction to science. A little less technicality in terms would be an improvement. There is a glossary, but one does not always want to be turning to it. Even with this defect, it is a very useful elementary text book.

Social Purity: an Address. By JOSEPHINE E. BUTLER. Morgan & Scott.

WE are sorry that there should be need for a lady to deliver such an address, but as there is such a need we rejoice that the woman is forthcoming who is not ashamed to vindicate her sex. We live in a wretched age, when princes and peers have thought it an honour to enjoy the society of a strumpet, and Christian newspapers advocate the theatre. Contagious diseases acts are passed to make it safe for men to sin, and licenses are issued for the torturing of dumb animals. It is enough to make the stones to speak, and we wonder not that women, bursting through their natural retirement, rush forward to plead for chastity and humanity while there is yet a relic of it left. May the Social Purity Alliance prosper so greatly that its lady members may yet be able to hold their tongues, and keep clear consciences too.

Classical Revision of the Greek New Testament. By W. MILLAR NICOLSON, M.A. Williams and Norgate, 14, Henrietta Street, London.

VERY helpful to all students of the Greek Testament, and very stimulating to others to become so. It is highly critical without needless technicalities, and it abounds with minute discriminations, which are stated and illustrated with great clearness and precision. Readers will here find to their surprise how many shades of meaning there are in the original language of the New Testament which are either omitted or misrepresented in the English translation; and, also, how many there are which could not possibly have been transferred to another language. We say *shades* of meaning, because they seldom affect great and fundamental truths. If we ventured to differ in any respect from the author, it would be in his estimate of the classical above the Hellenistic model of New Testament Greek. As the writers of the New Testament were more familiar with the Greek of the Septuagint than with classic writers, we should suppose that this would greatly affect their style. On this subject we shall have better evidence when the author has investigated the Greek of the Septuagint, as he has promised to do, with the

same care which he has bestowed upon the Greek of the New Testament. One great value of this little volume consists in an index to upwards of six hundred passages of Scripture, which are critically explained upon principles which may be equally applied to innumerable others.

Some Rough Sermons on all Sorts of Sayings and Subjects. By BLUNT ROBIN, Esq. First Series. Manchester: Tubbs and Brook.

WELL done, Blunt Robin, Esq.! Your literary pinch of snuff has done us good, and is likely to keep awake any who will take it. Though he is only a plain bumpkin, and you are an Esquire—whatever that may mean—John Ploughman takes off his hat to you and wishes you “good-day” and success to your effort.

English Men of Letters. Edited by JOHN MORLEY. Macmillan.

It is an excellent idea to produce short lives of our great writers, and issue them in a cheap form. We have read through *Goldsmith*, by William Black, and have been delighted with it. *Scott*, too, by R. H. Hutton, is a first-rate summary of a remarkable life. All the handbooks and other popular issues of Mr. Macmillan's house are in the best literary form, and these short memoirs are among the best of them. There is enough in each life to give a fair idea of the man, and yet a person of scanty leisure can get through it readily.

Blackwood's Foreign Classics for English Readers. Edited by Mrs. OLIPHANT. William Blackwood and Sons.

OUR rising generation ought to be wiser than their fathers. We have been perusing the life of Dante in this series, and we feel that we have learned much more of the subject in a short time than far longer researches had taught us. It is no small matter to have a great author presented to you in brief, to have his story written as attractively as if it were a novel, and his works summarized as if they were made into a newspaper article. A half-crown spent on some of these authors will be a thoroughly profitable investment: Pascal, Petrarch, Goethe, and others, will abundantly reward the student.

Byway Gleanings. By FANNIE SURTEES (Cherith). Partridge and Co.

BRIGHT, powerful stories, founded upon fact. Suitable for our elder scholars, and should be in every Sunday-school library. There will be no gaping or nodding over this book, and most readers will, like Oliver, "ask for more."

Our Life Day. By Rev. ADOLPH SARRIR, D.D. John F. Shaw and Co., 48, Paternoster Row.

THIS title has been given to a series of Sunday-morning discourses published by request of the hearers. It is not a mere title, but an expression of the character and design of the whole series. Its publication well sustains the author's reputation for originality of thought, purity of diction, and soundness of theological teaching. It is still more valuable as an additional evidence that he is not even partially tainted with the scepticism from which comparatively few prominent preachers of the age are wholly free. We mean not that these discourses are controversial, but that, by the statement and enforcement of old evangelical truths in old evangelical terms, they best answer that design. The gospel order of first righteousness in Christ and then in ourselves, Christ first as an atoning High Priest, and then as an example, first receiving him and then walking in him, is clearly stated and maintained. "It is only," we are told, "when we know the Son of God, the atoning death on the cross, and the glory of the heavenly High Priest, that we understand the meaning and realize the power of his example." Upon another phase of modern scepticism we have the following decision: "If we accept the testimony of Scripture, there is a conclusion of history; there is a judgment, beyond which there is no change; after which there is neither the conversion nor the annihilation of immortal spirits, but the endless continuance of the second death." We are thankful for the testimony of men, in behalf of the old truths, of equal intelligence and attainments and tenderness to those by whom they are opposed, and especially when their testimony is founded upon that of the Scriptures themselves.

The Church: its Life and Works. Sermons by JOHN HUTCHINSON, D.D. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot.

NOT often do we come across sermons so full of sound exposition and scholarly ability, combined with simplicity and beauty of treatment. Though all the seven of them are good, exceedingly good, we think the one on "The Church's Ministry of Reconciliation" is almost perfect in its suggestiveness of thought and clearness of statement. This little volume deserves the largest of sales, both for its intrinsic value and because the profits thereof are to be devoted to the building-fund of the place where they were preached.

The Royal Priesthood: or, the Power of an Endless Life. London: S. W. Partridge.

OUTLINE subjects for Bible-class study, with proof-texts; calculated to be useful to those who will use them conscientiously as suggestions and as nothing more. The priesthood of all believers is the best antidote to the priestly assumptions which abound in certain quarters, and this truth these lessons teach in the language of Scripture. The book has our sincere commendation.

Joseph Cook's Boston Monday Lectures, Students' Edition, 1s. 6d. each. Transcendentalism, Biology, Orthodoxy, Heredity, Conscience. R. D. Dickinson, 27 $\frac{1}{2}$, Farringdon Street.

HERE are Joseph Cook's wonderful lectures and talks put into a cheap form for all readers. Rather small type, but else they had not been within the reach of small purses. Young men will learn no end of philosophy and sound argument from these lectures, though they have too much of Shakspeare and poetry in them to be quite convincing to our matter-of-fact intellect. The good man is on our side, and smites the enemy with heart and soul, bringing a cultured intellect into the Lord's battle. More power to his arm! We do not think the humble reader of the Bible, whose faith knows few assaults, will care much for these books of battle; but youthful spirits perturbed by the conflicts of the thinking world, will take delight in them and derive no little strengthening, if the Lord shall teach them to read aright.

Rob-Rat: a Story of Barge Life. Price 6d. 66, Paternoster-row.

LIFE-LIKE pictures, drawn by a master hand, of the opposite types of bargemen as represented by the skipper of the *Water-Rat*, and good old Noah the owner of *The Ark*. We trust that this little book will lead thousands to sympathize with our canal population, and to render practical aid to the noble apostle of the bargemen, Mr. Geo. Smith, of Coalville, in his philanthropic efforts to remove one of the foulest blots from the great waterways of our country. It is time for someone to speak, and act, too, when a brute in the shape of a man, his "mate," seven children, and a bull-terrier occupy a cabin only six feet long, six feet wide, and five feet high. We are sorry to find from Mr. Smith's letters to the papers that the Act of Parliament which was passed in the interests of the bargemen's children is at present practically a dead letter.

The Joyful Sound: being notes on the Fifty-fifth Chapter of Isaiah. By WILLIAM BROWN. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Co.

RIGHT happy and highly-favoured is that young women's Bible-class which has such a teacher as the author of this book. Though his subjects have been well worn, Mr. Brown is as crisp and fresh as it is possible to be, and while we read, he fairly delights us. His style is plain, earnest, bright, and forceful, and he abounds in illustrative power. Such a teacher should take care to let his powers of exposition have a wide sphere of usefulness. In its own way, though of course different, this volume is equal to "The Tabernacle and its Services," by the same writer: to say this is no small praise.

Sermons by Robert Barclay. With a Brief Memoir. Edited by his Widow. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

ROBERT BARCLAY was in every respect deserving of this memorial of his life and labours, and we cordially welcome its appearance. Possessing great capacities and high scholarly attainments, he was, nevertheless, most devoted in his attempts to preach the gospel to the humblest and most degraded. He seems to have tried to exhibit in his life

the apostle's description, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." The sermons are little more than sketches, but they exhibit much thought and study, and we doubt not were very powerful in their delivery. The memoir is in every way admirable, and reveals the broad catholicity of the spirit of the man who, though numbered among the Society of Friends, made friends in every section of Christian society by his godly sincerity.

The Bears' Den. By EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLEE. 66, Paternoster-row.

A BOY'S story of the very best kind. Many parents might profitably read it, and then with confidence hand it to their children. We feel sure that all who begin the book will read on to the end, and even then they will express the hope that the authoress will soon write another story just as good.

Wycliffe to Wesley; Heroes and Martyrs of the Church in Britain. 66, Paternoster Row.

FROM *Wycliffe to Wesley*, a fine run of history. A very milky way, all thick with stars, many of them of the first magnitude. From Wesley to the Advent, will the story be quite as lustrous with lamps of the Lord's own kindling? We have no fears, for the Lord liveth; but if we had any, a glance such as this book affords us would forbid despondency. Our Wesleyan friends are doing good service by producing a work like this; catholic, evangelical, and full of heart-cheering examples. The book is rich in illustrations, and is well adapted for youthful minds, as well as older readers. It is a holy record, calculated to excite zeal and strengthen faith.

Temperance Work in the Royal Navy. By the author of "Our Blue Jackets." With preface by Agnes E. Weston. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

GENEROUS JACK is particularly open to temptations to drink, and we are glad that devoted spirits are ready to help in the removal of these temptations. This simple record of needed work is very inspiring, and we wish for it a large circulation.

Beauty for Ashes. By ALEXANDER DICKSON. Robert Carter & Brothers, New York.

To preach consolation without specifying to whom it belongs has been said to be like putting a letter in the Post Office without a direction. It might contain a cheque, or a bank note of considerable value, but no one could tell for whom it was intended. To put an illegible direction is still worse, but to put a wrong direction is worst of all. All the promises of Scripture are clearly directed to the persons to whom they belong. Its consolations are for the children of God only. "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." It says not "peace! peace! when there is no peace." The consolations of the people of God are clearly and fully shown in this book to be neither few nor small, and are evidently intended, from the experimental descriptions accompanying them, for such persons only. If anything be wanting to render the book complete, it would be a clear delineation at the commencement of the persons entitled to the treasures it contains. It is attractive in its appearance, clear in type, pure in diction, and has a full amount of illustration.

Cloudland; or, Winnie Hetherington's Dream. By S. S. WYNNE. London: S. Partridge and Co.

AN excellent story, cleverly written, and superbly illustrated; showing the evils of indulging in day dreams instead of doing the duty that lies nearest to us. We only hope that this choice volume may have many readers, and turn dwellers in cloudland into practical folks. These are not the times for dreaming.

Confession and Absolution as taught in Scripture and as practised in the Primitive Church. By a Layman. London: W. Isbister and Co.

STARTING from the infallible standard of Scripture authority, the author of this able pamphlet examines modern priestly pretensions to absolve sins, and most thoroughly refutes them. His penetration is keen and subtle, striking to the very heart of a fallacy in a moment, and with relentless logic exposing it.

Added to which, the style is as clear as crystal and as plain as daylight. We only wish that in certain quarters where revived Paganism is rampant this little manual could be generally read. It would be a mighty antidote to this pest of priestcraft. God speed every such attempt to brush down mediæval cobwebs, and the spiders that spin them.

The Scripture View of Christ preaching to the Spirits in Prison. By Rev. A. CURRIE. London: Nisbet.

THE apostle Peter said of Paul's epistles that they contained "some things hard to be understood." It is pretty plain that this passage of Peter's is not less difficult than many of Paul's. Nearly every fresh interpreter has a new interpretation of it: and while the Roman Catholics say it argues in favour of purgatory, a new school of modern teachers says it teaches a new probation for the impenitent, and the final salvation of reprobates. Our author tries to prove what is at least new to us, viz.,—That the spirits in prison were the persons in the ark, and that Christ's preaching was through Noah to them, and that by that preaching they who had been disobedient or unbelieving became believing or obedient ere the flood ceased. This interpretation, which is very plausibly supported by clear and dogmatic statements and arguments, is infinitely to be preferred to many we have seen, and yet we cannot but think that there are some objections to its acceptance. "No, Mr. Currie! Peter is not yet quite plain, though your attempt to expound is both honest and able."

The King and the Usurper; or, the City of Separation. By J. B. London: Samuel Bagster and Sons.

MANY a lesson may be taught in allegory which would find little entrance if presented in a less attractive form. This little book teaches in very pleasant picture the necessity and blessedness of Christian separation from the world and its pleasures. We wish that every young convert could be furnished with a copy of it, and that he would carefully read and mark its lessons; it would soon make the boundary between the church and the world more defined than it is to-day.

"*Within the palace gates*": a Tribute to the Memory of Frances Ridley Havergal. By the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK. 1, Paternoster Buildings.

A KING'S daughter has gone from us, a woman altogether consecrated, and having much to consecrate. All the church mourns the silencing of this sweet poet's song, second to none among the tuneful sisterhood. Mr. Bullock has done well to cast an *immortelle* upon the grave where an immortal spirit has left its clay till the resurrection morn. Her hymns, which were all for Jesus, shall be sung wherever the gospel is preached, "for a memorial of her."

The Early Years of Christianity: a Comprehensive History of the First Three Centuries of the Christian Church. Vol. IV. By E. DE PRESSENSE, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE four volumes of this work are a splendid addition to our stores of church history. We might not in all points agree with our author in his views, but we are greatly indebted to him for his facts; and we so highly appreciate the book that we place it among those which every student should possess. It fires the soul to read of great deeds set forth in such stirring

words: it is a special means of grace to come under the influence of such an author when he is handling such a theme. The volumes in the cheap edition are 7s. 6d. each, and this is a very moderate price for a production which has cost so much time and labour. Miss Harwood-Holmden, so far as we can judge, has admirably executed the translation. We suggest that every minister should have these four volumes presented to him by some wealthy hearer.

The Classic Preachers of the English Church. With an Introduction by JOHN EDWARD KEMPE, M.A. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

ALTHOUGH our author looks upon preachers from a standpoint very different from our own, we have been right glad to know his views of the classic preachers of the English church, and to find ourselves, in general, agreeing with him. The sketch of Donne is admirably drawn. With Wilson, that true bishop of an extinct order, we were greatly pleased. Andrewes, too, in the second volume, is most excellent. In fact, for ministers the two volumes are the best known to us upon their special subject, and we feel refreshed by having read them.

Notes.

ON *Sunday evening, Aug. 10*, the regular hearers at the Tabernacle once more vacated their seats to allow strangers to occupy them. If the building had been twice as large as it is it would have been none too spacious for the crowds that sought admittance. As it was, we packed in as many as we possibly could, and preached to them with all the power that the Lord gave us. The sermon is published (No. 1,489. The Plague of the Heart), and may be still more widely blessed if Christians will circulate it where it is likely to be useful.

This special effort was preceded by earnest supplications at the regular prayer-meetings, by the pleadings of a meeting of chosen soul-winners held in the afternoon, and by the united prayers of the pastor and deacons in their private

vestry. It was delightful to observe the discipline voluntarily kept up by the Tabernacle friends; for none of them were present, nor thought of being so. There are generally a few crooked folks who will never fall into rank, or agree to anything which approves itself to others, but we saw no specimens of these irregulars, and we are under the impression that we have no such individuals at the Tabernacle. The idea of giving outsiders an opportunity of hearing their pastor commends itself to the universal conscience of the people, and therefore all carry it out cheerfully. The pastor appreciates this loving unanimity, and takes this opportunity of rendering his hearty thanks to one and all. Few ministers have to thank their hearers for stopping away, but we do so most heartily, accepting the action as

one of the surest tokens of intense unity of heart in the Lord's work.

The visitors for that evening were a remarkable mixture, comprising the workman in his usual garb, the west-end gentleman in the height of fashion, the sober Friend and the solid man of business, and all other kinds of people. The higher and lower ranks were equally well represented; men were, as usual, much in the majority, the clergy were in force, soldiers blazed in red here and there, and the usual church-going middle-class element filled in the picture. It was a great crush, and the atmosphere was dense and drowsy, but the attention was unbroken and the feeling deep. At the close our spiritual sharpshooters gathered up each one his share of those wounded by the word. Results, however, are better seen after an interval than immediately after the service. So it has ever been with our ministry. The converts do not rush excitedly into an enquiry room, but they think over what they have heard, and where the arrows have entered the soul the convinced ones come forward in due time.

COLLEGE.—The following students have accepted pastorates since the last notice. Mr. J. Rankin settles at Guildford, Surrey; and Mr. J. C. Brett will endeavour to re-suscitate the Baptist church at Wellington, Salop; we bespeak for him the aid of our good friends in that region. Mr. T. Napoleon Smith takes charge of the churches at Monks Kirby and Pailton, Warwickshire; Mr. E. S. Hadler succeeds Mr. Pope at Thorpe-le-Soken, Essex; Mr. W. Clatworthy goes to co-operate with our esteemed friend, J. Hannington, Esq., at Fishersgate, Sussex; and Mr. J. Taylor begins work at Campden, Gloucestershire.

Mr. Timothy Harley, who has been for some years pastor at Savannah, Georgia, U.S.A., has returned from America, where he was tried by the yellow fever, and has accepted an invitation from the church at John-street, Bedford-row. Mr. D. Asquith has removed from Brixton to Clarence-street, Landport; Mr. W. A. Davis from South Shields to Melton Mowbray; and Mr. John Clark from Dartmouth to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

Mr. W. Miller has fallen asleep during the past month. He was a good brother, though he lacked firmness of mind. After leaving the Baptist denomination to become for a while a Free Methodist he returned to his first principles, and was restored to the College Conference a month or two before life ebbed out. His tender,

gentle, holy spirit is now free from the troubles which were too many for his heart to bear.

We have lately received quite a batch of foreign letters from various ministers connected with our College Conference, and the tone of most, if not of all of them, is very cheering. Mr. White writes from *Japan* to tell us that he has opened his new preaching station. It is only a room, but as soon as it is filled the movable front is removed, and the people in the street hear the preacher's message. He mentions that he had just received the good news that a thousand persons in one of the inland provinces were asking to be baptized. He hopes soon to translate some of our sermons into Japanese.

From *Calcutta* we have an earnest appeal for more Christian workers in India. Mr. Blackie is doing what he can, for beside his pastorate at the Lall Bazar he has been teaching native boys and girls in the mission schools, he is secretary and treasurer of the Benevolent Institution, and secretary of the Baptist Indian Mission, and the Calcutta Temperance League. He is hoping soon to be able to labour entirely amongst the natives.

Mr. Dyke sends us a long and interesting account of the work of our brethren in *Canada*. He specially mentions the help they have rendered in connection with the new Home Mission and Systematic Beneficence schemes. He sends us tidings of Messrs. Grant, Forth, Lennie, Willis, Holmes, and Cook, all of whom seem to be doing thoroughly well. Our beloved brother, J. A. Spurgeon, hopes to see all these brethren during the months of September and October, and we hope his presence will inspirit them and all the Canadian friends. Particulars of his trip we hope to give in our magazine.

Mr. Kendon has arrived safely in *Jamaica* after a very pleasant voyage, and has now settled down to work at Old Harbour. Mr. Berry expected to baptize twenty-five persons this month, making seventy-five for the year.

Mr. Downing, of *Brisbane*, and several of our brethren in *America*, have also written us very encouragingly of their progress and prospects. Let the name of the Lord be praised.

The students re-assembled August 12th, and are now in full work. We have a larger number of men than ever before, and yet we have refused a host of applicants. Our venerable tutor, Mr. Rogers, having retired through age, his place is for the time occupied by Dr. Davis and Mr. Wrench. Our young men are throwing

their hearts into their studies, and several of the older men are men of special promise. Of more than thirty new men whom we have admitted we shall write with more confidence after a few months' trial. The readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* have not, we hope, forgotten that we have more than one hundred men to support. The income just now is very small. The donations received this month are old promises made at Mr. Phillips' supper, and donations given at the Weekly Offering: apart from this nothing has come in, or next to nothing, for the friends have been thinking of the Girls' Orphanage. This, however, does not stop our expense of some £140 per week for this College work alone. God's blessing on the work will be seen by our latest tablet of results—

Ministers who have been educated in the College, 470; New Churches formed, 132; persons baptized, 36,123; Students in the College, 110; Students in the Evening Classes, 200.

For carrying on this great work we have no resource but God, and he will not fail us, but will issue commands to his good stewards to see that this work never flags for want of the silver and gold.

EVANGELISTS.—During the time set apart for their holiday, Messrs. Smith and Fullerton conducted special services at *Paisley* and *Dumfries*, and in both places much good appears to have been done. On the 9th ult. they commenced at *Blackpool*, where they were to remain until the 25th. The hot weather seems to have prevented them from having such large congregations as usual indoors, but in the open-air great numbers gathered to listen to them. It takes time to arouse a town fully, and we hope that by this time even the blackest pool in Blackpool has been stirred. These brethren, it seems, find it a holiday to go on preaching, and we are glad they find it so; but we should feel all the easier about them if they would pull up and rest hard at vacation times: it would be true economy.

This month, from the 7th to the 21st, they are to be at *Burnley*. We hope that all believers in that town will unite to seek of the Lord a revival by their means. The sole aim of our evangelists is to win souls, and they are by no means of an exclusive spirit; all may help them and feel safe in so doing.

We wish to remind all friends who desire the services of our two brethren during the year commencing March, 1880, that applications must be sent to the Committee, Society of Evangelists, Metropolitan Taber-

nacle, not later than the first week in the present month.

Concerning our other evangelist, *Mr. Burnham*, who works single-handed, *Mr. Tidman*, the pastor of King Street Baptist Church, *Blaenavon*, writes as follows:—“A week of special prayer prepared the way for *Mr. Burnham's* coming. Arrangements were made so that every house should be visited, and that a personal invitation to the meetings should be given. A lively interest was maintained throughout the week, the attendances were good, the power of God was manifested in each meeting, and anxious enquirers were conversed with at the close of each service. . . . We hope to send you a thank-offering to help your Evangelists' Fund.”

This is the way to profit by an evangelist: to prepare for his coming by prayer, maintain him while present by prayer, and follow up his work by prayer.

Mr. Burnham has been resting during the past few weeks, and this month, from the 5th to the 26th, he is to be among the hop-pickers at *Goudhurst*, in Kent. Our regular readers will remember the interesting report that he wrote for us after his visit to the hop-gardens last year.

ORPHANAGE.—We beg to repeat the special notice we gave to collectors last month. We shall be glad to receive all collecting boxes and books, *on or before Wednesday, October 1st*, when the next quarterly meeting will be held at the Orphanage. We hope to give a lecture on “Incidents connected with Hymns,” which our good friends, *Mr. Duncan S. Miller*, and the Royal Poland Street Handbell Ringers, have kindly offered to illustrate with their bells. A meeting will probably be held at the “Hawthorns” in the afternoon, but full particulars will be announced as soon as we can make definite arrangements. We hope to make of the meeting *an opening fête for the Girls' Orphanage*, and our country friends will not be disappointed if they come up and rejoice with us. Proceedings will commence at three.

The Boys' Orphanage is so full that the trustees can issue no more application forms till next March. Will friends also note that the boys continue to send up their plates for more, and also to wear their trousers out at the knees, and we should therefore be glad if the subscriptions would come in more freely. We are glad that so many help us to build for the girls, but please don't starve the boys. To rob Peter to pay Paul is very bad, and to starve John to feed Mary is quite as bad.

GIRLS' ORPHANAGE.—Once more we have to adore the lovingkindness of our faithful and blessed God for having marvellously supplied the wants of the work to which he has called us. Our friends know that we bought a house and grounds called the "Hawthorns" for £4,000. This we needed the means to pay for. For various reasons the payment of the purchase-money for the "Hawthorns" was delayed until July 30th, and *on that very morning* we received a letter telling us that a gentleman had died and left £1,500 for the Girls' Orphanage, thus bringing up our total to within a very small sum of the amount required. The whole £4,000 is now all secured, including this legacy, and the property is our own, and in the hands of the whitewashers and painters. Heartily do we endorse the expression of the friend who sent us the good news, "The Lord has wonderful ways of using people to get together means for his work." The story of that legacy and of other gifts is a very remarkable one, and may some of these days be told. It illustrates the wisdom and faithfulness of the Lord, and tends greatly to strengthen our faith.

Now that the house and grounds are our own we shall at once make a beginning, and as soon as the furnishing is completed shall be prepared to take about fifty girls. Applicants and their friends are particularly requested *not to write to Mr. Spurgeon, or any of the trustees*, but to direct all applications to the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, S.W. None but fatherless girls, who are really destitute, and between six and ten years of age, will have any chance of admission. Further information will be sent upon application to the secretary.

We have now the promise of *seven houses* when we are ready to commence the new buildings. What hath God wrought! Schoolrooms must be built and an infirmary, so that there is still an opportunity for large donors to take a portion of the work and finish it outright. We have given as a frontispiece a picture of the "Hawthorns," but it may so happen that we shall not long use the house itself for an Orphanage. We purchased it for the sake of its grounds, and when we have built on the garden it may be thought wise to let the house or to dispose of it advantageously. Possibly also we may have to exchange our site for another, if the owner of the plot of land which intervenes between the Orphanage and the "Hawthorns" does not allow us to purchase upon reasonable terms. Of this our

"Notes" will inform our readers from time to time.

We shall need donations to furnish the house with, and then we shall want increased help to feed all the boys and girls. Our special friends could help us much if they would let us send them collecting books. We want to get a little band of helpers who would correspond with us personally, and help us regularly by collecting in different towns and villages among their friends.

COLPORTAGE.—Will all our readers examine carefully the annual report of this society, and give it all the help they can? No more needful or efficient agency exists, and yet we have to live from hand to mouth in reference to it from lack of capital and shortness of funds. Even in this, however, the good Lord does not leave the work actually to fail, but finds us just enough in the hour of emergency to prevent the machinery from actually standing still. Surely if some of his stewards were to consider this good work and its needs we should soon cease to be in fear of straits.

MRS. SPURGEON'S BOOK FUND.—Our dear invalid continues her good work of supplying poor ministers with books. The demands are as numerous as ever, and the gratitude felt by the receivers is exceeding great. Those who have taken part in this gracious work would be indeed gladdened if they knew the good accomplished by helping poor pastors to feed their own minds.

Mr. Bartlett wishes us to say that he has a number left of his mother's memoir, which he will be glad to sell. Those who remember that eminently useful lady, and would be pleased to see what her son says of her, may order the little volume of our publishers, Passmore and Alabaster. The price of the book is 2s. 6d.

PERSONAL NOTES.—A brother minister, who signs himself "A daily petitioner at the throne of grace on your behalf," sends us the following note: "About September, 1869, I attended the Tabernacle in company with my wife on a Thursday evening. Your text was, 'And Lot . . . pitched his tent toward Sodom.' As I listened to your earnest appeals, especially to Christians, my soul was stirred to its depths, and I could not but bedew the seat in the gallery with my tears. I felt a new baptism of love for souls, and returning home we both dedicated ourselves afresh to God, to spend and to be spent for those

who know not the Saviour. I can truthfully say I have a measure of that power with me up to the present time, and since that memorable occasion I trust I have been enabled, both in the open-air and in chapels, to win many souls for my Master, some of whom are gone home, and others are on the journey. To him be all the praise!"

A friend in Jersey, in sending us a donation for the Girls' Orphanage, writes: "I have been a reader of your sermons these seventeen years or more, having had sent to me monthly the Australian papers in which they appear weekly. God has been graciously pleased to bless them to the salvation of my soul. I had almost begun to think my Saviour had forgotten me. I knew I had long ignored him. I have lately found out the way to procure them in any number, and have gladly availed myself of it. I think I have now near six hundred of them. I lend them out in books of fifty. I prize them above every other means of grace save the Book. As you so frequently want money for the good works in which you are always engaged, I thought you would not despise my trifle. I wish it were fifty times as much. . . . Receive my sincere and heartfelt thanks for the unspeakable good your sermons have afforded and still afford me."

A friend in Glasgow, who signs himself, "Your loving son in Jesus," gives us the following particulars of blessing received from one of our sermons:—"About two years ago a sermon of yours entitled 'The Search Warrant' appeared in the *Christian Herald*. I had been anxious long before, but the Wednesday evening that this sermon came I went away into the country to read it. Oh! I was in earnest that night. When I was sure I was alone I stood and cried to God in prayer. In this prayer I was led to ask but one thing, viz., that Spurgeon's sermon might be the means of saving my soul that night. I opened the paper, and read it with great attention. The Spirit was with me, and when I got half-way through brought home to me the words, 'the very simplicity of faith makes the difficulty.' I had always been searching for some dark, mysterious, hidden thing. Back I went to the beginning, with a firm resolve to read it simply. Then I saw how one thing after another was cast down, and Faith herself was made a standing-ground on which to place the only thing that I could see left in the whole sermon, the beautiful, glorious, 'altogether lovely' form of our wounded Emmanuel. Christ was everywhere, and even myself had vanished, for I was a new creature. . . .

Thank God for a Spurgeon to preach 'The Search Warrant'!"

A friend writes from Manchester to tell us that her father, who has been a great drunkard for many years, has become a believer in the Lord Jesus, and has recently joined a Christian church. She says, "It is all through reading your 'Seven Wonders of Grace.'"

The following is an extract from a letter of one of the missionaries of the China Inland Mission:—"We stayed over the Sabbath at Tsong-kô-bu In the evening, after reading Mr. Spurgeon's sermon on 'The Hiding of Moses by Faith' (No. 1,421), I gave the substance of it in Chinese to our native pastor and the preacher at the above place, and then with deep-felt earnestness I prayed God to spare dear Mr. Spurgeon to the church of Christ, and to the world, for many years to come. The Chinese cannot pronounce 'Spurgeon' correctly, so we call Mr. Spurgeon in this quarter 'Sze Pah-jing,' i.e., 'The Successor or Continuator of a Hundred Virtues'—the word 'hundred' in Chinese stands for an indefinite number."

From Natal we have received a cheering letter, which contains the following references to our sermons:—"In 1860 I emigrated to South Africa, and on board the ship 'John Masterman' I received the first of your sermons I ever saw, and during our voyage they were read every Sabbath for divine service for the Presbyterian part of the passengers. I so loved your sermons that if I only got a spare leaf of one I treasured it, and put it away. . . . I have a wife and eight children. I live on a small farm twelve miles away from my place of worship, and I have established a school on the farm, and with my own family, the schoolmaster, and some of the children, we muster a small band of from fifteen to twenty-two on the Lord's-day evening to read one of your loved and highly appreciated sermons, and we seem to be as familiar with your name as if we met every Sabbath at the Tabernacle. I write this to let you know that even in this far away place you have hearers that you knew not of. At the same time I take the opportunity of sending you the small sum of £5, which you can appropriate wherever it is most needed."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—May 1st, nineteen; May 26th, twenty-four; May 29th, seventeen; June 23rd, sixteen; June 26th, sixteen; July 3rd, nineteen; July 28th, ten; July 31st, fourteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from July 20th to August 19th, 1879.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Drayson	0	10	0	Mr. C. Allard	0	10	0
Miss Splicied	2	0	0	Part Jewellery sold	3	11	6
W. S.	5	0	0	Jane Matthews	0	10	0
Mr. William Mainwaring	1	0	0	Mr. John Leach	0	5	0
Mr. S. W. Smith	1	1	0	Mr. W. McArthur, M.P.	30	0	0
Mr. E. J. Upward	5	0	0	Mr. J. Cowdy	3	3	0
Mr. William Hill	1	1	0	Mr. A. Soard	1	1	0
"Ebenezer"	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. Pickworth	10	10	0
Collection at Westbourne Grove Chapel	18	15	8	Colonel Griffin	10	10	0
Shorthand Class, per Mr. Pinkess	0	6	9	Mr. J. Simpson	2	2	0
Rev. David Bailey	1	0	0	Mr. W. Fowler	5	0	0
Mr. James Harvey	21	0	0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., July 20	39	10	6
Mr. J. Williamson	10	0	0	" " " " "	27	43	11
Friends at Dacre Park	3	14	0	" " " " " Aug. 3	34	13	9
Rev. H. H. and Mrs. Garrett, thank-offering	5	0	0	" " " " " "	10	48	6
Miss Westrope	1	0	0	" " " " " "	17	20	4
Mr. C. Ball	5	3	0				
A Friend	1	1	0				
					£381	0	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from July 20th to August 19th, 1879.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. V. Peskett	1	0	0	Per F. R. T.:-			
Mrs. Drayson	0	10	0	Miss Annie Johnson	0	5	0
Mr. H. Amos	1	17	6	Mr. James H. Johnson	0	5	0
Miss Gellard	0	6	10				0 10 0
L. Little	0	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Read, per Mr. Charlesworth	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Milbourne	2	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Williamson	2	2	0
Mr. H. Sharples	0	1	0	Annie	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. G. Anderson	1	5	0	Mr. Kelley	0	5	0
Camberwell Omnibus Driver	0	11	0	"Our Wedding Day"	0	5	0
Mr. B. Balderston	1	0	0	F. W. Hobbs	0	2	0
Mr. Robert Johnson	5	0	0	A Believer and Student in Law	0	7	0
Mr. J. F. Yeats	5	0	0	Mr. W. Baxter, C.E.	1	0	0
W. S.	10	0	0	H. G.	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. E. V. Johnson	0	13	0	Collected by Mr. J. Hayler	2	5	0
Mr. W. Hill	2	2	0	Mr. Le Cappelain	1	1	0
Mr. A. Threlfall	1	1	0	Mr. John Leach	0	5	0
"Ebenezer"	0	2	6	S. S. Absolum	0	2	6
Mrs. Garrett	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Billing	3	0	0
Mrs. Asquith's Bible Class	0	10	0	Mr. C. Ball	5	0	0
Mrs. Bateman, Wisbeach, per Mr. Saville	0	10	0	A Friend	0	10	0
Three Sisters and their Brother, Sidcup	0	4	0	Annual Subscriptions:-			
Mr. G. Hollinshed	0	10	0	Mr. G. Palmer, M.P.	50	0	0
Cornwall Road Sunday School, per A. W. Passmore	1	2	8	Mrs. Benshaw	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Paddon, Eastbourne, per Rev. W. J. Dyer	1	0	0				£105 10 6

Erratum last month:—Mr. J. D. Link, £5 5s., should be College account.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth:—PROVISIONS.—2 Cases Currants, Mr. S. Bailey; a quantity of Bread, Mr. Bonner.

CLOTHING, &c.—252 Pocket-handkerchiefs, The Misses Dransfield and Pupils; 6 pairs Socks, "G. B."

Girls' Orphanage.

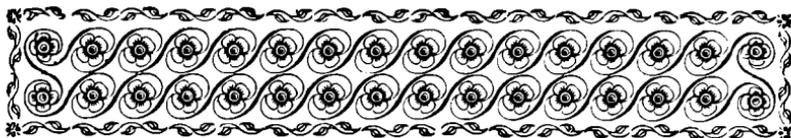
Statement of Receipts from July 20th to August 19th, 1879.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. B. Tice	1	0	0	Mr. D. S. W. Lamb	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Case	2	0	0	E. S.	1	0	0
Mr. H. L. Hayes	0	5	0	Mr. Clarke	1	1	0
Mr. David Park (second donation)	1	0	0	A few bricks from a working man	0	2	0
E. H., a widow's mite	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. S. Hobill	2	2	0
Mr. J. S. Stansfeld	0	5	0	Mr. C. E. Fox	10	0	0
Mr. W. C. Welling	0	5	0	Mrs. T.	200	0	0
J. W., Windsor	0	2	0	W. H. W., Clapham	5	0	0
Emma Croose	0	2	0	A thankoffering from Annie	1	0	0
Mrs. Jennings	5	0	0	Mrs. Drew	1	0	0
A Servant	0	2	0	Mr. William Hissey	5	0	0
Stamps from Walkerburn	0	5	0	A Miracle of Mercy	100	0	0
H. V.	0	3	0	Mr. S. E. Culver	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
M. B.	0	5	0	Messrs. Smeed and Dean, a freight of	52	10	0
Jane Whitto ...	1	0	0	bricks ...	0	10	0
A Friend ...	1	0	0	Rev. E. G. Sones ...	5	0	0
Mr. Joseph Alexander ...	0	10	0	Mr. C. W. Goodhart ...	0	11	6
F. F. ...	0	2	0	Mr. Walter Barber ...	0	10	0
Chequo on Consolidated Bank ...	1	0	0	Miss Jones ...	2	15	0
Scotch Note from Turriff ...	2	0	0	Jewellery sold ...	0	2	0
Mr. Joshua Shaw ...	0	2	6	A Lover of Jesus ...	0	2	0
R. Underwood ...	0	2	6	From Tommy ...	5	0	0
A Friend in Dublin ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Cannell ...	3	0	0
Miss H. Jack ...	1	0	0	Mrs. E. Hollis ...	0	5	0
In grateful remembrance of Little				Mr. and Mrs. Billing ...	1	0	0
Muggie ...	10	0	0	E. Robinson ...	5	0	0
J. S. ...	1	0	0	Mr. W. McClintock ...	5	0	0
J. F., Fifo ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Davies ...	5	0	0
"Half of all the money I possess"	1	0	0	Mrs. Giblin ...	5	0	0
A Servant ...	0	1	0	Mr. Robert Fergus ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Henry Tucker ...	5	0	0	A sincere Friend ...	2	0	0
Miss Houghton ...	5	0	0	R. K. J. ...	2	10	0
Miss E. Cook ...	2	0	0	A. H. J. ...	0	6	0
D. Hopper ...	0	10	0	Collected by Mr. Spurdens	0	10	0
Mademoiselle J. R. Jung ...	0	5	0	Jane Jack ...	2	0	0
A Friend ...	0	16	0	Mr. Cockrell ...	25	0	0
H. H. ...	0	2	0	Miss Winslow ...	0	2	6
C. W. M. ...	0	2	6	From Brechin ...	5	0	0
One who wishes to be unknown ...	0	5	0	Mr. A. R. King ...	5	0	0
Mr. Abijah West ...	1	0	0	Two Sisters ...	0	2	0
Collected at St. Leonard's Street Sunday				W. M. A. ...	2	0	0
School, Pimlico ...	1	0	0	Mr. Henry Suter ...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bishop ...	0	5	0	Lizzie Culver ...	2	0	0
Miss C. West ...	1	0	0	Mr. Smith ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Darby ...	2	0	0	Mr. Turner ...	0	10	0
Small hay thank-offering ...	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Bantick ...	0	10	0
Mr. C. Mallett ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Folwell, Bristol ...	0	10	0
Mr. James Stitt ...	25	0	0	A Lady, per Mr. Libbert ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Henry Gamble ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Cave ...	2	0	0
Mr. S. W. Smith ...	1	0	0	Mr. G. H. Kerridge ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Hooper ...	0	2	6	T. and T. Wells ...	1	0	0
Miss Jeph's ...	0	1	0	C. G. ...	1	10	0
E. G. ...	0	1	0	Miss Mary Mack Wall ...	2	2	0
X. X. X. ...	0	10	0	Mr. James Green ...	0	2	6
A Widow, Dumfries ...	0	10	0	A Friend ...	0	2	6
Mr. William Read ...	0	2	6	W. W. ...	0	2	6
Maidstone ...	0	2	6	Miss Skinner ...	0	2	6
T. ...	1	1	0	Mr. Freeman ...	0	10	0
Mr. E. Oldroyd ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Evans ...	1	0	0
Senior Bible Class, St. Leonard's Street,				Mr. William Ranford ...	0	9	0
Pimlico ...	1	0	0	A Friend ...	1	0	0
Miss Martin ...	1	0	0	Mr. T. S. Simonds ...	1	0	0
Mr. Shaw ...	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Price ...	0	3	0
W. M. Low ...	2	2	0	A. and B. ...	1	0	0
Mr W. Hill ...	1	0	0	Miss A. Hiller ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Louisa Cantis ...	1	0	0	Instead of a day's outing ...	5	0	0
P. F., Bristol, per Editor "Christian				H. I., Malta ...	5	0	0
Herald" ...	0	5	0	Mr. R. Hawkey ...	0	3	6
A Reader of the "Christian Herald" ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Richards and Friend ...	0	5	0
M. M. ...	0	2	6	A Reader of the "Christian Herald" ...	0	3	0
A Friend in the Country, per Mr.				Found in Weekly Offering Box at Mut-			
W. Davis ...	0	5	0	ley Chapel, Plymouth ...	0	1	2
Miss H. Dalton ...	0	10	0	A Poor Woman ...	1	0	0
Delta ...	0	10	0	F. C., Rearsby ...	0	10	0
Miss Moore ...	1	0	0	W. M., Coylton ...	2	0	0
Mrs. Maclean ...	1	0	0	Mr. Thomas Whitehead ...	0	10	0
Mr. Mackenzie ...	0	5	0	Mr. S. Laurance ...	0	4	0
Didymus ...	1	0	0	A Reader of the "Christian Herald" ...	0	2	0
M. Eyre ...	0	5	0	Mr. C. Ball ...	1	0	0
Elizabeth Cooper, annual subscription	10	4	4	A Friend ...	1	0	0
Mr. Hutt's Class, Reading ...	1	0	0	Miss Hagger ...	0	10	0
R. ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Freeman, Margate ...	2	0	0
Lizzie ...	0	6	0	G. M. R. ...	2	0	0
Miss Lewin ...	31	0	0	Mr. J. Wilson ...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hazell ...	2	0	0	Mr. William Badden ...	0	5	0
A Well-wisher at Millwall ...	5	0	0	Mr. Thomas Rogers ...	1	0	0
The Widow of the late Mr. T. Davies,				Mr. John Belt ...	0	2	6
Town Missionary, Shrewsbury ...	0	1	6	Mr. John Allen ...	0	1	0
Anthony and Thomas Inglis Skeoch ...	3	0	0	Mr. James Kaey ...	0	2	6
Mr. John Potts ...	0	5	0	Mr. Thomas Panton ...	3	3	0
Ann and Eliza McCulloch ...	5	0	0	Mrs. Whimper ...	0	1	0
Mr. A. Rushworth ...	5	0	0	J. (monthly) ...	10	0	0
An Ipswich Reader of the "Sword and				H. R., Bristol ...	1	1	0
the Trowel" ...	0	3	0	Mr. James Grose ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Allen ...	5	11	6	Miss Grose ...	1	1	0
Bazaar, further goods sold ...				Miss H. A. Grose ...	1	1	0



MR. THOMAS SPURGEON.



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

OCTOBER, 1879.

“Precious Faith.”

2 Peter i. 1.

A SERMON BY THOMAS SPURGEON.



IMON PETER, above all other servants and apostles of Jesus Christ, was aware of the value of faith. We often learn to value things by lacking them as well as by possessing them, and Peter had been thus instructed, for on several occasions he had to regret its absence. Once he walked the waters with his Master for a while, “but when he saw the wind boisterous he was afraid,” and though the outstretched hand of Jesus prevented him from sinking he had to suffer the kind reproof, “O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?” How precious would that grace have been that could have kept him walking in spite of winds and waves! And when in Pilate’s hall the tauntings of a servant-maid provoked his hasty tongue to oaths and curses, was not his faith at fault? If he had trusted once he would not have denied twice. As soon as he ceased relying he began denying. Had his eye of faith been “looking unto Jesus” no after-glance from Christ would have filled his eyes with tears. But Peter was not always deficient of this grace; he knew its worth by having and by exercising it; for instance, he could not well forget how in the obedience of faith he did, at Christ’s command, let down the net, although exhausted and discouraged by a night of unrewarded toil. How precious was the faith that filled the ship with fishes, and resulted in that miraculous draught which was to Peter the beginning of yet greater things, for then Christ said—“Fear not, from henceforth thou shalt catch men.”

Not only from such experiences as these, but also from the direct teaching of his Master, did Peter learn to value faith. "Simon, Simon," said his loving Lord, "Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." What other conclusion could Peter come to than that a gift specially prayed for by his Saviour—a grace which evidently could foil the devil if it did not fail—was, indeed, worth the having? There is little cause for wonder, then, that when the sifting was over, and he was converted and established, he should endeavour to strengthen the brethren who had obtained "like precious faith." Thus had the apostle learned to hold in honour—for such is the true meaning of his words—the faith for which his Master prayed. It shall be my endeavour to give some reasons why this grace was counted so worthy of esteem by Peter, and why we who have obtained a faith equally honourable should value it as much as he. Its worth, I trust, will increase to us as we consider, first, its divine origin; secondly, the precious objects to which it is directed; and thirdly, the rich blessings it procures.

I. FAITH IS PRECIOUS AS TO ITS ORIGIN.

Every good and perfect gift cometh from above, but in an especial sense "faith is the gift of God." When the King of kings unlocks his treasuries he gives no choicer gift than this. From his *Providence* proceeds a train of blessings, and men are everywhere enriched with bounty from his generous hand. He is ever giving. In the morning he scatters seeds of kindness, and at eventide he does not withhold his hand. With unerring wisdom he throws the shuttle of our daily life, and adds by every throw another thread of mercy to the fabric, framed and fashioned by his favour. To his people he is specially gracious. He is as the dew unto Israel, and shines with love on every drop; but these are a portion only of his ways, his *Treasury of Grace* is stored with blessings richer far than ever Providence can offer. When Jesus rose triumphant o'er the grave, he sat at his Father's side "to receive gifts for men," and faith must reckon first within the catalogue. It is the joint present of a mighty God and a merciful Saviour. We obtain it from God, the gracious donor, by way of the nail prints of the Mediator, and back it flies as soon as it is ours to the same wounds by which it came, and thus to God who gave it. So heavenly a gift cannot be too highly estimated. This is the choicest of "the precious things of heaven" allotted to sinful men by a sovereign God. Certain it is that we could not attain it; it could never be ours to prize did we not obtain it as the gift of God. The Father and the Son are thus the sources of this heaven-born stream. While it is the Father who gives this good gift unto his children, it is the Son who prays for its preservation in his disciples. The faith that enables me to say, "Lord, I believe," has come from God; and now to Christ I pray, "Lord, help my unbelief."

Nor must we forget the Holy Spirit here. Was he not sent "to convince the world of sin because," said Christ, "they believe not on me"? Is it not he, "the Spirit of Truth," who shall guide us into all truth, and thus to faith in Jesus who is "the Truth." Remember, also, that after "ye heard the word of truth, and after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our

inheritance.” “By his Spirit God garnished the heavens,” and by the same divine energy he has kindled in our hearts the faith which, alas, too often flickers like the twinkling stars, but which shall at length out-shine them. We look upon God as the giver, to Jesus as the author and finisher, and to the Spirit as the sealer of our faith. What wonder, then, that we call it precious!

We have sometimes seen a picture painted by two or more artists. One skilled in landscape produces rolling clouds or flashing sunlight, waving fields and a rippling stream. Another pencil drives the cattle to slake their thirst at the crystal brook, while yet a third enlivens all the scene with a ruddy peasant boy or a smiling village girl. Now, if each artist is a master of his own peculiar branch of art, the product of their united efforts will indeed be valuable—the signatures of three distinguished men enhance its worth. What if I say that Jehovah—three in one—has in some such sense worked with his Son and Spirit to perfect in us this grace. Great artist, finish thou thy work! Nor lay thy palette down till faith is lost in sight! O Trinity of love and power, we covet earnestly this best gift! It has a triple value from its threefold source.

II. Consider, secondly, THE PRECIOUSNESS OF FAITH AS TO THE OBJECTS BELIEVED IN.

The value of any article depends considerably upon circumstances surrounding it. A house, however substantial or ornamental, is valueless if its situation be unpleasant; and an anchor, be it never so strong, is useless if sunk in shifting sand. There is a hope that is not real, and faith which is not worth the name. Many earthly confidences are beautiful, but beauty is not value. They are ingeniously devised, cunningly constructed, but being of the earth, earthy, they prove “like a spider’s web.” Ours is a precious faith, in that we trust to things imperishable. Our hope shall never shame us, for we “have faith in God.” “O Lord God of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.” To us who believe, Christ is precious, and hence the faith itself is priceless. That man is most valued by his employers who brings to light from ocean’s depth the choicest pearls, and our faith, like such a diver, has found a pearl, to us the goodliest of all and of great price, and, while the prize is precious, the faith that grasped it is held in honour too. How can we ever prize enough the confidence which made us open a long-closed door, and let our Saviour enter? Unbelief had kept him waiting, and we loathe it: faith raised the latch, perchance with trembling fingers, and we love it.

Oh, to have a confidence so honourable that it relies on nothing else but Jesus, and, like Noah’s dove, finds rest alone within the ark! Dear Lord, my faith would keep her hand on that dear head of thine. Thou blessed Scapegoat, thou hast borne my sins away, and ever must I prize the faith by which I laid my sins on Jesus. Is not this confidence most precious, too, from its connection with “the precious blood of Christ”? For ever honoured be the look by which I saw his wounds, and found they bled for me. Many a time before he had bidden me “look and live,” but my eyes were holden till “precious faith” removed the veil, and made me know “it was the Lord.” What a view it was as first it burst upon my midnight gloom! Then did I behold “the

King in his beauty." The King thorn-crowned was beautiful with blood; he had within his hands and on his side the price of pardon, and I perceived 'twas all for *me*. Precious is the blood that cleanses us, and precious, too, the hyssop-branch wherewith it is applied. O for grace to trust this precious blood still more and more, till, like the feasting Israelites within their blood-stained doors, we fear no sword of vengeance, and only wait complete deliverance from the land of death and darkness. The blood is precious that provides so sweet a passover, but the faith that trusts the blood is priceless too.

Think, also, of "those exceeding great and precious promises which are given unto us," and which are inherited by faith. Like ships of merchandise, our hopes go forth ballasted with expectation, but soon return with riches from afar. We send the reapers forth in faith, and, behold, they return at eventide, "bringing their sheaves with them." But for the vessels the treasure could not be ours, but for the reapers the harvest would be unappropriated, and hence the value of the agents which make the gold of Ophir, or the golden grain, or these golden promises, our very own.

In the old days of falconry the hunter prized that bird the most which seized the choicest prey. So train your faith that it can grasp the promises, and it will grow in value daily. Fain would I keep thee, O my faith, upon my finger's end, not chained and hooded, as the falcons were, but waiting and watching, ready any time to fly in search of spoil. Go, grasp that promise; far distant as it seems, and hardly meant for me, my faith shall bring it near. Secure that prize, and make that pleasure mine. O for a falcon faith to go a-hunting for us! How precious it would be!

We love the faith by which we learn to love the best Beloved, to trust his blood, and to inherit the promises. Faith is thus to us a brooch of gold which clasps a sinless Saviour in the centre—the pearl of great price. About him and above are rubies rich and rare,—“his precious blood”; and diamonds sparkle round,—the greatest and most precious of his promises, all glittering with blest anticipation, flashing with the light of coming joy.

III. Let me remind you, lastly, of THE BLESSINGS FAITH PROCURES. They are numberless and all of wondrous worth. O how sweet the faith that makes them ours! The key is valuable, although it be not one of gold, which yet unlocks the treasury; and the thread is greatly prized, however common, which penetrates the labyrinth, and leads to wealth and joy.

Faith is as precious as the air we breathe, for “the just shall live by faith.” By faith we take our infant steps as babes in grace, and growing stronger every day it leaves us not in death, but lights the face with heavenly glory, and inspires a longing “to be with Christ, which is far better.” May it be said of us, “These all died in faith.” Meanwhile, “we believe to the saving of the soul,” and “are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus,” and “shall receive an inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith.” Here are salvation, adoption, purification, and coming glory—all through faith.

Fellow soldiers of Christ, “By faith ye stand.” “Fight the good fight of faith,” “putting on the breastplate of faith and love,” “above all

taking the shield of faith wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked,” and “this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.” See here a complete armoury for the Christian warrior, and what is best of all, his victory too.

O blessed harness that thus ensures a triumph! I would be always clad in armour such as this. O precious panoply that promises I shall prevail! My helmet is my crown, my breastplate is my chain of gold, my sword becomes my sign of victory.

Faith is the spring-tide sunshine that sets our hearts a-singing—“believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.” It is the porch of the Palace of Peace, for “we which have believed do enter into rest.” It is the crook in the great Shepherd’s hand that keeps us near himself, for “we are kept by the power of God *through faith* unto salvation.” Faith is the vestibule of the baptistery, for “if thou believest with all thine heart thou mayest.” It is the cord of unity which binds all faithful Christians to one another and to their Lord, as of old “the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one mind.” It is the Master’s “peace, be still,” that ends our toiling and stops our tossing, for “being justified by faith, we have peace with God.”

Think what faith has done for others and may do for us. It opens the mouth to show forth God’s praise, as saith the Psalmist, “I believed, and therefore have I spoken.” It also stops the “mouths of lions.” When creation was blotted by man’s sin, faith kindled Abel’s acceptable offering, and faith is still “the flame that lifts the sacrifice to heaven.” It took Enoch up to walk with God on golden pavements. It built the ark at God’s command and sheltered righteous Noah. The father of the faithful obediently prepared to slay his son—his faith in God stood even so severe a test. Faith benefits the young and old—it kept a guardian watch on baby Moses in his bulrush ark, and by it “the elders obtained a good report.” Faith is a test of the preciousness or otherwise of earthly things—a balance in which even the reproach of Christ is found to outweigh the treasures of Egypt.

