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THE

Sword and the Trowel;

A RECORD

OF

COMBAT WITH SIN AND OF LABOUR FOR THE LORD.

EDITED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

1890.

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

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PREFACE.

IN the case of a magazine the Preface is written last, and it looks as if the periodical moved like the elephant, of which the boy said, that it carried its great big tail in front. There is this advantage about the arrangement, that it enables us, like a judge, to give a summing-up.

It has been a good year, this 1890. Let the Lord's name be praised. The preacher has been able to occupy his pulpit every Lord's-day, except the last before going away; having this year almost entirely escaped the pains which, on other occasions, laid him by the heels, or legs. The printed sermons have been remarkably used of God in the conversion of sinners and the upbuilding of saints; for which we glorify his name. *The College* has had no want of men, or money, nor has it been troubled with lack of spheres for those ready to leave it. *The Orphanage* had a grand day on June 19, and, all along, the hand of the Lord has been stretched out to supply all its needs. *The Colportage Society* has increased its men, and the men have increased their sales. *The Evangelists* have travelled everywhere, the Lord being with them, and giving them seals to their commission. *The North Africa Mission*, in our portion of it, has grown; for we have now two missionaries, and these have been made use of in conversions. *The Book Fund*, which is our dear wife's most blessed work, has continued, with her *Pastors' Aid Fund*, to make the hearts of poor ministers sing for joy. In all other departments of service everything has kept up, and there has been no slackening.

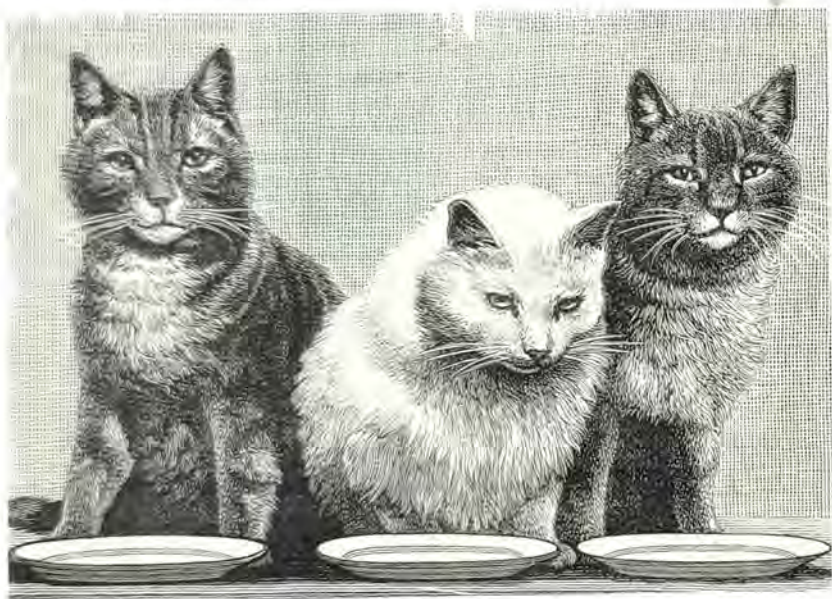
The Sword has not been spared where evil has required smiting. The Down-grade controversy has not been without benefit to the cause of truth. So far as we can judge, many ministers who were sliding downward have seen their danger, and are far more evangelical than they were; but the plague is not stayed. Certain men are bolder in their profane criticisms than ever they were; and, alas! some who were pronouncedly orthodox, having joined themselves with the infected, are now quite as much diseased as those whom they formerly grieved over. The present method of temporizing with error is ruining those who practise it: it is more deadly than the evil which it flatters. The tricks of policy may baffle a sincere opponent, but they destroy the man who uses them. We can afford to wait, for we have nothing to conceal, and nothing to fear; but the time will come when confederacies of evil will go to pieces, and truth will come to the front. God has put both time and eternity upon the side of those who are faithful to his truth. If any think us dispirited, we would assure them that we are not aware of it.

The year will be remembered by many as one of trial; to us it has been eminently so, in the loss of many generous givers, one leading worker, and a company of earnest helpers. Still, others are pushed

forward by the Lord to serve his cause; and the army marches on to victory. So it will ever be. In the midst of death eternal life wins its widening way.

To friends and subscribers we tender hearty thanks. We wish they could increase our joy by increasing our circulation: it would be a special Christmas gift to us if each reader could get us a new subscriber. We work hard at this magazine, and do our very best. Dear reader, if you are satisfied, please reward us by showing our *Sword and Trowel* to your friends, and persevering till you have introduced it into one more home.

We leave over a piece of work for the beginning of next year. *The Surrey Gardens' Memorial* is fully three-fourths paid for, but there remains about £700 to be raised. We pray that this may not even begin to be a burden to us. Please listen to the suggestive remark of our three feline friends.



MORE IS WANTED.

May we be spared to labour together for years to come, and then may it be our reward to praise God together throughout eternity!

Yours heartily,

C. H. SPURGEON.

Westwood, November, 1890.

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THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JANUARY, 1890.

“Stand fast in the faith.”

BY C. H. SPURGEON.



FRIEND sends us a Motto-card for 1890, bearing the likeness of a sentinel on the watch, with the words from Habakkuk, “*I will watch to see what HE will say unto me.*” It is to be feared that this kind of watching is rare. The Lord speaks to us when we sleep; but after he has once aroused us, we ought to feel an awe upon us which should keep us wakeful in the hope of further divine voices. God would have more speech with us if we had more ear towards him.

On the same New Year's Card is the text, “*Stand fast in the faith*” (1 Cor. xvi. 13); a very suitable exhortation for the present time. How few are the prophets in these days who could say with Elijah, “The Lord of hosts liveth, before whom I stand”! They are not long enough in one mind, or in one mood, to be said to *stand*. They vary with the hour, and watch the signs of the times, that they may change with them. To abide with God is a small matter with them: “to be abreast of the times” is the one thing needful. Of this class of persons we should be well aware, and leave them to their own devices.

“Stand fast.” Get good foothold. Know your standing: make sure that it is firm, and then be sure that you are firmly on it. What is the basis of your confidence? Is there rock beneath you? It is all in vain to be yourself immovable if that which is beneath you is crumbling from under your feet. To be firm in error is only to make your ruin the surer. Nothing but eternal truth is a fit foundation for an immortal

soul. Let us hold truth, truth only, truth certified by inspiration : then may we stand fast.

"Seek thou, my soul, for resting,
The rock of truth alone ;
The truth that beareth testing,
The sure foundation-stone !"

Once having sure ground beneath us, it is ours to hold it against all comers in the day of battle. Armies have been defeated when pressed into a bog where they could not manœuvre : but they have been even worse beaten when they have been driven from vantage-ground, and made to fly hither and thither. There is much in the courage which makes a dashing charge, and carries all before it ; but in the progress of a long campaign the ultimate victory usually falls to those who can endure. The British square, standing firm as an iron wall, in the end decides the fight. When Luther said, "Here I stand : I can do no other," he was grasping the victory with sure grip. In these days, the only thing that can be set against the torrent of error is the firmness of conviction. So popular are the inventors of new teaching that protest against them is thought to be an impertinence, and even those who are, on the whole, orthodox, resent any bold testimony against falsehood as a needless disturbance of their well-beloved peace. What remains but to continue steadfast yourself ; and none the less, yea, all the more, hold fast, and hold forth the sacred truth, which was from the beginning, and can never change ?

Before long we shall see fresh developments of perverse minds. Encouraged by their success, inventors of novel theories will indulge their vein : emboldened by the immunity of others, the more cautious will engage in the same injurious pursuit. More of worldliness and frivolous amusement there can hardly be in many quarters ; but there will be more and more intolerance of everything thought to be Puritanic and strait-laced. To-day it suffices the "Down-graders" to retain their positions in the religious world ; but before long they will commence the driving out of the old-fashioned from their own inheritances. We do not feel that we play the prophet in thus writing ; for we see principles at work which tend in that direction, and we know men in power whose contempt of the faithful is unable to express its bitterness in words. If one would see a persecutor in full flower, let him listen to a gentleman of "advanced views" when he is delivering his gentle soul in relation to a Calvinist. Give that "liberal" personage a fair opportunity, and you will see how far the ferocity of "the bigoted party" is excelled by the hate of the Broad School. Our true safety, whatever may or may not come, will lie in abiding by the old faith, never abating a jot of doctrine, or a tittle of practice.

Our standing fast is a necessary condition of the true "forward movement." We, being assured of the gospel, go on to prove its working character. More than ever must we cause the light of the Word to shine forth. The covered light is no better than the darkness. The most successful way of defending the light is causing it to shine forth. If sinners are converted in great numbers, and the churches are maintained in purity, unity, and zeal, evangelical principles will be supplied

with their best arguments. A ministry which, year by year, builds up a living church, and arms it with a complete array of evangelistic and benevolent institutions, will do more by way of apology for the gospel than the most learned pens, or the most laboured orations. To groan over the prevalence of evil is well enough in its way; but to rise to soul-saving work, quickened to more burning zeal by a sense of the prevalence of falsehood, is better far. We are not, like the peasant at the river, foolish enough to sit still till the stream has run dry; but we "occupy" until the Master comes, at whose appearing the rivers of human opinion will vanish, and only his truth will abide.

Our faith in "the faith once delivered to the saints" must work by love, and manifest its energy in incessantly seeking the souls of men. This is the work of the age, the work which is always worth doing, the work which will far better repay us than controversy with men of perverse minds, who do not wish to know the right way. Be this our prayer, with Miss Havergal—

"O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea!"

The times are, in some respects, especially unhealthy; but there is no reason to suspect that they are, in all things, worse than other periods of time. It was never easy work to be steadfast in the faith. Madam Bubble and a thousand fascinators have always made a dead set upon Mr. Standfast; and there is a traitor-heart within, which is a still greater danger. Yet it is the voice of wisdom which bids us "Watch and pray"; and that voice sounds with a deep and earnest tone at this present. No man who has laid aside any piece of his armour can now travel safely. The phase of evil which now surrounds us is not that which lets the pilgrim alone: the way, the air, the light, are all against him.

"Thou treadst upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset thee round;
And armed for fight a numerous host.
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost!"

"Come, then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armour from above,
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love!"

"The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell;
The Man of Calvary triumphed here:
Why should his faithful followers fear?"

It is most difficult to stand fast alone. The lone men and women in the churches, who are "faithful among the faithless found," have need of the spirit of Paul when he wrote, "At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me. Notwithstanding, the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me." To escape the evil of a contentious spirit, and yet to be "steadfast, unmovable," is by no means an easy attainment. The grace of the Holy Spirit alone can teach us how to abound in love, and yet to take unto ourselves the whole armour of God,

that we may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, may stand. Not even the days of open persecution were more perilous than these. Our hatred of all intrusion upon the liberties of others may cause us to be accomplices in their treason against the Lord. Our longing for peace may retain us in fellowship with those who undermine the foundations of the gospel. If it be so, we shall have to wish that we had never been born; and generations to come will brand our carelessness with their bitter curse. All the to-morrows hang upon to-day, and the lives of myriads turn upon a single action. Vacillation for an hour may involve a century of degradation; while decision at the moment may be the uplifting of an age. Though many, who "seemed to be pillars," have bowed, like bulrushes, before the wind of the day, let the believer, who has been taught of the Holy Ghost, remain in his steadfastness; for it hath great recompense of reward. Deceit, criticism, doubt, will try the rivets of his heavenly mail; but in the end they will secure a more glorious crown for him that overcometh. He that will dare to be a Daniel, yea, dare to stand alone, shall have great joy of it in the day of his Lord's coming. Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, let each man abide in his place. "The day" may come far sooner than men think. They cry "peace and safety," and think that the faithful may be trodden down by the feet of contempt, as straw is trodden for the dunghill; but the Lord thinketh not so. He hath an hour for the vindication of his gospel, the discovery of deceit, and the chastisement of apostasy; and that hour may come ere yet this new year has waned to its winter. Meanwhile, in the name of the Lord let us set up our banner, and march beneath the guidance of our God into the unknown future, with a song of exultant confidence.

The Rivers of Israel.

"Rivers of living water."—John vii. 38.

FLOWING, flowing, grace is flowing
 Over all the desert land;
 God in mercy is bestowing
 Blessings large on every hand;
 Flowing, flowing, ever flowing,
 Waves of blessing o'er the land.

Flowing, flowing; "whosoever"
 Thirsts for Christ may be supplied;
 Longing, sin-sick souls shall never
 Be of that free grace denied;
 Flowing, flowing, ever flowing,
 Waves of blessing, far and wide!

Flowing, flowing, on it floweth,
 From the throne of God on high;
 Saving grace he still bestoweth,
 None need perish, none need die;
 Flowing, flowing, ever flowing,
 Precious, blessed, full supply!

ALBERT MIDLANE.

Tact.

(EXTRACTS FROM A LECTURE BY THOMAS SPURGEON.)

EVERYBODY knows what tact is ; but it would puzzle a good many to define it. That was a forceful, if ungrammatical, definition of salt which a little girl is reported to have given. "Please, sir," she said, "salt is the stuff what makes the potatoes taste very nasty if you haven't got none of it with 'em." Similarly, tact is that quality which makes well-intentioned words and actions distasteful and useless, "when," to use the lassie's language, "you haven't got none of it with 'em." "It is that salt which seasons other great and good gifts. It adds a grace to the smallest acts, and embellishes mediocrity more than anything else, giving it a power and a place which it would otherwise fail to attain." "Let your conversation be seasoned with salt." Without it, courage may be all in vain, and faithfulness may go for nought. Without it, zeal may be thrown away, and even love fail of its high and holy aims. "Beauty, wit, and talent acquire a tenfold greater influence when combined with tact." Like a guardian angel, it tells one what to say, and how to say it ; what to do, and when to do it. Mouth and matter are of precious little use without wisdom—the wisdom that is profitable to direct.

Tact is the rudder of the ship, the little wheel behind the windmill, the tail of the kite, the ballast of the balloon, the feather on the arrow, the rein on the restive steed. He is already wise who, like Solomon, asks for wisdom ; and, of all sorts of wisdom, none is more to be desired than tact. The wise king had it in a high degree. What but it could have enabled him so speedily, and withal so sweetly, to settle the quarrel of the two angry women ? I am not surprised that the Scriptures quote that incident as the crowning proof of the great king's sagacity.

While tact is beautiful and natural to some—even as shining to the sun—I am persuaded it can be acquired and cultivated. Like an orange-tree in its native tropic, it is indigenous to some characters, and sheds the perfume of its blossoms, and yields its luscious fruits without pains or forethought ; while, with others it is, as it were, imported ; but finding suitable soil, and receiving careful nurture, thrives with scarcely less luxuriance. There remain, however, some persons to whom its production and possession are alike impossible ; of whom we have to say, "It simply isn't in them," and for whom any attempt to acclimatize it must prove a failure. You, most observant reader, are familiar with these three types of character.

It has been your privilege, I hope, to know people whose grace of manner, whose kindliness of heart, and whose sweet reasonableness make them favourites with all. If they have any disagreeable business to do, they do it in the most agreeable way possible. They are generous in judgment, wise in counsel, and tender in reproof. The spirit of meekness reigns within them. Deep down in the well of their heart is the clear, cool water of thoughtfulness, self-sacrifice, and consideration of others ; and it comes up in the bucket of their speech and acts. All the pills they administer are sugar-coated, and with the most unpalatable

reproofs they always give a spoonful of something sweet to take the taste away. It is said of a certain German, that he has invented a steel-clad bullet, with a slight alloy of antimony, which is warranted to pass through a man's body without causing unnecessary discomfort. How very considerate, to be sure ! There is a touch of irony, surely, as well as of antimony here. Still, it serves as an illustration. If wounding and killing must be done, let them be accomplished as mercifully as possible. I fear me, there are too many "shootists" who resemble the Lilliputian sportsmen of the nursery rhyme—"Their bullets were made of lead, lead, lead"—which rankles in the wound, poisoning the blood, and mangling ere it slays.

Those to whom tact is natural exhibit it on all occasions. Without effort, they see what course to adopt when others rush blindly on ; or, if they do not see it, they patiently await the golden opportunity. They never strike till the iron is hot, nor shake the bough till the fruit is ripe, nor stamp the wax till it is molten. In their homes they manage to make ninence go as far as others can a shilling. In business they see at least as far as others through a brick wall, and they have a happy knack of standing on tip-toe, and looking over it to boot. In social life they carry, so to speak, a can of lubricating oil, by a judicious use of which they cause the complicated machinery of society to run smoothly. And in church relationships they manage to steer as clearly as did those ancient mariners who avoided alike the cruel rock of Scylla and the roaring whirlpool of Charybdis.

Members of Class No. 2 deserve still greater honour at our hands. Not without self-sacrifice and careful watching—ay, and earnest praying, too—do they reach the heights on which the others seem to have been born and bred. They have schooled themselves to speak and act with caution. Enamoured of the bright example of others, they have sought and found the secret. They never leap without first looking. If it needs must be that offences come, they are determined not to incur the curse pronounced on him by whom they come. Inspired by holy influence, they have torn from their gardens, not worthless weeds alone, but anything and everything that would exclude the light, or suck the nutriment from flowers of richest hue and sweetest perfume. Thus is it that *tact*, and kindred graces, flourish in their lives—as exotics, it is true—and not without most careful cultivation, and yet, with sweetest odours and most juicy fruits.

Of the third order, we have, alas ! specimens galore. These are the blusterers, the fire-eaters, the tear-aways, the f-o-o-ls who rush in where angels fear to tread. Their motto seems to be, "Leap before you look !" They ride rough-shod over the tenderest feelings, they plunge headlong into every popular speculation, they snap at every tempting bait. They do good things badly, and bad things worse. They suffer even their good to be evil spoken of. They know nothing of qualifying clauses, and necessary precautions. Their bouncing little crafts set sail, though the drum at the signal-station warns them of coming storms. "Weather and other circumstances permitting," finds no place in their announcements. These are they who begin to build without a plan, and without counting the cost. They reckon without their host, and count their chickens before they are hatched. They do the things they should not

do, and leave undone those that should be *done*. What wonder is it, that they have no sooner opened their mouth than their foot is in it ; that their fortunes fly away ; that their children prove unmanageable ; that they fall foul of their brothers and sisters in the church ; and that they themselves, sooner or later, come to grief ? “ O wisdom, thou art fled to brutish beasts, and men have lost their reason ! ” Verily, I have seen more tact displayed by some quadrupeds than by certain individuals, to whom it has happened that they have only two legs and comparatively short ears.

The correction of faults in others demands more tact than, perhaps, ought else. The offender may be offended. The wrongdoer may be provoked to a superfluity of naughtiness by the very reproof which, if wisely administered, may be, as the shepherd's crook, to lift him out of the mire ; or, better still, as the strong shoulder, to bear him back to the fold. Blessed is that man who, having to exercise authority, has learned the art which enables him in meekness to correct those that oppose themselves !

Settling quarrels, also, is by no means an easy task. As a rule, quarrellers are best left to themselves. Let them fight it out, or cool down as best they may. Like little Bo-peep's wandering flock, “ Let them alone, and they'll come home, and bring their tails behind them.” But, if you must interfere, you will do well to try to trace the strife to its infinitesimal origin ; for the fiercest fights are generally over the smallest trifles. The children's story tells how two brave and stalwart knights contended, even unto blood, anent a shield that hung on a forest-tree. One declared that it was black, the other swore that it was white. The wise old grey-beard, who suddenly appeared to them, turned the shield round, and showed the combatants that it was black on one side and white on the other. Shall we call the old man Father Tact, for he felicitously revealed at once the facts of the case, and the folly of the feud ? Would that he were always near to expose the littleness of our squabbles ; to turn the shield round, and, by so doing, to turn us from the error of our ways ! Theological controversies are, I regret to say, often more bitter and more “ little ” than any others. “ See that ye fall not out by the way,” our great Joseph may well say to his younger brethren. Of the old schoolmen, it was said that they—

“ Could a hair divide
Between the North and North-west side.”

The fashion of hair-splitting has not quite died out yet. But its decrease would be hastened, I think, if those who have it in their power either to foment the strife, or to break the ring, and separate the combatants, would exercise a little more tact. I have read, somewhere or other, of two ministers who were arguing about some matter of church-discipline, or other comparatively moot point, and arguing with some warmth, too. One of them turned to Christmas Evans, who was near, and asked his verdict. “ Well,” said he, “ to-day I saw two boys quarrelling over two snails ; and one of them insisted that his snail was the best because it had horns, while the other as strenuously insisted that his was the best because it had none. The boys were very angry and vociferous, but *the two snails were very good*

friends." Thus, by a *soft* answer, he turned away wrath, and revealed the littleness of the dispute.

To no one is this qualification more indispensable than to the Christian worker. The very pew-opener needs it. The doorkeeper in the house of the Lord, if he be gifted thus, can do a power of good. The reception of visitors in our sanctuaries is a matter of more importance than many imagine. No less a personage than the Marquis of Salisbury bears his witness to the influence of tact and courtesy to a stranger in the place of worship. He was in Tunbridge Wells one Sunday, and walked into a Wesleyan Chapel, supposing it to be an Episcopalian Church. The service over, he was accosted by a benevolent old gentleman, who, shaking hands with his lordship, enquired if he was a stranger. The Marquis having replied in the affirmative, his interrogator said, "Have you joined class yet?" "No," said the Marquis, "not yet." Whereupon the old gentleman invited him to a society-class, which met weekly at his private residence, and said how glad he would be to see him there. "Well," said the Marquis, "I have not made up my mind to join a Wesleyan class yet." The noble lord, in relating this incident to a Methodist, said, "If that is the way you Wesleyans look after strangers, I do not wonder you get on as you do." That is the way it should be done. As an illustration of how *not* to do it, I may record that a young man assured me that he walked into a church, and was ushered into a section, over which was inscribed, all too legibly, "SEATS FOR THE POOR." It cannot be wondered at that he did not consider long as to the order of his going, but went at once.

Certainly, the district-visitor requires tact. A holy delicacy is needed in going from house to house with the Word of life. An objectionable manner in the speaker will readily nullify the matter of his speech. She surely knew not the spirit she was of, who, entering a room where a young girl lay sorely sick, looked as grave as a judge, and exclaimed, in sepulchral tones, "*My dear, the worms are waiting to devour you!*" And what shall be said of the pastor who, condoling with a woman bereft of her darling child, remarked, "Well, my good woman, I can sympathize with you, for I remember how I felt when I lost my dear little dog Oscar"? What shall be said of him? Well, the less said the better. He probably meant well. I suppose he wished her to understand that, since the decease of a canine pet had sufficiently torn his own heart, he felt for her with deepest pity, for she had lost a so much more precious treasure. But that was not what he said. With the best intentions, he nevertheless managed to outrage the tenderest feelings and affections, just for want of *tact*. It was of this same pastor that a humble member of his flock said, "Oh, yes, I like him very much, he is this, that, and the other; but what he wants is, *a little tack!*" Whether she referred to a tin-tack or to tact, I must leave my readers to judge. For my own part, I think a little of both (judiciously administered) would have improved him.

I may say, in passing, that a little more wisdom is needed in choosing an hour for visiting. It is useless to go, for instance, when the washing is on, or the ironing is in progress, unless, indeed, you are prepared to take a turn at the tub, or the wringer, or the mangle. Surely, too, it is want of thought which takes a run of visitors to the sick-chamber, to

worry rather than to console the sufferer. Somewhere or other I met with the following example :—"Recently, a poor woman lay sick. The Independent minister called, and spoke and prayed with her. While he was yet scarcely out of sight, the Baptist minister came on the scene, and spoke and prayed with her. Before the sound of his footsteps had died away, the curate came, and ministered unto her. Close on his departing heels, arrived the rector, who likewise ministered unto her. All these came within the space of an hour or so. Last of all, the woman died also!"

Nor can we without tact know what to say, or how to say it, when we visit those who are ill. We have seen how unwise it is to be too melancholy in the presence of the sick. It is equally possible to be too cheerful. "As he that taketh away a garment in cold weather, and as vinegar upon nitre, so is he that singeth songs to a heavy heart."

If sick-visiting requires tact, so also does tract-distributing. The selection of the subject is most important. Fancy handing a pamphlet on the evils of dancing to a poor fellow with a wooden leg! Timber toes are not likely to indulge in very much of the light fantastic. A treatise on the deceitfulness of riches is scarcely appropriate to the inmates of a refuge. He is no Solomon who hands out gospel leaflets to all and sundry, at any time, and in every place. There is a time for everything under the sun.

A young minister of my acquaintance as nearly as possible put his foot into it once by not making a careful selection from his tracts. He had occasion to communicate with a lady, an invalid, whom he was in the habit of visiting occasionally. Having written the note, he drew a leaflet from a packet, and slipped it into the envelope, which he was about to fasten; when something (a guardian angel, surely,) disposed him to glance at the title of the tract. He was not a little horrified to find it headed with the following Scripture: "THOU GAVEST ME NO KISS!" Oh, if that tender remonstrance had reached the lady, who shall say what the consequences might have been? She could hardly have been expected to suppose that the sweet expostulation was accidentally enclosed. She therefore might have—but I draw the veil. To say the least, it might have been a little awkward for both parties at the next interview; just at first, at all events.

(To be continued.)

Peace amid War.

DOST thou not know that God is wonderful in his people, and placeth his peace in the midst of no peace—that is, of all temptations? As it is said, "Reign thou in the midst of thine enemies." Not he, therefore, hath peace whom none troubleth—this is the peace of the world; but he whom all men and all things trouble, yet who beareth all these things quietly, with joy.—*Mrs. Charles.*

The Howard Centenary.

1790—1890.

“I was in prison, and ye came unto me.”—Matthew xxv. 36.

Where, in the dungeon's loathsome shade,
The speechless captive clanks his chain,
With heartless hope to raise that aid
His feeble cries have called in vain:
Thine eye his dumb complaint explores;
Thy voice his parting breath restores;
Thy caros his ghastly visage clear
From death's chill dew, with many a clotted tear,
And to his thankful soul, returning life endear.

Hayley to Howard.

“I HAD the pleasure of a conversation with Mr. Howard,” wrote John Wesley, in June, 1787, just three years before the philanthropist's death, which took place on the 20th of January, 1790. “I think him one of the greatest men in Europe. Nothing but the mighty power of God can enable him to go through his difficult and dangerous employments. But what can hurt us if God is on our side?”

The great revival, it must ever be remembered, was not only a religious awakening, but also, and in consequence, a social reformation. And there was need; for the condition of England, both morally and religiously, was then truly horrible. The epoch has been termed the age of mobs and riots; it may justly be styled the iron age. A brutal hard-heartedness, which was the effect of the licentious infidelity of the day, characterized all society; the masses of the people were almost heathen, and their amusements were unspeakably cruel and degrading. The meal was very corrupt when the gracious leaven began to act upon it. The revival advanced by various agencies; it sang, it preached, and it civilized and humanized men; but the motive power of Toplady's hymns, of Whitefield's preaching, and of Howard's labours was equally the love of God which is manifested in the atonement of Jesus.

Of John Howard, then, we may say that we magnify the grace of God in him.

John Howard was born either in 1726 or 1727, it is supposed at Enfield. The place and date of his birth are, however, quite uncertain, nor are they essential to our estimate of his life and work. His father was a merchant, who had secured a competence by his industry. The good man wisely had his son bound apprentice to a London firm of merchants, presumably friends of his own.

At the death of his father, John Howard assumed the charge of his large property, and an instance of his kindness is thus related:—

“Every morning John Howard would stand at the garden-wall, in time to intercept the baker's cart that passed there, at a certain time. He would then purchase a loaf of bread, and conceal it among the cabbages. Then he would say to the gardener, ‘Harry, look among the cabbages, and you will find something for your family.’”

No true worker arrives at fitness for service without suffering; the steel must always be attempered before it can be fit for the Master's use. The preparation of affliction came in a peculiarly heavy grief to John Howard: the desire of his eyes was taken away by a stroke.

The death of his beloved wife, in 1765, was his own call to service. It was a bitter anguish to John Howard, and he wandered, broken-hearted, over Europe, seeking, in change of place, an alleviation of his sore grief. During this tour he saw a little of the prison horrors of the Continent. As yet unconscious of the divine purpose which was leading him, he wrote, "A tenderness of conscience I would ever cultivate; no step would I take without acknowledging God. . . . So, O my soul, keep close to him, in the amiable light of redeeming love!"

In the year 1773, Howard was appointed High Sheriff of Bedfordshire; and, with his usual practical industry, he personally examined the prisons of the county. It would be difficult to describe these dens without shocking the reader, for their horrors are almost incredible. In Bedford, for example, the two dungeons that were set apart for felons were eleven feet below the level of the street. The prisoners slept on



the floor, which was always damp, and often wet. One of these dungeons was in total darkness. The gaoler was allowed £5 per year in order to purchase straw for the prisoners to sleep upon.

Nor was this by any means the worst of the English gaols. At Nottingham, the prison was placed upon a hill-side. Those who could afford to purchase the privilege were confined in three rooms, which were reached by a descent of some twenty-five steps. Those who were unable to pay the sum demanded for these apartments were compelled to descend twelve steps lower down into the rock. There, a series of damp, dark caverns had been constructed; and in these holes debtors, and other prisoners, were confined sometimes for years.

Howard's untiring exertions at length attracted the attention of Parliament, and a committee of enquiry was appointed in consequence of his representations. The committee was horrified at the appalling misery which was thus shown to exist among the prisoners; and John

Howard was publicly thanked at the bar of the House of Commons for his unwearying exertions on behalf of the sufferers.

Nor did he confine his labours to his own native land : once and again he visited the Continent upon the same errand of mercy. Bad as the prisons there undoubtedly were, they were, however, less horrible than the dungeons of England ; and, moreover, on the Continent the prisoners were employed in useful labour. Thus, to quote Burke's eloquent words, " He visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples ; and not to collect medals or to collect manuscripts ; but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals ; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, and to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt ; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and compose and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan was original, and it was as full of genius as it was of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity. He has so forestalled and monopolized this branch of charity that there will be, I trust, little room to merit by such acts of benevolence hereafter."

At length, his self-sacrificing labours were crowned with a martyrdom. He died at Cherson, in the Crimea, on the 20th of January, 1790. His sole companion during the closing scenes of his life was an Englishman, Admiral Priestman.

" I am faint and low," said the dying man, " yet I trust in the right way pursuing, though too apt to forget my almighty Friend and God. O my soul, remember and record how often God has sent an answer of peace, mercies in the most seasonable times ; how often better than thy fears has he exceeded thy expectations ! Why should I distrust this good and faithful God ? In his Word he hath said, ' In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.' Lord, leave me not to my own wisdom, which is folly ; nor to my own strength, which is weakness ! Help me to glorify thee on earth, and finish the work thou givest me to do ; and to thy name alone be all the praise ! "

God heard his prayer, and John Howard accomplished the life-mission for which God prepared him, and then went in to see the King, witnessing to us all, "*that in God's hands no instrument is weak.*"

Of his private life, most delightful testimony is given to us by the daughter of his pastor in Bedford. " My father," she says, " has often said those were some of the most delightful hours of his life (when Mr. Howard came to dinner) ; for that Mr. Howard would then completely unbend himself, and give the most entertaining accounts of his past travels ; open up to him all his future plans, all his trials and sorrows ; in short, every feeling of his heart, in the most free and confidential manner."

Well may Dr. Stoughton say, " that religious principle, developed in simple and unostentatious—perhaps, we might say, in somewhat Puritanical forms—constituted the strength and inspiration of Howard's world-known character."

" To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To aid the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below."

Richmond, Surrey.

PASTOR JAMES J. ELLIS.

From "Westwood" to Menton.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PART I.

THERE will be no interest in these lines concerning a very commonplace journey except to friends of our heart, of whom we possess a great company. These like to know a little of the personal movements of the man to whom they are so heartily attached; and they will also put up with those prosy morals with which it has grown natural to the preacher to wind off his paragraphs.

It is *Monday, November 18, 1889*, and as usual in our climate at this season, the distant views, which are the glory of "Westwood," are shut out from the prospect; and around us is the woolly, steamy mist, which in England is the substitute for air: in this we swim, or simmer, or are steamed, or stewed; and we take to it kindly as a part of a Briton's heritage. In this vapour-bath, rheumatic patients see the prophecy of renewed aches and pains, and people low in spirits spy out all sorts of despondencies. We confess that we are subject to the same weakness.

One feels rejoiced that a few days will remove him from this domain of Gog, Magog, and Fog, into the land "where everlasting spring abides." The horses are ready, the luggage is in its place, the wheels hurry on, and this is the last we see of "Westwood" for a time.

What we have left behind in that dear abode! Could *she* but go with us who has been, under God, the good angel of our life, then our vacation would lose that one sad vacancy which takes from it its full content; and then all our enjoyment of nature's beauties would be doubled as we marked the pleasure of that kindred spirit, whose appreciations of the divine handiwork are even keener than our own. We have both learned to bow before our Father's will; and, whether in one home, or with a thousand miles between, we are one in a full and intense yielding to the divine ordination, and in one undivided desire to do, and to be, that which is most for the glory of God. May the dew of heaven fall over on that house where she abides,



GATE OF "WESTWOOD."

who, in great weakness, has not ceased these many years to feed the minds of those who feed the flock of God!

At Herne Hill Station a select company has gathered. There are three deacons and an elder, three secretaries, enough members of the church to make a very respectable church-meeting, and warm-hearted Mr. Williams, of Upton Chapel—the Lord bless them all! We, as fellow-

workers, could tell a marvellous story of the loving-kindness of Jehovah. Each time we think of them, we praise our God for such helpers. Years have rivetted the bonds of Christian affection; and we cannot part, even for a short season, without adieus in which, in very deed, and not as a mere compliment, we commend each other unto God. We are all full of the memories of the past Sabbath—a day to be had in remembrance for many reasons, and among the rest for this, that in one fortnight forty souls save one have been added to our church. On that parting Sabbath evening, thousands were turned from the Tabernacle doors because there was not room for a lath, much less for a living body. The multitude which made up the farewell Communion must have numbered well-nigh three thousand souls. It was not the first Lord's-day in the month, and the only remarkable point about the season was, that the Pastor was to be there for the last time for a few weeks: the vast assembly of church-members was the people's own way of saying—"Let us have fellowship together at parting, for we love each other indeed and of a truth." The Monday deputation at the railway-station was just the prolongation of that same sentiment of love. "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

But we are off. The grip of the warm hand of Christian love is loosened; we are out of our friends' sight; we are passing suburban stations; we are among certain hop-poles, with their melancholy dead bines; we are hurrying through the orchards and fruit-gardens of Kent. The fog is thicker than in London; but, as we have commended the little party in the carriage to the good care of the Lord, we have no anxious thought about collisions in the Channel through density of fog. We pass St. Mary Cray paper-mills, and here we are by the Medway, and through Chatham. Yonder on the right is the huge, unfinished structure, in which, according to the late Mr. Jezreel, the elect 144,000 are to be gathered together. Why at New Brompton we could never quite make out. We run through the land of brick-making, by the glorious Cathedral of Canterbury, and our journey is nearly ended so far as Old England is concerned. It is with some satisfaction we remember that our College has established churches in more than a dozen of the places mentioned on the time-table of that part of the London, Chatham, and Dover line along which we have been passing. May God in great mercy prosper these, and all other works for his kingdom! For the present we leave the care of College, Orphanage, Colportage, Evangelists, and so forth, with HIM, whose works they are, far more than they are or ever can be ours. Oh, for grace to cast every burden of care upon the great Care-taker!

Now we are at DOVER. The newspapers prophesied smooth things; and surely, here they are, for nothing could be more still than the wind and wave. Mr. Charles Cook publicly prayed that the sea might be so calm *that even Harrauld might not be sick*. The aforesaid Harrauld, our trusted and well-beloved secretary, has a weakness in that direction; but on this occasion he becomes a total-abstainer from the unpleasant indulgence. One might as well have been sitting at home in the parlour. There was motion without emotion, progress without reaction. How often have travellers felt, on reaching the other shore,



DOVER.

a deep sympathy with the mariners in the Psalm, of whom it is said, "Then are they glad *because they be quiet*; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven"!

What a change has been made in CALAIS! The old place would hardly know itself. If Hogarth were here again, he would leave Calais Gate alone, and give us the new Calais Station, whereat he might find character enough for his sketches, even if he confined his pencil to the Frenchmen with their hands in their pockets. We suppose they put their five fingers there for lack of five-franc pieces, on the ground that "nature abhors a vacuum." At any rate, it is very certain ground to go upon; nature does abhor a vacuum, for an inward monitor urges us all to prevent an internal vacuum, or "aching void," by placing within the inner man a portion of *potage*, and such other fare as may be attainable. All invalids should be advised to do this at Calais, for the halt for refreshment at Amiens is a mere form for slow-moving bodies: one only gets to the *buffet* in time to be hurried back to the carriage. In fact, it seems as if, the moment the train reached the station, a man began to



shout, "*à vos voilures, s'il vous plaît*," which is, being interpreted, "take your seats, if you please."

The sun is shining as we quit renovated Calais. We hope this will

be believed in England : we had a fair, clear sight of the sun from three o'clock until he retired beneath the horizon ! For those who so often see the sun as a huge red wafer, it may be consolatory to know that he has not really changed his complexion, and does not deserve Young's unworthy epithet—

"Yon rosy drunkard rising from the main."

At BOULOGNE one of us exclaimed, "What's that ?" Dust, stones, &c., flew up in an unusual manner, and almost immediately we had come to a dead halt, close to the cement works. Numbers of men were soon round the engine—*looking at it !* How many would be looking at us if we committed a moral or spiritual halting ! May grace prevent ! but by grace alone can it be prevented in a world like this, with hearts like ours. Two men ran up with horns ; but they did not blow upon the affair, or remove the impediment *à la Jericho*. We learned that, in a quarter of an hour, another engine would be forthcoming. It was a comfort that the iron horse was taken ill so near a place where these noble creatures stand harnessed for the way. A dozen miles, sooner or later, it might have been no smiling matter. Meanwhile we are interested by the sight of an elevated engine in connection with the factory, lifting trucks of material into the air, and putting them on the way for the higher level of the cement works. Workmen came out of the cement works to look at us ; some of them with mere vestiges of garments on—"dressed for dinner," we should have said had they been ladies of the upper class. Boulogne itself is always a picture-book to us when we stay there. If we care little for its buildings, its people are always picturesque in a high degree. Here is a little group of them as they may be seen down by the Fish-hall. These cement people are not



BOULOGNE FISHER-FOLK.

quite so interesting. Still, a group of Frenchmen always presents a vivacious appearance. Their way of talking with their fingers, shoulders, and heads, has great attractions: it is a natural form of oratory which is, to say the least of it, exceedingly amusing.

But we are off again ! The fresh horse goes grandly, and we are only a few minutes late when we reach PARIS, at 7.30. Are we as grateful as we ought to be when we accomplish a long journey without a serious hitch ?

Many a traveller is quite a stranger to such a thought. How much he loses by his ingratitude! Thankfulness to God for his mercies is a repetition of the enjoyment of them: in fact, we cannot be said to have tasted the true flavour of a mercy until we have seethed it in grateful reflection.

The sun was going down, and therefore we saw little of the road. Is there very much to see in the day-light? The sand-hills and the marshes are always interesting, and so are the rivers and canals in the long valley from Amiens, and the miles of linen laid out to bleach, and the endless lines of poplars, and the great quarries from which so much of Paris has been hewn. But now that we are at the Terminus, it is too late to give jottings upon these.

It is a dreary shake-up from the Nord Station to one's hotel in Paris; and there is that dreadful custom-house, which tumbles all one's properties and proprieties out of order, and does nothing else that one can see. But it does the officers good to "furrage" among one's stockings and books, just to see a little of English belongings; and it is specially amusing to the *octroi* man to suspect a very stout member of the party as being, probably, made up largely of contraband articles. That bulky humanity is very gentle, and abundantly willing to be searched from his hat to his boots if it will afford the slightest pleasure. A copy of *The Times* is drawn out from the breast-pocket of that stout gentleman's great-coat, and a *Murray's Guide* is found in another pocket, and he is very politely passed on; but it is clear that he is too stout to have been allowed to pass unchallenged: what right has he to weigh "sixteen stone"? You are right, good officer: a too great burden of body is an evil; and, in more than one sense, one person of whom we know a little is forced to cry out, "In my flesh there dwelleth no good thing." Flesh is contraband, no doubt; but when flesh comes under taxation, it will go hard with bones also. Nor is it at all philosophical to suspect the stout and trust the lean: Cæsar of old held a very different opinion.

In our hotel, we are appointed to rooms which, if they had been furnished with baths, would have been nearly filled up, for they were of no larger dimensions than pertain to ordinary bath-rooms. We are not convicts, nor are we monks, and are not in love with cells. But we would not mind that. What we do mind is an odour. Well, it is not the lavender of Mitcham; it resembles the most select product of a metropolitan drain. No; we did not come to Paris, any one of us, to solicit typhus fever, or diphtheria; and so, after certain negotiations, we shift to another floor in the Parisian caravanserai—a thing by no means to be desired when you are tired and hungry. Everybody seems to be spun out by their hard labour during the Exhibition, and to drop listlessly into the mere common-place work of looking after customers in their ordinary numbers. Do you wonder? After a great time of May meetings, even good people get dull.

We are too weary to remain below-stairs a moment longer than we can help; and so we hasten up by the lift, and to bed. We are awakened by a great hammering. Some one is making a box! No, he is breaking up an old door! Or is he nailing down carpets, or chopping wood? No doubt some workman has commenced his daily toil at six, before the sun is up. He is not on the strike for eight hours, or he would not be striking

so soon as this. Poor mortal ! Where is Mr. Burns ? Cannot he assist the French workman in shortening the hours of labour. What ? It is only a few minutes after three ! Then we have not left all the lunatics on the English side of the Channel ! Hammering near the bed-rooms of travellers in a hotel at three in the morning ! It is too bad ! Where is it ? It is overhead ! It is underneath ! It is in the next room ! So Harrauld thinks, and he hammers at that door. Two are now at it, hammer and tongs ; and when Harrauld leaves off, he does not know what will come next ; *but the noise ceases*, and we are content to leave the cause of it among the mysteries of science. Really people should have some little consideration for their neighbours, and not amuse themselves noisily in the middle of the night ! But do we not all fail more or less in this point by day as well as by night ? The question may do us all good. Thanks, then, to the knocker who has prompted a moral, which may promote great comfort, and save much sin ! The minor moralities lie very near the major ones : we must remember this, and mind that we never annoy others through want of thought.

We are off again into the land of Nod, which lieth very near to Eden. "Blessed be the man who first invented sleep !" So said a witty writer ; but we are grateful to One who made that man, and the sleeper too. We have no other nocturnal adventure, and we have no desire for any. Such things are all very well at home ; when a dog barks furiously in the kitchen, or a policeman shakes the doors and windows, or the electric bells go off by magic, or a big picture comes down with a run, or a half-a-dozen of soda-water goes off like a gun in the closet under the stairs, we brace ourselves up, and calmly look into the matter. At home, you know which is your own bed-room, and which door opens at the top of a flight of back-stairs ; but these points of geography one is never sure of in a strange hotel, and one does not care to venture at an unearthly hour into the mazes of endless passages and corridors. A friend of ours, who is a great mission-preacher, opened a door in a hotel in our own country, and at one step projected himself down some twenty stone steps into a cellar as dark as night, where he lay, cut badly by a glass bottle, and bruised horribly by his fall, till his groans were heard by a servant in a kitchen to which the cellar was adjacent. We have done some sleep-walking in our time without accident ; but this venerable brother was wide-awake, as he usually is, and was within an inch of finding his last bed of clay instead of his comfortable bed of feathers.

Tuesday, November 19.—Morning light of a grey and timorous kind salutes us, and we must spend the cold and cheerless day in some sort of fashion, waiting for the night-express to take us on to Marseilles. Our usual habit has been to go to see the *Sainte Chapelle*. Almost every time we have been in Paris, we have wended our way thither, and never once too often. It is a glorification of colour : rather a vision than a thing of sober sight. This time we feel shy of that little winding stair-case which leads up to it, and are more fit for a drive than a climb. We see the *Eiffel Tower*—what is the good of it ? We ride round the buildings which, a few days ago, were *The Paris Exhibition*. It is not a sight to go far to see. The clearing away of the dishes, and glasses, and bits of decoration after a party, is not a very cheery affair. Besides, one sees

the scamy side of things when a display is over ; and even Mr. Barnum's "greatest show on earth," which, by the way, we have no wish to see, because it can never come up to the expectation excited by his bills, must look less like fairy-land when it is all packing up for moving than it does when great Olympia is filled with its heroics. So passes away the glory of the world : to-day, palaces ; to-morrow, old stores. "Surely, every man walketh in a vain show."

We have seen enough of the *débris* of the fair, and have passed the *Trocadéro*, and are driving along the avenues of the *Bois de Boulogne*. Even in this leafless month, there is a charm in those forest-trees, and the long avenues, and snake-like paths which penetrate them. The more of such open spaces the better for great cities. We get out at the *Garden of Acclimatization*, and enter that wonderful Conservatory on the left, which reminds one of the palm-house at Kew, and the best winter-garden one has ever seen. The cavern and the dripping-well at the end are singularly natural. Thence we emerge into the open-air, and, as far as we can, we ramble among birds of all sorts : Mandarin ducks, ostriches, and flamingoes, till we reach the gazelles and antelopes, and being neither of the one breed, nor of the other, and having walked as far as our legs will carry so heavy a form, we make our return journey by a little car which runs along a very narrow line of rails, and takes us back to the gate by which we entered. Thence we return to the desk in the hotel reading-room, at which we have written, with running pen, this journal of a very common-place traveller, who is somewhat amused as he reads, among the news in garrulous *Galvani's Messenger*, that he is on his way to Menton, where he *intends* remaining till the second week in January. Bless the man who wrote this paragraph, we have no intention of the sort ! We *intend* nothing as yet. We have not even thought about getting back to the collar ; all our thoughts have been about the *rest* we so much need. Does the horse, with his shoes off, form an intention to return to the omnibus while he is yet on the road to the marshes ? We would, without grumbling too much at the fourth estate, express the opinion that it might be as well if writers of paragraphs would become more skilful in thought-reading before they divulged intentions which have not been expressed because they have not been formed. The present is a very harmless instance ; but there may be cases in which pain may be inflicted, and actions perverted, by a perfectly well-meaning scribe, who felt it needful to prophesy before he was sure.

(To be continued.)

A Promise from God is an Answer to Prayer.

GOD'S answer to prayer is sometimes only a promise to answer. The promise alone is a sufficient answer to faith. To the centurion who pleads for his servant, Jesus says, "I will come and heal him." There was the promise, and by-and-by Jesus came. So God's promises are ever the answer to our prayers, breaking the silence, and comforting the heart till he comes.—From "*The Religious Telescope*" (U.S.A.).

Dr. Nettleton : the New England Evangelist.

BY R. SHINDLER.

THE wide extension of evangelical religion in the United States has been due, largely, to the self-denying and earnest labours of evangelists. For more than a hundred and fifty years there have been such men traversing the length and breadth of the country, and calling the people to the obedience of faith. Those grand men have been of various denominations—Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists. In a great many cases the pastors have been evangelists, and have itinerated through wide regions ; but some have given themselves wholly to evangelistic work. One such was Asahel Nettleton, D.D. He was one of the most judicious of evangelists, and one of the most successful. Not less than *thirty thousand*, it is said, were awakened under his searching and faithful ministry.

Mr. Nettleton was the eldest son of a farmer, and was born at North Killingworth, Connecticut, 21st April, 1783. His childhood and youth were marked by nothing peculiar ; his early education was that of the common district-school ; and he was mostly engaged, until he entered college, at the age of twenty-two, in work on his father's farm. As a child, he was the subject of religious impressions : especially one day, when alone in a field, and looking at the setting sun, the thought of the setting of the sun of human life impressed him so deeply that he wept aloud. But there was nothing abiding until his eighteenth year.

In the fall of 1800, he attended a ball one Thanksgiving Day. The next day, when alone, and reflecting on the scenes of the former night, and the manner in which he proposed to spend the day, in company with his young companions, the thought suddenly rushed into his mind : " We must all die, and go to the judgment ; with what feelings shall we then reflect on these scenes ? " The thought overwhelmed him for a time, and it left an impression on his mind which nothing could efface. All pleasing reflections on the past, and bright anticipations of the future, were at an end, and in place thereof were feelings of pain and distress. These feelings he concealed, but he could not banish them. The world was changed for him : it had lost its charms ; and the future was shaded with gloom and fear. His ideas of law and gospel, however, were by no means clear ; he had as yet no just conceptions concerning the depravity of the heart ; and, though he knew he was a sinner, and could not be saved unless his sins were pardoned, there was no true bowing of the soul before God in lowly penitence and faith. The almost entirely neglected duty of prayer was now impressed upon him, but it required a struggle to bring him to bend the suppliant knee before the just and holy God.

At this time he did not know any young person who was under serious impressions, and those with whom he had been most intimate were entirely thoughtless, and given to vain and sinful amusements. In the following spring, however, there was a considerable awakening in that neighbourhood, and one or more of his life-long friends were brought to Christ. During the interval between the fall of 1800 and

the spring of 1801, the same deadness remained. He himself became, however, more and more resolved to fear and serve God, and he had a strong desire that some, at least, of his young companions would set out with him in the ways of religion ; but his proud heart, rather than his timidity, would not allow him to make known to them his feelings and desires ; and yet he sometimes ventured to expostulate with them on the folly and sinfulness of their conduct, and to some few he even addressed short letters on the same subject. By most they were treated with ridicule and contempt, but on others they made lasting and saving impressions.

Young Nettleton was, as yet, only partially enlightened. He saw men as trees walking. He was sensible of his danger, and knew that he needed something to prepare him for heaven, but he did not know what. The fountain of iniquity within had not been discovered to him, and he vainly looked to himself for amendment of life, hoping thereby to commend himself to the favour of God. He had, however, finally abandoned the world, and set himself to seek the Lord. Prayer became more and more his work. He would repair to the fields and forest to pray, and sometimes spent a large part of the night in prayer. But he was still on the legal ground of "do and live." His prayers were too much regarded as the price of the favours asked. Of course, they were not answered. The hardening and infidel tendency of such a course or principle soon became manifest. He said to himself, "It is written, *'Ask, and ye shall receive ; seek, and ye shall find.'* I have asked, but I have not received ; I have sought, but I have not found. How, then, can these promises be true ? and how can the Book that contains them be the Word of God ?" He found himself disposed to cherish these doubts, and to seek for further proof that the Bible is not true. He searched the Scriptures to try to find contradictions, and even went so far as to deny the existence of a God.

Thus, like the fool, he said in his heart, "There is no God," because he wished there were none, being sensible that, if there were a God, he was not reconciled to his character ; and the wish that the Bible were false was because he felt it condemned him. But all his efforts in this direction were unsuccessful. The thought would arise, "What if the Bible should prove to be true ! Then I am lost for ever."

These conflicts, however, led him to a more just knowledge of his character and condition. His doubts respecting the truth of the promises were banished by the conviction that he had never asked and sought as God requires. He had an insight into the evil of his own heart. In short, he saw that selfish motives had prompted all his religious efforts. He saw that in all he had done he had no love to God, and no regard to his glory ; and that in all his distress on account of his sin, there was neither godly sorrow nor contrition. The reading of the revival of religion at Northampton, as narrated by President Edwards, together with his Memoir of Brainerd, were the means of deepening his convictions as to his lost state. The preaching he heard gave him no comfort ; he was only more and more distressed, and sunk deeper and deeper in guilt and wickedness.

There was a good deal of discussion, at this time, in his native village concerning the doctrines of grace, some affirming them, others denying

them, especially the sovereignty of God, and election. Nettleton saw plainly enough that they are the doctrines of Holy Scripture; but he disliked them because they cut at the root of all his legal hopes.

At length he became fully convinced that "the commands of God are perfectly just; that it was his immediate duty to repent; that he had no excuse for continuing another moment a rebel against God. At the same time, he saw that such was the wickedness of his heart that he never should repent unless God should subdue his heart by an act of sovereign grace."

Soon after this, when his distress had become almost insupportable, he had a strange experience. He says, "An unusual tremor seized all my limbs, and death seemed to have taken hold upon me." This lasted several hours, when there was a marked change. He felt a calmness he knew not how to account for. "A sweet peace pervaded his soul. The objects which had given him so much distress, he now contemplated with delight. . . . The more he examined himself, the more evidence he found that a great change had been wrought in his views and feelings respecting divine things. Old things had passed away; all things had become new. The character of God now appeared lovely. The Saviour was exceedingly precious; and the doctrines of grace, towards which he had felt such bitter opposition, he contemplated with delight, having no doubt of their truth. He saw clearly that, if there was any good thing in him towards the Lord God of Israel, it was not the result of any effort of his own, but of the sovereign and distinguishing will of God."

In 1801 he lost his father; and the care of the family and the farm devolved on him. It seemed as though his days were to be spent in the honourable employ of an agriculturist; but God had ordered otherwise.

Asahel Nettleton had learned, in the school of deep experience, something of the value of a soul—of his own soul; and now he began to care for the souls of others. It came upon him, as upon Elisha, while he followed the plough. Such thoughts as these would start up like messengers and voices from the eternal world: "What shall I wish I had done thousands and millions of years hence?" "If I might be the means of saving one soul, I should prefer it to all the riches and honours of the world!"

A thirst for knowledge, and an avidity for reading, were fed by records of the Baptist Missionary Society's operations, and the proceedings of the London Missionary Society. The desire to be a missionary was strong in his breast. He had a young farmer friend, who was born the same day as himself, and new-born two months later. He who put his hand on Elisha put his hand also on S. J. Mills. These two young men seem to have been the first in America, in those days, to devote themselves to missionary work; yet neither of them was permitted to enter upon it. God made the way for them to leave the plough, and devote themselves to preparation for the work they coveted. Nettleton had to struggle with comparative poverty, and eke out his small income by keeping school, as he had done a winter before leaving the farm. He entered Yale College in 1805, and studied under the eminent Dr. Dwight.

Of his college course much might be said. He was a plodding, rather

than a brilliant student, and his studies did not eat out his spirituality. His heart was kept tender and warm towards the work of, by all means, saving some of his fellow-students.

Neither the mission-field, nor the settled pastorate, was to be his sphere; and God made it plain, by the rich blessing he vouchsafed, that he had called him to the work for which he was so eminently fitted.

We have gone more into the detail of Mr. Nettleton's early Christian experience, because his whole life and the tone of his preaching were coloured thereby. He was a Calvinist to the backbone, and backbone and all. He found that the preaching of man's fallen and utterly lost condition was a powerful means of awakening concern, and bringing the sinner into the dust before God. Those who have really been there, who have been hewn from the rock, and dug from the pit, are not very blatant concerning man's power to repent and believe when he chooses; they know that hewing from the rock means, not only painful work, but the putting forth of divine power to effect the separation; and that digging out of the pit means, not only an awful condition of misery and helpless thralldom, but the exercise of divine energy in no small degree. Ask the miner and the navvy, and they will tell you that neither hewing nor digging is child's play.

He was ordained as an evangelist in 1811, and he laboured hard, as often and as much as his shattered health would allow, until his death, in 1844. He witnessed many blessed seasons of real revival among the churches, and of the awakening of those who had cared for none of these things. His greatest difficulties were found in regions where there had been spurious revivals in former years, and where a real work of grace had degenerated by means and characters which savoured more of the flesh than of the spirit. Where evangelists had run wild, or had run into error, or had become debased by sensuality, it was next to impossible to awaken any interest in the preaching of the gospel. A Mr. Davenport had created a prodigious sensation in a certain district of New England; and though he did not descend into the vortex of sensuality, his outrageous methods of work, his extravagant sensationalism, his pope-like denunciation of all who did not see and work with him, and his unscriptural teaching, mixed up with the wild antics he encouraged among his followers, produced such awful barrenness and death throughout the neighbourhood, that for generations little good could be done, and hardly any one seemed accessible to the message of the gospel. The wretched caricature of sacred things, which men beheld, disgusted them, and the real was rejected on account of the sham. The wave of so-called revival was more like the scorching currents of lava belched forth from a volcano than the fertilizing streams of the water of life.

Dr. Nettleton—for the "D.D." had been imposed upon him without his leave—in writing to Dr. Spring, quotes Newton's hymn on "True and false zeal" as that which exactly expressed his own thoughts and convictions:—

"Zeal is that pure and heavenly flame
The fire of love supplies;
While that which often bears the name
Is self in a disguise.

“ True zeal is merciful and mild,
 Can pity and forbear :
 The false is headstrong, fierce, and wild,
 And breathes revenge and war.

“ While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
 He knows the worth of peace ;
 But self contends for names and forms,
 Its party to increase.”

In many respects, both in methods and teaching, he was far removed from Mr. Finney, whom some will remember as a revivalist preacher. Some of the latter's views always pointed towards Pelagianism, and he himself, especially late in life, went a long way in that direction. Nettleton, on the other hand, held on in the way of the Lord, and had no notion of anything that swerved from the gospel he had at first received and taught, even that by which he had been saved, and wherein he stood.

The remarks of Dr. Humphrey are so pertinent, and so true, and withal so worthy of being repeated and studied in our own day, that we give them in brief :—“ He was in the truest sense a Christian philosopher ; and his philosophy was strictly Baconian. It consisted in observing phenomena and recording facts. I have long thought that he understood the whole subject of revivals better than any man with whom I ever conversed or laboured. He had studied it most profoundly. Indeed, no man could well be a more perfect master of his business or profession. Neither Cæsar nor Napoleon ever studied the art of war with greater assiduity than he did the heavenly art of winning souls to Christ. In his own management of revivals, by preaching and personal intercourse, nothing was more deserving of being studied and imitated than his *thoroughness, caution, and discrimination*. Being thoroughly rooted and grounded in the truth himself, his presentations of it were clear, pungent, and searching. His revival topics were systematically and admirably arranged. In his discourses he began at the beginning. A full believer in the total depravity of the human heart, he arraigned sinners, whether old or young, as rebels against God, and made the threatenings of the law thunder in their ears as but few preachers have power to do. With him, acting as an ambassador of Christ, there was no such thing as compromise. The rebels must ‘ throw down their arms,’ and submit unconditionally, or he would give them no hope of pardon. . . . It was difficult to say which he made plainest—their danger or their guilt ; their immediate duty to repent, or the certainty that, without being drawn and renewed by the Spirit of God, they never *would* repent.”

It is to be feared that these topics are but lightly touched in many pulpits now, and that in very many more they are passed over and ignored. Hence the knowledge of many of our church-members is very shallow, and that of many ministers is not much, if any, deeper.

We have but barely touched on the labours of Dr. Nettleton, and we have no space to do so. Some of his characteristics, however, will appear in a small selection of anecdotes, which will follow as opportunity and space offer. The subject of revivals, which we have so very briefly referred to, is one that demands consideration ; and while we rejoice

that in such preachers as Mr. D. L. Moody, and others we could name, there is a more decided prominence given to the person and work of Christ than can be found in Dr. Nettleton's sermons, we are distinctly of opinion that certain other evangelists would be more useful, and their work more permanent, if they gave a due prominence to "repentance towards God," and more constantly and thoroughly laid the axe to the root of false hopes, and all those subterfuges which the deceitful heart of man is so full of ingenuity to invent, and so unwilling to renounce. In other words, do we not need to lay deeper our foundations, that we may build the more surely ?

A Chat about Fishing.

STROLLING along the banks of the Avon, just outside what Thomas Cooper calls "sweet Stratford-on-Avon," I observed a number of persons engaged in the pleasant, but somewhat tedious, pastime of fishing. Addressing myself to one of these, and confessing my ignorance to a large extent of the art, I said, "May I ask for what you are fishing, sir ?" He replied, "I am fishing for roach, but they don't bite this morning as I should like." What bait do you use ?" I asked. "Malt," he replied, "and I'm afraid it's a little sour. You know," he added, "the fish won't bite when it's sour." There's a lesson for me, thought I. Old sermons won't do. At any rate, if they are to succeed, they must be made new by prayer, and by being again assimilated by the preacher. I said to him, "You use, of course, different kinds of bait for different sorts of fish ?" "Yes," said he, "but there's one fish that will take any kind of bait." "What is that ?" said I. "Gudgeon," said he. Again he set me thinking. If I am to catch men, I mused, I must adapt myself to them. I must be careful to select the right kind of bait. Yet, I thought to myself, he tells me there is one kind of fish that will take any bait. Fish, indeed, of that sort would constitute a *good* congregation for any man who presented "the truth as it is in Jesus." Blessed is that congregation which can obtain good from *any* preacher who presents the old gospel, though not perhaps in precisely the same form, or with the ability of another. As I was thus musing, I observed that, taking a handful of something from his bag, he threw it into the stream. "That," said he, "is to entice the fish ; it is not such stuff as they can eat, but it may prepare them to bite when the bait is thrown in." Good again, thought I. A little bit not of a deeply spiritual sort, in a sermon, may enlist the attention, and prepare the people to receive some important truth that follows.

I passed away from my first friend, and addressing another, I said, "How are you getting on ?" "Not well," said he, "it's too clear." "What do you mean ?" said I, not knowing much about the science. "Why, sir," he replied, "the fish can see us." This set my brain working again, and as I walked home I said to myself, this fishing is a difficult business, and so is the other fishing to which I am called. God help me to watch and wait, and hide myself while I present the Saviour !

EDMUND MORLEY, Manchester.

Life from the Word of Life.*

IN a wondrous little book, entitled "The Eclipse of Faith," that made a great stir a generation since, there is a beautiful chapter on "The Blank Bible," in which the author, Henry Rogers, shows the priceless value of the Word of God, and how alarmed the world would be if, by some strange accident, every copy of the Bible were suddenly to become blank. The thought of its possible loss would make the Book beyond all value precious to us.

In reading the story of Bible triumphs among the islands of the Pacific Ocean, we were powerfully reminded of this—made to feel how little we appreciate, at the best, the Book of God, and how unutterably sad would be the deprivation were it withdrawn from us. The record of its reception among these children of Nature, their eager delight in the reading of it, and the miracles of transformation which it has effected there, filled us with an intensified love for it, and a confirmed confidence in its divine authority and power. Here are some gleanings from this fruitful field.

In a memorable sermon preached on behalf of the Baptist Missionary Society, the late Dr. Stanford said, "The fathers of modern missions used to be asked if they thought all people were lost but themselves; and if they thought that none could be saved unless they could be indoctrinated with Calvinism? They were told that many of those whom they considered lost, were, in fact, the most thoroughly saved men living. They dwelt on archipelagos of scented islands, that rested like baskets of flowers on the light of the tranquil wave. There they walked through green darkness, or under dazzling blossoms, or watched the beautiful birds scintillate past, or plucked rich fruits from trees planted by the hand of Nature, allowing them to live in the perfection of indolent delight.

‘The guiltless men who danced away their time,
Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime.’

It is of no use to tell such stories now."

Such a dream is as false as fair, as baseless as beautiful. Wherever men are found without the knowledge of God's Word and will, there every enormity of sin and vice and cruelty abounds. They are in desperate need of a divine light to dissipate the darkness, that else will only deepen into blacker night. This is how they are described as in the *Island of Nive*, within the last forty years: "They were fierce, ungovernable savages, and their appearance was quite in keeping with their behaviour. Many of them wore long hair, which hung down loose upon their shoulders; clothing they dispensed with as a useless incumbrance. Altogether, they presented a finished specimen of the untamed barbarian." Contrasting this with a visit paid by missionaries twenty years later, we read, "Now they are all clothed, joyfully welcoming their missionary; then they were naked savages, rushing down like wild boars upon us. As soon as the excitement of our landing had

* From "The Bible in the Pacific." By Rev. A. W. Murray. Nisbet and Co.

subsided a little, a joyful sound broke upon our ears in the stillness of the evening hour. It was the voice of praise and prayer ascending from the family altars of a people who, fifteen years ago, were degraded savages; no Christian heart could hear it and remain unmoved."

Of the inhabitants of *Fiji*, the missionary writes: "It is scarcely possible to conceive of human beings in a more debased, more thoroughly brutalized and demonized condition, if I may so say, than were the Fijians, in their heathen state."

Even *New Zealand*, seventy years ago, was considered to be utterly unsafe for a white man to visit; government officials regarding a missionary to the Maoris as an insane fanatic, whose life was certain to be wasted in the attempt to civilize and Christianize them. About that time an English ship had been seized and burned by the cannibals in the Bay of Islands, and every soul on board, seventy in all, killed and eaten. Of the island of *Aneityum*, in the *New Hebrides*, it was said, "The moral and social state of its inhabitants was very low. War, murder, cannibalism, the strangling of widows, infanticide, polygamy, with their consequent degradations, cruelties, and abominations, were their characteristics when the dayspring from on high visited them." The same in substance is the witness everywhere as to the terrible need of a divine revelation that shall uplift and save these sinful, sad peoples. The innocent, guiltless savage, is an utter fiction, the truth being that, without the knowledge of Christ and his gospel, men everywhere are sunk in the very abysses of trespasses and sins.

Side by side with the preaching of the gospel, missionaries have ever found that to scatter the Word of God, in portions or as a whole, was to multiply vastly their power and usefulness; and in the great change that has been produced in these islands of the Pacific, the living truth of God in his Word has been the foremost force.

Unless we are familiar with the process, we can have little idea of the difficulty of this work. The savage language is so limited in its expressions that, at best, only an approximate idea can be uttered in their tongue, and for some thoughts no expression is available, words having to be coined for the purpose. For instance, in the Raratongan version, conscience can only be expressed by "heart-judge"; faith being described as "listening to God." Trust is always "leaning on God." The pious are those who dwell in "the shadow of God"; and heaven is "the day, or light of God." Eternity is "time on, on, still on." Says one of the missionaries, "A misused inclusive pronoun would make the missionary and his associates more vile than cannibals; or it might place the God of all good in the category of the vilest sinners." Ere a Scripture portion could be printed, it was needful, therefore, to revise, and revise, and revise it, again and again, that the chances of serious mistake might be overcome. Even when these difficulties were surmounted, other disappointments would sometimes befall. "The only way of sending from island to island was by canoe. On one occasion, when several MSS. were being sent, a violent storm arose, the canoe was overturned, and the precious documents, on which years of labour had been expended, were lost, and the work had all to be done again." In most instances, the missionary himself has been printer and binder of the first copies, the Bible Society in England afterwards coming to his help, and

publishing a large edition where needed. The printing-press, to the heathen mind, being full of mysterious power, many amusing and exciting scenes have attended the production of the divine Word.

Most beautiful of all is, however, the passionate enthusiasm and love which these poor creatures manifest for God's truth, an enthusiasm and a love that shame our frequent neglect and forgetfulness of it. In *Tahiti*, "intense interest was aroused among the people from Pomare, the king, downwards; and they flocked together from all quarters to witness the wonderful operations that were to issue in putting them in possession of the treasure they so longed to obtain—a portion of God's own Book in their native tongue. The king was intensely desirous of having a direct hand in producing the first sheets; and in this Mr. Ellis managed to gratify him. He so arranged everything, and so directed his majesty, that he succeeded in striking off the first three or four sheets. He was delighted beyond measure, and the people scarcely less so." The eagerness of the people to possess themselves of it was cheering in the highest degree. Thirty or forty canoes were frequently lying along the beach, each of which had brought five or more persons, on no other errand but to procure copies of the gospel for themselves, and to convey to their friends. Sometimes they had to wait for five or six weeks before they could be supplied.

In *Raratonga* the same enthusiasm was witnessed. The countenance of a successful applicant glistened with delight while he held up his treasure to public view. Others hugged the Book; many kissed it; some sprang away like a dart, and did not stop until they entered their own dwellings, and exhibited their treasure to their wives and children; while others jumped and capered, half frantic with joy.

At *Mangaia* a case of Bibles was taken into the church. After a short thanksgiving service, copies were given to those who had some time previously paid for them. A venerable native, who had secured a copy, said he could not sleep until he had finished reading the entire book of Job; and lifting his Bible before the entire congregation, concluded his address in these memorable words:—"This is my resolve: the dust shall never cover my Bible: the moths shall never eat it: the mildew shall never rot it. My light! My joy!" In *Tonga* Mr. Stephenson writes: "Nothing could exceed the joy with which the people received the complete Bible. With the greatest avidity the edition was bought up, till all were gone, and further editions had to be printed. The amount for the purchase of a copy would be brought to the mission-house, and left there until the following year, as the natives said, 'to secure one of the first copies, and make sure of it;' and in hundreds of cases the last shilling would be given to secure the precious boon.

"For many years the Bible was almost the only book they possessed; and, like the Bereans, they searched it daily to see whether these things were so, and large portions were committed to memory." In *Fiji* Mr. Calvert wrote: "The four thousand copies of the New Testament are nearly all bought up, and the demand is constant. The supply will be exhausted long before we can have more sent out." Another missionary says: "I went to Ban to preach, and never shall I forget the joy and excitement when they knew that I had arrived, and had with me a copy of the Holy Scriptures. They left their work, and ran up the hill to

the mission-house to see it. Oh, how their eyes sparkled with unmistakable pleasure ! ”

Nor was the printed word a table-ornament only, as so many Bibles are in this land ; but a mighty transforming and uplifting power, bringing joy, purity, godliness—making the very desert to blossom as the rose.

Mr. Pratt says of the Island of Nive : “ A day or two after landing I took an evening walk, and came upon a native sitting at the door of a nice, new-plastered cottage, and reading aloud, according to native custom, from Mark’s gospel. That was enough reward for all the labour bestowed on the preparation of the Book. Where superstition and fear reigned, intelligent faith and hope now prevail. Instead of the desert, we have a garden ; instead of death, life : all resulting from the Word of God in the hands of simple-minded, believing, prayerful men.” In Fiji, Mr. Horsley says : “ From conversations, examinations, and written documents, I have ascertained that more than two-thirds of our two hundred catechists, lay-preachers, and schoolmasters were aroused to a sense of their sin and danger, and afterwards found peace *through the reading of their Testaments, without having received any counsel, admonition, or spiritual instruction from anyone !* ”

The Bible, too, has been a fine antidote to the errors of Romanism. Some natives in New Zealand told the missionary, “ When the Roman Catholic priests come, they say a great many things to us we do not know how to reply to ; but they are always silenced and baffled when we use the Word of God in replying to them.” Instances similar to these might be multiplied indefinitely ; enough have, however, been given to show beyond question that the dark, sad, sinful heathen needs the Word of God, eagerly values it when he receives it, and is wondrously transformed by it when subject to its power. With such witnesses to its resistless might, well may our souls rejoice in it as those who find great spoil, and long for its universal spread among the habitations of cruelty, the dark places of the earth.

H. O. M.

Extracts from the Diary of a City Missionary.

VISITED H. He has now quite recovered from the effects of his fall, and is more hardened and wicked than ever. His wife was entreating him to listen to me, and he said to her, with a look of most malicious pleasure : “ Ye were first a Baptist, and then a Burgher, then a Hamiltonian, then a Roman Catholic, and now ye’re *naething* ; and if there be a deil, he’ll get ye at last.” This provoked a rejoinder, which I shudder to think is probably true : “ He may get me,” said she, “ but *he has you already.* ”

Visited Mrs. A. She has a little dog, which is at present very sick, and the old woman is, in consequence, very disconsolate. What a multitude of objects rise up between us and the concerns of eternity ! This poor old woman could listen to nothing but sympathy for her little dog ; and, indeed, *everybody has a little dog.* I left a tract and came away, hoping that the dog will either be better or dead before I go back.

"A Thousand Miles in an Invalid's Coach."

A REVIEW BY THE EDITOR.



S. Robinson

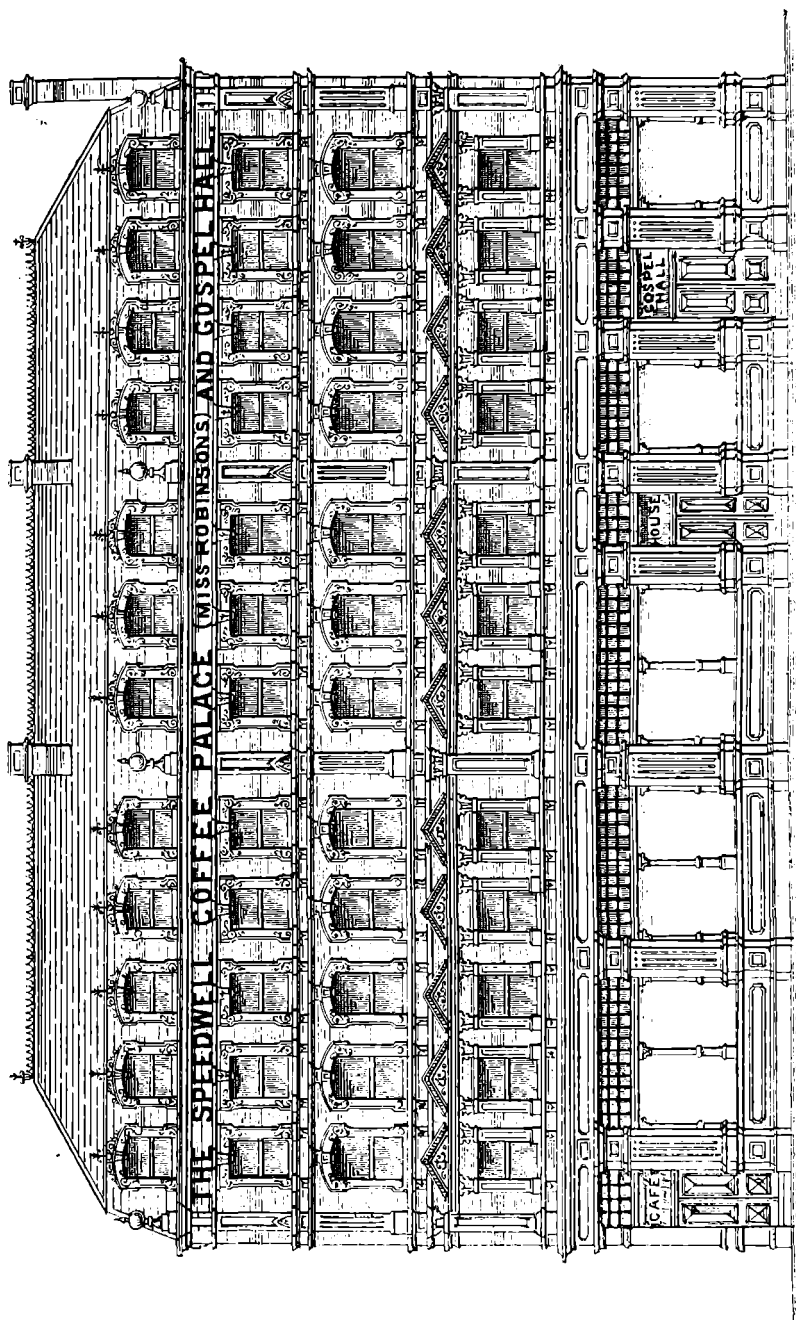
"FOR a penny! Only a penny!

Why, my dear Miss Robinson, the narrative would be cheap at a shilling!" This is what we said, after reading through the story of this esteemed lady's travels of more than a thousand miles through Reading, Chippenham, Bath, Weston, Cheltenham, Leamington, Birmingham, Shrewsbury, Chester, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Nottingham, Kettering, Bedford, Croydon, Tunbridge, Brighton, Chichester, and intermediate towns. We had been trying to write a log of our very common-place journey from "Westwood" to Menton, and, therefore, we could sympathize with

the trials of a scribe who is handling such a poor subject as one's own jaunt. But, then, Miss Robinson is a great invalid, and was not, like us, in search of

rest, but of opportunities of speaking for her soldiers; for this is *the* Miss Robinson, "The Soldier's Friend," and she has a world of work on hand, which must be looked after wherever she may happen to be. How ever did she arrange for an absence of a hundred days? It was an inspiration which led her to plan the building of a family coach, which would accommodate an invalid's bed, the lady, and her friends. With a good pair of horses, and a trusty coachman, the trip would be a pleasant one to a person in robust health; but for an invalid lady it was a serious undertaking; especially when we note that she was often carried into the meetings by three or four men, when the assembly-rooms happened to be upstairs. Starting from her head-quarters at Portsmouth, on June 11th, this brave lady continued her travels, by tolerably easy stages, till September 21st, having in that time addressed sixty-three meetings, and collected £1,402, besides selling £43 worth of books, and distributing twelve thousand books and cards. It was, indeed, a *personally-conducted* tour, and THE PRESENCE made all things right; but it took a deal of energy to pull through.

The account is well put together. Artless and plain-spoken, the story makes you know its heroine; and yet she never says a word more about herself than she is forced to do. We have great fellowship with her, when she writes, once or twice, "I *felt* stupid"; and when her horses went down on the London wood-paving, and when a well-dressed lady said, "I wish you *every* success," and put a three-penny piece into the plate: these are trials with which we are very familiar. But



we are half-inclined to quarrel with our much-venerated friend when she says, about Tunbridge Wells, "It must be about forty-six years ago that I was first brought here, and walked along the old 'Pantiles' to drink the water, and buy little boxes of Tunbridge ware. So I did it all again, like an old fool that I am." No, Miss Robinson; you may say *that* yourself, if you please; but we shall take the liberty to assert that you have none of the makings of a fool about you; and if you advertise yourself at that, and any people form a syndicate and buy you up, they will be desperately taken in! We agree with you, however, in your *Mem.*—"Did not feel *complimented* on hearing that they call these venomous horse-flies which abound here, 'Old Maids.'" There is nothing biting or sarcastic about you, and the name is a misnomer, as far as you are concerned.

The reader will see that there is a spice of fun in Miss Robinson: just as much as there ought to be. But all through the story there are choice bits of gracious illustration, which we shall not quote, because we want each one of our readers to send on three-half-pence for one of these books (the halfpenny is to pay the postage); and, furthermore, we trust that, after reading it, they will in the most liberal manner assist our friend in completing "THE SPEEDWELL COFFEE PALACE AND GOSPEL HALL," which she has now on hand, and hopes to have ready for opening by the end of March. For this a very large sum is needed, and then she will have her Portsmouth buildings complete. Wonderful is the work already done by Miss Robinson for our soldiers and sailors; and we are all concerned in it, for it is our own army and navy which are thus looked after in the ablest manner. God bless the worker who thus spends and is spent in this holy service! Write to Miss Sarah Robinson, Soldiers' Institute, Portsmouth.

C. H. S.

A Quaint Statement worth Remembering.