Faith blows the rams’ horns round the walls of Jericho until it brings them down; but while it thus destroys strongholds it does itself become the shelter and protection of a sinful Rahab. Many an one has faith helped in dying—it has brought some back to life. This grace is suited to all conditions and equal to all occasions. The strong find here their greatest power, and the weakest saint by its magic influence “laughs at impossibilities, and cries ‘it shall be done.’” It pleases God and perplexes the devil. It honours Christ and humbles Satan. It enables man to do everything—it prevents Satan doing anything. It helps in sorrow—it blesses in joy. No heart should be without it.

The *troubled heart* must have it. It turns bitter into sweet, and makes the mourner sing:—

“What though a cloud o’ershade my sight,
Big with affliction’s tear,
My faith, amid the drops that fall,
Discerns a rainbow there.”

The *anxious heart* should have it, for nothing soothes so well. Faith like an unsuspecting child, serenely resting on its mother’s arm, reposing every care upon her God, sleeps on his bosom and expects no

harm; receives with joy the promises he makes, nor questions of his purpose or his power. She does not doubting ask "Can this be so?" The Lord has said it, and there needs no more.

The *glad heart* needs it. When all goes merry as the marriage bell "have faith in God." Trust not these transient joys, for that same bell which peals thy pleasure now may toll thy trouble on the morrow. Keep us, O Lord, in joy or sorrow, "faithful unto death." Let not "the subtle chain that binds us to the infinite" be ever snapped or even weakened.

Sinful heart, thou needest faith although the want be never felt. Or, if thou dost acknowledge that this one thing is lacking, seek it straight from God. It must ever be his gift. Howsoever foul or sick thou art thy faith shall make thee whole. *Only* trust him. Trust *him only*. Question not the possibility of such a change: "All things are possible to him that believeth." Thy inbred sins shall be plucked up by the roots, yea, the mountain of thine iniquities shall be removed into the sea. Hear what thy Master saith who waits to heal thee: "Believest thou that I am able to do this?" If thou canst not say at once, "Lord, I believe," present the hearty prayer, "Lord, help mine unbelief." "To him give all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins." O what a sweet and simple way of salvation, yet how secure—"trusting Jesus, that is all!"

"Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by,
Trusting him whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus—that is all."

Thank God, we have learned that that is quite enough. Our faith is now so precious that we wish we had a thousand times as much,—
"Lord, increase our faith." Amen.

The best conduct towards unbrotherly Brethren.

WE are bound to own as brethren all those whom God owns as children, and we may not fall into the anti-christian humour in which some abide who un-church, if they do not unchristianize, all who do not gather to their assembly. It is true we have among us a peevish, contentious sect, who in the name of unity denounce all but their own clique, but we may not refuse to love even these. If they will not unite with us we cannot help it; our only care must be to make sure that the disunity is all on their side. Inasmuch as they revile our church-order, and foolishly ridicule it as "system," we must show that it is part of our system to bear patiently the hard speeches of weak-minded brethren. Even if they disclaim *us* it will be our duty to call *them* brethren, notwithstanding their disclaimer. Their conduct is now so well known that none will believe them when they claim to be the pattern community, and it will be the more sure of speedy condemnation if we, each one of us, live to unite all believers, the exclusive ones included, and so by a contrary behaviour judge and condemn their schism. The worst harm that uncharitable brethren can do us is to render us as uncharitable as themselves. Remember that though they exclude others they may not themselves be excluded from our Christian love, for the most bigoted brethren are brethren still.

Uncle John Vassar.*

FEW books which have crossed the Atlantic will command a larger number of grateful and admiring readers than that which sets forth the life of the man who was familiarly spoken of as Uncle John Vassar. He was one of the few men who seemed to approach Edward Irving's ideal of an apostolic missionary—"without a purse, without a change of raiment; without a staff, without the care of making friends or keeping friends; without the desire of worldly gain, without the apprehension of worldly loss; without the care of life, without the fear of death; of no rank, of no country, of no condition; a man of one thought—the gospel of Christ; a man of one purpose—the glory of God; a fool, and content to be reckoned a fool for Christ; a madman, and content to be reckoned a madman for Christ." Sublimely imprudent, as the world counts wisdom, he was wise in winning souls. His methods were unique, and his tact was inspired by the singleness of his aim and the wisdom and energy by which he sought its realization: whole-hearted in his consecration, he was untiring in his labours, and not only seized existing opportunities for usefulness, but created them. To be "instant in season" is a lower grade of Christian service; to be instant "out of season" is the higher form of Christian consecration. Uncle John's labours were always in season, for he adapted himself to the sphere in which he was placed, and so compelled his opportunities that they were "unseasonably in season."

In writing the life of Uncle John, Dr. Gordon has so dealt with the materials at command that the successive chapters are made to portray the "good soldier of Jesus Christ," and to enforce the injunction—"Fight the good fight of faith." Uncle John not only deserves to be called a "good soldier." He was something more, for, while fighting the Lord's battles himself, he was an active recruiting sergeant, and never seems to have missed a chance of pressing home the question, "Who is on the Lord's side?" Accosting a gentleman on one occasion with the familiar question, "My dear friend, do you love Jesus?" he was met with the rejoinder, "I do not know that that concerns you, sir." Uncle John was too shrewd a tactician to be disconcerted, and at once followed up the assault with the remark, "Oh, yes it does. In these days of rebellion, does it not concern every citizen as to which side every other citizen may take? How much more when a world is in rebellion against God, should we be concerned to know who is on the Lord's side!" In this way he fenced the resentment which the obtrusion seemed likely to provoke, and justified his advance as the anxious enquiry of an interested friend. Resisted or repulsed in his spiritual warfare, Uncle John never appears to have been vanquished. The word defeat was not found in his vocabulary, for in all his encounters if one weapon failed him he was at no loss to command another. He courted the hand-to-hand encounter like the warriors of the olden days, and wandered like a knight-errant in quest of "the King's enemies," whom he sought to conquer and enlist. It is impossible to read the story of his triumphs without feeling a thrill of admiration for the man

* Uncle John Vassar; or the Fight of Faith. London: R. D. Dickinson.

and the quickening of the desire, if not the determination, to emulate the example of his life. It must not be supposed that Uncle John was proud, or even elated with his achievements. One who knew him well speaks of him as "a humble man who never spoke of himself, except in terms of depreciation, and to whom any suggestion of credit or praise always seemed painful." And another adds, "It was the simplicity of the man, and his self-renouncing, that commended him to all, and made him a wonderful force. Whatever came from his efforts he was accustomed to speak of it as God-produced, through the feeblest instrumentality—all of God and through God—he nothing but a poor sinner saved by grace."

The first chapter in this interesting volume is devoted to *the recruit*, and from this we learn that John Ellison Vassar came from a sturdy stock of Norfolk farmers of French ancestry, who settled in America in the year 1796. They were Nonconformists and Baptists, and, in an age of formalism, were earnest and devout Christians. John was born in 1813, and, at the age of twelve, he counted as a man in his father's brickyard at Poughkeepsie, which was then a small village on the Hudson. His educational advantages were meagre, and his aptitude not such as justified an effort to make him a scholar. The society of the brickyard was a sad school for an ill-taught lad, and his years seemed to pass away in prayerlessness and profanity till he reached the age of twenty-five.

Cast upon the resources of his own energy, he acquired the habit of self-reliance, and learnt to succeed where others would have failed. When recruited for the service of the Lord this habit became an important factor. He could dare and do alone what others would hesitate to attempt. Dauntless courage and persistent energy, when sanctified by divine grace, make up the heroism of martyrs.

The conversion of Uncle John was not a change of sentiment, but a change of heart, and was brought about during some special services at the Baptist church. While he was under conviction he went home from one of the meetings, and finding his wife asleep he aroused her with the cry—"How can you rest there when your husband is going right down to hell?" He was astonished to find that his own anxiety was not shared by anybody else. To him it was a marvel that Christians were not all alive, and always alive, in the work of soul-winning.

No sooner was he *mustered in* than he commenced a career of usefulness, in which the ardour of his enthusiasm seemed to intensify with his years. At the time of his conversion he was employed at a brewery; and, while diligent in business, he had sundry texts of Scripture chalked upon the wall which furnished him with themes for meditation, and he betook himself to reading and prayer as often as opportunity served. Nothing but a seven days' religion suited Uncle John. During the sermon on Sunday he would sit with his head down, and when spoken to about it he accounted for the habit by saying to the minister, "I start even with you, praying while you preach, and to every appealing truth I say, 'Lord, send *that* home'!" His minister adds, "I drove the nail with the gospel hammer, and he clinched it with believing prayer." The work of the Sunday-school had an attraction for him, but he was too restless in his desire to do greater things to settle down

contented with a small class. Loyal to Christ, he must join the outposts; eager to lay some trophies at the Saviour's feet, he was not content with the home *drill*. At length, after earnestly praying for direction, he offered himself for the work of colportage under the American Tract Society, and was sent to the far West.

His biographer describes him at the age of thirty-seven as setting forth with "an almost iron constitution, spirits buoyant as a child's, an all-conquering faith, a large amount of good, sturdy, common sense, and a zeal that never flagged." The testimonies to Uncle John's usefulness are intensely interesting and instructive. He says, "I pass along the highways contented with my fare, and stop where the night overtakes me, witnessing all the time to small and great that Christ has power to save."

Cancelling his engagement with the Tract Society, he entered upon a crusade against the drink traffic, walking some twenty miles a day, and finishing with a public meeting at night. Though his life seemed often in danger from the mob, and he was burnt in effigy, he came out unharmed. He next engaged himself as agent of the Dutchess Baptist Association. Labouring in connection with such an organisation he found the moral and material support which furthered his aims, and it is said that wherever he laboured "the revival spirit went from church to church. Drowsy Christians started up as sleeping soldiers at bugle call." A story is told of this time which shows his persistent determination. A young man at the meeting was brought almost to the point of decision, but left unsaved. The following day Uncle John felt he must look him up, and accordingly went to the farm where he was employed. At mid-day all the workmen came in to dinner except this young man, who, suspecting Uncle John's errand, ran away and concealed himself in a barrel which stood in an outhouse. Nothing daunted, Uncle John climbed over and knelt by his side in prayer, and did not leave him until he was brought to a saving trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. The man who could thus convert a meal-tub into a Bethel was of the right stamp for a county missionary, and must have many imitators if the wanderers are to be brought nigh.

During the earlier stages of the civil war which convulsed the continent of America, Uncle John felt a growing desire to go to the front. The American Tract Society very gladly accepted his proffered services, and he reached the Northern army on the eve of the battle of Gettysburg. Being known to many of the officers and men, he received a cordial welcome, and set himself to care for the tented soldiers and the wounded in the hospitals. Straying away in quest of some stragglers one day, he was captured by Stuart's cavalry as a spy, and when questioned by the general he replied, "I am working as a colporteur of the American Tract Society, to try and save the souls of the dear boys that fall around me daily. General, do you love Jesus?" The General fenced the question with the remark, "I know that good old society, and have no fear of its emissaries." Uncle John was not to be put off thus, and he followed up the assault with another shot, "But my dear General, do *you* love Jesus?" The downright sincerity of the colporteur evinced by his earnestness saved him from receiving a summary sentence, and the General escaped from his dilemma by setting him free to

return to the Union lines. Prudential considerations for his personal safety would have spared him the peril provoked by such encounters, but "he counted not his life dear unto him" in his passionate yearning to save souls. It is attested that one-tenth of the brigade with which he was quartered found the Saviour through his instrumentality. He began his day at roll-call, and was in a state of intense activity from sixteen to eighteen hours. He ate little, and slept little, yet never flagged and never gave out. Few, if any, of the eight thousand officers and men of his division escaped his personal appeals. "My dear colonel," he said, addressing a very immoral officer, "this is the first time I ever saw you, and perhaps we shall never meet again. I am sure you will not think it amiss if I ask you whether you have an interest in the great salvation?" Such close dealing as this incident suggests was Uncle John's usual method. He never wasted his opportunity by indulging in vague generalities, and never scrupled to urge upon all he met the urgency of immediate decision for Christ. A wounded soldier said to him one day, "Uncle John, I have lost my arm, but I have not lost my hold of Jesus." Nothing could be more conclusive as to the success of his methods and the soundness of his work than such a testimony.

Another sphere of service to which Uncle John was assigned fell but little short of the military campaign in point of interest and importance. In 1869 the Tract Society resolved to reach the miners in the regions of the Rocky Mountains, and Uncle John undertook the mission in company with Mr. Shearer, with whom he had previously been associated. Rough as these men were, Uncle John soon found his way to their hearts, and many were led to the Saviour. We have only to contemplate the vast range of country traversed by Uncle John, and the varied conditions of his auditors, to infer how a truly consecrated man adapts himself to gain the end he has in view. "All the world is his parish"; "every creature" the object of his solicitude. Thus we find Uncle John at home amongst the freedmen of the South and the soldiers of the North; the lonely settlers in the plains of Kansas and the teeming populations of crowded cities; the miners of Colorado and the mountaineers of Kentucky. From the altitude to which he was raised by his divine commission, social distinctions were dwarfed; and all the diversities of nationality and class were merged in the common condition of universal ruin. To him the inspired verdict—"There is no difference, for all have sinned," established an equality of need; while the comprehensive assertion—"There is no difference, for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him," armed him with authority to carry the gospel to every member of the brotherhood of man. As an illustration of the importance of the visits of Uncle John to out-of-the-way people, we give the following story in the words of the biographer:—

"In one house that was entered the praying wife of an infidel husband begged that a Bible might be given her, as there had been none in the home during all their married life. One was furnished her, and the missionary went his way. Hardly had he got out of sight when the husband came in, and instantly his eye lit upon the book. One glance aroused all his rage. Seizing the volume with one hand, and his axe

with the other, he hurried out to the wood-pile, and laying it on the chopping-block, he cut it through and through. Coming back to the cabin with the two pieces, he hurled one toward the wife, saying in a mocking tone, 'As you claim a part of all the property around here, there is your share of this.' The other half was pitched up into a niche where tools were sometimes kept. Months passed. The timid wife could only pray. One wet or wintry day, when the man was indoors, with little to do, finding the time hang heavy, he looked around for something to read. Reading matter in that home was scarce. While rummaging around in this nook in search of some old newspaper, what should turn up but his half of the mutilated book. To while away the monotony of the hour he took it up. Was it by accident that he opened at the parable of the prodigal? He did not remember having seen it before. By its simplicity he was charmed. Presently the narrative was broken off. To finish it he must have the missing piece. Unwilling to ask for it, and so acknowledge that even his curiosity was stirred, he cast stealthy glances here and there to see if it would not appear. But its wary owner had safely hidden her fragment of Scripture, and his hunt was vain. Pretty soon inquisitiveness conquered pride, and at his request the wife produced her piece. The story was finished. It was read over again and again. Need the outcome of the whole be told? Another wanderer fell at the Father's feet. Another penitent was folded in the Father's arms. Another bitter opposer became the champion of a faith which all his life he had laboured to destroy."

After preaching "the gospel in the regions beyond," Uncle John was deputed to visit the churches of New England. From what we have seen of the man no better selection could have been made. He was just the one to disturb the decorum from which the energy of life had departed, and to cause a stir amongst the dry bones of a dead formalism. How he roused the churches, and woke up the slumbering Christians, all along the lines is one of the most interesting and important episodes in his career. "Dear Uncle John," writes one friend with whom he tarried, "his stay with us was like an angel's visit, and we cherish his words and looks in memory, as of one very intimate with Jesus, and dwelling even here quite on the verge of heaven."

In every special mission he undertook, Uncle John more than justified the designation by which he was known—"The Shepherd's dog." There was a reflex influence attending his labours. If, as the Shepherd's dog he went forth and brought home the wandering sheep, the pastors were stirred up to care for them in the fold. If he endeavoured to arouse the churches to a higher spirituality, he left them with the quickened desire, and the fixed resolution, to copy an example so Christ-like. His biographer thus sums up his weapons in the fight, but which we prefer to call his qualifications for the warfare:—

1. Unflinching loyalty to the Lord Jesus Christ, based on adoring love.
2. Habitual and almost unbroken intercourse with God in prayer.
3. A mighty faith.
4. Devout and constant study of the word of God.
5. Persistency of purpose and sanctified tact.

6. Deep and tender sympathy with the lost.

7. Great humility and catholicity of spirit.

While his strength continued Uncle John held on, and when his health failed he was impatient of the restraint which loving friends imposed when it was clear to them he had "fought the good fight." Like a Chelsea pensioner, the veteran, in recounting his victories, would not admit his incapacity for active service. Writing to a minister he says, "I am getting better every day, and can work some. The Society and the doctor both say I cannot come to you; but I want to come and see the salvation of our God once more." Dear old man! the ruling passion was strong in death. As he had spent himself in the service of the Lord, there was a solemn fitness in the last word which fell from his lips, "Hallelujah," and "when he had said this he fell asleep."

VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

To a Young Minister.

"A good minister of Jesus Christ."—1 Tim. iv. 6.

"THE Lord Christ Jesus with thy spirit be":
Thee may his presence gladden, help, defend:
Him serve with all thy powers continually:
His glory seek, and on his love depend.

The work is thine, to lead mankind to God;
On Christ's behalf, with sinful men to plead;
To point them to the sin-atoning blood;
With quickening, saving truth their souls to feed.

"Watch thou in all things"; "to thyself take heed";
Claim all the blessings through the Saviour given;
A Christian be in heart, in word, in deed;
Live as becomes "an heir of God" and heaven.

Be it thy care as much of Christ to know
As heart can feel, as spirit can conceive;
And strive his love and preciousness to show,
That men in him may savingly believe.

And by thy means, through his abundant grace,
May many souls from sin and death be won;
And mayest thou stand with joy before his face,
And see him smile, and hear him say, "Well done."

The Bible in the South Seas.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

TAHITI, considered by English travellers to be the fairest spot in the Pacific Ocean, embraces an area of six hundred square miles. It was discovered by the Spaniards early in the seventeenth century; but an English captain, who was not aware that anyone had preceded him, named the island after George III. soon after that monarch's accession to the throne. Other designations given by France and Spain in time were superseded by the native name, restored by Captain Cook, who after calling several times wrote the best account of the inhabitants which had at that time appeared. Since Cook's days the population has very greatly decreased, a phenomenon which is accounted for by war, by the former prevalence of infanticide, and by the introduction of diseases incidental to civilization. When the first missionaries arrived, in 1797, human sacrifices were common; but when King Pomaree II. declared himself a Christian in 1816, a better era was inaugurated. The spread of the gospel among the people had the effect of abolishing their immoral practices, and also of bringing in a reign of peace. For half a century after the settlement of the missionaries only small progress was made in the arts of civilization, but a trade in oil, sugar, arrowroot, shells, etc., is now carried on by foreigners who have settled in the island. Tahiti is a very lovely place, and as fertile as it is beautiful.

Idolatry is happily a thing of the past, and the Bible is greatly prized by the natives generally. Although the Romish church has sent forth its missionaries to pervert the faith of the simple people, so long as the Scriptures are popular popery can make little progress. Writing about seven years ago, Mr. Green, the Bible agent for the Society group, said: "It is gratifying to me to report that the interest of the natives in the Word of God is as great as ever, and their desire to understand what they read increases. Yesterday a native member of one of our own churches came to my study, and asked for the exposition of a passage or two of Scripture, and as I responded to his wishes he drew from his pocket two sheets of letter paper filled with texts of Scripture, which he wished me to expound; but I thought he would be able to retain only a portion, so I advised him to be satisfied with about half a dozen passages, which he agreed to, being careful to obtain a promise from me that I would allow him to come again. Another native visited me this morning on a similar errand, and thus a large portion of my time is occupied." Indeed, the interest on the part of the natives in the Bible is so genuine that the Romanists are compelled to shape their procedure to the circumstances of the situation. They have even countenanced the reading of the Word in schools and elsewhere, but at the same time they have circulated the absurd lie, that the Protestants of old stole the sacred writings from the true church, *i.e.*, from themselves.

There are exceptions, however, and even among the priests there are those who sincerely love the Scriptures. Two of these once entered the Bible depôt on the island, and having selected a copy from several

submitted for inspection, "the priest for whom it was intended," says the depository, "seized it with an air of earnest joy which led me to infer that it was the first time in his life that he had had an opportunity of calling a Bible his own." When a consignment of Bibles and Testaments arrives from England the copies are soon disposed of; for even the Romanists are obliged to make use of the ordinary version, having none of their own. The bishop, on one occasion, found some fault with the text, but the natives said, "If you are not satisfied with it, why don't you translate and print your own Bible, not buy ours?" When he confessed it was too great an undertaking, he was advised to be silent.

Being unable to stop the circulation of the books, and being also compelled to accept the ordinary version, the Romanists in Tahiti are in danger of becoming more evangelical than their brethren in less favoured parts of the world. In one of the latest letters from the island one of the pastors says: "The Catholics buy our Testaments and present them to their scholars free, but we have no funds for such a purpose at our disposal. I am accustomed to sell them to the children at one franc each, which is fifty per cent. under net cost, and we aim to make up the loss to the society by means of a small profit on the Bibles. I have no doubt the Catholics know that we sell the Testaments, and they, by way of strategy, give them for nothing, as an inducement to children to attend their schools. I have very recently sold the Catholic bishop twenty dollars' worth of Testaments, and he is now awaiting the arrival of the *John Williams* to get more of these copies, as my stock of cheap ones is exhausted." The Romanism which deals thus largely in the printed word would not be an evil to be greatly feared, were there not in the background the fear that if once the priests could gain the people they would soon take the Bibles away from them.

A Bible-class of forty members is attended by persons who travel from one to fifteen miles for the purpose. One of the resident ministers says that the notes used are copied and appreciated by others living within a radius of sixty miles. Hence, he adds, "Notwithstanding the restrictions which are laid upon us in preaching the Word of Life to the natives by the French Government, the Bible forms the groundwork of a very interesting department of Christian labour." Printed matter is subject to official sanction, but manuscripts may be freely circulated. Numbers of the people are extremely anxious to have Scripture correctly interpreted, and one of the resident pastors has been known to send replies to two hundred Biblical queries in a single week. This pastor also tells us that "a native deacon of about sixty years of age walked a distance of thirty-five miles to obtain from me an exposition of four passages of Scripture. I gave him eight pages of written notes on the passages on the following morning, and he has returned to report the result of his journey to the church to which he belongs." The Queen who lately died was a very devout Christian, and set her people an example by being faithful unto death.

One striking peculiarity of many islands in the Pacific is their being surrounded by natural breakwaters, belts of coral rock, which lie out in the sea a mile or two, or a less distance from the shore, to resist the mighty violence of the waves driven forward by the trade winds. The

water off the seashore is thus charmingly tranquil, while beyond all is roaring turbulence. The coral naturally makes navigation more or less dangerous, and the mariner's perils are enhanced by the lack of convenient harbours. Thus a vessel which had a number of cases of Bibles for Mangaia "was wrecked on our dangerous reef at dead of night," says a resident pastor. "The whole of my people were with myself aroused. Happily it was a lovely moonlight night; but ten of the natives, who were passengers on board, had a very narrow escape of their lives. They ventured to jump from the vessel through the surf upon the reef, and so were saved. Our good people soon heard the tidings that the new Bibles had come, and hurried on board the vessel, which was just breaking up. I overheard them say that they were determined, if possible, to get the Bibles first, I stood by and watched them going off to the vessel. . . In a very short time all the eight cases were on shore, the natives certainly having risked their lives in the attempt to save them."

The group known as the *Loyalty Islands* are coral formations, and are consequently more level than their neighbours. It is hardly more than thirty years since they have become really known, and the settlement of missionaries is of still more recent date. Prior to the introduction of Christianity the natives were very badly used by various adventurers who called to cut cargoes of valuable wood and used their guns too freely. This led to retaliation on the part of the aborigines, and thus the heathen tribes contracted a character more ferocious than it might have been had the treatment meted out to them been more Christian.

The island of *Niue* first received its translation of the New Testament in 1866, and, notwithstanding the smallness of the population, a sum of £150 was speedily remitted on account of the sale. The population does not exceed five thousand, and the island is four hundred miles distant from any other land. The history of its Christianization is one of the most cheering episodes in missionary history; for this, once correctly named *Savage Island*—so called on account of the ferocious character of the inhabitants—is now described as one of the brightest and happiest spots in the wide Pacific. The gospel conquest is virtually complete. A generation ago a foreigner could not have set foot on the island—a superstitious dread teaching the people to murder all intruders—the language was not reduced to writing, and the people were otherwise thoroughly degraded. Other islands in the same seas had accepted the joyful news of Christ, while Niue remained a heathen stronghold. The dawn of a better day appeared in 1849, when, at the risk of his life, a Samoan evangelist bravely landed, and settled in one of the villages. The work was slow and perilous; but progress was made in spite of murderous plots, and at length four other teachers arrived. The harvest now became more plentiful, until, in 1861, when Mr. and Mrs. Lawes settled in the island, the people were ardently longing for a missionary. The gospel of Mark, already prepared by the Samoan teachers, was now put in circulation; and, while the work of translation proceeded, the joy of the people on receiving each new instalment of the Scriptures was indescribable. When the New Testament was completed, "a large number were paid for in advance, to

ensure receiving some of the first copies," says Mr. Lawes. "As soon as the cases arrived we were besieged with applicants, and were obliged there and then to open them, so eager were the people for the Word of Life." Thus many years of plodding work on the part of the missionaries have received a great reward. The translation was made from the originals, and assistance was received in the work of revision from natives and others. "Twelve years ago," says Mr. Lawes, writing in 1873, "Niue had no portion of God's Word in print, and but few readers on the island. Now, the New Testament and Book of Psalms are in their hands, and a new revised edition, together with the Books of Genesis and Exodus, will soon be completed for them. The New Testament is in every house on the island, and in every house are those who can read its blessed truths. Twelve hundred savage islanders (out of a population of five thousand) have made a personal profession of their faith in Christ, and are living in accordance with the teaching of God's word." He then adds, "Instead of the desert we have a garden; instead of death, life—all this resulting from the Word of God in the hands of a few simple-minded, believing, prayerful men." Formerly the island was not only a nest of thieves and murderers, but the inhabitants were divided into two factions, who were continually at war. Now nearly a third of the people are communicants, numbers more are in the enquirers' classes, and in 1876 a sum of £224 was remitted to England in payment for copies of the Scriptures.

In August, 1877, a new consignment of Scriptures arrived, per the good ship *John Williams*, and in a little over two months from the date of the landing of the cases nine hundred copies were sold, although at that time the people were poor from the failure, or partial failure, of their crops. The Bible constitutes almost the whole literature of the islanders, and the books are in the hands of all classes. "Many, it may be, read it lightly and merely from custom, and but few intelligently and devoutly," says Mr. Lawes. "A good deal of seed-corn is apparently being wasted; yet much has fallen into good ground, and is bringing forth fruit, thirty, sixty, and a hundredfold. The gospel has lost none of its power on the hearts of the Savage Islanders." The native Christian veterans who were on the island during its former state of heathen degradation are almost extinct, but their places are filled by many youthful disciples who are entering the church.

The population of *Mare* is about five thousand, but unfortunately a couple of plotting Romish priests have wrought great mischief, not hesitating even to stir up warlike passions between the Christians and the heathens. The missionaries complain that they have frequently been exposed to danger through Romish influences. Thus, in 1871, the priests alarmed the poor simple people by circulating the lying report that the Protestants, instigated by their missionary, were about to massacre all who were of a different persuasion. By such diabolical arts nine hundred people, in a state of panic, were removed to another island, to be quite out of the reach of the New Testament which was just ready for circulation.

While, however, the Scriptures are translated into the native dialect there is little fear of Romanism being able in the long run to keep the people enslaved. It is really astonishing to hear of £100 at a time

being remitted from such a community on account of Bible sales, and such drafts are a wonderful evidence of the progress which has been made. In heathen times there was no currency, and by slow degrees alone did the islanders come to an understanding relative to the value of money. We are told that "they will frequently come with a number of little silver coins, and think, because they have two threepenny-bits, two twenty-centime pieces, and a few coppers, that it must be enough, and are quite disappointed when told it is not half enough." One who came in such a manner was quite prepared to argue the question—"Why, there are four pieces of white money, and six pieces of black money, and yesterday a friend of mine bought one for only one white piece!" That may probably have seemed to be quite conclusive to the unsophisticated native mind, but the European who had charge of the books was not prepared to yield, and suggested that the successful purchaser alluded to might, perhaps, have brought half a dollar. Only very gradually did they learn to appreciate the difference between large and small coins. One day an unfortunate dame whose house had been burned down came and asked Mr. Jones, the resident missionary, for a copy of the New Testament, to replace the one she had lost; but, as the very school-children worked in the cotton-field to pay for their books, her application could not be granted. "I can't give you a New Testament," said the missionary, "or I should soon have endless applications, with all sorts of excuses; but here is a subscription-paper for you, and here is a franc to begin with." In a few days the woman reappeared with nine francs, and, through ignorance of their value, would have readily given all for the volume she desired. "I find the Word of God is not only diligently purchased but diligently read," adds Mr. Jones. "The questions which are continually proposed to me show how well on the whole the Word is understood."

Lifu, in the Loyalty group, has a distinct language, so that a new translation was necessary for the use of the people. Mr. Macfarlane did the New Testament, and Mr. Sleigh the Psalms, and other portions will follow in due course. On this island Popery is a far more outrageous enemy than heathenism. Some five or six years ago there was quite a little civil war kindled, the strife being stirred up by the priests. A number of men were killed, and several women were barbarously used by their persecutors. The Resident, on hearing of the disturbance, called at the island in a steamer, restored Whenegay, the chief, to his authority, and carried away as prisoners a couple of dozen of the papists. This energetic procedure had the effect of restoring peace; but the smouldering fires were still beneath the surface. Mr. Sleigh says in one of his letters: "I meet monthly from forty to upwards of sixty Sunday-school teachers, some of whom travel twenty miles hither, to copy explanatory and practical notes on Scripture, and to listen to verbal instructions on the portion to be taught. At times a native will make some of the notes serve as an outline for his public address at the weekly meeting." One might incline to the notion that the presence of Romish priests must sometimes be a source of perplexity to these artless folks, especially when they put such characteristic questions as, "Can your missionary save you? Can your Bible save you?" These men, whose ignorant arrogance is rooted in their supposed relationship to

the apostles, profess to inherit power to save the soul; but the reply they frequently receive from the reclaimed heathen is, "Christ alone can save."

Another member of the Pacific island family is *Uvea*, with a population of two thousand, and two distinct languages on its confined area! The priests are here a sore hindrance, and the more so because they are naturally countenanced by the French authorities. Mr. Ella, of the London Missionary Society, settled on the island probably about twenty years ago, and he has translated the New Testament into *Iaian*, the dialect which is understood by the people generally. "It is to be deplored that, from the diversity of languages, so much labour for translating and printing is required for so comparatively few people; but the results are worthy of the efforts to obtain it," he remarks in one of his letters. "Indeed, I feel fully repaid for all my work in witnessing the intense delight with which our poor people receive this boon. It is a real enjoyment to ourselves to observe the pleasure they take in sitting round their fires at night, in circles of ten, or twenty, or more, reading in turn, and conversing upon the subjects read. On the day on which I issued the copies one of Mrs. Ellis's native girls came to her with her book, her face glowing with pleasure, and said, 'Beautiful is the story of Jesus!' I envy them the freshness and delight they experience in reading the gospel for the first time. It is difficult for us to conceive the feeling of their minds on such an occasion. Often, whilst engaged in translating or revising, I have to arouse my pundits from an ecstasy or abstraction with the spirit of the subject, to give the required attention to the letter." The entire New Testament, which is now in use, will prove the most formidable opponent the Romanists have ever encountered; for although active persecution, indulged in a few years ago, may have ceased, this will not be put aside by the "false arguments and enticing speeches" they are substituting for former violence.

(*To be continued.*)

The Old Clerk's concluding Hymn.

A YOUNG divine, fresh from college, preached a sublime sermon upon "knowledge." He displayed his own supposed knowledge while he extolled "knowledge" to the skies. Not a sentence of the gospel from his lips; not a particle of unction rested on his discourse; it was knowledge, knowledge, nothing else but knowledge. Happily the old clerk had the choice of the concluding hymn, and admirably did he exercise his privilege. The congregation must have felt a life-long affection for the dear old soul, for he read out as loudly as possible, Dr. Watts' hymn—

"Knowledge, alas, 'tis all in vain."

Academic learning hardly enabled the philosophical divine to offer a closing prayer, but, thanks be to God, he had the sense to learn the lesson and to feel humbled by it.

“By Guards and at them.”*

BY FREDERICK HASTINGS.

PEOPLE have little idea of the power of the Jesuits. I know not the exact number of members at the present time, but the Jesuit Almanack, published at Cracow, for 1874, states that this Order then numbered 9,101 members. Of these 1,527 were at work in Italy; 643 in Belgium; 463 in Austria; 313 in Holland; 2,493 in France; and 1,080 in Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Possessions. It is estimated that 1,558 members of this Order are engaged at work in America, Africa, Asia, and Australia. The distribution of these vigilant and tireless labourers for the Papacy, indicates the fields they regard as specially important and promising. France calls for more than Italy, while Great Britain and its dependencies have a stronger force than Austria and Holland combined. America is evidently considered an inviting field, if we judge by the force employed. Obedient to their leaders, intense in their zeal, they are the most formidable body of men that this earth contains. Their activity should stir the Protestant world from its slothfulness.

Their college at Stonyhurst is a stronghold of evil influence. In a peaceful and beautiful vale in Lancashire it is situated. As I walked towards it, and afterwards went with its rector—to whom I had a letter of introduction—a most courteous and affable man, through its corridors, library, and museum, I could with difficulty realize how poisonous was the moral stream that flowed from such a noble structure and charming place.

In London the Jesuits have two houses, at Farm-street, and at Westminster; in the diocese of Salford they have five—one in Manchester, two at Accrington, one at Clitheroe, and one at Stonyhurst. In the diocese of Shrewsbury they have one house at St. Asaph, in Flintshire. In Southwark they have two, one at Beaumont, and one at Mannesa; and in Liverpool they have an extensive college, that of St. Francis Xavier. In Edinburghshire the Jesuits have two houses, and in Lanarkshire they have one; so that in England, Wales, and Scotland there are fourteen houses of the Jesuit Fathers, all of which are illegal institutions “under the Act of George IV.”

Dr. Döllenger, the great writer, and one of the leaders of the Old Catholic party, recently spoke as follows in regard to the Jesuits: “The experience of three centuries shows that the Jesuits have no lucky hand. No blessing ever rests on their undertakings. They build with unwearied assiduity, but a storm comes and shatters the building, or a flood comes and washes it away, or the worm-eaten edifice falls to pieces in their hands. The Oriental proverb about the Turk applies to them, ‘Where the Turk sits grass never grows.’ Their missions in Paraguay, Japan, and among the tribes of North America, have long since gone to ruin. In Abyssinia they had once (in 1625)

* Clericalism: illustrated from the Life of Haffreingue, the originator of Railway Pilgrimages. By Frederick Hastings. London: William Mack.—We print this chapter as the best way of showing our appreciation of the book. C. H. S.

almost obtained dominion, but some time afterward (1634) the whole concern collapsed, and they never ventured to return there. What is left to-day of their laborious missions in the Levant, the Greek islands, Persia, the Crimea, and Egypt? Scarcely a reminiscence of their former presence there is to be found on the spot. Above all, the Society of Jesus devoted its best services to its native home in Spain. The result was bankruptcy and depopulation of that once powerful kingdom."

Yet these very men are seeking by every means to bring England and France under their sway. And now Scotland, hitherto the stronghold of Puritan and Protestant doctrine and practices, is to be attacked. It is to have a Catholic hierarchy, and to be mapped out for subjugation. To effect this they would hesitate at no measures which would promise success. They are bound by oath to do all they can to "to extirpate the heretical Protestant doctrine."

How few know anything of the oath of secrecy taken by the Jesuits. It was framed for them in the Papacy of Urban VIII., about the year 1636. The following are portions of it:—"I, A. B., now in the presence of Almighty God, the Blessed Virgin Mary, of St. Michael the Archangel, etc. . . do declare from my heart, without mental reservation, that His Holiness the Pope is Christ's Vicar-General, and is the true and only head of the Catholic or Universal Church throughout the earth; and that by virtue of the keys of binding and loosing given to His Holiness by my Saviour Jesus Christ, he hath power to depose heretical kings, princes, states, commonwealths, and governments; all being illegal without his sacred confirmation; and that they may safely be destroyed. Therefore, . . . I do renounce and disown any allegiance as due to any heretical king, prince, or state named Protestant, or obedience to any of their inferior magistrates or officers. . . . I do further declare that I will help, assist, and advise all or any of His Holiness' agents in any place wherever I shall be, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, or in any other territory or kingdom I shall come to; and do my utmost to extirpate the heretical Protestant doctrine; and to destroy all their pretended power, regal or otherwise. I do further promise and declare that notwithstanding *I am dispensed with to assume any religion heretical for the propagating of the mother Church's interest, to keep secret and private all her agents, counsel, etc.*"

The men who have taken this oath are the moving spirits of the Papacy. They are the power behind the "Curia." They have been consolidating their forces lately, and have formed the "Universal Catholic League," of which the very officials reside in the Vatican. The League possesses, at this moment, in its general chest, fifty millions of francs, and is reported to have upwards of two hundred millions of francs in French rentes and English stocks. Its funds are said to be constantly increasing, and will, it is alleged, shortly reach a milliard of francs. The late Pope himself lately contributed to the general chest two million francs from Peter's pence.

Now, we should neither fear the Catholic League nor the Jesuits, were it not that in the Establishment there are so many who are playing into their hands, and who are traitors to the principles of Protestantism—the Ritualists. Dr. Pusey has told us plainly that "their aim is to

Catholicise England.” Bishop Ellicott has pointed out the danger most forcibly. He spoke in a sermon in Holy Trinity Church, Bristol, of “the danger which arises solely from within, and which is becoming each year we live more real and more aggravated. I mean the danger that is due to that strange retrograde movement and superstition, which three hundred years ago we seemed to have cast away for ever. . . . So concealed is the real origin of this danger, that we perhaps commonly fail to estimate it in its true nature and characteristics.” The learned Bishop probed the secret of this sore evil when he showed that the “very essence,” the “hidden principle,” that made it so formidable to the individual as well as to the church at large, is “the desire of power over the souls and spirits of men.” In this the Ritualists are at one with the Jesuits.

Now, the Catholics oftentimes affect to despise the Ritualists. They even sneer at their illogical position; yet the Catholics owe much to them. Look how their ranks have been replenished from the Ritualists. Monsignor Capel stated about two years ago that “Forty of the Roman Catholic clergy in London formerly belonged to the English church, while the heads of Stonyhurst, Oscott, St. Edmund’s, Edgbaston, St. Charles’, Bayswater (all of them high-class Roman Catholic colleges), and the Catholic Public School, Kensington, are every one converts; as are also the editors of *The Dublin Review*, *The Month*, *The Tablet*, *The Illustrated Catholic Magazine*, and *Catholic Opinion*.”

Remember, also, that there is a clerical guild—a society composed of persons who have received ordination in the Protestant Establishment—called the “Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament,” the object of which is to restore to this country, in its pristine integrity, the Sacrifice of the Mass in all the churches throughout the kingdom, and so repair, as they phrase it, the insult offered by the present mode of celebrating the Communion of the Body and Blood of our Lord. In 1873 this Confraternity numbered 356 associated priests. Now it is probable there are not less than 700. These are not many compared with the whole of the clergy, but we must remember that there are very many more Ritualists than are included in that “Confraternity,” and that their party is the most active of all the sections of the Establishment.

In view, therefore, of these things we ask whether we ought not by all means in our power to resist further insidious working on the part of the one, or encroachments on the part of the other? If there are guilds and leagues formed by Ritualists and Jesuits, all Protestants should combine to form anti-Ritualist and anti-Vatican leagues. Let “Clericalism” receive first a stronger counter-check, and then a crushing defeat from the forces of freedmen and spiritual truth. Let all lovers of pure Protestantism unite and struggle “shoulder to shoulder” for this noble end.

Letter Written by John Berridge.

A FRIEND at Devonport has kindly sent the following characteristic letter by John Berridge. The original is dated May, 1769:—

“Dear Friend,—Your kind note was received yesterday, which tells me where you have been and what you were doing. You have got your wings again, I find. 'Tis well: I wish I could send you a congratulation without envy, but I cannot. Whilst you are winging your way from county to county, and perching, like an eagle, on the cupola of every tabernacle, I am sitting at home solitary, like a sparrow on the housetop, or rather like an owl in the desert. At present I have no prospect of going anywhere from home to preach; and but for these words, ‘Wait the Lord’s leisure,’ and ‘Thy youth shall be renewed like the eagle’s,’ I should never expect to go out again. Everything is apt to hurry and disquiet me, and at times I am scarce able to bear company. Indeed, if I may tell you the truth, I do not look for a speedy end of my troubles, because my heart is not humbled under the affliction. I cannot kiss the rod, nor let the Master quietly tumble and seize me, whip or kick his poor sorry whelp, just as he pleases. Sometimes I bark and howl, and sometimes grin and snap; and whilst matters are at this pass 'tis no marvel that he keeps my feet in the stocks. I wish and pray for a resigned will, but have it not: yea, wish more for resignation than for health. Dear Lord, bestow it on me. Oh, how churlish is my heart at times, much harder than a nether millstone; then I sit and squat like some poor toad under a tile, and spit at everything that vexeth me. Anon, my heart is broken down with some sweet contrition, and then I get such charming sights of grace, such cheering gleams of love, as make me think I ne’er shall grumble more. But these visits oft are short; and, when they end, I slide at once from heaven to earth, and downward still to hell, the hell of my own bosom. Weary I am of myself, right weary, and ashamed. Eleven years at a gospel school, and have not yet half learnt the first lesson of the lowest form, ‘Take up thy cross.’ What a booby! None but Jesus could bear such dunces in his school. 'Tis well for me that he is God as well as man, else I should weary him out, and his compassions would fail. But enough on this subject. Perhaps I may disquiet you, if you are a little sunk into the scald-miserable order. Well, you are returned with a cold and hoarseness. Proper physick after a five weeks’ Pentecostal feasting. We are like children, always wanting the treacle pot, but a wise man says, ‘It is not safe, eating too much honey’; and therefore thorns in the flesh usually follow close at the heels of heavenly manifestations and succours. These thorns often seem to us a mere dead weight, but prove an excellent ballast, and keep our ship from over-setting. When we get into port we shall drop our ballast, this house of correction, and take our leave of the old man of sin, that hearty friend and cousin-german of the devil. Oh, for a safe passage and a happy landing, to be met and welcomed by Jesus, and embraced in the arms of this faithful and unchangeable Friend! Come, my brother, let us trudge on—whilst I creep do you run; and the Lord direct our feet, and quicken our pace, and prosper our work continually. Peace be with thee, and with all that love the Lord Jesus. “J. B.”

Women's Work among Sailors.

PLYMOUTH and Devonport together represent the second port of Great Britain in point of size and importance. In 1877, Portsmouth Dockyard employed 4,910 men at an annual cost of £324,844 ; while, at the same date, Plymouth had 4,336 men, whose yearly wages amounted to £292,563. There does not appear to be any natural reason why the more distant port should not be equal to any in the empire ; for it is generally acknowledged to be one of the finest harbours in the world. There is a wide field open for Christian enterprise, as large numbers of sailors are continually visiting the ports, and the united towns have a population of between one and two hundred thousand.

Miss Weston's Sailors' Rest, at Devonport, like Miss Robinson's Institute for Soldiers at Portsmouth, is doing a work which the nation generally ought to regard with gratitude. It is not very long ago since a beginning was made by Miss Weston's writing letters of Christian advice to seamen, and these have increased until nearly 100,000 were sent out during last year. "They go to every ship in the Service," we are told ; "they are very simple little messengers, and yet God uses and blesses them."

One of the chief curses of our large naval and military seaport towns is the large number of bad houses of various kinds that abound, the majority being drinking dens of the lowest character. The number of these, to those who notice them, is perfectly surprising ; and the havoc wrought among their crowd of victims is correspondingly large. When she had commenced to make a good impression on the sailors, by means of her monthly letters, Miss Weston soon discovered that something else was needed. While in port her constituents needed some kind of a respectable house, where rest, refreshment, and sleeping accommodation could be found.

In time the Sailors' Rest and Institute was opened in Fore-street, and this has now become sufficiently popular to be frequently crowded with customers. A fair charge is made for everything, and no intoxicants are sold. Rooms, after the manner of a club, are set apart for reading, writing, and innocent recreation. A block of sleeping-cabins has lately been opened—clean, light little rooms, where each occupant can enjoy quiet and comfort. The Home is so much like a public-house that Miss Weston tells us that—

"Some have come in under a total mistake, as in the case of a seaman a little the worse for drink, who threw down sixpence on the counter and asked for a glass of brandy. He was pleasantly requested to sit down, and a cup of steaming coffee was brought to him. He looked amazed, and said :

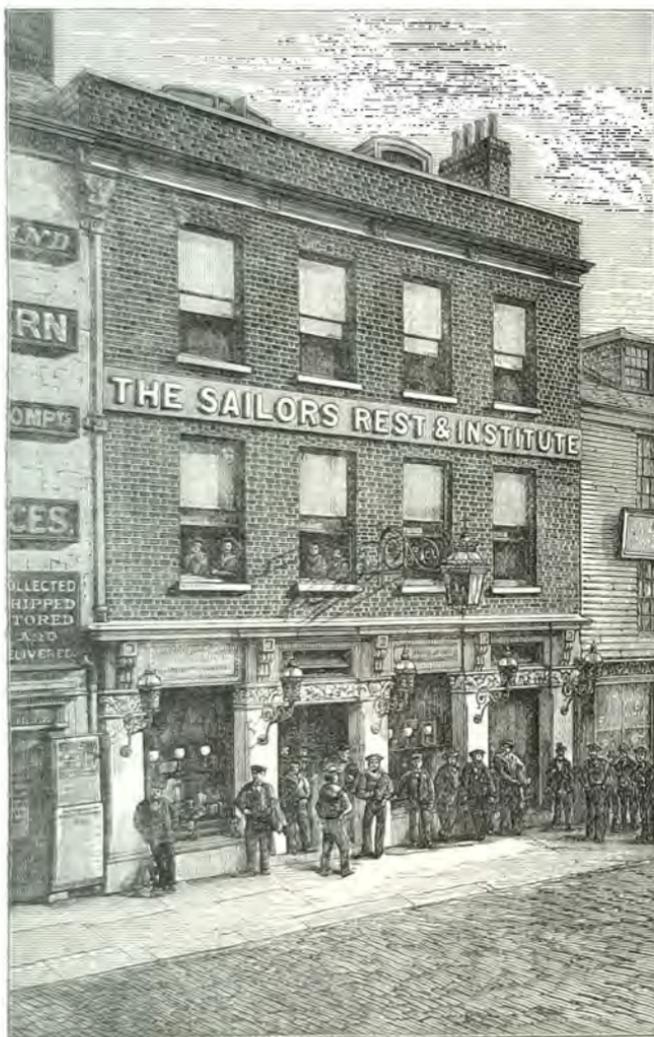
" ' I asked for a glass of brandy, and you have brought me coffee.' "

" ' Well, sir, this is the Sailors'-Rest brandy,' was the answer ; ' and we hope to see you here some day again.' "

" Too much amused to be angry, he drank his coffee and went away, returning after eight weeks' leave, with the pleasant testimony that the ' Sailors'-Rest brandy' had saved him ; he had given up drink and was fast becoming a steady and respectable man." "

Others, less fortunate, are the victims of another kind of brandy before they get within the portals of the Rest, and concerning these Miss Weston says:

"I am glad to say that many of the rougher characters in the Service use the place. The police frequently bring us men who are strolling



about the streets the worse for drink; my manager also goes out and often brings many poor fellows in, who would otherwise get into the lock-up; and occasionally we have even been summoned to carry them home in a state of utter collapse. Just before Christmas two young men brought in a poor seaman who could scarcely stand, and asked that

some one might be sent to the Devonport Park to pick up another, who was lying in the snow apparently dead. A party proceeded to the spot, and there lay the man stiff and stark; on lifting him up something hard was felt, which fell out of his serge, and proved to be a rum bottle; he was brought to the Institute in a cab and taken care of. Both of the men were going home on Christmas leave, had money in their pockets, and had spent it in the public-house; their gratitude knew no bounds at the kindness which had been shown."

During the last year a room for religious services, capable of holding more than four hundred people, was opened by Admiral Fishbourne, who very cordially testified to the value of Miss Weston's work.

A second coffee-house, called *The Homeward Bound*, has also been recently opened at Keyham. In the rear of this a mission and reading room is being erected, of which Miss Weston says:—"No mention is made in our balance-sheet of the purchase or fitting up of this building; this has been done by myself from private sources, but I hope little by little to pay it off; the current expenses we intend to defray by the money taken in the refreshment bar, while the mission and reading room is being built by special contributions, given by friends who feel the need of such a place in connexion with our work; indeed, I could not continue long without such a room, as my well-known plan is to have not only a home for the seaman, but also means by which he and his friends may be helped and blessed spiritually. I hope very shortly to open this room, while under a sailor manager my wish is that the place may become more and more of a *sailors'* place—not to the exclusion of the public, who are welcome to our refreshment bar and also to occasional meetings, but that the 'blue jacket' may take his proper position here as at the Sailors' Rest."

Besides a clothing depot and a savings' bank, the coffee carriage named *The Cruiser* is a favourite with the men. "It is a small, covered cart, brightly painted, and drawn by a small pony. It contains three copper coffee urns heated by charcoal, ovens heated in the same way for joints, potatoes, sausages, pasties, etc., wells for ginger-beer and lemonade, storage for buns, rolls, tarts, and crockery. This cart is in full activity whenever our sailors appear, as they do occasionally, for a march into the country: as they pass the Sailors' Rest the cart falls in at the rear and accompanies them, carrying a bright little flag with its name, *The Cruiser*, upon it." Would not such an invention as this be useful in other places besides Plymouth?

The work thus undertaken by Miss Weston and her hard working colleague, Miss Wintz, continues to extend, and new plans are gradually being matured. It is stated that the Royal Naval Temperance Society "has become a great power in the Service," and a periodical which has been started—*The Naval Temperance News*—circulates two thousand monthly. On Sundays and Thursdays meetings are held for sailor boys, many of whom are converted. Thus "Some dear lads, who have died during the year, have given bright and happy testimony in the hospital, and have been able to say that they learned to love and trust their Saviour at the Sailors' Rest." The sailors' wives, many of whom are very young, are not forgotten; for, as "a finishing touch," married quarters are to be fitted up. The Flower Mission looks after the sick

or disabled ; and on one occasion a thousand Testaments from the Naval and Military Bible Society were presented to as many men, who were departing to take part in Lord Beaconsfield's war in Zululand.

In regard to funds Miss Weston says : " Last year I made many and special appeals, my accounts of the work in various religious papers generally wound up with a strong appeal for funds, and I advertised considerably. God showed me his will by his dealings : my advertisements scarcely paid themselves, and my appeals brought in but little, so that while doing much less work than we have this year, we had a deficit of £85 on our gospel account. This year, although the needs have been stated to the Christian world, above and before all they have been laid before God, the advertisements have been abandoned, the urgent appeals extracted from otherwise interesting statements, and the result has been that the deficit has been paid, every expense met, and the sum sent in for this part of the work has been £263, considerably more than last year. I accept no deductions, but merely state facts : to God be the glory ! "

Such is the work ; and the more we become acquainted with its details the better shall we realize that all is carried on " For the glory of God and the good of the Service. "

Sententious Fragments.

MANY think that men of all religions shall be saved, provided they be sincere, and walk according to their light. Yet true religion is but one, and all others are false, noxious, and pestilent. *To make many doors to heaven is to set wide open the gates of hell.* Beside the name of Jesus there is none other name given among men by which we must be saved.

Some declare that they will be of no religion till all differences among the learned and godly are reconciled, and they refuse to believe any one creed because there are so many. This is as foolish a course of action as if a man dangerously diseased should resolve to take no medicine till all doctors are of one opinion, or a merchant should refuse to receive money till all coins wore the same image. The truth is to be known if we will search for it with humble minds. " If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God " (John vii. 17).

When we embrace the religion of Christ we should do so upon evidence, and satisfy ourselves as to the ground of it. We should not take up a faith because it is commonly believed, but because it is certainly true ; we must not be of this or that persuasion because we were born in it, but because it is born in us ; neither should we espouse the true faith itself because we know no other, but because we know no better.

Teachers of Dissent in declining times.