A NUMBER of homely people were talking of "Temptation." The part which Satan takes in the believer's temptations came into discussion. Many good things were uttered. A quaint old pilgrim was appealed to. The old man rose, and said—

"Well, my friends, you ask me what I think be the best way to deal with Satan. I'll tell 'ee. Now, if you take an old pilgrim's advice, you'll never parley with 'en. He ain't wise, for if he had a bin, he'd a stopped in heaven; but he's very artful, and he's had a pretty long spell these 'ere six thousand years in studyin' the weak points o' human natur'. And so sure as you begin to parley with 'en, he'll outwit you, and throw you. I'll tell 'ee what I ha' done with he these many years; I never speaks to 'en at all, but just as soon as he comes to me I allus introduce him to his betters."

Well done, old man! Thou mightest have been taught of the archangel himself; for is it not written, "Michael the archangel, when contending with the devil he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing accusation, but said, 'The Lord rebuke thee'?"—From W. J. Orsman's "Monthly Notes."

Gambling at an Institute.

IN one of our *Notes* upon Mr. Dunn's Bible Class it was mentioned that a speaker expressed his joy that the leader had never adopted any of the modern methods of holding young people together by games, and so forth. He gave it as his opinion that the influence of so-called Mutual Improvement Societies, Institutes, &c., is rendered evil by the amusements which are made so much of; and he added the following sad but truthful narrative:

"A young man, a member of a Christian church, and an earnest worker for the Lord, united himself to one of these places for social and so-called innocent amusement. For a time all seemed to go well, until he began to absent himself from the prayer-meetings and week-evening services. This soon led, and very naturally so, to disinclination for the Sabbath services, and all work for the Lord. The devil gets the thin end of the wedge in, and then he soon drives it home. The young man was, apparently, a faithful servant to his employers, and was much trusted by them. After business hours it became his custom, instead of going home to his young wife, to make his way with his companions to the Institute, to while away an hour or two in what appeared to be innocent amusement, but which proved to be his ruin. The games provided were bagatelle, draughts, chess, and the like. Unknown to any but a select few, betting was carried on, and it fell to the lot of this young man to be the loser; and, in consequence, he often had little or nothing to take to his wife to provide for the home. Being afraid his Christian wife, and godly widowed mother, would want to know where his money went, he took goods from his master's stock, and hoped they would never be missed. This went on for a considerable time before the buyer of the department began to miss valuable articles, and wondered who could be the thief. He communicated with his principals, and they placed a detective on the watch. One evening he saw this young man go to a cupboard, in which he kept his hat and coat, and hurriedly take from it several valuable articles, and put them in his pockets, and then leave. He had no sooner got outside the building than he felt a gentle tap on the shoulder, and was told by the detective that he must return to be searched. This was done, and articles to the value of several pounds, belonging to the firm, were found in his possession. He was taken off to the police-station. His wife and widowed mother were communicated with, and the next morning they both came to me broken-hearted, and entreated me to go to his employers, and plead with them not to deal harshly with him. I saw them, and told them that I had known the young man from a child, that his widowed mother was a Christian woman, and his wife also. For their sakes I pleaded, and touched a tender chord in their hearts; and they promised to be as lenient as possible, and instructed their solicitor accordingly. I went to the prison-cell, and told him what I had been doing for him, and urged him to plead guilty, or he would be sent for trial, and get a heavy sentence. He took my advice. The magistrate was able to deal with the case, and passed a sentence of six months' hard labour.

"At the expiration of the six months I met him at the prison-gates, and begged him, in God's name, for the future, to have nothing to do with such places or companions. This advice he took, and I am thankful to say that to-day he is holding a good position, and has returned to his God and Saviour, I trust, to go out no more from him."

Christian young men are better at home with their wives and families than spending their evenings in covert gambling, even though that gambling be on the smallest scale. We saw a bagatelle-table in a vestry the other day, and we could not help thinking of this story, as the flower which is likely to grow out of that kind of seed. Surely there are enough places of amusement without using our vestries and school-rooms for such purposes.—C. H. S.

Notices of Books.

The Stockwell Reciter. A Collection of Old and New Favourites, for Home, School, and Band of Hope. Edited by VERNON J. CHARLES-WORTH. Passmore and Alabaster.

THIS must be profitable for use in schools, and in classes for improvement in speaking. It was originally issued in penny numbers, and then six of these made up a part, price sixpence; two of these parts being nicely bound make a volume for two shillings. The pieces are selected by the headmaster of the Stockwell Orphanage, and no one has a better practical experience of what can be made to go as a recitation, when an average youth is set to it. The art of recitation, if properly cultivated, will develop powers for public speaking, if they are lying latent in the reciter; and in the interest of elocution we would wish to see more attention given to this exercise. Apart from its special use, the volume is good reading, and we can unreservedly recommend it. Many of the pieces are new to us, and we therefore conclude that our readers will find something fresh in them.

"*Our own Gazette*," and *Y.W.C.A. News*. Edited by Mrs. STEPHEN MENZIES. Partridge and Co.

AN excellent magazine, and most appropriately named. It secures for itself at once a place in the reader's heart, and retains it by a kindly solicitude for his (or her) welfare. Above all, we admire and commend the spiritual teaching and tone of the paper. Mrs. Menzies' "Monthly Letters," and the "Crisp Correspondence" columns, must be channels of blessing to many seeking souls. We wish "Our Own Gazette" an abundant increase of prosperity and usefulness.

The Treasury of Sacred Song. Selected from the English Lyrical Poetry of four centuries. By FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE. London: Henry Frowde.

THIS, for binding, paper, and printing, is a choice book, costing half-a-guinea. From a loving friend to his intimate companion, who is, of course, a man of fine taste, this would make a dainty present. Mr. Palgrave has selected poetry for poetry's own sake.

Confining himself to *Sacred Song*, he has, notwithstanding, admitted nothing, however edifying or striking, which is of doubtful merit as poetry. It is a charming selection for beauty; and yet it is none the less full of holy savour. We raise no question as to the Catholic spirit of the selection; but there is at least one which savours so much of the Roman Catholic element that we think it could have been omitted with advantage, and all the more justly because its poetry is not so very seraphic. *Mother of God* is a title which grates very harshly on Christian ears, and is nothing less than sheer heathenism. *Mother of Jesus*, if you will, and all due honour to the highly-favoured, whom all generations declare to be blessed; but *Mother of God* is nonsense, if not blasphemy. Apart from one or two flies in the ointment, this is a box most fragrant and precious.

Manual of Biblical Archæology. By CARL FRIEDRICH KEIL. Translated from the German by Revs. PETER CHRISTIE and ALEXANDER CUSIN, M.A. Vols. I. and II. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

VERY much knowledge of Jewish antiquities will be found stowed away in these two valuable volumes. The manners and customs of Israel, and all the surrounding nations, are touched upon, and their trades, castes, rites, government, food, and everything else, are all illustrated and explained. The deep and wide knowledge of Professor Keil, who passed away from the region of study to that of adoration just as the second volume was completed, is here used to set forth a subject most needful to the clear understanding of the sacred Scriptures. As reviewers, we cannot be expected to have read through the whole of this mass of learning; but we feel safe in saying that this is *the work upon the subject*, and that he who would fully understand the ways of the ancients should read, and mark this standard work, upon an archæology of the richest and most important kind. The minister who shall master all this information will spy out gold where he has least looked for it.

Daniel: his Life and Times. ("Men of the Bible" Series.) By Rev. H. DEANE, B.D. Nisbet and Co.

THE life and times of the great prophet, together with his surroundings and his visions, are very graphically set forth by Mr. Deane. It is most instructive to have the Biblical narrative written over again in the way of history, and all its environments fitted around it in a life-like manner by a skilful hand. If the hand of the worker deftly insinuates doubt, the result is detestable; but if veracious history alone is given, and the miraculous element is left where it was, as a matter of fact, the outcome is most edifying. The best sermons on Scripture characters remind us of canals of rose water; but many of the "Lives" contained in this series of "Men of the Bible" may be likened to the thin film of otto of roses, which floats upon the perfumed waters, and is the essential oil of the delicious flower.

The Lives and Times of the Kings of Israel and Judah. ("Men of the Bible" Series.) By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

A WORK which will enthral the reader. Even if it were not Scriptural history, it would charm us; for it is written in a style most lively, and yet most condensed. Plain enough for every Sunday-school teacher, and profound enough for the proficient in ancient history, we can commend this story of the Kings of Judah and Israel, and feel that we are doing our readers a true service. We could not endure *Cheyne's Jeremiah*; but this is written in another spirit, and, so far as we have seen, is loyal to the sacred record. Good change for half-a-crown.

The Disciples' Prayer. Being Notes of Sermons on our Lord's Prayer. By Rev. J. M. GIBBON. Elliot Stock.

By the term, "The Disciples' Prayer" Mr. Gibbon very accurately renames what has been erroneously called "the Lord's Prayer." His sermons or addresses upon the various clauses of this prayer are good and gracious. Somehow, we do not personally enjoy them; but we can scarcely tell why, for the thoughts are sound, and the manner is not dull. It is our own

fault, doubtless; for we can readily believe that to many readers this will be a very helpful exposition. We think so much of it that we shall place it among our accepted commentaries upon the Lord's Prayer.

The Biblical Illustrator; or, Anecdotes, Similes, Illustrations, etc., on the Verses of the Bible. Luke, Vol. I. By Rev. JOSEPH S. EXELL, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

ANOTHER of Mr. Exell's valuable compilations. The matter is condensed by machinery, and rammed in as tightly as possible. He has inserted so much of our material in most of these volumes that we wonder whether it is quite according to law to annex in so wholesale a manner. "Thou shalt not steal," remains authentic Scripture. We will not further raise the question. We fear that Mr. Exell makes a mistake in having two volumes on one gospel: it makes the purchase heavy for readers who have slender purses. Some of the matter might as well have been left out: the discrimination is not quite so searching as it might have been. But when all is said and done, where else can a man get so much for his money? Not a line is lost: the pages are solid. Compositors will remember having to set up such pages; for in them there is scarcely a trace of white. The editor seems to have no aim but that of squeezing as much as ever he can into the pages, that his subscribers may have full change for their three half-crowns.

Elijah: Lectures on Old Testament History. By the late Rev. DAVID CRICHTON, LL.D. With a Memoir by the Rev. G. O. ELDER, M.A. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

THE story of Elijah strikingly told by a master word-painter: an admirable Crichton. Worthy to stand side-by-side with Krummacher's portrait of the prophet of fire.

Jonah; the Truant Prophet. By F. B. MEYER, B.A. The Baptist Tract and Book Society.

A SHORT, but highly instructive sketch of Jonah. Very well worth reading, even by those who know more than it contains.

Sermons to Working-men, preached in Birmingham and London. By the Rev. CHARLES LEACH. R. D. Dickinson.

THESE are earnest, lively sermons, and are such as a popular audience would hear without weariness. We cannot say that they strike us as being either deep in instruction, or very spiritual in their tone; neither would they edify advanced believers. Still, this is not what is aimed at in "*Sermons to Working-men*"; and, therefore, we cannot blame the preacher. Nor do we desire to blame him; but merely to express the hope that, while these attractive and popular addresses may call in strangers from the outside, he has something more solid to give them when they are disciples within doors. As specimens of appeals which have been heard by thousands of men of the class who do not frequent our sanctuaries, these sermons deserve preservation and study. Twenty-five of them make up a neat volume.

The Pulpit Commentary. I. and II. Peter. By Rev. B. C. CAFFIN, M.A. John's Epistles. By Rev. A. PLUMMER, M.A., D.D. Jude. By Rev. S. D. F. SALMOND, M.A., D.D. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

AN enormous volume on the Epistles of Peter, John, and Jude. Price 15s. We would note mainly the remarks on Peter.

This is a vast, laborious, and learned work; but it was inevitable that, with so many authors, there should creep in many views. The Editor-in-chief sees baptismal regeneration in the epistle, but some of his assistants do not. His explanation of "the spirits in prison" is about as good as other be-puzzlements. We cannot attempt to discriminate where there are pieces of black stone, and pieces of white, making up a mosaic of six opinions; but with careful discernment, the reading of such a volume as this would be all a man would want for years to come on the Epistles of Peter. Of sermon-notes the careful reader would soon have a superabundance. The work, as a whole, is wealth to the preacher; but, like all other wealth, its value will depend upon the discrimination of its possessor.

On the Inspiration and Divine Authority of the Holy Scriptures: with Replies to some alleged Discrepancies. By H. H. SNELL. Morrish. Price 2s.

A VERY clear and bold assertion of the truth of inspiration by one who has been taught of God. Take away verbal inspiration from Holy Scripture, and what is left us? Mr. Snell feels that the faith was, once for all, delivered into the keeping of the saints, individually; and therefore he puts forth all his energies to defend the very foundation of it, namely, the infallibility of the Word of the Lord. The more such books are read the better. We want a people rooted and grounded in the truth. At present we have leagues of profession, but very little care for eternal verities. Who in this day, in the most of our churches, cares twopence for revealed truth? "Save the Union!" is the outcry. "Glorify Nonconformity!" is the watchword. Oh, that the Lord would raise up a people of another mind, to whom truth would be precious, and the glory of God the one thing to be sought after!

The Footsteps of St. Paul in Rome. An Historical Memoir from the Apostle's Landing at Puteoli to his Death. By S. RUSSELL FORBES. Nelson.

REFLETE with interesting information as to the Rome of Paul. If any man knows all about "the Eternal City," it is Mr. Russell Forbes. Some time ago we joyfully introduced him to our readers as one of the ablest guides to Rome, and here we again notice him as a teacher, using his historical knowledge for the Lord's cause. It is singular that Paul, who is the apostle of the Gentiles, comes nearest to us in actual personality. Visiting the Prætorian barracks under the Palatine Hill, standing at the water's brink at Puteoli, and marking the place of his beheading, Paul is no longer a shade to us: we seem to have crossed his path on the Appian Way, and to have sat with him in the Mamertine prison. Thus Paul comes more vividly before us than any other apostle. This book by Mr. Forbes is small, but well compacted. We are glad to see it in a second and enlarged edition: we doubt not that more will be demanded.

The Four Gospels in One ; or, The Continuous Gospel Narrative Arranged Chronologically. With Tables of Contents, &c. By the Rev. JOHN MOSTYN. A. Trengrove, 26, Pater-noster Row.

THIS arrangement of the Gospels in one narrative must be very useful to one who wishes to see the historical narrative as a whole. Each one of the four gospels has its own subject and object, and we cannot dispense with one of them in its own separate form. A harmony is, evidently, not of the utmost necessity, or the Holy Spirit would have prepared one. Those attempts at a harmony which we have seen have been wearisome reading; and this combination of them has a great advantage over them in running right on in one stream, instead of being dispersed in four parallel canals. We do not feel overjoyed at the sight of this work; but yet it will have its uses. He who shall read it through with care will rise from the perusal with a clearer view of our Lord's life, so far as the order of its incidents is concerned.

Bicentenary Lectures: a Historical Series, delivered on the occasion of the Bicentenary of the Revolution of 1688. By PRINCIPAL FAIRBAIRN, M.A., D.D., J. GUINNESS ROGERS, B.A., J. CARVELL WILLIAMS, A. MACKENNAL, B.A., D.D., and C. A. BERRY. Memorial Hall.

THESE able lectures fitly commemorate the glorious Revolution of 1688, and they all aim at widening our liberties by the removal of every vestige of religious inequality from the statute-book. To remove the blot of injustice from the shield of Great Britain in reference to her favouritism of a certain sect, is a worthy life-object. Yet if, while contending for this good thing, our earnest contention for the faith once delivered to the saints should suffer, it would be a dire calamity. Dissenters will have religious equality, if they maintain religious fidelity: if they seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, political power, so far as it is of any use, will be added to them; but

if they become a mere political party, they will be a failure both towards earth and heaven.

Easter-tide: Thoughts on the Passion and Resurrection of our Lord. By W. HAY M. H. AITKEN, M.A. Shaw and Co.

MR. AITKEN's sermons are all on fire. In the glowing mass of lava, many things are melted down which, in cool blood, we should seek to pluck out. What ado the preacher has to make over the baptism of those who are not believers! It is something, and yet it is nothing; at any rate, it is a very awkward fact, that so many of the baptismally regenerated are not one whit the better for the supposed process! Apart from errors, which, as we have already said, are melted down in the fervour of the preacher's zeal, there are many most commendable points in these mission-sermons, and points, too, which we believe will be used of God for conviction or conversion. Mr. Aitken is, in his church, a kind of John the Baptist, laying his axe to the root of the trees, and making a clearance for the coming of the gospel's Lord and King. God speed him!

Stepping Stones to Bible History. Stories from Genesis. By ANNIE R. BUTLER. Religious Tract Society.

It is a work which needed to be done, and it is done well. Very much instruction will, by these pages, be brought to youthful minds.

Should not our authoress have been more true to the gospel than in the following paragraph:—"Yes, Jesus died for us. And the only thing we have to do is to say, 'Thank you,' to Jesus, and to love Jesus, and to try always to please him"?

Is this so? We have not so read the New Testament. We are there bidden to trust Jesus. Why do so many tell grown-up people to trust, but always tell children to love? Salvation is by faith. Love is the result of the gospel, but the duty of the gospel is faith. We may teach serious error by a slight change of terms; and these are not times in which such changes may go unchallenged.

Methodism: a Parallel. By WILLIAM A. QUICK. T. Woolmer.

THIS is a lively contribution to Wesleyan literature. Do you playfully enquire whether it is fact or fiction? Nay, nay, friend; it is more like a photograph that has been painted up till it makes a flattering picture. The little volume, though it appeals to, comparatively speaking, a narrow circle of readers, is really a work of art, executed with considerable skill. It is not, of course, a history, nor an argument, nor exactly an apology, as Jewel used the word. What then? Why, it is more like a panegyric. A *parallel*, our author styles it. This is rather an ambitious title, when you realize its intent; for *parallel* means something more than a passing resemblance; it almost claims an identification of Methodism with Apostolic Christianity. To members of that denomination, such an estimate cannot fail to be agreeable. Commend anyone never so highly, there is no fear of his complaining;—

“ . . . *Nihil est quod credere de se
Non possit.* . . . ”

Parallel in this instance does not necessitate a comparison, so much as a contrast with other church systems. Mr. Quick candidly admits that he is not aware of any writer who has hitherto set himself the task of showing, by treatise devoted to the subject, that Methodism and Apostolic Christianity are identical in polity and practice. We should think not. Far be it from us to cavil at a denomination of Christians which he is so much disposed to canonize. He does not throw down the gauntlet; he is merely bent on feeding lambs of his own flock with palatable nourishment. According to his estimate, ninety-nine per cent. of the thousands that annually augment Methodism are ignorant beforehand of its fundamental principles; and he questions whether, in any other church, the members commit themselves with so little forethought to their ecclesiastical connection. His treatise ought not therefore to be taken too seriously by those who linger outside the pale of Methodist societies. A cynic might suggest that it savours a little of clannishness.

Certainly its weak point is the attitude of Methodism towards the State Church on the one side, and the Free Churches on the other. Discipline separated it from the former, and doctrine estranged it from the latter. With much reluctance it became severed from the Establishment; with equal reluctance it became classified with Dissenters. Mr. Quick has portrayed to us a charming ideal of personal consecration and converting power.

The Appeal to the Serpent; or, Life in an Ancient Buddhist City. By Rev. SAMUEL LANGDON. Religious Tract Society.

A STORY altogether off the usual beat. Who would know Buddhism, and wherein it can and cannot compare with Christianity, should read this Oriental tale, glowing, gorgeous, yet simple, and full of the pure ethics of the gospel of Christ. Will such a tale be popular? We fear not. Is it not of too high a class for this frivolous period? We hope not. Our fear and hope are balanced; it is a solid story. We are glad it ends well.

The Twilight of Life: Words of Counsel and Comfort for the Aged. By JOHN ELLERTON, M.A. Cassell and Co.

WE read this book with ease in the twilight, for the type is of the very largest. Paul might have said, “Ye see how large a letter I have written unto you.” These pages are meant for aged people, and they will suit their failing sight. The matter is good; but we could wish that there had been more gospel discrimination as to believers and unbelievers. Spiritual consolations are for spiritual persons; but here they seem to be presented to the aged promiscuously. Still, those who know the Lord will relish much of what the good author has to say.

Hymns and their Associations. By FRANCES GAISFORD. Elliot Stock.

THOSE who want just a little about hymn-writers, and would avoid the toil of a big book, can have their wish gratified by this tasty and tasteful little cup of essence. Just the booklet to read through in a quiet evening by the fire.

A Prey to the Enemy. A Story from Real Life. By MRS. ZILLAH DUGDALE. National Temperance Publication Depot.

WE could wish that a copy of this record of a wrecked life were in the hand of every youth who is not an avowed abstainer and follower of the Lord Jesus. We thank Mrs. Dugdale for so effectively preserving this instance of the insidious evil of the drinking customs of our country, and we join with her "in the hope that this unpretending book, prayerfully sent forth, may prove a warning and a consequent blessing."

The Favourite Book of Fables. With many illustrations. Nelson and Sons.

WE never take up a book of Nelson's without admiring the goodness of the workmanship. This book is bound in paper, but beautifully finished. Æsop is immortal: none of the new books can cut him out. In this copy there are cuts of surpassing beauty, inserted in letterpress which is absolutely faultless in execution.

Ways and Means; or, Voices from the Highways and Hedges. By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO. Tract Society.

LUCY CHRISTIE and her husband, the doctor, hold very wise and interesting conversations with each other, in the course of which they say certain capital things upon domestic and social problems. The papers have appeared in *The Leisure Hour*, and they richly deserve separate publication. In the form in which they are now issued, with pleasing landscapes and handsome binding, they make an elegant and useful Christmas book. We were struck with the timeliness of these words on the last page:—

"It is getting to be a great hope of our time that society is going to slide into something better by a course of natural progress—by the advance of education, by great public reforms, by courses of self-culture and philanthropic practice. We have a kind of new gospel that corresponds—a gospel which preaches not so much a faith in God's salvation as a faith in human nature; an attenuated, moralizing gospel, that proposes development, not regeneration—showing men how

to grow better, how to cultivate their amiable instincts, how to be rational in their own light, and govern themselves by their own power. . . . Alas, that we are taken, or can be, with so great a folly! How plain is it that no such gospel meets our want! What can it do for us but turn us away, more and more fatally, from that gospel of the Son of God which is our only hope? Man as a ruin, going after development, and progress, and philanthropy, and social culture, and by this fire-fly glimmer to make a day of glory!"

The Students' Handbook to the University and Colleges of Oxford. Revised to December, 1888. The Clarendon Press, Oxford.

OUR readers are singularly varied in their positions and views, as we know from their communications. We are not ashamed to compare our constituency with that of any other magazine now published; for the quality of its readers could not be surpassed. We doubt not that, among our subscribers, are young men who are looking forward to a course at the University. This Handbook will be invaluable to such as an introduction to Oxford. As the work is in the tenth edition, it is evidently a guide which many have valued. We are not very eager to see our Nonconformist youth at Oxford. It is an experiment which has seldom been successful; if by success be meant retaining Puritan piety, and adding thereto superior scholarship. Yet, we do not know that anywhere our young men could do much worse than at certain Dissenting Colleges, which are simply Factories of Doubt.

Addresses by Edward Thring. With Portrait. Second edition. Unwin. How this man could speak! Nothing dull and second-hand came from the late Master of Uppingham. He was no mere theorist: he knew teaching by the actual practice of the art, and what he says on it deserves to be heard; and what is more important to the world of fact, it will be heard, for it is said in a way most telling and forceful. Those who are educating others will find many things here with which they may educate themselves.

Wheeler Brothers, 88, Mildmay-park, sent us an assortment of cards after we had made up the December magazine. Although, in taste and style, these do not rival Hildesheimer and others, yet these are very good as cheap things for Christian people to distribute. *Starlight*, a packet of floral cards, twelve for sixpence, is excellent for the price; so are the motto cards at a penny; and so is *The Ruby Calendar* at sixpence. After all, as long as the card-fashion lasts, Christian people should utilize it for spreading Scriptural truth, rather than spend money simply upon taste and beauty. In this respect, Wheeler Brothers will be helpful.

Rays from the Bright and Morning Star.
Sunday School Union.

LARGE, brightly-coloured sketches from scenes in our Lord's life. How these dazzling pictures can be produced, and sold for a shilling, we are unable to guess.

Alcyone; or, A Dream of Paradise.
A Poem. By REGINALD BELLING.
Wyman and Sons.

No, we cannot get through a long poem: we had sooner join the Indian juggler, and swallow a sword. The verses abound in gems, and radiant light, and crystal seas, and heavenly beams, &c., &c. We will read this author when he puts his meaning into plain words. We hope he will yet say, with another poet—

"I'll flee Temptation's syren voice,
Throw poesie to the crows,
And let my soul's ethereal fire
Gush out in sober prose."

With Him for Ever, and other Poems,
By E. R. V. Nisbet and Co.

A BIJOU book. It contains a lady's poems. Gently, critic! The verses are not by one of the chief musicians, neither are they of surpassing melody; but they indite a good matter, and are sanctified to the noblest end. We wonder whether such a volume of poems will command a sale. We hope so. Whether it becomes popular or not, it breathes a consecrated spirit, and must be acceptable to HIM to whom it is a joyful offering. Some of the pieces are delicious in their

spirituality, and of the whole the singer can truly say—

"But whether slighted or unheard,
Approved or scorned my music be,
'Tis sweet, dear Lord, so sweet, to feel,
That it is heard and loved by thee."

More Echoes from a Village Church.
Being some Words for Christ spoken in the Parish Church, Hinton Waldrist. By the Rev. FREDERICK HARPER, M.A. Shaw and Co.

SHORT—rather too short—but sweet, sensible, spiritual, and simple. These are hardly echoes, but rather living voices, speaking peace by Jesus Christ.

Handsome is as Handsome does; and other Readings. By Mrs. PROSSER, EMILY BRADLEY, GEORGE SARGENT, &c. Religious Tract Society.

THESE readings are sure to command a large sale. The volume bulks largely for two shillings, and the quality is equal to the quantity. If you get the usual deduction in price, so foolishly allowed by the retailer, this must look like a heap for the money.

The Hour of Prayer in the Children's Temple. Prayer-helps for Officers and Teachers conducting the Devotional Exercises of Sunday-schools. Sunday School Union.

No, no, no! A thousand times "No." We do not want forms of prayer for our Sunday-schools. People who cannot pray cannot teach. When our teachers have to read prayers, the schools may as well be closed; for the power to bless and save the children will have clean departed. We will, for once, compose a prayer for a litany:—"From all ready-made prayers in Sunday-schools, deliver us."

Prayers for Christian Families. Wesleyan Methodist Book-room.

WE go dead against ready-made prayers. They are like ready-made clothes; they are made to fit everybody, and fit nobody. Still, if any Christians feel unable to express their own desires in the family, and feel also free to use a printed form, they will be well suited here. Better go on crutches than not at all. These are as good crutches as any we know of.

Dora Coyne; or, Hid in the Heart. By JESSIE M. E. SAXBY. S. W. Partridge and Co.

YOUNG lady readers will call this "a quite too romantic love story." Their forecasts will be at fault, except in the particular of the rector's daughter being translated to the great house, and becoming Lady Coyne: this is strictly according to the law of pious story-telling. According to fiction, our squirearchy is something wonderful: the best of sons allied to the best of daughters of the best of fathers!

Windows Opened in Heaven. A Narrative of Real Life. By J. S. RANKING. G. Cauldwell, 60, Old Bailey.

AN interesting story of the trials and deliverances of a very poor, godly widow, and her children, in a London slum, and how "windows were opened in heaven," and blessings poured out upon them.

Merle's Crusade. By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY. Religious Tract Society.

WHILE many parents have been discussing the question, "What shall we do with our boys?" our girls have been bravely solving the problem, "What shall we do with ourselves?" In the form of a pleasant, chatty story, Merle Fenton's experiences will furnish a helpful contribution to this discussion, and may help some young persons to choose a useful, honourable, and remunerative sphere of work.

"Prison Bars." By CATHERINE SHAW. John F. Shaw and Co.

SCHOOL - LIBRARIANS, take note of this, and do not forget to add "Prison Bars" to your own private catalogues of "books worth getting"! The work of the great Deliverer, who says to the prisoners, "Go forth!" is clearly illustrated by a story which is sure to please.

"Constable 42 Z." By E. A. B. D. Religious Tract Society.

ANOTHER nice book for the Sunday-school library. It is full of interest and feeling, and the writer does not forget to show that the way to the Father is through the Son—a truth which many story-tellers nowadays entirely lose sight of.

Sir John's Ward. By JANE H. JAMIESON. Edinburgh: Oliphant.

YOUNG folks will be interested in the fortunes of the heiress who was brought up as a village maiden.

Under the Magnolias. By TYMAN W. DENTON, M.D. Funk and Wagnalls, 44, Fleet-street.

A BOOK by an American writer, which will probably find but few readers here. The author is strongly in favour of prohibition; but his main object is to call attention to the low moral condition of the negro population, and to show a very urgent necessity for limiting the suffrage in this direction. The case appears to be well and fairly stated, and the whole subject evidently affords matter for grave consideration. The fictitious part of the book is written in a style which reminds the reader of the high-sounding phrases of the village pedagogue, who, in former days, acted as scribe and letter-writer for the whole countryside.

Mad Margaret. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street, City Road.

A PLEASANT story, notwithstanding its somewhat alarming title. The reader is introduced into the simple and devout family life of certain Norwegian farmers, and there is no lack of stirring incident by fjeld and fjord, by mountain and lake, to interest and please him. Better still, there are clear shinnings of gospel grace flashing and spreading through the story with more power and beauty than Norway's most brilliant "Aurora" ever possessed. Price 2s. 6d.

Love and Victory: being Twenty-five Dialogues for Band of Hope and Temperance Gatherings. Edited by OLIVER PACIS. Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union.

WE do not think "Oliver Pacis" is so successful with this collection of dialogues as he has been with his previous books. There is a good deal of temperance teaching, but it is conveyed in a stilted, unnatural way, which would not be likely to greatly benefit either the reciters or the audiences that listened to them.

The Life and Work of Charles Henry von Bogatzky, author of The Golden Treasury. By REV. JOHN KELLY. Religious Tract Society.

THE life of a man who walked with God. His writings have fed the souls of many. Who has not read Bogatzky's "Golden Treasury"? Simple and sweet are those daily portions, making up a book which for these many years has lived, where

works of greater talent have died out. His life is like his book. It might be called "The Life, Walk, and Triumph of Faith." He belonged to the school of Pietists, of whom the more the better. To him God was a real factor in daily life, and no mere theory of a being far away. We thank the Tract Society for service rendered to holy living by the issue of such a biography.

Notes.



WE have purposed to give vignettes of our friends and co-workers at the head of these notes; but we were greatly disappointed with the portrait of J. A. S., which appeared last month. It came out splendidly in the proof, but it became black in the printing. We hope for better success with our venerable father. He is now in his 80th year, rejoicing in the gospel of the grace of God, which has been his stay from his youth up. Experience has only deepened in him his firm attachment to the old faith.

A brother minister, of high standing, who is unwell, thus writes us:—"The departure of four dear personal friends—Dr. Hatch, of Oxford; Dr. Elmalie, of London; Dr. Macfadyen, of Manchester; and Dr. Bersier, of Paris—has quickened the yearning to depart and to be at rest. Don't you think the inexorable God is seeking to teach his people that if they will overdrive and overtask his servants, it is at their cost and peril? I have a growing conviction that it is so." No doubt there is truth in this, and truth which ought to be practically remembered. In our case, our friends at home are

urgent that we should rest, and it is only outsiders who are at any time unreasonable. It is not easy to determine how to do the very utmost which can be done by mortal man, and yet not to destroy the hope of future work by an immediate imprudence. We would have the goose lay as many golden eggs as possible, but we would not kill the poor bird to get a fortune all at once.

The Interpreter was issued by us for use at family prayer. It consists of selected portions of Scripture briefly expounded, and it is in constant use in thousands of households. The first edition, printed on the best paper, was somewhat costly. A friend who enjoyed the book purchased an edition of 2,500, and thus enabled us to issue the work in a different form, at a much lower price. The entire book can be had, in common binding, for 12s. 6d.; or, in handsomer binding, 21s. It is also issued in numbers, at 6d. a month. Twenty numbers will finish it.

Around the Wicket-Gate is sure to have a large sale; for the publishers wrote, "We shall have cleared out five thousand before Christmas." We issue this book for one shilling, with no idea of remuneration, but simply that it may speak to lingering souls a word which shall lead them to decide for Jesus. With woodcuts, and attractive binding, at the price of one shilling, it ought to find its way to many thousands of persons.

The following notice of Mrs. Spurgeon's *Westwood Leaflets* appeared in the December number of *A 1*; and, as we thought the review was itself *A 1*, we have reprinted it for the benefit of our readers:—"The *Westwood Leaflets*. By Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon (Passmore and Alabaster), 6d. A packet of sweet thoughts, the product of a heart not strange to suffering, but full of the real Christ-love and joy. Send for them, and lose no time in posting some to any sick or afflicted ones, whose spirits they will certainly comfort."

THE SPECIAL SERVICES AT THE TABERNACLE, under Brethren Fullerton and Smith, were difficult of arrangement. The devil threw in the way a whole host of difficulties; but the Pastor, feeling sure that the Lord intended to give an unusual blessing, made an earnest push for it, and the result is, first, that the services were held, for the most part, in fine weather, which enabled the people to come together; and secondly, that, all along, a shower of divine blessing has descended. It is a token for good when the holding of a mission is not easy. Jabez was more honourable than his brethren, and his mother bare him with sorrow.

Lord's-day, November 17.—Mr. Fullerton very efficiently helped C. H. S. in the morning service. It was a part of the idea in the Pastor's mind to make his last day of preaching glide into the mission. In the afternoon, Mr. Manton Smith had the great house filled with juveniles in every corner. There must have been 7,000 children present: there may have been 8,000, or more. We leave it to calculators to work out the problem:—If a house will, undoubtedly, accommodate 6,000 adults, how many youngsters can crowd into it? Mr. Smith is in his element with the children, and they grow enthusiastic in their attachment to him before the service is over.

In the evening, the Tabernacle was exceedingly crowded, and many thousands were obliged to go away, the doors and the great iron gates being closed very early because of the gathering throng. Mr. Fullerton divided with C. H. S. the time usually allotted to a sermon, and pieced on his portion so admirably that it might have been concluded by the hearers that the two speakers had consulted as to their subjects, which they certainly had not done. The Sabbath, with its marvellous communion at the close, was a happy beginning of a memorable week.

Monday evening, November 18.—There was a much larger attendance than usual at the prayer-meeting; and as the hour of eight drew nigh, people came streaming in. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon gave an introductory address, brief and fervent, on the work of the mission, and how to make it a spiritual success; and then pleaded at the throne of grace for the coming blessing, in which he was followed by brethren representing the deacons, the elders, and the College. Mr. C. Allison gave a very interesting account of the large blessing which has followed special services at Ebury Mission. This was the Lord's answer to the importunate prayers of the workers for two months preceding the mission. There was the usual amount of gospel singing and graphic stories by Mr. Manton Smith till eight o'clock, by which time the congregation had grown large. Mr. Fullerton then delivered an address on 2 Samuel xiv. 14 (Revised Version), "Neither doth God take away life, but deviseth means, that he that is banished be not an outcast from him." Some few held

up their hands in token that they desired the prayers of God's people, and others stayed behind to be spoken to by the workers who were watching for souls.

Tuesday, November 19.—*Bible Reading* at 3, in the Lecture-hall, well attended: a quiet hour over the sacred Word. More people in the evening, at 8, and a deeper feeling. Mr. Smith in fine force, as he was all along: Mr. Fullerton preached with power from Ezek. xviii. 30: "Repent, and turn yourselves from all your transgressions; so iniquity shall not be your ruin." More seekers than on Monday.

Wednesday, November 20.—*Special Meeting for Women* in the afternoon. First gallery and body of Tabernacle full of women. Good hearing, despite a hundred or more babies, who lifted up their voices with one accord. The evening service was superlative, as it ought to be with such a text as John iii. 16. Many were touched and blessed. Praise be unto God!

Thursday afternoon, November 21.—A service, not in the bill, was extemporized by a vote taken on Tuesday, and the power felt in the gathering amply repaid the extra effort. In the evening, the usual service was merged into the special one. The upper gallery had been invaded on Tuesday and Wednesday; but was now half filled, the other parts, especially the first gallery, being compactly occupied. Subject: "The blood of Jesus." The flock of enquirers, the joyful workers, and even the increased offering, bore witness to the fact that this glorious subject has lost none of its power.

Friday, November 22.—This is the worst evening in the week for meetings of any kind; nevertheless, there was a good gathering, almost as large as on the previous night. Mr. Fullerton's subject was, "The wiles of Satan" (2 Cor. ii. 11). The interest, and the spirituality, steadily increased from meeting to meeting. We are persuaded that only a very small proportion of those who were impressed entered the enquiry-rooms. Our Tabernacle enquirers have not the ways of others.

Saturday, November 23.—The weather kept clear until some one or two thousand children got in to hear Mr. Smith, and receive sixty-three prizes distributed to those who had written out his address of the Sunday before. Some of the essays were quite works of art. In the evening, there was a natural vapour-bath, with three inches of slush in the streets. Instead, therefore, of the building being crammed throughout, as upon the corresponding night of last year, the speakers and singers had to be content with the top gallery half full; the other parts, however—aisles, and all—being quite crowded.

Speaking of the mission in general, and of Saturday's Children's Meeting in particular, an earnest brother writes:—

"I believe many have been turned from the error of their ways, and are now 'looking unto Jesus.' Children of tender age, and

folk of ripened years, have felt the softening, subduing, attractive power of Jesus' love. In response to Mr. Smith's promise of last Sunday afternoon, after his address at the United Sunday School Service, that a prize would be given to the best-written outline of his address, 63 children sent in papers. A book was given to each one on Saturday afternoon. One little tot, no higher than an ordinary chair-back, signed herself, 'Louis C— nearly seven. I love Jesus, and Jesus loves me.' Her mother told me that the little one was up at night till 11 o'clock, after her school-lessons were done, anxious to write it out. Very concisely and orderly has she done her work. *After many days, as well as now, we shall see fruits of these services.*"

A minister, for whose judgment we have great respect, writes us:—

"You will have good reports of the Special Services; but no report can do full justice. I was at every service, and I can say I never knew a more gracious season. Fullerton's addresses were the master-pieces of a sanctified genius."

Lord's-day, November 24.—The weather was worse, so that Mr. Fullerton considered it to be three-parts of a congregation; but a full blessing was present. The discourse was upon, "Be filled with the Spirit." This was singular, as the Pastor had just published a sermon on this text. Let us hope that, the dream being repeated, the interpretation thereof may be sure.

Then, in the afternoon, to see the area and first gallery a solid phalanx of men; and to hear them sing; and to note their alternate laughter and tears, melting away at the end into a deep seriousness; was a sight to make angels glad.

Who shall describe the evening? Though there was no overflow meeting, the place was thronged, in spite of the bad weather, many of the regular hearers having evidently gone elsewhere, so as to make room for strangers. The Spirit of God pricked many to the heart; scores rose in different parts of the building, declaring their desire to be Christ's; and afterwards the Lecture-hall was filled with those who had been blessed during the week, seekers and workers, another meeting going on at the same time in the Tabernacle. It was most touching, in the quiet meeting in the Lecture-hall, to watch many scores of people rising, one after another, and, in response to the question, whether they would be Christ's, coupled with many admonitions to avoid rashness, saying, "I will," "I will." Few dry eyes were in the meeting.