THE condition of England immediately after the Revolution of 1688 was sufficiently unique to attract the attention of the civilised world. It was something entirely new in political history for a whole nation at one bound to escape from the thralldom of tyranny and priestcraft, and under the enlightened rule of a foreign prince to re-assert its birthright of liberty. The effect on Europe may be judged of from the bitter chagrin of the arch-tyrant, Louis the Fourteenth, whose influence and treasure were expended in vain to re-enthroned a popish despot in the chosen home of freedom. With the Ironsides in their graves, and England enslaved, the royal taskmasters of the Continent would have had little or nothing to fear; but no oppressor was absolutely safe while England was free, and while the land was more and more becoming the impregnable retreat of gospel preachers and political patriots. Although it was the beginning of winter when James II. retreated and William III. landed, the national elation resembled that begotten of the genial warmth of spring, when it triumphs over and removes the wreck and sorrow occasioned by destructive frosts and pitiless storms. Popery, which, under James, had with the impudence of a brazen-faced woman paraded its mummeries and trumperies in high places as well as in the streets, hid its head. The prisons changed their occupants: Jeffreys, and not Baxter, dying in ignominy in the Tower, being typical of the general reformation. Men greeted one another in the streets like free men; hymn singers among the Dissenters were not afraid of their voices being heard, while here and there, on favoured sites, the sound of hammers and the ring of trowels told that chapel-builders were working to swell the triumph of the hour.

But the truth is known to everybody, that unfortunately the Revolution did not fulfil its promise. Comprehension, as designed by king William, completely broke down; the national church, forgetful of its late alliance with Dissent for the repression of a common foe, re-assumed its old position, and the Nonconformists were content to plod and persevere through the day of small things. In the beginning of the century, according to Dr. Waddington, in the last volume of his "Congregational History," "they were often licensed to meet in a barn; and, either from poverty of architectural design, or want of funds, they erected their meeting-house after the style of that structure. The religious light was sufficiently 'dim' from the cottage-like windows. In winter they had not the luxury of a stove, and their knowledge of the art of ventilation was imperfect. The gallery was often approached by steps outside the buildings, like the ladder leading up to a hay-loft. But early or late the people came with willing feet to the place they loved so well, though hidden from public view by a clump of trees or by other buildings."

In some respects *Daniel Defoe* is the most remarkable Dissenter, and he is certainly one of the most interesting characters of the early years of the eighteenth century. If it be true that his own experience is allegorically reflected in the pages of "*Robinson Crusoe*," we can well understand how the realities of his life were more romantic than fiction.

He appears to have employed fiction because facts unadorned would have yielded no diversion, and perhaps scarce have obtained a reading, much less attention, the teacher, like the prophet, having no honour in his own country.

In old Cripplegate—which is, indeed, classic ground, on account of its Puritan associations—we come upon the family of Foe, James Foe, citizen and butcher, being also a pillar of the Nonconformist interest in that vicinity. The family had formerly occupied a good position in the county of Northampton, and the glimpses we get of their home life in London reveal something of the manners and customs of the upper classes of Nonconformists a couple of centuries ago. The Bible being the rule of faith, and the daily reading book, young Daniel, in emulation of others who had accomplished the stupendous feat, commenced the task of making a fair copy of the sacred books, but on completing the Pentateuch the pen fell from his wearied hand. As a boy he was shrewd, full of courage, and generous; and it showed the pious longings of his parents when they were willing to forego worldly advancement in order that their son might preach the gospel. At the age of fourteen he was placed in the once celebrated theological seminary of Charles Morton, at Stoke Newington, and in afterwards speaking of this ministerial training Defoe remarked—"It was my disaster first to be set apart for, and then to be set apart from, the honour of that sacred employ."

Of the patriotic and anti-popish leaning of the family we have sufficient evidence in young Daniel's joining the army of the Duke of Monmouth, when the Protestantism of England was supposed to be endangered. He fought in the battle of Sedgmoor, and escaping to London without attracting notice in the west, he was not entrapped in the Bloody-assize. On again settling in London the young adventurer soon became what his excellent father had long been—a leader among the Dissenters of the city. Indeed, according to Mr. Lee, this accounts for the prefix to the family name. "They would respectively be spoken of and addressed orally as Mr. Foe and Mr. D. Foe. The name as spoken would in writing become De Foe, and thus what originated in accident might be used for convenience, and become more or less fixed and settled by time."

More interesting, provided the tradition can be established, is the connection by marriage between the families of Defoe and Dr. Annesley, the godly rector of Cripplegate, and afterwards the Presbyterian pastor of Little St. Helens. This would make the author of "Robinson Crusoe" the brother-in-law of the old rector of Epworth, and also of the much-written about "mother of the Wesleys." There was much that was common in the two families, and it is quite likely that the regard of the young people for one another may have ripened into marriage.

There is some reason for supposing Defoe to have been the most prolific author of his generation; and, according to a description of his person in a Government proclamation for his arrest, he was "a middle-sized, spare man, about forty years old, of a bronze complexion, and dark brown-coloured hair, but wears a wig, a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth." By his fertile genius all

kinds of writing appear to have been executed with extraordinary facility, and his complete acquaintance with Scripture is always apparent. The hardness of the times to literary labourers is shown by the fact that Defoe was continually in trouble when out of prison, and probably died in indigent obscurity. His appearance in the pillory for daring to satirise the ferocious, persecuting spirit of the age, and the handsome treatment he was accorded by the mob, is one of the most remarkable street spectacles of the reign of Queen Anne.

The clergy, whose violence and anti-Christian temper were so forcibly depicted in the "Shortest Way" of the witty author, were ecclesiastical curiosities now almost extinct, or whose breed is preserved only in the newspaper offices of the Ritualistic faction. Luke Milbourne, who on his removal from Yarmouth to London became a ranting preacher at St. Ethelburga, Bishopsgate, was an apt specimen of the no-quarter breathing Anglicans, and his ribald appeals to the passions of his audience are quite as surprising, judged of as flowers of rhetoric, as they are instructive when looked at as characteristic of the times. Low-bred epithets, worthy only of the ale-house and tap-room, were showered upon the luckless heads of Nonconformist antagonists: such men as Milton and Baxter being styled "agents of darkness" and "sons of Belial." The man best qualified to be matched with Milbourne was Dr. Sacheverell, and the violence of the two would not seem to be at all misrepresented in the wonderful satire of Defoe. The politicians were even worse than the clergy, for Bolingbroke, that profligate infidel and Jacobite, was also, for policy's sake, a friend of the church, and the framer of the Schism Bill.

While threatened with oppression under the reign of the last of the Stuarts, the Dissenters held fast together and a piety flourished among them which no enemies could destroy. Their deliverance was sufficiently remarkable: by Israel of old it would have been ascribed directly to the Lord; but no sooner was liberty guaranteed by the much-desired Protestant succession, than internal troubles sadly disturbed the peace of the church. Hard times were better for the people of God than days of ease and lethargy. The controversy between the subscribers and non-subscribers, which raged in London in 1719, is traced by Dr. Waddington to the self-conceited Whiston, whose sophistries transformed the orthodox pastor, Peirce of Exeter, into an Arian. The conversion of Peirce, and the consequent defections in the Nonconformist ranks, is curiously illustrative of the power for evil of one bad book. The casual meeting of the friends in London, and what afterwards happened is noted by Whiston himself:—

"Soon after I had published my four volumes he met me accidentally at Mr. Bateman's, the bookseller's shop in Paternoster-row. I asked him whether he was reading my volumes. He confessed he was not, and began to make some excuse why he was not bound to read them. Upon this I spoke with great vehemence to him, that a person of his learning and acquaintance with me, while I had published things of such great consequence, would never be able to answer his refusal to read them to God and his own conscience. This moved him. He bought my books immediately, and read them, and was convinced by them to become a Unitarian, or Eusebian, as I was."

A teacher who could thus readily surrender the positions which are dear to every converted soul could never have enjoyed stability in the faith; but while the personal desertion of Peirce would have been of little moment, had it began and ended with himself, his example and braggadocio disastrously influenced those who were already wavering between truth and Arianism. The Dissenters in the west, hitherto united, became two parties, and the violent aspect of the controversy in London was a scandal and a byword with high-church journalists. The dispute virtually referred to the proper divinity of the Saviour. *Bradbury*, the political patriot, now became the leading champion of the evangelical party. He was abused and ridiculed in the controversial Billingsgate which men like Barrington, and Simon Browne, the Old Jewry pastor, knew too well how to use; but Bradbury held his own and set about strengthening others in the faith. A lecture was established at Pinners' Hall, and a number of the discourses delivered thereat were published. When challenged to lend his name and authority to the cause of truth, *Watts* unfortunately proved too vacillating for the occasion; and Bradbury's intense disappointment led him to utter expressions sharper than he would otherwise have used. *Watts* was not an Achilles in controversy; and however much we may desire to defend a favourite against the claims of Socinians, who reckon him as one of themselves, he certainly lacked that robust evangelism which fired the heart and soul of Bradbury. *Watts* was a polite man, an ornament of cultured society, and by the circumstances of his position, largely cut off from opportunities of sympathising with the poor. Indeed, there is ground for the suspicion, that the amiable chaplain of the Abneys was not such a Nonconformist as we could have wished him to have been, but in this respect as little in stature mentally as he was physically.

What Bradbury endured and what he accomplished during these tumultuous disputes is reflected in his own words, quoted in "Congregational History." He says, "the thoughts of losing by this cause are the joy of my soul. I have borne a testimony to the glory of the Redeemer in the liberties of His people, but I am now called to defend the dignity of his person. Whiggism, the principles of Dissenters, the rights of my country, the privileges of human nature, I can say are dear to me; but these are little to the divinity of a Saviour. I rejoice, therefore, that I am counted worthy to suffer shame for the name of Jesus." To depreciate the character of such a soldier of the cross, who fought the Lord's battles in a day when the enemy mustered in strength, is treason to truth and an outrage on common-sense.

It is a relief to turn from the noise of controversy to the quiet career of a man like *Doddridge*, who represents to us some of the best features of the Old Dissent as well as many of its weakest points. While he was personally one of the meekest and most devoted of men, he contrived, as a tutor, to do more mischief by a pseudo-liberalism than others have done by determined opposition to revealed truth. Perhaps this disposition may in part be accounted for by the accidents of his early life and education. At an early age he was bereft by death of a father's oversight; and though he knew the Scriptures from his youth, and joined in church fellowship at sixteen, it was his misfortune after leaving school to be

placed in the theological academy of John Jennings, a man who had no definite religious views, but oscillated between Socinus and Baxter as the fit came upon him. When Doddridge joined the classes in 1719, the Dissenters were disturbed by the disputes originated by Peirce in the west of England, and Jennings may have been adversely influenced by the prevailing mania. A mind like that of Doddridge had nothing to gain, and much to lose, by coming into contact with a professor of the school of Jennings who was the ancestor of a long line of Unitarians, whose writings have perverted many, and who with a hardy assurance characteristic of "rational dissenters," have even claimed Doddridge himself as one of their leaders. The picture we have of a Kibworth session enables us to obtain at a glance the causes that contributed to the decline of the Nonconformist interest. The composition of moral homilies, as sermon practice, constituted a main part of the work, which was occasionally relieved by the frivolities of amateur theatricals. About the only good Doddridge derived in such a seminary was when he was alone in his study; for then he was a close reader of the Scriptures and of the best works in theology within his reach.

In 1723 Doddridge, then just come of age, accepted the pastorate of Kibworth, and his labours there, remunerated at the rate of about two shillings a day, represent a very pleasant passage of his life. He lodged at a farmhouse, where as a gentleman bachelor he could enjoy all the necessaries of life, and some of the luxuries, with the exception of tea, for a payment of ten pounds a year. The rural solitude and the lack of intellectual society told upon his spirits, though he found some compensation in the healthiness of his surroundings, the companionship of animals, and in the society of Katherine Freeman, with whom, as the daughter of his host and hostess, the young pastor was weak enough to fall in love—his suit being a vain one on the score of poverty. Were a complete biography of Doddridge to be prepared the writer would take notice of the needless trouble the pastor contracted in consequence of loving the wrong person at the wrong time; and it may be feared the result was a suspension of usefulness. Katherine Freeman was for long a source of unspeakable anxiety, a daily worry, a thorn in the flesh; it would have been worth both herself and her paltry dowry never to have seen her. As regarded herself and her friends not one of them had the sense to see that a good chance was being missed, and when she actually married, Katherine threw herself away on a worthless fellow, who was probably as disappointed as herself. After these dangerous breakers were cleared and clear sailing water once again reached, it soon proved to be the deep ocean of affliction. Miss Jennings, the daughter of the tutor, a mere child in years when compared with her lover, was the next stone of stumbling; but she soon married another to become the mother of a line of Unitarian writers whose influence for evil still remains. These facts have hitherto been either too trivial or too romantic for biographers to heed; and yet they are sufficiently significant to point a moral. At the right time Doddridge found a woman worthy of sharing his lot in life; and her virtues excelled those of the other two combined. His troubles arose from his unconsciously attempting to forestall Providence.

In Doddridge the patriot, the scholar, and the earnest evangelist were

combined. During the fanatical outbreak of the papists and the invasion of the Young Pretender, in 1745, he rendered valuable aid or advice to the government; and his solicitude for England was only equalled by his desire to send the gospel to the heathen. As a tutor he was less successful; and his fame would have been none the less had he never undertaken duties for which he did not inherit the requisite strength, and for which he was otherwise not qualified. According to a private letter by Job Orton, Doddridge erred "in saying kind things to and of almost everybody"; he wearied his students with long expositions; had a discipline in theory which was never carried out in practice; and while he could administer some severe reprimands to such as betrayed symptoms of Arianism, he himself, by a supposed liberalism, which was no liberalism, too frequently prepared the way for doctrinal defection. Still the academy greatly degenerated after the good doctor's departure, as may be inferred from the confession of Priestley, who spent several sessions within its walls between 1752 and 1755. After remarking that the students "were about equally divided" on vital questions he continues, "Our tutors were also of different opinions; Dr. Ashworth taking the orthodox side of every question, and Mr. Clark, the sub-tutor, that of heresy, though always with the greatest modesty." This was not the worst, however, for not satisfied with destroying what life remained in many a once promising church, the "rational" party in course of time set up their own academy at Warrington, where many of the students were not even commonly moral in their everyday life. The most encouraging thing about "rational dissent is, that it is too sensible for a common-place world like ours, and hence realises the impossibility of retaining a hold on the affections of the people." While blighting whatever comes within the range of its influence, it has sown the seeds of death in numberless once flourishing churches.

The Calamy family wielded considerable influence in the days of the Old Dissent. The Puritan rector of Aldermanbury aided the cause of the Restoration, and received a sorry return at the hand of the king; and the grandson of this sturdy confessor is kept in remembrance by his now little read "Account" of ejected ministers. This is the worthy who figures in nonconformist history as Dr. Calamy, his father having been the ejected minister of Moreton in Essex. While enjoying every educational advantage, the playground of his youth was the city of London. He went to school at the vestry of St. Alphage, sat among the catechumens in Dyers' Hall, remembered the execution of Alderman Cornish in 1681, and he could tell of the happy social gatherings which were wont to be held in his grandfather's parlour. When the youth ripened into Dr. Edmund Calamy he was generally supposed to be a master in Israel, and a referee whose opinions were authoritative if not decisive. While he was co-pastor with Matthew Sylvester at the important station of Little Carter Lane the two received only £80 for an annual allowance between them, so that Goldsmith's "passing rich on forty pounds a year" was something more than a rhetorical flourish.

It is not as a preacher of mark, however, that readers of to-day become interested in the life of Dr. Calamy. His sermons were probably more remarkable for a faultless respectability than for any moving power; but the service he rendered in defending nonconformity, and

especially the honour of the Puritans, from the assaults of interested enemies, can hardly be too warmly acknowledged. Calamy on the one side, and Walker on the other, were each the chief of a party which made determined efforts to have itself approved in the eyes of the world; and while Calamy made out a good case for the Dissenters in his "Account," with its "Continuation," Walker did his best to draw forth sympathy for the established church by "The Sufferings of the Clergy." The two champions were worthily matched; but with the advantage on his side of a more even temper, the nonconformist wrote as a cool collector of facts which could not be denied, and as a calm demonstrator of opinions which could not be refuted. Calamy's statement was a sober collection of historical facts, well known to be substantially correct; but, assured that his work was a second "Book of Martyrs," Walker, the churchman, aspired to the honours of another Foxe, and made martyrs of all whom he described. With unsparing truthfulness Calamy laid bare his opponent's fallacies, and showed that the "suffering clergy" who had been exalted into heroes were, in many instances, offenders against common morality, or even profane mockers at sacred things. Having vanquished Walker, Calamy was able to turn his attention to other matters. In an age notorious for its Socinian tendencies and general indifference he wrote in defence of the orthodox doctrines respecting the Trinity of the Godhead, and enjoyed the honour of presenting a copy to King George. The House of Brunswick was from the first exceedingly friendly to the nonconformists, and men like Calamy did much to stimulate the good feeling of the court.

While Dr. Calamy was in his last days the Holy Club was holding its prayer-meetings at Oxford; but the pastor died before the great religious awakening begun, which was inaugurated by the members of that famous coterie. It was well that the respectability which adorned Dissent with funereal trappings should pass away, and be succeeded by a religious life and missionary zeal, which sought the salvation of the masses. Had it not been for the revival under Whitefield and Wesley it is to be feared that the "rational" party would have brought the Dissenting churches to extinction. "Modern thought" is at this moment repeating the experiment, but God will in this case also vindicate his own cause.

Speak plainly.

A CORRESPONDENT writes, "We had an old servant, a pious woman, who had one morning heard a preacher of the intellectual school. We asked her, 'Well, Betsy, how did you like the minister?' Her answer was, 'I liked him pretty well till he got on to the mathematics; then I was done for.'" There were many others to whom that sermon was *mathematics*, for it certainly was not the plain man's pathway as it is set forth in the gospel. O that preachers would give us as little as possible of their mathematics, and as much as possible of Christ crucified. It may be a grand thing to puzzle an audience, but it must be a far better thing to edify, to impress, and to comfort. Take a little more trouble and make your statements plainer, and everybody will be the better for it.



Much ado about nothing.

THIS is a very silly business: stopping the plough and wasting the time of a man and a boy and four horses to catch a mouse. The reader smiles at the picture, but we have often felt ready to cry when we have seen the thing done in real life.

A number of Christian gentlemen on a committee, with business to do for the Lord which concerns thousands of souls, will wrangle over a point of order, or a matter of detail of the most minute importance, delaying great movements upon a subject not worth so much as one poor mouse. A whole denomination of Christians will debate and dispute over merely personal differences which only in the smallest degree affect the grand enterprise in which heaven and earth are concerned. A body of Christians will split into pieces over a petty quarrel, a personal feud, or an infinitesimal point of opinion, while all around them the masses are perishing for want of the gospel. Thus a miserable little mouse, which no cat would ever hunt after, takes them off from their Lord's work. Good men will spend months of time and heaps of money in inventing and publishing mere speculations, while the great field of the world lies unploughed and the hemlock of vice is running to seed all over it. In other matters a little common sense is allowed to rule, but in the weightiest matters foolishness is sadly conspicuous. O that love to God and a concern for the salvation of men would lead good men to use their brains and their hearts, and leave little things alone while eternal matters call for their attention.

Reader, as for you and me, let us kill a mouse when it nibbles our bread, but let us not spend our lives over it. Let us give our chief attention to the chief things, the glory of God, the winning of souls for Jesus, and our own growth in grace. There are fools enough in the world, and there can be no need that Christian men should swell the number.

Notices of Books.

What is Truth? As it is manifested by considering the Creator, Creation, Revelation, and Man. By J. COURTS. London: Pitman.

WE do not see how the author answers the question of the title. After trying in vain to read and understand this limp, yellow-covered emanation, we give it up in despair, and say, "How we wish writers would have mercy upon readers, and at least put their nonsense in language that can be understood." Some styles of writing could fairly be described as "pea-soup" styles—cloudy, thick, muddy; but for ourselves we prefer clear, honest, downright Saxon.

Anecdotes of the Rev. George Whitefield, M.A., with a Biographical Sketch. By the Rev. J. B. Wakeley. Hodder and Stoughton.

Anecdotes of the Wesleys: illustrative of their Character and Personal History. Same Author and Publishers.

THERE is no end to the interest which attaches to such a man as George Whitefield. Even the trifles of his life are precious, as it is written, "his leaf also shall not wither." Often as we have read his life, we are conscious of distinct quickening whenever we turn to it. *He lived.* Other men seem to be half alive, but Whitefield was all life, fire, wing, force. The stories of this book are twice-told tales to us, and yet in looking them over we have heard the trumpet-peak, and felt the strong desire to rush into the battle. Our model, if we may have such a thing in due subordination to our Lord, is George Whitefield, but with unequal footsteps must we follow in his glorious path.

The companion volume by the same publishers is upon John Wesley, and it is by no means second in interest. What a miracle of consecrated industry was this man! He not only kept a diary but a horary. We have seen this little book, and it shows that he put down something for every hour, and never lost a minute. He did not live by the day, but by the quarter of an hour. In the mere matter of time he lived twice as much as most men, and, though he had

the gout, no man ever did so much as he did in the same space of time. A quotation from *The North British Review* well sets forth the different excellencies of the two great men:—

"Whitefield was a summer cloud, which burst at morning or noon in fragrant exhilaration over an ample tract, and took the rest of the day to gather up again. Wesley was the polished conduit in the midst of the garden, through which the living water glided in pearly brightness and perennial music, the same vivid stream from day to day. Whitefield was like the powder-blast in the quarry, and would by one explosive sermon shake a district, and detach materials for other men's work. Wesley—deft, neat, and painstaking—loved to split and trim each fragment into uniform plinths and polished stones. Whitefield had no patience for ecclesiastical polity, no adaptation for pastoral details. With a beaver-like propensity for building, Wesley was always constructing societies, and, with king-like craft of ruling, was most at home when presiding over a class or a conference."

John Pearce, the Colporteur; or, What shall we read? By the author of "Miss Grey's Text," "After the Holidays," etc. Elliot Stock.

OUR beloved brother, Frederick Jones, now of Cross Street, Islington, was married for a few weeks only to the dear lady who wrote this life of John Pearce, and then to his perpetual regret the gentle spirit took flight for heaven. Mr. Jones had laboured with great energy for the Tabernacle Colportage Society, and this had naturally excited a deep interest in the mind of his betrothed, and to aid the good work she wrote this story. After her lamented death it is published, and we trust it will meet with such a reception that she, being dead, may yet speak for many. "John Pearce, the colporteur," is both gracious and interesting. It is well written, and deserves to be popular. Mrs. Spurgeon, who has read it with great pleasure, has given as her verdict—"you cannot say too much in its praise."

Thought Blossoms, gathered at Richmond. By J. HUNT COOKE. Elliot Stock.

REAL poetry! A rare thing to find much of that article among the rhymes which come to us in bewildering profusion. But this little, limp, thin affair is not of the common order after all. We groaned as we picked it up—"Poetry again," or did we say *Poor try*. However, we groan no longer, for we have been rewarded for our pains by finding amid the ore far more numerous traces of precious metal than we are wont to discover. Mr. Cooke does not rival Cowper or Young, but he sings very sweetly, and strikes out many living thoughts. Here are voices from among the trees, well rendered into the language of mortals.

THE VOICES OF THE WIND.

"Diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit."
1 Cor. xii. 4.

I lay in a grove one noonday clear,
And listened the language of trees to hear.
The selfsame wind that gave them speech
A different message spoke through each.
The elm that towered in majestic height,
Told of a rushing unseen might.
The willow that stood the river by
Said "life was sad," with a long-drawn sigh.
The poplar, whose head so high was reared,
Shrieked with alarm, for he danger feared.
The birch, with whispering long and low,
Hinted at mystery none might know.
The oak upreared a noble form,
But solemnly spoke of the power of storm.
The beech clapt together its thousand hands
And seemed to rejoice in the wind's commands.
The firs in deep low thunder tones
Declared that the breeze came laden with moans.
The linden in whispers seemed to tell
Though life was mystery all was well.
To each the wind had revealed the same,
But from each a different utterance came.
So does a rumour to men appear—
To some it brings joy, to others fear.
Some, dark spots on the sun will find;
Some, that each cloud is silver lined.
Thus the Spirit of God, in various ways,
By men declares his glorious praise.
In each some diverse gift we see,
And learn a lesson of charity.
For harmony only beautifies,
When different sounds together rise.

The "I will" Birthday Text and Year Book. Compiled by Mrs. E. H. RICHES. W. Mack.

ONE of the best of the Birthday Text Books, for it is not a mere jumble of texts, but the arrangement shows thought, judgment, and research. Many a sermon and address will grow out of these "I wills" for the day, and we trust that many a holy thought will be enkindled thereby in the sinner's bosom. May many say, "I will arise and go unto my Father," and hear that Father say, "I will receive him graciously, and love him freely."

How the Lady-Help taught Girls to cook and be useful. By Mrs. WARREN. Houlston and Son. Price 1s.

FROM our domestic department comes the verdict, "Very good." If we could multiply Mrs. Warren, in fact, have a warren of Warrens, what a blessing it would be. Cleanliness is next to godliness, and cookery is next to cleanliness. How many times a man is made to sin by seeing good meat spoiled, and excellent food served up in a dirty, sickening manner. Surely it was a grievous temptation to wrath when a hungry traveller ordered chops at an inn within a hundred miles of London, and had them served up swimming in greasy, watery gravy—*fried!* He had been hoping to have them fresh from a clear fire,—but he was assured that they did not cook chops in that way in this part of the country. It is time that missionaries should be sent into such a benighted region. Half the food that is eaten in England is spoiled before it comes to table. Working men's wives, many of them, need to learn to cook; and to teach them this science would go far towards making their homes comfortable and their husbands sober. It is a pity that the animal, man, should be so much governed by his food, but it is so, and therefore those who would keep a man good tempered, especially an Englishman, should know how to cook his victuals for him. There is more religion in making home comfortable and cooking food properly than in all the millinery and horticulture of High-church ceremonials.

Mrs. Warren's book is a valuable help to housewives.

Memorials of the Rev. Charles Rolfe, B.A. By the Rev. EDWARD WILKINSON, B.A., Rector of Snargate, Kent. Nisbet and Co.

THIS is the memorial of a man of God. There are no stirring events, interesting travels, or public controversies, all is calm and quiet in the village life of the rector of Shadoxburst. Mr. Rolfe was an Episcopal minister in a retired village of Kent, and he belonged to the small but intense company who within the Anglican pale hold to Calvinistic doctrine in its severest form. The portrait is interesting as showing what manner of man the grace of God produces under that special line of doctrine: even those who do not sympathize in the peculiarities of the good man's views may yet like to see how like the life of God in one man is to the same vital principle in another. A labouring man described Mr. Rolfe as "living in heaven, and coming down to earth to take his meals." Arminianism in any form was his abhorrence, and Ritualism his detestation. Mr. Wilkinson quotes the opinion of a Scotch maid as to a High Church service—"It is varry bonnie, but awfu' wicked on the Sabbath," and Mr. Rolfe would have thoroughly agreed with her, as also do we. His parish was small and obscure, and his range of acquaintance contracted; but within his own circle Mr. Rolfe's influence was very powerful, for he was a holy man, and an unction rested on his words and life. Truth to tell, he was a Dissenter within the Church, though he would not have owned the title. He was a Particular Baptist who had lost his way, and stumbled into a rectory. Notwithstanding his classical learning, he had the habits, and the modes of thought and speech of the free-grace brotherhood, and we like him all the better for it. He was a lover of all who loved the doctrines of grace, nor was he altogether bounded in his Christian fellowship by strict Calvinistic orthodoxy, for he rejoiced in Jimmy Lee, a local preacher among the Wesleyans, because he saw in him true spirituality of life. Brethren of Mr. Rolfe's order are very scarce nowadays; but wherever they are found they have a great hold upon the godly around them. The type is too narrow, but it

is built for strength, and strength is needed now. A few hundred Hyper-Calvinists in the Church of England, whatever they might be deficient in, would, at least, make short work of its Popery, and call the people back to the essence of Protestantism. We devoutly wish the experiment could be tried.

Mr. Wilkinson has made his book as much a plea for predestination as a memoir of Mr. Rolfe, and we doubt not this would have been Mr. Rolfe's own wish could he have directed the matter.

Plodding On; or, the Jog-trot to Fame and Fortune. By HENRY CURWEN. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THE kind of book which is calculated to excite laudable ambition in youth: the biographies are fair instances of the success of plodding, and, as such, are of more practical use to the average young man than narratives which detail the victories of genius. Peabody, Kitto, Chambers, Knight, and Hugh Miller we all know, Abraham Lincoln, also, is no stranger; but, probably, Romney, Watson, and Brassey are names unfamiliar to the bulk of readers. These were all plodders, and all succeeded in life, though they did not all attain to fortune, in the sense of wealth. Working men will here see how they may climb if they will. If the quart pot and an unwise marriage do not chain them to the lowest round of the ladder, they may mount if they will banish self-indulgence, and put forth their energies.

By the way, it would be a gross error if it were imagined that men of genius do not work. To our mind, genius generally means that a man has a tendency and an aptitude for double toil in a certain direction, and hence he prospers in it. A genius for hard work is the only genius we believe in. We once knew a fellow who was called a *genius*, and boasted that he could make his fortune in a year: the last time we heard of him he could not make a personal call to borrow five shillings because his uncle detained his coat and waistcoat. We shall not advertise for him if we never hear of him again.

The Child's Hymnal. Edited by Rev. CHARLES ROGERS, LL.D. S. W. Partridge and Co.

HYMNS for infancy and youth. Here are most of our old favourites, and some new ones of equal sweetness. The

binding is pretty, and the book is altogether such as will please and profit any young Samuel or Mary into whose hand it may come. Partridge's books have a peculiar sweetness and beauty about them. They occupy the front rank of excellence.

Notes.

ON *Friday evening, August 29*, the annual meeting of the workers connected with GREEN WALK MISSION, BERNMONDSEY, was held in the Tabernacle Lecture-hall. We hope next month to insert an article on this work, and therefore for the present we simply say that all goes well with the regiment under the leadership of our dear friend, Mr. William Olney, jun., and that we wish them every blessing upon their loving labours. Few churches have for their whole array such a valiant host as this which works the Green Walk Mission, and yet this is only one detachment of the Tabernacle army. The Lord be praised! People must work for Jesus to be strong in the faith, and joyful in the Lord, as these brethren are.

On *Friday evening, September 12*, the annual meeting of Miss IVIMEY'S MOTHERS' MEETING was held in the College Lecture-hall. Through the kindness of the esteemed sister who supports Miss Ivimey, and enables her to carry on this excellent work, two hundred poor mothers were entertained at tea, and we had the pleasure of providing for one hundred more of our Tabernacle neighbours. After tea we had a lively meeting, and amid the lifting up of the infant voices—music sweet to mothers' hearts—we gave our guests the best advice we could. Having to leave to attend a second meeting, we left the chair to Mr. Charlesworth, who is more at home amid the blue-eyed cherubs. What with kind speeches and sweet singing the evening was filled up in a manner which will, we hope, be fraught with permanent blessing to many who were present. To get working people together, and prove our hearty sympathy with them, is a work of which the churches must do more and more. London and other great cities will drift into absolute heathenism unless the church seeks out the indifferent and gathers in the poor. We must bring the people to ourselves if we would bring them to Jesus. We cannot save them by keeping them at arm's length.

At the same time, the annual meeting of MR. PERKINS'S BIBLE CLASS was held in

the Tabernacle Lecture-hall. On his arrival from the other meeting the Pastor presided, and delivered an address on the necessary qualifications of soul-winners, if they are to be successful. These he summed up under seven heads: holiness of character, spiritual life, deep humility, living faith, thorough earnestness, simplicity of aim, and complete surrender to the direction of the Lord. Several of the young brethren gave addresses, and in the name of the class Mr. Perkins presented to the Pastor £14 for the College, which was gratefully accepted with the remark, that as the class supplied several of the students it was appropriate that it should help in supporting them—thus finding both men and means. Young men in London who are at liberty on Sunday afternoons will do well to connect themselves with this or one of the other Bible-classes which meet at the Tabernacle, or elsewhere. It is well for all young people, away from home, in large towns, to form holy, helpful associations for themselves, by joining with such bands of Christian people. We must all have some society, and this sort of society is a blessed preservative from the many temptations of the world, and is often a means of comfort in times of trial. When young people come to London their parents should direct them to some minister or Bible-class leader, and at the same time write to these good people to request them to look after their sons. Many would thus be saved from the evil influences of London life.

On *Wednesday evening, September 17*, our dear friend, Pastor F. H. White, delighted a large audience at the Tabernacle by delivering his lecture on "Sermons in Trees." It was a pleasure to us to take the chair, and to listen to the gracious words in which the lecturer explained the spiritual lessons from the natural objects represented by his beautiful dissolving views. If ministers give lectures let them be in the same line as their sermons. God's servants have no right to become mere entertainers of the public, pouring out a number of stale jokes and idle tales.

without a practical point. We are distressed at the entertainments now allowed in connection with places of worship, and aided, abetted, and assisted in by ministers. When the Lord comes to purge his temple, the scourge of small cords will be greatly needed in some places that we know of. To make religious teaching interesting is one thing, but to make silly mirth, without aim or purpose is quite another.

Those who wish for truly spiritual, gracious, profitable lectures should engage Mr. White. His lantern illustrations are in the best style of art.

COLLEGE.—*Lecture by John B. Gough.* We would call immediate attention to the lecture which is to be given in the Tabernacle on *Friday evening, Oct. 3*, on "Eloquence and Orators," by the eloquent orator, John B. Gough. This esteemed brother, after spending an evening at our house, most generously offered to give a lecture in aid of any one of our institutions, and as the College expenditure is specially heavy just now, we have most gladly accepted his kind offer on behalf of that work. Seldom have we had a greater joy than in making the acquaintance of John Gough. He is a deeply experienced man of God, and our communion with him was exceedingly sweet. We are greatly enriched by having won his heart as he has won ours. God speed him as a temperance man, for with him true religion leads the van.

Since our last notice Mr. W. F. Harris has settled as pastor of the church at Chesterfield, Derbyshire; and Mr. R. W. Ayres has returned to his mission work at Matching Tye, Essex. Mr. W. J. Tomkins has removed from Barking, Essex, to Ridgmount, Beds; and Mr. T. E. Rawlings from Wellington-road, Stoke Newington, to Boxmoor, Herts.

On *Monday evening, Sept. 15*, we had an unusually large number of friends at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting. Many were, no doubt, attracted by the announcement that three of our brethren would be present to say farewell before they left us for the foreign mission field. These brethren are Mr. R. Maplesden, who has now sailed for Madras, to become pastor of the English Baptist church there; Mr. Jno. Stubbs (late pastor at Eythorne) who will be leaving this month to take charge of the church in Allahabad; and Mr. D. Lyall (late pastor at Odiham) who is about to sail for the Cameroons, Africa. Each of the missionaries gave a short address. Mr. Sampson, of Folkestone, spoke a few

kind words, but most of the time was spent in prayer, and real prayer it was, too, each pleader seeming to lay hold of the Angel of the Covenant, determined not to let him go until a blessing was received.

Before these lines reach our readers we shall have had another triple farewell, for on *Monday, Sept. 29*, we expect to say "Good-bye" to our son Thomas, and the two ministers who are going with him to Australia, Mr. R. McCulloch, from the College, and Mr. J. S. Harrison, who left the College a few months ago and settled at Blackburn. Mr. Gibson, a generous Christian gentleman of Tasmania, pays the passage of these two brethren that they may labour in that island. It is a severe trial thus to be separated from a loving and beloved son, but the will of the Lord be done. We commend our son again to the loving care of those Australian friends who so generously received him on his first visit. He will need rest, but after a while, we trust, he will resume his preaching, go through the Australian colonies, visit New Zealand, and then settle down somewhere in the southern world. Such is the programme which our imagination has mapped out, but how little we know of the future! His parents surrender him to the Lord's work abroad, hoping one day again to see him in the flesh, and firmly believing that he will do good service for the Lord in the colonies. Beloved by the church at the Tabernacle and by all at home, we fondly hoped that our son would have had a useful career in England; but infinite wisdom cannot err.

We have received the good news of the safe arrival in *New Zealand* of our esteemed student, Mr. H. Wood. He had a splendid voyage, which seems to have materially benefited his health. Though very ill at first he was able to preach on the third Sabbath, and from that time conducted a service on board every Lord's-day until he landed, and the word was blessed to the conversion of at least one of the passengers. As soon as he reached Auckland he received an invitation to preach at Willoughby Street, Thames, with a view to the pastorate, and we hope by this time he is hard at work in his new sphere. Thus does the Lord call forth our young brethren to all parts of the world, and our heart is glad, because we know that wherever they go they will preach Christ crucified.

Our coloured friends, Messrs. Johnson and Richardson, report that they are labouring on in *Africa*, "teaching and building," but they are rather unsettled on account of

threats of war from neighbouring tribes, who seem jealous because the missionaries settled at Bakundu. While writing, we are informed that Mrs. Johnson has died of fever. We trust the news will not be confirmed, but our heart aches for our brother at the very idea of such a crushing blow. They were a happy pair, and the survivor will keenly feel the separation.

Mr. N. Papengouth, of *Naples*, writes: "We are going on steadily in spite of all the difficulties that arise from the ignorance, superstition, and corruption of the people. We are now seriously thinking about starting night and day schools—the young are the hope of Italy." He reports the arrival of his brother, Alexander, at *Haiti*, and says of him: "He seems to be in good spirits, and humbly trusts in God's help." May the Baptist Mission find in Alexander a valuable missionary!

From *Rio de Janeiro* Mr. J. M. G. dos Santos sends us an account of the mischief wrought by the Plymouth Brethren in the church gathered by the disinterested labours of Dr. Kalley. How sad that in the presence of Romanist Christian men should overthrow a good work by their unpractical peculiarities! O that their grace were but equal to their knowledge! As they cannot agree among themselves we cannot wonder that they agree with nobody else.

Mr. Hamilton writes to tell us that he is back again at *Cape Town*, after a fine, quick voyage, and sweet season of rest. He had a most hearty reception, and found that during his absence the work had been well maintained by Mr. Batts, about twenty persons having joined the church while he was in England. He hopes to begin building his new chapel at once.

Mr. Batts sends us word that his health has improved, and that he expects shortly to go to *Port Elizabeth* to relieve Mr. Stokes, who is returning to England for a time in order to gain fresh strength for his work in Africa.

J. A. SPURGEON.—A card has reached us from our brother in New York, stating that he has arrived safely. He has arranged to meet all our Canada men in Toronto on September 26. All our brethren in Canada seem to be doing well and enjoying the divine blessing.

EVANGELISTS.—Messrs. Smith and Fullerton have been at *Burnley*, Lancashire, during the greater part of the past month. The services have been very largely attended from the commencement. Our brethren estimated that 20,000 people were reached during the first week. In one of

Mr. Smith's letters he says—"We are touching just the class we cater for, the rough men who go nowhere. We have nightly in our meetings the men who twelve months ago were rioting on strike, and they give us no trouble, but sit as still as Mr. Murrell's coals." On two of the Sunday afternoons, when the meetings were especially for men, one of Spurgeon's sermons was given to each person through the kindness of our friend and deacon, Mr. Murrell. As the time for closing the services drew near the evangelists were entreated to remain longer, and this they have consented to do. It is too early to calculate the spiritual results, but we anticipate that Burnley will retain the remembrance of our brethren's visit for many a day to come. A local paper says—"Throughout the week large crowds have filled the Mechanics' Hall every evening, many having been unable to obtain admission. On Wednesday evening the crowd was so great that an overflow meeting had again to be arranged in Salem School-room, and the earnest spirit of the people was very apparent, for whether addressed by the evangelists themselves, or as in the case of the overflow meeting, by local ministers, the same evident interest and attention were shown. Besides this, a noon prayer meeting has been held in the Mechanics' Hall every day, and considering the time and object of the gathering, it has been remarkably well attended—increasing as the days go on. All the meetings are of a most interesting and useful character. A cheerful spirit always prevails, but this is never allowed to degenerate into mere trifling, and indeed there is often a deep solemnity in the midst of some earnest appeal from the preacher or some touching song from the singer."

This month, from the 5th to the 19th, the evangelists are to visit *Stafford*, and in November they will once more hold special services in the Tabernacle.

Mr. Burnham, our other evangelist, has been, for the past three or four weeks, in Kent, amongst the hop-pickers. The wet weather has caused the picking operations to be later and lighter than usual, and consequently the evangelists have at present had fewer opportunities of reaching the people who are usually found in the hop-gardens at this time of the year. Still, from his head-quarters at Goudhurst, Mr. Burnham, accompanied by Mr. Kendon, the pastor of the church in that village, and Mr. Kipling, of the London City Mission, has made several holy raids into the surrounding districts, and we trust

that in this way some of the devil's slaves will be converted into good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

For the present month Mr. Burnham's engagements are as follows:—October 5 to 12, Chepstow; 13 to 19, Leamington; 20 to 26, Markyate Street; 27 to Nov. 2, Bedford.

ORPHANAGE.—The friends and supporters of the Stockwell Orphanage will rejoice with us that another of "our boys" is studying with a view to the Christian ministry. This will be number three. The letter conveying the good news says, "His name is T. H. Williams. He left the Orphanage about seven years ago, and has just proved a successful candidate for admission to the Baptist College, Haverford-west. He stood third amongst the eleven who passed the examination."

The following letter will answer the double purpose of proving the benefit of the Boys' Orphanage, and the need for a similar institution for Girls:—

"August 21, 1879.

"Rev. Sir,—Permit me once more to offer my very sincere thanks for the great care and kindness bestowed on my son Alfred at your Orphanage. I feel I cannot be too thankful, nor speak too highly of the interest taken in my boy. I do not know what I should have done but for the care and kindness which provided for him in your happy home. The greatest comfort to my mind is that their spiritual welfare is so much thought of, for if there is one thing more than another that I claim for my children it is that they may be good and useful in the world and in the church. I do believe that only the day of judgment will reveal the good done by your Orphanage alone. *I only wish I had such a home for one of my little girls.* I was left with six, one of whom was born a week after my husband's death. I buried the eldest last year, and have still three depending entirely on my own exertions. Some months last year my rooms were unoccupied, which will take me a long time to recover, but the Lord will provide, my trust is in him.

"Pardon me, sir, for again troubling you with my poor thanks, and may God spare you, and make you a still greater blessing in every department of your Christian work, is the earnest prayer and wish of, yours very respectfully,

"Rev. C. H. Spurgeon." "____."

Our quarterly collectors' meeting being held on *October 1*, we must postpone an account of the proceedings until next month. But we hope on that day to take

full possession of the ground intervening between the Hawthorns and the Orphanage, and thus the square piece of land will be in our possession for perfecting the institution.

GIRLS' ORPHANAGE.—We are glad to be informed that our ever-faithful friends, Messrs. Wills and Packham, Sittingbourne, have decided to follow the good example of Messrs. Smeed, Dean, and Co., and present a freight of bricks for the Girls' Orphanage. We heartily thank Messrs. Smeed and Dean; may they prosper!

Mr. G. E. Arnold, the pastor of Conduit-road Church, Plumstead, also promises us £25 worth of timber if we can use it in the new buildings, or if not, he will find another way of helping us. Friends who give us the option of using their gifts in this manner render us a double service, and we are all the more grateful to them.

COLPORTAGE.—The secretary (Mr. W. Corden Jones) writes Sept. 12:—"It is with great regret that the Committee have been compelled to suspend operations in seven out of the ten districts occupied around Birmingham, but they trust that a revival of trade in that district will encourage local friends to subscribe the required amount of £40 a year for each man to resume operations. It is a pity that such a good work should be crippled in that locality. Last year the ten colporteurs stationed in the suburbs of Birmingham sold 31,253 publications to the value of £550 17s. 3d., visited 172,637 families, and conducted 137 services, besides visiting 493 sick and dying persons in out-of-the-way places. We are quite prepared to resume work in as many districts as will guarantee £40 a year. During the last month applications have been received for the appointment of colporteurs in Andover and Kettering, while inquiries of a hopeful nature have been received from others. A good work is progressing in many of the districts in the conversion of souls. A copy of the Annual Report will be sent to any address on receipt of a postage stamp."

We have made many earnest appeals as to this Colportage work, which seems to us to be one of the most important departments of Christian service; but we have not succeeded in convincing many, or, at least, in leading them to give their aid. We must, therefore, we fear, abandon one sphere after another, and lessen the number of labourers. This will cost us many a pang, but it cannot be helped. We can only use the amount entrusted to us, and when this is diminished we certainly shall

not spend money in pressing advertisements, but shall take it as a sign that we must slacken sail. The responsibility of this will not, however, rest with us, but with those who come not up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. It is a painful subject, and we care not to enlarge. The Lord is good, and whether his stewards are faithful or not, he abides for ever true to those who trust in him.

PERSONAL NOTES.—We rejoice to hear that our sermon on “The Divine Call for Missionaries” (No. 1351), has been the means of leading another young man, beside the one mentioned in our “Notes” for June, to consecrate himself to the work of foreign missions. Mr. Broomhall, of the China Inland Mission, sends us the following extract from the papers of an accepted candidate:—“What is your motive for wishing to become a missionary?” “The glory of God in the salvation of the heathen.” “What has led you to think of doing so?” “A sermon by Mr. Spurgeon on ‘The Divine Call for Missionaries.’”

One of the bandmen of the 73d Regiment writes from India to say that he receives our sermon every week by post, and that on a Sunday evening the soldiers will read “Spurgeon’s Sermons” when they will read nothing else of a religious character. He states that after a sermon has gone the round of fifty or sixty men, it is returned to him all black and fringed through the wear and tear.

Dr. Carson, of Coleraine, says concerning the sermons—“In my professional calling I have had abundant opportunity of knowing the good they do. Space would not allow me to dwell on this point, but I mention the instance of one of my own servants several years since. When he was waiting for me every day at the hospital gate I observed that he sat down on the step of the carriage and began to read. I asked him what he was reading and he said it was a tract his mistress gave him, and that it was the nicest thing he ever read, as he could understand every word of it, and he wished that every minister would preach like that. I looked at it and found it was one of Spurgeon’s sermons.”

Mr. Wilhelm Haupt, missionary to the Edinburgh Ladies’ Auxiliary to the German Baptist Mission, in his last quarterly report, writes as follows:—“My own son, Willy, now seventeen years of age, came from Barmen, where he is at school, to spend his Easter holidays with us. Shortly before, I had received some of

Mr. Spurgeon’s sermons from Dr. B., amongst which was one entitled ‘The Seven Sneezes’ (No. 1461), from the text 2 Kings iv. 35, ‘And the child sneezed seven times.’ Having read this sermon, and believing that it was well suited to his case, I asked my boy to translate it into German for me. During the work of translation I could plainly see that what I had hoped was taking place, the Lord was touching his heart and showing him his position. When he had finished the translation I asked him whether he too felt any signs of life, and he acknowledged he desired from his whole heart to become a Christian. He has not yet full assurance of faith, but the Lord has begun his work of grace, and I have every reason to believe he will complete it. I am very grateful for the gift of these splendid sermons, from which I have derived much blessing.”

A Scotch friend, in sending us a contribution for one of our works, explains that it is a thankoffering for the enjoyment and profit derived by him and his late wife from reading our sermons. He tells us that he is so deaf that he cannot hear his own minister’s voice in the service of the sanctuary, and his wife was too ill to go to church for two years before she died, so they were both very grateful to get every Saturday the sermon, which supplied them with spiritual food for the Lord’s-day. The writer further says, “Since my wife’s death I have, after reading your sermon, given it to a friend, whose wife is also in very weak health, and has not been able to go to church for nearly two years. They enjoy the sermon very much, and after reading it pass it on to a neighbour, who also enjoys it. I think you might take occasion to drop the hint that *each reader might seek out some invalid person who is not able to go to church, and make a present of the sermon instead of allowing it to lie idle on the shelf.* The sick friend above mentioned was visited by the late Rev. James Robertson a few days before his decease. She told him that her own minister called to see her so seldom that she might now say that she had no church connection; but she greatly enjoyed the reading of Mr. Spurgeon’s sermons. ‘Oh, then,’ replied Mr. Robertson, ‘you will just consider you are one of Mr. Spurgeon’s people.’”

One of our church-members, in thanking us for our recent sermon on Psalm lvii. 4, “My soul is among lions,” writes: “You may be sure when I had the beerhouse in — that my soul was among lions. You may not remember that your preaching

was the means of my closing that house on the Sunday in spite of great opposition, persecution, and personal loss. I kept it closed on the Sunday with one exception, when the devil tempted me to open it, but Christ gained the victory, and enabled me to close ever afterwards on the Sunday. I closed on the same Sunday as you opened the Tabernacle. If every minister could be the means of closing one public house on the Sunday the victory would be won. The sermon on Zechariah xiv. 20 ('A Peal of Bells,' No. 399) decided me to join the church."

A brother Baptist minister, in sending us a contribution for the Girls' Orphanage, says, "During nearly twenty years' ministry I have been often helped and encouraged by your sermons, which I regularly read and lend to others. May the Lord long spare you to his church!"

We were amused when we were informed of a notice that recently appeared in a shop window in Newcastle. Under-

neath a lithographic likeness, or what professed to be such, was the announcement, "SPURGEON REDUCED TO SIXPENCE." The kind friend who sent us the intelligence expressed the hope that we were not quite so poor as the notice implied.

This leads us to remark that we shall be compelled to leave England in November and December to escape the fogs. At this time, or a little later, we have been ill for several successive years, and we are advised to go away before the illness comes, in the hope of getting strength to go through the rest of the winter. This we mean to do. Our only difficulty is that during our absence funds fall off, and therefore it would be a very great relief if the stores were well replenished before we went from home. This would make our holiday doubly restful.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—
August 28th, fifteen; September 4th, twenty-three.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th to September 19th, 1879.

	£	s.	d.
Rev. Thomas King...	1	0	0
A Friend in Scotland, per Mr. R. Thomson ...	1	5	0
S. S. Absolum ...	0	5	0
Mr. John Bate ...	1	0	0
From Stirling ...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Penny ...	4	0	0
Mr. G. Greenyer ...	0	5	0
Mr. John Hector ...	3	0	0
Mrs. R. Taylor ...	2	10	0
Mr. W. J. Lay ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Pentolow ...	1	0	0
S. S. Absolum ...	0	3	0
Mr. D. Knowles, Willenhall ...	1	1	0
Mr. Charles Davies ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. D. Link ...	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Smith ...	10	0	0
Mrs. Raybould ...	3	0	0
Part of Collection at Bootle, per Pastor Z. T. Down ...	3	1	7

	£	s.	d.
A Scotch Friend, per Mr. Logan ...	50	0	0
Rev. R. J. Beechiff ...	0	10	0
Rev. H. A. and Mrs. Fletcher ...	0	5	0
Mr. Perkins' Bible Class ...	14	0	0
Rev. J. A. Brown ...	2	2	0
Mr. A. A. Stephens ...	1	0	0
"A Friend in Scotland" ...	25	0	0
Collection at Clapham Common Baptist Chapel, per Rev. R. Webb ...	6	0	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott ...	2	0	0
Mrs. A. J. Skinner ...	0	2	6
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Aug. 24 ...	42	0	0
" " " " Sept. 7 ...	31	47	13
" " " " Sept. 14 ...	7	32	10
" " " " " " 14 ...	14	40	0
	£311	8	10

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th to September 19th, 1879.

	£	s.	d.
J. B. C. ...	1	0	0
Messrs. Ostler and Palmer, per W. Olney, Esq. ...	5	5	0
Per Frank Nye:— Sunday Collection at Dinner Table ...	0	7	9
Profits from Stall & Weighing Machine at Salford's Sunday-school Treat ...	0	10	9
A Friend at Grantham, per Rev. G. B. Bowler ...	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Nellie Foster, Wymondley ...	0	0	6
Collected by Mrs. Agnes Duynes ...	0	6	3
The late S. J. Schilizzi, Esq., per Mr. Joseph Benson ...	10	10	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, Aug. 1 ...	2	2	0
Ditto " Sept. 1 ...	2	2	0
Miss Fitzgerald ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Friston ...	0	12	9
"A Scotch Friend" ...	20	0	0
Mr. S. A. Smith ...	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Fattie Bomford ...	3	0	0
Strawberry money ...	0	5	0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th to September 16th, 1870.