The writer who sends us these "Notes" says:—"I cannot describe it, my emotion was too great. . . . So far as I could see, there has not been even a grit of sand to cause any friction between the workers. Everything has gone smoothly, and each vied with every other in taking any place, or none, so that the work might go on. This has

been especially noticeable with the College men, whose help has been most efficient and modest." Our friend then mentions leading workers one by one; but he is unaware of their modesty if he expects us to print what he has written. Thank God, there are men and women at the Tabernacle whose names bring the tears of gratitude into our eyes as often as we think of them! The Lord reward them!

Monday evening, November 25.—The meeting was rather a praise-meeting than a prayer-meeting, and was largely attended. Mr. W. Olney presided, in the absence of Pastor J. A. Spurgeon. Several of the workers gave their experiences of the results of the meetings, citing interesting cases of conversion which had come under their notice. Special prayer was offered for the restoration of the Co-pastor, who was indisposed, and also for Deacon James Stiff. Prayer was heard in both cases, and graciously answered.

One of our sisters, who is an earnest worker among the anxious, sends us a few notes of her previous week's experiences:—"I felt that there were so many workers inside the building that I could be of more use *outside*, speaking to the strangers as they retired to their homes. I determined on this course, because, on several occasions last year, I observed that a much larger number of persons, evidently under deep concern of soul, quietly slipped away than went into the enquiry-rooms. I cannot say how many I spoke to last week; it is not possible for *one* to do much in this way; it wanted at least a dozen workers. Still, I was much encouraged; for, in almost every case, I got replies of this kind: 'Yes, I feel that I shall for ever thank God that I came to this meeting.' 'I feel a great hope that the Lord will save me.' Every night I was there, it was glorious; and though I did not give in cards for the cases I tried to help, because the anxious ones did not seem to realize their safety in Christ, I am persuaded that a genuine work of grace was done. On Friday night I could not get to the meeting, as I was visiting on my former tract-district. Returning by way of the London Road, I could not help saying to myself, 'What a number of quiet people are coming along!' It is generally pretty rackety there at night. When I looked, I was delightfully surprised: couple after couple passed me with the little hymn-book in their hand; some with a quiet, subdued look; others with their handkerchiefs up to their eyes, and others again with the evidence of their having recently been weeping, just as I noticed was the case with the people pouring out of the Tabernacle on the evening of Sunday week as we were coming from our service at the workhouse. Is not this glorious news, and will it not cheer the heart of our pastor and Mr. Fullerton?"

So ends the season of labour; but the days of prayer must be continued. The Word of the Lord has its *aftermath*. When meditating upon what they have heard,

some are more deeply impressed than at the first hearing. We have noticed that our converts at the Tabernacle are very few of them of a hasty sort. Just before leaving, we were seeing persons who desired to confess Christ, who were decided two years ago. They wished to test their conversion before avowing it. For this reason, our members stand the trial of years. It may be wrong on their part to wait so long: we do not encourage them in it; but it is a better fault than making a heedless profession, and then throwing it aside. Enquiry-rooms are not much used by us, for the people go home to their gracious friends, and are helped in the heavenward way by those who know them best; or else they come again to hear the gospel, and the Lord meets with them, and removes their difficulties. That which is admirable with one congregation may not suit another.

COLLEGE.—Mr. H. A. Phillips has become pastor of the church in the Town Hall, Southport.

Mr. D. Chinnery has removed from Amphil to Clowes Street, West Gorton, Manchester; and Mr. R. E. Willis, from Bileston, to Stoke Green, Ipswich. Mr. W. Julian, late of Trowbridge, is preaching to the congregation gathered in the Royal Public Rooms, Exeter.

Mr. A. Cooper, of Batley, Yorkshire, is leaving for the United States; and Mr. E. Richards, of Harston, Cambridgeshire, is going to Lincoln, Christchurch, New Zealand. We bespeak for both a hearty welcome.

ORPHANAGE.—We have to make up our "Notes" so early this month, because of our absence from home, and also on account of the Christmas holidays, that we cannot give any account of the Southern tour of Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage choir, or of the festivities at Stockwell; but we shall hope to mention both items in our next number. We shall then know, more than at present, how generously our friends have provided for our family of five hundred fatherless lads and lassies.

It has been a great joy to hear of the success of the bazaar at West Croydon, in aid of the Orphanage, as its result of £175 will be added to the funds. We most heartily thank our beloved brother's wife, the ladies of the working meeting, and all others who helped the good work.

Mrs. Spurgeon received a note containing £5, with these words only, *Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack*. This puzzled her as to what object to place it to, and before we could answer the enquiry the account closed. This kind of gift will be put to Orphanage, unless we are otherwise advised by the sender; but it could not be placed in the account for this month.

During the year we receive many parcels of clothing for our large orphan family from friends who devote their leisure hours

to working for the fatherless. To all of them we are deeply grateful. One good sister, who has often helped us, has just sent a number of articles, made by herself, for our orphan girls. She says, "I am an old woman now, and can do nothing but knit, being quite blind with one eye, and nearly so with the other; so I shall be happy to devote the remainder of my days to knitting useful articles for the Orphanage." The Lord bless and comfort our aged helper, and raise up others who will follow her good example! As we are making up the "Notes," we hear of the arrival of a large parcel of clothing from the Young Ladies' Working Party, Reading. Heartiest thanks to them and their beloved leader, Mrs. Withers.

The following is an extract from the Visitors' Book, at the Orphanage:—

"November 26, 1889. SURGEON-MAJOR JOHN INCE, M.D., Swanley, Kent. 'I have taken the opportunity of visiting this excellent Institution at dinner-time, and found the boys engaged upon a most suitable and tasty meal: I also saw the Bakery, Laundry, the boys' Dormitories, Playrooms, &c., and found everything and every place in exemplary order, neatness, and cleanliness, and most creditable to all those responsible for the condition and comforts of the children, all of whom presented a healthy and happy appearance.'"

COLPORTAGE.—The staff of men is gradually being enlarged, so that, at the present time, no less than eighty-three are regularly engaged. The latest addition is Mr. A. Grant, who has begun work at Barrow, in connection with the Suffolk Congregational Union, which has employed another colporteur at Great Thurlow with much satisfaction for several years. The sale of the Word of God, and publications likely to benefit the people mentally and spiritually, is the main object of the Association. This necessarily involves house-to-house visitation by the Christian colporteur, and opens the way for personal conversation and appeal about the concerns of the soul. Error and ignorance abound. Sacramentarianism and Romanism are rife. Infidelity, open or covert, is unsettling the minds of many; while prurient fiction is doing incalculable injury in thousands of homes.

What agency is so suitable as Colportage to grapple in close quarters with these foes? We appeal specially to Christians, in country districts, to consider the dangers which are so apparent, and try to meet them by combining to obtain the services of a colporteur. This may be done where a guarantee of £40 a year can be given; and if this is impracticable, the Association is still open to consider applications for colporteurs at a reduced rate for the first year. But the full amount is a very small sum for which to secure the labours of so valuable a Christian agency.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 12th, 1889.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collection at Salters' Hall Chapel, per				Collected by Mrs. James Withers :—			
Pastor A. Bax	2	18	3	Messrs. Heelas and Co.	1	1	0
E. J.	1	10	0	Mr. T. Davies	0	10	0
Mr. T. N. Wade	1	0	0	Mr. R. Oakshott	0	10	0
Mr. M. Walters	0	5	0				2 1 0
Mrs. Goff	0	10	0	The Misses Kirtley			5 0 0
Mrs. Robertson	1	10	0	Mr. R. Morgan			1 1 0
Mr. Samuel Johnston	0	10	0	Mr. R. J. Deediff			0 2 6
Mr. C. Hunt	2	0	0	Collection at Drummond Road Baptist			
Miss Green	2	1	6	Chapel, per Pastor B. Briggs			2 14 0
Mr. Armstrong, Warrambeen	10	0	0	Collection at Peckham Park Road, per			
Miss M. Fergusson	1	0	0	Pastor H. O. Mackey			3 12 0
Dr. W. MacGill	1	0	0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—			
Miss Poole	1	0	0	Nov. 17	20	0	3
Mrs. Scott	0	10	0	" 24	20	0	3
Mr. Thomas W. Lister	1	0	0	Dec. 1	18	8	7
Scaton	10	0	0	" 8	32	0	0
D. E. G., Wilts	0	5	0				90 9 1
Mrs. Jennings	5	0	0				£176 19 4
Dr. Kenderdine, per Pastor Thomas							
Spurgeon	5	0	0				
A friend	25	0	0				

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 12th, 1889.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. John W. Eales	1	0	0
Mr. Beveridge	1	1	0
	£2	1	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 12th, 1889.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Mr. S. C. White	1	5	0	Mr. Samuel Johnston	0	10	0
Mr. W. T. Lewis	1	0	0	Thankoffering from W. and I. M.	0	10	0
Jack, South Lambeth	0	4	0	T. A.	0	10	0
Mr. W. Nathan	0	10	0	Mrs. Thorne	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. Coppin	0	13	0	Mrs. Browne	0	5	0
Mr. J. Barnes	0	10	0	Mrs. H. A. Southernwood	0	10	0
Collected by E. Payne and E. Sexton	0	2	0	Mr. J. S. Fromow	1	1	0
Alfold Sunday-school, per Pastor F.				Mr. George Smith	0	5	0
Joseph	0	15	6	Mr. Cockburn	2	0	0
Captain James Ewing	1	1	0	Mrs. B.	0	10	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Or-				"Haven of Peace"	5	0	0
phanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	10	3	Mr. L. Shepherd	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Keay	0	7	0	Pastor L. George Evans	0	10	0
Mr. W. J. Pierce	5	0	0	Miss Hood	0	5	0
My mite	0	5	0	Mrs. R. Sherringham	0	5	0
Executors of the late Mrs. Oliphant	1589	0	10	The Misses Lillie and Maggie Armstrong,			
Sandwich, per bankers	2	2	0	Warrambeen	16	0	0
Mr. T. A. Flitton	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. B adley's silver wedding			
Mr. E. K. Stace	0	10	0	gift	25	0	0
"Sixpence per week"	1	6	0	Collected by Miss A. Dickson	0	10	6
"In memoriam"	0	5	0	Collected by Miss E. Percival	0	5	0
L. N.	0	5	0	In memory of Eliza Hooley	2	2	0
Mrs. Pearson	1	1	0	Mrs. Hassell	1	1	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	2	6	Mr. P. Lamont	0	10	0
Mrs. Goff	0	10	0	Mr. James Lunn	0	10	0
Mrs. Bridge	0	10	0	Mr. A. A. Stephens	1	0	0
Mrs. Robertson	1	0	0	Coast-guards, and Coast-guards Sun-			
A widow's mite	0	10	0	day-school, Shellness, per Mr. T.			
Miss Allen	0	2	6	McMahon	0	8	6
Mrs. Paterson	0	4	0	Mrs. Appleton	1	1	0
Miss A. Whitley	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Appleton	0	17	9
A friend, Edinburgh	1	0	0	Mr. R. Nelson	3	0	0
Master H. J. Randall	0	5	0	Mr. Beere, per Pastor G. Sparks	0	10	0
Miss F. L. Hereford	0	10	0	Mr. J. Norkett	1	0	0
Mrs. Smith	1	0	0	Mrs. Forsyth	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss Jesson:—			
Mr. W. Stanyon ...	0	5	0
Miss Eames ...	0	5	0
The Misses Bennett ...	0	5	0
Miss Raynes ...	0	2	6
<hr/>			
Mr. Jno. Parry ...	0	17	6
West Croydon Baptist Chapel Bazaar, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgoon ...	175	0	0
Mr. Campion ...	1	1	0
Mr. G. D. Forbes ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Dunlop ...	2	0	0
Miss E. B. Green ...	1	2	6
Miss Ellis ...	0	5	0
Miss M. Fergusson ...	0	10	0
Dr. W. MacGill ...	2	2	0
Mrs. Leasher ...	0	10	0
Miss Poole ...	1	0	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford ...	0	2	6
Mr. J. Pester ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Pepperdine ...	0	5	0
Mr. G. Andern ...	0	7	0
An old sister in Christ Jesus ...	0	2	6
Mr. G. Smith ...	0	10	0
Miss L. C. Greenlees ...	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Nelson ...	2	11	6
Mr. G. Bickerton ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Kelland ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. F. Dallas ...	5	0	0
Mrs. E. Barrat ...	1	1	0
A Midlothian farmer ...	5	0	0
Miss A. M. Brown ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Dewar ...	1	0	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey ...	0	2	6
Miss S. Thomas ...	0	5	0
Mr. William Paine ...	2	2	0
A lover of Jesus ...	0	10	0
Miss F. Doggett ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. E. Saunders ...	12	10	0
A friend ...	0	6	0
Miss E. Wold ...	0	10	0
J. W. G. ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Forbes ...	5	0	0
D. E. G., Wilts ...	0	7	0
H. W., Carlisle ...	1	0	0
The Misses Bashall ...	5	0	0
Mr. H. Greenwood Brown ...	2	2	0
Mr. Dalgleish ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Lowe ...	2	0	0
Mrs. Swift ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Knight ...	5	0	0
A friend ...	20	0	0
Miss Bartlett ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. F. Linn ...	0	2	6
Miss Pratt ...	0	3	0
Mr. David Rees ...	0	5	0
In memoriam, E. ...	1	0	0
Miss Williams and friend ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Smithers ...	2	0	0
Mr. Middleton ...	0	10	0
Mr. R. Morgan ...	2	2	0
Miss J. Englund ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Ironside ...	1	0	0
Mr. W. E. Mathieson ...	70	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Clover ...	0	15	0
Mrs. Swabey ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Bagster ...	1	1	0

Collected by Mrs. James Withers:—			
Mr. W. Moore ...	2	2	0
Mr. S. J. Collier ...	1	1	0
Mr. E. P. Collier ...	1	1	0
Mr. P. Davies ...	1	0	0
Messrs. Heelas and Co. ...	1	1	0
Mr. James Boorne ...	1	0	0
Mr. E. Harvey ...	0	10	6
Mrs. Hammond ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Hampton ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Ravenscroft ...	0	10	0
Mr. R. Oakshott ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Collier ...	0	5	0
Mr. T. Wells ...	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Davis ...	0	2	6
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	10	8	0

*Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the
Orphanage Choir:—*

Brixton Hill Wesleyan Lecture Hall ...	3	17	3
Brixton Auxiliary — Sunday — school Union ...	2	2	0
Sale of programmes, Surbiton ...	0	12	4
Redruth ...	3	18	3
Acton Baptist Chapel ...	6	10	0
Newbury ...	14	14	0
Fareham ...	8	5	0

Christmas Festival Fund:—

Mrs. Virtue ...	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Lane ...	1	0	0
Mr. C. Foster ...	0	5	0
Miss Husk ...	0	3	6
Mr. James Harman's Bible-class ...	0	8	0
Mr. E. Vincent ...	0	5	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey ...	0	5	0
Mr. S. Cole ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Cocks ...	0	10	0
Mr. B. Fox ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Warrington ...	1	1	0
Miss E. Clover ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Davies ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Smith ...	0	10	0

Collected by Miss Thatcher:—

Mrs. Dobbs ...	1	0	0
Mr. Isaac Mannington ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Isaac Mannington ...	0	5	0
Mrs. W. Mannington (Isfield) ...	0	5	0
Mr. Caffyn ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Caffyn ...	0	5	0
Miss Caffyn ...	0	2	6
The Misses Hamshar ...	0	3	0
Mrs. Charles Mannington ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Porter ...	0	2	6
Miss "E. F." ...	0	2	6
Miss Mannington ...	0	2	0
Mrs. Faulconer ...	0	2	0
Mrs. John Grey ...	0	2	0
Anna Thatcher ...	0	2	6
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	3	4	0

£2,111 7 4

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from November 15th to December 13th, 1889.—PROVISIONS:—
25 lbs. Currants, 20 lbs. Raisins, Mr. C. Reynolds; 72 Pork Pies, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 14 Fowls, 2 small
Turkeys, Mr. R. Juniper; 1 cask Apples, Mr. W. D. Garrod; 2 boxes Raisins, Mr. T. Wray; 1 New
Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. S. Haslam; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 1 sack Flour, Mr. J. C. Goddard;
20 cwt. Potatoes, Mr. John Gatward; 5 sacks Potatoes, 5 dozen Savoy's, Mr. John Norkett; 1 sack
Flour, Mrs. Collins; 1 Cake, Miss Dawson.

*BOYS' CLOTHING:—*14 pairs Hose, Mrs. Chopping; a parcel of Left-off clothing, Anon.; 36 Bows,
Mrs. S. E. Knight; 1 dozen Flannel Shirts, Miss Dransfield; 12 pairs Knitted Cuffs, 12 Handker-
chiefs, Mrs. Mannington; 12 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Dexter; 12 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Kine.

*GIRLS' CLOTHING:—*2 Articles, Miss Dawson; 6 pairs Knitted Cuffs, 6 pairs Knitted Stockings, 4
Wraps, Mrs. Warriner; 6 Articles, Miss E. Wicks; 84 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting at the
Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 8 Articles, Anon.; 43 Articles, Mrs. E. Harper; 5 Articles, Mrs. Verrall;
6 Articles, Mrs. Wright; 2 Articles, Mrs. S. E. Knight; 156 Articles (for No. 1 Girls'), Miss Salter's
Bible-class; 3 Articles, Anon.; 78 Articles, Mr. and Mrs. Kemp; 6 Articles, Miss L. Salter; 21
Articles (for No. 3 House), The Juvenile Working Society, per Miss Woods; 4 Articles, Miss A.
Pratt; 31 Articles, Miss C. Moares; 11 Articles, Mrs. Wilkinson; 6 Articles, Miss Wood.

*GENERAL:—*1 Scrap book, Miss Dawson; 6 Dolls, Mrs. S. E. Knight; a few Dolls and 1 Scrap Book,
Miss Salter's Bible-class; a Parcel of Books, Mrs. Arnold; 1 year's numbers, "British Workman,"

and "Band of Hope Review," Mr. J. B. Mead; 1 pair Crutches, 1 Fireguard, 3 Kneelers, 1 piece Carpet, 10 Hat Racks, 8 Foot Rests, Mr. D. Dougharty; 6 vols. of Stories, and 18 parts of "The Quiver," &c., Messrs. Cassell and Co.; 1 volume of each—"Leisure Hour," "Sunday at Home," "Boy's Own Paper," "Girl's Own Paper," "Cottage and Artisan," "Child's Companion," "Tract Magazine," "Friendly Greetings," Rev. J. G. Van Rijn; 7 Dolls, Mrs. Forsyth; 500 magazines "Ring the Bells," 24 magazines "Goodwill to Men," 1 volume each—"The Fireside," "Hand and Heart," "The Day of Days," "Home Words," Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 12th, 1889.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Newbury, per Mr. A. Jackson ...	10	0	0
Southern Baptist Association ...	59	0	0
Cambridge Baptist Association ...	10	0	0
Surrey and Middlesex Baptist Association ...	20	0	0
Halesowen, per Mr. C. H. Clewes ...	2	13	0
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale ...	7	10	0
Worcestershire Association ...	3	0	0
Mr. John Cory, for Castleton, Cardiff, and Penrhicweiber ...	20	0	0
Mr. R. Cory, for Cardiff, and Penrhicweiber ...	10	0	0
Stratford-on-Avon district ...	7	10	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association ...	25	0	0
Bower Chalk Baptist Church ...	5	0	0
Mr. D. White, for Uxbridge ...	10	0	0
E. S. for Repton and Burton-on-Trent ...	20	0	0
Sollidage district, per Mr. Thos. R. ...	10	0	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham ...	10	0	0
Mr. R. Scott, for Langham and Dedham ...	10	0	0
Bromley Congregational Church ...	10	0	0
Miss Lassell, for Maidenhead ...	2	10	0
Bethnal Green district:—			
Mr. C. E. Fox ...	5	0	0
Mr. W. R. Fox ...	5	0	0
	10	0	0
Great Totham district, per Rev. H. J. Harvey ...	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Yorkshire Association, for Borough-bridge ...	10	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. Thos. White ...	7	10	0
Abercan district, per Mr. D. W. James ...	10	0	0
Mr. J. J. Tustin, for Horley ...	10	0	0
M. A. H., for Orpington ...	5	0	0
Wolverhampton District ...	10	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission ...	7	10	0
Okehampton District ...	10	0	0
	£353	3	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Raybould ...	1	0	0
Mr. A. Todd ...	0	5	0
T. A. ...	0	5	0
Mr. Armstrong, Warrambeen ...	10	0	0
D. E. G., Wilts ...	0	5	0
Thankoffering, Anon. ...	0	5	0
Dr. Kenderline, per Pastor Thomas Spurgeon ...	5	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. W. Fox ...	5	0	0
Mr. C. E. Fox ...	5	0	0
Mr. W. R. Fox ...	5	0	0
Mr. F. Fishwick ...	2	2	0
	£34	2	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 12th, 1889.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Huddleigh ...	6	6	0
Mr. P. Jacob ...	3	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Tunbridge Wells ...	8	12	9
T. A. ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Vernett ...	5	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services, from two sympathizers ...	0	5	0
Jno. F. H. ...	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Parker's services at Edinburgh ...	10	0	0
D. E. G., Wilts ...	0	3	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Dunstable ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Raybould ...	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Parker's services at Drake Street Chapel, Rochdale ...	7	0	0
	£43	12	9

For General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 12th, 1889.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Thatcher ...	0	5	0

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write to Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums sent before the 13th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

FEBRUARY, 1890.

“Holding forth the Word of Life.”

BY C. H. SPURGEON.



BELIEVERS are to shine as lights in the world, and in part this shining is to be the natural result of character; for they are to be “blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation” (Phil. ii. 15). No one can pronounce this part of the case with too great an emphasis. As we live we teach—teach in the most effectual fashion. But at the same time the saints are to be light-bearers by making known the gospel of the Lord Jesus, which the apostle calls “the word of life.” This we are to “hold forth” as men hold torches aloft, that their light may be scattered far and wide. The torch of truth will enlighten, for this is its nature; but it stands greatly in need of a strong hand to hold it up, and hold it forth, for else it will burn to small purpose. A torch lying on the ground rather smokes than shines. It must be held forth. This necessity is too much overlooked, and incalculable evil comes of forgetting it.

Many indulge an indolent reliance upon the innate power of truth. “Truth is mighty, and will prevail,” is almost a proverb. Much truth lies in it, but it may be so used as to be far more false than true. A great doctrine, if it be never preached or written upon, will be forgotten. A humbling truth, which is much opposed because it is at war with human pride, may be so travestied and ridiculed that it may be driven out of the field of present practical influence for lack of someone to maintain and defend it. There may be such a wide rejection of sound teaching that no faith in it may remain among the masses of the people. Does any man believe that a doctrine will win believers if it is never taught? Does

he imagine that truth will, in some miraculous way, spread itself, without human voice or pen? Does any man dream that the people will come to know and love that which they have never heard, and therefore do not know? The idea of some innate power in truth, apart from its being advocated, must be placed among those venerable traditions which work to the hindrance of practical effort among men. The fact is, that truth has influence in proportion to the zeal which accepts and spreads it; and if it be not received and published, it will die out from among a people quite as soon as an error would have done.

Protestantism is said to have taken such a hold upon the English nation that it can never return to Popery. This may be true; but it is equally certain that if our people never hear a word about Protestant principles, and are daily made familiar with Popish ceremonies and teachings, they will return to Romanism as surely as fancy pigeons revert to the old stock. Shut our eyes as we may to so great a danger, it is a grim reality. If the fundamental doctrines of the gospel are kept back, and our congregations are constantly plied with questions about inspiration, evolution, and progressive thought, our young people will become Unitarians first, and infidels afterwards, as surely as eggs are eggs. No secret and mysterious power of truth will keep the old faith alive in a community in which it is persistently ignored and perpetually assailed. The human mind is all too surely fond of falsehood; but the votaries of it do not trust to the natural fascination of their inventions. False doctrine flourishes in the unrenewed heart as a weed indigenous to the soil; and yet the propagators of error do not trust to its natural vitality, but water it day and night with assiduous care. How foolish shall we be if we neglect any endeavour to keep alive the delicate foreign plant of gospel truth in a soil so unfriendly, and in a season so unpropitious! To rely upon the inward vitality of truth, and so to leave it untended, is to expect a harvest from good seed, though we have never sown it, and have never touched the soil, which remains hard as the rock on yonder mountain-side.

Truth has such voices as its lovers give it—such, and no more. We are not unmindful of the supernatural element connected with the gospel; nay, we are joyfully confident in the Holy Spirit, who works for the truth, and by it. But this does not weaken our argument; say, rather, that it greatly intensifies it. Not only is the gospel powerless without men's voices, it is also powerless with them unless the Holy Ghost applies the word with power to the hearts of those who hear it. But the divine Spirit goes forth with surroundings of prayerfulness, faith, and zeal, without which he is never known to display his sacred energies. Hence the need, not alone of those who hold forth the word of life with the voice, but of those who hold it forth with earnest pleading, generous giving, intelligent obedience, and zealous effort. If these be not present, we may conclude that the Holy Spirit is not at work, and in his absence the boasted power of truth will prove itself a myth. We may cease shouting *MAGNA EST VERITAS*, and learn that error, when well advocated, is greater in its power over men than truth left in the limbo of forgetfulness.

A simple illustration may set forth our meaning clearly. The doctrine of the right of every man to freedom is a noble truth; but if no

one had ever advanced it, would not whole nations have remained in slavery? Suppose that in America no abolitionist's voice had broken the guilty silence, no philanthropist's pen had written a line on behalf of the negro, and no statesman had agitated for emancipation; would not the fetters have been upon the black man's wrists to this very hour? A truth is like a mass of coal; there are so many pounds of force latent in it; but, without fire to bring it forth, the coal will lie an inert weight, which can do nothing for itself, much less for others. Be the truth what it may, whether social, scientific, or religious, its power will not operate if it is stored away, and left to itself.

What, then, is the duty of the present hour? Clearly, it is our main work to make known "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." We must preach the doctrines of grace more distinctly, and more in detail. To get back the power of the gospel, we must first get back the gospel itself. If we want the shade, and hope to obtain it without the tree, we are greatly mistaken. Gospel influence will follow upon gospel doctrine, by the blessing of the Holy Spirit; but it will not come apart from our plainly teaching the Word of God. We hear something of "life" being more important than doctrine. Why, the doctrine we contend for is "the Word of life," and any life apart from it is not the life of God. Some even affect to aim at a higher spirituality, and to be careless as to what becomes of the doctrine. That is a poor pretence of godliness which undervalues Christ's words, and, under the cloak of sanctimoniousness, plays fast and loose with inspired teaching by uniting with the lovers of error. There must be a balance among the Christian virtues, and to cultivate pietistic emotion without the subjection of the intellect to the teaching of Christ is a dangerous experiment. The Lord's words, to say the very least, are quite as important as our feelings; and he that would sacrifice a revealed truth is scarcely to be commended when he pours out his soul over a theory of emotion.

Let us go over again the foundation truths. Let us make our ministry distinctly instructive as well as hortatory. Let us set forth the doctrine of the Lord Jesus as the basis of his ethics, and as the motive force of obedience to them. If some men were to preach more gospel, their congregations would be happier and larger, and their influence in every direction would be increased. Crowds may be attracted by talent; but the most reliable loadstone is the thorough-going gospel. Gospel-and-water will not be sought after; but the genuine, undiluted article will not want for admirers. Can we suppose that vast audiences would have imperilled their lives to listen to a "modern-thought" oration? Men are not so numerously insane. But in hearing the Calvinism of the preachers of the Desert, or of the Covenanters in Scotland, the gain was more than equal to the risk. There was something to feed upon, something worth living and dying for. Does the new theology contain within its range a single teaching for which it were worth while for a man to lose a button from his waistcoat? The white-heat of enthusiasm will never be produced in our churches without the gospel; and it is this white-heat that is wanted just now.

Controversy, painful as it is, is often demanded of us; but, after all, the best campaigns against falsehood are those in which truth comes most boldly into the field in her own proper array. Preach that which

is true, and there will be the less need for pointing out what is not true. To drive out darkness bring in light.

Do not take it for granted that the people know. We must go over the elementary truths ; for the bulk of the population do not know. We need not fear repetition ; we ought to aim at it ; that, line upon line, precept upon precept, the revelation of God may be written on the minds of men. All the work is to be done over again : we need to begin at the beginning. The first principles of the Reformation must be expounded as if they had never been heard of, for some congregations have never heard of them from the present occupants of their pulpits. The doctrines of grace must be taught as carefully as if they were quite new, for new they will be to most minds nowadays. They have heard them caricatured, and wilfully belied ; but they have never heard them expounded in their simplicity. What effects would follow if they could so hear them !

Now then, O men of courage, lift high your standard, and fling your colours to the breeze ! Holding forth the word of life, take your places, and stand there, God helping you, till the living truth of the living God has routed all its adversaries !

Zionward pressing.

“The night is far spent, the day is at hand.”—Romans xiii. 12.

LET our loins be girded tighter,
 Let our pilgrim steps be lighter,
 And our faces beam the brighter,
 Brethren, as we speed our way ;
 For our loving Lord is nearer,
 And his voice is sounding clearer,
 And his precious name is dearer,
 As we hail the coming day.

Shortly we shall meet in heaven,
 All the blood-washed and forgiven,
 Hell's dark cohorts backward driven,
 Sorrows, foes, and dangers gone !
 Endless joys we shall inherit,
 Flowing through the Saviour's merit,
 Dead, but quickened by the Spirit,
 Saved by precious grace alone.

Hasten on ! new pleasures finding,
 To our hearts God's precepts binding,
 Earth's delights no longer blinding,
 As we still the path pursue ;
 Still repeating heaven's glad story—
 Jesus dying, bruised and gory,
 Purchasing for us the glory
 Of our home now just in view !

ALBERT MIDLANE.

Tact.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

(Continued from page 9.)

AND what shall I say concerning tact in woman? With most women, it is conspicuous and special, and perfectly natural. The bump of discernment and penetration is fully developed with the majority of them; and they have, withal, a native delicacy and refinement. Moreover, they are ever prepared to exercise that self-denial which tact nearly always involves. They are considerate of others, and forgetful of themselves. Hence they do not blurt out unpalatable truths at inconvenient seasons, nor ride rough-shod over tender susceptibilities. Yet they can rebuke and reprove none the less effectively. They can put their foes to disastrous rout by "fetching a compass," as Luke would say. They can turn the tables without being themselves upset. They have other ways of showing their likes and dislikes than by plainly saying all they know and think. They can allow others to imagine that every point is being conceded, only to discover by-and-by that the ladies got their own way after all. And who can object? It was contrived so cleverly, and managed so sweetly! Thus they can circumvent and thwart even when they seem to yield. And, what is better far, they do, by this same virtue, heal the hurts which hate has made. They can venture between the angry combatants, and sweetly send them about their business. They are peacemakers *par excellence*. They pour oil on the troubled waters, and balm into smarting wounds. "If you want tact," as Pat would say, "the women are the boys!"

Was not that tact on the part of Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, which, when Sisera stood before her tent, induced her to be most courteous and generous to him? "He asked water, and she gave him milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish." But this was all for a purpose. She was acting on the "Will-you-walk-into-my-parlour-said-the-spider-to-the-fly" principle. Presently "she put her hand to the nail, and her right hand to the workmen's hammer; and with the hammer she smote Sisera, she smote off his head, when she had pierced and stricken through his temples. At her feet he bowed, he fell: where he bowed, there he fell down dead."

Remember Abigail; and how, when her husband played the churl, she approached unto David, and with a soft answer, and an acceptable present, turned away his wrath. Of her husband she said, "As his name is, so is he; Nabal (*i.e.*, Fool) is his name, and folly is with him" (and you may be sure *she* knew). But she, good soul, steered quite a different course, and averted a terrible calamity by her admirable tact. What wonder that David was so enamoured of her that, when God had smitten Nabal that he died, the coming king took her unto him to wife? Michal, too, was not without this quality. By means of it she contrived David's escape, letting him down from a window. By it, also, she thought to lay an image in the bed, and put a pillow of goat's hair for his bolster, and covered it with a cloth. And when Saul sent messengers to take David, she said, "He is sick." (He was home-sick by that time, I expect.) Then, said Saul, "Bring him up to me in the bed,

that I may slay him." (What a mighty man of valour Saul was, to be sure!) And when the messengers were come in, behold, there was an image in the bed. By this time, of course, the fugitive had got well away, every moment lengthening the distance betwixt him and the irate king. So far as her light went, we feel inclined to say—"Well done, Michal; David would not have been long intact but for that tact of thine!"

But what need have we of further witness? Every man, who is not a confirmed woman-hater, will readily concede the palm in this respect to the gentler sex. There are exceptions, of course. Some women can let the cat out of the bag as expeditiously as the most unwary man. Some can bluster and blunder as sadly and seriously as the roughest of their brothers; but, speaking generally, woman remains pre-eminent for tact. She can play chess to some purpose, with purposes and persons for pieces. How deftly and silently she makes her moves, until she cries, "Checkmate"; and claps her little hands for very glee! How secretly she matures her plans! how patiently she awaits the set time! In all those duties and responsibilities which are peculiarly her own, this lovely grace stands her in good stead. In managing the household, in economizing the cash (I speak not of them all), in training the family, in entertaining guests, in dispensing charities, she shines resplendent by reason of the tact which illuminates every word and deed. O woman, great is thy tact!

From all that has been said, it is evident that, to do and say the right thing, at the right time, and in the right way, is at once neither unimportant nor easy. The time to weep and the time to laugh, the time to speak and the time to keep silence, are not readily discerned by all. To some they appear quite undiscernible. Yet there are the wiseacres who dream that there is no difficulty. They remind me of the lady who watched an artist at his work. Presently she said, "I think I could paint, it is simple enough." "Yes, madam," replied he of the pencil, "but what makes you think so?" "Oh," said she, "I've been watching you very carefully, and so far as I can see, all one has to do is to put the right quantity of the right colour on the right place—that's all!"

Ah, yes, just so, exactly—*that's ALL!* But it is not as easy as eating pancakes, for all that. So is it with the word spoken in season. You must say the right thing, at the right time, in the right spirit—*THAT'S ALL!* This skill in adapting words or actions to circumstances is one of the most valuable of faculties. It outweighs, in practical worth, all others. As one has wisely said, "Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it. It seems to know everything without learning anything. It has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. Talent is certainly a very fine thing to talk about, a very good thing to be proud of, a very glorious eminence to look down from; but tact is useful, portable, applicable, always alive, always alert, always marketable. It is the talent of talents, the availability of resources, the applicability of power, the eye of discrimination, the right hand of intellect."

I have not written in vain if in any one of my readers a desire is aroused to possess this grace in greater measure. "Covet earnestly the

best gifts;" and when you have gained this one, use it with all the others to the praise of your Creator and Redeemer, till every act is done in the spirit of your Master, and every word is "a word upon wheels," whose influence for good runs on, and on, and on. Oh, for the sacred tact that will make all our actions to be works of faith and labours of love, and every word like an apple of gold in a basket of silver! Then shall our lips be as the Beloved's—"Like lilies, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh."

"Puh Yao;" or, Not Wanted.

THE first short sentence which new missionaries learn on arrival in China is "*Puh yao*." It is both easy of utterance, and extremely useful to the new-comer. Whatever one may forget, "*Puh Yao*," or "*not want*," sticks by you to the very last. The characters are, also, easy to write and remember; and so these two words become quite old friends in a short space of time. It is amusing to notice the delight with which this little sentence is trotted out at table. The Chinese servant may be handing you something not altogether to your liking, and at once your small stock of the Chinese language comes pat and nice to your rescue. "*Puh yao*," you say; "*puh yao*."

In connection with this common saying, I have been thinking of the words as expressing the desire of our hearts with reference to the present "onward movement" of sending out new workers, both from England, and other lands, to this land of Sinim. Our needs are vast, and our wants many and varied; but *there are some things we do not want. Puh yao. Puh yao.*

First, we do not want workers of the "Down-Grade" school, for already there are not a few spreading abroad their "larger hope" doctrine, and doing great harm, not only to other workers, but also to the native churches of which they are overseers.

Secondly, we do not want men or women dreaming away their time in a goody-goody sort of way, and unwilling to do and dare anything for God.

Thirdly, we do not want men and women with crude, misty notions about the romance of foreign mission service; for this dark, heathen China will soon settle them, and by some quick mail steamer they will be returning to the land of their fathers.

In a word, we yearn to greet a race of new workers with grit and soul in them, men and women filled with God's love and Holy Ghost power, who will not be scared in a week at the awful state of degradation and sin which abounds everywhere; but will, in the strength of the Lord, with the *Sword* in one hand and the *Trowel* in the other, do battle against real, practical darkness in every form, and rest not until the old devil, which is Satan, shall be defeated in his own land.

We need your prayers. It is a brisk warfare, and hard sometimes; but in the strength of the Lord of hosts we intend to "*Drive on*."

China Inland Mission, Chefoo,
North China.

JOHN A. STOOKE.

Theological Progression.

WE *do* make progress : every generation
Rolls out the sentence. All the feats we plan,
All science utters, in triumphant language,
The growing mightiness of mighty man.

We take the raw materials of nature,
And bend and shape them to our own sweet will.
But when we lay our hand on Revelation,
God lifts himself, and thunders, "Worm, be still!"

His work is perfect—see this old creation :
Is the grass *greener* than in Adam's bower?
Have *we* improved the fragrance of the roses,
Or blessed the lily with a richer dower?

Were they but infant rains which caused the deluge?
Did the ark rest upon a *little* hill?
Nay, sun, moon, stars, in glowing adoration,
Speak the *perfection* of Jehovah's skill.

So turn we to his Book : a perfect system
Of all morality, all hope, all faith ;
Which has held out, along the bygone ages,
The one specific for the fear of death.

Is it a vaulting-pole, that we proud sinners
May land ourselves in glory at a spring?
Will children, through the spread of education,
Shelve the sweet Volume as a worn-out thing?

Ah! God *will* work, though men should hide his Bible :
And when *his* terrors touch th' awakened soul,
Oh, for the consolations of the gospel,
And the *atonement* which *alone* makes whole!

Time may move on, and centuries—progressive—
E'en yet may bless the nations with their light ;
But this old Book—God's handiwork—shall ever
Have the same meaning as it has to-night.

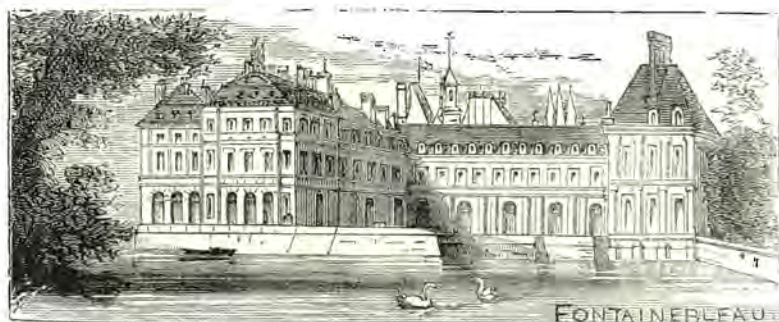
It is no science, but a *revelation* ;
No cultured linguist can improve its tone ;
And till God's last is gathered into glory,
This blessed Book will satisfy *his own*.

From "Walswood" to Menton.

PART II.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THERE are several ways of performing the journey from Paris to Marseilles, which takes from fourteen to sixteen, twenty-four, or even thirty hours, according to the train you select. One would hardly care to go by *Omnibus* train, and have thirty hours on the railway for your money. What must the journey have been when it had to be performed by road? By an express, one can do very well by travelling from Paris to Lyons, and staying the night, and going on again in the morning. We have tried this; but we judged that the trouble of going into Lyons, to the hotel, and the getting up early in the morning, made the whole journey more wearisome than to go quite through during the night. Other travellers are of a different opinion. Concerning such things there is no disputing. After several experiments, *we* think that those who can afford the outlay of money, but cannot endure the expense of physical strength, will be wise to hasten through by the fastest train from Paris to Marseilles.



If you travel by day, THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU is interesting, even to those who rush through it by train. You can tell when you enter and leave it, not only by the woods, which may be seen in other places, but by the green, clipped hedge, which skirts the railway all along; and you have frequent pretty peeps down the long roads and lanes, which intersect the masses of trees and underwood.

SENS, on the left, has a cathedral, which is interesting as the place where Thomas à Becket found sanctuary when he quitted England to escape the wrath of Henry II. Here they show the vestments of this precious saint, whose shrine at Canterbury, though in a Protestant cathedral, is still visited by pilgrims. A church which makes much of that proud ecclesiastic must be hard up for saints; and yet he is by no means the worst specimen in the calendar.

You keep company with rivers and canals all along; and where there are water-ways in a landscape, it can never be without interest. Yet you may have too much of a good thing; for, in some seasons, after heavy rains, the traveller sees little else but water for the greater

part of the way. At other times, he will have his fill of vineyards; and when he reaches Dijon and Macon, he will see, by the stores and merchandise at the stations, as well as by other signs, that he is in the very heart of the grape-growing country. Some of the names dearest to the connoisseur in wines belong to the towns and villages of this region. The rulers of Burgundy were styled "the Princes of Good Wines." By the way, what ugly things vineyards are in winter! A set of sticks, and rods running across! Anything else you like would be more picturesque.

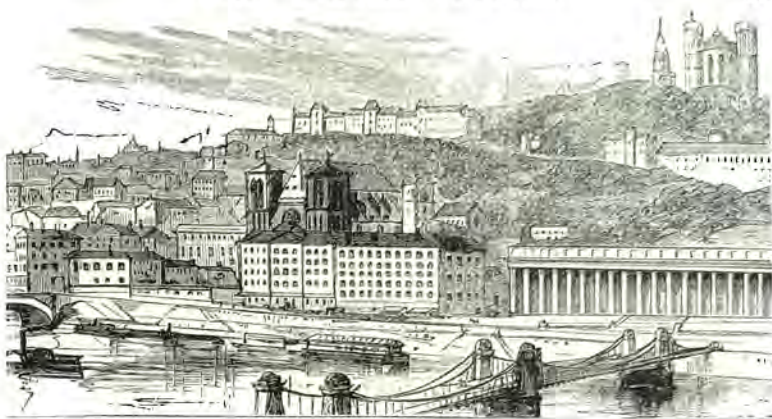
At BLAISY-BAR you rush into a tunnel. If you wake up at the other end, as we once did, and see a carriage-load of poor ladies turned out into the cold of midnight because a wheel was on fire, you will pity them, if you can do no more. Happily, we had no such spectacle this time. Thanks be to God for safety when flying at such a rate!



DIJON.

At DIJON, when travelling by day, we have had a hurried dinner of a far better sort than usually makes up the iron fare of the iron way. The plan is somewhat like that method of feeding so common in America, where you have a line of dishes waiting for you, and you get at them as fast as you can work your passage. The Germans entered this town during the great war; and our French friends are willing to remember the visit, for they have put up a handsome monument in memory of the soldiers who fell in resisting the invader. Better forget the whole concern. Before we reached Dijon we were near the place where the Seine rises, so that we have been running up hill all the way.

MACON is used as a stopping-place by travellers going to Turin, or other places on the further side of the Mont Cenis. We shall never forget the cold in this town when we spent a night in it. We have seen carts and waggons standing upon the thick ice on the river; but, on that occasion, we *felt* the cold. A charcoal fire half stifled us in the *salon* below, and then we had to go up to our bed-room by a staircase open to the snow. The door did not fit, and the bedchamber seemed an ice-well. Blazing logs were soon on the hearth, but they did not remove the chill. Let not the traveller imagine that he has improved his climate, even when he has reached as far as LYONS. That great city is very often as foggy, smoky, cold, and rainy as London itself. True, we are a little nearer the Equator, but a continent is colder in winter, in proportion to the latitude, than an island ever becomes.



LYONS.

If you stay at Lyons, you will note its two noble rivers, the Rhône and the Saône, which here unite their rushing streams; and you may be fortunate enough to enjoy a view of the snowy Alps. The city has many picture-galleries, and places of interest, for which see *Murray's Guide*. Our own remembrance chiefly dwells upon the church on the heights above the town, and a painted window in the cathedral, in which our Lord is represented in the wilderness with the wild creatures—a very fine natural conception: the Son of man amid all sorts of animals, which have learned to avoid human tyranny, but gladly recognize in the Lord Jesus the second Adam, who would rule them in love and gentleness. Beyond this, we have a general impression of a vast city, crowded with silk-weavers, toiling for small wages, not so much in huge factories as in their own dwellings. When one travels on and on, through an almost endless region of mulberry-trees, one does not wonder that the silk-trade should find its centre here. Following the Rhône, we ran down hill at a considerable descent almost all the way to the Mediterranean.

All this we have written for the behoof of those who travel by day, and break the journey at Lyons. We took the other course, and went through at one venture.

From seven p.m., on *Tuesday, November 19*, to ten a.m., on *Wednesday, November 20*, we spent on the road to Marseilles. The best and least trying mode of travelling is the *coupé salon*; and this is the very quickest train of the day—we ought properly to have said, *of the night*. We do not like travelling by night: it seems unnatural and uncanny; but if you must needs do so, travel by *coupé salon*. There are three of you in the carriage; and unless you take to a triangular quarrel, peace is your portion. Your bed, when you create it by pulling down your seat, is not across the carriage from side to side; but you lie in the direction in which the train is moving. In the *wagon-lit*, you appear to have your head on the wheel when you lie down; but here you glide along deliciously. Besides, we found that the so-called sleeping-car, or *wagon-lit*, had for us no sleep in it; for the guardian of the

carriage stoked the fire, made the atmosphere unbearably hot, and immeasurably close, and then himself monopolized the sleep of the car ; at least, as far as we were concerned. He was bound to watch over our comfort, and he did his *level* best ; for there he lay in the passage, making our heart right glad to see and hear how well he could exist, and how musically he could snore, upon the dense atmosphere on the floor, while we were opening a window for a breath of air. How foul might air become, and men yet live in it ? Perhaps some of our race are like foxes, who are never killed by the stench of their own holes. Well, well, he has to do that night-journey continually, and it is delightful to see how well he takes to it : we endure the small tribulation only once in a year, and it matters little how we bear it.

Stop, stop, we are not in a sleeping-car ; but in a carriage in which we hope to rest fairly ; those who use the sleeping-car speak well of it, and no doubt they are as good judges as we are. On this occasion we sleep *at times* : it is not the quiet repose of the righteous, but that sort of broken sleep which goes with an uneasy conscience, or a railway-train. The three of us get one fair night's rest between us, and are exceedingly grateful for so satisfactory a result. Do the best you can, a bed on wheels can never be as good as a bed on castors ; and then the brake breaks your rest, and the men who come to change the foot-warmers let in a great deal more of awakening cold than they introduce of genial, sleep-causing warmth.

What a clitter-clatter there always is at Lyons ! Had it been a *roaring*, we could have understood it. What a fuss is also made over the little town of VALENCE ! One would think that all the world and his wife were going to get out at that station. It is a town with a healthy leaven of Protestantism in it ; and very dreamily we also *protest* against the needless arousement of people who have no *valances* to their uneasy beds.

However, we have been making very excellent progress, whether asleep or awake ; and when we have risen, and the sun is making up his mind to do the same, we are passing the town of ORANGE in a fog, which is not orange, nor yellow. Whenever we can see a little way, we perceive that there is a sharp frost, and everything which should be green is as white as if there had been a fall of snow. We hardly relish frost where we hoped for warmer things. There is a bleak bit of road just here, and the railway is sometimes blocked with snow at this spot. We have come these hundreds of miles to be still mystified by the second partner in the legal firm of Dodson and Fog, and rudely touched on the nose by that democrat, Jack Frost. It is very cold for a place bearing the name of Orange ; but we are glad to hear the name, and to be reminded that the little principality of Orange was once a refuge for the persecuted Huguenots, when all the rest of France was one blood-red hunting-ground for their persecutors. By the time we have had a "wash and brush-up," for which we have ample provision, the lord of day is in the ascendant, dazzling us with his light, and telegraphing to us along his beams the assurance that hoar-frost and every other form of cold will vanish right speedily. And they do vanish ; for when we are fairly among the first cup-shaped olive-trees (or rather olive-shrubs, for they are so small in size), we are in summer weather, and must have the

blinds down, to keep the glare of the sun from our eyes. Henceforth almonds, mulberries, vines, cypresses, olives, evergreen oaks, and pines, occupy the far-reaching plains, and the sides of the hills. It is curious to notice how the *arbor vite* here grows into a tree; and being set close together, many of them, in a long line, make a hedge to screen fields and gardens from the terrible winds which are the plague of this district. It might be Paradise were it not for these cruel blasts.

The sky is blue above our heads, but there are no "blues" in the spirits of any one of the quartette, for Mr. Harrald puts in an appearance from another carriage when we get to AVIGNON. We hold our morning service right joyfully, blessing God for having heard us at eventide, when we sought his protection. In these days, when wretches place sleepers on the rails with intent to wreck passing trains, there is special reason for gratitude for a safe journey. Besides, we begin already to enjoy some of the blessings of our holiday. To get once more into a pure air, to be able to see those numberless colours to which a dense atmosphere makes us blind; above all, to be rid of the clinging damp which rusts the bones till the iron enters the soul—this is a joy which makes our inmost hearts rejoice. What poor creatures we are to be so crushed by clouds or cheered by sunlight, so affected by the quantity of water contained in the atmosphere, and so gladdened or otherwise by the variable amount of light which reaches the eye! Can an immortal spirit submit to be so sadly the slave of materialism? Well, we should strive against being a ready prey of our surroundings; but, for all that, there is a something which forestalls us by secretly damping the resolute spirit which alone can vanquish the depressing influences. It is true of some, as the poet says—

"Heaviest the heart is in a heavy air,
Every wind that rises blows away despair."

Our Master, on a memorable occasion, when a rebuke might have seemed richly deserved, made an excuse for his slumbering disciples, who had given way under the pressure of the hour. "The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak." We would not misuse his gracious apology; but when we confess that our whole being seems to rise in a dry, clear, sunny atmosphere, and that we are frequently depressed in the sea of smoke-damp in which we swim in London, we are hopeful that our Lord judges us after his most generous manner. Surely he does not expect a creature, shut up in a steaming "saucepan, with the lid on," to sing quite so sweetly as a bird in the green forest-glade in the fresh breeze of a spring morning! Yet, we must do our best, whether brisk or dull. Millions live and flourish in the pea-soup atmosphere of London, and thousands, who feel the murky mist chilling and darkening their souls, still work on, and glorify their Lord; and we will do the same. London, with all thy fogs, I love thee still! Where else on earth is there such another sphere of influential labour as in the world's metropolis? Not incorrectly did one assert that the North Pole pushed through the globe very near to London Bridge, and that the hub of the universe was not so surely in Boston as in the great city which is threaded by the Thames. We care nothing about the comparative claims of towns and places in other respects; but the best spot for a fisherman is that in

which there are most fish to be caught ; and the best position for a soul-winner is the heart of the great city, with its teeming millions.

Our meditations are broken by the handing in of a mixture supposed to be coffee. What it really was we will not try to guess. It comes to us in a wash-hand-basin. It is none too warm, but it is wet, and better than nothing, and we drink it thankfully. Not long afterwards we regret the venturous draught. Why cannot the railway people secure a respectable dealer, and let him supply the thirsty travellers of the night ?



AVIGNON.

We have enough of daylight to note the huge erection at Avignon, which is known as *The Palace of the Popes*. Here a set of popes, who were all Frenchmen, lived and ruled for some seventy years, which period Petrarch styled "the Babylonish Captivity of the Church"; and even after this, for another forty years, three successive anti-popes here reigned and revelled. What a sarcasm upon the figment of Apostolical Succession ! The memories of their holinesses at Avignon are by no means fragrant. Their palace is a gloomy pile.

Soon we are at TARASCON, noted for its stupid model of a dragon, and the legend of the monster's being overcome by Martha, the sister of Lazarus, with no other weapon than the cross. We are not sorry to be reminded by this story that the cross is the best weapon against evils of all sorts, and that by its power any Martha or Mary may bind the fiend with her girdle. Will the drink, which is the devouring dragon of our own land, be thus vanquished ?

ARLES is seen for a moment. Once it was the Rome of Gaul, but now it seems to be a principal depôt for the railway. It is so full of Roman antiquities that it has been called a museum in the open-air. One might wisely stay for a day in this city.

NOW we cross THE CRAU ; a vast tract of stones. Never was there on earth more stony ground, but its desert portion seems to us to grow smaller every year, and vegetation gradually wins its way. The land does not appear to be worth a penny a hundred acres ; but it is being reclaimed, and trees are growing where nothing but big stones were to be seen a little while ago. Even that part of the Crau which looks quite a desert is traversed by flocks of sheep, which find a short, sweet herbage *under the stones*. The sheep, accustomed to the locality, turn the stones over for themselves. Capital example this for human flocks ! If their shepherds lead them into stony places, as we fear they often do, they had better turn the stones over, and get at what little truth there may be in the heavy discourses.

We coast an inland sea, rush through a tunnel some three miles long, and then emerge into the light, with the blue Mediterranean and a good deal of black smoke from tall chimneys full in view.

Here is MARSEILLES, and yonder, on a high hill, stands *Notre Dame*, looking down upon all. We are glad to get out upon *terra firma*, and to take up our abode at *The Station Hotel*, happy thus to avoid an omnibus into Marseilles, and to miss that cruel clatter of the paved road, which seems to say—

“Rattle his bones, over the stones,
He’s only a parson with pains in his bones.”

The pains in the bones cannot long hold out where the air contains none of the damp which waters rheumatism, and causes it to bring forth its shoots of pain in abundance ; and yet, after our weary midnight ride, we are glad to get into our temporary abode without the jolt of a carriage. We have always fared well in this hotel, which, though it is at the station, is quite free from the noise of trains and the rush of passengers. Our friends should try it when they come this way ; but let them beware of the mosquitoes. There is never an Eden on earth without its venomous creature.

(*To be continued.*)

There is no Accounting for Tastes.

DR. JETER was accustomed to tell the following story against himself:—“Certain it is that many plain people value sermons more on account of the intonations in their delivery than the thoughts they convey. I had a striking instance in my own experience. Many years ago, an artless stranger, whom I casually met, said to me, ‘I hear you preach every Sunday. You are the greatest preacher I ever did hear.’ ‘Ah !’ said I, ‘you have not heard Mr. M. preach.’ At that time Mr. M. was attracting great attention by his sermons. ‘Yes,’ he replied, ‘I have heard Mr. M. several times ; but he is not so great a preacher as you are. *You have the most mournfullest voice of any man I ever did hear.*’ It was evident that he rated me not by my thoughts or style, but by the modulation of my voice.” Truly, there is no accounting for tastes when a mournful voice is regarded as the mark of greatness in a preacher.—C. H. S.

Nettleton Anecdotes.

SECOND SELECTION.

THE UNIVERSALIST.

FALLING in company, one day, with a man who professed to be a *Universalist*, but was a violent opposer of religion, and denied the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, he said to him : "I will not dispute with you ; but I presume I can tell you how you came to adopt your present sentiments. I suspect you have seen the time when the Spirit of God was striving with you—when you felt that you were a sinner, and that you must repent or perish. But your wicked heart refused these convictions. You loved your sins, and were unwilling to renounce them. Your conscience told you that you must pray, or you would be lost ; but your heart replied, 'I will not pray, nor will I be lost.' Hence you undertook to convince yourself that God will not punish the wicked. But I do not think that you have, as yet, quite silenced your conscience. You still have some forebodings of future misery. You are sometimes afraid that the Bible is true, and that there is a day of judgment, and a world of woe. But if you wish entirely to silence your conscience, you are in a fair way to do it. Continue to flatter yourself, and to resist the truth, and God will help you to succeed. Thus it is written : 'For this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie, that they all might be damned who believe not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness.' "

This solemn address proved an arrow to the man's heart. He saw himself to be a lost sinner, and soon became a subject of redeeming grace.

THE MORE PRESSING QUESTION.

A *caviller* once said to him, "How came I by my wicked heart ?" "That is a question," said he, "which does not so much concern you as does another, namely, 'How shall you get rid of your wicked heart ?' You have a wicked heart, which renders you entirely unfit for the kingdom of God, and you must have a new heart, or you cannot be saved ; and the question which now most deeply concerns you is, 'How shall you obtain it ?' "

"But," said the man, "I wish you to tell me how I came by my wicked heart."

"I shall not undertake to do that at present," said Dr. N. ; "for if I could do it to your entire satisfaction, it would not help you in the least towards obtaining a new heart. The great thing for which I am solicitous is, that you should become a new creature, and be prepared for heaven."

As the man manifested no wish to hear anything on that subject, but still pressed the question how he came by his wicked heart, Dr. Nettleton told him that his case resembled that of a man who is drowning, while his friends are attempting to save his life. As he rises to the surface of the water, he cries, "How came I here ?" "That question," says one of his friends, "does not concern you now. Take hold of the rope !"

"But, how came I here?" he exclaims again.

"I shall not stop to answer that question now," says his friend.

"Then I'll drown," says the infatuated man; and, spurning all proffered aid, he sinks to the bottom.

FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

In reply to some one, who denied that *future punishment* is everlasting, he made these remarks:—

"To believe against personal interest requires an honest heart. Without it the mind will exert itself to evade the truth. It often requires but little evidence to lead to the adoption of a pleasing sentiment, while the most conclusive evidence fails to produce conviction of an unwelcome truth. For instance, the word "everlasting," when applied to the future punishment of the wicked, is explained by some to mean always a limited duration; but when applied to the future happiness of the righteous, it is readily admitted to denote endless duration. I know not that the latter was ever questioned. If a man were to undertake seriously to prove that the word everlasting, when applied to the happiness of the righteous, denotes only a limited duration, and when applied to the punishment of the wicked means an endless state of being, he would be pronounced a fool. And yet he would act no more irrationally than the man who adopts the opposite course of reasoning, by which so many profess to be convinced."

The inference is that we ought to exercise great caution in receiving doctrines which are pleasing to the natural heart; and equal caution in rejecting doctrines to which the natural heart is opposed.

GOD'S MERCY; NOT MAN'S WILL.

The doctrine—as dangerous as it is false—that men can repent and believe, and so secure their salvation, at any moment, had a powerful opponent in Dr. Nettleton.

A person once said, in his presence, that to inculcate upon sinners *their dependence on God for a new heart*, is suited to discourage effort. He replied that the very reverse of this is true. "Suppose," said he, "a number of men are locked up in a room, playing at cards. Some person informs them that the roof of the building is on fire, and that they must escape, or they will perish in the flames. Says one of them, 'We need not be in haste, we shall have time to finish the game.' 'But,' says the person, who gave the alarm, 'your door is locked.' 'No matter for that,' replied the other, 'I have the key in my pocket, and can open it at any moment.' 'But, I tell you, that key will not open the door.' 'Won't it?' he exclaims; and, rising from the table, flies to the door, and tugs away at the lock; but the door will not open. 'So sinners,' said Dr. N., 'while they believe there is no difficulty in securing their salvation, at any moment, quiet their consciences, and silence their fears. But when they are taught that such is the wickedness of their hearts, that they never will repent unless God interposes by his regenerating grace, they are alarmed, and begin to enquire, in deep distress, what they shall do to be saved.' "So, then," we may add, in the words of inspiration, "it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy."



AN OLIVE GARDEN.

Under the Olives.

FROM A LETTER BY THE LATE DR. ROBERTSON, OF IRVINE.*

IF I were writing something to be read to the children on Monday night, I might tell how, outside my window, even now, I can see the fig-tree putting forth its leaves, and silently announcing that the summer is nigh. A footpath leads through a gate, fastened with withes, into a garden of olives—tall, dark, venerable trees, under whose grey misty shade and black funereal fruit one can walk, and remember Gethsemane. So dark is the shadow, one can understand why, even at the season of the full-orbed paschal moon of this month, Judas thought it necessary to bring lanterns and torches to discover the face that was more marred than any man's, and distinguish it from the rest. Behind this garden rises a Mount of Olives, that might well be a resort for secret meditation, and for midnight prayer, to one who had the mind that was in Christ Jesus, loving lonely communion with the Father in the hillside woods. In the green open spaces on the summit, in the golden flashes of sunlight, one might also seem to see the gleam of the ascending pierced feet! Still other Olive Mounts! that climb so high, one can see how the dove of Noah might find an olive-branch when the waters were still deep upon the earth. The white high-road, and the mule-path to the mountains, are skirted with frequent palm-trees; and the beautiful branches carried about by the children, and offered at this season for sale (as it is near what is called Palm Sunday), remind you of the palm-strewn mountain-way on which Jesus rode into the city of his cross, to ransom the multitudes that none can number, that, having overcome by the blood of the Lamb, they might stand before the throne singing, with palms in their hands. Then, there are vineyards on the terraced slopes, in which the vines, with the tender grape, are already giving forth a delicate perfume, as in the spring-time in the garden of the Song of Songs; and the vinedressers are pruning the fruitful branches, that next season they may bring forth more fruit, and abide more firmly in the vine, out of which they can do nothing. For these things are still *done* in parables, as once they were spoken in parables by him who still changes the water into wine, in the vineyards of Menton, and still, through vines ordained by him into this ministry of parable, preaches to those that have the ears to hear it, of himself as the True Vine, whose purple grapes were crushed in vintage of the hill of Calvary into the cup of that wine of the New Covenant that is still drunk at communion tables—wine many centuries old, and abundant enough for all guests and all ages—yea, who himself has trodden the winepress alone, and returned with dyed garments—with vesture dipped in blood.

There, too, the emblem of our mortal state, presented in the trees of

* This article is an extract from a letter, written home in the month of March, 1872, by the late Dr. Robertson. It was our pleasure to meet him, on one occasion, in the Riviera, and to hear his talk, overflowing with good things. This scrap of his correspondence is full of teaching; and as it is most sweet to us, who have but lately come from the enjoyment of it all, we hope it will have a measure of sweetness for our readers. It is to be found in the life of Robertson, by Arthur Guthrie, which we have noticed in the Reviews.—C. H. S.

the wood, is, perhaps, more truly and exactly rendered here than in cold northern climes—for, whereas there is not a spring-time for all the births, and a harvest-time for all the funerals, but life and death run on together simultaneously—so here the seasons seem to run abreast, round all the year—bud, flower, fruit, bare branch, being found simultaneously in the same garden, and even on the same tree (as one basket of fruit is gathered another is ripe, another is ripening, another is in flower, another in bud; as the second basket is gathered the third is ripe, and so on—as death and life run on together simultaneously, and at a pretty equal constant rate—as one generation of the human race goeth and another cometh, at one and the same time, and with no space or interval between, as with you, comes between spring and harvest-time); and so the emblem of our mortal state becomes, also, in another view, the beautiful type of immortality itself—as here grows many a tree, most like the Tree of Life in the Paradise of God, bearing its fruit every month, and whose leaf does not wither. Of this kind the most beautiful species are the citron tribes, including orange, of deeper red, and lemons of a rougher rounding and a paler gold. They grow in gardens enclosed—miles of them along the hillsides—and, over the high stone walls, reach their russet branches, on which, in lanterns of green leaves, the beautiful fruit is hanging like a thousand golden lamps. I do not know that this was the literal forbidden fruit that the woman saw was pleasant to the eyes as well as good for food. It is the fruit referred to in the mythic legend of the golden apples in the garden guarded by the dragon, which is, no doubt, an old-world tradition of Eden and the Fall; but I *do* know that it is the tree of which the bride sings in the Canticles, in the responsive song of the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley, "As the apple (rightly the citron-tree) among the trees of the wood, so is my Beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste."

Amid such trees of Oriental mould, and of Judean growth, rich and fragrant with Scriptural and sacred associations, as I wander in this genial climate, seeking health and finding it, one can scarcely fail to hear the voice of the Lord God walking among the trees in the garden; and if, sometimes, it seems to chide and say, "What dost thou here, standing all day idle, for there is a vineyard to be cultivated elsewhere, and barren fig-trees in it too, perhaps?" yet oftener I seem to hear the voice speaking good, comfortable words, and saying, "I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment, lest any hurt it; I will keep it night and day;" and "Rest thou in the Lord; wait patiently for his time for thy returning. Do not fret."

"Modern Thought."

THE modern thought that antagonizes Christianity will never be anything but modern. It will not survive to see another generation. It has no root in anything that has life in it.—*From "The Christian Advocate," Nashville, U.S.A.*

Gospel Light in the Lighthouses.

SPEAKING of the occupations of lighthouse-keepers, nearly thirty years ago, an anonymous writer said: "Books are not wanting in some lighthouses, though the general taste for reading among this secluded portion of the community does not seem conspicuous." We believe that considerable progress has been made in this respect in the course of a generation, and that the keepers of the lights which serve to guide mariners at night, by warning them of rocks and sand-banks, may be justly reckoned among those who read. If they read, it is desirable that these men shall be supplied with that which may promote their spiritual welfare; and hence, for ten years, during which time he has been an invalid, Mr. John Green has undertaken the sending of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons to lighthouses around the British Isles, and also to others in Canada.

As representatives of a great empire, whose trade averages a hundred millions sterling a month, the authorities of Great Britain expend more upon lighthouses than any other nation; and there can be no doubt that it pays them well to do so. The lighthouses are looked after by the Corporation of the Trinity House, in England, and by Commissioners in Scotland and Ireland; all, however, being subject to the supervision of the Board of Trade.

Including floating lightships, there are over four hundred lighthouses belonging to the British Isles. Our neighbours, the French, have two hundred and twenty-four lighthouses, and there are nearly three thousand in the waters of the whole world. When it is remembered that several persons are employed at each station, it will be seen that such a constituency would need to have its reading in many languages, and would be quite beyond the reach of one invalid. Still, Mr. Green has done what he could in sending out the sermons which Mrs. Spurgeon has supplied; and it may be possible to do more in the future than has been undertaken in the past.

If they could be gathered together, particulars of events which have



taken place in connection with lighthouses would fill a volume, which would rival in interest any of the romances of real life with which we are acquainted. As a monarch among its fellows around the English coast, the Eddystone has most of what is tragic in its history ; but the story has been too often told to need repetition. Almost two hundred years ago, the first structure was reared on the dangerous rock ; but although its builder felt so certain of its stability that he desired to see personally how it could resist the attack of winds and waves, both the tower and its builder were swept into the raging sea during the memorable storm of 1703, which is still commemorated every December by a sermon at Little Wild Street Chapel. About five years later, another tower, 92 feet in height, and of a masterly design, was erected ; but after standing for nearly fifty years, the woodwork caught fire, in 1755, and was destroyed. One of the keepers, named Hall, entered the lantern at two o'clock a.m., to snuff the candles, and, on looking up, he was suddenly seized with violent internal pains. His own notion that some falling molten lead had gone down his throat, was thought incredible ; but after his death, some days later, over seven ounces of lead were found in his stomach. The third lighthouse on the rock was opened in 1759 ; but this has been lately superseded by the present structure. The new Eddystone lighthouse is one of the marvels of our coast ; and, in addition to its great flashing lights, each being over seven-hundred-candle-power, it has a great bell, worked by clockwork, which sounds an alarm in foggy weather. Great advances have been made since the beacon was merely a fire of coals, or at best a great lantern lit up with candles, which needed frequent snuffing.

In regard to the people who keep the lighthouses, one remarked, some years ago : " Perhaps the most hardened criminal, who is indifferent to every kind of punishment awarded to guilt, would shrink within himself if condemned to pass the remainder of his life on a solitary rock." The same writer goes on to show, however, that, as a rule, the keepers not only like their employment, but would not voluntarily exchange it for any other. The bracing healthfulness of the situation may have counted for something in their reckoning. In one instance, a veteran, who had spent nearly sixty years in the service, had never known what it was to suffer from a day's illness.

The regulations require that the utmost attention shall be given to keeping all the reflectors and lighting apparatus clean and highly polished. After all this is done, there is much time left on the men's hands, which it is desirable should be turned to good account. A little gardening, when practicable, carpentering, turning, making models, artistic work, and so on, may be good in their way ; but it was still needed that good reading should be provided, and that a taste in that direction should be fostered.

Mr. Green appears to have been directed towards the work he has made his own in a very providential manner. When we first met with him, he was pastor of the Baptist Church at Stogumber, and he was instrumental in building a new chapel in that pretty and historical village.

About ten years ago, and after he had left his Somersetshire pastorate, Mr. Green was rallying from a severe illness, but with the certain prospect of remaining an invalid for life, when he made the discovery

that he might still be of some service in the Lord's vineyard. While reading an account of the silver-wedding celebration at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, a remark in the speech of Dr. Stanford, respecting the extended influence of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons outside of the building in which they were preached, afforded material for thought. Mr. Green happened to have a large number of the Pastor's discourses by him unbound; and he resolved forthwith to send these forth in the name of the Lord; and he was encouraged to do so by a remark he just then met with in a religious magazine, about "A man with a face as full of Christ as Spurgeon's sermons." He reasoned in his own mind that, if that was the character of the numbers which were lying by, it would be well for them not to be idle. The idea was altogether a happy one; and the disabled pastor felt thankful that he had still sufficient strength remaining to undertake such a service. In the first instance, the sermons were sent to invalids; to such as were cut off from the privilege of a profitable ministry; or those who were prevented by lawful causes from attending the sanctuary. The circle of private acquaintances was not large, however; and the addresses of those to whom the packets might be profitably sent were soon exhausted. Mr. Green asked himself, "What am I to do next?" "All at once," he tells us, "like a bright beam from one of their own light-towers, the thought of the lighthouse-keepers flashed across my mind. Here was my work. I would send Mr. Spurgeon's sermons to those lonely men, who, night after night, keep faithful watch over the beacon lights all round our coasts."

At that time Mr. Green had the idea, which he has since found reason to modify, that nothing was done for lighthouse-keepers in the way of providing them with religious reading, and thus he hoped to be employed quite outside of the boundary line of other people's service. But though not quite what he supposed, the field still offered plenty of scope for enterprise. He obtained from the Admiralty Lists the addresses of six hundred of those he desired to reach, the area extending from the Shetlands to the Scilly Isles, and from Rathlin Island to the Fastnet Rock. In the first instance, it was thought desirable to give the more isolated first attention, in preference to mere harbour-lights, and beacons easily communicated with from land. Thus, a beginning was made, and before long some thousands of sermons, and other publications containing the gospel, were sent out. To the sender of these messages it was a matter of great satisfaction and thankfulness that he was able once more to do something for the Lord; and, at the same time, he was abundantly cheered by the number of letters which came to hand saying how gladly the sermons had been received. He did not minister to an unthankful audience.

When he had proceeded thus far in his useful service, Mr. Green discovered that there was greater spiritual destitution in many of the lighthouses of certain of the British possessions than in those at home; and this was particularly the case with some in Newfoundland, and in the Dominion of Canada. In consequence of the long and severe winter, and the great distance of many of them from any port or town, their communication with the outer world is exceedingly limited, while the visits they receive from Christian friends are few indeed. There are five hundred and fifty British coast-lights in this part of America; and

some which are situated in parts of Canada, where the climate is rigorous, are put out during the winter, because even the sea itself is frozen. The keepers of the lights in these isolated spots, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the head of Lake Superior, and from Labrador to New Brunswick, as well as along the Pacific Coast, and among the islands of British Columbia, are exceedingly glad to be thought of by Mr. Green, who, when enabled to do so, by the accession of a little extra strength, was quite as glad to give them attention. Hence, it has happened that, of late, the greater proportion of the packets has gone westward, to the New World, while keepers of lights in parts of the Australasian colonies have also received Mr. Spurgeon's exposition of "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." The heavier postage entailed in these efforts on behalf of Australasia has made it necessary to leave other territory unattended to, though common-sense prescribes that no hard-and-fast rule can be followed. "Now and then," Mr. Green assures us, "packets of evangelical papers have been sent to settlers in the colonies; lonely men on the fringe of civilization, miles and miles away from a place where prayer is wont to be made." As a rule, these are heartily welcomed. At the present time our friend is asked by certain correspondents to extend the distribution to Western Australia.

In regard to supplies, Mr. Green is chiefly indebted to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, who from the first has sent the Pastor's sermons. Then the Committee of the Religious Tract Society has never failed, when asked, to make liberal grants of papers, biographies, and other suitable publications, all of which are said to be "good company for the sermons." Mr. J. B. Mead, and some others, have also given leaflets and papers. The freely-furnished Admiralty Lists have also been of great service. In addition to the sermons and other evangelical publications thus supplied, the expenses attending the distribution are, of course, very considerable; so that we can sympathize with Mr. Green when he says: "'Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,' is a sweet song; but who will supply the means?" There are friends of the work who send stamps for postage; and when these fail, what is called the Lord's portion of the distributor's small income supplies the rest.

Mr. Green does not pretend to have founded an agency which reaches all the English-speaking lighthouse-keepers in the world; he has not bodily strength which would suffice for such an extended enterprise, or it would gladly be undertaken. The mission he has started pursues its course in a very quiet and unpretentious manner. Mr. Green has found much delight in the work; and, while thanking God for such an occupation, he can say, "It was good for me that I was afflicted." After having distributed some three thousand publications a year, he will find his reward if other invalids are encouraged by his example to do what lies within their power to extend the Lord's kingdom. For no other reason would he now have consented to this public reference to his service.

Our own notion is that such a work is about as useful as any that an invalid could hope to undertake; and in a second brief paper we shall hope to show in what light the members of Mr. Green's interesting constituency themselves regard his efforts. Our friend is confined to his room at 9, Brockley Road, London, S.E., resting in confidence in his God.

Sunday in South London.

YEARS ago, when the High-street of Camberwell, with its tributaries, was a comparatively quiet, semi-rural highway, the lowest colony in the neighbourhood was that in and about Nelson-street; and there the pioneers of Ragged-school work established one of their first stations. Forty years ago, when Lord Ashley (afterwards Shaftesbury) was organizing the forces which would work the cure of London's plague-spots, Nelson-street was one of the lowest of Irish colonies. A teacher, in the middle of this century, wrote: "Our street is rather long, the path narrow, and the road intensely muddy, while the presence of a number of smoking and stolid Irishmen renders the approach to our school anything but agreeable." This may be regarded as applying to 1849, when the station became associated with the Ragged School Union; but the work of teaching in that locality was really commenced about forty years earlier by Thomas Cranfield, the soldier-convert of Mr. Romaine. Nelson-street school is thus one of the oldest in London; and as a cheering proof that age does not mean decay, the school-buildings have just been entirely re-built. The service carried on among the poor of all ages is superintended by Mr. John Kirk, Secretary of the Ragged School Union. Though Camberwell is not what it was, social reformers would tell us that the outlook has, for the most part, improved. Though this is true in one sense, it is equally true that the neighbourhood has generally deteriorated to a degree which makes the kind of work which Cranfield began still necessary. The working-class population has greatly increased; while noise and bustle have superseded the restful quiet of the better quarters.

One of the things which have been associated with Nelson-street school for a number of years has been the Sunday-morning breakfast to the unemployed, the welcome meal being followed by a short religious service. What true charity such a repast represents, especially when it is accompanied by Christian counsel and offers of help! The guests number between one and two hundred, and are fairly representative of those who suffer most from the hardness of the times. The scene is a striking one. It is such a congregation as Cruikshank would have loved to depict. There may occasionally be irreclaimable sinners among them, but for the most part these hungry people have come down in the world through want of work.

Some time ago, after the short service, and when the main body of the guests had departed, we conversed with several about their trials. There, for example, was a man under thirty years of age, whose wife and two children were by his side. The home of this family was a back room at two shillings a week; and, thanks to a good-natured landlord, they were not turned out of this humble shelter, although the payments were over two months in arrears. This man was only a common labourer when in work; but as he traded as a coster, his chief trial was want of capital. The next was a middle-aged Scotchman, who worked in gutta-percha; but the trade had so declined that his master, who formerly kept ten men, now needed only two. He had been out of work for three months: what things of value he once possessed he had either pawned or sold. He scarcely ever got anything save bread

to eat, and eightpence on the day before was all he had taken during three weeks. Afterwards we had a word with a house-painter—"A 'andy man," as he described himself, who had been out of work for about five months. His testimony was that there were too many in the trade, and that it was becoming more and more difficult, for elderly men especially, to obtain work. As a rule these are the people who really want work; and the fact that Ragged-school teachers are found inviting them to breakfast, not only for the purpose of satisfying hunger, but to preach to them the gospel, and to assist in other ways, affords a striking illustration of the way the schools have developed many branches of enterprise since the pioneers in the work opened their crusade.

On a more recent occasion we were again present at the Nelson-street Sunday-breakfast, when the scene again varied. Although all the meetings may seem monotonously alike to superficial observers, there is always something novel about them to such as love to study everyday life. As we looked across the crowded room, it was easy to see that many classes were represented. There were the young, who would be strong if they were better fed; and these were fit subjects for emigration. The middle-aged, who were prematurely old, seemed to be in a worse plight; while the more elderly, who were really worn out, were in a still more hopeless condition. The majority were ordinary lodging-house *habitués*; but several held up their hands to signify that, on the preceding night, they had walked the streets for want of the pence which would have paid for a bed. Whatever class they belonged to, however, we had proof that, in general, these people still retained much of that Christian knowledge which they had acquired in the Sunday-school; and this so pleased Mr. Kirk that he assured his poor audience that it was not only a good thing for them to have their minds stored with Scriptural lore, it was also an encouragement for teachers who were still training the young. Though they were all out of work, they had not lost heart; they could quote the Lord's Prayer as though it had once been familiar to them, and when asked to repeat passages of Scripture, the ready responses, one after another, showed an acquaintance with the Bible which ordinary visitors would not have expected. There are people who are very fond of talking about the social perils of London, of the dangerous classes and the criminal element which are abroad; but we are disposed to look on the brighter side of the picture; and happily that is not a very difficult matter, for when these so-called outcasts are compared with those who made up French Revolution mobs of a century ago, the difference is great indeed. "The dangerous classes" in London are a very small percentage, and even these are held in check by the influence of Christianity.

The one want of these people was employment; and the eager way in which some of them spoke of beginning again in the colonies if they could only secure a passage, showed how much in earnest they were. Of course there are some who would never do well anywhere, who would find any country too hot or too cold, or the work too hard, and would hang about public-houses, as at home; but these are the minority. The greater part, who are of a proper age to emigrate, speak with something like enthusiasm of the new country; and in looking upon such a congregation, and trying to realize the distress of being without work

and without those necessities of life which the labour of the hands procures, we cannot help asking why such candidates for work are not sent out to British possessions where there is an abundance for all. The best encouragement to undertake emigration of this kind on a large scale is seen in the grateful letters which those send home who have gone out and prospered.