<i>Subscriptions and Donations for Districts :—</i>		£ s. d.	<i>Subscription to Capital Account.</i>	
North Wilts District		7	10	0
Tiptree ditto		10	0	0
Ironbridge and Coalbrook Dale ditto ...		7	10	0
<i>Accrington District :—</i>				
<i>Alderman Lightfoot, J.P.</i>				
(Mayor)	10	0	0	
Alderman Howarth	5	0	0	
Wm. Howarth, Esq.	5	0	0	
R. Crossley, Esq.	2	2	0	
Councillor Smith	1	1	0	
Wm. Smith, Esq.	1	1	0	
S. Bury, Esq.	1	1	0	
Rev. Charles Williams	1	0	0	
— Mercer, Esq., J.P.	1	0	0	
Wm. Metcalf, Esq.	1	0	0	
James Kerr, Esq.	1	0	0	
Rev. S. R. Anthill	0	15	0	
Dr. Clayton	0	10	0	
Dr. J. Booth	0	10	0	
Mrs. Holchouse	0	10	0	
J. Jameson, Esq.	0	10	0	
Councillor Lee	0	10	0	
W. Marsh, Esq.	0	10	0	
J. Duendum, Esq.	0	7	6	
A. Stanesley, Esq.	0	5	0	
Mr. Broughton	0	5	0	
Mr. Jackson	0	3	0	
Mr. Howarth	0	2	6	
Mr. Tounson	0	2	6	
	34	5	6	
Less printing, &c.	0	11	6	
	33	14	0	
A Friend from Kent	31	7	0	
Slapea District	10	0	0	
Cinderford District	4	0	0	
Mrs. Dix, for Maldon	10	0	0	
Miss Hadfield, for Hyde	10	0	0	
	£124	1	0	
				<i>Subscription to Capital Account.</i>
				£ s. d.
				1 0 0
				J. Harris, Esq.
				<i>Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund.</i>
				£ s. d.
J. H.	0	2	6	
H. M.	20	0	0	
Mr. C. H. Price	1	0	0	
A Friend, Birmingham postmark ...	1	1	0	
Captain MacGregor	1	0	0	
Mr. Thomas R.	20	0	0	
Wm. M. A. Smith	1	0	0	
Mr. S. King, per Mr. H. Payne ...	0	2	0	
W. C. Worthington, Esq.	1	1	0	
Master T. E. Codd, Collecting Box ...	0	2	9½	
T. Mainham, Esq.	5	0	0	
Mr. James Gordon	2	5	0	
Mr. and Mrs. Penny	2	0	0	
A Scotch Friend	20	0	0	
Mr. W. J. Lay	0	10	0	
Mrs. E. Carter	5	0	0	
Mr. J. Pentelow	1	0	0	
Mrs. Harriet Elias	5	0	0	
Mr. Charles Davies	1	0	0	
T. L. W.	10	10	0	
Mrs. Hurrell	0	10	0	
Mrs. Ward	5	0	0	
Mr. G. A. Calder	5	0	0	
J. F. C., per F. W. Whiting	0	5	0	
Mr. G. E. Arnold	2	0	0	
Mr. A. Scard	0	10	0	
Mrs. E. J. Milligan	1	0	0	
	£111	19	9½	

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th to September 19th, 1870.

<i>Mr. Thomas Henry Case</i>	£ s. d.	<i>Mrs. Baybould</i>	£ s. d.
"A Scotch Friend"	10	Mr. A. Scard	0 8 6
Mr. Charles Davies	1 0 0	"A Friend in Scotland"	10 0 0
Mrs. E. Carter	5 0 0		
"Firstfruits"	1 0 0		
Mary Vinson	0 10 0		
Mr. J. Pentelow	1 0 0		
	£34		18 6

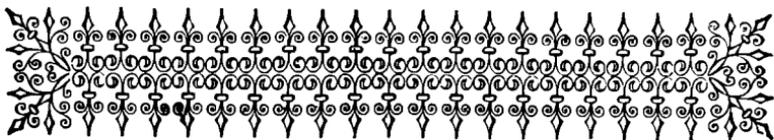
Received for Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelists' Association, Mr. and Mrs. Hull, £5.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, Balham. 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.



MR. CHARLES SPURGEON,
PASTOR OF THE CHURCH IN SOUTH STREET CHAPEL, GREENWICH.



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

NOVEMBER, 1879.

What is it to win a Soul?

A COLLEGE LECTURE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.



IPURPOSE, if God shall enable me, to give you a short course of lectures under the general head of "THE SOUL WINNER." Soul-winning is the chief business of the Christian minister, indeed, it should be the main pursuit of every true believer. We should each say with Simon Peter, "I go fishing," and with Paul our aim should be, "If by any means I may save some."

We shall commence our discourses upon this subject by considering the question—"What is it to win a soul?"

This may be instructively answered by describing what it is not. We do not regard it to be soul-winning to steal members out of churches already established, and train them to utter our peculiar shibboleth: we aim rather at bringing souls to Christ than at making converts to our synagogue. There are sheep-stealers abroad concerning whom I will say nothing except that they are not "*brethren*," or, at least, do not act in a brotherly fashion. To their own Master they must stand or fall. We count it utter meanness to build up our own house with the ruins of our neighbours' mansions; we infinitely prefer to quarry for ourselves. I hope we all sympathise in the large-hearted spirit of Dr. Chalmers, who, when it was said that such and such an effort would not be beneficial to the special interests of the Free Church of Scotland, although it might promote the general religion of the land, said, "What is the Free Church compared with the Christian good of the people of Scotland?" What, indeed, is any church, or what are all the churches put together as mere organizations if they stand in conflict with the moral and spiritual advantage of the nation, or if they impede the kingdom of Christ? It is because God blesses men through the churches that we desire to see them prosper, and not merely for the sake of the churches themselves. There is such a thing as selfishness

in our eagerness for the aggrandisement of our own party, and from this evil spirit may grace deliver us. The increase of the kingdom is more to be desired than the growth of a clan. We would do a great deal to make a Pædobaptist brother into a Baptist, for we value our Lord's ordinances; we would labour earnestly to raise a believer in salvation by free will into a believer in salvation by grace, for we long to see all religious teaching built upon the solid rock of truth and not upon the sand of imagination; but at the same time our grand object is not the revision of opinions but the regeneration of natures. We would bring men *to Christ*, and not to our own peculiar views of Christianity. Our first care must be that the sheep should be gathered to the great Shepherd; there will be time enough afterwards to secure them for our various folds. To make proselytes is a suitable labour for Pharisees; to beget men unto God is the honourable aim of ministers of Christ.

In the next place, we do not consider soul-winning to be accomplished by hurriedly inscribing more names upon our church roll, in order to show a good increase at the end of the year. This is easily done, and there are brethren who use great pains, not to say arts, to effect it, but if it be regarded as the Alpha and Omega of a minister's efforts the result will be deplorable. By all means let us bring true converts into the church, for it is a part of our work to teach them to observe all things whatsoever Christ has commanded them, but still this is to be done to disciples, and not to mere professors; and if care be not used we may do more harm than good at this point. To introduce unconverted persons to the church is to weaken and degrade it, and therefore an apparent gain may be a real loss. I am not among those who decry statistics, nor do I consider that they are productive of all manner of evil; for they may do much good if they are accurate, and if a man use them lawfully. It is a good thing for men to see the nakedness of the land through statistics of decrease, that they may be driven on their knees before the Lord to seek prosperity; and, on the other hand, it is by no means an evil thing for workers to be encouraged by having some account of results set before them. I should be very sorry if the practice of adding up, and deducting, and giving in the net result were to be abandoned, for it must be right to know our numerical condition. It has been noticed that those who object to the process are often brethren whose unsatisfactory reports should somewhat humiliate them: this is not always so, but it is suspiciously frequent. I heard of the report of a church the other day in which the minister, who was well known to have reduced his congregation to nothing, somewhat cleverly wrote, "Our church is looking up." When he was questioned with regard to this statement, he replied, "Everybody knows that the church is on its back, and it cannot do anything else but look up." When churches are looking up in that way their pastors generally say that statistics are very delusive things, and that you cannot tabulate the work of the Spirit, and calculate the prosperity of a church by figures. The fact is, you *can* reckon very correctly if the figures are honest, and if all circumstances are taken into consideration: if there is no increase you may calculate with considerable accuracy that there is not much being done, and if there is a clear decrease among a growing population you

may reckon that the prayers of the people and the preaching of the minister are not of the most powerful kind. But, still, all hurry to get members into the church is most mischievous, both to the church and to the supposed converts. I remember very well several young men, who were of good moral character and religiously hopeful, but instead of searching their hearts, and aiming at their real conversion, the pastor never gave them any rest till he had persuaded them to make a profession. He thought that they would be under more bonds to holy things if they professed religion, and he felt quite safe in pressing them, for "they were so hopeful." He imagined that to discourage them by vigilant examination might drive them away, and so to secure them he made them hypocrites. Those young men are at the present time much further off from the church of God than they would have been if they had been affronted by being kept in their proper places, and warned that they were not converted to God. It is a serious injury to a person to receive him into the number of the faithful unless there is good reason to believe that he is really regenerate. I am sure it is so, for I speak after careful observation. Some of the most glaring sinners known to me were once members of a church, and were, as I believe, led to make a profession by undue pressure, well meant but ill-judged. Do not, therefore, consider that soul-winning is or can be secured by the multiplication of baptisms, and the swelling of the size of your church. What mean these despatches from the battle field? "Last night fourteen souls were under conviction, fifteen were justified, and eight received full sanctification." I am weary of this public bragging, this counting of unhatched chickens, this exhibition of doubtful spoils. Lay aside such numberings of the people, such idle pretence of certifying in half a minute that which will need the testing of a lifetime. Hope for the best, but in your highest excitements be reasonable. Enquiry-rooms are all very well, but if they lead to idle boastings they will grieve the Holy Spirit and work abounding evil.

Nor is it, dear friends, soul-winning merely to create excitement. Excitement will accompany every great movement. We might justly question whether the movement was earnest and powerful if it was quite as serene as a drawing-room Bible-reading. You cannot very well blast great rocks without the sound of explosions, nor fight a battle and keep everybody as quiet as a mouse. On a dry day a carriage is not moving much along the road unless there is some noise and dust; friction and stir are the natural result of force in motion. So when the Spirit of God is abroad, and men's minds are stirred, there must and will be certain visible signs of the movement, although these must never be confounded with the movement itself. If people imagined that to make a dust is the object aimed at by the rolling of a carriage, they can take a broom and very soon raise as much dust as fifty coaches, but they will be committing a nuisance rather than conferring a benefit. Excitement is as incidental as the dust, but it is not for one moment to be aimed at. When the woman swept her house she did it to find her money and not for the sake of raising a cloud.

Do not aim at sensation and "effect." Flowing tears and streaming eyes, sobs and outcries, and crowded after-meetings and all kinds of confusions may occur, and may be borne with as concomitants of genuine feeling, but pray do not plan their production.

It very often happens that the converts that are born in excitement die when the excitement is over. They are like certain insects which are the product of an exceedingly warm day, and die when the sun goes down. Certain converts live like salamanders, in the fire, but they expire at a reasonable temperature. I delight not in the religion which needs or creates a hot head. Give me the godliness which flourishes upon Calvary rather than upon Vesuvius. The utmost zeal for Christ is consistent with common sense and reason; raving, ranting, and fanaticism are products of another zeal which is not according to knowledge. We would prepare men for the chamber of communion and not for the padded room at Bedlam. No one is more sorry than I that such a caution as this should be needful; but in the presence of certain wild revivalists, I cannot say less, and might say a great deal more.

What is the real winning of a soul for God? So far as this is done by instrumentality, what are the processes by which a soul is led to God and to salvation? I take it that one of its main operations consists in *instructing a man that he may know the truth of God*. Instruction by the gospel is the commencement of all real work upon men's minds. "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Teaching begins the work and crowns it too.

The gospel, according to Isaiah is, "Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live." It is ours, then, to give men something worth their hearing; in fact, to instruct them. We are sent to evangelize, or to preach the gospel to every creature, and that is not done unless we teach them the great truths of revelation. The gospel is good news. To listen to some preachers you would imagine that the gospel was a pinch of sacred snuff to make them wake up, or a bottle of ardent spirits to excite their brains. It is nothing of the kind; it is news, there is information in it, there is instruction in it concerning matters which men need to know, and statements in it calculated to bless those who hear it. It is not a magical incantation, or a charm, whose force consists in a collection of sounds; it is a revelation of facts and truths which require knowledge and belief. The gospel is a reasonable system, and it appeals to men's understanding; it is a matter for thought and consideration, and it appeals to the conscience and the reflecting powers. Hence, if we do not teach men something, we may shout, "*Believe! Believe! Believe!*" but what are they to believe? Each exhortation requires a corresponding instruction, or it will mean nothing. "*Escape!*" From what? This requires for its answer the doctrine of the punishment of sin. "*Fly!*" But whither? Then must you preach Christ and his wounds, yea, and the clear doctrine of atonement or sacrifice. "*Repent!*" Of what? Here you must answer such questions as, What is sin? What is the evil of sin? What are the consequences of sin? "*Be converted!*" But what is it to be converted? By what power can we be converted? What from? What to? The field of instruction is wide if men are to be made to know the truth which saves. "That the soul be without knowledge, it is not good," and it is ours as the Lord's instruments to make men

so to know the truth that they may believe it, and feel its power. We are not to try and save men in the dark, but in the power of the Holy Ghost we are to turn them from darkness to light.

And, do not believe, dear friends, that when you go into revival meetings, or special evangelistic services, you are to leave out the doctrines of the gospel; for then you ought to proclaim the doctrines of grace rather more than less. Teach gospel doctrines clearly, affectionately, simply, and plainly, and especially those truths which have a present and practical bearing upon man's condition and God's grace. Some enthusiasts would seem to have imbibed the notion that as soon as a minister addresses the unconverted he should deliberately contradict his usual doctrinal discourses, because it is supposed that there will be no conversions if he preaches the whole counsel of God. It just comes to this, brethren,—it is supposed that we are to conceal truth, and utter a half falsehood in order to save souls. We are to speak the truth to God's people because they will not hear anything else, but we are to wheedle sinners into faith by exaggerating one part of truth and hiding the rest until a more convenient season. This is a strange theory, and yet many endorse it. According to them, we may preach the redemption of a chosen number to God's people, but universal redemption must be our doctrine when we speak with the outside world: we are to tell believers that salvation is all of grace, but sinners are to be spoken with as if they were to save themselves: we are to inform Christians that God the Holy Spirit alone can convert, but when we talk with the unsaved the Holy Ghost is scarcely to be named. We have not so learned Christ. Thus others have done; let them be our beacons and not our examples. He who sent us to win souls neither permits us to invent falsehoods, nor to suppress truth. His work can be done without such suspicious methods.

Perhaps some of you will reply, "But, still, God has blessed half statements and wild assertions." Be not quite so sure. I venture to assert that God does not bless falsehood; he may bless the truth which is mixed up with error; but much more of blessing would have come if the preaching had been more in accordance with his own word. I cannot admit that the Lord blesses evangelistic Jesuitism, and the suppression of truth is not too harshly named when I so describe it. The withholding of the doctrine of the total depravity of man has wrought serious mischief to many who have listened to a certain kind of preaching. These people do not get a true healing because they do not know the disease under which they are suffering; they are never truly clothed because nothing is done towards stripping them. In many ministries there is not enough of probing the heart and arousing the conscience by the revelation of man's alienation from God, and by the declaration of the selfishness and the wickedness of such a state. Men need to be told that except divine grace shall bring them out of their enmity to God they must eternally perish; and they must be reminded of the sovereignty of God, that he is not obliged to bring them out of this state that he would be right and just if he left them in such a condition, that they have no merit to plead before him, and no claims upon him, but that if they are to be saved it must be by grace, and by grace alone. The preacher's work is to throw sinners down in

helplessness that they may be compelled to look up to him who alone can help them.

To try to win a soul for Christ by keeping that soul in ignorance of any truth is contrary to the mind of the Spirit, and to endeavour to save men by mere claptrap, or excitement, or oratorical display is as foolish as to hope to hold an angel with bird-lime, or lure a star with music. The best attraction is the gospel in its purity. The weapon with which the Lord conquers men is the truth as it is in Jesus. The gospel will be found equal to every emergency: an arrow which can pierce the hardest heart, a balm which will heal the deadliest wound. Preach it, and preach nothing else. Rely implicitly upon the old, old gospel. You need no other nets when you fish for men; those your Master has given you are strong enough for the great fishes, and have meshes fine enough to hold the little ones. Spread these nets and no others, and you need not fear the fulfilment of his word, "I will make you fishers of men."

Secondly, to win a soul it is necessary, not only to instruct our hearer and make him know the truth, but to *impress him so that he may feel it*. A purely didactic ministry, which should always appeal to the understanding and should leave the emotions untouched, would certainly be a limping ministry. "The legs of the lame are not equal," says Solomon, and the unequal legs of some ministries cripple them. We have seen such an one limping about with a long doctrinal leg, but a very short emotional leg. It is a horrible thing for a man to be so doctrinal that he can speak coolly of the doom of the wicked, so that if he does not actually praise God for it, it costs him no anguish of heart to think of the ruin of millions of our race. This is horrible! I hate to hear the terrors of the Lord proclaimed by men whose hard visages, harsh tones, and unfeeling spirit betray a sort of doctrinal desiccation: all the milk of human kindness is dried out of them. Having no feeling himself, such a preacher creates none, and the people sit and listen while he keeps to dry, lifeless statements, until they come to value him for being "sound," and they themselves come to be sound too, and I need not add sound asleep also, or what life they have is spent in sniffing out heresy, and making earnest men offenders for a word. Into this spirit may we never be baptized. Whatever I believe, or do not believe, the command to love my neighbour as myself still retains its claim upon me, and God forbid that any views or opinions should so contract my soul and harden my heart as to make me forget this law of love. The love of God is first, but this by no means lessens the obligation of love to man; in fact, the first command includes the second. We are to seek our neighbour's conversion because we love him, and we are to speak to him in loving terms God's loving gospel, because our heart desires his eternal good.

A sinner has a heart as well as a head; a sinner has emotions as well as thoughts; and we must appeal to both. A sinner will never be converted until his emotions are stirred. Unless he feels sorrow for sin, and unless he has some measure of joy in the reception of the word, you cannot have much hope of him. The truth must soak into the soul, and dye it with its own colour. The word must be like a strong wind sweeping through the whole heart, and swaying the whole man, even

as a field of ripening corn waves in the summer breeze. Religion without emotion is religion without life.

But, still, we must mind how these emotions are caused. Do not play upon the mind by exciting feelings which are not spiritual. Some preachers are very fond of introducing funerals and dying children into their discourses, and they make the people weep through sheer natural affection. This may lead up to something better, but in itself what is its value? What is the good of opening up a mother's griefs or a widow's sorrows? I do not believe that our merciful Lord has sent us to make men weep over their departed relatives by digging anew their graves and rehearsing past scenes of bereavement and woe. Why should he? It is granted that you may profitably employ the death-bed of a departing Christian or of a dying sinner for proof of the rest of faith in the one case and the terror of conscience in the other, but it is out of the fact proved and not out of the illustration itself that the good must arise. Natural grief is of no service in itself; indeed, we look upon it as a distraction from higher thoughts, and as a price too great to exact from tender hearts, unless we can repay them by engrafting lasting spiritual impressions upon the stock of natural affection. "It was a very splendid oration, full of pathos," says one who heard it. Yes, but what is the practical outcome of this pathos? A young preacher once remarked, "Were you not greatly struck to see so large a congregation weeping?" "Yes," said his judicious friend, "but I was more struck with the reflection that they would probably have wept more at a play." Exactly so: and the weeping in both cases may be equally valueless. I saw a girl on board a steamboat reading a book and crying as if her heart would break, but when I glanced at the volume I saw that it was only one of those silly yellow-covered novels which load our railway bookstalls. Her tears were a sheer waste of moisture, and so are those which are produced by mere pulpit tale-telling and death-bed painting.

If our hearers will weep over their sins, and after Jesus, let their sorrows flow in rivers, but if the object of their tears is merely natural and not at all spiritual, what good is done by setting them weeping? There might be some virtue in making people joyful, for there is sorrow enough in the world, and the more we can promote cheerfulness the better, but what is the use of creating needless misery? What right have you to go through the world pricking everybody with your lancet just to show your skill in surgery? A true physician only makes incisions in order to effect cures, and a wise minister only excites painful emotions in men's minds with the distinct object of blessing their souls. You and I must continue to drive at men's hearts till they are broken; and then we must keep on preaching Christ crucified till their hearts are bound up, and when this is accomplished we must continue to proclaim the gospel till their whole nature is brought into subjection to the gospel of Christ. Even in these preliminaries you will be made to feel the need of the Holy Ghost to work with you and by you; but this need will be still more evident when we advance a step further and speak of the new birth itself in which the Holy Spirit works in a style and manner most divine.

(To be continued.)

The Life and Work of Faith and Prayer.

AS ILLUSTRATED BY MR. GEORGE MÜLLER'S LAST REPORT.

TO illustrate and enforce the text, "Blessed is that man who maketh the Lord his trust," as well as to give an account of another year's stewardship, Mr. Müller has issued the fortieth Report of the institutions with which his name is associated.* It is characterized by the same simplicity and fervour as its predecessors, and records similar triumphs of faith and prayer. As a brief narrative of facts there is a charm in its pages which we do not find in the dissertation of a theorist. "Verily, God has heard my prayer," is the concise epitome of the whole story: "Trust ye in the Lord for ever," is the lesson which is urged upon every page.

The avowed object with which Mr. Müller commenced the Orphan Homes may seem to some to amount to presumption, but it is only the daring of faith. He writes, "My first and chief aim was not to care for the physical well-being of the orphans, though we seek with all earnestness to attend to this. Nor was the cultivation of their minds the first and chief object I had in view, though we do indeed seek this. Nor was even the salvation of the souls of these orphans the chief and primary object of the orphan work, though God has condescended most abundantly to bless our labours in the conversion of many hundreds of orphans. That which I had, above all, in view of regarding the orphan work, and why it was commenced, was that God might be glorified in its being seen, through this work, that he was as willing as ever to answer the prayers of his children, and how much, even now, can be accomplished through the instrumentality of prayer and faith." If to some there should appear to be a savour of egotism in the above avowal, the grand simplicity of the man is sufficient to disarm the suspicion. The oft-reiterated declaration, "They are God's Orphan Houses," and the fact that not a sentence in the narrative could honestly be construed into self-glorying, may be regarded as conclusive proof that George Müller has been true to his avowed object.

The blessedness of the life of faith has received abundant illustration in his career. We never think of him without seeing in his heavenly tranquillity the fulfilment of the assurance, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." When funds have declined his faith has not wavered, and when the exchequer has been replenished there has been no surprise. The hand of the Lord is so apparent to him in every dispensation that sympathy or congratulation seem equally out of place. A donor who feared the funds might suffer from the failures in the commercial world evoked this comment by his letter, "Had we no trust in God, such an event as the failure of the bank referred to here, and that which was still nearer, the failure of the South Wales and West of England District Bank in Bristol itself, with its forty-two branch banks, would indeed have been calculated, naturally, to fill one's heart with fear; but because we

* Brief narrative of facts of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad. By George Müller. London: J. Nisbet and Co., Berners-street.

know God, and really trust in him, and do not merely say so, therefore our heart was kept in peace, still trusting in him and looking to him : and we have not been confounded, as the balance-sheet at the end of the Report shows." This reads like a nineteenth century echo of the heroic faith of the prophet, who exclaimed, "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold and there shall be no herd in the stalls: *yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.*"

When he commenced the year the balance in hand was extremely small, and the depression in the mercantile world was such as to justify the fear that contributions for benevolent objects would decline, yet we find him surveying the situation in the calm assurance that his two thousand orphan children would not suffer lack. He writes, "We were not cast down, but hoped in God, being assured that all we had to do was to seek to walk in his ways, and to carry on his work according to his will, and that then more prayer, and more exercise of faith and patience, would at last again bring more abundant pecuniary supplies, even as we had found so many times before." "As we really trusted in God," he says, "and not in friends, nor circumstances, we were above these difficulties by faith, expecting day by day help from God, and at the same time seeking this help day by day earnestly in prayer." And then he adds, "I delight in stating, to the praise of God, that while, indeed, my faith again and again has been tried, yet in general he has been pleased to supply my wants most abundantly. Verily, it is most precious to have a friend in heaven to go to for all we require temporarily and spiritually."

The operations of the Institutions have furnished opportunities for the Lord's stewards to show their fidelity to their trust. As to the channels through which help has come, some are very remarkable, and reveal the providing hand of God. Under date April 7, Mr. Müller writes:—"From Glasgow 10s., with the following letter: 'Dear Sir—I send you enclosed an order for 10s., which please take for what you think best. My husband, like so many others in Glasgow, lost all his means this winter. I had this money laid aside for you since November; but as there are now ten of us, and I feared for our daily bread, my faith was not strong enough to send it. But in whatever strait we were I found we could not use it. It was only this week I told my husband I had it, and he said, send it at once. God give me more faith!' It is impossible not to sympathise with the conflict implied in the above letter, nor to admire the fidelity which stood so severe a test. "I will pay my vows unto the Lord," should be the sacred determination of every Christian, whatever be the issue or the trial involved. The discipline of giving may be severe at times, and the prudence of a worldly policy may seem to be outraged in the sacrifice, but when faith triumphs, the gain is wholly on the side of self-sacrifice.

There are several cases, however, cited by Mr. Müller which seem to us to violate the principles of ordinary prudence, if not to border on fanaticism, and yet in the sphere of faith the verdict must be tempered with charity. For instance; one man sends "twenty shillings instead of insuring a plate-glass front." Another writes, "Having read in your

last Report about a horse getting better in answer to prayer, and the owner sending you two pounds, I told the Lord if my finger got better without a doctor I would send you the enclosed (five shillings). At that time I could do nothing, but had to nurse it. That very night, however, it became so much better that I could work the next day. Now, thank the Lord for his lovingkindness, I am able to act according to my promise." A donor of ten shillings writes, "A few months ago I suddenly became very deaf, and feared the use of one ear was gone, knowing the ear to be such a delicate organ. I always dreaded consulting a doctor about it; so I made it a subject of earnest prayer, and determined that if my hearing was restored, without medical advice, I would send ten shillings for the Lord's work in your hands. I now hear again as well as ever, so you can receive this trifle as another of the many interesting ways in which God answers our prayers." Another writes, "I send you a post office order for £1 8s. 2d. for the orphans. At the beginning of last year I promised the Lord if he sent me a thousand pairs of boots and shoes to mend I would give one farthing per pair to the Orphanage. I have had 1,351, therefore I present the above sum with much pleasure."

While we believe most firmly that "The Lord will fulfil the desire of them that fear him," we must hesitate before subscribing the belief that the Lord will comply with the terms of every bargain we thrust upon him when self-interest is involved in our part of the contract. The donor who sends four guineas as "money saved by travelling third class" is, to our mind, acting upon a principle the soundness of which cannot be called in question. Prudence in ordinary affairs must never be violated on the pretence of faith, and the neglect of natural laws must never be justified by the plea of the divine omnipotence. Mr. Müller very wisely cautions his contributors against imitating him "for the sake of imitation," and we cannot refrain from giving the following quotation from the Epistle to the Hebrews, which points a moral:— "By faith the children of Israel passed through the Red sea as by dry land: which the Egyptians *assaying to do* were drowned."

The gigantic scale on which Mr. Müller's operations have been conducted, while it is an eloquent tribute to the power of prayer, also furnishes an illustration of the value of the Voluntary Principle, and proves the readiness of the Christian public to support the endeavours of a man of integrity, common sense, and administrative ability, who knows no other motive than love to God and no other desire than to live to his glory. The faintest shadow of suspicion has never been cast upon the character of George Müller, and his competency as a director has never been doubted. To have preserved an unsullied reputation for forty-five years, under the pressure of so great a burden, and with every opportunity to serve his own personal interests, must be regarded as a triumph of grace, and George Müller himself would be the first to admit the fact. His whole career is a sublime comment upon the text, "He keepeth the feet of his saints."

There is real eloquence in the following paragraph:—"Since the founding of the institution, on March 5th, 1834, we have received, as the result of prayer and faith, without asking anyone for anything, £830,000! Should any of the readers be unacquainted with the

previous reports, and therefore feel inclined to ask—What has been accomplished, instrumentally, by this large sum, we reply,—71,000 children or grown-up persons have been taught in the various schools, *entirely* supported by the funds of the institution, besides the tens of thousands who have been benefited in the schools which are *assisted* by its funds; 10,018 now frequent the schools. 135,000 Bibles, 383,000 Testaments, 19,400 copies of the Psalms, and 196,500 other small portions of the Holy Scriptures, in various languages, have been circulated since the formation of the institution; and 66,877,000 pamphlets and tracts, in different languages, have been circulated. From the earliest days of this institution missionaries have likewise been assisted by its funds, and of late years more than 160 in number. On this object alone £175,500 have been expended from the beginning. Also 5,682 orphans have been under our care, and five large houses, at an expense of £115,000, have been erected and fitted up for the accommodation of 2,050 orphans. As to the spiritual results I will here say nothing; indeed, eternity alone can unfold them; yet, even in so far as God has been pleased to allow us to see already the results of our service, we have reaped most abundantly, and do so more and more with every year, whilst going on with the work."

While directing the institution, whose branches are above enumerated, Mr. Müller has laboured in the gospel, almost exclusively in Bristol, for forty-three years; and now in the evening of life he is giving himself to the apostolic work of visiting different countries, "to preach," as he says, "the gospel of the grace of God, and to lend a helping hand to Christians, especially younger believers, by the experience I have had during the fifty-three years I have been a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ." With that scrupulous regard for accuracy in detail, which is characteristic of the man, he reports the labours of his campaign for 1879, and concludes thus: "We then went to Paris, and after I had preached there twice we left for Bristol, where we arrived on June 18th. after I had preached altogether during these nine months and twelve days two hundred and eighty-six times in forty-six different towns and cities." Lest he should be suspected of having modified his plans he writes,— "I state distinctly that this was not a collecting tour with reference to the institution; for I never even referred to it in my ministry, except when specially desired so to do." Never having made a direct appeal to anyone for help, we are not surprised at his anxiety to have this fact clearly understood, although for our own part we cannot see the moral distinction between the oral and written statement of the necessities and claims of his work. The principle of faith is not compromised in our judgment by the use of legitimate means to inform the Lord's stewards of opportunities for disbursing the bounty entrusted to them. No appeal could be more direct and forcible than George Müller's "Brief Narrative of Facts." There is a resistless plea in the statement that in the homes at Ashley Down there are upwards of two thousand orphan children cast upon the tender Fatherhood of God. While George Müller cannot but be right in the course he has pursued, it does not follow that his fellow-servants are wrong because they crown their faith with the diligent use of means to commend their work to the sympathies of the Lord's people. We would have it understood,

however, that we deem the tricks and expedients resorted to by some to be opposed to Christian consistency. It is impossible to impart sanctity to sensationalism, and to sustain a character for veracity while exaggerating facts to produce an impression. The institutions of George Müller are a standing protest against questionable expedients in the work of the Lord, and his whole career is an eloquent appeal for honest consistency in the life and work of faith and prayer.

Our readers will remember the article, from the pen of the Editor, in the May number of this magazine, in which he speaks of his fellowship at Mentone last year with George Müller, and Pastor John Bost. In the report before us Mr. Müller says, "I cannot leave this notice of Mentone without mentioning that, in addition to having very happy interviews with various Christians, I enjoyed especially the intercourse I had with Mr. Spurgeon, with whom I spent repeatedly a considerable time." Amidst the olive glades of Mentone, as in the garden of Gethsemane of old, three of the king's servants spake together of things "touching the King," and by them, doubtless, the promise was realized—"Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst." Where there is loyalty and love to Christ, the adventitious circumstances which separate "workers together with God" for awhile, have no power to estrange when Jesus is in the midst. To the aeronaut, if only he ascend high enough, Alps or Andes are merged in one broad plain, and to the Christian who views his brethren in Christ from the standpoint of the heavenly inheritance all possible diversities are dwarfed into utter insignificance, and party differences are of no account. As the Lord Jesus Christ is the centre of the circle of service all the radii meet in him, and the distance between the servants lessens in the proportion of the intimacy of their fellowship with his sacred person. "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul," is a call to fellowship which should be more frequently heard above the din of party strifes, and "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," is a benediction which should establish the harmony of Christian intercourse.

We have already extended this paper beyond the limits prescribed, but we cannot refrain from quoting the following questions, which derive additional emphasis from the fact that they are propounded by such a consecrated man as George Müller. "Do *you* practically take an interest in spreading the truth as it is Jesus? Do *you* care for the salvation of the souls of the heathen? Do you pray for them? How much do you think you have given in your whole life for missionary purposes? How much during the past year? What act of self-denial have you practised for this purpose? Do you think you have given even the thirtieth part of all God entrusts you with, for this object?" If the consideration of these questions should lead to self-reproach and quicken the resolution to "work while it is called to-day," the writer will be amply repaid for the time he has spent in penning this tribute to the blessedness of the life of faith and prayer, as illustrated in the case of the saintly man whose praise is in all the churches.

VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

The Bible in the South Seas.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

(Concluded from page 472.)

HERVEY Islands, including Rarotonga, Mangaia, Atin, and others, are of volcanic origin, and have together a population of about fourteen thousand. When Mr. Chalmers, one of the pastors, applied for a fresh supply of Bibles in 1876, he mentioned nine islands of the group whose inhabitants ranged from two hundred to more than two thousand, that were still asking for a more abundant supply. In *Rarotonga*, the largest of the cluster, the natives appeared to love the book with greater ardour in proportion as their acquaintance with it increased. Not a single house could be pointed out in which it was not read morning and evening; while many also gave to the sacred pages their mid-day leisure. In many families every member has a separate copy—a remarkable fact when it is considered that the cost is from six to ten shillings, and that all are cheerfully paid for. No wonder that the future is looked forward to with confidence when this honour is paid to the Bible.

The general outlook throughout *Mangaia* is no less encouraging. It is another of the Pacific coral gems, twenty miles in circumference, and the inhabitants live in three villages. We mentioned before how a vessel containing several cases of the Scriptures was wrecked on the dangerous reefs, the books only being saved by the heroic efforts of the natives. The books being damaged by sea-water were disposed of at a reduced price, and the scene of excitement which consequently ensued is well described by Mr. Harris in a letter to the committee of the Bible Society in London:—"I can assure you the scene was both amusing and interesting around my storehouse after I had announced at our early morning service that a damaged Bible could be obtained for a single dollar. There was a great rush of men and women into the house as soon as I opened the door. Some had money and some had not. Those who had the large, round silver pieces were flashing them before my face, thinking that they, at least, had a right to be served first. Then those who had no money wished me to let them have the Bibles on credit; but this, on principle, I refused. Next they urged me to accept their produce in place of money, but this I also objected to for a long time, until, being so much pressed by the natives on all sides, I consented to take cocoa-nut oil. After this, I sold the whole number in a few days, and of course became burdened with several hundred gallons of oil, and had to await a favourable opportunity for selling it. Good old Sadaraka was indefatigable in his endeavours to get a copy for each member of his household. He first brought me all the money he had, then he tried to make up with cocoa-nut oil, and, lastly, rather than fall short, he sold the only cow he had to pay for them. He went on his way rejoicing with thirteen Bibles, three of which—the best—cost him twelve shillings each."

The Samoa group, or the Navigators' Islands as they were called by their discoverer, M. de Bongainville, in 1768, are situated between 169° and 173° west of Greenwich. There are four principal islands, and a

number of smaller ones. The largest is Savaii, which is forty miles in length and twenty-five in breadth. The beauty and fertility of the whole group are very striking. The missionaries settled among the natives in 1830, and an institution for the education of native teachers has long existed on Upolu. The population of the whole, formerly very greatly over estimated, is now known to be under forty thousand.

What the Bible has wrought in these islands is, likewise, the best possible testimony to its divine power. The names of places, such as "Massacre Bay," significantly point to the ferocious character of former generations who, indeed, threatened the life and property of all who came in contact with them. The descendants of those savages have received the Book of Life, and they are as new creatures: though all may not be entirely civilized, they are as different from their fathers as though they were another species of beings.

The Samoan Bible was printed under the superintendence of Dr. Turner in 1862; an edition of ten thousand copies was issued, and the entire cost, amounting to £3,240 has been raised by the natives and returned to this country. After repeated revisions the third edition, which has passed through the press during the last ten years, was stereotyped. In this work Dr. Turner was assisted by his wife, who for many years had been a valuable assistant in connection with the mission. "The Old Testament was finished," we are told, "and Mrs. Turner was reading a proof sheet of the early chapters of Matthew, when she had to lay it down and rest for a *little*, as she thought, from a headache which she felt increasing. She had just finished Christ's Sermon on the Mount when her earthly labours ended. She thus died at her post, and spent her last strength in a noble department of her Master's service—a most befitting close to her useful life-work."

Some years ago Samoa was distracted by civil war, and then the people's money went for arms and ammunition, instead of for instruments of husbandry and things which make home attractive. The improvement in the general outlook on the restoration of peace was seen in an order for two thousand additional copies of the Bible, "bound only in the best calf." Quite recently five hundred English Testaments were also sent to the islands for the use of the native teachers. The natives are thus beginning to love the language of their benefactors. "Besides," remarks Dr. Turner, "we wish that in the house of every native pastor there should be an English Bible or Testament for the benefit of white men, who, in travelling, often drop in there and spend the night. They are sure of quiet and comfort in the house of a native minister, which they cannot always secure in the public-house of the village."

The demand for the Scriptures on this island is so extraordinary that a sum of £500 was recently received on account of sales; and a new edition is now being prepared in London.

The New Hebrides received their name from Captain Cook, although before Cook's second voyage some members of the island chain, which extends to a length of four hundred miles between 14° and 21° south latitude, had been seen by other navigators. The islands are all of volcanic origin, some of the fires being still active, and the land is known to be of extraordinary fertility. One of the greatest difficulties in the

way of the missionaries is the multiplicity of languages, every island of any considerable size having a separate dialect. Thus in six islands forming the southern half of the Hebridean group, as many versions of the Scriptures are needed to meet the necessities of the people. The inhabitants of Futuna, who number only nine hundred, are quite a distinct community. "I am the only missionary," writes Mr. Copeland in 1870. "With the present population I shall never have a coadjutor: I alone must do the work of translation." Other instances, almost or quite as singular, can be found in the West Pacific.

Aneityum is, perhaps, the most interesting of the chain. We have to remember that a generation ago war was the natural profession of the natives, and that hostile tribes often dwelt within the boundaries of one small island. Now, it is stated that nearly everyone above the age of infancy has a translation of the Testament and of the Psalms, having learned to read in the missionary school. "There are a few waifs and strays here as elsewhere," says Mr. Inglis, "but the inhabitants as a whole are being largely influenced by the Word of God. The Sabbath is particularly well observed. Churches and schools are well attended. One-third of the entire population are fully accredited church members; while peace, quietness, and contentment pervade the whole land." While the New Testament was in process of translation, some years ago, the islanders, who hardly understood the nature of a currency, contributed sufficient arrowroot to pay for the printing, and enough to go part of the way towards the completion of the Old Testament. The entire Bible has very lately been completed, and the people, moved by a noble spirit of independence, have astonished friends, both on the island and in England, by subscribing the cost of printing, amounting to £1,200. As the poor islanders number only about thirteen hundred souls, such an offering is perhaps unexampled in the annals of missionary enterprise.

It is saddening to find such a delightful clime affected by the horrors of the slave trade. "It does not require the testimonies of missionaries to prove the gross immorality practised on board many of these vessels," says one of the pastors. "Sufficient evidence has been produced by others, and we need only add that our observation confirms the statements made. Not only do we oppose the traffic because of the kidnapping and other villainous acts by which it is accomplished, but also because of its injurious effects on the minds of the natives." The worst of vices are introduced by many of the so-called Christian and civilized traffickers.

About a thousand miles west of Cook's Islands is the *Friendly Archipelago*, comprising about one hundred and fifty islets. Tonga, the largest, is twenty miles long and ten broad, and the population is about nine thousand. They were repeatedly visited by Captain Cook in the last century, but more than a hundred years previously they were discovered by Tasman, the Dutch navigator. The Wesleyan Mission on the islands has been very successful, and the Scriptures have been widely circulated. In 1876 Mr. Chapman sent news to England of a new mission, then just entered upon. "The field we are taking possession of in our Master's name," he says, "is a large, populous, and very little known archipelago off the eastern coast of New Guinea, of

which New Britain and New Ireland are two of the largest islands. Our success has thus far been all that we could hope for. No doubt difficulties will arise. Several native teachers, able and zealous men, have already been stationed in various places among the savages. From a letter received from our missionary on the spot I learned that he had received a visit from a chief, who within two years past was concerned in the destruction of a vessel and the murder of all the crew. He now asks the missionary to visit his town."

The Fiji islands, numbering about two hundred and fifty, and lying between 177° E. and 178° W. longitude, are an important group, now subject to British rule in accordance with the wishes of the people. The population is now probably one hundred thousand, not more than half the number of eighty years ago, and the deaths still outnumber the births in a mysterious manner. The largest of the family is Viti-Levu, or Great Fiji, which is 80 miles long and 55 broad. While in a state of heathenism the customs of the people were utterly repulsive. Cannibalism had been practised until human flesh was relished above all other food. When a man died his widow was hanged, and his slaves were murdered, while domestic events were celebrated by the slaying of a number of human victims. The aged or the ailing were killed out of the way, and wars were fierce as well as frequent. In their original condition the people believed in a future state, and in different grades of gods who revealed their will to men through the priests. One of the most curious modes of mourning was the cutting off a little finger. "This last is sometimes done at the death of a rich man in the hope that his family will reward the compliment," we are told by one authority; "sometimes it is done vicariously, as when the chief cuts off the little finger of his dependents in regret or atonement for the death of another."

Such were the degraded islanders of whom the devoted Wesleyan missionaries have made a complete conquest. Formerly they looked with lustful eyes on the crews of foreign vessels, only wanting the opportunity to murder and eat them at one of their heathen feasts; but now cases of Bibles are more eagerly welcomed than any other arrivals. Writing to friends in England in 1871 Mr. Rabone says that, "Among the more than one hundred thousand Fijians who have renounced heathenism and accepted Christianity, there are many to whom the Word of God is more precious than gold and silver. And it is a delightful fact that among that once ferocious cannibal race the Word of God has won its most signal triumphs. Many of them ascribe their conversion to the faith of Christ to the marvellous power which accompanied the reading of the New Testament."

The simple faith of the new converts is very reassuring. Thus a native Christian, who had a heathen relative on a bed of sickness, learned from the apostle James that the prayer of faith should save the sick. He at once ran to the house with the wonderful news. "Then having asked and gained permission, he knelt down and began to pray: nor had he uttered many words when the sick man started up in a sitting posture, crying out with a loud voice, 'I live!' 'Bring hither a *sulu*,' he cried to his wife, 'I am a Christian! Put one on yourself, also, and clothe the children too. This day we are all Christians.'

Now this sulu, or waist cloth, is the outward and visible sign which distinguishes the *lotu* folk from their heathen neighbours."

In such a community there are many who make a false profession, and turn out differently from their early promise, but, as a rule, the people, from the king downwards, are great Bible readers. "The native preachers are like the old Puritau divines, in their abundant use of Bible texts," says Mr. Webb of Rewa, "and on the principle that a good textuary is a good theologian, some deserve the title of Doctor of Divinity." One of the government officials confessed some time ago that the people were continually quoting Bible texts in his presence.

The native converts make excellent missionaries. A few years ago they settled on the island of Rotuma, three hundred miles to the northward of the largest of the Fiji group; and the people have in the main renounced heathenism. They are now readers of the New Testament. Where, as in this instance, the climate is trying to Europeans, the natives can settle without inconvenience.

The above facts will speak for themselves relative to the power of the Bible in the South Seas. We have not even mentioned the names of many other islands on which a reformation has occurred similar to that we have depicted. We need hardly ask for scientific evidences of the divine origin of the Bible while we are able to point to facts like these. A miracle is enacted before our eyes; for the islands of the Pacific, once arid deserts, haunted by the fiery serpents of crime and murder, are being transformed by the power of the divine word into gardens of the Lord.

Faith refreshed.

AN aged friend gives us the following story:—"I knew a pious widow who had been reduced by her husband's death from affluence to dependence, and even want. Her first trial was being obliged to part with an old, faithful servant when she was herself in very ill health; still she rested on the faithful promise, and believingly looked to the Lord's hand to supply her daily wants in his own way. One morning she arose, lighted her fire, and put on the kettle, but found she had no tea. For the first time in her life she was without her usual refreshment, and had not a shilling in the house to buy what she needed. The thought crossed her mind, Why should I lay the breakfast, I have no tea? But entering the room with the tray she thought she heard a voice saying to her, 'Stand still, and see the salvation of God.' She looked around to see if anyone was present, and at that instant a knock was heard at the door,—a friend's servant had brought her a parcel from a distance. To her great surprise she read in a note, 'I beg your acceptance of a pound of the tea you used to like so much, knowing that you cannot procure it in the village where you reside; also please accept a sovereign for your little girl to buy her a dress.' Then she did indeed see the salvation of the Lord, and in a short time her relatives provided for her, so that never after was she in want of the comforts and necessaries of life. 'Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.'"

Dividend to Helpers of the College.

WITHOUT exaggeration John — was one of the worst men we ever knew,—a drunkard, a blasphemer, a wife beater, and almost everything that was bad. He was, however, a man full of natural wit, and when thoroughly sober, which, alas! was seldom, very kind-hearted. The publicans were delighted to see him enter their houses, for he was the life and soul of the company, and kept it together. At country festivals he was the centre of attraction in a band of “niggers,” among whom he played the “bones,” and set the country people in roars of laughter with his witticisms. He was a terror to his wife and children, whom he often brought to the point of starving. By some sudden impulse he was induced to come one Sunday evening to hear the writer, who is proud to own himself a student of the Pastors’ College. The great sinner took his seat in our little country chapel. The word reached his heart. He came on the following Tuesday to our Prayer-meeting; there he found Christ. From that moment everything was changed. He was shortly afterwards baptized and joined the church; then became a teacher in the Sunday-school and a useful Christian worker. His home became a little palace. At his work, and in the streets, he testified among his old associates for Jesus. After living for ten months thus to witness to the power of divine grace, he died at the age of thirty-two, a peaceful death, saying to us, “I shall watch for you to come to heaven, that I may take you to Jesus and say, ‘This was the man that led me to thee.’” Many such instances might be furnished by our brethren. The money given for such works as this will pay eternal dividends.

W. W.

Reading a Sermon and finding a Saviour.

THE pulpit of the little Nonconformist chapel at B— is chiefly supplied by laymen, and, although there is no fixed pastorate, our friend, Mr. H—, I suppose may be considered the principal deacon. There is a week-night service held at the chapel, and it was on one of these week evenings, before the service, when Mr. H— had arrived rather early, that he saw, already seated, a well-known, but most unlikely and decidedly irreligious, villager, who had certainly never been seen there before, and whose presence was almost suspicious. Finding himself alone in the chapel with the deacon, the stranger asked him if he would be kind enough to get him a large hymn book, as his sight was not equal to the ordinary sized ones. Although quite unprepared for such a request from such a quarter, and half afraid that a hoax was intended, Mr. H— promised to comply with the request. The book was procured, and duly handed to the visitant, who promptly paid the cost. But what was best of all, he now expressed a desire to join the little band of worshippers, and it soon, in fact, became known throughout the village that — was converted. He *was* converted beyond all

question, for his life became a living epistle. "Old things had passed away, and all things had become new."

Mr. H— knew this villager to have been a man who had never attended any place of worship, and he was therefore desirous of ascertaining what had been the cause of the change that had come about. It transpired that while the man and his wife were sitting in their house one Sunday evening, the husband, on looking about for something to light his pipe, found near him a number of "The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit," which contained the sermon headed, "The bellows are burned." Exclaiming to his wife, "What can he make out of that?" the man read the sermon, from pure curiosity. That sermon was the means, under God, of the kindling of the sacred flame. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." The reader of that sermon was a changed man from that night. It was evident that the work was real. He brought forth fruits meet for repentance, the outcome of a living faith, while it was noticed by the spiritually-minded that his experience ripened very fast. This, however, was but for a brief period; the poor man had been called late in the day, his work was soon done, and the Master took him home. His dying testimony was a most blessed one, and his weeping widow was encouraged thereby to put her trust in the Lord God, of whom we truly sing,

"He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release."

During the late hard winter the parish authorities, for some reason or other, took off an allowance she had received from the board of guardians, which had been since the death of her husband a most important help to her in her extreme poverty. The little church afforded her some aid, but the trial through which she was called to pass became in the end a blessing in disguise. The cloud which looked so dark and lowering was discovered to have a silver lining for the poor Buckinghamshire widow. An almshouse in the parish became vacant, and, through the influence of friends at the little chapel, the poor widow became its permanent inmate; in addition, she became the recipient of a weekly allowance, and the occupier of a bit of garden ground at the back of the house. This is altogether almost a competence for the widow.

Now, had the good woman been in receipt of parish relief, the loss of which she had felt so much, she could in no case have been permitted to inhabit one of the almshouses; but, as it could be shown that she was not in receipt of any help from that source, her way was opened for something better than that which she had lost.

"In some way or other the Lord will provide:
It may not be my way, it may not be thy way,
And yet in his own way the Lord will provide."

B. W.

Dr. Fawcett, Pastor and Tutor.

DURING the last years of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, Dr. Fawcett, the pastor of the church at Hebden Bridge, in Yorkshire, was a man very highly esteemed both on account of his preaching talents and private worth. He rose to his useful and honourable position from the ranks of the common people : and though he lived to excel as a preacher, as a tutor, and as an author, he did so without having ever benefited by that collegiate training which he afterwards became so well qualified to impart to others.

In the reign of George II. the Fawcett family were the occupants of a small farm at Lidget-green, near Bradford, in Yorkshire, and there John was born in January, 1740. The times were hard and dark. Very characteristic of those old pugnacious times was the talk indulged in by king, parliament, and people, of "just and necessary war," and "glorious victory." This taste for fighting, this rage for setting right all the nations of Europe, and the clasping of a phantom called "the balance of power," was a very expensive luxury, and to enjoy it the nation was oppressed with heavy taxation. It seems to have been the dullest of all dull periods. The war demon was at large, and the increasing plotting of Jacobite conspirators at home gave rise to many disquieting rumours. So little was the taste for reading cultivated, that a man of superlative powers like Samuel Johnson, who had just left Lichfield to settle in London, was content to do the drudgery of a cheap literary hack, and to eat the dinner of charity in rags behind a screen in a printer's office. The condition of the religious world is well known. An apathy akin to death reigned in the Establishment and afflicted the Dissenters. In what degree the Fawcetts were affected by the public calamities we are not informed.

In the year 1751 the father died ; and the son, with an imagination somewhat akin to that of Bunyan, was tormented with fear regarding his parent's salvation until his mind was relieved by a remarkable dream. Though the family was poor, and was much afflicted by the loss of its natural protector, the circumstances surrounding a lad of the temperament of John Fawcett were well calculated to form his mind for future work in the best service. A grandfather totally blind made one of the household ; the mother was a devoted Christian ; and, seriously inclined from his early years, John had an elder brother like-minded with himself, with whom he was accustomed to pray in a barn. While he received the best education a widow could afford, he so thoroughly cultivated a taste for reading, that, as a child, he not only knew the Scriptures, but freely conversed with such authors as Bunyan and Alleine, Richard Baxter, and the author of *The Whole Duty of Man*. The old farmstead was soon relinquished, however ; the boys were apprenticed to tradesmen in Bradford ; and toiling from six in the morning until eight at night, John must have fully realized that with him the battle of life had commenced in earnest.

While protracted daily labour is necessarily prejudicial to the health of youth, hardship and difficulty are the testing hammer which bring

forth the ring of unbroken strength from sterling characters. However onerous his burdens, John Fawcett refused to be crushed by them; and though his leisure was scant, he would, at all hazards, reserve time for self-improvement. He was a pattern of enormous industry; but at the same time it would not be wise for persons of weak constitution to emulate his example. At the age of fourteen he had read the Bible through several times; and it is said that he thought himself enriched for ever when he became the happy possessor of a pocket edition. The tradesman's family with whom he lived seem to have thought that they attended to the whole duty of man so long as they honestly paid their way, and then devoted their lives to working, eating, and sleeping. It was otherwise with John Fawcett. After the long day's toil was over, and his companions had retired early to their beds, he felt that he had a soul craving for knowledge. He purchased candles with his small allowance of pocket money, spent some hours of the night in reading, and devised several ingenious ways of not allowing himself to sleep too long. Nor did he remain satisfied with communing with books alone, for he looked around to discover friends whose counsel might contribute to his improvement. One David Pratt, a Bradford Presbyterian of good attainments, was one of these earliest friends; and to him young Fawcett was indebted for instruction in Latin, and for the loan of many expensive books which greatly helped him in his education.

At this time, when John Fawcett was about sixteen years of age, the Methodist revival in the North was at its height, and, impressed with the wonderful preaching of Whitefield, the young apprentice and student identified himself with the new movement and the despised people. Though Whitefield can hardly be reckoned as his spiritual father, Mr. Fawcett esteemed the great evangelist as one to whom he was peculiarly indebted, and as the most extraordinary preacher he had ever heard. John would occasionally walk ten miles to Haworth parish church, to hear the apostolic Grimshaw, who knew nothing of parish boundaries in his vast itinerant labours, and whose unaccountable activity in awakening sinners provoked the bitter hostility of other clergymen. Thus far young Fawcett had lived a churchman; but circumstances led to his becoming a Dissenter and a Baptist. His first Nonconformist pastor, Mr. Crabtree, of Bradford, was one of Grimshaw's converts.

When his term of apprenticeship expired, before he was twenty years of age, Mr. Fawcett boldly decided on setting up a home of his own, and taking a wife. He would have been the last to recommend such a procedure to others, but in acting for himself he could discover no more excellent way. He wanted a comfortable home, and a wife promised to make the best housekeeper. He had only a small income, but his habits were frugal, and he could work hard. A hard battle would have to be fought, and two rather than one were likely to gain the victory. Though it might be dangerous to copy the example, Mr. Fawcett did better in the married state what others, as a rule, can only hope to accomplish effectively in a single condition.

His life at Bradford passed as happily as the lives of young married persons are wont to do when a fairly comfortable competence is still further cheered by humble faith. He was an early riser, and after the

first part of the morning had been devoted to prayer and reading, he engaged in his daily duties. His love of reading still amounted to a passion, and, next to the Bible, his favourite works were the "Life of Matthew Henry," and "Night Thoughts." One of his drawbacks was the want of books, and this led to other difficulties. Thus an entry in his diary like the following is abundantly suggestive without needing any comment: "In my worldly circumstances, I am at present a little in debt, which I have principally occasioned by laying out money in books." Now and then a remark occurs which is more droll to us than the youthful writer supposed; as, for instance, when he discovers that "The Spectator" is "a very ingenious work," without "much scriptural divinity."

In this manner life and work went forward until the year 1763, when Mr. Fawcett, in accordance with the advice of Christian friends, began to speak of the things of God in public. His first attempt was a profitable failure; but after a little perseverance he could speak with comfort to himself and to the edification of his hearers. He continued to grow in favour until on the death of Mr. Richard Smith, the pastor at Wainsgate, young Mr. Fawcett was invited to take charge of the church, and he accepted the call in the spring of 1764. "Yesterday our goods were removed from Bradford to this place," he writes under date of May 10th. "A number of the brethren here came with horses, and having met us at Haworth, conveyed us forwards, and the goods are brought with us. . . . I would now apply with diligence to the work incumbent upon me. I am conscious of great weakness and inability; but the language of my heart is, 'Lord, help me!' I rose before six in the morning, and spent most of the day in regulating my books and other things; at night I was dull and weary. I am favoured in my new situation with a convenient study, and almost all the advantages and opportunities I could wish for." What a blessed possession is a heart thankful—a heart at peace with God and the world, and content to make the best of life's crosses and cares. The meeting-house at Wainsgate, situated in a wild Yorkshire solitude, was a rude little structure capable of seating about a hundred people; the house was small and uncomfortable; the stipend was £25 a year; and yet, because he felt that he had a good work, with the Lord on his side, the pastor regarded the situation as one abounding with opportunities and advantages.

The first pastor of the church at Wainsgate was Richard Smith, a devoted, intrepid evangelist, who, having caught the enthusiasm of Grimshaw, carried the gospel into dark secluded Yorkshire villages where the peasant inhabitants were barely civilized. Though assailed by enemies characteristic of the times, his labours were abundantly successful; his words are said to have fallen like millstones among the hardened and the profane. This is the more remarkable because of the constitutional debility and sickness to which he was subject. His features in middle life resembled those of an old man; and he continued his work while racked with pain. With a conscience tender to the last degree against conformity to the world, he was accustomed to check any feelings of fretfulness or discontent by visiting the poorest members of his flock whose privations were greater than his own. The church at

Wainsgate was gathered in 1750, the meeting-house having been named after the farm on which it was erected. During the long illness of Mr. Smith, which at length ended his valuable labours, it was not possible to supply the pulpit oftener than once a fortnight with a regular preacher ; and persons who have read the "Life of John Foster," will remember that the father of the Essayist was accustomed to read portions of Gurnall's "Complete Armour" on the alternate Sabbaths. The comments of the pious, judicious reader were frequently as quaint and as edifying as the sentiments of the Puritan author. Such was the sphere in which Mr. Fawcett found himself at the age of twenty-three; and when we realize how widely vice and ungodliness prevailed, and how the nature of the people too sadly corresponded with their weird, bleak, wild country, we shall see that the outlook was not what a preacher of our day would call promising, or in any sense inviting.

We are not surprised to find him beset with fears and discouragements at the beginning of his ministry; too great self-assurance on the part of a youthful pastor is not a healthy symptom. He speaks of being plunged into deep distress, and in this condition he would question the genuineness of his call to the ministry. At the same time he had faithful friends, whose words were a cordial, and one of these was John Foster, the weaver, whose afterwards celebrated son was yet unborn. On one occasion, in September, 1764, when in one of his darkest moods, Mr. Fawcett sat down and penned a desponding note to a brother minister: "I compare myself to the parched heath in the wilderness, which knoweth not when good cometh. I am continually bowed down under a sense of my weakness and foolishness. I spend my days in pain and anguish of mind." Before the letter was finished the friend to whom it was addressed walked into the study, and on reading what had been written, he cried, "These are my old complaints; as Herod said of John, they are risen from the dead." Some cheering words were spoken and the depression vanished; Mr. Fawcett said, "I was as one made alive from the dead." This battle with outward discouragement, and low spirits at home, has still to be fought; perhaps some of the tried will find comfort in the experience of John Fawcett. Under God, there is always a solace in work, and so it proved in this instance. His ceaseless industry soon produced the best effects. The wilderness began to blossom into fruitfulness; the chapel at Wainsgate became a garden of the Lord, and too narrow to accommodate the people who came long distances to enjoy its privileges. The gospel was carried into the villages, the rooms of cottages sufficing for meeting-places, while new stations were formed where flourishing congregations continue to assemble down to the present time. Two valued local friends at this period were the well-known Dan Taylor and Henry Foster, the last having become an effective evangelical preacher in London, as curate of Mr. Romaine. John Sutliff, who was afterwards a labourer in the mission field of India, was originally a member of the church at Wainsgate.

During the spring of 1772 Mr. Fawcett spent nine weeks in London, and preached fifty-eight times, or an average of nearly once a day. The contrast between the capital and the secluded Yorkshire pastorate was very striking to one so observant: but while he could appreciate the

novelties of the great city, the chief gratification he enjoyed was the society of those leading Christian men whose praise was in all the churches, and who hitherto had been known only through their writings or common report. He supplied the pulpit of Dr. Gill, who was then nearing his end, besides preaching for Dr. Gifford and Mr. Wallin. He enjoyed hearing as well as speaking, having sat under Dr. Conder in Pinners' Hall, and Mr. Medley, whose meeting-house stood in Goodman's Fields. In his week-day rambles, the British Museum, with its "ten thousand beauties of nature and art," afforded plenty of food for reflection. On his return to Wainsgate, and after the death of Dr. Gill, he was invited to the pastorate of Carter Lane, so that if his action had been ruled by the promptings of ambition he might probably have enjoyed for more than forty years the position afterwards occupied by Dr. Rippon. With rare self-denial he refused to leave his Yorkshire flock, where the stipend was still only £25 a year; but as events were providentially ordered, the pathway of duty was made clear, and in the end unselfishness reaped its deserved reward.

In the year 1773 the attention of Mr. Fawcett and his friends was directed to the work of educating young men for the Christian ministry, and a circular proposing to found an institution, similar in its design to the College at Bristol, was issued in the summer. The work was absolutely needed if the denomination was to hold its own, or extend its empire. There might still linger many old-fashioned people in the shades of Yorkshire who thought that a theological training necessarily meant a man-made minister; but others more enlightened saw that learning could be utilized in the best interests of the church. Finding that his design met with some encouragement, Mr. Fawcett enlarged his house, and actively pushed forward his preparations. Besides the young men, he also educated a number of boys, so that while he combined in himself the theological tutor, the schoolmaster, the pastor, and the farmer, we are not surprised at his having to devise ingenious expedients for the redemption of time,—such as working out texts in bed, until his health suffered from want of sleep. Still he not only did his work at home, he found time to itinerate in the cause of the gospel about his dark native county; and could all his adventures be narrated we have no doubt they would make a striking story. One day, while travelling, he was suddenly overtaken by a severe thunder-storm, which at once converted the rivers and brooks into rushing torrents. He pushed forward regardless of peril, not wishing to disappoint the people who were expecting a sermon. On coming to a certain bridge he found a little crowd watching the rising flood. He halted for a moment, and would have proceeded, but the fragile structure was washed away before his eyes, and he was providentially saved from death.

The association meetings of those days were keenly enjoyed by the friends as seasons both pleasant and profitable. Many of those who frequented them lived in thinly populated districts, and were deprived of the benefits arising from Christian intercourse. We should get some curious glimpses of Nonconformist life a hundred years ago if we could read complete records of these assemblies. At or about Whitsuntide, 1773, the brethren met at Wainsgate, and because the little chapel failed to accommodate half the throng who attended, a platform was

crected in the graveyard, and the services were held in the open air. It so happened that Mr. Parker, of Barnoldswick, had to preach one of the sermons; but that good man somewhat disturbed the equanimity of the brethren when they discovered that he was a Nonconformist in more senses than one. The conventionalities of clerical attire he totally disregarded; in point of fact he dressed as he liked, and so closely resembled an ordinary Yorkshireman, that Mr. Medley, the popular Liverpool minister, who doubtless wore silk stockings, silver buckles, and other accessories of the complete gentleman, "could not forbear, with his usual frankness, expressing his regret that one so unlikely had been selected to preach." In what degree Mr. Fawcett was responsible for so manifest an indiscretion we are not informed; but when Mr. Parker began to speak the delighted hearers overlooked his plain attire, and blessed those who had made the choice. The plain man's simplicity, fervour and apt illustrations won the esteem of all present, and greatly refreshed them. These times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord were greatly appreciated, and in the case of Mr. Fawcett they must have strengthened his spirit to meet with holy fortitude the trials that were to come. Soon afterwards that dreaded scourge of the eighteenth century, the smallpox, entered his household and carried off one of his children. He was also himself attacked by a painful disorder, which appears to have been aggravated by strong medicine; at all events his health improved when the violent remedies were relinquished in favour of more simple prescriptions.

In the meantime the church at Wainsgate became divided in opinion on the question of providing a new chapel in a more convenient neighbourhood. Some were for advancing; others wished that things should remain as they were. Their debates were carried on with some warmth on both sides, until Mr. Fawcett, in 1775, hinted at the possibility of having to seek a more eligible sphere if the disputes continued.

Just about this time his way was opened in a very providential manner. The little farm at Wainsgate, which had hitherto produced the chief part of the diet required by the now somewhat extensive household, was given up to the proprietor, who wished to till the land himself, and Mr. Fawcett was obliged to secure another farm. At this critical conjuncture, while out preaching, he heard of Brearley Hall, an ancient interesting family mansion with a farm attached, situated near Hebden Bridge. This estate, which had just been purchased by Mr. Parker, of Halifax, was well suited to the taste of a man like Mr. Fawcett, and the weird, dilapidated aspect of the once aristocratic mansion may have captivated his imagination. At first only a few of the rooms were tenanted; but the necessary repairs were made, and then the lofty, antique entrance hall, with its gallery and time-honoured associations, was used as a meeting-place on Sabbath evenings. "The situation, in all respects, appeared to correspond with the wishes of the family, and to be suited to the purpose to which it was now devoted. In many things it was quite a contrast to the former: the backgrounds there were moorlands of vast extent; but the house now occupied stood upon a small eminence, nearly surrounded by a hanging wood, having in front a view of the river Calder, and the valley through which it runs for a considerable extent, and was adjoining the public road, scarcely

finished at that time from Halifax into many parts of Lancashire." The necessity for a new chapel was now more urgent than ever, and a site was obtained at Hebden Bridge, which, however, was soon exchanged for another more commanding situation. The new structure, opened in 1777, cost £500, and was at that time thought to be so perfect a model of neatness and convenience that subsequent chapel-builders in the locality copied the architect's plans.

The idea of a man's "not wearing his own hair" is to us sufficiently droll; but in John Fawcett's time a scholar, who aspired to be a gentleman, needed some amount of courage before he could dispense with "a large white wig," and present himself naturally before the world. Much to his credit, the master of Brearley Hall effected this reformation, the consequence being that, for a time at least, he was hardly recognised by his own friends. The discarded wig was given to a humble individual who knew how to value it; but when this individual appeared at the Sabbath evening lecture in the old hall, the wig had so disguised him that the pastor was greatly discomposed, from a nervous apprehension that a distinguished stranger was present. Thus from first to last the tutor's wig was a source of inconvenience to many persons.

Although he was the pastor of a small country church, Mr. Fawcett was held in such high estimation by the Nonconformists throughout England, that he might repeatedly have improved his position by removal, and in 1792 he was invited to succeed Dr. Evans as Principal of Bristol College. It seemed as though nothing could tempt him from the people and the locality. He continued to exemplify that singular industry which characterised him until the time of old age. As a relief from harder study, he read biography and works of travel; he greatly admired the works of Dr. Johnson. He sometimes sent a letter to a popular author, and in this manner he numbered among his correspondents James Boswell and Hugh Blair. Amid his multifarious labours he set up a printing press in his own house, finding in the printer's art a pleasant recreation.

Many useful young men were educated at Brearley Hall; several, and among them William Ward, distinguished themselves in the mission field, but chief of the band must be named John Foster, whose essays and letters are to-day a choice portion of England's classic literature. A humble weaver, but pious, highly intelligent, and fond of books, the elder Foster had all along been a choice friend of Mr. Fawcett's; and when John, the son, joined the church in early youth, while he gave abundant evidence of being endowed with rare genius, the gratitude of the father must have been echoed back by the heart of the pastor. It was evident that such a lad was not designed by God to be a weaver, and the future Essayist became a student at Brearley Hall. "His venerable pastor, Dr. Fawcett," says Mr. Ryland in his life of Foster, "and other friends who had watched with deep interest his early thoughtfulness and piety, urged him to dedicate his talents to the Christian ministry." The *venerable* man alluded to, as master of Brearley Hall, was somewhat over *forty* years of age and considerably short of fifty when he received his brilliant pupil; while the doctor's diploma, never coveted, was as yet far off. When he contrasted Dr. Fawcett with his own more elderly sire, Foster in 1787

must have seen in his estimable tutor a comparatively young man. He could not, however, have found a more judicious adviser or a heartier friend. So far as it was possible for such a spirit to be at home in this world, John Foster was at home at Brearley Hall. The situation of the house and the facilities afforded by the neighbourhood for solitary meditation accorded with his tastes, while the tutor's library allowed of his reading largely in several departments of literature. There he lived for three years before his removal to Bristol College, an enigma to himself, and hardly understood by his nearest friends.

After twenty years' residence in the house, Mr. Fawcett's tenancy of Brearley expired in 1796; and now assisted by his son, he removed his educational establishment to Ewood Hall. Some years later, at the age of sixty-five, he retired from the school and college, and on a small estate he called Machpelah a dwelling-house was erected, beside which a vault was constructed in the hill-side for the reception of the remains of himself and family at death. There he spent the last years of his life, busy to the last; there he buried the wife of his youth and old age, after a union of more than half a century; and thence, at length, he was himself carried to die at the house of his son, Ewood Hall.

As an author Dr. Fawcett proved himself to be possessed of capacities of no mean order. Though not so complete as it might have been had not the days of his youth been occupied in mastering a trade, his learning was still far in advance of that of the majority who have commanded every advantage. His stores of knowledge were most extensive, his fancy was lively, his temperament genial; and having the tact which readily utilizes the right thing at the right time, we need not wonder that a rich unction characterized his preaching, charming to experienced Christians, and attractive to all. During the delivery of some of his happiest discourses, congregations would be greatly moved. The illustrations he used were always appropriate and clear. Take as an example the following from the sermon on the journey from this world to the next:

"Mark yon poor cottager; his dwelling is mean and ready to fall. The windows are shattered, the roof is broken, and in the walls are many chinks and openings; you pity him and tell him that his house is sorely out of repair; he answers with composure, I know it is so, but that gives me little concern; for I am going to fit: I shall soon remove into a more comfortable and commodious dwelling, which my kind benefactor, as an act of unmerited love, has built, furnished, and prepared for me. I shall therefore joyfully quit this crazy abode in which I suffer many inconveniences. Apply this to the afflicted Christian. His body is enfeebled, shattered, and broken by disease, but he knows he is going to leave it, and this expectation supports and relieves him. We know that when the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, we have a better to go to, a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Of his general literary works we should single out the "Essay on Anger" as being the best; such was at one time its popularity that many editions were sold in a comparatively short time. The style of this work is very captivating; the chapters are extremely rich in scriptural

teaching, while the knowledge of human nature displayed is such as does credit to the tutor of John Foster. In a few words it is not easy to convey a worthy idea of the value of such a work; but of the quality of the illustrations some notion may be obtained from the following on the limits of anger:—

“It is recorded to the honour of Edward the Third, commonly called the Confessor, that one day being laid down upon the bed, one of the domestics, who did not know that he was in the room, stole some money out of a chest he found open, which the king let him carry off, without saying a word. Presently after, the boy returned to make a second attempt; the king called out to him without any violence of passion, ‘Sirrah, you had better be satisfied with what you have got; for if my chamberlain come and catch you he will not only take away what you have stolen but also whip you severely.’ The chamberlain coming in and missing the money, fell into a great rage; but the king calmly said to him, ‘Be content; the chest should not have been left open, the temptation was too strong for the poor youth; he wanted money more than we do, and there is still enough left for us.’”

He wrote several other works, all of which in their day were well received, and were made abundantly useful. His “Advice to Youth” became instrumental in the conversion of many persons. “The Sick Man’s Employ” was especially valued by the afflicted. “The Devotional Family Bible,” in three quarto volumes was his most voluminous undertaking; and such a work, commenced and completed after he had retired from active business, was a surprising monument of the energy which may still characterize the Christian in life’s declining years. As a poet the doctor was hardly destined to shine, his more ambitious pieces having long since been forgotten by those readers who are not accustomed to hunt over old books. He had a keen relish for the best poetry, but he showed some eccentricity when he combatted the Socinianism of Priestly in a pamphlet of rhyme. Some of his hymns, however, are still popular; such, for example, as, “Blest be the tie that binds”; and “Religion is the chief concern,” etc.

The memory of John Fawcett is still green among the Yorkshire churches, and he deserves to be remembered as one of the most useful men of his time. One of the doctor’s panegyrists, in the stereotyped phraseology once fashionable, tells us, “he was an affectionate husband, the best of fathers, a kind master, and good neighbour”; but such rhetorical commonplaces may well be dispensed with in the case of transparent worth. Dr. Fawcett achieved what he did, not because he could boast of a brilliant genius, but because from early youth the grace of God ruled his life, and blessed the efforts of his uncommon industry. Young reader, do thou likewise!

Mission Work in Bermondsey.

GREEN WALK MISSION.

THE fourth turning on the left of the Bermondsey New Road, looking towards Tooley-street, is called Green Walk. Its verdure has long since departed. It is a short street, having on one side a workshop and a few small houses; and upon the other some back gardens, an old warehouse—now transformed into a working men's club—and a factory. At the right-hand end corner it opens into another small street, which is generally approached by its other entrance; so that Green Walk possesses most of the disadvantages of a "No thoroughfare." In the rooms of the working men's club, just mentioned, a band of Christian workers has for nine years carried on the Green Walk Mission. At first, four Sunday evening services were advertised, without any idea of a permanent work being established. These had so manifest a blessing resting upon them that the promoters felt the call of God to continue them. Week by week new workers were added, converts were made, and new agencies of Christian usefulness were employed. A Sunday school, tract society, mothers' meeting, and open air services were commenced at various times during the first two years of the history of the Mission, as the suitable workers were sent and the need of each new effort was felt. God's blessing has rested upon the whole up to this day; and the Mission has now all the ordinary means employed by our churches for extending the Saviour's kingdom. The efforts of the workers have been entirely directed to seeking the salvation of souls. They have felt that to get men and women to seek after and obtain the "one thing needful" is an all-absorbing work. They have had sufficient evidence that a converted man will generally become better off as concerns this world also; and that the best method of what is called "elevating the masses" is to preach Christ to them.

The results of the work are such as to call forth much gratitude. Hardly a month has passed without some fresh convert giving abundant evidence of the power of God's Spirit working in the Mission. The names have been obtained of between eighty and ninety who have joined with the visible church of Christ, either at the Tabernacle or elsewhere, having first decided for Jesus at Green Walk. And, in addition to these, very many who have moved away, or have died, or are still in the congregation, though not yet church members, have given satisfactory evidence that they have found the Saviour.

All along a difficulty has been experienced in teaching the converts the duty of seeking Christian ordinances, outside of their spiritual birthplace; but as the great majority of the workers are members of the Metropolitan Tabernacle they have generally been led to join there. At the same time we know that Mr. Francis Tucker, at Camden Town; Mr. Page, at Regent Street; Mr. Brown, at Drummond Road; the Church of the Pilgrim Fathers, New Kent Road; and other places have received trophies of divine grace from Green Walk. In addition to the results recorded above there are in the Sunday-school children and young people whom the teachers would gladly recommend for church

fellowship, and who would certainly seek it if they had not to go away from their own place to do so.

The Sunday evening services are, of course, the central part of the whole mission work. There is an average attendance of over two hundred. After the service a prayer-meeting is held, which has often been a "time of harvest." Since the return of the Mission to Green Walk, in the early part of the year, after its temporary absence while the club was being rebuilt, very few Sunday evenings have passed without anxious enquirers staying behind to learn more of the way of life. On Tuesday evening is the weekly prayer-meeting: this has been, since its commencement, a time of the richest spiritual refreshment to the workers. It has often been called the thermometer of the Mission, marking the rise or decline of the spirit of zeal and earnestness of God's people. On Thursday evening is the usual service. The attendance at both these services varies from fifty to seventy. A smaller prayer-meeting is held on Saturday evening.

The Sunday-school has grown until it now numbers four hundred children: this is the average attendance: there are many more names on the books: there are thirty teachers, *and several more would be most useful*. There are separate rooms for Bible-classes of young men and women; and an infant class of over one hundred and fifty children. The usual Sunday-school machinery is in active movement,—such as a special service for children, both Sunday morning and evening—a library, a weekly Bible-class for senior girls, a Band of Hope, an annual parents' meeting, excursions, etc. In a large proportion of the classes there are little ones who give evidence of a change of heart. At the last excursion two little girls went away from their playmates to pray with one another in the adjoining wood. He who saw Nathanael "under the fig tree," doubtless, marked the children. A little girl, converted a few weeks back, brought her superintendent, the same week, a flower in token of her gratitude and joy. Does not her gift typify the love which all believing hearts give gladly to those who are made the instruments of their salvation?

The oldest part of the mission work, outside of the Sunday evening service, is the tract society. The number of distributors has varied from twenty to thirty since its commencement. Between the annual meetings of 1878—79, eleven hundred and twenty-one visits were paid to the districts. As the latter consist of about twenty houses each, and as each house averages two families, both of whom the distributor tries to reach, it will be evident that much spiritual instruction is thus given. The principal tracts exchanged are Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. A young sister, in going round her district one bitterly cold day last winter, was the means of bringing a man to a sense of sin through his remarking her holy zeal in the work of God. He has since found the Saviour, and has recently joined the church at the Tabernacle. One of the distributors being away from her district one Sunday, several persons from the street she visits came to her house the same week to enquire after her. The female distributors most readily gain admittance to the houses. Any Christian friends willing to engage in this work will be heartily welcomed to 59, Bermondsey New Road, any Sunday afternoon. The friends meet there for prayer at three o'clock, before going to their work.

One of the brethren engaged in this work also finds time to organize the getting and giving away of small tracts. He collects the money from various sources, principally from the tract distributors themselves. and as a sample of the work done, he reports that over sixteen thousand small tracts have been distributed since the beginning of the year. Last year the Open Air Mission and the Baptist Tract Society kindly gave several free grants to the Mission.

The distress met with in visiting often compels temporary assistance as far as the resources of the Mission will allow. If some generous Christians living in the suburbs, away from the poverty and suffering of the great city, would enable these friends to meet some of the most pressing necessities they come across, their gifts would be carefully portioned out and the blessing of Christ—"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me"—would be theirs.

There is a large mothers' meeting conducted on Wednesday afternoons: between fifty and sixty mothers attend. The first hour is spent in sewing and attending to the orders for material, which is sold to the mothers at cost price, with the extra advantage of gradual payment. The second hour is spent in a religious service. One sister after another has been raised up to preside over this meeting, and though the changes have been frequent, and the president is now laid aside by long illness, yet it has never wanted a God-sent woman, with her heart in the work, to seek to lead the mothers to the cross. Many women who could not attend an evening service, and others who *dared not*, through the opposition of their husbands, find a welcome opportunity for religious instruction at this meeting. It is believed that a larger share of spiritual blessing has been granted to this part of the work during the past twelve months than at any other period of its history.

In the spring of the year several dissolving view services were held in the Mission. Admission was by free tickets, given to those who, as far as could be gathered, never enter the house of God. A short sermon preceded the pictures. The latter illustrated *religious subjects only*. The results were most pleasing. The sort of people for whom the special effort was intended came in large numbers, and the solemn attention paid while the story of redemption was presented to both ear and eye, was most marked. It is hoped that these special services will be continued this autumn; but they are attended with considerable expense. Last Good Friday a tea and public meeting was held in the Mission, which was an experiment to see if the people could be got at in their holiday time. The result was a crowded room, and, best of all, the blessing of God in "saving some." A young friend, seeking Christ before, decided that night for him. And the sister of one of the workers began to seek that dear Saviour, whom she has since found.

But any account of the Green Walk Mission would be most incomplete without a description of the outdoor services. On Sunday morning the platform, bearing the name of the Mission in large gilt letters upon the front, is set up at the top of the Bermondsey New-road, at its junction with the two Kent roads. This is a most suitable position. A congregation gathers quickly if the weather be at all propitious. And here for six months out of the twelve the Mission testifies for Christ in the midst of many Sabbath-breakers, and those who refuse to attend the

house of God. There are over twelve regular preachers, who have a card given them each month bearing their appointments. Upon a recent Sunday morning after this service a man followed one of the brethren home, seeking Christ with many tears. He has since professed faith in the Saviour. But this is not the only outdoor meeting. Before both Tuesday and Thursday services there are meetings held in the Bermondsey New-road. The results fully reward the self-denial which must always be exercised in this class of work for Christ. Case after case could be given of those who were first arrested by the song or sermon heard at the street corner, and who are now themselves speaking for Jesus. One of the most pleasing cases resulting from last year's open-air work was the conversion of a costermonger, now busily engaged on Sunday evenings in bringing up his companions to hear the "news" which has proved so "good" to himself.

The opposition met with has been, on the whole, very slight. Care has been taken to consult the powers that preside at the police-station when any difficulty has arisen, thus keeping on the side of "those who are in authority," rather than resisting them.

The work of sick visiting is found to be of immense importance in connection with the Mission. A volume could be filled with accounts of persons visited when in the grasp of the messenger of an offended God, and horrified at the thought of meeting him "in their sins." This is, perhaps, the most wearying, but certainly the most exciting work that can be attempted for God. The despair and fear to be allayed, the ignorance to be dispelled, at other times the stolid indifference to be shaken off, and the all too short time to do anything in, makes the visitation of the sick and dying most solemn work. A brother in the Mission who does much of this, says, about a death that he recently visited, "The Lord keep me from seeing another sight like that." On the other hand, some are found Christless, but give abundant testimony before they die that they are "safe in the arms of Jesus." At the gates above there will be found, "Waiting and watching" for the sick visitors from Green Walk, some whose testimony of faith in the Saviour was only given with their dying breath.

Now a word or two about the friends who are carrying on this work. No paid agency is employed; all are working out of love for their Master and the souls whom he died to save. These workers are principally members of the Tabernacle church. Members of other churches have always been welcomed, and from time to time most of the congregations around have yielded some good helpers to the cause. Although the Green Walk Mission would be ashamed to steal any earnest worker from another sphere of labour, yet when it finds a sword lying by, as David found Goliath's wrapped up in a cloth, the Mission has no objection to take it up and use it. Amongst the most earnest workers are those who found Christ in the Mission. These are to be seen in all departments of the work. Several teachers were once scholars in the school. Indeed, a special characteristic of the converts of the Mission is a desire at once to "teach others also." As there is no Sunday morning service in the Mission, and some of the young converts, who are also workers, are engaged at that time in the school and open air service, the question may be asked—

When are they more fully instructed in the things of God? The answer is, that while the Sunday evening service is generally directed to bringing men to decision for Christ, the week evening services are often devoted to carefully training the souls he has given to the Mission to "nurse for him." Fresh workers are *always wanted*. The prayer is ever rising up from the Mission, "Send forth more labourers into the harvest." The joy attending the work is very great: the conversions are very varied and interesting. Not a few times in the Mission have husband and wife found Christ within a few days of each other. Often when one member of a family is blessed others are soon brought from the same household. In one family, four; in another, three; in many two have followed one another in professing Jesus. God has used most singular means to draw sinners to himself. A Christian sister offered a man sixpence to put in the collecting box of the mission if he would attend one service; it was upon the occasion of a visit by Mr. Charlesworth, who preached, and who was accompanied by some of the boys from the Orphanage to sing. The man took the sixpence, came, was interested, repeated his visit, and was soon rejoicing that he had found the "Pearl of great price." He is now an earnest Sunday-school teacher in the Mission. It may interest some to know that *he has repaid the sixpence*. One evening a woman followed her husband, who said he was going to one of the open-air services, suspecting that he meant to go elsewhere. Standing behind him, she herself heard the Word and was saved. A few tent services held last year in the Bermondsey New Road resulted in happy cases of conversion. Several times God has blessed the reading of a hymn in a service. "Rock of Ages," "I heard the voice of Jesus," "Lo, on a narrow neck of land," and "Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?" have been amongst the number thus blessed. It would take many pages of this magazine to tell a tenth part of the happy results of the work.

As to the outward circumstances of the Green Walk Mission, they are as follows:—The sum wanted to carry on the work is about £120 a year, without including the Sunday-school, which needs some £50 or £60 more. Up to the present year this sum has been principally supplied by two or three friends. In February last the system of weekly offerings was commenced in the Sunday evening service. The congregation has responded heartily, but as it does not consist of wealthy persons the Mission is still dependent on help from without. A few friends outside of the Mission give largely and constantly. May God bless them, *and increase their number*. It was hoped that before now a site would have been secured for building a Mission Hall, commensurate with the growing necessities of the work. As yet God has not opened the door in that direction. At the same time the workers in the Mission have subscribed amongst themselves over £100, to be the nucleus of a building fund. At the present time the prayers of God's people are earnestly requested that God will continue to grant suitable accommodation for the mission work, as just now great difficulties have arisen concerning the premises it now uses.

If any doubt whether the work of God, in speaking for Jesus, is the most delightful employment on earth, or whether the name of Jesus, though spoken by feeble tongues, is the power of God unto salvation,

Notices of Books.

Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for 1880 is now ready, price one penny. We leave our readers each one to make his own review. *John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack* is also on the road.

Religious Tract Society Cards. Very charming are the two packets of chromolithographed "*Birds and Blossoms*" from paintings by Henry Bright, at 1s. These contain birds from spring to winter, so that each month you can send a fresh winged messenger to your friend. *The Christmas and New Year's Cards*, in packets of six or twelve for 6d., according to their size, are of such a character that we do not know whether most to admire their beauty or their cheapness. *Christmas Greetings* are cheaper still, and will please many, but they are hardly so attractive. *Sunday School Reward Tickets*, printed in gold and colours, 36 for 3d. Can anything beat this? *Seeds of Truth*, at threepence per dozen, we do not much admire. *Looking unto Jesus*: texts well selected, designs pleasing, price 6d. per dozen cards. Altogether the Religious Tract Society will hold its own in the matter of cards to be sent by post. In large coloured cards fit for framing we know of nothing more delicious than *Heart Melodies*, four for 2s. 6d., or *Morning Joy and Evening Blessing*, four for 1s. Homes may readily be made bright with fair designs in many colours, surrounding priceless promises or golden precepts.

Protestant Recruits: a Record of Modern Priests, Monks, Nuns, and Theological Students, who have left the Church of Rome. Compiled by MONTAGU RUSSELL BUTLER. A. S. Mallett, 68 and 70, Wardour Street, Soho, W.

SIXPENCE is rather much for this pamphlet; but as the sale will be limited, it could hardly be issued for less. This list shows that changes in religious profession are not all Rome-wards, but that some who have fallen into the deep ditch of the Papacy may yet be drawn out of it. We are astonished as well as encouraged by this list of converts. Some of the names are those of men of mark. Our readers will probably be

astonished as they read the following paragraph;—"It is alleged by some, that only the unimportant and ignorant members of the Roman Church come over to our side. In the List of Priest-seceders, however, which is now published, will be found the names of a Prince-Bishop, two Vicars-Apostolic, a Vicar-General, two Abbots, a Prior, two Canons, a University Chancellor, a Synodal Examiner, a Missionary-Apostolic, a Chaplain Magistral, a Provincial Physician, three Superiors of Convents, four Knights, a College Founder, a Librarian of a Papal College, a Prefect of Studies, a Private Censor, a Licentiate in Divinity, fourteen Professors of Divinity, two Professors of Moral Theology, two Professors of Philosophy, a Professor of Greek and Hebrew, a Professor of Canon Law, a Professor of Controversy, a Professor of Rhetoric, a Professor of Belles Lettres, twenty-four Doctors of Divinity, Philology, and Theology; three members of the Holy Inquisition, including the Qualificatore and Secretary, and the following members of the Papal Staff:—Chamberlain, Prefect of the Guard of Honour, Capellano Cantore Pontifico, and Librarian."

The Weather and Climatic Changes.

By OBSERVATOR. F. E. Longley, 39, Warwick-lane.

As everybody talks about the weather, the reader of *Observer's* little book will be enabled to retail a little useful knowledge upon the hacknied topic, and so give a little freshness to a very stale subject. It is a theme which some of us would like to forget, but as Samuel Butler would say—

"We, old sinners, have all points
O' the compass in our bones and joints;
Can by our pains and achings find
All turns and changes of the wind."

We know the weather *feelingly*, and certainly never knew such a year as this present. *Observer* has made an interesting collection of facts which is very cheap at sixpence. He says—

"An evening red and a morning grey,
Are sure signs of a fine day;
Be the evening grey and the morning red,
Put on your hat or you'll wet your head."

Reminiscences of College Life in Bristol.

By FRED. TRESTRAIL, F.R.G.S. E.
Marlborough and Co.

WE are truly grateful that our old and well-beloved friend, Mr. Trestrail, has been induced to record his reminiscences of college life in Bristol. It would have been a thousand pities if he had passed away from us and the church had lost these interesting memoranda. It was well that they appeared in *The Baptist Magazine*, but it is better still that they should be issued in a separate volume. We have obtained a better idea of Robert Hall from these reminiscences than from any biography of him. A number of other Baptist worthies appear before us in these pages, but Mr. Hall is the centre of the group. We will not say that Mr. Trestrail acts as Boswell to the great preacher, but we fancy that he had sufficient reverence for him to have served in that capacity with delight. Trestrail has a deal more judgment than Boswell, and does not record mere trivialities, but he is evidently an intense votary of his hero. This book is a very pretty piece of personal history worthy to be read by all Baptists of the present age who would like to see how things went on fifty years ago.

We commend to all ministers the remarks which follow, upon the character of Robert Hall's ministry. In these days of sensationalism and wild speculation, it is well to note how the great men of the past behaved themselves in the house of God.

"In the most admired of his sermons, and invariably in all his preaching, there was one excellence of a moral kind in which few eloquent preachers have ever equalled, and none ever did or will surpass him. It was so remarkable and obvious, that the reader (if having been also a hearer of Mr. Hall) will have gone before me when I name—oblivion of self. The preacher appeared wholly absorbed in his subject—given up to its possession, as the single actuating principle and impulse of the mental achievement which he was, as if unconsciously, performing;—as if unconsciously—for it was impossible it could be literally so; yet his absorption was so evident, there was so clear an absence of every sign betraying vanity, as to leave no doubt

that reflection on himself, the tacit thought, 'It is I that am displaying this excellence of speech,' was the faintest action of his mind.

"Besides this high moral attribute, there was another characteristic not less remarkable—his habitually refraining from all attempts to penetrate the unknown. He never passed the limits of ascertainable truth. 'Speculative processes of thought seemed to have no attraction for him if they ceased to be susceptible of proof.' However ardent his progress towards the end he proposed to himself, or however great his excitement at the time, he was aware, in a moment, when he approached the limit, and stopped without the least sign that he felt suddenly checked in his career, or any indication of a desire to hazard an incursion beyond the ground of evidence into the region of the unknown. He would indicate how near, and in what direction, lay the shaded frontier; but dared not, did not seem ever tempted, to invade its "majesty of darkness." Hence, unlike many other men of genius, he did not indulge in visionary modes of thought, nor mere dreams of fancy. The desire to pass the limits which necessarily surround all finite beings, when it has become a passion with men of lofty intellects, may be a luxury, but it is oftener the bane and curse of their lives."

The New Biblical Atlas and Scripture Gazetteer. The Maps by W. and A.

K. Johnston. Religious Tract Society.

THIS excellent atlas contains well drawn maps, amended and enlarged by the discoveries of recent explorers. They have been furnished by Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston, whose names will be a guarantee of accuracy, and they include all that will be needed by the student of Scripture. The new Gazetteer is an admirable idea: under the name of each place you get all needful information, together with a collection of all the references made to it in Holy Scripture. Passages of Scripture would often be better understood if readers would refer to a map, and we do not think that there is a better Biblical Atlas extant than this which is now before us. It is exceedingly well and carefully produced, and ought to be upon the table of every student of Holy Scripture.

The Act of Baptism in the History of the Christian Church. By HENRY S. BURRAGE. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

BAPTISTS have so long relied upon the scripturalness of their position for the extension of their principles as to have neglected very largely other and valuable means of making known their beliefs. The works, too, that have been written as showing their reason for existence have been either too scholarly or too bulky for general reading: but here is a small yet invaluable handbook on the act of baptism which is full of the fruits of wide reading and scholarly research, and all used to show that baptism by immersion is the ordinance of the Scriptures. A line of testimony is clearly made out, beginning with the apostles and ending with the Baptists of the present day, showing how the ordinance has been preserved in its integrity by the "immersers." The quotations are given in "Notes" at the end of the book, in their original form, and this makes the work exceedingly valuable. No better book could be given to an enquirer upon this particular subject, and we wish every Baptist father would place it in the hands of his children, who would then know, "What mean ye by this service?"

Everlasting Punishment not Everlasting Pain. By ROBERT REYNOLDSON. London: Elliot Stock.

If assumption is as good as argument, and dogmatism as good as demonstration in proof of the truth of a position, then this pamphlet is unassailable, for it is full of dogmatic assumption. Instead of the infallible standard of Scripture, we are constantly referred to the "instincts of humanity," and thus a kind of religious rationalism is substituted in place of devout faith in the Bible and its declarations. We should fear the results of the publication of this pamphlet were it not as feeble as it is fallacious—which is saying a great deal. Materialism under the guise of annihilation will need to get more manly and more powerful to win many converts, and even then we shall prefer the manliness and power of Jesus Christ.

Harmony of the Four Gospels. By EDWARD ROBINSON, D.D., LL.D. Edited by BENJAMIN DAVIES, Ph. D. London: Religious Tract Society.

THE Tract Society never renders better service, nor more obliges the Christian church, than when it issues cheap reprints of standard works of reference for Bible study. Robinson has long been a favourite with students unacquainted with the original, or possessing but little time for searching, and his book is always reliable and suggestive. This compact edition ought to have a large sale with Sunday-school teachers, and, indeed, with all lovers of the New Testament.

Good Anchorage: a Series of Religious Services for the use of Sailors at Sea. By DANIEL BROTCHE, Chaplain to Seamen, Greenock. Glasgow: Porteous Brothers.

THESE short services—made up of a brief sermon, two prayers, and a selection of Scripture readings—are designed for the use of captains at sea. Some of the sermons are first-rate, and all are plain and sensible. They will do good, and we sincerely wish for the book a large sale, for it is an excellent attempt to minister to Jack's spiritual needs when at sea. It is an all-alive little book, and we most heartily commend it. By the way, the other day the captain of the European squadron of the United States navy invited C. H. S. to preach on board his ship. Nothing but an early sailing prevented the service. It will be a long while before such a request comes from an English man-of-war. State-church trammels are felt in all directions.

Heavenwards: Loving Words for Girls. By A. E. WINTER. London: S. W. Partridge and Co.

THE authoress of these short 'portions for morning and evening reading has designed them for girls of the working and servant class generally, and we think she has succeeded tolerably well. They are essentially loving words, neither aspiring to great novelty nor depth, and humble as is the attempt, we trust it may be largely blessed.

Gospel Hymn and Tune Book. Philadelphia, U.S.: American Baptist Publication Society.

ALTHOUGH we should scarcely call this, as it is entitled, a *choice* collection of hymns and music, yet we think that it is a very plausible, and partially successful, attempt to improve the congregational singing of the Baptist churches. There are many tunes in this little collection to which we are introduced for the first time, and though some of them have the swing and go which are so largely in demand, we are old-fashioned and ignorant enough to prefer our older friends which have done duty for many centuries, and are not worn out yet. Still, tastes differ, and never more than in musical matters; if this Tune Book is a good one it will live, even though we should not duly have appreciated it.

What is your life? By Rev. W. HAY M. H. AITKEN, M.A. John F. Shaw and Co., 48, Paternoster Row.

WE have here a series of addresses delivered in Exeter Hall, by request of the Young Men's Christian Association, to the young men of London. They are well adapted to the occasion, and deserve to be widely diffused. Few, if any, of the most prominent Christian teachers at the present time could have been better selected for such a purpose. Mr. Aitken may be trusted by all who love Christ and the souls of their fellow-men both for the subject and manner of his teaching. We could not endorse some of his statements which seem to be anti-Calvinistic, but as a rule he is just what an evangelist in the present age ought to be; and, though belonging to the Church of England, he is not ashamed to break through its conventionalities that the gospel may be more extensively known.

His addresses do not aim at mere excitement. The intellectual and emotional are happily combined. No impressions are attempted to be produced but such as result from the force of truth and the familiar illustration with which it is accompanied. Although addresses of this kind differ much from theological lectures, the following quotation will serve to show that clear statements upon fundamental doctrines can be made when required:—"When

God elected to extend mercy towards the fallen world, he also made up his mind that that mercy should be a double blessing; and in order that it might be a double blessing, he took care that his mercy should not be bestowed promiscuously, so to speak, but that it should be bestowed in such a form, that on the one hand, the majesty of God's law and the eternal and changeless antipathy of God against sin should be clearly manifested to the eyes of all; while, on the other hand, the moral character of the sinner should be so completely changed and revolutionized, that, instead of mercy being a premium on guilt, on the contrary, mercy should render sin impotent, and strip the tyrant powers of hell of all their dominion over man."

Martha the Merry. A History founded on fact. By Mrs. JEROME MERCIER. S. W. Partridge and Co.

A SIMPLE but pleasing story of a workhouse girl who through industry, honesty, and piety, rose to the position of mistress of "Roundcross Farm." The object of the narrative is to teach girls who begin life in as humble a way as Merry Martha did that no disgrace attaches to them from the place where they were trained, but that, with the fear of God before their eyes, they may occupy posts of honour that others with greater natural advantages have failed to fill.

The Bar-rooms at Brantley. A Temperance Tale. By T. S. ARTHUR. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

ANOTHER of Mr. Arthur's thrilling temperance tales, full of exciting incidents, graphic descriptions, and vivid pictures of the well-known evil effects of the common sale of intoxicating drinks. In this story we have the history of the introduction of liquor-shops into a prosperous village, and also an account of the closing of every one of them after they had wrought irreparable injury in many a home in Brantley. We should like to see the evil thing removed from the cities, towns, and villages of our own land, though we fear the violent method of overthrowing the traffic here described would only increase the mischief it was intended to remove.

Conference on Foreign Missions. Mill-may Park, 1878. John F. Shaw and Co., Paternoster Row.

THIS is an age of conferences, of conferences upon all subjects, both sacred and profane. In religion they seem to give publicity to the prevailing sentiments of the times, and to show how far those who are substantially of the same faith in other respects may agree to differ; but they are not usually attended with any great practical results. The recent Conference upon Foreign Missions was upon a subject in which all good men are deeply interested, and, judging from the papers which were read and the addresses suggested by them, we think the subjects were committed to those who were best qualified for the undertaking. The Conference had the merit of keeping to the object for which it had been summoned. This object was thus defined by its first president:—"We have to consider whether the agencies, appliances, and organizations in use are well suited for the end in view, and whether they are being worked in the right spirit and with the needful energy. Then the arrangements, designs, and methods,—are they framed with wisdom and judgment, or do they need correction? Are the fields of operation well selected; are there any in which efforts may be slackened or relinquished, and others demanding extended help and increasing vigour? Are there indications that any one class of agencies, or mode of applying them, is more successful than another? In short, is any change desirable, either in the instruments or the objects, in the nature or the direction of missionary labour?" The necessity for the union of different denominations in so great a work was thus expressed in a paper read upon the same occasion. "The area of work now open to the Christian church is much too vast for any single organisation to overtake or superintend. However simple and limited the range of our efforts at the outset, the field has widened beyond all expectation, and the number of opportunities and forms of agency required has multiplied a hundredfold. No single mind, no set of minds working in one line of operations, has power sufficient to grasp this mighty whole. It is a great blessing

that it was never attempted; and that many institutions sprang up to undertake the work which we now see it was impossible for any one to accomplish." The published proceedings of this conference cannot fail, from the amount of information that has been collected, to become a valuable guide for future missions to the heathen; and it will largely conduce, we hope, to kindle a missionary spirit in the hearts of young men of suitable attainments and zeal, and to stimulate Christians of all denominations to show their interest in missionary enterprises by their liberality, their sympathy, and their prayers.

The "I Wills" of Scripture. Man's Resolve: God's Promise. A Corroborative Couplet from Holy Writ; for each day in the year. Compiled by Mrs. E. H. RICHES. W. Mack, 4, Paternoster Square.

A SUGGESTIVE arrangement of texts, consolatory to the mourner, instructive to the student, and helpful to the perplexed. The little compilation has nothing very novel about it, but it is full of that good seed from which ever cometh good fruit.

The Hebrew Utopia: a Study of Messianic Prophecy. By WALTER F. ADENEY, M.A. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

THE realm of Scripture prophecy has been so often entered by men anxious to air a crotchet, that we are quite charmed to find so sober, so thoughtful, and yet withal so powerful a treatise upon this vexed question of Messianic prophecy. Although we do not endorse all that is here said, yet Mr. Adeney is always devout, reverent, and discriminating, and becomes on the whole a very safe guide. He seems to deny the verbal inspiration, not merely of prophecy, but of all the other Scriptures, and yet we believe his views are far more a difference of expression than a difference of belief from our own. Altogether, the work is so conscientious, so clear upon a difficult theme, and so able, while unpretentious, that we feel that the author has placed the Christian church under great obligation for his service. We wish this volume a wide circulation.

Kept for the Master's Use. By FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. Nisbet and Co.

THE last of Miss Havergal's priceless little books. Like all the rest it is sweetness itself. Those of our readers who have not yet read "My King," "Royal Commandments," "Royal Bounty," and so forth, have missed a glorious banquet, and should get every one of the books, which are only a shilling each, and yet are altogether priceless. This dear lady, who seems to our poor judgment to have left us all too soon, sang among the first of our holy poets, and ever wrote with a charming poetic piety altogether her own. Our heart has been refreshed and elevated full many a time by her gracious writings.

The Religion of Scotland, the Religion of the Bible, and of sanctified Common Sense. By the Rev. J. W. TAYLOR. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

FROM a Presbyterian point of view this pamphlet is well worthy to pass through a dozen editions. Its infant baptism and Presbyterianism somewhat limit its usefulness, but this was unavoidable, and, indeed, most needful in a paper meant for the Free Church of Scotland. There are in this brief treatise many noble utterances and clear testimonies to the old orthodox faith. We have made an extract or two which our readers will find in different numbers of our magazine. The treatise is only sixpence.

The Symmetry of Flowers. By JOHN GIBBS. Chelmsford: J. Dutton.

THOSE who are enamoured with the charming science of botany will read Mr. Gibbs' little tractate with pleasure. His "First Catechism of Botany" is also concise and instructive. We cannot spare the time for a fuller notice, since the work is just a little out of our line.

Studies in the Model Prayer. By GEORGE D. BOARDMAN, D.D. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

A PROFOUND work, which cannot be read without profit. We wish the author would not say "manhead," "sonhood," and "brotherhood"; for there is no need for such changes of "use and wont" in words. We do not believe with him that "were there no such thing as evil in

the world, humour would be for ever impossible." Nonsense! There is humour in kittens, and in cows, and sparkling flashes of holy mirth in many a leaf and insect. The orchids are many of them most humorous imitations of birds and insects, and must create a smile if a man has any smile in him. It is our private opinion that our great Father delights to see his children play, and that our "sonhead" when it is fully developed will incline to the happiest and most sportive moods rather than to that slavish solemnity, which "the happy God" neither commends to us by example nor by precept. Mr. Boardman never writes mere common-places, but is always instructive. In this instance, despite the very small differences which we have mentioned, we are heartily obliged to him for a very profitable commentary on the model prayer. The work, we hope, will one day be issued by a London publisher.

Drill Book in Voice Culture and Gesture. By EDWARD P. THWING. New York: A. S. Barnes and Co.

HUGE volumes have been written upon oratory, but, after all, very little of it can be taught upon paper; natural gift, observation and practice must do the business. Still, the little to be learned from books is valuable, and Mr. Thwing in this manual has given the gist of it. We like his little treatise much. Here is an extract from a French author in reference to consumption and wind instruments, which is worth knowing:—

"All men who make it their profession to try wind instruments made at the various factories before sale, all, without exception, to my knowledge, are free from pulmonary affections. I have known many such who, on entering upon the profession, were very delicate, and who, though their duty obliged them to blow for hours together, enjoyed perfect health after a certain time. I am myself an instance of this. My mother died of consumption; eight of her children fell victims to the same disease, and only three of us survive, and we all three play on wind instruments. The day is not far distant, perhaps, when physicians will have recourse to our dreaded art in order to conquer pulmonary diseases."

Sheen from my Thought-waves. By W. OSBORNE LILLEY. Haughton and Co.

THE title is stilted. "Sheen from my Thought-waves" is fantastic and pretentious. The brief portions of thought of which this pretty little volume is composed are most of them excellent, but they are not of the higher order of laconisms and apophthegms. The thoughts of a good, practical man of average ability may be printed, and prove instructive in his own circle, even though they may not become household words, or golden maxims. The spirit of these paragraphs is good and healthy, and some of them are well worth quoting. We notice a slight Arminian flavour here

and there, but otherwise the teaching is sound, even where it is not very striking. Here are two or three pithy sentences:—"Men reverse the words of Christ; they seek first the kingdom of earth, and its vanities; and expect that heavenly things shall be added to them." "Some suppose that they can jump into the train with the devil, and ride to the first station, and get out, and be none the worse for it; but he amuses them, and the stations fly by, and at last they get to the terminus, which is RUIN."

"Smooth threads,
Rough threads,
Love and strife;
Down beds,
Thorn beds,
Such is life."

Notes.

WE have had so many meetings at the Tabernacle during the past month that we can only write a few lines concerning each of the gatherings of our various tribes, blessing the Lord concerning each one of them that his hand is with it for good. In our brother's absence we have had to work double tides, and we feel glad that he will be home before this magazine is published, and we shall be soon able to take our needed rest. He has had a grand time in Canada and the States, but we hope he will tell his own tale in another number of the magazine.

On *Friday evening, September 26*, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNAOLE VOLUNTEER EVANGELISTS was held. Here is the report of one year's work:—1,767 week-night services, and 1,008 Sunday services have been held by the 94 members in chapels and mission halls in London belonging to almost all denominations. The total cost of the work has been £191 11s. 6½d., most of which is for rent, gas, printing, postage, and travelling expenses. Donations, collections, etc., have realized £70, and we have had to find the remaining £121. Thanks to the kindness of friends who have left sums at our disposal, this has not been a burden. This is a fine investment of money for downright gospel preaching at less than eighteen-pence a sermon. Great praise is due to Mr. Elvin, who so admirably manages this self-denying band of unpaid evangelists.

On *Monday Evening, September 29*, the Tabernacle was grandly filled for the fare-

well meeting for our beloved son Thomas and his companions, Messrs. McCullough and Harrison. Their many friends could not accompany them to the ship, but they very heartily commended them to God, and to the word of his grace. For our own part we are now able, together with his dear mother, to look upon our son's departure to Australia with joy, because we feel that it is for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom that he should go. Endowed as he is with such a wealth of affectionate prayers he must prosper. The following Thursday the three young men joined the good ship *Sobraon* at Plymouth, and by this time we trust they are a long way on toward their desired haven. We cannot expect to have news of the party till next February; but since our son's leaving we have had several candidates for church-fellowship who ascribe their conversion to his ministry, and this yields better cheer than letters could afford.

On *Friday Evening, October 3*, our beloved friend John B. Gough, gave his lecture on "Eloquence and Orators" at the Tabernacle, in aid of the College. It was a noble lecture, splendidly delivered, and given in so generous a manner to our work that we thank God at every remembrance of so brotherly an act. Dr. Parker and Mr. Varley admirably moved and seconded the vote of thanks, and assuredly it was no mere form. Wherever John B. Gough goes may the blessing of the Lord attend him!

October 8.—SERMON IN GLASGOW. We believe that the meetings of the Baptist

Union in Glasgow were a very happy gatherings, and that the result must be gracious. No hospitality could excel that of the North. It was by the wish of Glasgow friends that the collection at our sermon at St. Andrew's Hall was for the Girls' Orphanage. This was a kindly, generous deed, and it fills us with deep gratitude. We have not heard what *net amount* will come to the institution after paying for the hall, advertising, tickets, and so forth, but the gross sum of £273 was reported as the collection. This is princely.

On *Monday evening, October 13*, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE LOAN TRACT SOCIETY was held in connection with the prayer-meeting. Mr. F. Wood, the secretary, presented the report, which stated that the object of the society was to make known the way of salvation by lending from week to week the Pastor's sermons. During the past year 20,000 of these have been lent, and 4,300 families have been visited every week; and, best of all, twenty persons profess to have been converted through the agency of the eighty-six distributors. The total cost of the work has been a little over £50 for the year, almost all of which is for the purchase of the sermons. The society is doing a most valuable work in a quiet manner. We trust it will speedily enlarge its bounds.