After our short service, in course of which there are some gospel addresses given, our motley assembly turns out just at or about the time that the ordinary places of worship are opening. The tide of life in the streets thickens, but the main part are not those who attend churches and chapels; they are those who compose those great open-air congregations, for which London has become remarkable. One of these lively Sabbath-fairs is at East-street, Walworth, where the crowd is densest, and the traffic greatest, just about the time that people are coming from the morning services. The taverns must remain closed until one o'clock; but other trades are so fully represented that a stranger might reasonably infer that Sunday is market-day in this quarter of the metropolis. The public speaking is also of a very varied character. When you see a crowd around a preacher, the man may be telling forth the gospel, but he is quite as likely to be puffing cough-drops, or some miraculous ointment; while he may be an agent of Secularism, or even a gambling adventurer. Taken altogether, it is one of the greatest of open-air congregations, and there may be a dozen separate assemblies; but those who preach the gospel seem to attract least attention. That is not, however, because the Lord's message has lost aught of its attractive power; but it is owing rather to the deficiencies of those who proclaim it. If a warm-hearted preacher, with the necessary gifts, would seize such an opportunity as this, what might he not do? What a startling effect would a Whitefield produce in the midst of such a fair!

All this relates to Sunday morning, and to those great markets or fairs which are still allowed, although they would seem to be illegal according to the law of England. Later in the day we undertook a somewhat extended exploration of the recesses of Southwark; in the course of which we saw how the Board of Works, in the last years of its official life, improved away one of the most notorious plague-spots of London. We refer to Mint-street and its network of tributaries, with their common lodging-houses, the entire area of which has been transformed for the better. The Mint, as it was usually called, was of old one of the sanctuaries of London, where swarms of criminals hid themselves, defying the authorities and the law, unless they were hunted out by a superior force. There also retired to die many a one who had become worsted in the battle of life; and among these, at the beginning of the last century, was Nahum Tate, the ex-poet Laureate, and joint author with Brady of the Prayer-book version of the Psalms. The first appearance of the cholera in London, in 1832, was in a house in Mint-street. One writer, without exaggeration, called it "the Land of Death, through which the pestilence stalked, like a destroying angel, in the deep shadows of the night, and the open noon of day." In the middle of this century, there was no spot in London more dangerous than "the Mint, Southwark." In one of his "Sketches of London," published in 1852, Miller thus describes the general outlook:—

"There is no place like this in the suburbs of London, no spot that looks so murderous, so melancholy, and so miserable. Many of these houses, besides being old, are very large and lofty. Many of these courts stand just as they did when Cromwell sent out his spies to hunt up and slay the Cavaliers, just as they again were hunted in return, after the Restoration, by the Royalists, who threaded their intricacies, with sword and pistol in hand, in search of the fallen Roundheads. There is a smell of past ages about these ancient courts, like that which arises from decay—a murky closeness—as if the old winds, which blew through them in the time of the civil war, had become stagnant, and all old things had fallen, and died just as they were blown together, and left to perish. So it is now. The timber of these old houses looks bleached and dead; and the very brickwork seems never to have been new. In them you find wide, hollow-sounding, decayed staircases, that lead into great ruinous rooms, where echoes are only awakened by the shrieking and running of large black-eyed rats, which eat through the solid floors, through the wainscot, and live and die without being startled by a human voice. From the Southwark Bridge-road you may see the roofs of many of these great desolate houses; they are broken and open; and the massy oaken rafters are exposed to the summer sun and winter snow. Some of the lower floors are still inhabited; and at the end of these courts you will see standing, on a fine day, such characters as you will meet with nowhere besides in the neighbourhood of London. Their very dress is peculiar; and they frequent the dark and hidden public-houses which abound in these close alleys—places where the gas is burning all day long."

Such is a description of Mint-street as it was about forty years ago, when the place was a colony of low lodging-houses. In the worst times, however, these places were not the worst of their kind; a lower depth of degradation was found in St. Giles's and Whitechapel, Drury Lane and its neighbourhood having been of old the lowest down in the scale of abomination. Forty years ago, the Farm House in the Mint, with its forty rooms and two hundred beds, was not only the largest, but one of the best-kept places of its kind; and in one of its great kitchens preachers from Surrey Chapel regularly held their services. The house had evidently been, in former days, a great suburban mansion, for even its yard was an acre and a half. Generally speaking, however, lodging-houses were always a source of danger. Henry Mayhew said, fifty years ago, "Ragged-schools and City Missions are of no avail as preventives of crime, so long as the wretched dens of infamy, brutality, and vice, termed padding-kens, continue their daily and nightly work of demoralization. At present those dens are not only the preparatory schools, but the finishing academies for every kind of profligacy and crime."

If we bear all this in mind, what a different outlook the Mint presents to-day from what it did a generation ago! The rookeries have been cleared away, air and light have been let into narrow courts and alleys; and on the sites of the tumble-down relics of a former age have arisen great blocks of model dwellings. Where the low lodging-houses remain, they are far from being what they were. The streets are clean, the air is comparatively pure; and some determined friends of the poor have

actually laid out a good-sized garden, to which a hall for lectures and entertainments is attached. This clearance is pleasant to those who remember what was once to be seen; but we must not make the mistake of supposing that mere change of residence can alter character. The people are still there; and both they and their children need Christian help. A still-existing Ragged-school in a workshop, entered by a rough staircase, reminded one of the heroic age of such teaching, when Lord Shaftesbury and Judge Payne led the movement; and the dirty ways of the people in their new rooms are said to be the same as in their old dens. Hence, the need for persevering work is as great as ever; and the results are likely to be greater now than formerly, because the clearer surroundings are so many improved conditions for carrying on the work. The old Board of Works may have had its weak side, but it proved itself to be a most excellent pioneer of that social reformation which goes hand in hand with the Christian aggression of the Ragged School Union.

G. H. P.

A Corpse will not Stand.

THE satyr in Plutarch strove to make a dead man stand upright, but, after many vain attempts, he gave over, saying, "*Deest aliquid intus*"—there wants a principle within. It is even so. A man can act and move when there is life within; but without that secret force, what can he do? He may be under the power of others, and they may try to make him act after the fashion of a spiritual man; but failure will be the only result, for if there is no life there cannot be the feelings and actions of life. We may galvanize the spiritually dead by religious excitement; but it comes to nothing after a while. "*There wants a principle within.*"—C. H. S.

Paul's "Oh!"

SAMUEL BOLTON says:—"Paul went through many tribulations, and endured a great deal of suffering, of which you may read at large in 2 Cor. xi. 23-27; but none of his scourges, prisons, persecutions, shipwrecks, ever touched him so much at heart as the presence of SIN, even when it had lost its power. Though he suffered much, yet we do not read that he ever cried 'Oh!' because of any or all of his sufferings; but when he perceives SIN to be in his members, he cries out, 'O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' Nothing is so terrible to a believer as sin. The death of this body was nothing to Paul in comparison with the body of this death."

Australian Royalty.

IT is not so very long since the Australian aboriginals, in numerous tribes, and with many languages, with their remarkable weapons and warlike habits, with their few religious ideas and many superstitions, held undisputed sway over this great continent. But we have changed all that. The camps beneath the gum-trees have given place to thriving townships, the vast plains have become the pasturage of sheep and cattle, the scrub is rapidly falling before the selector, and the earth is yielding up her wealth to the miner. We did not obtain this land by conquest, neither was it acquired by purchase; we were not invited to possess it, we simply appropriated it—that is the mildest expression we can employ. What has been the compensation paid to the original owners and possessors in return for all this wealth? Our paternal government bestows upon every aboriginal a grey blanket every year. And what of the sovereigns who, erstwhile, reigned in state over their respective tribes? The government has given them “substantial” recognition. This consists of a crescent-shaped plate of brass, worn upon the breast of the monarch, suspended from the neck by a brass chain attached to the horns of the crescent. This plate is inscribed with the name of the sovereign, and the tribe or district over which he ruled, as, for instance, “Richard, King of Toowoomba.” Thus may be seen to-day the kings of Australia. Attired in the cast-off garments of some European, ragged and barefoot; their sceptre a walking staff; their courtly retinue consisting of their dogs, a companion or two, and perhaps a gin and pickaninny; their homage frequently, alas! the jeers of the schoolboy; their revenue the money, tobacco, food, or clothing they can obtain by begging; for few aboriginals settle down to work, and the advent of the white man has driven away their game.

With a merciful regard for their health, government has prohibited any person from supplying them with intoxicating liquors—though it is strangely inconsistent that drink should be prohibited as injurious to one person, and encouraged as harmless to another. Unfortunately, the taste has been acquired; and, in spite of the prohibition, it is no unusual sight to behold a king reeling through the streets, or lying drunk upon a vacant allotment. Often does the sight of the poor fellows call to mind the familiar expression, *Sic transit gloria mundi*. Oh, what a falling off is here, when all the glory and pomp of royalty is at last comprehended in a brass plate! Yet what more does the greatest of earth's nobility possess? We should not know them to be kings did they not tell us by some form of inscription. True royalty lies neither in dress nor in circumstances. The character, which alone makes true greatness, is altogether independent of birth, or social position. A king may be no more worthy of honour than the meanest of his subjects. We are also reminded of the question, “What's in a name?” This man is as truly a king as any of the crowned heads of Europe; yet he is begging for a bit of tobacco. What a conception of dignity is here! A title, even when inscribed in brass, cannot change a man's nature. Neither can a Christian name, inscribed in a church register, make any person a child of God. God is no respecter of persons, and in his presence the king will have no advantage over his subjects, nor the white man over the black.

Frequent conversation with the few blacks remaining in this district shows that evil once wrought is hard to be undone. When kindly spoken to, they will acknowledge the ruin drink is causing, yet they are so fast bound in its chains that escape seems hopeless. The white man's rum operates far more effectively than the white man's Bible. The colonies are slowly awaking to their responsibility towards the aboriginals; but, hitherto, the efforts to evangelize and civilize them have not met with great success. The race is fast dying out by what, I suppose, would be called the law of the survival of the fittest. Our Aborigines Protection Society will soon have no one to

protect. The treatment the blacks have received at the hands of the white settlers, especially at the first, is a subject more suited to a secular magazine, and I must break off, contenting myself with having given a glimpse at Australian royalty as it may be seen in our centres of population.

Toowoomba, Queensland, 2nd Sept., 1889.

WILLIAM HIGLETT.

The Pastor of Rathgar.*

THE author of "Praying and Working" is widely known. During life his friends were many, both in the Old World and the New; and the record of his life and labour, which Mrs. Stevenson has edited with literary tact and good taste, is a very readable biography. As a member of the Irish Presbyterian Church, Dr. Stevenson was full of zeal in the Master's service, and from time to time he gave convincing proof that his ambition was not for himself, but for his Lord. He died in middle age, when seemingly at the height of his usefulness, a victim, humanly speaking, of the experiment, which has been too often tried, of burning the candle of life at both ends. At all events, he lived up to his own teaching; he was not a knight who advocated daring enterprises such as he shrank from undertaking himself. "Why should there not be a Christian chivalry?" he once asked, with characteristic ardour. "Why should there not be life-service for the good of your poor neighbour as much as for war or travel; as heroic spirits to fling themselves into the battle against sin as into the strife of a kingdom?"

Born at Strabane, in 1832, he was a thorough Irishman, though, by going back two centuries, he could trace his descent from the Stevensons of Cheshire, and the Flemings of Scotland. He was happy both in his parentage and in his education; he seems to have lacked no advantages which ample means could supply. His father's fervent desire was, that his two sons, William, and Samuel—who was four years older—should be educated for the Christian ministry; but in the case of Samuel, this hope was not to be fulfilled. Concerning him, the shadow of a dark mystery came over the family. In March, 1847, when under twenty years of age, Samuel was a student at Edinburgh, and was anticipating the day when his brother William would join him. On the 17th of the month, he went out to make an evening visit, at a house near Calton Hill, outside Edinburgh. He never reached the house, however, and no clue was ever obtained for forming even a distant conjecture as to his fate. The poor mother hoped till the last that her son still lived, and would soon come back: but he never came.

As a student of sixteen, at Glasgow, Fleming Stevenson commenced that system of work which usually kills a man off at about fifty years of age. "Some one says a student should sleep three hours and study seventeen." we find him remarking; "I go as near to this as I can without injury to my eyes." In Glasgow, he had the late William Arnot for a pastor; and in Edinburgh he attended the ministry of Dr. Charles Brown. Dr. Adolph Saphir was also the friend of the young Irish student forty years ago. In 1854, he removed to Berlin University, and also travelled in Germany, much to his own gain, though the experiment was full of risk.

When the young Irishman returned to Belfast he volunteered to serve in the Town Mission, taking a district near Brown Square, then one of the most densely-populated and depraved quarters of the city. He entered into this work with an ardour which could have alone come of genuine faith in Christ. He visited the Protestant families, and even such of the Roman Catholics as were charitable enough not to resist him "with the poker." He shrank from neither risk nor fatigue, now giving his own dinner to the

* "Life and Letters of William Fleming Stevenson, D.D., Minister of Christ Church, Rathgar, Dublin." By his Wife. Thomas Nelson and Sons.

starving, now visiting dangerous cases of illness, or prevailing upon the people to attend his Bible-class, or Sunday service. He caught typhus fever, and was brought near to the grave; and after recovery, he did not return to the Home Mission work in Belfast, but preached for a time to a congregation at Bonn. His lifework as a pastor, however, was found at Rathgar, Dublin, where a new place of worship was built, and where he commenced his ministry on New-year's day, 1860. As a pastor, he seems to have been especially successful amongst the young: the Sunday-school, the Bible-class for young women, and the Young Men's Association, all engaging earnest attention. He always maintained that those who did most for the heathen at home were those who felt most interest in foreign missions; and he lived to give practical expression to the views he held. He gave the best proof he could of the love he bore his people, by remaining among them when he might have gone elsewhere and have obtained a very much larger income.

As a writer, he will be known as the author of "Praying and Working," although he intended his chief work to be a comprehensive history of missions from the earliest times. We are told that this project was the dream of his life, and that, in view of accomplishing it, he gathered quite a library of books relating to the subject, from which he made a great collection of notes. Indeed, the subject of missions, whether at home or abroad, was the one in which the interest of his whole soul centred; and he hardly found the sphere for which grace and nature had best fitted him, until he succeeded Dr. Morgan as Secretary of the Foreign Mission of the Irish Presbyterian Church.

In 1877, Dr. Stevenson visited many mission-fields in different countries; but while utilizing the knowledge thus gained, and devising new works, death removed him, somewhat suddenly, from the sphere of labour, to the land of eternal rest. He who rules in heaven knows best.

A Christian Merchant.*

ALTHOUGH, as a biography, Mr. Lundie's volume will not rank among the most striking works of its class, the subject of it was one of those rare Christian men whose unselfish example deserved to be recorded. Mr. Balfour was a successful business man, who made all things subservient to his higher profession as a disciple of Christ. He loved Liverpool, as the town in which his business operations were carried on, with a fervour that might be called patriotic; but his sympathy and money were always readily given to every cause which had for its object the extension of the Lord's kingdom, or the bettering the condition of the poor. Happily for himself and others, he made the timely discovery that one of the chief pleasures of life consists in giving; and hence, instead of leaving a large sum for executors to distribute after he could no longer hold it himself, he wisely chose to act as his own almoner during life.

Born in 1824, at Leven-Bank, Fifeshire, his father being at that time owner of the iron foundry of the town, Alexander Balfour was happy in his early surroundings. There had been a revival of religious life in Dundee, under the ministry of Dr. Chalmers, Mr. Roxburgh, and Mr. R. M. M'Cheyne. Alexander Balfour attended the Bible-class of the latter, the good influence of which extended throughout his life.

Business became so depressed in Dundee that, in 1844, young Mr. Balfour removed to Liverpool, where the way was opened for him to commence

* "Alexander Balfour. A Memoir." By R. H. Lundie, M.A. James Nisbet & Co. Price 6s.

business on his own account. Mr. Williamson, his partner, says, "I remember with what earnestness he proposed that we should set aside a certain percentage of our profits for religious and benevolent purposes, before any division was made among the partners." To the last this benevolent fund was always faithfully administered; but Mr. Balfour himself always went beyond it, for giving was to him one of the chief pleasures of life. Speaking of him as a trader, Mr. Williamson says that "sometimes his scrupulosity approached to business eccentricity"; and such was his high standard of principle that he always disliked having any transactions with men whom he called mere speculators.

The business prospered; and, in proportion as his means increased, this wise and happy Christian merchant distributed his money far and wide in the Lord's service. On one occasion, he attended the funeral of a relative, whose widow and children were in poor circumstances; and he left a large sum of money at the bank to be added to their account. In another instance, a minister's widow received £500 in a letter. Speaking as an ex-president of the Wesleyan Conference, Mr. Charles Garrett says of Mr. Balfour: "He was the most princely man I ever knew: the good of man and the glory of God were his supreme ideas." He then goes on to mention various institutions established in Liverpool, which still remain as the best monuments to his memory: one of these was the British Workman Company, for the establishment of cocoa-rooms. Mr. Balfour also encouraged Mr. Garrett to establish the Wesleyan Home Mission in the city. His kindness to ministers in failing health, or to such as he thought needed rest and change, was unbounded. He gave largely to the Liverpool Young Men's Christian Association, and worked hard in its cause. Ragged-schools also engaged his hearty sympathy, especially in their efforts to promote the emigration of young persons to the colonies.

As a shipowner, Mr. Balfour also did his best to promote the interests of his own men. As far as lay in his power, he saw that their spiritual as well as temporal welfare was looked after, both while they were ashore and afloat; and the Home he established in Duke Street became to many a centre of good influence as well as a haven of rest. Then there were the Orphanage for children of foreign seamen, and the Seamen's Orphanage.

He also did good service in connection with the Liverpool Council of Education, that being a subject in which he took the greatest interest. As all earnest Christians must do, he always associated the Scriptures with the school. "Just as we get Bible-truth identified with elementary education," he said, "with temperance, with commercial business, and with politics, we, as individuals, and as a nation, become prosperous and happy."

Mr. Balfour's home-life at Mount Alyn, some distance from Liverpool, was a worthy counterpart of his public life. While he thoroughly enjoyed quiet and rural seclusion, "he loved Liverpool with a singular earnestness and unchangeableness of affection. It sometimes struck his friends that his love for it resembled a larger family affection." As a city needing so much to be done for it, "Liverpool was graven on his heart."

In the course of his business-life, Mr. Balfour spent some time at Valparaiso, where, as a hospital-visitor and a friend of working-men, he did good service in the cause which was ever nearest his heart. In 1882 he also made a tour in Palestine. About three years later, symptoms of the disease appeared, which brought the end in April, 1886.

Mr. Balfour's name is affectionately treasured by large numbers in Liverpool, as that of one who was in all respects a philanthropist. He was a fine example of the wonderful power of those evangelical doctrines, apart from which such a man could never have been what he was, nor have done what he did.

Notices of Books.

"One and All." An Autobiography of
RICHARD TANGYE. Partridge.

A VERY cheap eighteen-pennyworth. A good investment for a young man just entering upon business-life, or, indeed, for any business-man. Cornishmen are great lovers of their county: Mr. Richard Tangye is no exception, and so has adopted his county motto, "One and All," as the title of his book. Whilst looking after Number One, Mr. Tangye has done good unto all, especially unto those who are of the household of his business. He has been one of the foremost in the aid of Education and Temperance amongst the working-classes of Birmingham. The book tells how he and his brothers, commencing at the first round of the ladder, with one workman and a room rented at four shillings per week, have advanced, step by step, until twenty acres of ground are covered with workshops, in which about two thousand men are employed.

Endowed with inventive minds of no common order, the brothers Tangye have used their talents for the benefit of "one and all." An extraordinary law-suit, respecting the infringement of a patent, shows how Providence worked for their deliverance from a foul conspiracy. It is a memorable experience.

The hydraulic jacks, which they invented, have occupied a conspicuous place in the great achievements of our time; the launch of the Great Eastern, and the moving of Cleopatra's Needle, having both been carried out by their aid. Altogether, the book is most interesting as illustrating the growth of a great industry, and the advance of a noble worker.

Robertson of Irvine, Poet-preacher. By

ARTHUR GUTHRIE. Houlston & Sons. THIS is a biography which will be largely read, for Robertson of Irvine was a famous man in his own communion, and deservedly so. When you know that a man is thoroughly sound at heart, you allow him larger liberty of thought and act than you can safely accord to those whom you suspect of greater latitude than they dare reveal; and such was our feeling

towards this well-beloved brother. The question is, whether, out of this sort of freedom, there may not come an ill example to others who cannot safely be trusted. He was true to the core; and hence his love of art and music, though it may have made him restive under the simplicities of Presbyterianism, did not affect his hearty love to the gospel, nor lead him to overlay it with pretty speculations. An hour with him was a great treat. His beloved brother of Newington was more the man after our own heart; who could resist his love? But this poet of Irvine was the man of genius who charmed and fascinated you. His preaching was masterly: it was lit up with poetic conceptions, but it was for this reason all the more instructive; for his was the poetry of thought rather than of words.

This book will instruct as well as interest. The extracts are of fine gold—"the gold of that land is good." We have placed a lengthy extract in our present number, that we may give our readers a notion of Dr. Robertson's style, such as we could not convey by any words of our own.

The volume is well got-up.

Sweet Singers of Wales. A Story of Welsh Hymns and their Authors. By H. ELVET LEWIS. Religious Tract Society.

A WELSHMAN writing upon his own native poets! Verily, here we have "a hind let loose." If some of his poets are rather poor versifiers, and may as well be forgotten, William Williams, Pantycelyn, has enough seraphic music in him for a whole nation of bards. We never tire of his fine rolling periods, with their deep meanings of truth and grace.

"O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,"
and

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!"
are almost the only two of his hymns which are usual in English Hymnals; but into "Our Own Hymn Book" we have introduced several others, much prized by our congregation, such as—

"Hark, the voice of my Beloved!"

"White and ruddy is my Beloved."

"Saviour, look on thy beloved!"

What a rush of sound and sense he throws into his verse at times! and anon, what tenderness and pathos! He is equal to the sublime, and yet he does not disdain the simple. His language sighs and sings. It can blaze and glow, but it can also mourn and weep. Williams would have been a great lyric poet, whatever had been his chosen theme; but as the poet of the Welsh sanctuary he has pre-eminence, both from the religious and the poetical points of view. What a hymn is this to the great Captain of our salvation!—

“ Ride to battle, ride victorious,
Gird, O Christ, thy glittering sword;
Earth can never stand before thee,
Nor can hell itself, my Lord:
In thy name such glory dwelleth,
Hostile armies faint with fear;
And the wide creation trembleth
When it feels thee coming near!

“ Now release my soul from bondage,
Let the heavenly day be known:
Burst the iron bars in sunder,
Raze the gates of Babylon:
Thrust the captives hence in armies,
Like the torrents of a flood;
Thousand after thousand singing,
Countless—ransomed—multitude!

“ Even now, methinks, I hear them,
Voices singing from afar;
They extol the great redemption
In the land where freemen are:
All of them have snow-white garments,
And aloft the palms they bear;
Crowned with glory all-abounding
Into life they enter there.

“ Be it mine to share the gladness
Of that joyful day of days;
Every word that Christ hath spoken
Shall fulfil itself in grace:
North and South—ten times ten thousand,
From the night that covered them,
Come, with sound of silver trumpets,
To the New Jerusalem.”

We are far from saying that William Williams is the only poet mentioned in this book: “little Wales” is great in hymn-writers, and her hymn-writers are great in poetry. In their debased form, in the poor and feeble tongue of the English, many of the hymns are fine; what must they be in the original? Happily, we are able to guess, from having heard the Welsh people sing their own hymns. It is singing. We called it “music all on fire.”

Our readers will not be disappointed if they peruse this volume. If they

have a grain of poetry in them, they will rejoice, as one that findeth great spoil.

My Life in Basuto Land. A Story of Missionary Enterprise in South Africa. By EUGENE CASALIS, of the Paris Missionary Society. Translated from the French by J. BRIERLEY, B.A. Religious Tract Society.

THIS is an autobiography as well as a Missionary Journal. It is an admirable addition to our knowledge of those regions in South Africa towards which the eyes of the world are being turned. Fascinated by the glitter of gold, men are rushing in thousands to places which have been hitherto unknown to any white men, save the lone heralds of the cross. This “Life” is a note of cheer for lovers of France: she, too, has her share in evangelizing the heathen, and *Eugene Casalis* is a name which reflects honour upon his country. A childlike simplicity marks this personal narrative, and gives it a charm. Once begin to read, and you want to know all that happens to Eugene, and you follow him with sympathy even when he is half-eaten by mosquitoes, or fails in his attempts at cookery, or frets because he can find neither a pin nor a button to keep his garments together, or goes down to the coast to find a wife, and returns triumphantly with a white lady, who becomes the wonder of all the country round—such a miracle of beauty as a woman with pink lips never having been seen before among the Basutos of his station. It is a true Frenchman’s book, but it is well translated by Mr. Brierley.

The Sermon Bible: Isaiah to Malachi.
Hodder and Stoughton.

WE welcome another volume of a work which resembles Joseph, in that it opens all the storehouses. By these pages a preacher learns who has preached upon a text, and at the same time gets an outline of a sermon upon it. It is a wonder that men who are given to borrowing do not preach better, for helps to what a lawyer might call “conveyancing” are very numerous.

The Achievements of Youth. By the Rev. ROBERT STEEL, D.D. Nelson and Sons.

A DELIGHTFUL volume. Young poets, writers, linguists, scientists, painters, musicians, soldiers, and statesmen, here find a record; and their lives are used as an argument why other youths should do their best, and earn distinction. Last of all, we have young divines; and here we have a stimulating list of names. It was with surprise that we found the catalogue brought to an end by a very kind and appreciative outline of the life of C. H. Spurgeon. It was not this fact which made us incline to the volume, for we did not begin to read the book at the end, as many a young reader has done; but the subject is a very good one, and Dr. Steel has abundantly succeeded in vindicating the many who are guilty of the atrocious crime of being young men, and in showing that they have occupied an important place in the progress of the race. Indeed, he has done his work so well that one almost wishes to be a young man again, to see if we could not do something better in that auspicious dawning of life. We believe much in Ruskin's singularly wise words: "In general, I have no patience with people who talk about the thoughtlessness of youth indulgently. I had infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age, and the indulgence due to *that*. When a man has done his work, and nothing can in any way be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil, and jest with his fate if he will; but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought at the very time when a very crisis of future fortune hangs on your decisions? A youth thoughtless, when all the happiness of his home for ever depends on the chances or the passions of an hour! A youth thoughtless, when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment! A youth thoughtless, when his every act is a foundation-stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in any after years rather than now, though, indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his

death-bed. No thinking should ever be left to be done there."

John Williams, the Martyr Missionary of Polynesia. By Rev. JAMES J. ELLIS. Partridge.

ONE of the best of a first-class series of missionary biographies at eighteenpence each. Our friend, Mr. Ellis, has had access to all sources of information, and he has made good use of his opportunity. He has a genius for putting facts into shape, and fashioning them into an attractive story. His busy pen is used only for the spread of truth, and we count it a privilege to number him among our men to be relied on.

Charles Stanford: Memories and Letters. Edited by his WIFE. Hodder and Stoughton.

HE was an old Puritan in modern dress. The pleasure of knowing him personally was exceeding great. Among the holidays of his life, a man might reckon times spent with Charles Stanford: certainly, we did so. His talk was rich and racy. You were saddened with pity for his sufferings, but he made you glad with his holy merriment, his pithy quotations, his choice anecdotes. Londoners hardly knew how great a man they had at Denmark Place; but thousands, all over England, were stirred by his printed words. His books are among the immortals of literature. They will be quoted as long as there are men upon the face of the earth; and every time they are quoted they will enkindle a holy flame in those who hear them. One could think over Stanford's words, and find them grow in the process, and even put on a new dress of light, which was unperceived at the first.

This is an interesting compilation, such as a mourning wife may fitly send forth as a memorial of a beloved husband; but the man, to those who knew him, can never be set forth in a biography. It was not so much what he *did*, as what he *was*, which lingers in our soul as yet. Those who know not *this* will enjoy the memoir, and so do we also. We commend it to all who have read Dr. Stanford's books; and who has not?

Through the Holy Land: being a Tour in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, Greece, &c. By T. DARGUE. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

MR. DARGUE, in a sensible, business-like way, jotted down what he saw from day to day in a trip to Palestine and back. He is a cheery writer; and as he enjoyed himself greatly, he writes most pleasantly. Some persons will prefer this book to more pretentious "travels." It might almost serve as a guide-book, it is so clear and straightforward. Readers will be tempted to become travellers, so happily does Mr. Dargue describe his journey.

The Ancient British Church; being an Inquiry into the History of Christianity in Britain previous to the Establishment of the Heptarchy. By WILLIAM LINDSAY ALEXANDER, D.D., F.S.A.S. New and Revised Edition. Religious Tract Society.

VERY little is known of that ancient British Church, which was in this land long before the coming of Augustine as the representative of Rome. Dr. Lindsay Alexander put together the legends, the traditions, and the authentic records, and gave the heap a good winnowing. There is not much left; but yet there is enough to let us see how soon the zeal of believers won even this last of the Western isles to Christ. We have often seen quotations, from old authors, as to the baptism of crowds in brooks and rivers of our land; but we suppose Dr. Alexander did not come across them. There was a Baptist church in Great Britain long before either the Roman or the Anglican cult had won predominance. Assuredly it is not to Rome that we owe our first gospel light; and we hope we shall not, by her hand, be robbed of the last of it. The book deserves a careful reading.

Russian Pictures, drawn with Pen and Pencil. By THOMAS MICHELL, C.B. Religious Tract Society.

THIS is not a whit behind the former volumes of this superlative series. Russia is almost Oriental in tone; its glories are, in a measure, barbaric, rather than refined after the manner of Western civilization. A full and fair view is here given of a nation

which is "coming up from the wilderness," but has not yet left it. How long will it remain crushed beneath the foot of despotism? It has a deeply-religious people. Faith may more easily be found in Russia than in any other Continental country, but in knowledge and freedom the people lag behind. For a New Year's present this is the book.

The Everlasting Nation, relating to the Jewish people. By Rev. A. ISAACS, Vicar of Christ Church, Leicester. Lee, 9, Great Russell Street.

A MAGAZINE intended to interest the Gentiles in Israel, and Israel in our Lord. Likely, if well distributed, to effect its purpose, God blessing it. Very well edited.

Words of Life: Sermons. By DAVID MERSON, M.A., B.D. Dickinson.

Life's Stages. By JAMES STARK. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

Bible View of the Jewish Church. By HOWARD CROSBY. Funk and Wagnalls, 44, Fleet Street.

SERMONS, discourses, lectures! For some reason or other, the authors have been disposed or advised to publish them as a boon to the present generation, or as a bequest to posterity. We have here three specimens, concerning each of which we can speak with a measure of favour. The first comprises superior homilies to a village congregation among the hills of Northumberland: the second moralizes on the conditions, duties, and responsibilities that appeal to men and women on their birthdays, wedding-days, and other suggestive days in their private chronicles: the third is of American origin, "printed in the U. S. A." (well printed, too), and published in London as well as in New York. Thirteen in number, the design of Mr. Crosby's lectures is evangelical, a protest against the insidious attempts of the so-called "higher criticism" to invalidate the authority of the Word of God by an unwarrantable dogmatism of individual scholarship, which presumes to break up into fragments, and distribute over distant centuries, the sacred text of which we have been told by lips that could not lie that the Scriptures cannot be broken. He is a welcome ally.

The Lord's Prayer: a Practical Meditation. By NEWMAN HALL, LL.B. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

WE rejoiced heartily to praise this work of Mr. Newman Hall when it first appeared, and we have since then made frequent extracts, so as to remind our readers that there is such a book. The second edition is much cheaper, and a little shorter; and we are glad to see it, because it betokens the sale of the first edition. It is a book for the many, and, like our friend's preaching, it is full of evangelical doctrine, practical exhortation, and spiritual experience.

The Truth about Intoxicating Drinks. A Prize Essay. By E. R. BARRETT, B.A. National Temperance Publication Depôt, 33, Paternoster Row.

PRIZE essays are not always powerful productions, but this is uncommonly forcible. It is written in a cogent style, and is full of invincible arguments. We wish we could persuade every Christian to read it, for we should reckon upon a great increase in the army of abstainers. We do not abstain from that wine which is the gift of God, but from that poison which has usurped the name, and is nothing less than death in the cup. That good men can enjoy brandied concoctions and ardent spirits, and smile as if the Scriptures sanctioned them in their evil habit, is not to be explained except upon the charitable assumption that they know not what they do.

Man and his Maladies; or the Way to Health. By A. E. BRIDGER, B. A., M.D. John Hogg.

THIS volume is, as the author further entitles it, "a popular handbook of physiology and domestic medicine, in accord with the advance in medical science." Dr. Bridger so captivates us by his lucid account of our physical constitution, and the normal conditions of health, that we are prepared to follow with interest his account of diseases, and the rational method of treating them. If you are in pretty good health, it is the sort of book to fascinate you: if you happen to be rather out of sorts, it is not very likely

to frighten you; far less will it flatter you that a dram or a drug will reinvigorate you at once. If you are really ill, it will warn you not to physic yourself, but to consult a physician. We should think it might, in many a family, displace some book of family medicine, now out of date.

Social Christianity. Sermons at St. James's Hall. By HUGH PRICE HUGHES. Hodder and Stoughton.

MR. HUGHES strikes out a path of his own. His pulpit seems to stand midway between the sanctuary and the senate-house. Many of his sermons are a mixture of piety and politics. His mission is direct to the masses; his aim to raise them *en masse* in the social scale. The multitude concerns him more than the individuals of which it is composed. He wants to influence public opinion, and to get the popular vote in the interest of righteousness. Lively, smart, and at times satirical, he caters for non-church-goers; especially for those who prefer the leading articles in Sunday newspapers to the perusal of the Scriptures. Time will show whether this kind of work will effect the purpose for which it is intended. We do not think it will.

"Little Folks" Annual Volume. Cassell and Co.

"Little Folks" still holds its own, "Little Folks" yet stands alone. Once a month, or once a year, Vols. or parts without a peer.

The Temperance Mirror. Vol. IX. 33, Paternoster-row.

A POPULAR magazine, keeping to its subject, and advocating it in the most forcible manner. What a sad fact is here put on record by the chaplain of Stafford prison: "My experience goes to show that, to reclaim a confirmed female victim to alcohol, over the age of thirty, is so rare an achievement as to rank, humanly speaking, very near the practically impossible." We believe that this observation will, with many a sorrowful memory, be endorsed by most observers of drinking women. Yet with God all things are possible; and even this miracle has been wrought.

Golden Silence: or, Annals of the Berkeell Family of Crawford-under-Wold. By EMMA MARSHALL. Nisbet and Co.

A VERY fair story. It is for church folk, and ends with two babies in long white robes held at a font. "Peace seemed to brood like a dove over the village, where that day two little soldiers of the cross have been pledged to the service of the King, and have been received into the congregation of Christ's church." Very touching!

Bible Pictures and Stories (New Testament). *Merry Times for Tiny Folks.* *Holiday Hours in Animal Land.* Partridge and Co.

EITHER of these shilling beauties would make a pleasing present. When we were boys, we never dreamed that such glorious picture-galleries would be made for boys and girls. Certainly the youngsters ought to be good: yes, much better than their grandfathers. We had the twigs of the tree of knowledge, but they get the fine, sweet, rosy fruit.

Matthew Windrod; or, the Methodists of Easterwell. By JAMES W. DOVE. T. Woolmer.

A SHILLING story-book by an earnest Wesleyan, in which he tries to picture village Methodism as seen in a small community of "right-down good Methodists of one heart and mind, living the religion that they professed," together with a few samples of "sham members," and adherents from "Grumble-dom." The writer's motive bespeaks for his little book the favour of his Methodist friends of the humbler class.

Grammar-Land: or, Grammar in Fun for the Children of Schoolroomshire. By M. L. NESBITT. Fourth edition. Houlston and Sons.

"GRAMMAR in fun for children!" Why, the mere mention of such a thing is funny; for the thing itself is the most unfunny of all childhood's tasks. Teachers would almost as soon try to extract sunbeams from brickbats as grins from grammar lessons. Here it has been done, however, and well done, too; and George and Gertrude may grin and grow grammarians just for the fun of the thing.

"*The Strait Gate.*" By ANNIE SWAN. Partridge and Co.

ALL that comes from the pen of Annie Swan is sure to be good, wholesome reading. This story is pleasant and profitable.

The End Crowns All: a Story of Life. By EMMA MARSHALL. Shaw.

A CHARMING story; moral and religious, but free from cant. Virtue is rewarded, and vice punished. Good for young people.

Left with a Trust. *Bolingbroke's Folly.* *Fisher Renel.* *Marigold.* *How the Village was Won.* *Sallie's Boy.* Partridge and Co.

THE first three are shilling stories, good for presents. The other three are a little larger, and will cost one and sixpence. The publishers may be trusted to bring out only that which they believe to be morally sweet.

Shayning Castle. By ELLEN LOUISA DAVIS. Religious Tract Society.

Is truth really stranger than fiction? Surely, in every-day life, things do not often shape themselves so curiously as they did for the heir of Shayning Castle. Since, however, the writer's main object is to show that duplicity and falsehood may never be excused, shall we not accord to her the privilege of telling as many stories as she likes?

Laurel Crowns. By EMMA MARSHALL. Nisbet and Co.

WISE counsel well put. Lacking clearness in some directions; but helpful as a whole.

Number Three, Winifred Place. By AGNES GIBERNE. Nisbet and Co.

A TOUCHING story of a child's faith, in the midst of great trial.

Eveline's Key-note; or, in Harmony with Life. By EDITH C. KENYON. George Cauldwell, 60, Old Bailey.

PLEASING and tuneful; the "one thing needful" is the burden of the song.

The Thrales of Redlynch. By NEHEMIAH CURNOCK. Hodder and Stoughton.

EARNEST and tender in tone and teaching.

The Better Part. A Story. By ANNIE S. SWAN. Third edition. Partridge and Co.

Mark Desborough's Vow. Same author and publishers.

Thomas Dryburgh's Dream, and Miss Baxter's Bequest. By ANNIE S. SWAN. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

FOUR stories by one lady writer! To be reviewed honestly, they must be read. Who is sufficient for these things? What, then, shall we say of the imagination that conceived and the genius that produced them? It would be almost impossible to any one writing so many tales as does Miss Swan to avoid likeness to other writers. We do not mention this disparagingly, but we see in *Mark Desborough* a likeness to several other stories. Having said this, we heartily commend it to young men just starting in life, especially to any who think they are great geniuses. Young ladies who have artist lovers might also be warned against too clever young men.

Of *The Better Part* we have seen enough to testify that it is one of the best of this Christian lady's works; it is in its third edition, and this speaks any number of volumes for it. These books are marvels of cheapness at 2s. each.

Thomas Dryburgh's Dream is a touching story of the "Sick Children's Hospital": the chapter entitled "The Miller's Wooing" is a real Scotch tit-bit. *Miss Baxter's Bequest*, another short and sweet Scotch story, is included in this shilling's-worth.

The Ups and Downs of a Sixpence; or, Guess the Many Curious Places I've been in. By M. SEYMOUR. John Hogg.

A SONG of a sixpence. It is not difficult to make the coin pass from hand to hand through scenes of every kind. Children will be amused with the rignmarole.

Adèle's Love. The Story of a Little Faithful Heart. By MAUDE M. BUTLER. Oliphant and Anderson.