On *Tuesday evening, October 14*, the ANNUAL BUTCHERS' FESTIVAL was held at the Tabernacle. About 300 of the master butchers and their wives partook of tea in the College, and then went down to the rooms under the Tabernacle to assist in feeding the multitude of journeymen butchers, 2,200 of whom were provided with a substantial evening meal. Mr. Murrell's arrangements for the feast were as perfect as anything could be, and everything passed off most satisfactorily, though the affair is nothing less than gigantic. The quantity of provision consumed on these occasions seems almost incredible, but, large as it is, Mr. Varley and the Butchers' Committee are only too pleased to bear the cost, in the hope that some, at least, of the men may be permanently blessed by what they hear after their temporal wants are supplied. We believe that this great gathering cannot be held in vain. The men listen with great attention, and surely it cannot be that kindly reasoning with them upon temperance, kindness, and the fear of the Lord will all be lost. It was a thought from above which led our friend Mr. Varley to commence this festival.

On *Friday evening, October 17*, all the

Teachers of the Sunday Schools connected with the Tabernacle were invited by Mr. Andrew Dunn to take tea together in the schoolroom. About four hundred were present, and a happy social hour was spent. After tea, others arrived for the meeting in the Lecture Hall, at which the pastor presided, and delivered an address on Sunday School work. He was followed by the host of the evening, Mr. Dunn, and several of the superintendents, who related their experience, and gave useful suggestions for the guidance of their fellow-helpers. We must confess that we were agreeably surprised to find that we have nineteen Sunday Schools connected with the Tabernacle, with a total of 500 teachers and 5,853 scholars. These figures do not include a numerous band of teachers who are engaged in schools connected with other churches. There are several such schools in which nearly every teacher is a member with us, but the credit of them goes to other churches, and we are glad that it should be so. O for a blessing on this regiment of children! Why should it not be increased to ten thousand?

On *Sunday morning, October 19*, we preached from Numbers xxi. 9. The sermon is entitled "Number 1,500, or Lifting up the Brazen Serpent": but our special reason for mentioning it is that it is No. 1,500 of our published sermons. Thanks be to God that for so long a time we have been able to print a discourse week by week! Many other "pulpits" have had their rising and setting within that period, but hitherto the "Tabernacle Pulpit" has shone on. We know where the oil has come from, and we bless the unseen hand which has trimmed the lamp. The sermon will be issued separately in a book form at a penny, and we hope that thousands of it may be distributed, for it is an exceedingly plain declaration of the gospel.

On *Monday evening, Oct. 20*, the annual meeting of the LADIES' MATERNAL SOCIETY was held in the Lecture-hall previous to the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle. About two hundred poor women have been helped by this society in their hour of need: we wish that this work of mercy could be carried on more largely, for there is great distress around us. Works of charity must keep pace with the preaching of faith, or the church will not be perfect in its development.

The same evening the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle was specially on behalf of Sunday-schools. Mr. Fullerton told us of the Lord's presence in the services at Stafford, Mr. J. M. Smith made us weep

over touching stories of child-conversion, the pastor delivered an address specially to professors who are not working for Christ, and after this many prayers were offered for a blessing on the work amongst the young. The pastor said, "If you are a member of a church you can, and you *must* do something for the Lord. You are certainly good for something, or—" That sentence was never finished.

COLLEGE.—We shall have so few men leaving at Christmas that all expected vacancies are already filled by accepted candidates. The number of applicants is still very large, and it may save some of them from disappointment if we tell them that we have already selected as many as we expect to be able to receive *next August*. There is no lack of the right sort of men, and the Lord's stewards will see that there is no lack of means.

Mr. R. E. Gammon has returned to mission work at San Domingo; Mr. A. E. Johnson has removed from Sutton, Nottinghamshire, to Hanley, Staffordshire; Mr. J. W. Thomason, from New Town, Mont., to Manchester; and Mr. J. J. Dalton, from Bradford, to Lock's-lane, Frome.

Oct. 22. Mr. John Olney laid the memorial stone of the new chapel at Catford Bridge for our friend, Mr. Greenwood, jun. We go to press too soon to give particulars, but we commend the undertaking to the liberal help of our friends.

Another member of our Conference has been called to his reward. Mr. H. A. James, of Stratford-on-Avon, has fallen asleep at the comparatively early age of thirty-six. He was a reliable, solid, gracious minister, respected by all who knew him. May the Lord comfort the widow and bless the fatherless! Over our departed brother we may well sorrow, but at the same time we are bound to rejoice that he fell in the battle with his shield upon his arm, "faithful unto death."

Mr. Cuff asks us to mention that the Shoreditch Tabernacle will be opened on *Nov. 11*. We hope to be away from this land of fogs before that date, but we heartily congratulate our brother on the completion of his great building, and wish him much success in it for many years to come. He is one of a thousand, a man in his right place. He ought to be helped through with his work till not a farthing of debt shall remain upon his great meeting-house. The Lord anoint him with fresh oil.

Two or three college men have written about building a college house in the Girls'

Orphanage, and the present students are eager for it, but we do not wish to ask such a thing while many of our brethren are so oppressed by the hardness of the times. If however the proposal should be taken up and done spontaneously, it will be another instance of the overflowing love of the brotherhood.

Writing from Tai-yuen-Fu, Shansi, China, our former student, Mr. J. J. Turner, asks our prayers, and says of the province in which he is stationed, "It is a glorious field for labour. It is a new field: only within the last two years have any Protestant missionaries attempted to live here. As yet we can tell of no souls saved, but I need not tell you that we *long* to see some tokens of the Lord's presence. It has been our privilege to rescue many from starvation. . . . We engaged in the relief work because we believed that God would bless our efforts not only to the salvation of many thousands of lives, as he has done, but because we believed that he would make the relief a blessing to the souls of the people whom we could hardly hope to reach at all in the ordinary way. *He has helped us so far.*"

Just as we go to press a friend sends us the news of the arrival of the ship in which Mr. Clarke and Mr. Garrett sailed for Melbourne.

EVANGELISTS.—The visit of Messrs. Smith and Fullerton to *Burnley* marks the commencement of a new era in our evangelistic efforts. Hitherto our great anxiety has been how we were to find support for these brethren and others who are preparing for similar work. Burnley has, we trust, solved the difficulty for us. It was resolved that boxes should be placed at the doors for *thankofferings at every service*, the result being that after paying all local expenses there remained £100 for our funds. We can hardly hope that all other places will thus pay their own expenses, but if some of them do so our burden will be greatly lightened. Moreover, we are persuaded that the bait of "No collections" is needless and demoralizing. To teach men to give of their substance for the spread of the gospel is a part of the gospel, and tends greatly for their own benefit. That the spiritual results did not suffer is quite certain; the facts all look the other way. The following extracts from letters received recently prove that great good was done:—"Many of the churches in the town are reaping the results of our recent special services. . . . Our friends at Angle-street have baptized twenty, I have baptized

seven, and have others to propose. At Enon they have fourteen to eighteen enquirers, at Sion eight or nine." "We added two more last Sabbath, making twenty-seven; another at Haggate for next Sabbath, making a grand total of twenty-eight." "Two to three hundred applications for membership have been made to the churches in the town through your visit." Another note refers to the fact that the Methodist and Congregational churches, as well as those of our own denomination, are being increased through the evangelists' labours.

Our brethren were at *Stafford* from October 5 to 19, and there also the Lord was with them. The Wesleyan minister has kindly sent us the following testimony:—

"My Dear Sir,—It will encourage you to hear from an independent source that your evangelists, Messrs. Fullerton and Smith, are visibly owned by God in *Stafford*. Everything here is comparatively small, and consequently our friends cannot report the crowds they have had in larger towns. But on Sunday night 1500 listened to them, and I have just come from a house where both husband and wife were then led to decide for Christ, and are seeking admission to our church. I might name other similar instances.

"We are supporting our brethren by earnest prayer, and I doubt not that the remainder of the week will witness very much greater visible results.

"You will excuse the intrusion of this letter. It seemed to me right that you should hear of the usefulness of men sent out under your direction.

"May God long spare our dear brethren to labour successfully in the path they have chosen. Wishing you every good, and praying that your past works for Christ may be surpassed by greater usefulness in the future,

"I am, my dear sir, yours sincerely,
 JOS. AGAR BEET."

The later services were even more successful, and many professed themselves to be won for Jesus. We can only record what men and women declare: the Lord alone can read the heart.

The list of engagements of Messrs. Smith and Fullerton for the ensuing twelve months is as follows:—

November 2 to November 16, Scarborough; November 23 to December 31, Metropolitan Tabernacle; January 4 to January 18, Shoreditch Tabernacle; February 1 to February 15, Cambridge; February 29 to March 14, Bradford; March 15 and March 16, Farsley; March 21 to April 4, Northampton;

May 9 to May 16, Smethwick; May 23 to May 29, Smallheath; May 30 to June 5, Leamington; June 13 to June 27, Paisley; July 11 to July 25, Greenock; August 1 to August 15, Dumfries; August 22 to August 29, Annan; September 5 to September 12, Galashiels; September 19 to September 26, Wick; October and November, North-East Lancashire; December 5 to December 19, Leeds.

Mr. Burnham has again been working with Mr. Kendon, of Goudhurst, among the hop-pickers. Since his return from Kent he has visited *Chepstow*, *Leamington*, *Markyate Street*, and *Bedford*. Pastor W. L. Mayo sends us a long and cheering report of the services at *Chepstow*. The church in that town had prepared the way for the evangelist by special prayer, and as the natural consequence many were awakened. Several most pleasing cases of conversion are mentioned. Prayer was offered for the husband of a woman who had found the Saviour at one of the meetings, and on his return from Bristol, where he had been at work, it was discovered that he also had believed and been saved through the preaching of Mr. Gange.

Mr. Burnham's engagements for the present month are—November 10 to 16, *Thetford*; 17 to 30, *Burton-on-Trent* and neighbourhood.

ORPHANAGE.—The quarterly meeting of the Collectors and friends was held on *Wednesday, October 1*, and was a great success. In the afternoon the new Girls' Orphanage was publicly inaugurated by a devotional service in the boys' play-hall, and afterwards by the holding of prayer-meetings, conducted by our evangelists, Messrs. Smith and Fullerton, in the grounds of the "Hawthorns" and in every room of the house. We had prepared a lecture on "Hymns and Hymn Writers" for the evening; but the crowd was so great that both our halls were filled, and we had to go from one meeting to the other, push our way to the platform, and give each of the audiences a taste of what we would have said if they had come in smaller numbers. Our good friends, Mr. Duncan S. Miller and the Royal Poland Street Hand-bell Ringers, are entitled to our warmest thanks for their kindness in giving us their valuable services without fee or reward; and still more for their generous offer to come again on *February 4*, 1880, when we hope to deliver the lecture in the Tabernacle.

Some collectors did not send us their cards or boxes on October 1. Will they

kindly do so at once that they may be exchanged for new ones? The next quarterly collectors' meeting is fixed for *Friday, January 9, 1880*. Boxes and cards can be obtained of the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Olapham Road. Now that we are commencing with girls this help will be doubly valuable.

Mr. Charlesworth asks us to say that he and the Orphanage Choir have promised to visit Southend, Luton, Dunstable, Woburn, Canterbury, Dover, Folkestone, and Portsmouth; and that they will be glad of other engagements. Applications should be made to Mr. Charlesworth at the Orphanage.

In a special supplement we have described the present position and plans of the Girls' Orphanage.

COLPORTAGE.—Concerning Colportage we must still write with a measure of discouragement. It is a good agency, all agree to that, but it has never had enough support. It will be remembered that we asked for a second £1,000 to furnish stock for more men. According to our reckoning we had received £600, and, finding that the trade management could keep on, we felt content; but, on consulting the secretary, we are aroused from our happy dream. He says that the money given for stock was to a large extent so much taken out of subscriptions. These subscriptions are needed to pay working expenses, and it is no gain to the society, and no real increase to stock, if monies are merely transferred from one to the other. The friends in a district give £40 towards the colporteur, and our society finds stock, and also makes up the man's salary, and does the working of the business. The profits help in some degree, and would help more if sales were larger, but in these bad times sales decrease, and there is more needed to make up deficiencies. We ask our friends to consider the following report from the secretary which was prepared for our private information, but we judge it best to give it entire. We also add two letters, and our friends have the case before them. We say no more.

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—Since seeing you I have compared receipts of Subscriptions to the General Fund for this year to present date with the same period last year, 1878, and find that, including amounts for capital in both cases, the total increase for 1879 is £251 16s. 6d. Leaving capital account out of the question each year, the total increase in the subscriptions to the General Fund to October 20, 1879, over the same period, 1878, is £368 6s. 6d. This

latter sum, of course, indicates the exact increase to the good for the working of the society, and, in response to the appeal made for capital. I have given these details that you may judge what to say in relation to funds. October *general* subscriptions only amount to £14 9s. 4d., compared with £111 19s. 3½d. for September. Appointments have been made for new districts at Kettering, Andover, and Hereford. In the former two cases a trial of the agency in other districts appears to have recommended its extension. I wish our friends could read all the cases of good which are continually reported by our colporteurs, and I am sure that you would not have to appeal for funds with such a limited response. Here a tract has been left with a prayer, and on the return of the colporteur it is handed back soiled and worn by use, the agent remarking, 'thus, through reading that tract, the woman found peace with God, and has joined the church.' Yonder, a youth reads a book purchased by his mother, which not only leads to his conversion, but that of his grandfather, eighty-five years of age. Another colporteur calls upon a poor blind woman and talks to her at the washing tub, and is the means of restoring a poor backslider from the fold of Christ; while many speak of conversions through the simple gospel truths which they have plainly, but earnestly, uttered from the village pulpit. In addition to this, when the daily newspapers are prominently pointing out the widespread evils of an insidious and impure literature, who can estimate the quiet, unseen, but powerful influence for good resulting from the sale of £600 or £700 worth of bibles and good books every month? The need for the work was never greater, its results were never more encouraging, and while 'the harvest truly is plenteous, the labourers are few.' I trust that, now trade appears to be reviving, friends who in some districts suspended operations because of commercial depression will soon be able to recommence the work with new vigour. Will friends remember the work afresh in prayer? One colporteur, in a very trying district, writes:—"One thing always cheers me, and that is, *I know* you do not forget us in your prayers at the Tabernacle."

O. B. writes: "Very dear Sir—I am sure that your memorandum note in *The Sword and the Trowel*, p. 495, in reference to your Colportage agency must have pained many who look at it as one of your *prime* and most important organizations. In fact, your 'personal notes' on p. 496, carry the most conclusive evidence of the

value and need of such an agency. I would fain hope under God that 'slackening' sail may be out of question, and that spreading 'more canvas' will be rather the case."

H. M. writes: "Dear Sir—I have read with much concern your remarks in *The Sward and the Trowel* in reference to the Colportage Association. Should the following proposal meet with your approval, and it be possible for you to give it a little publicity, I trust, with God's blessing, the retrograde steps may be reversed are you leave for your well-earned and much-needed holiday.

"My offer is as follows:—In order that the stations given up may be *all* again supplied, or new ones started where a *change* is desirable, I will find one-fifth of the needed amount, if it does not exceed £500, or if more than £500, I will subscribe £100, the *sine qua non* being that the remainder shall be raised by the 1st December.

"Few of us but have felt the effects of the depression in trade, but it behoves us the more to do our best to offer the 'bread of life' to those who probably are more open to its blessed influence now than when God again grantstemporal prosperity to the land."

MRS. SPURGEON'S BOOK FUND.—The needful work of supplying ministers with books proceeds with great regularity, and considerable numbers of curates and poor ministers in the Church of England, together with pastors of all denominations, apply for "The Treasury of David," and other works. Could our readers see the letters of thanks they would know how sharp is the book-hunger which gnaws the soul of many a preacher of the Word. We have said very little of late about this work which is carried on by our beloved. Only a few friends have thought of the Fund of late, and yet hitherto there has been no lack: the Fund personified might almost say, "I *am* poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me." Note the following fact, and let the Lord be glorified by the rehearsal of it. A friend of ours, who is always a princely giver, told us on the night of Mr. Gough's lecture that he should call at Nightingale Lane next day. Knowing his great business and our own, we half declined the offer, though we are always glad to see him: but he said he should come, and come he did. His errand was to give £100 to the Book Fund. Now, reader, mark this. Mrs. Spurgeon's quarter's bill for books came in on that very Saturday evening, and had not that friend insisted on coming down and bringing his

£100, our dear one would have been £60 in debt. She would have been almost heart-broken had this been the case, for she had prayed for help and expected it. The Lord would not let her have the trial, but sent his steward at the very hour, though he knew nothing of the need. We were both filled with adoring thankfulness for this memorable interposition. It was not the first time in which we have together adored the Lord in an amazement of gratitude, nor will it be the last. Thus by one and another the Lord has filled up the reservoir which supplies so many of his poor ministers with refreshment: and he will fill it yet again.

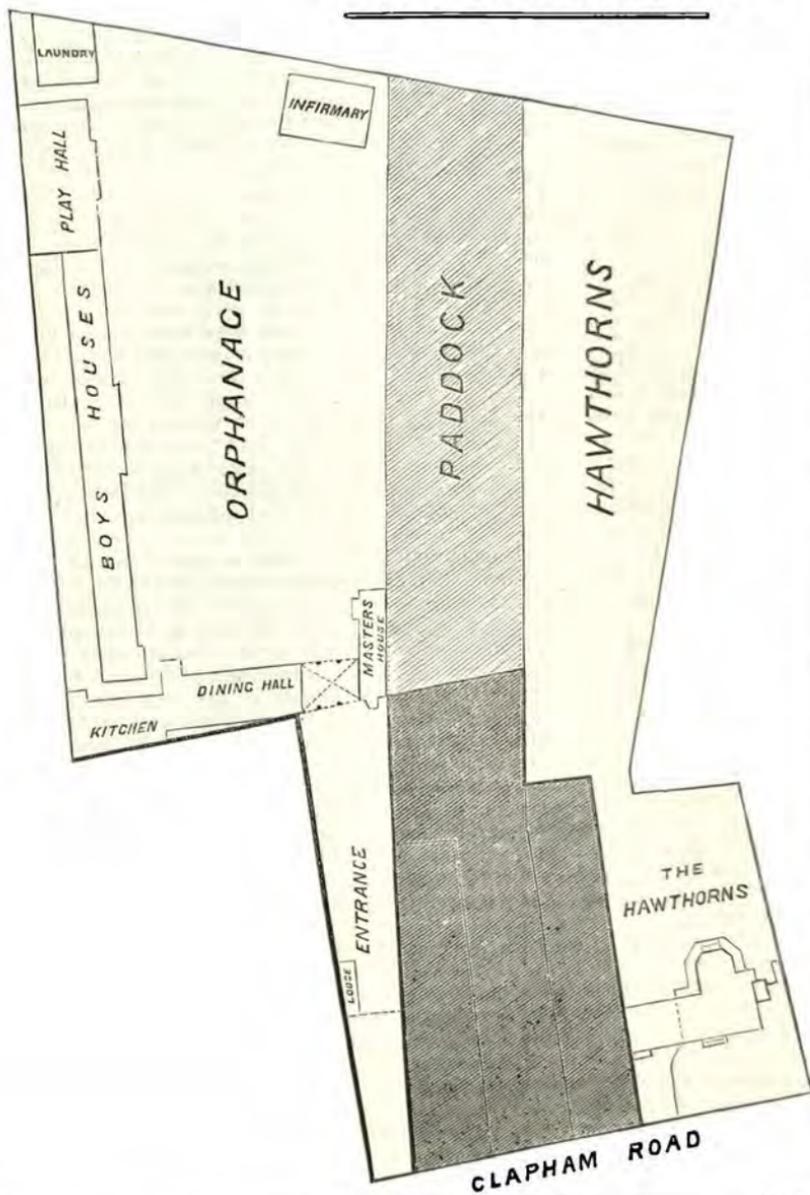
PERSONAL NOTES.—Mr. F. H. Newton, of the German Baptist Mission, writes:—"I have just returned from a visit to several of our German churches, and especially of those in Russia. I feel sure you will be interested to learn that your printed words (in German) have always free admission into Russia, which is saying a great deal, the only exception being in the case of your sermon on "Baptismal Regeneration" (No. 573), which one of our brethren translated into Russian and submitted to the censor of the press, who, however, refused to sanction it, as he considered it an attack upon the Greek church. The brother still hopes to be permitted to print it."

From the State of Virginia comes the following pleasing testimony:—"Some years ago, when in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity, without God and without hope in the world, I was persuaded by a friend to read a volume of your sermons, and now, my dear sir, let me tell you that if ever I felt the love of God shed abroad in my heart, or knew the truth as it is in Jesus, I owe it to the perusal of your sermons, and I am sure you were the means and instrument in the hands of God of my conversion."

Should the reader think these notes too long, he may well excuse them, for he is not likely to be wearied by their length in the two following months. We have, however, kept back numbers of personal notes, that this department may not be quite bare. It is at the urgent desire of our best helpers that they are written, and when they cease to interest they shall be dropped, for we have no personal desire to publish anything, except so far as others may be encouraged and the good work may be helped thereby.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—October 2nd, twenty-seven.

Plan of
ORPHANAGE PROPERTY
STOCKWELL.



Concerning the Girls' Orphanage.

SINCE the starting of the project for providing for Fatherless Girls at Stockwell we have had the utmost reason for gratitude. Our first step was to purchase the house and grounds known as the "Hawthorns," and this was accomplished for the sum of £4,000. The fixtures cost £60, repairs and alterations, £80; and furniture up to this moment, £220; this before completion will be £400 in all; and then there are the law expenses. To meet this we have received £3,220 1s. 8d., and we are daily expecting a legacy of £1,500, which we have before reported. We therefore consider this part of the work as finished, with £320 over, out of which we have to pay legal expenses, not yet known.

Our next step was to purchase the paddock, which lies between the Orphanage and the Hawthorns, and is lightly shaded in the plan on the former page. We ought to have had this for £1,000, and should have had it if our friend, Mr. Buckmaster, had not disposed of it. The new holder has at last agreed to let us have it for £1,400. A glance of the eye will show how essential this paddock is to the whole scheme. We should not have purchased the "Hawthorns" if we had not expected to get the intervening meadow, and when the new holder asked an extravagantly exorbitant price, we determined to give up the "Hawthorns," and remove altogether, rather than have the property so divided. We are glad, however, that we can now accommodate the boys and girls in one noble square. It will be much more convenient for many reasons, and as the two Institutions are to be one and indivisible, it is well that they should occupy one site.

Our need at this time is another £1,000. Including collection from Glasgow and net balance from money in hand, we think we may say that we shall be out of the wood for £1,000 or thereabouts; and then we may begin the buildings. After the manifest blessing which has rested on this new effort hitherto, we do not feel at all distressed about this £1,000. The institution will be so complete in form that we cannot but feel that the land was reserved on purpose, and was brought into the market just when we were able to cope with its purchase. The "Hawthorns" house gives a road front to the Orphanage, which is very desirable, for these things should not be done in a corner. For the present it will house some forty girls, and we intend beginning at once. Before leaving for Mentone we should like to see that £1,000 supplied, and we hope that when our friends see what is to be done with the money they will feel moved to send it on. Land in London comes to a great price, but it is the cheapest in the long run. Orphanages far out in the country are forgotten by the public, and are at a disadvantage as to supply and oversight; but the Stockwell Orphanage is the delight of the Tabernacle church, lies near the residences of its managers, and is handy for the markets, and so the greater outlay for site is abundantly recompensed in many ways. No place can be more healthy; it seems as open as the country itself, and yet it is in the town. We think we shall be sure to hear from a few warm-hearted friends of the fatherless and the widow, and that they will say—"Here is the amount needed for the land, and we shall be ready with further help when you begin to build." The Lord's work has this need just now, and he has stewards who will meet the need.

In addition to this, we have promised seven £500 for seven houses, one donor undertaking also to furnish as well as build his house, which is to be a memorial of little ones taken home to heaven. May the Lord comfort the mourning parents. Mr. R. May will slate five houses. Mr. Hayles will give £25 of painting and glazing, and Mr. Arnold £25 worth of timber. Other promises are, Messrs. Wills and Packham a freight of bricks; Mr. Wynn gas fittings, and Mr. Wheeler all spoons and plated goods. Mr. Newman Hall has promised a collection at Christ Church on Christmas Day for the Girls' Orphanage. The Misses Crumpton will supply the girls with bats. Thus the Lord provides for those whose natural helpers he has removed. We use every legitimate effort to bring the matter before his people, but if he did not incline their hearts it would be all in vain; therefore our hearty thanks rise to his throne.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Charles Foy	1	0	0
Mr. R. Finlayson	0	10	0
A Friend, per Mr. A. A. Rees	5	0	0
"A bird of paradise"	2	0	0
Mr. James Smith	5	0	0
Mrs. Napier	1	0	0
Mr. J. F. Yeats	5	0	0
Stamps from Arundel	0	0	6
A Reader of "Sword and Trowel"	1	0	0
Mr. George Kingerlee	10	0	0
Mr. W. L. Maynard	0	10	0
Miss Wordell, and friends now in heaven	0	10	0
Mrs. E. C. Cunningham	1	1	0
Mr. Lamont, per Mr. Murrell	2	0	0
Mrs. Potier	1	0	0
Miss M. A. Wheeler	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Blackhall, Clifton	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. Gooding	2	15	8
Jane Dixon	0	10	6
Miss Fitzgerald, 23rd January, 7s., 27th April, 7s. 6d.	0	14	6
Collected by Mr. Symon, Milton Crathie, N.B.	1	16	0
Mr. C. J. Brown, per Rev. W. Corden Jones	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Fairey	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Maynard	0	6	0
Collected by Miss Evans	0	3	2
Collected by Mr. Widgey	0	6	6
Collected by Mrs. Ellis, Worthing	0	10	4
Collected by Master Harry Everett	0	8	0
Collected by Mr. G. H. Croyden	0	4	6
Mrs. Mills	0	1	0
Collected by Miss Ware	0	10	0
Little Richie's last offering	0	4	4
Collected by Mr. Stringer	1	16	4
Collected by Miss Wallington	0	10	11
Collected by Miss Price	0	11	9
Collected by Mrs. Gisbey	0	0	6
Collected by Mrs. Hunt	0	9	10
Collected by Mrs. Perry	0	0	10
Collected by Miss Wheeler	0	7	3
Box at Orphanage Gates	5	2	7
Collected by Miss Swain	0	15	7
Collected by Mrs. Harrington	0	4	6
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Miss E. W. Price	1	2	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, Oct. 2	2	2	0
Miss Jeph's	3	10	0
Collected by Mr. Fairman	0	15	6
Collected by Mr. Dalton	1	0	0
Collected by Miss J. E. Cockshaw	0	12	0
Mr. W. Banford	1	0	0
Baptist Church, Middleton Cheney, per Pastor J. Dodwell	1	0	0
E. M.	0	10	0
"Every little helps"	0	1	8
Miss Oxenford's box	1	0	0
M. L. R.	0	5	0
S. H.	0	2	6
Mr. Jno. How	2	2	0
Mrs. Wood's box	1	1	0
A thankoffering	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
M. A. N.	0	10	0
Lady Fanny Howard	1	0	0
"The Orphans' Friend"	20	0	0
Rev. W. M. Compton (quarterly)	0	5	0
Mr. W. H. Snell	1	0	0
East London Tabernacle Young Men's Bible Class	1	15	1
Miss C. Smither	0	5	0
Mr. Jno. Jackson	5	0	0
A token of fellowship in the Lord	1	0	0
Mr. Wm. Cooke	2	0	0
Mr. T. D. Ransford	1	0	0
Mr. C. W. Goodhart	1	0	0
Mrs. Cay	0	2	6
L. G., Thankoffering for an orphan's election	1	0	0
A Friend (quarterly)	0	1	1
F. A. S.	0	5	0
A Country Minister	0	3	0
"A Pilgrim"	45	0	0
One who does not rob Peter to pay Paul	2	10	0
A Widow's Thankoffering (quarterly)	0	10	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
A Friend	0	10	0
W. A. M.	0	4	0
Two Friends	0	5	0
Mr. William Salmond and brother	5	0	0
Mr. J. P. Marsh	1	0	0
J. F. G.	1	10	0
Ann Hardacre	0	2	0
Collected by Miss Bertha R. Wheeler	4	8	9
Lamentations iii. 24	1	0	0
Contents of Bertie's Bank	3	10	0
Collected by Miss C. Jesson:—			
Mr. J. E. Pickard	0	10	0
Mr. W. Stanyon	0	10	0
Mr. E. Carryer	0	10	0
Mrs. Nunnerley	0	10	0
The Misses Bennett	0	5	0
Mrs. Eames	0	5	0
Miss Eames	0	3	0
Miss Cooper	0	2	6
Miss Raynes	0	2	6
Miss C. Jesson	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Way, Downs Chapel, Clapton	1	13	0
Mr. W. E. Jackson	0	10	0
Mrs. M. G. R. Chapman	4	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:			
Mr. John Skinner	1	1	0
Mr. W. Park	1	1	0
Mrs. Winter, Caterham	2	0	0
Miss Watts	2	2	0
Received at the Orphanage, October 1 (see separate lists)—			
Collecting Boxes	98	10	8
Collecting Books	41	3	7
Donations	18	16	9
	158	11	0
	£334	6	2

Received at the Orphanage, October 1, 1870:—

Collecting Boxes:—	£	s.	d.
Miss Paddon	0	0	3
Mr. McKee	2	10	0
Mr. C. Hughes	0	14	7
Mrs. Nightcales	0	12	3
Mrs. Poole	0	3	10
Miss Townsend	1	6	5
Miss A. Goodwyn	0	6	11
Master J. Doyle	0	3	3
Miss Harman	0	7	11
Mrs. Ellis	0	12	9
Miss Atkins	0	4	0
Miss E. Atkins	0	3	11
Little Alice and Willie Brewer	0	4	11

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Thorne	1	0	0
Mrs. Jarries	0	4	0
Mrs. Cooke	0	5	3
St. Leger Michaels	0	4	0
W. H. Bednbeam	0	3	4
Mr. Sullivan	0	5	6
Master W. Chamberlain	0	7	3
Miss Chamberlain	0	7	10
Mr. Betambean	0	7	0
Miss Lewin	0	5	0
Miss F. Lass	0	3	5
Master J. Woods	0	7	0
Master C. Grant	0	4	1
Miss Drake	0	11	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Master Kemp	0	8	8	Miss Badenock	0	17	10
Miss F. Lewis	0	4	6	Master S. Delacourt	0	5	6
Arthur Kemp	0	2	0	Master J. Beckwith	0	0	4
Mrs. Murtin	0	2	3	Master J. Dowsett	0	6	9
Miss Dutcher	0	6	3	Mrs. Laker	0	17	7
Master D. Hill	0	9	3	P. H. Watts	0	6	7
Miss Buckley	0	10	6	Miss White	0	1	4
Master Buckley	0	11	6	W. A. F. Weeks	0	6	2
Master E. Corsan	0	5	10	J. Taylor	0	9	1
Mrs. Wilson	0	9	0	Mrs. Weeks	0	10	0
Mrs. House	0	8	1	Miss Boulter	0	2	7
Mrs. Lightfoot	0	9	1	Master Boulter	0	1	10
Mrs. Rogers	0	17	9	Miss Seward	0	19	7
Miss Upton	0	7	4	Mrs. Rainbolt	0	7	2
Mrs. Wheatly	1	3	6	Miss Frisby	0	4	6
Miss Snell	0	7	9	Master J. Wickstead	0	1	7
Miss Gladwin	1	4	1	Miss Wickstead	0	1	9
Miss A. R. Wigney	0	4	8	Mrs. Burton	0	15	8
Mrs. Steward	0	3	7	G. Rose	0	7	6
Miss Descroix	1	0	0	F. Rose	0	3	3
Mrs. Fibbons	0	5	6	Master Fuller	0	3	2
Mrs. Fisher	0	5	6	Master Tarlton	0	5	8
Master T. Crawley	0	15	7	Master Thompson	0	0	10
Master Hutchinson	0	15	9	Miss Horsley	0	0	6
Master Lowe	0	4	3	T. Horsley	0	0	10
Master Coupees	0	4	3	Miss A. Wagner	0	2	9
Mrs. Lawrence	0	4	11	Miss Williams	0	3	7
Mr. Lawrence	0	6	9	Miss Nunn	0	18	9
Miss and Master Butler	0	10	3	Mrs. Hopkins	0	13	6
Miss Choat	0	7	10	Miss Munsey	0	6	9
Miss Durham	0	9	1	Miss E. Redley	0	3	0
Master C. Bennett	0	1	2	Miss Grose	0	9	8
Master H. Lardner	0	16	0	Miss Corsan	0	4	8
Master A. Groom	0	14	0	Mrs. Fielder	0	6	10
Master Taylor	0	6	6	Miss Wayre	0	4	11
Master Holmes	0	8	0	Mr. Johnson	1	10	7
Miss Julia Ranford	0	5	8	Mr. E. Phillips	0	6	6
Mrs. Blackwell	0	11	8	W. A. Phillips	0	6	6
Miss Hubbard	0	2	7	Mrs. Beckwith	0	1	1
E. Abrahams	0	2	6	Miss Warren	0	9	6
Master Sedcole	0	4	7	Miss Abbiss	0	7	6
Miss E. Patterson	0	1	10	Miss Sherwood	0	9	6
Mrs. Oxenford	0	5	11	Miss E. Phillips	0	10	0
Miss M. Cotton	0	2	1	Miss Ackland	0	7	10
Master W. Hubbard	0	7	0	Master H. Ackland	0	3	11
Miss Payne	0	0	3	Master Campbell	0	0	8
Master H. Harbison	0	1	2	Mrs. Mellor	0	4	1
Master A. Green	0	2	3	Mrs. R. Snelling	0	8	4
Mr. Davies	0	2	0	Master C. Ball	0	1	11
Miss Bull	0	4	0	Master J. Frisby	0	4	9
Miss E. Bull	0	4	0	Mrs. Adams	0	14	2
Miss Dale	0	11	10	Mrs. Hertzell	0	3	0
Mrs. Barnden	0	6	3	Mrs. Allum	0	10	0
Mrs. Young	0	4	5	Master Allum	0	3	3
Miss E. Baxter	0	9	9	Mrs. Mallison	0	1	4
Master Frisby	1	1	6	Miss Fryer	0	15	0
Miss B. Corsan	0	3	9	A. Marshall	0	4	1
Miss L. Corsan	0	5	7	M. Gooding	0	15	9
Miss Hunt	0	16	9	Mrs. Baker	0	2	7
Miss A. Morgan	0	6	9	Miss Descroix	0	2	6
Miss M. Curtis	0	5	4	Miss F. Higgs	0	21	0
Miss M. Baulf	0	3	3	Miss Jones	0	11	6
Miss Webber	0	2	2	Master Horne	0	2	6
Master Webber	0	1	9	H. and C. Carter	0	1	6
Master H. Frisby	0	3	3	B. E. Ward	0	9	0
Miss Moon	0	18	5	Miss Larkman	0	4	8
Miss Skinner	0	1	10	Master T. Cockerton	0	1	6
A. J. Hayhall	0	1	6	Miss Williams	0	0	3
Miss Wilson	0	10	0	Miss and Master Parker	0	5	2
Miss Peddle	0	8	0	Miss Earle	1	5	0
H. F. Mills	0	7	3	Miss Johnson	0	5	5
E. E. Freeman	0	5	5	Mr. W. J. Evans	0	10	4
Mrs. Weate	0	8	4	Robert-street Ragged School	0	15	6
Miss Dockree	0	1	5	Miss Hudson	0	6	1
Miss Cooke	0	2	5	W. Renford	0	4	9
Mrs. Ellmore	0	3	7	Mr. T. Goslin	1	10	8
Miss Underwood	0	6	8	J. Shakel	0	2	4
Master A. H. Willis	0	3	10	Mr. Kidman	0	4	10
Master A. J. Willis	0	3	6	Miss Houlgate	0	10	2
Mr. Simmonds	0	10	6	Mr. Richardson	0	4	11
Mrs. R. Vears	0	8	0	Miss Drew	0	12	0

Girls' Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from September 20th to October 19th, 1879.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
A poor member	...	0	0	4	Miss C. Russell	...	1	0	0
Mr. W. Bourne	...	1	0	0	A Friend	...	0	12	6
Miss E. Rooke	...	1	0	0	Mrs. Potier	...	1	0	0
Mr. J. C. Grimes	...	3	10	0	Anon	...	0	2	6
Mr. J. Scuiwright	...	1	0	0	A Friend	...	0	2	0
Mrs. Jane Parsons, thankoffering for preservation of crops	...	3	0	0	A Friend, per Mr. T. Spurgeon	...	0	10	0
A Widow's Mite	...	5	0	0	Mrs. Tomkins	...	2	0	0
Mr. D. Clinton Taylor	...	2	1	2	Given to Mr. C. Spurgeon for programmes	...	3	6	6
Per Miss Lizzie Culver:—					Collected by Mrs. Charlesworth	...	2	3	6
Mr. S. F. Bridge	...	0	5	0	Collected by Miss Charlesworth	...	2	3	0
Mr. Culver	...	0	10	0	Collected by Miss Annie Charlesworth	...	1	9	2
Mrs. Coleman	...	0	10	0	G. W. Johnson (old boy's card)	...	0	16	0
Mrs. Gurney	...	1	0	0	Messrs. Coulson, Loney, and Smith (do.)	...	1	0	0
Lettie Blackford	...	1	0	0	Rev. A. Tessier, Bromley, Kent	...	1	0	0
Lizzie Culver	...	1	0	0	A widow and daughter, per Mr. Spurgeon	...	0	5	0
		4	5	0	E. D.	...	20	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. Levinsohn	...	2	12	6	Mr. C. J. Brown, per Rev. W. Corden Jones	...	0	9	9
Collected by Mr. Isaac Allum	...	5	0	0	Collected by Miss Marion Everett	...	0	8	0
Collected by Mrs. H. Hutt, Reading:—					Three Sisters at Croydon, per W. Olney	...	0	10	0
Annual Subscriptions:					W. S. Hobson (orphan boy's card)	...	0	12	2
Mr. Callis (1878)	...	1	1	0	E. B. per Mr. Charlesworth	...	0	5	0
Mr. Julian	...	1	0	0	Miss Wright, per Mr. Charlesworth	...	1	1	0
Mr. H. Hutt	...	1	1	0	Mrs. Hasler, per Mr. Charlesworth	...	0	10	0
Mr. Craft (1879)	...	0	10	6	H. A. Day and Mother, per Mr. Charlesworth	...	0	5	0
Mr. Hoffman	...	0	10	6	Miss Pillans and Friends, per Mr. Lawrence	...	1	14	6
Mr. Bragg	...	0	10	6	Mrs. Fitzgerald	...	2	0	0
Mr. Julian	...	1	0	0	Mrs. Jane Morris	...	0	10	6
Mr. H. Hutt	...	1	1	0	Mrs. James Smith	...	5	0	0
Mr. Colebrook	...	1	1	0	Pastor W. Stott	...	5	0	0
Mr. Goodacre	...	1	1	0	Miss Watts (Ann. Sub.)	...	2	2	0
Proceeds of sale of waste paper from Mr. Hutt's office	...	0	14	6	R. E. Sears	...	0	5	0
		9	11	0	M. L. R.	...	0	5	0
Friends at Calne, per Pastor W. H. J. Page:—					Mr. John How	...	2	2	0
Mr. T. Harris	...	2	2	0	Mr. Birrell	...	1	0	0
Mr. Chappell	...	1	0	0	"The Orphans' Friend"	...	20	0	0
Miss Baily	...	1	0	0	A Poor Member	...	0	0	4
Mrs. Kcevil	...	0	10	0	Mr. H. Mansell	...	3	3	0
Mr. Joseph Harris	...	0	5	0	Mrs. Halliwell	...	0	10	0
Miss Henly	...	0	5	0	Mrs. Fortune	...	0	10	0
Mr. Orchard	...	0	2	6	Mr. S. Willson, senior	...	1	1	0
Mrs. Chillingworth	...	0	2	0	Stamps from Burslem	...	0	2	0
Castle Street Sunday School	...	0	10	0	Miss E. Young	...	1	1	0
		5	16	6	Anon., Glasgow, per Mr. Spurgeon	...	7	0	0
Rev. R. Wrench	...	1	1	0	Mrs. Paul	...	20	0	0
Mrs. Evans	...	2	0	0	M. K. McM.	...	0	5	0
Mr. Charles Clark	...	0	10	0	Mr. James Sinclair	...	1	0	0
Miss Sarah Brown	...	0	10	0	The Misses Moore	...	1	0	0
W. B., a seeker	...	0	2	6	Repter Emmanuel	...	0	1	0
Miss L. Buswell	...	0	10	0	A Friend, Glasgow, per Mr. Spurgeon	...	0	10	0
Miss E. Crumpton	...	0	2	6	Mrs. Chaplin, per Rev. E. Osborne	...	10	0	0
A Reader of "Sword and Trowel"	...	1	0	0	Mr. J. Alexander	...	0	5	0
Mrs. Elizabeth James	...	2	0	0	J. B. F.	...	1	1	0
Mr. W. L. Maynard	...	0	10	0	Rev. W. Fuller	...	0	10	0
A grateful heart	...	0	2	6	A Friend	...	0	10	0
S.	...	0	5	0	Mrs. C. Hooper	...	1	1	0
Mr. John Norris, profit on temperance drink sold to guards, &c.	...	0	3	9	Mr. E. Stimson	...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Norris	...	0	3	9	O. D. D., and Friends	...	1	10	0
"A Surbitonian"	...	0	10	0	Mr. J. P. Marsh	...	1	0	0
An occasional Hearer	...	0	4	0	Dr. Swallow	...	2	2	0
H. R. P.	...	1	0	0	Miss Barker's Mothers' Meeting	...	0	10	0
Mr. O. Hearn	...	0	5	0	Mrs. Wilson	...	1	0	0
'The Misses Newman	...	5	0	0	Miss White	...	0	12	6
Messrs. C. W. and W. H. Roberts	...	10	10	0	Mrs. E. Sinclair	...	5	0	0
Mrs. Lutley, for prayer answered	...	5	0	0	Miss D.	...	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Grose	...	2	2	0	Mrs. Willmot	...	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Murrell:—					C. F. Hunt, Thankoffering	...	1	1	0
Mr. G. A. Warren	...	5	0	0	J. (monthly)	...	0	1	0
Mr. Finch	...	1	0	0	S. T. and R. V., proceeds of hop-picking	...	2	10	0
Mr. Dunn	...	1	0	0	Mr. F. W. Brackett	...	2	0	0
		7	0	0	Miss Cockshaw's Pupils	...	1	1	0
Mrs. Winsor's class	...	1	4	0					
Mr. Richard Evans	...	10	0	0					
							£246	16	5

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from September 20th to October 19th, 1879.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Hadleigh District	10	0	0
R. W. S. Griffith, Esq., for Fritham ...	10	0	0
W. R., for Riddings	7	10	0
East Devon Colportage Association ...	10	0	0
G. E., for Kettering District	5	0	0
Chipping Norton District... ..	10	0	0
Suffolk Congregational Union—Thurlow District	10	0	0
Southern Baptist Association, quarterly	55	0	0
Northampton Baptist Association ...	20	0	0
Essex Congregational Union	10	0	0
Eythorne District	7	10	0
Bower Chalke District	5	10	0
Elders' Bible Class, Metropolitan Tabernacle	5	5	0
Matlock and Wirksworth Colportage Association	3	0	0
Cambridge Baptist Association	20	0	0
Newbury District	20	0	0
	£208	15	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. C. J. Brown	0	10	0
T. A.	0	2	0
G. Emery, Esq.	5	0	0
Mr. H. Court, Temperance Reading Rooms, Crawley	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
E. B., quarterly	25	0	0
P. B. Bilborough, Esq.	3	3	0
Mrs. J. Monney	5	0	0
Miss E. Rooke	0	10	0
X. Y. Z., Mite No. 3, less 8d. paid for registration	0	9	4
J. W.	0	2	6
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Reader of "Sword and Trowel" ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Eliza Edwards	1	0	0
Mr. George Kingerlee	0	10	0
Mr. J. C. Grimes	1	10	0
Mr. Springs	0	5	0
Miss Bent	0	2	6
Dr. Van Someren, Hyderabad	5	0	0
A thankoffering	0	10	0
J. B. F.	1	1	0
Mr. T. D. Ransford	2	0	0
Ross-shire man	0	5	0
Mrs. M. J. Robertson Aikman	5	0	0
Mr. C. W. Goodhart	1	0	0
Mr. S. Willson, sen.	1	1	0
Mrs. Rebecca Ball	0	10	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald" ...	10	13	10
Mr. J. P. Marsh	0	10	0
Miss Unwin, per Mr. F. Potter	0	10	0
Rev. J. Richards, per Mr. Jasper ...	1	1	0
Mrs. M. G. R. Chapman	4	0	0
Anne Whitley	0	10	0
	£78	11	2

ERRATUM.—Mrs. Dix, for Maldon, acknowledged £10 last month, should be £30.

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from September 20th to October 19th, 1879.

	£	s.	d.
Burnley, for broadsides	2	10	0
Thankoffering from Blackpool, per Rev. S. Pilling	7	0	0
Thankoffering from Burnley, per Messrs. Smith and Fullerton:—			
<i>Subscriptions:</i>			
Mr. Abraham Altham	16	0	0
Mr. John Taylor	10	10	0
Mr. C. Mitchell	2	2	0
Mr. D. Duckworth... ..	1	1	0
Mr. W. Smith	1	1	0
Mr. W. Baldwin	1	1	0
Mr. John Stevenson	1	1	0
Mr. M. Mitchell	0	10	6
Mrs. S. Loxther	0	2	6
Widow's Mite	0	1	0
<i>Offerings at Services:</i>			
Surplus from Mechanics' Hall, after paying all expenses	14	1	2
Cloth Hall, Colne	6	6	0

	£	s.	d.
Haggate and Burnley Lane Chapels	18	9	5½
Ebenezer Chapel, Bacup	5	0	0
Salem Chapel, Nelson	4	6	7
Primitive Methodist Chapel, Brierfield	3	11	0
Enon Chapel, Burnley	3	5	9½
Ebenezer Chapel, Burnley... ..	3	0	0
Mount Pleasant Chapel, Burnley	3	0	0
Salem Congregational Chapel, Burnley	3	0	0
Sion Chapel, Burnley	2	10	0
	100	0	0
Mr. Isaac Leach	0	10	6
Readers of the "Christian Herald" ...	10	10	1
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's work at Goudhurst, per Rev. J. J. Kendon ...	1	1	0
	£121	11	7

On September 22 Mr. Spurgeon received five £10 Bank of England notes. In default of any direction, he will use the amount in the Lord's work as necessity requires.

Mr. Spurgeon has received, from Mr. G. Wren, a Gold Albert Chain, which will be sold at the first convenient opportunity.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, Batham. 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.

DECEMBER, 1879.

What is it to win a Soul?

A COLLEGE LECTURE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

(Continued from page 509.)



HAVE already insisted upon instruction and impression as most needful to soul-winning, but these are not all—they are indeed only means to the desired end. A far greater work must be done before a man is saved. A wonder of divine grace must be wrought upon the soul far transcending anything which can be accomplished by the power of man. Of all whom we would fain win for Jesus it is true, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." *The Holy Ghost must work regeneration in the objects of our love*, or they never can become possessors of eternal happiness. They must be quickened into a new life, and they must become new creatures in Christ Jesus. The same energy which accomplishes resurrection and creation must put forth all its power upon them; nothing short of this can meet the case. They must be born again from above. This might seem at first sight to put human instrumentality altogether out of the field; but on turning to the Scriptures we find nothing to justify such an inference and much of quite an opposite tendency. There we certainly find the Lord to be all in all, but we find no hint that the use of means must therefore be dispensed with. The Lord's supreme majesty and power are seen all the more gloriously because he works by means. He is so great that he is not afraid to put honour upon the instruments he employs, by speaking of them in high terms, and imputing to them great influence. It is sadly possible to say too little of the Holy Spirit; indeed,

I fear this is one of the crying sins of the age; but yet that infallible word, which always rightly balances truth, while it magnifies the Holy Ghost, does not speak lightly of the men by whom he works. God does not think his own honour to be so questionable that it can only be maintained by decrying the human agent. There are two passages in the epistles which, when put together, have often amazed me. Paul compares himself both to a father and to a mother in the matter of the new birth: he says of one convert, "Whom I have begotten in my bonds," and of a whole church he says, "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you." This is going very far; indeed, much further than modern orthodoxy would permit the most useful minister to venture, and yet it is language sanctioned, yea, dictated, by the Spirit of God himself, and therefore it is not to be criticized. Such mysterious power doth God infuse into the instrumentality which he ordains that we are called, "labourers together with God;" and this is at once the source of our responsibility and the ground of our hope.

Regeneration, or the new birth, works a change in the whole nature of man, and, so far as we can judge, its essence lies in the implantation and creation of a new principle within the man. The Holy Ghost creates in us a new, heavenly, and immortal nature, which is known in Scripture as "the spirit," by way of distinction from the soul. Our theory of regeneration is that man in his fallen nature consists only of body and soul, and that when he is regenerated there is created in him a new and higher nature—"the spirit," which is a spark from the everlasting fire of God's life and love; this falls into the heart and abides there and makes its receiver "a partaker of the divine nature." Thenceforward the man consists of three parts, body, soul, and spirit, and the spirit is the reigning power of the three. You will all remember that memorable chapter upon the resurrection, 1 Corinthians xv., where the distinction is well brought out in the original, and may even be perceived in our version. The passage rendered, "It is sown a natural body," &c., might be read, "It is sown a soulish body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a soulish body, and there is a spiritual body. And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living *soul*; the last Adam was made a quickening *spirit*. Howbeit, that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is soulish; and afterward that which is spiritual." We are first in the natural or soulish stage of being, like the first Adam, and then in regeneration we enter into a new condition, and we become possessors of the life-giving "spirit." Without this spirit no man can see or enter the kingdom of heaven. It must therefore be our intense desire that the Holy Spirit should visit our hearers and create them anew,—that he would come down upon these dry bones, and breathe eternal life into the dead in sin. Till this is done they can never receive the truth, "For the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." "The carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." A new and heavenly mind must be created by Omnipotence, or the man must abide in death. You see, then, that we have before us a mighty work, for which we are of ourselves totally incapable. No minister living

can save a soul, nor can all of us together, nor all the saints on earth or in heaven, work regeneration in a single person. The whole business on our part is the height of absurdity unless we regard ourselves as used by the Holy Ghost, and filled with his power. On the other hand, the marvels of regeneration which attend our ministry are the best seals and witnesses of our commission. Whereas the apostles could appeal to the miracles of Christ, and to those which they wrought in his name, we appeal to the miracles of the Holy Ghost, which are as divine and as real as those of our Lord himself. These miracles are the creation of a new life in the human bosom, and the total change of the whole being of those upon whom the Spirit descends.

As this God-begotten spiritual life in men is a mystery, we shall speak to more practical effect if we dwell upon the signs following and accompanying it, for these are the things we must aim at. First, regeneration will be shown in *conviction of sin*. This we believe to be an indispensable mark of the Spirit's work; the new life as it enters the heart causes intense inward pain as one of its first effects. Though nowadays we hear of persons being healed before they have been wounded, and brought into a certainty of justification without ever having lamented their condemnation, we are very dubious as to the value of such healings and justifications. This style of things is not according to the truth. God never clothes men until he has first stripped them, nor does he quicken them by the gospel till first they are slain by the law. When you meet with persons in whom there is no trace of conviction of sin, you may be quite sure that they have not been wrought upon by the Holy Spirit; for "when he is come he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment." When the Spirit of the Lord breathes on us he withers all the glory of man, which is but as the flower of grass, and then he reveals a higher and abiding glory. Do not be astonished if you find this conviction of sin to be very acute and alarming; but, on the other hand, do not condemn those in whom it is less intense, for so long as sin is mourned over, confessed, forsaken, and abhorred, you have an evident fruit of the Spirit. Much of the horror and unbelief which goes with conviction is not of the Spirit of God, but comes of Satan or corrupt nature: yet there must be true and deep conviction of sin, and this the preacher must labour to produce, for where this is not felt the new birth has not taken place.

Equally certain is it that true conversion may be known by the exhibition of a *simple faith in Jesus Christ*. You need not that I speak unto you of that, for you yourselves are fully persuaded of it. The production of faith is the very centre of the target at which you aim. The proof to you that you have won the man's soul for Jesus is never before you till he has done with himself and his own merits, and has closed in with Christ. Great care must be taken that this faith is exercised upon Christ for a complete salvation, and not for a part of it. Numbers of persons think that the Lord Jesus is available for the pardon of past sin, but they cannot trust him for their preservation in the future. They trust for years past but not for years to come, whereas no such subdivision of salvation is ever spoken of in Scripture as the work of Christ. Either he bore all our sin, or none; and he either saves us once for all, or not at all. His death can never be repeated, and it must have made

expiation for the future sin of believers, or they are lost, since no further atonement can be supposed, and future sin is certain to be committed. Blessed be his name, "by him all that believe are justified from all things." Salvation by grace is eternal salvation. Sinners must commit their souls to the keeping of Christ to all eternity; how else are they saved men? Alas, according to the teaching of some, believers are only saved in part, and for the rest must depend upon their future endeavours. Is this the gospel? I trow not. Genuine faith trusts a whole Christ for the whole of salvation. Is it any wonder that many converts fall away, when, in fact, they were never taught to exercise faith in Jesus for eternal salvation, but only for temporary conversion? A faulty exhibition of Christ begets a faulty faith, and when this pines away in its own imbecility, who is to blame for it? According to their faith so is it unto them: the preacher and possessor of a partial faith must unitedly bear the blame of the failure when their poor mutilated trust comes to a break-down. I would the more earnestly insist upon this because a semi-legal way of believing is so common. We must urge the trembling sinner to trust wholly and alone upon the Lord Jesus for ever, or we shall have him inferring that he is to begin in the spirit and be made perfect by the flesh: he will surely walk by faith as to the past, and then by works as to the future, and this will be fatal. True faith in Jesus receives *eternal* life, and sees perfect salvation in him, whose one sacrifice hath sanctified the people of God once for all. The sense of being saved, completely saved in Christ Jesus, is not, as some suppose, the source of carnal security and the enemy of holy zeal, but the very reverse. Delivered from the fear which makes the salvation of self a more immediate object than salvation *from* self, and inspired by holy gratitude to his Redeemer, the regenerated man becomes capable of virtue and is filled with an enthusiasm for God's glory. While trembling under a sense of insecurity a man gives his chief thought to his own interests; but planted firmly on the Rock of ages he has time and heart to utter the new song which the Lord has put into his mouth, and then is his moral salvation complete, for self is no longer the lord of his being. Rest not content till you see clear evidence in your converts of a simple, sincere, and decided faith in the Lord Jesus.

Together with undivided faith in Jesus Christ there must also be *unfeigned repentance of sin*. Repentance is an old-fashioned word, not much used by modern revivalists. "Oh," said a minister to me one day, "it only means a change of mind." This was thought to be a profound observation. "Only a change of mind"; but what a change! A change of mind with regard to everything! Instead of saying it is "only a change of mind," it seems to me more truthful to say it is a great and deep change—even a change of the mind itself. But whatever the literal Greek word may mean, repentance is no trifle. You will not find a better definition of it than the one given in the children's hymn:—

"Repentance is to leave
The sins we loved before;
And show that we in earnest grieve,
By doing so no more."

True conversion is in all men attended by a sense of sin, which we have

spoken of under the head of conviction; by a sorrow for sin or holy grief at having committed it; by a hatred of sin, which proves that its dominion is ended; and by a practical turning from sin, which shows that the life within the soul is operating upon the life without. True belief and true repentance are twins: it would be idle to attempt to say which is born first. All the spokes of a wheel move at once when the wheel moves, and so all the graces commence action when regeneration is wrought by the Holy Ghost. Repentance, however, there must be. No sinner looks to the Saviour with a dry eye or a hard heart. Aim, therefore, at heart-breaking, at bringing home condemnation to the conscience, and weaning the mind from sin, and be not content till the whole mind is deeply and vitally changed in reference to sin.

Another proof of the conquest of a soul for Christ will be found in *a real change of life*. If the man does not live differently from what he did before, both at home and abroad, his repentance needs to be repented of, and his conversion is a fiction. Not only action and language, but spirit and temper must be changed. "But," says some one, "grace is often grafted on a crab-stock." I know it is, but what is the fruit of the grafting? The fruit will be like the grafting, and not after the nature of the original stem. "But," says another, "I have an awful temper, and all of a sudden it overcomes me. My anger is soon over, and I feel very penitent. Though I cannot control myself, I am quite sure I am a Christian." Not so fast, my friend, or I may answer that I am quite as sure the other way. What is the use of your soon cooling if in two or three moments you scald all around you? If a man stabs me in a fury it will not heal my wound to see him grieving over his madness. Hasty temper must be conquered, and the whole man must be renewed, or conversion will be questionable. We are not to hold up a modified holiness before our people, and say, You will be all right if you reach that standard. The Scripture says, "He that committeth sin is of the devil." Abiding under the power of any known sin is a mark of our being the servants of sin, for "his servants ye are to whom ye obey." Idle are the boasts of a man who harbours within himself the love of any transgression. He may feel what he likes, and believe what he likes, he is still in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity while a single sin rules his heart and life. True regeneration implants a hatred of all evil, and where one sin is delighted in, the evidence is fatal to a sound hope. A man need not take a dozen poisons to destroy his life, one is quite sufficient.

There must be a harmony between the life and the profession. A Christian professes to renounce sin, and if he does not do so, his very name is an imposture. A drunken man came up to Rowland Hill one day, and said, "I am one of your converts, Mr. Hill." "I dare say you are," replied that shrewd and sensible preacher, "but you are none of the Lord's, or you would not be drunk." To this practical test we must bring all our work.

In our converts we must also see *true prayer*, which is the vital breath of godliness. If there is no prayer you may be quite sure the soul is dead. We are not to urge men to pray as though it were the great gospel duty, and the one prescribed way of salvation; for our chief message is, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." It is easy to put

prayer into its wrong place, and make it out to be a kind of work by which men are to live; but this you will, I trust, most carefully avoid. Faith is the great gospel grace; but still we cannot forget that true faith always prays, and when a man professes faith in the Lord Jesus and yet does not cry to the Lord daily, we dare not believe in his faith or his conversion. The Holy Ghost's evidence by which he convinced Ananias of Paul's conversion was not, "Behold, he talks loudly of his joys and feelings," but, "Behold, he prayeth"; and that prayer was secret, heart-broken confession and supplication. Oh, to see this sure evidence in all who profess to be our converts!

There must also be *a willingness to obey the Lord in all his commandments*. It is a shameful thing for a man to profess discipleship and yet refuse to learn his Lord's will upon certain points, or even dare to decline obedience when that will is known. How can a man be a disciple of Christ when he openly declines to obey him?

If the professed convert distinctly and deliberately declares that he knows his Lord's will but does not mean to attend to it, you are not to pamper his presumption, but it is your duty to assure him that he is not saved. Has not the Lord said, "He that taketh not up his cross, and cometh after me, cannot be my disciple"? Mistakes as to what the Lord's will may be are to be tenderly corrected, but anything like wilful disobedience is fatal; to tolerate it would be treason to him that sent us. Jesus must be received as King as well as Priest, and where there is any hesitancy about this, the foundation of godliness is not yet laid.

" Faith must obey her Maker's will
As well as trust his grace;
A pardoning God is jealous still
For his own holiness."

Thus you see, my brethren, the signs which prove that a soul is won are by no means trifling, and the work to be done ere those signs can exist is not to be lightly spoken of. A soul-winner can do nothing without God. He must cast himself on the Invisible, or be a laughing-stock to the devil, who regards with utter disdain all who think to subdue human nature with mere words and arguments. To all who hope to succeed in such a labour by their own strength, we would address the words of the Lord to Job, "Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? Wilt thou play with him as with a bird? or wilt thou bind him for thy maidens? Lay thine hand upon him, remember the battle, do no more. Behold, the hope of him is in vain: shall not one be cast down even at the sight of him?" Dependence upon God is our strength, and our joy: in that dependence go forth and win souls.

The Gipsies in England.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

GIPSIES have always been regarded with extraordinary interest, and curiosity has been wonderfully stimulated by the obscurity of their origin. It does not appear that anyone can point with absolute certainty to the country whence the nomadic gangs originally came; but through successive generations their tastes and habits have remained unaltered. The love of change and excitement, which first taught them to take to the road, has continued to this day; and their aversion to a stationary home remains as strong as ever. If, through adverse circumstances, a family must perforce house themselves through the winter, the earliest sunshine and the first genial breezes of spring tempt them again abroad among the open commons and the grassy road-sides. They cannot be happy unless they can roam so as to attend at various fairs, and try their luck at the illegal diversion of fortune-telling. At different times some brave attempts have been made by warm-hearted philanthropists to civilize, or rather to Christianize, these rovers; but still the question is sometimes asked,—Are they reclaimable, or are they past hope? Some think that a gipsy is synonymous with all that is idle and criminal; but others whose experience among them has not been without good fruit tell a more encouraging story.

Poets and story-writers have ever loved to throw a halo of mystery around the gipsy tribe; and the suggestions of romance have seldom been more forcibly expressed than in a prize poem of the University of Oxford written in 1837:—

“ Say, can it be, that while this earth was young,
 While yet heaven’s glory round her childhood hung,
 In lonely splendour walked upon the earth
 The swarthy sires whence these derive their birth,
 Of giant power, of eagle’s piercing ken,
 Wisest and mightiest of the sons of men?
 What if in yonder chief of tattered vest
 Glows the same blood that warmed a Pharaoh’s breast?
 If in the fiery eye, the haughty mien,
 The tawny hue of yonder gipsy queen,
 Still dwells the light of Cleopatra’s charms,
 The winning grace that roused the world to arms,
 That called Rome’s legions to a watery grave,
 And bound earth’s lord to be a woman’s slave?
 Lo, Mizraim’s kingcraft, of its glory rest,
 Is shrunk to petty deeds of midnight theft!
 Lo, Egypt’s wisdom only lives to pry
 Through the dark arts of paltry palmistry!
 The salt that lacked all savour from above,
 The daring pride that knew no humble love,
 The priestly love that worshipped all save God,
 Beneath the foot of men must evermore be trod.”

As these people are a mystery both to themselves and to others, it is no marvel that many conflicting opinions are afloat respecting them. When they first appeared in England, and whence they came, no man can tell with absolute certainty. Some have supposed that the name

by which they are known is a corruption of Egyptian, and that the wanderers came forth from some Eastern region nearly five hundred years ago. A troop who appeared in France in the third decade of the fifteenth century, said that, as Christians, they had been compelled to leave Egyptian territory by the Mussulman oppression. It is also a noteworthy circumstance that immediately after their first appearance the gipsies' habits, in regard to pilfering, fortune-telling, &c., were similar to what they are reported to be at present; and the inconvenience which these habits occasioned among European communities was probably the reason why attempts were made to repress them by sanguinary laws. Persecuting edicts, however, neither repressed nor exterminated them; they remain until this day, and Mr. Borrow's prediction, uttered in 1843, that the race in England would probably disappear with the present century, is not likely to be verified.

Mr. Borrow says that "the principal gipsy tribes at present in existence are the Stanleys, whose grand haunt is the New Forest; the Lovells, who are fond of London and its vicinity; the Coopers, who call Windsor Castle their home; the Hernes, to whom the north country, more especially Yorkshire, belongeth; and lastly, my brethren, the Smiths, to whom East Anglia appears to have been allotted from the beginning. Besides the above-named gipsy clans there are other smaller ones, some of which do not comprise more than a dozen individuals, children included. For example, the Bosviles, the Browns, the Chilcotts, the Grays, Lees, Taylors, and Whites; of these the principal is the Bosville tribe." Certain of the tribes are undoubtedly extinct, and all are in a declining condition. They have no traditions of their own origin, and no special religion, but, as a rule, they nominally profess that of the country in which they are located.

One of the first successful philanthropists, who, more than fifty years ago, taught people to look at the gipsies, apart from poetical enthusiasm, as fallen mortals who need salvation like other people, was James Crabb, who held a pastoral charge in the neighbourhood of Southampton. Mr. Crabb set himself to accomplish what at the time appeared to be a difficult, if not an impossible task, and the results soon surprised respectable people, and probably exceeded the expectations of his own faith. In the words of a local journalist of 1838: "He has dispelled the erroneous notions entertained of the gipsy tribe, he has proved them to be as teachable, to be as capable of learning trades, of being good labourers, workpeople and servants, and as steady, honest, and deserving, as the poor of any other class in the kingdom; and he has shown that more extended means alone are wanted to remove the great moral stain from among us of having a heathen population in a Christian land." As this testimony clashes with some things which have lately been written concerning the despised and maligned tribes, we will briefly refer to Mr. Crabb's work, and to his mode of procedure.

Having occasion to visit Winchester in 1827, Mr. Crabb one day entered the assize court, and he there witnessed a scene which had the effect of compelling him to devote time and energy to the work of gipsy reclamation. Two horse-stealers were condemned to death, and one of these, to whom no hope of mercy was held out, was a member of the gipsy

tribe. "The young man," we borrow Mr. Crabb's own words, "for he was but a youth, fell on his knees, and with uplifted hands and eyes, apparently unconscious of any person being present but the judge and himself, addressed him as follows : ' Oh, my lord, save my life ! ' The judge replied, ' No ; you can have no mercy in this world ; I and my brother judges have come to the determination to execute horse-stealers, especially gipsies, because of the increase of the crime.' The suppliant, still on his knees, entreated, ' Do, my lord judge, save my life ! do for God's sake, for my wife's sake, for my baby's sake ! ' ' No ! ' replied the judge, ' I cannot ; you should have thought of your wife and child before.' He then ordered him to be taken away, and he was literally dragged from his earthly judge." Outside of the court Mr. Crabb came across the condemned man's wife, her mother, and two children : the children, poor little souls, were one of them three years old, and the other fourteen days. How soon to be fatherless ! Mr. Crabb spoke some suitable words to the women, and from that date resolved to do what lay within his power for the raising of the despised race.

A beginning was soon made which was the more promising because it commenced with the children. Meeting again with the two women at Winchester, Mr. Crabb invited them to call at his residence, Springhill, Southampton ; and when they did so he took in charge two grandchildren of the older woman, one being the child of the executed criminal, and the other the daughter of a man who had been transported. These young things were placed at a good school, and others were soon added to their number.

Encouraged with this measure of success, Mr. Crabb desired to extend his operations to all the tribes who wandered in the vicinity of Southampton. A committee of Christian friends was formed, the co-operation of various editors was solicited, and a correspondence was opened with leading philanthropists such as Rowland Hill and Charles Simeon. The letters received in reply were not in every instance quite what the friends of the gipsies looked for, the one from the pastor of Surrey Chapel being the opposite of encouraging. " Mr. Hill knows nothing of those roving tribes called gipsies, but has generally supposed them to be an idle, worthless set of wanderers that are a reproach to the police of the country, and ought first to be brought under the cognizance of the civil magistrate, before any effectual means can be provided for their religious improvement or future spiritual good." Such expressions showed that the writer was ill-informed, or that his judgment was warped by prejudice ; but, happily, they had no power to repress the godly zeal of Mr. Crabb.

The rovers who encamped on Shirley Common were first looked after, and ere many months had elapsed it became evident that an impression was being produced on hardened beings who were supposed to be outside the pale of civilization. A number who were willing to receive Christian instruction were collected ; the women became civilized, the children were placed at school, and some were apprenticed. A Scripture-reader was engaged ; and, after five years of steady effort, a report was issued in which it was recommended that what had been done at Southampton should be imitated by other towns. The enthusiasm of Mr. Crabb was all the while irrepressible. Neither toil nor travel came

amies to him if a gipsy could in the end be benefited. In 1831 he actually travelled from Southampton to Epsom for the purpose of saying a good word to those who attended the races. "I am come nearly a hundred miles to see you; do you not therefore think that I love you?" he asked. "Yes, sir," replied a number at once, who recognized in him "the gipsies' friend from Southampton." "Come, then," continued Mr. Crabb, after the preliminaries of introduction were over, "make room for me in one of your tents, for I must sit down with you and show you the way to heaven." Thus, with a tub, cushioned with a shawl, for a seat, he preached the gospel to the wanderers, pointed out the miseries inseparable from their mode of life, and distributed among them a number of religious publications.

Such was the influence exercised by Mr. Crabb on those gipsies who roved about in the neighbourhood of Southampton that those who had been thieves by nature became remarkable for their honesty; no horse-stealers figured at the assizes, and a man could at length be shown, who, instead of purloining wood, would purchase coals for his nightly fire. They became cleaner in their persons, and more careful in the preparation of their diet. In many an encampment children were heard reading the Bible to their elders of an evening; and in one instance a child who was educated under the oversight of Mr. Crabb progressed until he became a respectable mechanic and a valued Sunday-school teacher. It was the custom of Mr. Crabb to hold a kind of festival during each Christmas, when the nobility, the clergy, and the chief inhabitants of the town assembled to witness what had been accomplished. He actually formed a society of Christian gipsies, due care being taken not to accept a candidate until the sincerity of his conversion was tested; indeed, the lives of the people after their entrance into the community plainly showed that they had been transformed. One report, in speaking of a period of ten years, said that only one committal to prison had occurred in that period. In numbers of cases the people accepted the Bible with great thankfulness, and manifested a very strong desire to hear it read.

Fortune-telling has always been such a profitable practice with the gipsies, that everybody seems to be sceptical as to the possibility of prevailing on them to relinquish the imposition. At one of Mr. Crabb's meetings a note from a clergyman on this subject was read, and it showed that the sin is not always on the side of the swarthy tribe alone. "Some young ladies," remarked the writer, "while taking a sketch of my church, were accosted by a gipsy woman who was passing by, and upon entering into conversation with her they asked her to tell their fortunes, offering money. The gipsy immediately expressed her sorrow that ladies of their station and intelligence should tempt her to commit such a sin, telling them that she had laid aside such profane pretensions to knowledge, having happily been taught a better wisdom, even the knowledge of God and his salvation in Christ, and that she was now enjoying a content and peace in pursuing a life of honest industry she had never known before."

A still more striking case of reformation was that of a gipsy woman who derived a large and regular income from this superstition. It so happened that this adventurer had a converted cousin, and this latter

undertook a long journey in order, if possible, to effect a reformation in her degraded relative. The mission proved successful, and the fortune-teller became a changed character, and even appeared at the communion-table as a sincere penitent. Not long after, the sincerity of the woman's new profession was severely tested by a visit from one of her former fashionable customers. "Now, Mary," cried the lady, who came in her carriage, and well provided with presents, "tell me some more good news such as you used to tell me." "O! ma'am, I can't do it now; I shall never do it any more," replied the gipsy. "I know now that it is very wrong to do so." The tempter then offered her a sovereign, and the bribe was even increased to £2; but the answer was still the same, "No, ma'am, I cannot do it." When this story was told at the Gipsy Festival, in 1838, the woman referred to had been a consistent Christian for five years.

The assembly of 1838 was the ninth annual festival; and one who was present thus depicts, in a newspaper of the time, the scene in the grounds:—"The reader must picture to his imagination the difference of dress and manners of the various parties, who, not being members of the Southampton colony, were not in possession of the plain and decent attire of their domesticated connections in this neighbourhood. Accordingly, here were seen the gipsies enriched with the rejected wardrobes of the opulent, and long ear-drops, and massy rings upon their fingers. The female children clad in frilled trousers and short dresses, others with their shawls thrown on them in gipsy taste, while a few children, less fortunate, who had never been visitors before, had their feet as free for the turf as the deer of the forest." At the plentiful dinner provided they are described as having "magnificent appetites;" and their hymn of thanksgiving was delightfully rendered.

Fifty years ago there were 18,000 of these people wandering about Great Britain; and the experience of Mr. Crabb taught him that they were quite as open to receive the gospel as any other neglected persons. The annual meetings were continued until 1848; Mr. Crabb died three years afterwards, and since his departure the gipsies have not found a friend of like enthusiasm.

Since Mr. Crabb's time missionaries to the gipsies have been appointed, and private persons have tried their hands at producing some good impression on the swarthy nomads; but no large measure of success has ever been secured. The obstacles in the way of the people's reformation are very great, and to anything save uncommon perseverance they are insurmountable. Degrading as their mode of life may appear to be to respectable citizens, it is nevertheless what the people like. Remove a gipsy girl from the road, during the fine spring and summer weather, and her eyes will sparkle with delight at the thought of returning to it. Nor do we wonder at it, for the green fields and the open air have a great charm about them.

Gipsies are quite out of the reach of School Boards. Through being constantly on the move, and living in tents and vans, they know nothing of schools or books. Their ignorance is very grievous. Some years ago an evangelist who worked among them on behalf of the London City Mission, came upon an encampment of some forty individuals, not one of whom could read; and among four hundred and

sixty-two persons he found only a dozen who were able to do so. "Can you read?" he enquired of a wiry dame who was ninety years of age. "Read, sir?" answered the woman, surprised that such a question should be asked; "how's the like of us to learn to read, living under a hedge, or in a bush? Our longest stay is when we lay in." On one occasion he spoke to a young fellow about his soul until the lad looked puzzled and incredulous. "A soul, what's that?" he said. He had never heard that the body was tenanted by a soul; he knew nothing about any life beyond the grave; for, on being asked what he thought would become of him at death, he replied, in words which reflected the common belief of the tribes, "I goes underground."

Many of them are possessed with the unclean spirit of gambling. A man has been known to lose £75 in one day in betting on horses; and he would sometimes gamble away not only his money, but even his van, and the very clothes he wore. Gambling very naturally leads to other vices, and hence none will be surprised to find that excessive



drinking prevails. "I have several times gone into an encampment and met men and women with black eyes and scarred faces, the cause of which has been drunkenness," says the missionary already quoted. "When I have spoken to them about it they have given me to understand that when the beer is in the wit is out. One man told me he had spent many a £5 at a sitting in beer and spirits. Another spent £3 for weeks regularly; and another declared that for five years he had regularly paid £1 weekly for his beer score. Several of them have assured me that for months they never went to bed sober." Of course there are many exceptions. The habit of drinking stimulates savage sports, such as dog and cock fighting, and fighting among themselves. This is the worst side of the gipsy character: the more hopeful side is their willingness to be visited, and to be conversed with on religious subjects. "If you were my own son I should not be more glad to see you," was the warm welcome of a gipsy woman to a Christian visitor who cared for her clan.

Notwithstanding the uncommon difficulties that stand in the way of

their elevation, the experience of those who have laboured among the gipsies shows that they are just as reclaimable as any other illiterate people. One of the hardest trials of those who desire to reform is the temptation put in their way by silly educated people who ought to know better. One who was thus tempted declared, "I would die in the work-house before I would go back to serve the devil to please you." Certain *ladies* even offered to support an old woman if she would but tell their fortunes, and confine her services to them alone. She bravely declined, and dismissed her disturbers with, "Good-bye, ladies, I hope I shant see you no more."

A gipsy youth who, some years ago, joined a Christian church in the north of London, remarked in one of his letters to a friend—"If it pleases God, when I become a man, or as soon as I can, I will be a missionary. It appears to me as if there is something very often saying to me as follows—'Son, go work to-day in my vineyard.' Therefore I feel it is my duty to work for my Father, my everlasting Father." This young man's sisters were as interesting and hopeful as himself, and made encouraging progress in the best things.

The elevating influence of the gospel is seen in many ways, and one of these is the desire which numbers express to become lawfully married after having lived improperly together for a number of years. Not only are the young prevailed upon to marry, but even old people also have come forward. The grotesque and the serious occasionally come very near together in cases where unsophisticated nature is in action, but perhaps they were never more singularly blended than in the following example:—A certain aged woman lay upon her deathbed, after having lived for half a century with her reputed husband. Smitten by conscience, she expressed a wish to be married like a Christian. Only a short time before she had made herself a shroud as complacently as a youthful bride would have stitched a wedding dress. On the appointed day she was unable to stand, for she was actually dying. She was dressed by friends, however, and then she was taken to the church and married while sitting in a chair. The poor creature was then hurried back to bed, and then spoke of the shroud which her own hands had made a few days before. It was said that her conversion, her marriage, death, and burial all took place within three months.

The above has the drawback of being a deathbed repentance; but, happily, among the gipsies who enjoy robust health, and who have their best days before them, cases of very genuine conversion can be quoted. To this class belonged a woman named A—— B——, a notorious fortune-teller, who on one of her luckiest days would realize more than a couple of sovereigns by her cunning craft. When the truth entered this woman's heart she at once gave up her nefarious ways, and although no means of livelihood were visible her faith was equal to the trial. Her clever impostures had been a source of great gain to her connections, but now she desired them to provide honestly for themselves, meanwhile declaring—"I won't run my soul into sin again." The family were naturally amazed at so unaccountable a change, and their persecution became a heavy cross to bear. The woman was grievously tried among her ribald companions, but bearing her witness by a changed life and by her Christian zeal she was not long alone.

She became instrumental in effecting the conversion of one of the men, who became so quiet and steady that his comrades thought that he must be ill. His only disease was that of the soul, and the remedy was discovered when he found the Saviour.

What appears to be really needed is to devise some method of getting hold of the children to compel their attendance at school like the children of other people. On this subject we are able to quote as a witness Mr. George Smith, who is at present engaged in attempting to improve the condition of the tribes. "The following particulars," he says, "related to me by a well-known gipsy woman in the neighbourhood of 'Wormwood Scrubbs' and the 'North Pole,' remarkable for her truthfulness, honesty, and uprightness, will tend to show that my previous statements as regards the amount of ignorance prevalent among the poor gipsy children has not been over-stated. She has had six brothers and one sister, all born in a tent, and only one of the eight could read a little. She has had nine children born in a tent, four of which are alive, and only one could read and write a little. She has seventeen grandchildren, and only two of them can read and write a little, and thinks this a fair average of other gipsy children. She tells me that she got a most fat living for more than twenty years by telling lies and fortunes to servant girls, old maids, and young men, mostly out of a book of which she could not read a sentence or tell a letter. She said she had heard that I had taken up the cause of the poor gipsy children to get them educated, and, with hands uplifted and tears in her eyes, which left no doubt of her meaning, said, 'I do hope from the bottom of my heart that God will bless and prosper you in the work till a law is passed, and the poor gipsy children are brought under the School Board, and their parents compelled to send them to school as other people are. The poor gipsy children are poor, ignorant things, I can assure you.' She also said, 'Does the Queen wish all our poor gipsy children to be educated?' I told her that the Queen took special interest in the children of the working classes, and was always pleased to hear of their welfare. Again, with tears trickling down her face, she said, 'I do thank the Lord for such a good Queen, and for such a noble-hearted woman. I do bless her. Do thou, Lord, bless her!' After some further conversation, and taking dinner with her in her humble way in the van, she said she hoped I would not be insulted if she offered me, as from a poor gipsy woman, a shilling to help me in the work of getting a law passed to compel the gipsies to send their children to school."

The gipsies have been misunderstood in different ways. There are romantic people who magnify their virtues, and there are others who deal out sweeping condemnation, as though to be a gipsy was to be past all hope. The fact is that gipsies are, like ourselves, sinners needing a Saviour, and their hearts are as open to receive the gospel as the hearts of other people. They have become so accustomed to certain habits that they hardly recognize them as sins, but if matters were explained to them they are open to improvement. They need to be persuaded into adopting a better mode of life than that of the road, which is naturally beset with temptation: and now that England has become unsuited to their roving life they should be earnestly persuaded to settle down.

Our belief is, that the gipsy tribes will never be reached by anything except the gospel. The ingenious suggestions for gipsy amelioration, put forth by daily-journal moralists, who ignore the existence of Christianity, are impracticable, and would only disappoint those who should attempt to carry them out. There is no middle way or hope of compromise. If they are not won for Christ, the gipsies will remain a thorn in the side of our civilization. Is there not somewhere in England a man who would live and die to save the gipsies?

Be not Discouraged.

WORK for Jesus, when it is done as it ought to be, makes great demands upon the mind and heart. Mere jog-trot routine can keep on by the year together without much wear and tear, and without much result; but when a passion for souls is felt, and the entire being strains its utmost powers in pleading with men, the case is altered. A sermon or an address which sensibly moves the audience makes a large demand upon the heart's blood of the soul: as a rule, it not only costs an ardent preparation, and a vehement rush of emotion during delivery, but it tells upon the whole system when it is over, and drains from it much of its force. An express train may put on the continuous brake, and pull up in a short space, but a heart in tremendous action cannot stay itself. For hours, and even for days, the whole man feels the momentum of a thrilling appeal, his soul continues to rise with the theme when his voice is silenced, and when this ceases there is sure to be a reaction, which frequently takes the form of a sinking equal to the previous rise. If not well watched, despondency will grow out of this, and the best workers for God will find themselves weak, weary, and tempted to shun the service. This is to be dreaded, and every means must be used to prevent it. Brethren, one who knows by experience what is meant by a downcast spirit, produced by ardent service, would warn you against bringing it upon yourselves. There is need of vehement service, and there must needs be a great draught upon the strength of truly useful men and women, but there is no necessity for our running down too low—in fact, we must not do so, or our usefulness will be marred. We must be careful to guard against monotony of thought, for this eats as doth a canker. We must not dwell so exclusively upon our work and its responsibilities, nor even upon the souls of men and their danger: we must remember more distinctly our Lord and his grace and power to save us and our hearers. We must remember the victories of the cross as well as the ruin of the fall. Even our Lord Jesus did not always reflect upon the destruction of Jerusalem, or he would have stood weeping over it all his life, and have accomplished nothing for mankind. Let us give the mind a wider sweep, and consider the glories of grace as well as the sorrows of sin. Great joy will help to repair the damage of great work, and with a due measure of rest between, we may hope to go on cheerfully from year to year, till our great Master shall call us home.

C. H. S.

William O'Brian.*

THE author of the life of William O'Brian asks his readers at the outset, "What does it matter where a man is born?" He at once gives evidence that he thinks it of very much importance indeed, for he proceeds to say something about places of birth in general, and of the place of Mr. O'Brian's birth in particular. Because the county of Cornwall claims him as her own, the "peculiarities and interesting features" of that part of Great Britain are pointed out, while a roll of Cornish worthies is appended. This, to say the least, helps to make up a book.

We are next told that the name "has been variously spelt," Mr. Thorne himself adding rather perplexingly to the variety. On the title-page it is O'Bryan; on the first page we have O'Brian and O'Bryan indiscriminately; and then through the book the author writes "Mr. O'B.," thus saving himself the trouble of spelling the name at all. This looks just a little slovenly, and we hope the fashion will not be followed. If a man has done anything in life worthy of being chronicled, he deserves to have his name properly given in a biography, and should not be settled off as Mr. A, Mr. B, or Mr. C.

The O'Brians appear to have come over from Ireland in the time of Oliver Cromwell, and to have been in sympathy with the religion and the political sentiments of that great man. The country they selected as a dwelling-place was Cornwall; and there, under the name of Bryan, Brian, Bryant, or Briant, its several branches are still found. Mr. O'Brian's grand-parents were engaged both in farming and in tin-mining; and while the father managed to maintain a respectable position, the mother was recognised as being "the first in the parish that had tea furniture," and it was the old lady's custom to entertain with a tiny cupful of the cheering beverage any particular friend whom she delighted to honour. The son of these old people and the father of William O'Brian must have been a very representative Cornishman of the eighteenth century. He was sent to school like other boys, but much preferred the active labour of a tin mine to poring over books. Such was his energy and thrift that he amassed considerable wealth. In his young days he excelled in wrestling, the parson occasionally attending at the ring with a horsewhip to keep proper order. Hunting was also a diversion largely indulged in by clergymen of that period; and after prayers were over on a Sunday, the parish pastor would prepare for a Monday's ride across the country. This man once contracted some confused notions respecting conversion, and he remarked one day to a man-servant, "I have been in this parish thirty years, and do not know that I have converted any one, canst thou tell the cause of it?" "Our Lord said to Peter," the man replied, "'When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren'; you are not converted yourself." Well might it then be asked, "What sort of bishops could there have been in those days to ordain such parsons, and send them forth to guide the people to heaven?" Hunting parsons are not an extinct species; for the recently-published life of one who is still living in

* William O'Brian, Founder of the Bible Christians. Bradford: published by the Author.

Devonshire is professedly a sporting book; but they are happily getting rare, and we hope will soon be improved from off the face of the earth.

Mr. O'Brian's mother was a truly choice woman, who became the instrument of her husband's conversion, and the entertainer of the Methodist preachers in Cornwall. When she was a child at home at Mena Lanivet the old house appears to have had a supernatural occupant similar to the mysterious lodger—noisy but invisible—who inhabited the house of the Wesleys. "I have heard my mother say," remarks Mr. O'Brian, "that sometimes in the evening, when the family were sitting below, they have heard as if a man were walking in the chamber above and bustling about, when none of the family was absent, and they knew it was nobody living in the flesh, and this not once or twice merely, but for a continuance of time; but after they were accustomed to it, it became less alarming." We do not attempt either to explain or to explain away this strange circumstance. By one, at least, it was very vividly remembered throughout life; and it was likewise to her "a confirming evidence of a future state and the existence of a world of spirits."

As a wife, a mother, and a housewife, Mrs. O'Brian was a model woman—"A pattern of industry, neatness, and cleanliness in her house." All her dependents led happy lives beneath her gentle rule. It was to be expected that the children of such a woman would turn out well, especially when her husband was in all respects like-minded. The state of society in that part of Cornwall in her time is thus depicted:—

"The clergy in our neighbourhood bore no good report. Our house was near the border of three parishes. The character of each parson of these three parishes was such as to render him repulsive rather than to invite fellowship. Most of the people who went to our parish church appeared to be on the side of Satan instead of Christ. We had about two miles to go to church, and, when a lad, in returning I have pitied the people on hearing their vain and trifling conversation. Theirs seemed to me egregious folly, as if they went to church they knew not why. On the close of the service at church, the sexton regularly took his stand outside the gate by the wall to cry anything that was to be published—a calf to be sold, an auction at such a time and place, &c. This was a common case. The public-house was on the opposite side of the way, where it was a custom for many to go from church to drink. Sunday was the landlord's chief market day, and at his house on the Lord's-day the monthly vestry was held until my appointment as overseer, when it was cut off at a stroke and appointed on a week-day. Our vicar was partial to hunting as well as his predecessor."

Mr. O'Brian was converted in childhood, and he could remember John Wesley's hand being placed upon his head, and hearing that veteran's prayer, "May he be a blessing to hundreds and thousands." Even in childhood his piety was very fervent and seemed never to flag. He married early, made a good match, and while he was not influenced in his choice by worldly considerations, there was more philosophy than sentimentality in his first love-making, which occurred at the romantic age of seventeen. As a youth he had a goodly heritage, as he himself admits; and being besides "rather tall, stout, healthy, and vigorous," he thought of setting up as his own master with a wife by the time that

he was nineteen. He came across the very girl who seemed to be thrown in his way by providence ; and as no "truly pious young man" was available for a companion, there was the more reason for his marrying a devoted young woman. The one first selected was pious, well educated, and possessed of £1,000. "Though not what some might call handsome, she was shapely in person, and, which was of vast importance, next to grace, to all appearance healthy, and had a healthy father." He goes on to say, "I thought I could love this young woman as a spiritual sister and a companion above all others. Before I named the matter to her father or mine, I made a proposal to her to begin a correspondence. Her reply was that 'It was a temptation.' *That matter was settled.*" Then follow sentiments which some will find hard of digestion ; and we are not ourselves sure that a distracted, heart-broken lover is not to be preferred to such a downright stoic as Mr. O'Brian seems to have been. We do not believe in taking such matters quite so coolly. He says, "It has been said of some, on a repulse, they have been in trouble about it. Who can pity such childish creatures? Can there be a greater proof that such ought not to marry, lest it should increase the number of ignoramuses in the world? We were more sociable afterwards than before, and much more in each other's company. Living near, we sometimes walked together to the meeting, yet not a word on the dead and buried subject was spoken on either side. This was the first and last proposal to anyone except her I married. Some speak of distressing love. That seems strange." This is all very fine, but those who are made of ordinary flesh and blood cannot be quite so icy.

Mr. O'Brian having missed his first intended, met with a greater prize in Catherine Cowlin, whom he married in July, 1803. She, too, was a devoted Methodist, whom neither threatening nor coaxing could keep away from the meetings. She sang well, possessed excellent gifts in prayer, and was, above all, a powerful preacher in after days. On the day of their marriage, and while standing "at the communion-table, a heifer came in and walked up the aisle. It was hot weather, and the poor animal, seeing the door open, walked in for shade." We do not know why the fact is mentioned; for it is by no means unusual to see a calf at a wedding. The happy pair lived to extreme old age, Mr. O'Brian dying in January, 1868, and his wife about eight years before.

Mr. O'Brian was a very active and successful preacher among the Methodists until the rupture with the Society occurred in 1810. The cause of offence is not made very plain ; but as numbers believed him to be guilty of no greater crime than that of taking the Bible for his rule and Christ for his example, he soon attracted a large following, and his people were called Bible Christians. He seems, however, to have been desirous from the first not to encourage a secession. "The Bible Christian church was formed of new members. For years afterwards, while he was labouring intensely hard among the unconverted population, no thought of separation occurred." He expressed "his doubt whether he acted wisely in cleaving so long to the Methodists, but says he was in the school of experience six years." The first quarterly meeting of the body called Bible Christians was held in 1815. The first conference

assembled in 1819. At the eleventh conference, held in 1829, the separation occurred which led to his going to America shortly afterwards.

"He was a Christian and an earnest preacher; a plain man, dressing much like the Quakers or Friends of old, plain in dress, plain in speech. He was an early riser, getting up in winter at five o'clock, and in summer at four a.m. He lived to be nearly ninety years old. His piety was tried by family affliction, tried by loss of property, tried by persecution and mobs, tried by a separation from his friends at the disruption in 1829, tried by abundance, tried by poverty, tried by bereavement, tried also by time. But the longest day closes. The oldest believer dies. January 8th, 1868, he got up, but soon retired to bed. He asked his daughter Serena to read to him the prayer of Ezra, the prayer of Hezekiah, the prayer of Daniel, and the fortieth psalm, 'I waited patiently for the Lord.' Then observing, 'That will do, shut the book,' he fell asleep in Jesus, and was gathered to his fathers."

The above is from a funeral sermon by Mr. Thorne. The materials supplied by such a life ought to have given us a better book than the one before us, even the common orthography of which needs to be corrected in a future edition.

Broad Churchism.

BROAD churchism is the most direct, and the most dangerous, of the evil influences which are abroad. Broad-churchism sits in Moses' seat, and from the pulpit pours down upon unsuspecting congregations its weekly disintegrating influence. It is not the less dangerous that it is difficult to define it. For it is not so much the assertion of a positive error, as it is the diluting of Scripture truth. Its secret wish and aim is to get quit of doctrine—plain Scripture doctrine, and to substitute in its place a spirit and sentiment of its own, which is plastic, and which will fit in more conveniently with the tastes of the natural man. It lowers the inspiration of Scripture. It substitutes culture for regeneration, sentiment for faith, entertainment for worship, and the services which please man and flatter him for the self-denying duties of religion. And in doing this it wittingly makes much use of the words of Scripture—"perverting the prophets and purloining the psalms." It evaporates the elemental truths of the Gospel into moonshine and mist. It is an exhibition of religion which falls in entirely with the tastes and showy refinements and indulgent luxuries of the day. Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, says of Broad-church apostles, "In their sermons and articles they shed a dim religious light, like that of the stained glass in their church windows, and they create feelings like those produced by music, and do thus interest and draw all those who are not prepared to listen to deeper spiritual truth." "Their glow is like that of the evening sky, soon to sink into darkness, as the luminary which gives the light departs from behind." Broad-church teaching is not venison caught by honest hunting in the fields of Scripture. It is only a kid of the goats skilfully cooked and seasoned.—"*The Religion of Scotland the Religion of the Bible,*" by the Rev. J. W. Taylor.

The Gospel in the Hop-gardens and Villages of Kent in 1879.

BY J. BURNHAM, METROPOLITAN TABERNAACLE EVANGELIST.

ONCE more, by invitation of the Rev. J. J. Kendon, of Goudhurst, we have had the privilege of labouring among the hop-pickers. Though hard, yet very enjoyable and interesting we have found the work. We cannot but wish that some of our well-to-do Christians could have joined us in this campaign, that they might more fully understand the Master's command—"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."

This season of the year brings into these parts thousands of the poorest and most degraded from the alleys and back slums of our large towns and cities; and we have here a splendid opportunity for presenting to them the gospel, such an opportunity as rarely occurs in their London haunts. Shut in, for the greater part of the year, in dirty, narrow courts, where the sun scarcely ever finds its way; crowded indecently, as they too often are; their "homes"—hardly worthy the sacred name—the abodes of wretchedness and filth; poverty, sin, and misery their constant companions; it becomes a luxury for the poor creatures to turn out for three or four weeks into the beautifully fresh and invigorating air of the hop gardens; and this luxury they are not slow to appreciate, as their merry laugh and song testify.

With a heart full of compassion for them, and yearning after their spiritual welfare, Mr. Kendon has, for several years past, sought in a variety of ways to help them both temporally and spiritually; and in no small measure has he succeeded in ameliorating suffering, and leading the poor wanderers to Christ. So much has this work grown on his hands year by year, that, if means were forthcoming, many men might be employed in this Christ-like mission of mercy.

With a plentiful supply of tracts and illustrated fly-leaves we visit the hop-gardens daily, leaving a silent messenger with each picker, and pictures for the children, in the meantime eagerly watching our opportunity to speak a word for the Master. Strange are the characters, and widely different the receptions we meet with. Many who have visited these parts for years, and have received good, recognize and warmly welcome us as we enter the garden. Others welcome neither us nor our message; for steeped in sin and indifference, they would rather not hear anything that is calculated to come between them and their darling sins. When we begin to broach the subject of religion, they bluntly tell us they "don't want our religion." Gently reminding them that the day may come when they *will* want our Saviour, and will they therefore remember against that day, "His blood cleanseth from all sin"? we pass on. Again, we meet with stern denial, but not so much from godlessness this time as from deeply rooted prejudice against us, begotten and fostered by their staunch adherence to the Roman Catholic church. The zeal with which they will defend their "holy church," the invocation of the "holy virgin" and "the saints," is such as ought to shame many a cold professor of Christianity. Alas! how slow we are

to defend "*the truth* as it is in Jesus." Our hearts are often cheered by finding warm-hearted believers among these poor strangers; many of them very familiar with the names of Ned Wright, Orsman, Holland, Lewis, and other worthy brethren, who are so nobly seeking, by God's help, to stem the tide of poverty, distress, and iniquity amongst the lower classes of London. On our way home the other day we called at the "hopper houses," where a few had just returned from the gardens; and here we witnessed a scene that we shall not soon forget. A staunch Roman Catholic Irish woman attacked our companion, launched out boldly into discussion, and in no measured terms told him, "Shure and ye'll be on the left hand by-and-by, if ye don't come over to the only true and holy catholic church; ye *can't* be saved without the holy virgin"; and much more akin to that. All the men, women, and children from the "hopper houses" soon gathered round the two combatants, and, with open mouth and eye, eagerly drank in the whole scene, and listened with intense interest as each sought to convince the other of error. At one instant the spectators smile at some smart cut of the Irish woman; then all are serious as my friend grows earnest in his theme; again the whole company burst into a fit of laughter as the woman, for want of argument, once more in an almost burning passion exclaims, "Shure, and ye're all on the road to hell, if ye don't come over to the holy church." Now follows one of the strangest prayer-meetings we ever witnessed. "Well," says my friend, "if you so sincerely believe I am wrong I think you ought to pray for me to be converted." "Faith, and so I will." "*At once, and here,*" says Mr. Kendon. At once she dropped on her knees, Mr. Kendon on his knees facing her, all heads uncovered, and she begins, "O God, convert his sowl, and bring him over to the true church, by the holy virgin. Amen." Mr. Kendon follows briefly, earnestly pouring out his soul for her, that she "may be brought into the family of God, by the Lord Jesus; and her earnestness and zeal be directed and used by Him." As she warmly shakes hands at parting, she expresses her suspicion that by his prayer she believes he is a true Catholic, only he won't own it. This service and prayer-meeting have several times been spoken of among the "hoppers," and those who were present will be likely to remember it as long as life lasts. May they also remember and profit by the truth they then heard.

One particularly interesting feature in this mission among the "hoppers" is the "Free tea" on Sundays. On Sunday, September 21st, we had the largest gathering we have had. The weather being favourable, and the work growing in interest, soon after three o'clock in the afternoon people began to gather, from miles around, to the meadow where the tea was to be given. At half-past three the "hoppers" began to come in goodly numbers. We open our organ, and, with a large band of singers from Mr. Kendon's school, commence singing some of the well known hymns from Sankey's book. By four o'clock we have well-nigh a thousand gathered around us, as we briefly address them from the truth contained in the hymns. After a few words of welcome from Mr. Kendon, bread-and-butter, cake, and tea are soon rapidly disappearing. A more interesting scene can scarcely be imagined than this hungry group of "hoppers" scattered over the

greensward at their evening meal. We think of the Master, and long for more of his spirit, who, as he saw the multitude, was "moved with compassion" toward them. Our heart yearns over them, for evidently many of them are too well accustomed to the foul tongue, oaths, curses, and harsh treatment; and now, as we speak of the tenderness and love of Jesus, the "Friend of sinners," the upturned face and tear-dimmed eye tell more eloquently than any words could how deeply they need this Friend, and how sweetly the message falls on their ear—as "good tidings" indeed. At six o'clock we retire to the chapel for evening service, many following us, eager to hear more of the Word of Life.

Much more might be said, and many interesting incidents might be given, concerning this work; but this we leave for some future paper, and hasten on, as we have a few words to say on another feature of the work, which is yearly growing in interest and importance. Open-air services in the surrounding villages each evening deserve special notice. This year they have been better attended, and in every respect more successful than in any former year. Two or three of us drive off, during the afternoon, to the village where we purpose holding the evening service. Having put up our pony at an inn, we separate, and visit every house in the village, leaving a handbill announcing the service, and inviting all to attend. This gives us many an opportunity of speaking a word quietly for the Master; and very cordial has been the reception we have met with in every place. Seven o'clock finds many of the villagers gathering on the green as we open our organ and begin the service. By the time we have fairly commenced we have a large and very attentive congregation. We have been specially cheered this year by the large numbers attending these services. Heartily they have joined in the singing, eagerly they have drunk in the message, and on many a face we have seen the answering look, and the tears chasing each other down the cheek. In this work we have never met with less opposition than we have this year. It was threatened one evening; as we distributed bills, many were the prophecies of evil; and the last thing before taking our stand we were cautioned by a friend, and informed that dirty water was waiting for us just over the wall; that this was the "dirty reception" a certain open-air preacher had got on this spot each time he had attempted to "open fire." Nothing daunted, we commenced; and instead of having "no one present," as several had predicted, we soon had a large crowd, and better still, a conscious sense of the Master's presence. We neither saw nor heard the slightest attempt at interruption throughout; and, at the close, in reply to an astonished enquirer as to the secret of such a quiet, orderly service, the answer was, "*At the very same time* we were pleading with souls here, well nigh three thousand were pleading for us at the Tabernacle prayer meeting (Sept. 15th); the Lord disarmed opposition, and once more fulfilled his Word, 'It shall come to pass that, before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear;' this was the secret, my friend." In this same village, as we closed our last service, a gentleman came up and said, "As one of the oldest inhabitants in this place, I wish most warmly to thank you for these services; we feel they have done us good." This is but a representative case, for much the same testimony was borne in

each village as we took our farewell. "We want more of *this sort*, sir," was the expression of a countryman, as we said "Good bye!" to the most ritualistic village in Kent. And in another village, where darkness and indifference have reigned for years, an elderly lady grasped our hand at the close of the farewell service, and said, "God bless you, sir, for these visits; they have done us good, and lifted us heavenward; we are sorry this is the last service." In some of these villages where squireism, priestism, and Ritualism are the reigning influences, it seems quite a luxury to carry *the Gospel*, and equally a luxury to the people to listen. Never have we been so deeply impressed with the need of open-air work in the villages as we have by the experience of this campaign; and we long and pray for the Lord to open the eyes and hearts of his stewards to the importance of this mission, that if spared till another season many more labourers may enter into this wide sphere, at present restricted for want of means and men.

We were one evening favoured with the help of Ned Wright in an open-air service at Marden. We had then such a company and such a scene as will long live in our memory. In the middle of the village stands a tree in an open spot where three roads meet. Seventeen years ago we stood there at the planting of this tree in commemoration of the marriage of the Prince of Wales. Never since then has there been witnessed such a gathering in Marden as that beneath this tree on the 19th of September to listen to Ned Wright. The interest evinced was most encouraging. Many old men grey in sin were seen weeping as this earnest evangelist told of the power of saving grace as manifested in his own conversion. At the close of a powerful address, with evident emotion, Mr. Wright said, "Before I get down I am going to spend a few minutes in prayer; and if any here would like specially to be remembered before the mercy-seat, will you hold up your hands." Some twelve or fourteen hands were up in a moment, and two or three so evidently in earnest that they forgot the company, and shouted as they thrust up their hands, "I, sir, I."

The lamp we have used in these services has been a constant travelling sermon, and has caught the attention of hundreds. Picture to yourself a large lamp with frosted glass, throwing out in bold relief on one side in large black letters, "Escape for thy life," and on the other side, "The wages of sin is death," and you can imagine the interest it would create as we carried it from village to village.

At our services, suspended from a crook over the crowd, its warning message has shone far up the street, and helped to draw many beneath the sound of the gospel.

The evening prior to our closing service we had a very interesting gathering in a farm-house kitchen. The farmer gave a "free tea" to all his pickers, and embraced the opportunity of preaching the gospel to them. The spacious kitchen was crowded, and such was the power of the Spirit in the meeting that few of us will be likely ever to forget it; and some, we believe, will have special cause to remember it with thankfulness throughout eternity. Our hearts were deeply stirred by the honest and earnest appeal of the farmer to the company, whom he regarded "after so many years of acquaintance more as personal friends than employés." This mutual confidence and regard is what we love to see between masters and men; this is as it should be.

We cannot close without naming one interesting incident (out of many) as an example to Christian parents. At a service we happened to speak of parents praying for children by name ; on our way home it was laid on our heart to call at a certain house (a house we had never before entered) and there we found the daughter had been to the service, and was deeply impressed ; the moment we began to speak of Jesus, she and her mother burst into tears ; after a few minutes' conversation we knelt in prayer before parting. Mr. K. outside waiting for us is about to tap at the door, when he hears us in prayer, and strolls on a few yards. A voice attracts his attention at the next house. He pauses, and hears a mother carrying into practice the counsel just given at the service. Around her are kneeling her children, and one by one she is naming them and their special temptations, as she wrestles with God for their salvation. "Oh, God, bless Tom ; keep him from temptation ; enable him to give himself to thee *now* ; oh, God, save him." As they rose from their knees Mr. K. turned from the gate ; but just then a little girl saw him, and exclaimed, "There is the gentleman, mother ;" Mr. K. turned and met the mother at the door. "My-dear friend, you have done my heart good ; pardon me for listening ; I could not resist the temptation when I heard the voice of prayer ; the Lord give you the desire of your heart ; he will ; for the promise is unto you and your children ; may the Lord speedily answer your prayer, and save them *all*."

We should like to add more on this interesting theme, but we refrain. Will you, dear reader, pray that the seed thus sown may bring forth much fruit ; and also that the Lord of the harvest will thrust out many more labourers into this wide field of service, until the many priest-ridden villages and hamlets of our beloved fatherland shall echo and re-echo with the

"Old, old story,
"Of Jesus and his love!"

Gratitude of Poor Believers.

THE gratitude of the godly poor often shames us, for we are grumbling over luxuries while they are exceedingly grateful for the barest necessities. A godly couple living near Salisbury Plain had never possessed a blanket till a Christian friend at Bratton hearing of their destitution sent them a pair. They were so overjoyed at the comfort of the blankets as to say that *they hoped they were not going to have their portion in this life*. Think of this, ye whose silks and satins cost you so much, and yet are so little prized. Think of this, all who are plentifully provided for. Next time we receive the Lord's gracious gifts with an ungrateful indifference let us remember this lonely couple, and let confusion cover us. A present of an old garment often evokes more thankfulness from an aged believer than is felt by those who are sumptuously apparelled from year to year, and have many changes of raiment.

Jesus at Prayer.

A PRAYER-MEETING ADDRESS, BY C. A. DAVIS, OF BRADFORD.

"And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed."—Mark i. 35.

PRAYER is the contact of the soul with God. We are often driven heavenward by distress, like a vessel that comes into port only for refuge from the storm, or the beggar, who would never ply his abject calling but for the pressure of poverty. Many of the psalms are examples of this sort of prayer; Christ himself in Gethsemane cried out of the depths; and God has set his signet-mark upon it—"Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." But prayerfulness that utters only the cry of pain is unhealthy. Jesus spent the night in prayer when they would have made him king; and in the case before us a day of unusual popularity was followed by retreat to the Father's footstool, as the sweetest relief from man's applause. Unless prosperity wafts us to God as much as the gales of adversity drive us thither, our good fortune will be our bane.

Listening to our Lord we shall enter the temple of prayer, and, before passing through the holy place into the holiest of all, we must pause in *the outer court*. The circumstances of the previous day shall constitute for us the outer court of this temple. It had been a day of incessant labour. In the synagogue he had taught with an authority which astonished his hearers. During the service a weird incident had occurred: the cry of a demon had been heard, the mighty preacher had ejected him, and the amazed spectators spread the report through the whole neighbourhood. The healer must now have more employment. The fever-stricken mother-in-law of Peter is made whole, and she rises from her sick bed to prepare for her Physician and his company the mid-day meal. At sunset—for the people have only waited for the last moment of the Sabbath to set them free for the labour of carrying their sick—all the diseased are brought to the door, and all are healed. Nay, the whole city is gathered there; blest premonition of the world's position in the latter days. After such a day the Son of man went weary to rest, not, however, to remain long in the chamber of repose. It had been a day of unparalleled success: the popularity of Jesus had risen to a higher mark than ever before: the whole town rung with his name: the Sabbath had been unprecedented in Capernaum: and now nothing was the table-talk at every fireside in the city but Jesus the prophet, his authoritative teaching, and his wonder-working power.

Through this outer approach to the shrine of prayer we advance nearer to the *holy place*. "Rising up a great while before day, he went out into a solitary place."