THE story of a high-born French child, whose father, an atheist, determined to prevent her obtaining any knowledge of any religion, or even of the fact of death, or of an after-state. How his plans were defeated, together with

much that is mysterious, is set forth in a very striking manner by a Christian lady, who, we are disposed to believe, was one of the actors in this domestic drama.

A Dream of the North Sea. By JAMES RUNCIMAN. Nisbet and Co.

MR. RUNCIMAN has evidently made himself personally acquainted with the exceptionally arduous and perilous life of the toilers of the sea, and is keenly interested in "The Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen," and especially in the *Hospital Cruisers*. To interest the public in this truly evangelistic and philanthropic work, he has written this thrilling story, which should prove a great haul for the good cause.

Lady Godiva. By John B. MARSH. Elliot Stock.

THE author has spent much time in collecting, from ancient charters and deeds, information concerning the heroine of his story. We are inclined to think that Lady Godiva is invested with too much glory when Mr. Marsh describes her ride through Coventry as "an act divinely inspired." The Saxon age is well set forth, and the story is fitly told.

From Generation to Generation. By EMILY FOSTER. Manchester: Brook and Chrystal. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., and National Temperance Publication Depot.

THE story is divided into three parts, to show the rise and progress of temperance. If more of the gospel element had been mixed up with the narrative, it would have suited us better. Moral suasion and good laws may do much to lessen intemperance, and this tale fairly sets that forth; but the grace of God, with these as instruments, will do much more. May Gospel Temperance principles flourish and prevail from generation to generation!

A Dash of Bitter. By DEANE HILTON. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.

A GOOD temperance story. There is a dash of something very appetizing in the tale, which makes it not only palatable, but pleasant to the taste. If a little true religion had been introduced, there would have been a dash of something better still.

Rays of Sunshine for Every Home ; or, How to be Bright and Happy all the Year Round. By JOHN W. KIRTON, LL.D. Ward and Lock.

Dr. KIRTON has a sunshiny way of writing ; we believe he uses very bright ink. There is a fatherly, motherly, brotherly, sisterly sort of style about him, which makes you feel that he knows a great deal, and ought to be allowed to teach it. He tells stories well, and, what is better, makes them up out of his own head, without their being wooden ones. The book before us is a regular family one ; and if it were read by all in the house, from the father down to the nursery-maid, it would do them all good. It has illustrations, which are not bad ; indeed, some are excellent ; but yet, as a whole, we do not admire them. The binding, and all else, we can honestly commend. Here is a good story, which our readers will be the better for seeing. "The power of a sunny smile in doing good may be seen from the following incident, related not long since by a minister one Monday morning. 'Seven persons were received into my church yesterday, and they were all brought in by a smile.' 'Brought in by a smile ! what do you mean ?' 'I will explain. Several months ago, as I passed a certain house on my way to church, I saw, held in the arms of its nurse, a beautiful infant, and as it fixed its large eyes on me, I smiled, and the sweet child returned the smile. The third Sabbath, as I passed by the window, I threw the little one a kiss. Instantly its hand was extended, and a kiss was thrown back to me. And so it came to pass that I learned to watch for the baby on my way to church ; and as the weeks went by, I noticed that the nurse and baby were not alone : other members of the household pressed to the window to see the gentleman who always had a smile for the household pet. One Sabbath, as I passed, two children, a boy and a girl, stood at the window beside the baby. That morning the father and mother had said to those children, "Make yourselves ready for church, for we think that the gentleman who always smiles to the baby

is a minister. When he passes, you may follow him, and see where he preaches." The children were quite willing to follow the suggestion of the parents ; and after I had passed, the door opened, and the children stepped upon the pavement, and kept near me from street to street, until I entered my own church, where they followed me, and seated themselves. When they reached home, they sought their parents, and exclaimed eagerly, "He is a minister, and we have found his church, and he preached a beautiful sermon this morning. You must go and hear him next Sabbath." To persuade the parents was not difficult, and, guided by their children, they found their way to the church. They, too, were pleased, and other members of the household were induced to come to the house of God. God blessed to them my ministry, and seven members of this household have been led to give their hearts to Jesus, and unite with the people of God ; and I repeat what I before said to you, "They were all brought in by a smile." No one is too poor, too full of labour and care, to give a smile and a kind word. The loving Saviour makes use of means so simple to bring souls into the kingdom.'

"Then, to each man, woman, and child, we say, 'Seek to be sunny.'"

The Local Preachers' Treasury. T. Woolmer.

THIS unpretentious magazine is as good as the very best of its homiletical compeers. It goes straight to the point. Making no big pretences of learning and eloquence, it goes in for practical suggestions which will be really useful to men who are labouring to win souls. Although we are by this time able to run alone, and make sermons without the aid of homilists, yet we like such books as these, and feel helped by looking them through. Each number is a capital return for fourpence. Of course we do not agree with some of its more pronounced *Methodist* doctrine ; but as the periodical is meant for Methodists, it is not more Arminian than we expected, nor hardly so much so. It seems to us to be greatly improved.

Apologetics; or, the Scientific Vindication of Christianity. By J. H. A. EBRARD, Ph. D., D.D. Translated by Rev. WM. STEWART, B.A., and Rev. JOHN MACPHERSON, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

As "Apologetics" is a defence, pure and simple, of the Holy Scriptures, their authenticity and authority, against all assailants, it ranks among the "sciences," and all theologians must reckon with it. Be that taken for granted, and these three volumes are essential as an Encyclopædia to any minister's library. Here it is, wrought out up to date. We had tasted, but hardly tested it, when we reviewed the first volume in February, 1887; the second and third volumes are now in our hands. Messrs. T. and T. Clark select translators who are well versed in the Teutonic language; but they are not always equally skilful in the vernacular English. An exacting conscience may be pleaded for a literal method of expression, but a desire to convey instruction may be an argument for a freer rendering; and a translator who is master of Saxon English will be sure to make his author understood. We can readily imagine that the innocents of our little island will find the diction of the second and third volumes more digestible than that of the first. We might whisper to the *élite* of our students that they could easily appropriate the contents of this ponderous work without a suspicion of piracy. If it comes to your eye as rough nuggets of gold, it may be re-issued from your lips like fresh minted coins of the realm; and we do not think any law of the land would make you liable to prosecution for thus minting the precious metal. Here is a case in point. We open the second volume. Something like a sixth part is devoted to Darwin's system of development. It is challenged, confuted, and demolished. The materials of a lively lecture on the fallacies of modern materialism are ready to your hand. We shall not summarize the evidence or the arguments: it suffices for us to record the verdict of our author:—

"A false system is refuted when the foundations and proofs on which

it rests are shown to be erroneous, and are displaced by proofs to the contrary; but it also, secondly, refutes itself by means of the consequences to which it leads. The materialistic, mechanical, Darwinian system, leads by the strictest consequence to the denial of all morality—not only of all ethics in the higher sense, but of all morality." Vol. II. p. 77.

Scattered up and down in Volumes I. and II., we find various sections on the "Freedom of the Will." As a controversy, we believe that question has been threshed out: there is nothing but straw, and not much of that, left on the threshing-floor. Still, our textbooks must tell the tale. We are all supposed to understand it, if we are not all equally clever in defining it. To our idea, since Martin Luther wrote down "*Librum arbitrium nomen est sine re*," *The freedom of the will is a name without a thing*, no one has issued a smarter sentence than Dr. Ebrard. We give it in his own italics: "*A problem: The will of the individual is free, and yet not free.*" Yes; you say a paradox as well as a problem! True; but at the close of this nineteenth century, a gentleman who cannot digest a paradox is only half-educated. We have not room in our columns for Dr. Ebrard's able and elaborate explanation. Consult him for yourself, good friend, and pay the fee of a few hours' patient study. Meanwhile, we will give you our version gratis. What free-will you have, you forfeit by declaring your option. A bee has a sting; and they tell us, be it fact or fable, it is death to the bee to use that sting. Somewhat similar is it with man and his will: he uses it, and it ceases. Suppose you go to a Gospel Temperance Meeting for the first time, you may take your free-will with you, and in the exercise of your free-agency, you sign the pledge. As an obvious consequence, you are not free afterwards to take any vinous fluids. This is a very rough illustration. Enough for us, if it answers the purpose. The apostle Paul was as truly an inspired logician as the psalmist David was an inspired poet. Take two verses of Paul's Epistle to the Romans, chap. vi.

13 and 16. In the one verse he challenges our free-will, in the other he challenges our common-sense, that the moment we exercise it, we become bond-servants.

More than a third of this treatise is devoted to "Comparative Theology." We can only supply you with a taste of it. The first sentence in the first book of the first volume runs thus: "Christianity, according to the declaration of its own documents, and according to the confession of the whole Christian Church, is not a religion, but *the* religion, because it is the redemption." Hence an extensive examination of the religions of men, of nationalities—civilized, half-civilized, uncivilized. We will take one dip into our author's third volume. "The Chinese are a cultured people." It is a custom of our times to cry up Confucius. His era, we all know, is rather uncertain; but it was about 500 years B.C. His career, according to our author, was corrupting and injurious to his own countrymen. With the reputation of a Reformer, he might be better designated as a Deformer. He introduced into China a system of purely worldly wisdom.

Dr. Ebrard is a devout man, full to the brim of intense convictions. Every page contributes a proof. From his concluding paragraph we select a closing extract. "Man is a sinner, and needs redemption. . . . God grant that this book may contribute its mite to the dissemination of this truth!"

Questions for the Free Churches. By J. BRIERLEY, B.A. James Clarke and Co.

MR. BRIERLEY is too broad for us, and some of his suggestions had better never have been suggested: but still, there is a good deal of practical force in certain of his questions. Though himself with the new school, or at least very friendly to that party, he is mildly evangelical, and endeavours to be fair to all. Evidently he is not of the narrow Broad School, which is the narrowest sect upon earth; but he is really liberal in heart as well as in thought. We note that of Spurgeon he says—"The Free Churches of England to-day have attracted to their

service and teaching-function men of whom any people and any age might be proud. In one denomination they have produced a Spurgeon, who, spite of his limitations, and spite of what may be said of him in the heat of the present controversy, will be accounted, centuries hence, as one of the most remarkable Englishmen of his time—as one who, in fact, in certain departments of religious service, occupies a place absolutely unique in the history of Christendom."

A man of merely *professed* liberality would not have written those sentences: we quote them as indicators; straws showing the way the wind blows. We remember a High Calvinist describing a gracious preacher of the Arminian school "as one of the best articles of the worst make." This is very much our judgment upon the little volume before us. The views of the writer may be wild, but his spirit is good; and even when he is severe he is not bitter. In some of his utterances he does good service to practical religion, and in all he intends to do so, though we do not think him generally successful.

Come ye Apart. Daily Readings in the Life of Christ. By Rev. J. R. MILLER, D.D. Nelson and Sons.

ONE of the very best books we have met with for many a day. The daily portions are exceedingly fresh, and full of holy thought of the best and brightest sort. We have looked it through, and in no case found anything commonplace and dull. These daily readings are, no doubt, the marrow of the author's sermons, but they do not retain the form of outlines: they are genuine and complete expositions, and will not strike the reader as being mere adaptations of matter used in other ways. We congratulate Dr. J. R. Miller on producing a volume which, with the divine blessing, will comfort and edify the people of God for many a year to come. The doctrine is that upon which our soul has long feasted. The settings are new, but the jewels are as old as the breast-plate of our Great High-priest. The publishers have worthily performed their part, and produced a delightful volume.

Notes.



Our ever-loving son, CHARLES SPURGEON, has now been for over ten years the pastor of the church in South Street, Greenwich, which numbers 604 members. By his earnest ministry, a large congregation has been maintained, and the church has been led forward in works of usefulness. It has a colporteur and missions doing useful service in needy neighbourhoods. Charles Spurgeon is one of the trustees of the Orphanage, and is ever our ready and efficient helper. Deepening experience is establishing him in that faith in which from youth up he has been rooted and grounded. We feel deeply thankful that one of our sons is able to remain in England. He has toiled so continuously, by preaching and lecturing for his brethren, that his health has suffered, and even now he is scarcely restored to his former vigour; but we hope that a long and useful ministry may yet be in store for him.

We are indebted to many able divines for taking our place at home, and we can assure them, one and all, that, if they could hear the hearty expressions of their hearers, and could read the heart of the brother whom they have so ably assisted, they would know that gratitude is very far from being an extinct virtue. May the Lord set his seal upon testimonies which have been borne, and may fruit be ingathered for many a year to come!

Sickness and death have made great havoc among the members of the church at the Tabernacle. Some very aged friends have gone home, of each of whom we might say, "*Abit non obit.*" It is well. Alas! a number have also been removed who were notable for their usefulness in various ways. No one will be more missed than our Brother

Maples, who has for many years been so feeble as to seem hovering at death's door, and yet, in season and out of season, he has preached in the streets and elsewhere, with an all-consuming earnestness, seldom equalled, and never excelled. He was foremost in what we might call the Salvation Army part of our work. He pushed the war into the enemy's territory. He lived at a white heat. Many souls were won for Jesus by him, and more were stimulated to energetic service. He looked like a man who could hardly live a week; but who in that week would make his mark for God and eternity. Oh, that the Lord may raise up many more like him! Other equally useful, but less observed friends have risen to higher service above.

At Menton, our morning prayer, at 9.30, has been attended by as many as our room would hold; and we have heard an unusual sound in a Hotel, namely, the ringing of the bell for prayer every morning. Of course, this would not have been thought of if it had not been the fact that almost every guest who was well enough to be present was sure to be with us. Numbers came regularly from other places. We have read through the most of the Gospel of Matthew, with an exposition, which will, in all probability, come to the public through the press. We wrote our comments day by day, and so the pleasant holiday-work will not pass away.

Each Sabbath the gathering at "The Breaking of Bread" has consisted of members of all the churches, and of many nationalities. It has been good to be there. The visits of such brethren as Mr. T. A. Denny have been exceedingly refreshing.

Silly paragraphs appeared as to our entertaining our "deaconesses and students": we have no deaconesses, and we have no students in the place. It would be well enough to live under a glass case, if one could guarantee that nothing would be reported but the actual truth. In the absence of knowing what to write, the makers of paragraphs fall back upon their own fancies.

Mr. Somerville, the Minister of the Scotch Church in Menton, has our hearty sympathy in his desire to build a new place of worship, or enlarge the present. The hall in which the Presbyterian service is held is not what one would desire. It is an excellent room as part of a house, but the height is not equal to that which is absolutely needful for a place of public assembly. There is of necessity nothing which can be called ventilation. One person complains of the draughts, and another finds the air very stuffy. Despite the valuable discourses of Mr. Somerville, people feel drowsy if they cannot get fresh air. Invalids should not be called upon to run risks when they go out to worship. We

shall be glad to see a suitable house erected in a convenient position.

Prayer is earnestly sought for the Protestant Churches in the Baltic provinces of Russia, which are now being grievously oppressed by an attempt at forcible conversion to the Greek Church. We have had great pleasure in associating at Menton with tried ones from this region, and our belief is that prayer for their deliverance will be heard and answered. May true religion also be revived in those districts!

The careful kindness of the deacons and elders at the Tabernacle led them to press the Pastor to consider the advisability of extending his vacation to three months. They are, therefore, not to be blamed for his earlier return. When a man feels himself thoroughly refreshed, and longs to be at work again, there is no need for him to delay. Heartly gratitude for brotherly thoughtfulness is truly felt; but when the sickle is sharp, let it be thrust into the harvest.

This paragraph was written in the expectation that we should preach at the Tabernacle on January 26th, but, alas! since it was sent to the printers, illness has returned, and on January 22nd we are still detained at Menton, unable to travel homewards. We beg the earnest prayers of all our readers that we may have a speedy recovery, a safe journey, and a long period of uninterrupted service for the Master if it be his gracious will.

To friends who have abstained from writing us, we return thanks of the first order; as also to a certain few whose necessary words were as choice as they were scarce. At the very best, the post never ceases to be a chain upon one's leg, to be dragged about wherever one sets his foot.

A certain newspaper paragraph very kindly attempts to comfort "Mr. Spurgeon at his worst stage of depression concerning the doubts of the day," by the assurance that religion can never pass away. We can assure our friend that we never thought it could. No fear as to the ultimate victory of the truth of God ever disturbs our mind. We are sure that the doctrines of the gospel will outlive all the dotings of "modern thought." The trouble is that, for the moment, error is having its own way in certain parts of the visible church, where better things once ruled; and, worse still, that good men will not see the evil, or, seeing it, wink at it, and imagine that it will do no very great deal of harm. It is ours to give warning of a danger which to us is manifest and alarming; and if the warning makes us the butt of ridicule, we must bear it. Our protest is, no doubt, regarded by some as a piece of bigotry, and by others, as the dream of a nervous mind. Neither conjecture is correct; but we speak the words of love and soberness. An American, who enquired of certain leaders

in the "Down-Grade" what they thought of Spurgeon's conduct, was informed that sickness and age had weakened his intellect. This has been their contemptuous method all along; but facts are not to be set aside by such remarks. Be the protester what he may, he declares his protest to be solemnly needful, and he begs for attention to it. It may be the old truth is in the minority, and that those who uphold it are thought to be troublemakers in Israel, and causers of false alarm; but we are none the less confident that, when good men return to their better selves, they will see differently. Bitterly will some regret that they allowed matters to drift, and drift, till they had wrought incalculable mischief. We have spoken in saddest earnest. It is no pleasure to us to stand apart, and refuse complicity with what we judge to be a great crime. Our witness is on high. The Lord will judge between us and the enemies of the faith in his own good time!

From a Congregational Church a brother writes:—"I have heard several friends say that your pictures of the 'Down-Grade' are overdrawn; but in our church they have been photographs. Commencing with denial of eternal punishment, our minister has gone on to talk of 'Mark's garbled statements,' 'the legend of the Angel's song,' and 'The myth of the Resurrection.' He says, 'Christ is the *natural* son of Joseph and Mary,' and that 'the Bible is but one of the Scriptures of the human race.' . . . May the churches heed your warning, and so be saved from our fate!" In this instance, old members are driven out, and all protesters are held up to ridicule in the public prints as bigots wanting in common sense.

The churches are, some of them, courting the fate of this church by seeking out clever men for preachers, irrespective of their doctrinal beliefs. But, on the other hand, many are growing cautious, and, having been once bitten, are shy of the new school. The evangelicals in the churches are beginning to be divided from the Broad School; and when the opportunity has occurred, they have been, in some cases, strong enough and bold enough to claim their rights. We wish it were so more generally; but we know several notable instances which put us in good hope that the present tyranny of falsehood will not last for ever. Still, these brighter signs are but gleams in a darkening sky. The men who take the lead are, in many cases, half-hearted as to truth, and they yield themselves up to the dogmatic assertions of the non-evangelical intruders. Tender as mothers to every new heresy-vendor, the men in office in the denominations have a hard, ungenerous side for the faithful adherents of the old gospel. We may go where we will—we are not worth a thought; but the most flippant blasphemer shall have honour for his courage and independence! Happily, this is a small matter to some of

us now, for our ecclesiastical relationships are for ever severed; but there is none the less of gross injustice in such conduct towards those who cannot turn their coats, or profess to love what they inwardly abhor.

We have been greatly rejoiced by seeing that our shilling book for seekers of salvation, *All of Grace*, has reached its 40th thousand, and that its companion volume, *According to Promise*, is in its 20th thousand. What we write with many a prayer we are glad to see distributed so largely. We are glad also to hear that the fourth edition of the *German* translation of *All of Grace* is about to be issued. Many friends have told us of the usefulness of this volume to those who have been in soul-trouble. Among others, Rev. G. Everard, vicar of Christ Church, Dover, writes:—"You may be interested in hearing that *All of Grace* has been very helpful to a tradesman here, to whom I lent it. He has been for years seeking the Lord, and only now is able to see his way clear. It was the chapter on 'A New Heart' that specially helped him." Another minister tells us of a rich man who lay dying, and unsaved. He had no faith in the ministry he had attended, but a friend brought him a copy of *All of Grace*, which he read, and it was the means of giving him the assurance of salvation, and he passed away rejoicing in Christ as his Saviour.

From Orooniah, Persia, we hear that *Morning by Morning* has been translated into *Syrian*, and it is about to be published; while portions of this book have been also translated into *Persian* and *Turkish*. It is a great privilege to be permitted to proclaim the truth among so many people of different nations and tongues.

One of the workers at the Albany Institute, Camberwell, says:—

"I personally owe you a debt of gratitude for the assistance I have derived from your books, especially *The Treasury of David*; and the latest, *The Salt-Cellars*, has been a great help to me in the open-air services we have held among the dwellers in the huge industrial dwellings opposite the Institute. Many an illustration I have been able to gather from it, and there is still a mine of wealth left."

A lady, who read our friend Manton Smith's book, *Stray Leaves from my Life Story*, was so pleased with it, that she sent in an order for no less than six hundred copies. We are right glad for Mr. Smith's sake; but we cannot say that we are greatly surprised; for the pieces which he has contributed to *The Sword and the Trowel* have a remarkable freshness about them.

Mr. Charles Cook's lecture at the Tabernacle on "The Prisons of the World" has been published, and can be obtained for one penny of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings.

Two meetings of the converts from Messrs. FULLERTON & SMITH'S SERVICES were held at the Tabernacle Lecture-hall on December 10 and 17. Mr. Allison presided at the first, and Mr. Dunn at the second; and several of the deacons and elders took part in the proceedings, which were of a very interesting character. After brief addresses suited to the occasion, the converts were asked whether they wished to bear testimony to what the Lord had done for them at the special services. Within half an hour about 50 rose, one after another, and testified to the blessing received through the evangelists. All ages and both sexes were represented among the speakers, and all felt it good to be there.

The WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE at the Tabernacle, on *New Year's Eve*, was one of the best ever held. About 4,000 persons were present, and Mr. Fullerton spoke with great power upon Daniel iv. 29, "At the end of twelve months."

On Monday, January 6, 1890, a SPECIAL UNITED PRAYER MEETING was held at the Tabernacle in connection with the Evangelical Alliance Week of Universal Prayer. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided, and gave an inspiring address upon the injunction, "Serve the Lord with gladness." Several neighbouring ministers were present, and led the devotions of the assembly. They had previously met the deacons and elders for tea, and prayer, and conference. One writing of the meeting said, "All the ministers who took part were evidently men of power with God." It is well that all over the world there should be these fraternal gatherings. In this matter the Evangelical Alliance does real service to the churches.

COLLEGE.—Mr. S. J. Jones has completed his course with us, and settled at Hornton Street, Kensington. Friends in that region will do well to help him. Mr. I. Watson has accepted the pastorate at Driffild, Yorkshire.

Mr. A. Graham is removing from Tewkesbury to Pembury, Tunbridge Wells.

Mr. W. T. Wotton, who recently went to the United States, has settled at Pavilion, Genesee County, New York State; and Mr. A. Read has become pastor at Frewsbury, in the same State. Mr. W. L. Mayo has removed, from Downington, to Alloway, New Jersey; and Mr. J. F. M. Warren has gone from Alice, Cape Colony, to Boksburg, Transvaal, South Africa. Mr. D. H. Hay, who went a few months ago to South Africa, is working at East London; and Mr. T. Adamson, who accompanied him, is at South End, Port Elizabeth.

Mr. Young writes hopefully concerning his work in St. Helena, although the little church on the lone rock is sorely tried by the continual emigration of the members, who, in common with the population

generally, are leaving the island as fast as they can find occupation elsewhere. Mr. Young reports that on Lord's-day evenings the chapel is quite full, the people are anxious to hear the gospel, and some are coming out and confessing their faith in Christ. The pastor has had to purchase a horse, in order that he might visit the churches at a distance from Jamestown, for he was laid up through trying to walk over the hills under the heat of the tropical sun. Is there any one of our readers who would like to send £20 to this good brother to pay for the much-needed animal? Neither he nor his church can afford the extra expense, and we have done all we can for him in other ways.

EVANGELISTS.—Since *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* finished their great mission at the Tabernacle, they have been to Carlisle, Gravesend, Bishop's Stortford, Weston-super-Mare, and Stroud. This month they go to Cleckheaton and Rotherham, Yorkshire.

Concerning *Mr. Burnham's* services at Dunstable, Pastor F. J. Flatt writes:—"From the first day until the close the meetings were well attended, and there are undoubted cases of conversion as the result of our brother's visit. One of the best gatherings was the United Children's Service. It was a grand sight." Mr. Burnham afterwards went to Buckhurst Hill, and then to Canonbury Hall, Lewisham. The secretary at the latter place reports:—"We have to rejoice over the conversion of several souls. Others have been deeply convicted, and believers have been greatly refreshed and strengthened."

During the past month Mr. Burnham has been at Wrexham, and John Street, Edgware Road. This month he goes for the second time to Ripley Street, Bradford, and also to Sellindge, Kent.

Pastor R. E. Chettleborough sends a cheering account of *Mr. Harmer's* mission at Shooter's Hill Road, Blackheath. He speaks of it as "an old-fashioned revival, reminding us of the scenes witnessed in Cornwall years ago." Eynsford was the next place visited, and concerning this Pastor G. B. Richardson writes:—"The glorious old gospel has been faithfully, earnestly, and lovingly proclaimed, and has proved the power of God unto salvation to many precious souls. Saints have been revived, and sinners have been saved. The church has had no such revival for many years past." Mr. Harmer next went to Willingham; then preached for two Lord's-days at Arthur Street, King's Cross; and completed 1889 and commenced 1890 by paying another visit to Eynsford. He has since been to Redditch for the fourth time.

Mr. Parker has had great blessing in his services at Rochdale, Hucknall Torkard, and Amersham.

ORPHANAGE.—We are glad to hear that

the West Croydon friends made up £25 more for the Orphanage from their bazaar, bringing up the total to £200.

Our generous brother, Mr. Richard Cory, has placed in trust, for the benefit of our Orphanage, £5,000 of the Debenture Bonds of Cory Brothers. This is a most munificent gift, and we heartily thank our friend for his princely manifestation of care for our poor orphans. Long may he be spared to see the good use made of his money, and reap a rich harvest of joy in his own heart as he beholds the gladness he thus dispenses to the widow and the fatherless.

Orphanage Choir Southern Tour.—It is a joy to the President to find that the visits of Mr. Charlesworth and the boys are welcomed by old and new friends alike, and that his care for fatherless children is lovingly shared by so many generous helpers. Mr. Joseph, who has become the pastor at Lake Road Chapel, Portsmouth, in succession to Mr. Medhurst, resolved to follow up Mr. Medhurst's work in arranging for the annual visit of the orphans. The large chapel was crowded in every part, as was also Elm Grove Chapel, Southsea, in the afternoon of the same day. Mr. Williams and his good deacons have thoroughly espoused the cause of the orphans, and find a joy in their service of love. At Waterlooville. Mr. Lankester and Mr. Thomas strained every nerve to insure two successful meetings, and provide hospitality for the company. From Portsmouth, a détour was made to visit West Cowes, in the interests of the Baptist Church there, under the pastorate of Mr. Sparks, who has wrought so long and so well in the gospel. Passing on to Bournemouth, a hearty welcome awaited the boys, and successful meetings were held in the Shaftesbury Hall, and in the Richmond Hill Congregational Chapel. The Editor of *The Christian* presided at the former meeting. Rev. G. Wainwright, Rev. R. Colman, and Messrs. Bernard Knight, Hayden, and Clarke were amongst the active workers, and they were ably assisted by a worthy band of young men. At Southampton, Mr. Charlesworth conducted three services on the Sunday at East Street Chapel, and the pastor and deacons, who are manfully struggling with the difficulties which have long beset this Church, were greatly cheered and helped. On Monday, two meetings were held in the Watts' Memorial Hall, kindly lent free of charge. The esteemed pastors of the Non-conformist Churches were all most hearty in their efforts to insure good success. On the following day, the choir proceeded to Eastleigh, a suburb of Bishopstoke, and a most enthusiastic meeting was held in the Mission Church, under the direction of the Rev. J. M. G. Owen, of Portland Chapel, Southampton. At Salisbury, the Rev. Geo. Short and his energetic band of young men, insured for us what, considering the wet evening, proved to be a remarkable gathering in the New Hall. The Mayor presided, and

spoke in high terms of the President and the Orphanage. All these towns had been visited on previous occasions, and in every instance it was a pleasure to find that the interest in the work had not only been maintained, but deepened. The two places on this tour visited for the first time were Fareham and Downton. There is no Baptist Church at Fareham, but the Congregational minister, the Rev. W. Champness, took the arrangements in hand in true brotherly fashion, and spared no pains to achieve success. One of his good deacons, fearing he would be too unwell to attend the meetings, invited Mr. Charlesworth to his house, and gave a cheque for £25 towards our funds. Downton is a charmingly picturesque Wiltshire village, and the Rev. J. T. Collier has been the pastor of the Baptist Church for upwards of 40 years. The only building available proved too small for the meeting, and friends came from neighbouring villages, some from long distances. Mr. Collier found a true fellow-worker in the pastor of the General Baptist Church, the Rev. F. Cunliffe: indeed, in every place, friends proved themselves most eager to do everything in their power to make success certain, and to express their loving esteem for the President.

God bless you, dear friends, and reward you a hundred-fold for your sympathy and generous help!

The Christmas festival at the Orphanage is reported to us as having passed off most successfully. All the arrangements for the day worked, if possible, better than ever; and the hall never presented a more pleasing appearance. The following letter from the President was read by Mr. W. Olney:—

“Mentone, Monday, December 23, 1889.

“Dear Boys and Girls,

“ (Or should it be Girls and Boys?),

“A merry Christmas to you! May you heartily enjoy yourselves; and when you do so, be sure that in your hearts you praise the Lord God, who callshimself your Father. How good it is of him to lead good people to build an Orphanage, and then to send means to feed, and clothe, and teach five hundred of you! I feel as if I must put my hand over my eyes, and whisper, ‘*Bless the Lord, O my soul, for taking such care of the little army at Stockwell!*’ I stopped in my writing to do this; and I want all of you, when this note is read to you, to stop a moment, and be very still, and then praise God in your hearts.

“When this is done, I want to give you all my love. My throat is sore, and so I cannot say much; but I propose that we give three cheers for the Vice-president and the Trustees; and then for Mr. Charlesworth, and all the matrons, teachers, and so forth. Love them all, and obey them; and try to make the Orphanage the happiest place in the world. We must not forget the kind friends who send us in special gifts for Christmas. No, no! We would pray God to bless them, and send to them great

happiness at Christmas in return for their thoughts of us.

“I think I like the girls best when the boys are away; but I shall not like the boys best till the girls are away. May boys and girls be much in love with the dear old Orphanage; and in years to come, if people say, ‘*That was one of Spurgeon’s children at Stockwell!*’ I hope I may be able to say, ‘*Yes, and I feel proud of him or her!*’

“God bless you all! Rejoice and be glad. Be thankful, and praise God.

“Your loving friend,

“C. H. SPURGEON.”

At the place indicated, the reader paused, and the five hundred children bowed in silent adoration before the Lord, and then Mr. Charlesworth led them in thanksgiving. The cheers, suggested by the President, rang out so heartily, that if the joyful sound did not reach Menton, it was certainly not the orphans’ fault. Then followed the dinner, concluding with the new shillings, boxes of figs, bon-bons, oranges, Christmas cards, &c., given by generous friends. Afterwards came the dinner for the staff, old boys, &c., and in the evening, and on Boxing-day, the usual amusements were provided for the children, so that it might be to them a truly happy Christmas-tide. To all who have helped to increase the joy at Stockwell at this season, we send our heart’s sincerest thanks.

Collectors’ Meeting.—Will all our collectors kindly note that we hope to meet them at the Orphanage on *Tuesday evening, March 4?* These gatherings of our friends and sympathizers are always interesting, and we shall endeavour to make the next meeting as pleasant and profitable as any that have preceded it.

COLPORTAGE.—The Secretary, Mr. W. Corden Jones, writes:—

“I am glad to report that we have several more applications for Colporteurs since last month, and two additional men have begun work, one at Henfield, Sussex, the other at Gildersome, Yorkshire. In both cases the success of neighbouring Colporteurs has induced friends to apply for an agent for their own district. Everything is going on well.”