The lonely time was favourable to devotion, it was "a great while before day." The world was still, no buzz of business was audible; the very birds had not begun to rustle their feathers, nor chirp their morning call. The stars still looked down on the slumbering earth, and the east was not yet reddening with the sunrise. I think the very winds were asleep, or, if awake, they hushed their sighing at the sound of the Saviour's tread. Only One was awake in that town; all others slept. Many a healed one was wrapped in refreshing repose, such as he had never known before; the Redeemer alone was stirring. It was the first day of the week, which he afterwards signalized by another kind of early rising. It is blessed to open the gate of the day with prayer, its path will be the brighter. The hallowed morning hour perfumes all the hot day that follows it.

At this lonely time Jesus set out on a solitary walk. One door was opened, and one man stepped forth into the dim, fresh morning. One footstep might have been heard echoing on the paved walk, or brushing away the dew from the grass, as, emerging from the town, the Lord took his way to the place of prayer. No one was with him. The Lord was in his holy temple, all the earth kept silence before him. Oh, but he walked with God, and though no

audible converse was to be heard, yet that soul was deep wrapped in heavenly communings, and heaven was engrossed with the sacred converse.

The lonely walk brought him to a secluded place. Where was it? Near the sea, where the solemn waves beat time to his prayers, and seemed to lull to rest its perpetual moanings at sight of the Redeemer come at last? Or to the mountain, to be near heaven and command wide views of earth for which he prayed? Or to some secluded vale of rest amid the perfume of the wild flowers, where he might pray that earth might once more blossom as a garden, and the blight of sin be taken away?

The solitary place, wherever it was, reveals Christ's solitary spirit. Every human being's truest life is spent in loneliness. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddeth not with its joy." We may admit friends into the outer precincts of our lives, but no human being can come into the secret, innermost life of another. Every man is alone with God. God alone can minister to the deep craving of the spirit. This, which is true of all men, was intensely true of Jesus. There was not on earth one who could sympathize with him; and, alone in the midst of his disciples, alone in a city full of admirers, Christ turns from the world of blunt, coarse natures to the only One who knew him and could commune with him. Christ, who was alone in the crowd, enjoyed sacred society in solitude. "I am not alone: the Father is with me."

Was it a reflection on the sinful world? Only thus is he away from his Father's enemies; only thus away from sin. As Jeremiah cried for a lodge in the wilderness, and David for the wings of a dove, and Elijah fled to the desert with "I only am left," so Jesus can escape from the abounding of sin only by separating himself from the society of men.

And so, through loneliness and seclusion, we are brought to *the most holy place*—"And there prayed."

Prayer was no strange thing to him. His baptism was sanctified with prayer. Here at Capernaum, after his laborious day of beneficence, his prayers prevented the dawning of the morning. The fevered hours of acclaim, when the multitude would have crowned him King, were cooled with the night dews of prayer. Sometimes his disciples overheard him, and craved from him his holy secret,— "Lord, teach us to pray." On the lovely spur of Hermon, where the glory of his transfiguration crowned the brow of night, that radiance beamed forth while he was praying. At the grave of Lazarus he thanked his Father for audience of his prayer that had gone before. The Gentiles wait to see him, heralds of the homage-paying world, and his voice going up to heaven in prayer gains audible response. In the upper room he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and the prayer then offered may well hush the world to reverent worship. In the garden his woes find voice in prayer: and the very cross becomes his oratory, he prays for his executioners while his blood is encrimsoning their hands. He lived in the atmosphere of nearness to God: his spirit exhaled devotion as naturally as the flowers breathe out fragrance.

And here he is come to pray. He enters as Worshipper into the temple of God to offer up purest devotion. No mingling of strange fire or unhallowed incense defiles the golden censer of his heart. The fragrance of this morning worship, as it rises amongst the adoring ranks above, sweetens heaven. Surely angelic worship pauses spell-bound while the spirit of Jesus kneels at the Father's feet. A celestial hush makes audience for his voice. Never was such an offering of worship placed upon the altar of God.

He came there as High Priest to offer intercession for the people. Did he pray for the healed, that health of soul might seal to them the lesser blessing? for his disciples, that they in their turn might become dispensers of spiritual health? for the next day, with its fresh scenes and renewed labours? for his work, that it might be conducted all along the line to its glorious consummation, when he should cry, "It is finished"? for all who should believe on him to eternal life? and for us who here and now look with trustful love to his throne?

Oh, that we could overhear him! Let us go with Simon, and seek him Hush! he rises and comes forth from his seclusion, the wild flowers clinging to his robe, to lead his disciples to another place of labour. For this is the end of prayer, to lay before God service done, and to gain strength for service yet to be entered upon.

Christian, here is your Saviour, follow him to the lonely, yet not lonely, retreat of prayer. Again he is risen early on another first day of the week, and departed to the veritable holy of holies, *there* to pray. And what is the strain of his pleadings? Enough that our name is interwoven in them—for “he ever liveth to make intercession for us.”

“John Pearce, the Colporteur.”*

THIS book should be read by all who are interested in the diffusion of pure literature through the agency of colportage; and if others, who do not altogether understand what colportage is, become acquainted with Master John's triumphs and defeats, his joys and his sorrows, they will certainly be gainers by their pains. The talented authoress has done admirable service in depicting a godly colporteur at work, and giving us a graphic description of his district and surroundings. We learn how, even in the way of reading, the rich may help the poor; and how, too, in this respect, humble cottagers may become indebted to those above them without surrendering self-respect.

Making Langford the centre of operation, John breaks up new ground—that is, he enters on what appears to be an unpromising district, and we see him at his work. After a satisfactory round the honest fellow would return to his humble but comfortable lodging in a happy mood. “I have taken a very fair amount to-day for a new neighbourhood,” said John Pearce, examining his note-book. “I'm most pleased that I've got several subscribers for periodicals. There are two farmhouses where they are going to take both *The Sunday at Home* and *Leisure Hour*, and I've got three names down for *The British Workman*, and four for *The Band of Hope*—that's a first-rate start” His tone alters after a less promising day; for Mrs. Evans, the landlady, and her amiable daughter Fanny “soon found they could tell from his face, before he spoke a word, if he had been successful or not.”

The mischief wrought by periodicals which publish accounts of crime and romances of the blue-fire-and-murder kind is well portrayed. Cissy Cooper, a pretty village maiden, who was in danger of being rendered quite useless in the world by this kind of poison, is unfortunately typical of a large class who are daily encountered by the colporteurs. “The heroines in her pet stories were never scolded, and if they had troubles they were all of such an exciting kind that it must have been quite entertaining to go through them, especially as they were sure to clear up beautifully at last. As for wearing dresses, why they never wore anything less than silk, satin, or velvet; or if they were poor ‘cottage maidens,’ as the books called them—and Cissy liked reading about them—she could imagine herself in their place; even then they were arrayed in spotless white muslin or something as suitable. ‘And here I am, with only these horrid old prints, and my alpaca for Sundays.’”

John Pearce as a colporteur is fairly depicted, for many men who are toiling for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association are doing a work quite as comprehensive and arduous. Like them, he is a many-sided character—bookseller, sick-visitor, preacher, and all classes learn to value his services. The book is a most entertaining one, and as it is likely to stimulate public interest in an important branch of philanthropic labour, we give it our cordial recommendation a second time. After reading every page we were sorry to come to the end. To wish that a book had been longer was the highest compliment which even Dr. Johnson could pay to an author's handiwork. G. H. P.

* Published by Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row. Price 3s. 6d.

Notices of Books.

The Quiver, for 1879, Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, makes a very handsome volume, which will beguile many a winter's evening. *The Homiletic Quarterly*, Vol. III., Dickinson, is up to its usual mark in quality, and as to appearance it ranks among the best of our serials. *The Sword and the Trowel*, new volume, should be secured at once. Sets from the beginning are very scarce, and second-hand booksellers ask long prices for them. Our friends should complete their numbers, and have them bound in the handsome case which is sold by our publishers.

The Oldest Fisherman the World ever saw, and other Stories. Religious Tract Society.

SEVEN simple stories; the first is on fishing for souls, and the others are upon honesty, sanctified affliction, kindness to neighbours, providence, early piety, and temperance. The most striking part of the book is the title. By this we are informed that "the oldest fisher the world ever saw" is the old serpent the devil. Surely this is a rather fishy simile. One might mistake a serpent for a fish, but who will call it a fisher?

"*A man every inch of him*"; or, *the Story of Frank Fullerton's School-days*. By J. JACKSON WRAY. LONDON: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

CAPITAL! First-rate! and every other adjective that will express our unmingled admiration of this book of books for English boys. Once let it be seen and dipped into, and no boy will be able to rest until he has read to the end, and then he'll want more. Why, it kept us up long after bed-time, made us laugh and cry just as it liked, and, when we left off, set us longing to be young again; took the wrinkles out of our face, and almost made our creaking limbs to grow supple. Well done, Mr. Wray: you have given young and old boys alike a treat, and in the name of boydom in general we vote you "a brick." It's just the book for a Christmas-box, a birth-day present, or a prize gift, and we hope will be as plentifully scattered as snowflakes in January.

Ben Owen, a Lancashire Story. By JENNIE PERRETT. Elliot Stock.

ANOTHER first-rate book for boys, written by a lady who appears to possess unusual insight into character. It is a long time since we have read a story that has so thoroughly charmed us. The authoress has made large use of the Lancashire dialect, but her words will be intelligible to other readers beside those in the north, although Lancashire folk cannot fail to be pleased with such expressions as that used by Ben Owen when he was "slipping away from life." "Is this dyin'?" he asked. "*I'm noan feart*." May all who read the book have the same perfect love which casteth out fear when they come to die.

Joxon's Antics. By a HATER OF HUMBUG. E. W. Allen, Ave Maria-lane. 1s.

A LIVELY little brochure describing the vagaries of two pretended successors of the apostles, the Rev. Jeremiah Joxon and his friend, A. Downie Card. One of the most amusing parts of the book is that which gives Downie Card's account of the origin of the nursery rhyme about "Old Mother Hubbard" and her wonderful cupboard. At an entertainment in the "St. Pongo's Recreation Rooms" the veritable cupboard was exhibited, and it was explained that when it was the property of "that renowned and sainted matron Dorothy Hubbard, who is known in Catholic nomenclature as Sister Dorothy, it contained numerous sacred relics of the most intrinsic worth, which had the miraculous property of curing all kinds of sickness and diseases." One night the old lady dreamed that the cupboard had been removed, and all its precious relics stolen, by a spectral form called "Reformation." According to Mr. Card that vision has been amply verified. He told his audience that the story of the dog and the bone was a spurious imitation, but we are inclined to say in the imperfect language of one who heard him, "Bore likely he's a spurious ibitationid hisself." After all, there is really as much truth in this "dream" as in most other Romish and Ritualistic traditions; that is, there is no truth in any of them.

A Sermon preached before the House of Commons, at Westminster, Murch 31st, 1647. By Dr. RALPH CUDWORTH. Cambridge: H. W. Wallis, Sidney-street.

RALPH CUDWORTH was a philosophical divine, but in this instance his profound thought did not create obscurity or suggest divergence from orthodox opinion. This noble sermon was preached before the House of Commons, and we venture to believe that the honourable house has seldom heard the like. Did we know nothing more of Cudworth than that which might be inferred from this sermon we should have supposed him to have been inclined to the mystical school which verges towards Quakerism, and we cannot, after reading it, believe that he was the heretic which he is often said to have been. Assuredly, this discourse goes to the root of the matter, and shows that nothing but living union to Christ, wrought out in the heart and the conversation, is worthy to be called true religion. Mr. Wallis has issued the sermon in right worthy style.

Oratory and Orators. By WILLIAM MATTHEWS, LL.D. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

ALL these treatises upon oratory are interesting to those who desire to speak well. Many as they now are, they are not too many; for those which are well written contain each one its own peculiar instruction. The present is an American work, and is full of illustrations drawn from the political and forensic oratory of the United States. We have read almost everything that has been written on this side the Atlantic, and it is a refreshing change to hear what our go-a-head cousins have to say upon the point. Our author is not great upon preachers, but excels when he tells of the days of Burke and Fox, or introduces the great speakers of the Congresses of fifty years ago. In most points we agree with his sensible and practical remarks. As the time has not yet arrived when the world will endorse Carlyle's dogma that "silence is the eternal duty of man," it is well to be able to break that silence in such manner as to secure the results of speech. It may be that according to the Chelsea

sage, "England and America are going to nothing but wind and tongue," but the only way to meet the evil is with healthier wind and more earnest tongue. We earnestly desire that truth and righteousness and the blessed gospel may always have the tongues of eloquent men at their disposal. No gift can excel that of cultured speech; its power is all but boundless; let the Christian man seek it, and endure every labour, both of study and practice, to obtain it.

Hints on Lecturing, and Notes on the History of Shorthand, Elocution, Phonography, Music, Logic, etc. By HENRY PITMAN. Frederick Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row.

THIS is a singular compound of elocution and phonography. We are not at all times able to see the connection between one portion of this book and another, yet we are glad to have met with it, for it gives a great many useful hints, and is evidently written by a thoroughly practical man. Young men who think of lecturing should see what Mr. Pitman has to say upon it, for by reading his book they may be saved from a great many mistakes, and may the sooner reach success. As these pages only claim to be hints we cannot censure them for their fragmentary nature. They are very sensible hints indeed: lecturers had better "take" them.

Life's Noontide: a Book of Counsels and Encouragements. By the Author of "Life's Morning" and "Life's Evening." London: The Religious Tract Society.

It is a long time since we have fallen across such a cheery, sunny book as this. The noontide of life is supposed to be entirely destitute of poetry and fancy, but our author seems to have cast such a glow of beauty and gladness upon it, that we scarcely think either life's morning or evening could be more blessed. Sparkling anecdote, profound philosophy very simply stated, and a thorough tone of practical piety running through the whole, make this a truly helpful and delightful little volume. The book is a most refreshing draught for those who toil beneath the noontide sun.

The Papal Hierarchy: an Exposure of the Tactics of Rome for the Overthrow of the Liberty and Christianity of Great Britain. By Rev. J. A. WYLIE, LL.D. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

No better writer upon the papacy can be found than the scholarly author of the "History of Protestantism." In this pamphlet he most ably exposes the tactics which priestism uses for the overthrow of national and spiritual liberty. He seems to know all the subtle ramifications of popery, and therefore he is the better able to warn us against its plottings. We wish this little volume were placed in every Sunday-school library, and in the hands of our rising youth, that they may be taught to estimate rightly the foe against whom their fathers fought, and the fearful results which would follow its ascendancy. Dr. Wylie has placed Protestantism under lasting obligation by this able effort.

Onward Reciter. Monthly, One Penny. Seventh Volume, 1s. 6d. Partridge and Co.

THESE selections for temperance recitations are always good and spirited. Bands of Hope will find this book worth ten times its price for their juvenile meetings. We always like this unique periodical.

Hidden Lessons; from the verbal repetitions and varieties of the New Testament. By J. F. B. TINLING, B.A. Samuel Bagster and Sons.

A DEEPLY interesting book to one who is a close and careful student of the Word. An intelligent lover of his Bible might spend hours over this work in real amusement, and at the same time find it much more than amusement. Mr. Tinling, in a few words, calls attention to the actual words of the original, and to the varying translations of our authorized version. The English reader will quite understand him, but the Greek student will be doubly grateful for his remarks. Some of the observations are trivial, and perhaps questionable, but we should have been sorry to have missed the work as a whole. The very letter of the word of God is dear to us, for we retain a firm belief in plenary and verbal inspiration. Much may be lost in a translation by a change in the

word used, although a synonym be employed: this Mr. Tinling points out in many instructive examples.

History of the Baptist Church and Congregation meeting in Providence Chapel, Lumb. By EDWARD NUTTALL. Yates and Alexander, 21, Castle-street, Holborn, E.C.

WE rejoice in the multiplication of these little church histories, for they help to endear the churches to the present and coming generations, and they are a continuation of the Acts of the Apostles, which may be read to the profit of the Christians of the present. In this case the materials are slender, but Mr. Nuttall has made the best of them, and produced a record which will be prized by those who know the place and the people. No very noted minister has occupied the pulpit of Lumb, and therefore the place has not a very extended interest connected with it; but he who counts the lesser as well as the greater stars, would have us remember the earnest plodding men as well as their more brilliant cotemporaries. The letter from Pastor Ashworth to the Baptist Fund, written in 1828, is a fine proof of the self-sacrifice exhibited by those who founded and nurtured our feebleness half a century ago. Let it be read by the struggling men of the present, and they will see how the apostolical succession has been kept up, till it is now perpetuated in themselves.

"My wife and I are engaged in weaving calico, by which we earn (both of us together) in general four shillings and sixpence in the week, which is all we get besides what our friends can give us, which for the past year amounts in all to £13 10s. 3d. Neither of us have any private property, and indeed we have scarcely bare necessary utensils, so that I am almost ashamed when Christian friends call upon us. Yet I would not repine, for I have far more than mine iniquities deserve. This, dear sir, is a plain but faithful account of our circumstances, and praying that the Lord would preserve and support all his people in credit and with honour to his cause,

"I remain, dear sir,
"Respectfully yours,
"RICHARD ASHWORTH."

Gibraltar and its Sieges. With a description of its natural features. Thomas Nelson and Sons.

A THRILLING record of valour and endurance. The tale is well told, and the book is full of engravings, and exceedingly well got up, after the manner of Messrs. Nelson. The story of the Rock will secure a numerous band of highly gratified readers.

Rays from the Realms of Nature; or, Parables of Plant Life. By the Rev. JAMES NEIL, M.A. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

THIS is a book after our own heart. It gathers from trees and flowers facts wherewith to set forth moral and spiritual truth. This is the right use of nature. It is reading one of the works of the great Author by the light of another, comparing utterance with utterance. Mr. Neil has given as his frontispiece a coloured floral clock in which the hours are marked by the opening of various flowers. The idea is taken from Linnæus and prettily worked out. Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin have adorned the work with engravings of their usually high order, and we make no doubt that this, together with the excellent letterpress, will secure a numerous host of readers. The following is a fair specimen of the botanical parables of which the book is composed.

“SOARING HEAVENWARD.

“There is a grass, a kind of millet, the stems of which are seen to shoot up in the tropical forests of India. They are scarcely thicker than a stout straw, and seem but poor, weak, insignificant things amongst the grand forms and gorgeous beauty of the surrounding growth. But watch them, and you will see that with great rapidity and strength they continue to rise up higher and higher. Presently they reach the boughs of vast trees, but pushing their leaves aside, they pass onward and upward. Now they have mounted over the summit of the highest branches, and there, above all the trees of the forest, they spread their flowers like some rich meadow far in the upper air! Is not this a striking figure of the followers of

Christ? Judged by the world's standard they do indeed appear poor and weak in comparison with the pomp and show around them. There is often little of outward beauty or strength to mark their earthly way. Their flowers cannot flourish, nor their fruits ripen in the fields below. Truly their ‘conversation (that is, their daily walk) is in heaven.’ With wondrous power, despite all obstacles, they pursue their upward way, soaring over the heads of their fellow men; in affections placed higher, in aims more exalted, and in a loftier moral elevation, and, earth left behind, they rise to enjoy ‘spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ.’”

Bible Hygiene, or Health Hints. By a Physician. Hodder and Stoughton.

It was an original idea to teach the laws of health from the Bible, but this volume shows that there was much sense in it. The arrangements of the camp in the wilderness were conducted upon the simplest, and most certain, sanitary principles; and throughout the whole Bible there are scattered remarks and teachings which are all upon the side of wisdom in dealing with the body: these our author has turned to practical account. He observes that “the Scriptures give very little information regarding the cure of disease; and the reason doubtless is, that as with sin so with sickness, God's laws are framed more towards prevention and avoidance than remedy; in other words, they are oftener hygienic than therapeutic; but at the same time, the minuteness with which the subject is handled, the strictness with which the rules are enforced, and the strong language in which they are couched, clearly indicate the supreme importance of prophylactic—that is, preventive measures,—in the estimation of the great Life-giver and Health-preserver.” Doubtless, when the rule of the Word of God shall have become universal, the body, with the rest of creation, will be delivered from the bondage of corruption: and as we near that blessed consummation we may expect to see life lengthened and health promoted.

To thoughtful readers, and especially to those who instruct others, this work will be of considerable value.

The Earham Series of Tracts. Compiled by T. B. S. S. W. Partridge and Co.

THE inimitably attractive little tracts known as "The Earham Series" right well deserve to be thus bound together and preserved. They make a pretty bijou volume which will be sure to charm many readers.

The Preacher's Complete Homiletical Commentary on the Old Testament, with Critical and Explanatory Notes, &c. By various Authors. Richard D. Dickinson.

MR. DICKINSON proceeds with his scheme of a complete Homiletical Commentary, and as the volumes appear we feel more and more obliged to him for undertaking so useful a publication. The works must not be judged of from the ordinary commentator's point of view, or they will not rank at their real value. They are what they profess to be, and their homiletical quality is most distinct and valuable. The separate volumes differ greatly in our estimation, but there is not one which we should like to do without. The discourses and outlines are many of them such as no person could advantageously use as they stand, but this is rather a recommendation than otherwise, for it is desirable to assist thought, and not to supersede it. Upon the *Psalms* the work is complete, and also the *Minor Prophets*, and we feel safe in saying that to the majority of preachers these works will be exceedingly helpful. The volume of the *Minor Prophets* is a specially good one. Of the other volumes we have spoken at different times, and may possibly speak again. If Mr. Dickinson finds it remunerative to publish this series we shall be right glad; certainly he will have some reward in knowing that he has supplied a great need. One of these days this homiletical work will be done over again by abler hands, but even then these volumes will have their value, and will not readily be superseded. A benevolent deacon who wishes to do his pastor a real service would be wise if he sent him either Joshua, Job, *Psalms*, *Canticles*, *Ecclesiastes*, or *Minor Prophets*; and he would do better still if he made up a large parcel, and sent the whole set.

The Euphrates and the Tigris: a Narrative of Discovery and Adventure. With a Description of the Ruins of Babylon and Nineveh. Thomas Nelson and Sons.

WE rejoice in such books as this. The more of them the better. Light reading will have less excuse if more of such solid and yet entertaining works are issued from the press, adorned and explained by such engravings. This should be in every Sunday-school library, and young people should have it given them as a Christmas present.

Tears and Rainbows. By Rev. Professor GEORGE BUTLER BRADSHAW. A. Bachhoffner, 162, High Street, Clapham.

THE title prepares us to take a poetic view of consolation in trouble, and such we find to be the design of this little book. It consists of poems, moral, religious, and sentimental, in a plaintive and soothing strain well adapted to comfort those that mourn. The following quotation will suffice to show the writer's theological creed, and his poetic genius and taste.

"Then stand not list'ning to the thunder's crash
That rends alike old Sinai's sides with awe
And thy poor bosom: nor the lightning's flash
Still dare to tempt that quaking Sinai saw!
But turn thy gaze to Calvary! where the law
Its vengeance wreaked on Him whose blood was shed
To quench its fury: and whose cross did draw—
O blest Conductor! from thy guilty head
Those fiery bolts on Him who suffered in thy stead."

The Patriarchs. By the Rev. Dr. HANNA and Canon NORRIS. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

IN every way first-class, as might be expected from the name of Dr. Hanna being connected with it. Our friend has the art of condensing his matter and yet preserving his clearness. He has written the first three papers on Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and Canon Norris has supplied two others upon Joseph and Moses. In so small a space the patriarchs have never before been so fully and competently portrayed.

Notes.

ON *Monday evening, Oct. 27*, a large number of the members and friends of the London Open Air Mission attended the prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle. Although suffering from considerable pain at the time, we gave an address, which we hope will be useful to those for whom it was specially intended. It was a great pleasure to meet our admirable friend, Mr. John Macgregor of the *Rob Roy*, and to see that he and Mr. Kirk and Mr. Kirkham have around them some manly brethren who are not likely to let the gospel sound cease from London's streets and parks. Thousands of men and women will never hear of Jesus unless it be through open-air preaching. They are strangers to our places of worship, and perhaps if they were to enter them they would not feel at home; and therefore the Saviour must find them in the highways and hedges, or they will perish for lack of knowledge. Alas, that ever this should be in the land of Bibles and of churches! Could not more young men preach in the square of the city, or in the roadway of the town, or on the village green? This thing will not soon be overdone. Of this there need be no fear. Even in the winter there are days when it is safe to preach outside, and not a day should be lost.

ON *Friday evening, Oct. 31*, the Annual Meeting of MR. BARTLETT'S CLASS was held in the Lecture-hall, under the presidency of the pastor. Addresses were given by Messrs. H. Varley, W. Williams, T. Lardner, and the Chairman; and Mr. Bartlett presented to the pastor £56 12s. 1d. as a year's contributions from the class for the College. He explained that this was only a portion of the contributions of the members, as they had also raised for the Testimonial Fund £117 13s. 3d.; for the Girls' Orphanage £29 11s. 3d.; and for the afflicted and necessitous £16 5s. 9d. Add these together, and they show what a women's class can do. These are not rich ladies, but humble Christian women, and they do this in addition to their regular subscriptions as seat-holders and church-members. It is noble of them. Such is the general spirit and liberality of the Christians at the Tabernacle, and the result is an abundant blessing. We are sure that among our generous people the promise is fulfilled: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing." The blessing

comes both in temporals and in spirituals. Our friends, as a rule, are more prosperous than any other set of people of the same rank in life; and we have noticed that, speaking broadly, we have felt far less of the pressure of the times than any other people. There is much suffering at present—more than we ever knew before—but yet all along the Lord has in temporal things fulfilled his own promise that the liberal soul shall be made fat. Mr. Bartlett's class is not so numerous as in the palmy days of his venerated mother, but it still remains a great power for good; and connected with it are most useful agencies, which are far more developed than they were in the earlier days of the class. More is done by the class, even if the numbers are less. Yet there is room for zealous efforts to enlarge.

ON *Monday evening, Nov. 3*, the Annual Meeting of the RICHMOND STREET MISSION was held in conjunction with the Tabernacle prayer-meeting. A large number of workers and friends of the Mission had previously taken tea in the school-room, at the close of which the pastor presented to Mr. Dunn a very handsome clock and pair of vases as a token of love and esteem from his co-workers at Richmond Street. Never was a testimonial better deserved. In a previous number of the magazine we inserted a paper describing the Richmond Street work, and therefore we will not enlarge here; but it would have done any minister's eyes good to see the staff of workers connected with this mission, quite enough in number and strength to manage a large church, and all full of the holy, loving, practical spirit with which the Lord has anointed our brethren. It was well done of them to show their love to their leader; envy and fault-finding make enterprises weak, but in hearty love is our strength.

LONDON BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—*Monday Evening, Nov. 10*, being the occasion of the meetings for United Prayer and Communion of the Associated Churches, there was a goodly gathering of the pastors and many of the members of neighbouring churches at the Tabernacle. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided, and Pastors Chettleborough, J. A. Brown, Knee, Williams, Millard, Cope, and T. C. Page offered prayer during the service. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon gave an address upon the presence of Christ with his people founded upon the Lord's words—"With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you," and, "Father, I will that those

whom thou hast given me be *with me.*" The address, though brief, was full of teaching, comfort, and power, and was manifestly guided of the Spirit of God to prepare the hearts of God's people for the opening up of the truths concerning the supper itself by our beloved brother, Dr. Stanford, who spoke, as he only can, from "What mean ye by this feast?" Sweetly did he discourse upon the passover and its teachings. Our correspondent adds that the only word he could find in which to express the feelings of the believers present were,—

"How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors."

COLLEGE.—Mr. H. T. Peach has accepted the pastorate of the church at Rugby; and Mr. Ince, who sailed some months since for Australia, has become pastor of the church at Echuca.

Mr. S. A. Comber, one of our Medical Missionary Students, informs us that he obtained half the "Coldstream" scholarship at the Edinburgh Medical Mission. We have three brethren now studying at Edinburgh, and one at the Charing Cross Hospital, London, and we devoutly hope that these will all become medical missionaries of the best order. We shall be greatly disappointed if one of them should fail to go abroad.

Mr. W. H. J. Page, of Calne, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Lower Sloane-street, Chelsea: Mr. M. Morris, of Spennymoor, is removing to Monkwearmouth; Mr. C. L. Gordon, of Nailsworth, to Longhope, Gloucestershire; Mr. W. F. Edgerton, of Beccles, has gone to Gamlingay; Mr. J. Hutchison, of Shipston-on-Stour, to Swanwick and Riddings, Derbyshire; and Mr. A. E. Spicer, of Hayle, to Shelfanger, Norfolk. It is painfully within our knowledge that many ministers must remove because their people cannot find them with bread to eat and raiment to put on. Farming has been so bad that some of our country churches will have to be dependent on lay-preaching, and yet they greatly need pastors if they are to survive the antagonistic influences brought to bear upon them by the Establishment. At this moment we are daily meeting with heart-rending cases of poverty: worthy men doing a good work have to leave their spheres through absolute starvation. Rich Christians ought not to permit this. Mrs. Spurgeon could tell them where many a ten-pound note could be used with grand effect.

Mr. W. Stokes, of Port Elizabeth, South Africa, whose health has suffered through

hard work and bereavement, has returned to England for awhile, and Mr. Batts has gone to take charge of his church during his absence. Mr. Hamilton's friends at Cape Town treated Mr. Batts most handsomely when he left them for his new temporary sphere of labour, sending him off with their hearty esteem and with tokens of their Christian liberality. We are gratified with everything which this Cape Town church does.

EVANGELISTS.—At one of our recent prayer-meetings at the Tabernacle, Mr. Fullerton gave an account of the work of Mr. Smith and himself at Stafford. He said before they went there they had several letters telling them what a hard place it was to reach, but they did not take much notice of them, for the same thing was said of every other place. They were told that Blackpool was a hard place because it was a seaside town, that Blackburn was a hard place because the inhabitants were principally mill-people, that Stafford was a hard place because the people were all in the shoe trade, and now they were assured that Scarborough was a hard place because it was such a fashionable town. However, the Lord had been with them at Blackpool, Blackburn, and Stafford, and they felt certain he would accompany them to Scarborough also.

The faith of the Evangelists in their Master, their message, and the means he has taught them to use, was well founded, for the day after they commenced at Scarborough we received from Mr. Mesquitta and Mr. Adey, the ministers of the town, the following telegram:—"Glorious time yesterday. Chapels full. Albert Hall overflowing. Three thousand at circus." A week later the report from one of the ministers was—"We expect to-day to have to shift our quarters to more commodious premises for the noon meetings, at which we have had every day 500 of the best Christians in Scarborough, drawn from the ranks of the Society of Friends, and the Evangelical churches, as well as from our Nonconformist places. We have had to alter our advertisements, to burn our handbills, to run short of books, to cover our posters, and, finally, to engage the large circus for nearly all our meetings, with the certainty of its being vastly too small for us. . . . God has given us a very rich blessing. . . . The thing is growing. An excellent spirit pervades the town just now. The season is over: people are more at liberty, and everything seems to fit in in a providential manner. We love the men very much, and are the joyful witnesses of

their faithful testimony. Fullerton fastens with an iron grasp on primary truths, and makes them fall like axes at the roots of the trees. There is great variety in his subjects, as well as methods. A sermon of his on 'Regeneration,' delivered apparently without over-strained effort, could hardly have been excelled by Jonathan Edwards for the awful sense of solemn need produced in the first half of the discourse, or for the sweet relief which came to us when he led us to the serpent uplifted in the latter part of his most textual exposition. I am wearying you, but I must in justice to Mr. Smith say that his pathos and simplicity, together with his gifts of music and song, seem to complete the equipment—well, of this apostolic pair of preachers. I begin to wish that we all went in twos, for these preachers preach to each other. They are not eremites like us, but brethren.—Yours most truly, WM. THOS. ADEY."

It is exceeding cheering to find that Mr. BURNHAM'S visit to aristocratic *Leamington* was owned of God in a similar manner, though on a smaller scale. Each evening there were some enquirers, "young men and maidens, old men and children," many of whom entered into liberty. Pastor Williams writes: "There were, we trust, some cases of genuine conversion of those who had hitherto been quite indifferent to the claims of religion, while others in whom the good work had been begun have been brought to decision, and the members of the church have rejoiced in the times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

From *Leamington* Mr. Burnham went to *Markyate Street*, of which not much can be said, as little or no preparation had been made for the services. *Bedford* was much better prepared, and consequently more blessing was received. The help of several neighbouring brethren had been secured, which was very providential, for Mr. Burnham had caught such a violent cold that he could hardly sing at all. Many enquirers were seen, some went away rejoicing, and in three distinct cases the evangelist was cheered by hearing of conversions resulting from his previous visits to *Wootton* and *Ridgmount*. During November Mr. Burnham has held services for a week at *Thetford*, and a fortnight at *Burton-on-Trent* and neighbourhood; and this month he has engagements at *Naunton*, near *Cheltenham*; and *Melford*, *Suffolk*.

ORPHANAGE.—Several successful services of song have been given by the

Orphanage Choir recently, but our "Notes" have to be made up before full reports can reach us. We are, however, deeply grateful to all friends who have thus helped to care for the fatherless and the widow. Last month we asked for £1,000 to pay for the paddock for Girls' Orphanage, and at the time we left we had received nearly £250. Will the rest be sent in soon? No news could be more cheering to us during our retirement.

Christmas at the Orphanage.—Will our kind helpers bear in mind the fact that although the President is obliged to be away at Christmas-time, the orphans will look for their plum-pudding and roast beef all the same? As there will, for the first time, be orphan girls as well as boys to share the festivities at Stockwell, we hope that the usual gifts will be supplemented by additional contributions that there may be no lack of good things. Donations should be sent to C. Spurgeon, junior, Nightingale Lane, Balham; and provisions, etc., for the children to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road. Throwing off the "we" of the editor, I, C. H. Spurgeon, now an exile for my health's sake, very earnestly ask that the dear children may not suffer through me. Send in your generous gifts as usual, pay off the amount still needed for the Girls' Orphanage ground, and let the Stockwell house of mercy make merry and be glad. If so, I shall have a telegram, and keep merry Christmas too.

We must again remind our readers that the next quarterly meeting of the collectors for the Orphanage will be held on Friday, Jan. 9th, 1880, when Mr. J. J. Headington has kindly promised to give one of his first-class dissolving view lectures. All the collecting cards should be sent in on that occasion. We wish we could increase the number of friends who collect for us; it would do them good to undertake the work, and we should be personally obliged to them for their help.

COLPORTAGE.—The generous offer of H. M. has not yet met with any response. The secretary reports that here and there district committees are intimating that they cannot find the amount for their agents after this year. We believe that if some Christian lady or gentleman in such districts would personally take the matter up, in almost every case the £40 would be collected.

When the districts send us the £40 we have still a considerable amount to make up to complete the men's salaries, and for working expenses. Times are dull, and

we suppose we must be content to let the sail-furling go on, though we had a hope that our friend H. M.'s offer, for which we are very grateful, would have led to something practical. Meanwhile, boys are learning to read, and in many parts of the country they will be supplied with nothing but injurious literature, because the colporteur does not come round; many sick folk will be unvisited, and certain poor congregations will be uncared for, because the man with the books is discharged. We do not survey the prospect with pleasure, but having done our best to stir up our fellow-servants we now leave the matter in the great Master's hands. Any information desired can be had of the Secretary for Colportage, Mr. W. C. Jones, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COUNTRY MISSION.—Mr. Bowker sends us the half-yearly balance-sheet of this most useful work, which was fully described in a recent number of the magazine. The treasurer commenced with a balance of 7s. 11½d. in hand, and he has received from donations £59 11s. 3d., subscriptions £13 18s. 6d., collections at mission stations, annual meeting, etc., £18 10s. 2½d., making a total of £92 7s. 11d. The expenses of the half-year have amounted to £91 16s. 3d., so that immediate help is wanted if the mission is to be preserved from breaking its excellent rule, "never to be in debt." We can vouch for it that no money can be spent more economically, and it all goes for direct preaching of the Word, which is the one thing needful for these evil times.

BOOK FUND.—Mrs. Spurgeon has for some time been largely occupied with supplying books to clergymen of the Church of England whose stipends are too small to allow them to purchase them. The amount of kindly feeling which has been expressed is very pleasing, and we regard this opportunity of spreading evangelical truth as a peculiarly valuable one, which should be largely used. Keeping watch at home all alone, our beloved finds great solace in the kindly words of friends who send her help for her chosen life-work. Its present interesting phase should command the prayers and sympathies of all our friends.

PERSONAL NOTES.—A friend in Scotland sends us the following note, with a contribution to the Orphanage which had been entrusted to him by "a widow": "She is a constant reader of your sermons. She was under deep conviction for some years, and it was through the

reading of your sermons that light shone in upon her soul and she now rejoices in the liberty of Jesus Christ her Lord. She has peace, joy, and hope through him. She received a small legacy through the death of a friend, and she desires to give a part of it to some of the institutions under your care as a token of gratitude for the benefit she has received from your sermons."

Mr. Cuff sends us some notes which he picked up in a lonely part of Galloway after the Baptist Union meetings. He rode from Glasgow to Lockerbie with an old man who had travelled ninety miles to hear our sermon in St. Andrew's Hall. With tears in his eyes he said, "I got a shake o' his han'; God bless him." Explaining his enthusiasm he said, "A hae read aw his sermons, and a hae them aw bun in *half-caif*." Mr. Cuff tells us he cannot give us the Scotch, but it was simply beautiful. The sermons had been untold blessings to him in his lonely village.

Mr. Cuff called to see an old man nearly ninety years of age. He is still able to read, so a friend had lent him a volume of our sermons. On calling to exchange it for another he found him reading it through a second time, giving as his reason, "A gude story is nae th' waur o' bein' twice told." This aged saint finds great joy in reading the sermons not only to himself, but to his daughter and grandchildren.

Mr. Brown, of Twickenham, has also been in the far north, distributing some of our sermons which have been translated into Gaelic. He says, "It would have done your heart good to have seen the pleasure with which they were received; and in many cases the glad surprise of the good folk to be able to read your sermons in their own mother tongue." He suggests the translation of more sermons into Gaelic, and of a small number into the Irish. We should like to have it done. Our hands are full; some brother worker might take the matter up, and we should rejoice.

A reader of *The Sword and the Trowel*, together with other cheering news, relates that a nephew of hers was anxious about his soul's salvation. He was in Wales at the time, but a fellow-workman sent him from *Australia* a newspaper containing one of our sermons, which was the means of his conversion. The title of the sermon was "The Wicked Man's Life, Funeral, and Epitaph." (No. 200.) This is another remarkable instance of the sermon going round by *Australia* in order to reach a man in our own land.

Messrs. Partridge and Co. have published a little eight-paged tract by Mr. Cheyne Brady, entitled, "The Fox-Hunter." It describes a man who had gone far into sin, but whose conscience had been aroused by seeing upon a window-pane these words, "Prepare to meet thy God." Convinced of his sin, he cried for mercy, but for awhile he sought it in vain. Mr. Brady thus relates what followed:—

"Several days passed thus, when his eye caught a notice, that in a certain village, sixteen miles off, Spurgeon was to preach that evening. He said to himself, 'I'll go and hear that man.' He ordered his horse, and rode sixteen miles in order to hear something which might perchance give his wounded spirit relief. The text was, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' 'Doubtless,' said Spurgeon, 'there are some young men before me who are weighed down with sin and misery, and wanting rest (at the same time pointing here and there). Have you tried the Blood, brother? Have you tried the Blood? The blood of Jesus Christ which cleanseth us from *all sin*.' The conscience-stricken sinner was melted under this appeal; he was convinced of his state as a sinner, and that as such eternal death was his doom. But God by his Holy Spirit enabled him to see that Jesus Christ died for his sins and shed His blood in his stead. He saw the remedy for sin and uncleanness—the precious Blood of Christ. He believed in the Lord Jesus and was saved, and left the chapel born again,—a new man in Christ."

The following note speaks for itself: "Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—Having found peace and joy after reading one of your sermons in the *Christian Herald* on 'The Approachableness of Jesus,' after having had many years of darkness and doubt, please to accept the enclosed for the Orphanage as a thankoffering to the Lord for deliverance. With more to follow, from a lover of Jesus."

Publishers are rather too much in the

habit of quoting the remarks made in our Review Department as if they must necessarily be every one the personal production of the editor. Now, we beg to give notice that to quote as from *The Sword and the Trowel* is fair and right, but to begin with "Mr. Spurgeon says" is not always truthful. We do write the major part of these notices, and we are responsible for them all, but we could not *in propria persona* get through so many books, and therefore many of the reviews are by other hands. Especially must we confess that the heaps of tale-books are not personally perused by us; we would sooner break stones. As folks will have these religious fictions we do our best to let them know which of them are well-intentioned, but we do not advise the reading of them to any great extent. A little pastry may be all very well (our slow digestion suggests that the less the better), but to live upon it would be to generate dyspepsia and all sorts of ills; even so, an interesting story now-and-again may be a relief and a pleasure, but a constant course of such reading must injure both mind and heart. From the quantity of fiction which we have lately received we should think that its perusal needs no encouraging, and a little repression might be healthy.

Subscribers to our various works will please to observe that this month's accounts are only made up to Nov. 14, and therefore if their donations are omitted it will be because they arrived after that date, and they will be sure to find them acknowledged in the January number. Our leaving England made it necessary to shorten the account, so that we might complete the magazine before leaving.

The following is the list of preachers at the Tabernacle during our absence:—

Sunday, Nov. 16, C. Spurgeon, jun.; 23, J. Jackson Wray; 30, W. P. Lockhart. Dec. 7, morning, A. G. Brown; evening, J. A. Spurgeon; 14, J. Jackson Wray; 21, E. G. Gange; 28, E. Herber Evans. Jan. 4, morning, J. Jackson Wray; evening, J. A. Spurgeon.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from October 20th to November 14th, 1879.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
A Friend	5	0	0	Mr. George Tomkins	2	12	6
"Of thine own have we given thee" ...	1	0	0	In Memory of W. L. B., who preached "Jesus Christ and him crucified" ...	20	0	0
Mr. H. B. Frearson	5	0	0	Hymn 574 or 593	20	0	0
Miss Gibbins, per Mr. Isaac	1	0	0	Mrs. Gardiner	4	0	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0	J. H., Liverpool	6	10	0
A Friend, Edinburgh	0	5	0	H. T. R.	5	0	0
Mr. W. J. Graham	5	1	0	Miss Jephth	1	0	0
Mr. W. Harrison	10	10	0	Mr. Bartlett's Class	56	12	1
Mr. A. Cowan	1	0	0				

	£	s.	d.
Victoria Church, Wandsworth, per			
Pastor E. Henderson	4	6	0
Mrs. A. Jones	3	0	0
M. W. S.	0	3	0
Students' Collecting Cards (see separate list)	121	15	3
Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	5	6
The Misses Goddard	2	0	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald"	9	14	2

	£	s.	d.
S. S. Absolum	0	6	0
Great Ormond Yard Mission Schools, per J. A. Arnold	1	11	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab., Oct. 26	20	0	3
" " " " Nov.	2	33	13
" " " " "	9	43	6
	£434	13	4

Students' Collecting Cards.—Mr. Linneear, £1; Mr. Cooper, £5 4s.; Mr. Weeks, £1 16s 6d; Mr. Smolden, £2; Mr. F. G. Kemp, £1 5s 6d; Mr. Blackaby, £2; Mr. Sexton, £1 1s 6d; Mr. A. Parker, £1; Mr. F. Potter, £2 3s; Mr. Jasper, £1; Mr. W. Mann, £3 7s 6d; Mr. Ashton, £1 8s; Mr. McCaig, £1; Mr. Dore, £1 2s 9d; Mr. Logan, £5; Mr. Hiegett, £1 2s 8d; Mr. Foskett, 14s; Mr. Ellis, 8s 6d; Mr. Scilley, £2; Mr. Juniper, 4s 6d; Mr. Carr, £1; Mr. Steward, £1 15s; Mr. Lyne, £1 1s; Mr. Binks, £3 2s 6d; Mr. Easter, £2 15s; Mr. Knight, £1 1s 6d; Mr. Gillard, 17s 6d; Mr. Humby, 16s; Mr. Whiteside, £3 7s; Mr. Pearce, £2 12s 6d; Mr. Armstrong, £1 7s 6d; Mr. Whittle, £1; Mr. Webb, £5; Mr. Wicks, 5s; Mr. Croome, £3 10s; Mr. W. G. Thomas, 1s; Mr. Lake, £1 16s 6d; Mr. Welch, £1 1s 6d; Mr. E. C. Williams, £3; Mr. Isaac, £2 5s; Mr. Goodchild, 5s 6d; Mr. Dann, £5 15s; Mr. Fairbrother, £1 10s; Scammell, 10s; Mr. Yeatman, £1 4s; Mr. Everett, 19s; Mr. Churcher, 10s; Mr. Carver, £1 7s 6d; Mr. W. Richards, £1 6s 6d; Mr. Bennett, £2; Mr. J. G. Potter, £1 5s; Mr. Ward, 9s; Mr. Soper, £1 9s 1d; Mr. Young, £1 1s; Mr. Scoones, 10s 6d; Mr. Bonser, 16s 6d; Mr. E. J. Parker, £1 6s; Mr. Thompson, £2 3s; Mr. Witney, 5s; Mr. Booth, £1 5s; Mr. Harmer, £1 5s; Mr. Blockside, 5s; Mr. Brown, 10s; Mr. Billington, 13s 6d; Mr. Macmillan, 10s 6d; Mr. Gower, 17s 6d; Mr. Mitchell, £1 10s; Mr. Peach, £1 12s; Mr. Thorne, £1 6s 6d; Mr. Stone, 6s; Mr. J. G. Williams, 8s 6d; Mr. Taylor, 5s; Mr. Townsend, 4s; Mr. Adams, £1 12s; Mr. Hope, £1 5s; Mr. E. M. Harrison, £3 13s 3d; Mr. J. G. Gibson, 10s.—Total, £121 15s 3d.

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 20th to November 14th, 1879.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. J. Graham	10	0	0
Edwin and Diana	0	7	0
Mr. J. P. Tulloch	2	0	0
Collected by Miss C. Stopford	3	0	0
Mrs. S. Knapp	10	0	0
Pastor F. Spelmann	1	0	0
Mr. W. Johnson	0	1	0
A Friend	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. L. Fry	1	17	6
Mrs. and the Misses Woollard	1	0	0
Mr. Henry Young	2	0	0
Miss Armstrong	1	0	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mr. S. Cornborough	1	0	0
Mr. Sexton	1	0	0
A Widow Lady, Edinburgh	0	2	6
A Friend in Edinburgh	0	1	6
Mr. John Ward	1	10	0
Mrs. Gardiner	4	0	0
H. T. R.	5	0	0
S. K.	0	10	0
"Threepence per week"	0	15	3
Mr. J. H. Marchant	1	2	0
Mrs. Armstrong	0	10	0
A Thankoffering, S. O.	5	0	0
Mr. Edward Falkner	2	2	0
Mr. Summers	1	0	0
Mrs. Armitage	0	10	0
Mr. Stanley	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Woods	0	1	9
Mr. W. J. Taylor	0	1	0
Mr. Waller, per Mr. A. Barker	0	5	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates, per Mr. Murrell	8	13	6
James Harvey, Esq.	5	5	0
Messrs. Bartrum and Harvey	5	5	0
Mr. W. Kelly	0	5	0
Miss MacLaren, per Mr. Charlesworth	3	0	0
Proceeds of Service of Song at South-end by Orphanage Choir	12	2	9
Mrs. Merritt, Windsor	1	0	0
Miss Sarah A. Hunt	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Pickering	0	7	0
Mr. Pickering (donation)	0	5	0
A Friend, per Rev. H. Rylands Brown	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by L. Field	0	2	7
Gertrude and Kate Field	0	4	3
Miss Ward, Stockwell	0	3	0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	10	0
Mr. W. C. Little	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Halket	2	0	0
Mr. Richard Pankhurst	1	0	0
Collected by Miss M. Bevan	0	5	0
S. S. Mander, Esq., executor of Miss R. Anthony	15	1	8
Mr. Fred Howard	2	2	0
The Misses Goddard	4	0	0
Annual Guinea for the Boys from Mr. S. Ball, at Gothard's Walworth Coal Office	1	1	0
Young Men's Bible Class, Westbourne Grove Chapel	1	1	0
A Working Man and Friend	2	0	0
M. W. S.	0	5	0
W.	1	0	0
Mrs. Henry	0	3	0
Our Thankoffering	1	0	0
Collected by W. C. Harvey, Esq., Lewisham	2	0	9
Collected on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 9, at Battersea Baptist Chapel Sunday School (per Mr. Pyle)	1	15	0
Sandwich, per Bunickers	2	2	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. Daniel Heelas	3	0	0
Per F. R. T.:—			
Rev. W. Mummy	0	5	0
Mr. T. Gibson	0	5	0
Mr. Underwood	0	5	0
Miss Winckworth	0	5	0
Mr. J. Charlier	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Tidmarsh	0	10	0
Master and Miss Tidmarsh	0	10	0
			2 5 0
W. Stiff, Esq.			2 2 0
The Baroness de Rothschild			2 2 0
			£149 1 0

		£ s. d.	<i>Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund.</i>		£ s. d.
Mr. W. Goodlife	1 0 0	A. Chamberlain, Esq. (2 years)	2 2 0
Mr. F. Burton	0 10 0	Stockwell Orphanage Young Christians' Band	5 0 0
Mr. Cooper	0 5 0	Dr. Van Someren, Hyderabad	5 0 0
Mr. Gripper	0 5 0	A Thankoffering	0 10 0
Mr. Wheatley	0 2 6	J. B. F.	1 1 0
		<hr/>	Mr. T. D. Ransford	2 0 0
Collected by Miss Dabell:—		7 4 6	Ross-shive Man	0 5 0
Rev. J. M. Trueman	2 2 0	Mrs. Aikman	5 0 0
Miss Cheetham	1 1 0	Mr. C. W. Goodhart	1 0 0
Dr. Leigh	1 0 0	Mr. S. Wilson, son,	1 1 0
Mr. Taylor	1 0 0	Mrs. Rebecca Ball	0 10 0
Mr. Armitage	1 0 0	Readers of the "Christian Herald"	10 13 10
Mr. Thackeray	0 10 0	Mr. J. P. Marsh	0 10 0
Mr. Dabell	0 10 0	Miss Unwin	0 10 0
Mrs. Smith	0 10 0	Rev. J. Richards	1 1 0
Mrs. Crofts	0 5 0	Mrs. Chapman	4 0 0
Mr. J. Kirk	0 5 0	Anne Whatcley	0 10 0
Mr. Newton	0 2 6	Collecting Box, Mr. H. Payne	0 3 0
Mrs. Clark	0 2 6	C. N. Johnson, Esq.	1 0 0
Mrs. Antill	0 2 6	Rev. F. A. Jones	2 2 0
Mr. Ward	0 1 0	Mrs. F. Jones	2 2 0
Mr. G. Dean	0 5 0	Well-wisher of Colportage	0 10 0
		<hr/>	Mrs. Elliott	0 3 0
Miss Langley, Basford	8 16 6	J. H. B. R.	0 9 6
Baptist Chapel	2 16 0	Friend, per Rev. H. R. Brown	0 10 0
Ebenezer Chapel	0 10 0	J. P. Bacon, Esq.	5 0 0
Mission Chapel	0 5 0	A Few Pence from Cottage Meeting	...	0 3 0
Gross Lane Chapel	0 10 0	A. G. W.	1 0 0
Mr. A. Higginbottom	0 5 0	Mr. D. Heelas, annual	2 0 0
		<hr/>	Miss Armstrong	1 0 0
		20 17 0	A Friend	5 0 0
Postages, etc.	0 9 0	"Of thine own have we given thee"	1 0 0
		<hr/>	Reader of "Sword and Trowel"	0 5 0
Total for Arnold District	20 8 0	Mr. W. J. Graham	10 0 0
Ebenezer Baptist Church, Bacup	...	10 0 0	Mrs. Huskieson, per Mr. D. Watson	0 10 0
Friends at Maldon	2 10 0	Miss McClellan	1 0 0
Mrs. R. Clark, for Cheddar	10 0 0	J. P.	2 0 0
Matlock District	1 0 0	In memory of W. L. B., who preached	...	10 0 0
Wilts and East Somerset Association	...	17 10 0	"Jesus Christ and him crucified"	1 0 0
Great Yarmouth District	7 10 0	Miss Way	4 0 0
Kettering District	5 0 0	Mrs. Gardener	2 10 0
Mr. George Wall, Liverpool	10 0 0	Part of tenth from the country	0 10 0
Bower Chalk District	0 15 0	S. K.	0 5 0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school,	...	5 0 0	Mr. A. H. Scard	1 1 0
for Longzeaton	5 0 0	Mr. Edwd. Falkner	0 15 0
For Crawley District:—			Mr. Geo. White	0 4 0
Mrs. Allison's Bible Class	5 7 5	S. S. Absolum	2 0 0
Working Men, West End...	1 2 4	The Misses Goddard	2 0 0
		<hr/>	Mrs. A. Jones	2 0 0
		6 9 9	M. W. S.	0 2 6
		<hr/>			
		£108 4 9			£96 3 11

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from October 20th to November 14th, 1879.

		£ s. d.			£ s. d.
Mrs. Jane Brockie	2 0 0	Balance of Collection at Markyate	...	0 15 0
Collection at Leamington, per Mr. Burnham	4 6 6	Street, per Rev. E. Small	25 0 0
Mr. W. J. Graham	10 0 0	A Friend, per Mr. Burnham	
Mr. A. H. Scard	6 5 0			£44 19 0
Part of a Tenth from the country	...	2 10 0			
M. W. S.	0 2 6			

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, Balham. 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.

5 - 18 3 1/2 C paid