PERSONAL NOTE.—A member of the *Tabernacle church*, after a visit to *Essex*, brought back quite a little list of instances of blessing through the reading of the sermons. A deaf old lady, ninety years of age, was brought to the Saviour through the sermon entitled, “*Safe in the Arms of Jesus*,” and died trusting in Christ. Another woman, who was so low in spirits that she was likely to commit suicide, was comforted through the sermons, which are leading her to a better state of mind and heart. Her husband, though a bad man, reads the sermons. A labouring man, who thought himself the chief of sinners, has learnt from the sermons that even he can be saved.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. R. B. Hall	0	5	0	Mr. George M. Rabbich	1	0	0
Mr. A. B. Todd	0	7	6	Mr. J. E. Mathieson	5	0	0
Miss Clarke	0	7	6	Mr. G. Boall	0	5	0
Mr. J. Cuthbert Axtens	1	1	0	Dr. Shaw	1	1	0
Mr. P. Martin	0	5	0	Mr. F. J. Rumsey	0	10	0
Miss E. E. Sharpington	0	10	0	Mrs. J. Stewart	0	10	0
Mrs. Sharpington	0	10	0	Mr. C. E. Coward	1	1	0
Mr. H. Law	5	0	0	Mr. E. Mitchell	2	0	0
Messrs. Hine Brothers	1	1	0	Mr. W. Mingins	1	0	0
Miss Raiff	0	5	0	Mrs. Hudson	2	0	0
Mr. C. H. Ruddick	0	3	0	The Misses Cunningham	2	2	0
Mrs. Baker	10	0	0	Mrs. Blake	0	5	0
Mr. Underhill	1	1	0	Mr. James Bristow	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas Bush	0	4	0	Mrs. Bowman	0	2	0
Mr. Thomas P. Potts	1	0	0	Mrs. Jones	1	3	0
Mrs. Harmer	0	2	0	Mr. John Climie	0	5	0
A grateful reader of "Farm Sermons"	1	0	0	The widow's mite	0	2	6
Mr. J. Bental	0	10	0	Mr. George Devan	0	5	0
Mr. R. Ellis	0	10	0	Mr. Charles Scruby	1	0	0
Mr. C. W. Smith	1	1	0	Mr. Robert Morgan	0	5	0
Rev. Charles Miller	0	10	0	Mr. J. Beaumont	0	2	6
Mr. W. Campbell	0	10	0	Mrs. W. Colthup	0	10	0
Mr. Alexander More	0	10	0	Mr. A. Hobbs	3	0	0
Mr. B. Johnstone	0	5	0	Mrs. Blake	1	0	0
Messrs. Wills and Packham	5	0	0	Mrs. Arnold	3	0	0
Mr. J. B. Elgar	1	0	0	Miss Jackson	0	10	0
Mr. W. Parry	0	2	6	Miss E. Hudson	0	7	0
Miss Pearce	1	1	0	Mr. Thomas Stephenson	1	1	0
Miss E. Pearce	1	1	0	Mr. M. Hutchison	1	0	0
Mr. E. Hall	0	5	0	A servant from Weston	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gregory	2	10	0	Mr. C. Ibberson	0	2	6
Mr. Thomas R	15	0	0	Miss L. Wilson	0	6	0
Mr. James Brown	10	0	0	Mr. S. Dales	0	2	6
Mr. S. Sharp	0	5	0	Mrs. Goslin	0	4	0
Miss A. Hinbrett	0	2	6	Mrs. Mills	2	2	0
Mrs. Davies	0	5	0	Mrs. Stevens	0	10	0
Mrs. Taylor	0	8	6	Mr. W. Church, jun.	0	5	0
Mr. T. Birch	0	2	6	Mrs. J. Toller	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas D. Galpin	10	0	0	Mrs. Field	0	2	6
A constant reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons	0	5	0	Mr. W. Newton	0	5	0
Mr. Smith Nutter	1	1	0	Mr. John Begg	1	0	0
Mrs. Bossington	0	5	0	Mr. W. Jones	1	1	0
Miss M. Gartshore and friend	0	7	6	Mrs. Watts	2	0	0
Miss M. Hodges	0	6	6	Mr. O. Friston	4	0	0
Mr. E. J. Barnes	0	10	0	Miss Powell	0	5	0
Miss Thompson	0	12	6	Mrs. Ferguson	0	2	6
From Llandrindod friends	1	0	0	Mrs. Munday	1	5	0
M. G.	1	10	0	Mr. H. S. Gifford	0	5	0
Mr. George Gibbs	1	1	0	Mr. James Binstead	0	14	0
Mr. John Davies	0	5	0	Mrs. Breton	0	10	0
A believer in Jesus	0	6	0	Mr. G. Shrewsbury	1	1	0
For Jesu's lambs	0	5	0	Mr. Robert Bruce	0	5	0
Mr. James Walker	0	2	6	Mrs. Pearce	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Land	0	5	0	Mr. Edward Adam	1	0	0
Mrs. Spindler	5	0	0	Dr. Brougham	2	10	0
Mr. W. H. Brown	5	5	0	Pastor W. G. Clow	0	5	0
Miss Thompson	0	4	0	Mr. R. Burgess	0	10	0
Mr. J. Foster Howe	1	1	0	Mr. A. Jungling	5	0	0
Mrs. Boyle	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. H. T. Clark	0	7	6
Mrs. Nagle	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. D. Grant	1	0	0
Messrs. A. and E. A. J. Paxton	1	0	0	Mr. W. Furse	1	1	0
Mrs. Reed	0	5	0	Mrs. Whittet	0	3	0
Mr. J. Marshall	1	10	0	Miss Cousin	2	0	0
Mr. C. Buchel	5	0	0	Mrs. Day	0	2	6
For the late Mrs. Milligan	1	1	0	Mr. J. Elliott	0	4	0
Messrs. S. B. and Co.	1	0	0	Mr. W. G. Askey	0	5	0
Mr. W. L. Maynard	1	0	0	Mr. H. P. West	1	0	0
Mrs. Bayley	1	0	0	Mr. Edwin Reynolds	0	2	0
Mrs. Gardiner	1	0	0	Mr. W. Spickett	1	0	0
"Hitherto the Lord hath helped me"	0	5	0	Collected at Burnham Baptist Sunday- school, per Pastor C. D. Gooding	0	18	6
Mr. George Shepherd	0	5	0	Mr. H. C. Bridgman	0	2	0
Mr. E. Webber	0	10	0	Mrs. Taylor	0	3	0
Mr. T. A. Kelly	0	5	0	Miss Botsford	0	5	0
Mr. W. T. Turner	0	10	6	C. A. M.	10	0	0
Mrs. Rabbitts	3	3	0	Mr. F. Jackson	2	0	0
Mrs. Wilkinson	5	0	0	From M.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Taylor	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. F. Watson	0	5	0
Miss E. and A. Spell	0	5	0	Mrs. Turnbull	0	5	0
Mr. E. Moraley	1	0	0	The Misses Kilborn	0	10	0
Mr. J. Harris	1	1	0	Mrs. Thorndike	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. Rice Daniel	0 5 0	Mr. W. Turnbull	...	25	0 0
Mr. W. C. Greenop	...	1	1 0	Mrs. Stewart	0 10 0
Collected by Miss B. A. Pike	...	0	10 0	Mrs. Yerbury	0 10 0
Mrs. H. A. Matier	...	0	10 0	Mr. J. Keith	1 0 0
Collected by Miss A. H. Rust	...	0	3 0	Miss M. A. Mackay	1 0 0
Mrs. Irwin	...	0	5 0	Miss A. Copland	0 5 0
Collected by Mrs. S. Long	...	2	10 0	Messrs. I. and E. Brown and E. A.
Mr. J. Slater	...	1	1 0	Chew	0 7 6
Readers of "The Christian Herald"	...	26	18 0	Mr. J. Lewis	2 2 0
Miss E. Fahey	...	0	10 0	Mrs. Blyth	1 0 0
Mrs. Joyner, sen.	...	0	10 0	J. W. Y.	1 0 0
Mr. Joseph Hill	...	10	0 0	Mrs. Pickering	0 5 0
Mr. and Mrs. Blott	...	20	0 0	Mrs. Balfour	0 3 0
Mr. D. Macintyre, M.A.	...	0	5 0	Mrs. Salmon	0 5 0
Mr. T. Hepworth	...	0	12 0	Mr. James Spence	0 3 0
Collected by Miss Hunter	...	3	7 6	M. N. W. Berbice	2 10 0
Miss Jessie M. Moore	...	1	0 0	Mrs. McKelvey	0 10 0
Mrs. Ellwood	...	2	0 0	Miss E. Beddome	0 2 6
Mr. W. I. Palmer	...	0	10 0	Friends at Hangor	1 0 0
Mr. F. Newcombe	...	0	5 0	Mr. R. Smith	1 0 0
Mrs. Crown	...	0	2 6	Mr. Joseph Cooper	2 0 0
Mr. George Baker	...	0	15 0	Pastor W. Luke Crathern	0 2 6
Mrs. Alexander	...	0	2 6	Mr. M. Llewellyn	1 1 0
Mrs. Cloat	...	0	3 6	Mr. S. Morrison	1 0 0
Mrs. Harrison	...	0	10 0	Mr. George Tingey	1 0 0
Mr. B. Critch	...	0	2 0	Mr. Thomas Pask	0 5 0
Mr. G. Russell	...	2	0 0	Mr. A. Sutherland	1 10 0
Mr. G. W. Camps	...	0	2 6	Miss C. Ely	0 10 0
A. R. C.	...	1	0 0	Misses B. and G. Keylock	0 2 6
"Finlayson"	...	0	5 0	Mr. P. T. Adams	1 0 0
No name	...	0	2 6	Mrs. Oldfield	0 10 0
Mrs. H. Keevil	...	2	0 0	Mr. W. Butcher	0 5 0
Mr. Edward Ison	...	2	0 0	Miss Woodgate and her pupils	0 10 0
Mrs. H. Mather	...	0	5 0	Mrs. Monk	0 17 6
Mr. and Mrs. Johnson	...	2	2 0	Mr. John Cameron	...	39	0 0
Mrs. W. Hicks	...	1	1 0	Collected by Mrs. B. G. Plummer	0 8 0
Mrs. Newing	...	0	10 0	Mrs. Bonsema	1 0 0
Mr. A. Pearson jun.	...	0	5 0	Mr. T. Trotman	1 0 0
Mr. Thomas Rose	...	0	5 0	Mr. J. Webb	0 5 0
Mr. B. Harrison	...	0	10 0	A poor widow	0 1 6
Miss Brame	...	0	5 0	Mr. W. Woolidge	0 10 0
E. Y. B. C.	...	1	10 0	L.	1 0 0
Mr. Davie	...	0	5 0	Mr. W. Howard	2 0 0
Mr. E. Longmore	...	0	10 0	Mr. Henry Down	0 5 0
Mr. M. H. Martin	...	0	5 0	No name	0 1 0
Mr. A. E. Goodbody	...	1	0 0	Mr. W. A. Hickisson	0 5 0
Mr. William Rossie	...	1	0 0	Miss Deacon	0 5 0
Mr. J. W. Barnaby	...	0	10 6	Mr. H. F. Parker	0 5 0
R. T.	...	0	10 0	Mr. A. McCay	2 0 0
Mr. E. Knight	...	0	10 0	Miss Camps	0 5 0
In loving memory of an only sister	...	2	0 0	Mr. W. Jones	0 10 0
"One of His stewards"	...	1	15 6	Miss C. Ware	0 5 9
Mrs. William Piper	...	0	10 0	Mr. George Mallett	1 13 0
Mr. G. G. C. McKenzie	...	0	6 6	Mrs. Rowe	1 0 0
Mrs. R. A. Snell	...	1	0 0	Miss E. Blant	0 12 6
No name	...	2	2 0	Mr. G. Blake	0 5 0
Mr. Hartswell	...	0	2 0	Mr. I. Stevenson	0 2 0
Mrs. Hertzell and Mrs. Mallison	...	0	2 0	Mr. J. B. Near	0 2 0
Mr. Bate	...	1	0 0	Mr. J. Dickinson	0 2 6
Mr. George Wight	...	1	0 0	Miss Agnes Rees	0 2 6
Mr. D. D. Sinclair	...	0	5 0	Mrs. Fakeley	0 4 0
Mr. William McEwing	...	2	0 0	Mr. T. W. Powell	1 0 0
Collected by Miss McArthur	...	1	2 6	Mr. Thomas Edwards	0 10 6
Mr. R. P. Dayton	...	1	0 0	Collected by Mr. S. T. Hudson	0 11 0
Collected by Mrs. Gouldney	...	1	0 0	Miss Potter	0 5 0
Mrs. Williamson	...	0	2 6	Mr. G. Gray	1 0 0
Mr. John Pugh	...	2	2 0	Miss Barker	0 5 6
Mr. H. Jackson, children, and friends	...	1	0 0	Miss Lucy Davey	0 3 0
Mr. B. Halcrow	...	0	5 0	Mr. William Smith	0 2 6
Mr. E. Marshall	...	0	2 0	Mr. John Lane	0 5 0
Mrs. Welman	...	0	10 0	H. M. J.	0 1 6
Mrs. J. Whitfield	...	1	0 0	Mr. R. Turnbull	1 0 0
From Warrington	...	0	5 0	Mrs. Sandison	1 0 0
Mrs. Cracknell	...	0	4 0	Mrs. Poulter	1 1 0
Mrs. Ferguson	...	5	0 0	Mrs. Grounds	0 1 0
Mrs. Gregory	...	0	2 0	Mr. W. T. Phillips	0 5 0
Mrs. Higham	...	4	0 0	Mr. A. J. Wingate	0 5 0
Mr. and Mrs. P. Gray	...	5	0 0	Mrs. King	1 18 0
Mrs. Pierce	...	0	10 0	Mr. P. Coats	50 0 0
Mr. J. Harper and friends	...	0	7 6	Mr. Howard Sprigg	5 0 0
Miss E. A. Fysh	...	0	1 0	Miss Salmoud	0 10 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. John Briggs	0 5 0	Mr. J. Doctor	1 0 0
Collected by Mrs. Willis	0 15 0	Mr. J. Mortimer	0 15 0
Per Mr. J. R. Chrystal	1 5 0	Mr. J. Cameron	0 5 0
Mr. James Smith	1 0 0	First Free Church Sabbath-school,
Mr. and Mrs. Clabon	1 0 0	Blairgowrie	1 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. I. Perrett	2 2 0	Collected by Miss Cardell	2 3 0
Mr. James Lang	0 10 0	Miss M. C. Munro	0 8 0
Mr. E. Garrett	0 1 0	Mr. W. Johnson	0 2 0
Mr. T. Weir	1 0 0	Miss I. Houston	0 5 0
Mr. William Sloan	0 10 0	Miss M. B. Muir	0 8 0
Miss E. Milrig	2 0 0	Miss Blake	0 10 0
Mrs. E. Parsons	1 1 6	Messrs. W. and J. Kennedy	0 5 0
Mr. H. Winsor	0 11 6	Mr. A. Mitchell, jun.	0 10 0
Mr. W. Mallett	0 5 0	Mrs. Anderson	1 0 0
A hearer at D.	0 10 0	Collected by Mrs. Isaac	0 2 0
An orphan's mite	0 2 6	Mrs. Tanner	0 3 0
Mr. G. H. Laurie	0 5 0	Mr. M. Parsons	0 10 0
Mr. A. C. Johnstone	0 3 0	Mr. M. J. Lewis	0 5 0
Mr. John South	1 2 0	Miss M. Keddie	0 12 6
Mr. H. S. Trevanion	2 0 0	Mr. J. Brown	1 0 9
Mr. J. Pillman	1 1 0	Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Smith	2 2 0
Mrs. Mein	0 1 6	Mr. W. Furlley	1 1 0
Mr. S. K. Bland	0 10 6	Mr. William Marchant	0 10 0
Mr. J. Rossiter	2 2 0	Mr. J. Hardy	0 5 0
Mrs. Daniell	0 5 0	Mr. George P. Millar	9 5 0
Mr. L. V. Palmer	0 4 6	Mr. W. Graham	1 0 0
Miss R. A. Thomas	0 15 0	E. A. V.	1 15 0
Mr. W. Mitchell	0 5 0	Mr. R. Fergus	10 0 0
Mr. E. H. Walton	0 1 6	Mrs. Latta	0 10 0
Mrs. Chalmers	0 4 0	Miss A. Alston	1 1 0
Mr. W. Crickhowell	0 3 9	Mr. A. Sinclair	1 0 0
Mr. W. Smith	0 10 0	S. L.	1 0 0
Mr. J. Gray	0 1 0	Mr. S. Jones	0 5 0
Mr. D. Hirst	0 10 0	J. K. Stroud	0 5 0
M. F.	0 5 0	Collected by Mrs. Mott	1 2 0
Miss F. M. E. Goodchild	0 10 0	Mrs. Davies, per Mrs. Mott	5 0 0
The widow's mite	0 1 0	Mrs. W. Osborne	1 1 0
Mr. H. W. Hoar	0 10 0	Young friends at Hampstead	1 0 0
Mr. M. Rogers	0 10 0	Miss Scarfe	0 1 0
Mr. W. T. Martin	0 7 6	Mr. James Andrew	0 10 0
D. L.	0 2 6	Miss E. Macnicoll	1 0 0
P. P.	0 2 6	Mr. John McBeth	1 0 0
R. S.	0 2 6	Miss I. G. Nichol	0 5 0
Collected by Miss E. Smee	0 5 0	Mrs. Meltick	0 5 0
The workpeople at Messrs. Southall	Mr. J. Baxter	1 0 0
Brothers and Barclay's, per Mr. J. B.	L. P. Southend	0 3 0
Millard	2 5 0	Mr. J. H. Wale	2 0 0
Mr. Caseburn	0 10 0	Mrs. Spens, sen.	0 2 6
Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hewat	2 0 0	Mrs. G. Buik	1 0 0
Miss M. E. Jones	0 2 6	Mr. J. H. Wicks	0 10 0
Master S. Jones	0 2 6	Mr. E. Macdonald	2 0 0
Mr. A. Todd	0 10 0	Mr. William Elliot	15 0 0
Mr. C. J. Curtis	0 10 0	Mr. W. Coward	0 2 6
Mr. A. H. Greenwood	0 5 0	Mr. E. Sparrow	0 10 0
Miss Mackenzie	1 1 0	Mr. C. Hunting	4 4 0
Mr. and Mrs. Kay	0 5 0	Mr. H. Osmond	2 0 0
Mr. John E. Gaunt	5 0 0	Mr. J. Best	0 5 0
Mr. B. Purser	1 0 0	Mr. W. H. Pollard	0 10 6
Per Miss N. Spurrier:—	Miss A. F. Baines	2 0 0
Mrs. Arnold	2 2 3	P. and P., Weston-super-Mare	0 5 0
G. C.	1 0 0	Mr. J. Bazeley	0 10 6
Mr. E. Blaxill	0 10 0	Sixty-nine	1 0 0
Box, 36, High Street	1 0 6	Miss M. Joscelyne	0 2 0
N. and E. Spurrier	0 10 0	Mrs. Bailey	1 1 0
	5 2 9	Gildencroft Baptist Sunday-school,
Mr. W. Glen	1 0 0	Norwich	0 7 0
Mrs. Dumaresq	0 2 6	Messrs. H. Head and Co., per Mr. O.
From Lesbury	0 5 6	Friton	1 1 0
Mrs. J. Steer	0 10 0	Mr. J. Ballard and friends	0 7 0
Mr. G. Robotham	1 1 0	Given to Mr. Spurgeon at Menton:—
Mrs. Marshall	0 5 0	The Baroness Haan-Asuppen
Mrs. T. Nairn Marshall	0 5 0	and daughter, and friends	2 8 0
Mr. R. Little	1 0 0	Miss Forman and Miss
Mr. E. Collis	0 5 0	Campbell	1 4 0
Mr. F. W. Callam	0 5 0	Mrs. Parkinson	2 0 0
Mr. W. A. Weightman	5 0 0	Mr. Edward Harris	1 1 0
Miss E. A. Sims	1 5 0	An old friend	5 0 0
Mr. H. Gifford	0 10 0	Pastor J. and Mrs. Benson	5 0 0
Mr. J. Aldington	0 1 0	Miss Thorn	0 10 6
Mrs. Bell	2 5 0	The Countess Mary Sievers	1 4 0
Miss M. Clark	0 3 0	

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. H. Webster...	0 5 0	Collected by Mrs. Perry	0 10 3
Mr. W. Squibb	0 5 0	Mr. J. C. Lance	0 10 0
Mrs. L. Haward	0 5 0	Mr. W. H. Palmer	0 2 6
Executors of the late Mrs. E. Douglas	26	8	6	Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Fox (for the support
Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P.	2 0 0	of three orphans for a year)	50 0 0
Mrs. Croft	0 5 0	A thank-offering from three	0 5 0
Collected by Mr. W. Jones	1 0 0	Mrs. Pilgrim	0 10 0
Collected by Mrs. Beechiff	0 16 4	Mr. R. Looker	0 5 0
The Countess of Seaford	2 0 0	C. H. P.	0 10 0
Mr. G. F. Jobbins	5 0 0	Mr. W. Lewis	1 6 0
Colonel Sir Henry Yule	3 0 0	Collected by Mrs. Wilmot	0 6 1
The Priory Sabbath-school, Abergavenny, per Miss Good	0 19 0	Mr. W. Phillips	1 1 0
Mr. E. Roberts	1 0 0	Collected by Miss R. Smith	0 2 0
Collected by Miss Sharp	0 10 0	Mrs. Sutcliffe	0 5 0
Masters Allan and Percy White	0 10 0	Mr. T. E. Trew	0 10 0
Mrs. Wilshe	0 5 0	Mrs. M. Whitaker	0 2 6
Collected by Miss E. Wykes	0 10 0	Mr. John Storey	1 0 0
Collected by Miss Edwards	1 1 0	Messrs. Morgan and Scott	3 3 0
Collected by Mrs. Walker	5 2 3	Miss M. Cornell	0 4 0
Mrs. Jamieson, per Mr. J. B. Sweet	1 0 0	"For wee Mabel's sake"	0 10 0
Miss Fort	1 1 0	Mrs. Miller	0 5 0
Mr. H. Thomas	0 10 0	W. E. A. Torquay	1 0 0
Mr. J. O'Gram	0 10 0	Miss M. E. Burns	0 5 0
Collected by Miss F. E. Greenop	1 0 0	Mr. T. Cook	0 5 0
Mr. C. W. Prior	0 10 0	Mr. D. H. Lloyd	5 0 0
P. O. Derby	0 5 0	Mr. F. J. Aldridge	1 5 0
Fines in a business-house	3 3 7	Miss E. S. White	0 10 0
Mrs. Dodwell	0 10 0	Jack, South Lambeth	0 2 0
Mr. W. G. Green	0 3 6	Mr. J. C. Lloyd	0 5 0
Collected by young lady tract-distributors, per Mrs. T. Frohock	0 10 0	Collected by Miss G. Morgan	0 1 1
Collected by Master W. J. Gale	0 5 3	Mr. R. A. James	5 5 0
Mr. E. R. Best	0 10 6	Mr. E. K. Stace	0 10 0
Mrs. Sparrow	0 10 0	Collected by Mr. H. Willis	1 15 0
Mr. J. London	0 5 0	Messrs. Perkins and Marmont	1 1 0
Miss A. K. Pritchard	0 5 0	The Misses J. and F. Weekes	0 5 0
"Family mercies," per Mr. Geo. A. Narbeth	0 10 0	Mr. R. Jones	1 0 0
Collected by Miss A. Sortwell	0 9 0	Mrs. E. Doughty	0 10 0
Mrs. Watts	0 2 0	Mr. G. Turner	0 10 6
Mr. E. H. Bramley	5 0 0	Mrs. Eaton	0 5 0
Collected by Mrs. Dodwell	0 3 10	Mr. J. Lundie	0 5 0
Mr. A. S. Hunter	4 3 4	F. G. B., Chelmsford	0 2 6
From Innes, per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	0 2 6	Mrs. Ebenezer Underwood	0 2 6
Mr. A. Butterworth, per Mr. A. G. Edgerton	0 10 6	A poor friend, Carlisle	0 1 0
Collected by Miss S. J. Jones	0 10 0	Pastor W. W. Blocksidge	0 5 0
Mr. J. E. Freegard	0 4 0	Mr. J. Vinal, jun.	1 1 0
Master W. M. Higgs	1 0 0	Mrs. Brown	0 5 0
Young Women's Bible Class, Lewin Road, Streatham, per Miss Davis	0 11 0	Mr. W. J. Norton	0 10 0
Collected by Mr. G. Tolley	2 0 0	Mr. E. Whitehead	2 0 0
Young Women's Bible Class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. Jas. Stiff	0 14 3	Miss S. A. Whitehead	0 5 0
Rev. J. R. Macduff, D.D.	2 0 0	Mr. S. Halstaff Coles	0 10 0
Collected by Master C. D. Judd	0 3 6	Mr. T. Fleetwood	1 0 0
Collected by L. A. S.:-	Mrs. Newman	0 10 0
Mr. E. S. Thoday	0 5 0	"From a friend"	21 0 0
Mrs. E. S. Thoday	0 5 0	Collection at Watch-night service, Penge
Mr. Sharp	0 5 0	Tabernacle, per 1 astor J. Wesley Boud	5 0 0
	0 15 0	Mr. J. Smith	1 0 0
J. M. P.	0 15 0	"Kemnay"	0 5 0
Mr. Jas. Grose	2 2 0	Mr. A. Stewart	2 0 0
Miss Grose	1 0 0	Mrs. Bainbridge	2 2 0
Miss H. A. Grose	0 10 6	Mr. A. D. Taylor	1 0 0
Mr. Redman	1 0 0	P. O., Edzell, Brechin	0 5 0
Mr. J. C. Wadland	1 0 0	Holyhead	0 5 0
Mr. Jas. Leiper	0 10 0	Miss S. Robinson	5 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Moore	0 2 6	Part of Sunday evening collections
One that loves Jesus	0 2 0	during 1889 at Portsmouth Soldiers'
Mr. White, per Mr. W. Mills	1 0 0	Institute, per Miss S. Robinson	21 6 0
Mr. Atkinson	0 11 0	Part proceeds of Christmas Tree, per
Orphanage box at the Tabernacle gates	0 14 4	Rev. J. Field	7 5 0
Mr. H. B. Frearson	0 10 0	West Croydon Bazaar, further proceeds,
Mrs. Frearson	2 10 0	per Miss Whiteman	25 0 0
Westgate Sunday-school, Bradford, per	Collection at Niton Baptist Sunday-
Mr. J. R. Birkinshaw	2 10 0	school, per Mr. J. Palmer	1 8 6
Collected by Mr. H. G. Cockell	1 6 6	Mr. T. D. Ransford	7 10 11
Mr. Wm. MacDowell and Mrs. Darkens	0 3 0	Mr. Morton, per E. J. E.	0 2 6
	E. M., Twyford	0 2 6
	Mr. J. Gilmour	1 0 0
	Mr. A. O. Chalmers	0 2 0
	Mr. J. Holland	0 2 6
	Collected by Mr. J. Murphy	0 4 6
	Mr. E. Martell	3 0 0
	Miss E. F. Robinson	0 4 6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. W. Vergette	0	10	6	Mrs. Rainford	0	1	0
Otley Sunday-school, per Rev. P. D. Woodgate:—				Mrs. Willson	0	0	0
Boys	0	13	1	Collected by Miss Congreve	0	14	0
Girls	0	13	5	Mr. A. Briscoe	5	0	0
Miss L. Dunnett	0	16	0	Mr. J. Wilson	0	3	0
Miss A. Bird	0	10	6	Entertainment given at Wadhain Street Band of Hope, Weston-super-Mare, per Mr. F. J. Hirst	2	0	0
Miss M. Bassham	2	13	0	Collected at Downs Chapel, Clapton, by Miss Payne	7	3	6
Mrs. Bowness and friends	0	6	0	Anon., per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	0	5	0
The Westbourne Grove Chapel Ladies' Bible-class, per Miss E. R. Perry	0	16	0	Sale of tracts	0	3	0
Mrs. Upton	5	0	0	Mr. W. Thomas	0	5	0
Masters S. and A. Bissett	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Roberts	0	10	10
Miss Brennand	0	12	0	Collected by Mrs. Court	0	6	3
Mrs. R. Banister	0	10	0	Mrs. Everidge	1	0	0
J. C., Easter Ross	0	3	6	Mr. H. Humby and friend	0	3	0
P. O. and stamps, Southampton	0	5	3	Miss Geikie	2	2	0
Mr. J. Player	0	5	0	"Per son Tom," Auckland	1	0	0
Mr. A. J. Foxwell	0	10	0	Mrs. Quilty	1	0	0
Miss Taylor	0	10	0	M. and E. Haywood	0	5	0
Collection at dinner-table, per Miss Taylor	0	4	0	Mrs. McPherson	1	0	0
Mr. D. Watt	0	5	0	Pastor J. Dodwell	0	10	0
Mrs. Fraser	0	5	0	Mr. J. T. Ford	1	1	0
Mrs. Middlebrook	2	0	0	Mr. C. Rogers	1	0	0
Mr. Wm. Baddon	3	0	0	Messrs. H. F. and F. S. Gaylor	0	10	6
Per F. R. T.:—				Mr. Wm. E. Eastman	0	10	0
Mrs. Adrian	0	5	0	The Misses Murray	4	0	0
Mrs. Dix	0	5	0	Mrs. Heritage	2	2	0
A. A. T.	1	15	0	Mrs. Foster	1	0	0
Mrs. Henry Brown	0	10	0	Mrs. Newman	0	15	0
Mr. H. Keen	0	5	0	Miss E. L. Fisher	1	0	0
Mr. Pewtress	0	5	0	Mrs. M. D. Macfay	1	0	0
Mrs. R. Taylor	0	5	0	The Misses Hagger, per Mrs. Mott	1	0	0
F. R. T.	0	5	0	Miss Eyles	0	5	0
In remembrance, J. R. T.	0	5	0	Mr. J. Owens	0	10	6
Mr. Probin	0	5	0	Mr. W. Ronald	1	10	0
Mrs. Probin	0	5	0	Two Friends, per Miss L. Stuart	0	5	0
In memoriam, E. P.	0	5	0	The Misses E. A. and E. Dunstan	1	0	0
Mr. W. Butcher	4	15	0	Mr. J. G. Godwin and friends	0	15	0
Mr. John Minto	0	10	0	From a country minister	0	3	0
"In memoriam," Bath	0	11	0	Mater, Sutton	1	1	0
Mrs. Bainbridge	3	0	0	Mr. R. F. Lewis	0	10	0
Miss Mann	2	2	0	Mrs. Clement Norton	0	4	0
Mrs. Janet Scott	0	10	6	Evesham Sunday-school, per Mr. C. Warmington	1	12	2
Mrs. Parson	2	0	0	Collected by Messrs. T. Sharwood and Son	1	10	0
Mrs. Munday	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Strong	0	10	6
Mr. T. Farrow	0	15	0	Mr. T. Butcher	1	1	0
Mrs. W. A. Forbes, per Miss Newman	1	0	0	Mrs. Talbot	0	5	0
Mrs. Young	2	0	0	Mr. B. C. Forder	0	16	0
Mrs. Puttock	0	10	0	Mrs. L. Wood	0	10	0
Mrs. Holbrook	0	2	6	Mr. S. Cornborough	3	0	0
Mr. Thos. Siddall	0	10	0	Mrs. Bagster	2	2	0
Mr. E. Wells	0	5	0	A. B.	0	4	0
Mrs. Hallett's children	1	0	0	Mr. J. Walker	0	5	0
A reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons	0	10	0	Miss M. E. White	1	10	0
Collected by Miss P. Pentelow	0	7	0	Mr. and Mrs. Potts	0	5	0
Mr. E. Wain	1	0	0	M. E.	0	5	0
Collected at Woodford Sunday-school, per Mr. W. French	0	10	0	Miss Florence Bousfield	15	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Penning	0	4	3	Collected by Master M. Herries	0	9	7
Collected by Mr. A. S. Barter	0	6	0	Half contents of Helen, Sybil, Margie, Jean, Berta, and Willma's box, opened on New Year's Day	0	8	9
Mr. J. Gray	1	4	10	Mr. R. M. George	0	10	0
C. G. C.	0	6	6	Hall Lane Church, Liverpool, per Mr. M. M. Thomson	2	0	0
Mr. Alex. Cowan	0	2	6	In loving memory	1	1	0
Miss Tillotson	5	0	0	Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Mr. R. Snell	0	10	0	From an old friend	5	0	0
Mrs. Gulliver	0	10	0	Collected by Mr. A. B. McMaster	2	2	6
Mrs. Thomas's children	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. H. Andrews	2	9	1
Mr. C. Martin	0	10	0	Collected by Miss L. J. Mumford	0	11	8
Mr. Geo. Smith	0	7	6	Mr. H. Humphry	0	5	0
Mrs. Sladen	0	5	0	Miss Harrison	0	5	0
Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon:—				Miss Scates	0	0	0
Mr. H. J. Atkinson M.P.	10	0	0	W. and E. Norman	6	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Alder	1	1	0	Mrs. Bubb	0	3	6
Miss Toward	1	1	0	Mr. W. Bates	5	0	0
Mr. W. Wilcocks (Christmas)	0	10	6				
Rev. W. J. Guerrier	2	2	0				
	14	14	6				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss Copland	3	0	0	Mrs. Kennard	1	0	0
Friends at Baptist Chapel, Buckland,				Mr. J. Brown	0	2	6
per Miss M. R. Hedges	0	6	6	Miss Hawkes	0	2	6
Part prize money, per Mrs. Bell	0	5	0	Mrs. Birkinshaw	0	5	0
Mr. W. T. Shaw	1	1	0	Mrs. R. Oakley	0	2	0
From a friend	0	0	9	Mr. W. Moulton	1	0	0
L. K. D.	1	0	0	Miss Brown	0	4	0
Collected by Miss Zurichst	6	13	6	Mr. F. Patterson	0	10	0
Mrs. Munton	0	2	0	Miss Lilly Stuart	0	5	0
Mrs. Turner	1	0	0	Mr. A. Hobson	1	1	0
Mr. A. Donaldson	1	0	0	Endymion	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	12	0	Mrs. Drayson	0	2	6
Mrs. Hammerton	0	10	0	Mr. J. Wood	0	10	0
From a few friends on Hansel Monday	0	7	0	A servant from Weston	0	5	0
Mr. H. Barnes	0	10	0	Mr. Geo. A. Porter	0	5	0
Mr. D. McKercher	5	0	0	Miss Jephth	0	1	0
Mrs. Cross	0	5	0	Widow Smith	0	2	6
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6	Mr. L. Bush	0	10	0
Mr. A. Chamberlin	2	2	0	Mr. R. Jones	0	2	0
P. M.	5	0	0	Mr. M. J. Budd	0	10	0
Per Mrs. James Withers—				Mr. and Mrs. Baker	0	10	0
Mr. James Huntley	4	0	0	Mr. G. Hacksley	0	5	0
Mr. J. O. Cooper	2	0	0	Miss E. B. Stevenson	0	2	6
A friend, Lambourne	0	10	0	A member of the Church of England ...	0	2	6
	6	10	0	Mr. G. W. Irons	2	10	0
Mr. J. Robertson	0	15	0	Miss M. Speed	0	5	0
Mr. E. Marsh	5	0	0	Mr. C. F. Aldia	0	5	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	5	0	0	K. M.	0	10	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6	Mr. C. P. Clover	0	10	0
Mr. C. Hunt	1	0	0	S. M.	0	12	0
Mr. J. and Miss Bloom	2	0	0	Miss E. Lander	0	1	0
"Dear Granny"	1	0	0	Mr. J. Anderson	2	2	0
E. and R. Ward	0	10	0	Mrs. Phillips	0	10	0
Miss Underwood	0	1	0	Miss Lennard	0	12	0
Mr. W. Casson	1	0	0	Mrs. S. Slade	0	10	0
Orphan Boys' Cards, as per list	53	13	11	Mr. W. Penkeman	0	10	6
Orphan Girls' Cards, as per list	40	1	1	Mrs. E. L. Smith	0	10	0
Admiral Aldrich, per Bankers	0	10	0	"Tiny Mite"	0	5	0
The late Miss A. C. Woodin's Legacy,				Mrs. R. Vinson	0	10	0
(quarterly dividend)	0	12	8	Mr. G. Rowland	0	5	0
Box at Orphanage gate	1	7	6	A friend	0	1	6
Office-box	0	12	6	Mr. G. Lawrence and friends	12	12	0
Mr. R. Bowen	0	5	0	Mr. A. C. Barker	1	0	0
Mr. R. S. Froste	2	0	0	Mrs. E. Holdsworth	0	10	0
Mr. R. Hunt, per J. T. D.	1	1	0	Mr. A. Rust	1	0	0
Mr. C. Phillips	1	0	0	Miss G. J. Smith	0	10	0
Mr. R. Beattie	0	10	0	Miss Mary Hall	1	0	0
Mr. H. Denby	2	0	0	Mrs. Terrell	0	5	0
E. W. (found in weekly-offering box at				Young Women's Bible-class, South			
the Tabernacle, Sunday, Jan. 12th.) ...	0	10	0	Street, Greenwich, per Miss L. E.			
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the				Goulden	0	5	0
Orphanage Choir:—				Pastor J. H. and Mrs. Barnard ...	1	0	0
Bournemouth	32	10	0	Mr. E. Goodman	0	18	6
Southampton	21	18	1	Mr. J. Roberts	0	2	6
Downton	12	10	0	Miss N. Cross	0	2	6
Salisbury	7	5	9	Mrs. Barlow	1	0	0
Donations:—				Mr. H. H. Dove	0	10	0
Mrs. Bennett	0	10	0	Miss E. M. Ashe	2	2	3
W. G.	2	0	0	Mr. W. Dunn	1	5	0
The Mayor	1	1	0	Mr. W. Tennant and friend ...	0	7	0
Mr. A. Watson	0	10	0	Mrs. Harris and friends	0	2	6
Mr. C. J. Woodrow	0	10	0	M. J. S.	0	2	6
	11	16	9	Mr. Critchlan	0	2	6
Peckham Rye Tabernacle, per Pastor				Mr. Wm. Smith	0	10	0
F. M. Smith	3	3	0	Mrs. Butler	0	2	6
Catford, per Pastor T. Greenwood ...	9	5	6	Per Mr. B. Tice:—			
Chelsea, per Mr. H. J. Veitch	10	10	0	Mrs. B. Tice	0	5	0
Elm Grove, Southsea	11	13	3	Mattie Tice	0	2	0
Waterloo:—				Lottie Tice	0	2	0
Moiety	7	8	2	Bennie Tice	0	1	0
Miss Hulbert	2	0	0				
Taken at doors	1	0	0	Miss Mattie Seaton	0	10	0
Programmes	0	10	5	H. E. S.	2	2	0
	10	18	7	Mr. C. R. Stevens, per Mrs. J. Withers	0	10	6
Christmas Festival Fund:—				Miss S. J. Smith	0	3	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	5	0	Mr. J. Nutey	0	5	0
Mr. John Green	0	5	0	Collection at Mrs. Allison's class, per			
J. C. S.	1	10	0	Mr. Charlesworth	1	2	0
Miss E. Sydenham	1	0	0	Mrs. Pleasant, per Mrs. Monk ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Lock	1	0	0	"To help the puddings"	0	5	4
Mrs. Joslin	0	10	0	Miss E. J. Farmer	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
W. L. Clapham	0	2	6	Mr. J. R. Houlgate	0	10	0
Mr. J. Courtney	1	1	0	Miss K. Frearson	0	5	0
Mr. J. Finch	0	5	0	Mr. R. A. James	1	1	0
Mr. J. H. Padgett	0	10	0	S. K. B.	0	2	6
Mrs. Hawkins	0	2	6				
A few friends at Bures, per Miss E. A.					£1,530	7	4
Dupont	0	12	6				

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards.—Abbott, H., 4s 8d; Burrows, L., 4s 2d; Bowley, H., 15s; Beer, A., 5s 3d; Barrett, F., 8s 6d; Bryette, C., £1 1s; Bowen, W. G., 5s; Brend, A., 6s; Bristow, G., 5s 3d; Bates, W., 3s; Buddie, W., 1s 3d; Browne, E., 12s 6d; Bowles, E., 2s; Bramley, T., 4s 8d; Baker, J., £1 1s; Benham, H., 8d; Bartholomew, H., 6s; Briggs, F., 3s; Burnham, F., 5s; Coman, E., 10s; Constable, F., 4s; Copping, H., 3s 8d; Carter, P., 5s 6d; Cooper, B., 11s 7d; Cooper, C., 2s; Clayden, W., 3s 4d; Chaplin, V., 11s 1d; Cleaverley, J., 3s 6d; Cordrey, H., 13s 3d; Devereil, G., 2s 6d; Darling, E., 7s; Drew, J., 2s; East, G., £1 1s; Earthrowl, A., 3s 6d; Edwards, G., 7s; Gammon, A., 5s 6d; Gant, F. C., 5s 7d; Greenhough, G., 2s 6d; Goddard, C., 3s 8d; Henderson, G., £1 1s; Head, C., £1 2s; Hodgson, W., 2s; Heath, W., 6s 6d; Hart, A., 6s 6d; Heywood, L., 15s; Horan, E., 4s; Harris, J., 1s; Hooker, A., 3s; Hurst, A., 1s; Hodgetts, R., £1 3s; Hadlow, E., 2s; Hills, E., 2s; Jansen, W., 5s; Johnson, P., 1s 7d; Jarvis, H., 1s; Jennings, R., 14s; King, A., 2s 10d; Knappett, 7s 3d; Kent, J. W., 6s 6d; Legge, W., £1 1s; Love, A., 6s; Langridge, J., 10s; Long, H., 6s; Llewellyn, H. V., £1 1s; Lenderyou, A., 5s; Manser, H., 4s; Morgan, B., £1 1s; Mansell, E., 10s 6d; Metcalfe, T., £1 1s; Mitchell, A., £1 1s; Mann, H., 4s; Mantelov, P., 9s; Martin, C., 15s; Maclean, C., 4s 6d; Marshall, S., 1s 10d; Marks, A. T., 3s 6d; May, F., 5s 6d; Nicholls, J., 5s 9s; Owens, F., 7s 6d; Ounsted, A., 3s 6d; Platt, A., £1 2s 6d; Ponton, M., 7s 1d; Pitney, F., £1; Ponsford, H., 14s 10d; Peachy, A., 5s; Paskall, A., 1s; Prosser, P., £1 1s; Peverall, W., 8s 9d; Rogers, W., 16s; Rodwell, B., 6s; Roberts, H., 12s; Rhodes, J., 10s; Romang, 3s; Rastall, F., £1 1s; Roe, F., 1s 2d; Rosser, A., 3s 9d; Rye, C., 2s; Sanders, W., £1 1s; Stokes, S., 5s 3d; Surtees, J., £1 1s; Suttle, R. J., £1 1s; Spicer, F., 14s 6d; Sharp, W., 5s; Stringle, W., 2s 6d; Smith, R., 9s; Schofield, J., 3s; Start, P., 3s; Strike, A., 3s 2d; Shepherd, H., 2s 7d; Treeby, H., 5s 6d; Taylor, G., £1 1s; Teasdale, F., 2s 7d; Trim, T., 7s; Tanner, J., 8s; Unwin, E., 9s; Uren, G., £1 1s; Virtue, C., 7s 2d; Webb, E., 10s; Warner, G., 6s 6d; Ward, R., 13s; Woolfenden, H., £1 1s; Woods, C., 8s 6d; Wallis, H., 3s; Winnen, J., 4s 1d; Williams, C. A., 8s 3d; Wells, A., 4s 6d; Walker, C., 5s; Worker, S., 3s.—Total, £53 13s 11d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards.—Arnold, S., 1s 6d; Attiken, E., 2s 6d; Askew, F., 5s 1d; Attfield, B., 12s 5d; Aldrich, M., 4s; Bullock, L., 8s 1d; Bunce, A., 9s 1d; Broadhouse, N., 5s 6d; Brown, R., 6s 9d; Bassett, L., 15s; Bond, N., 4s 6d; Beck, M., 5s 2d; Berry, K., 1s; Bridgman, A., 4s 3d; Buddie, F., 1s 3d; Bliss, F., 15s 1d; Boorman, V., 2s 6d; Barlow, M., 7s; Birtwistle, E., 3s; Butcher, L., 2s 6d; Cox, E. E., 1s; Cousins, L., 5s; Collis, I., 1s 6d; Court, A., £1 1s; Cordwell, H., 4s 2d; Copleston, G., £1 1s; Craggs, A., 9d; Donoghue, E., 4s; East, E. S., 2s 6d; Ellis, E., 14s; Epps, F., 14s; Evans, A., £1 1s; Fenn, A., 7s 10d; Freathy, E., 2s 6d; Fitt, M., 3s; Gurney, B. M., 5s; Gregory, M., 7s; Hall, B., 2s 4d; Holman, E., 10s; Hoidge, A., 15s 6d; Hocking, L., 8s; Howell, R., 2s 3d; Jaques, K., 3s; Jackson, A., 2s 6d; Jewell, D., 17s 1d; James, F., 2s 6d; Jackson, L., 1s 6d; Knowles, L., 1s; Lyons, E., 3s 2d; Larcombe, A., 4s; Langdon, E., £1 1s; Lovell, E., 2s 10d; Long, M., 3s; Leitch, G., 7s 8d; Moles, E., 2s; Maynard, M., 2s 4d; Miles, M., 8s; McIlwraith, E., 2s; Maycock, W., £1 3s 6d; Meader, B., 5s 4d; Nutt, C., 4s 6d; Nash, M., 2s; Newton, K., 11d; Nugent, L., 15s; Owen, D., 4s 1d; Page, L., £1 1s; Parker, A. F., 9s; Palmer, B., 14s 3d; Papworth, E., £1 1s; Peepall, B., 4s 6d; Parker, N., £1 1s; Parker, A., 1s; Perry, R., 1s 6d; Price, L., 12s; Pope, A., 4s 8d; Rowbottom, G., £1 1s 6d; Richards, L., 9s 4d; Smith, Annie, 6s; Smith, A., £1 2s 6d; Seymour, I., 2s 11d; Smith, M., 6s; Shorter, S., 6s; Sawyer, V., 9s 3d; Swannell, J., 7s 2d; Thorpe, E., 7s 6d; Townsend, B., £1 1s; Trepte, E., 8s 2d; Turney, H., 5s 3d; Twynnam, B., 3s 5d; Tiley, B., 1s; Valler, C., 6s; Vervard, R., 2s 9d; Woodcock, I., 10s 6d; Warburton, H., £1 1s; Wilmore, E., 1s; Williams, N., 2s 9d; Westwood, F., 10s 6d; Woolf, A. M., 2s 8d; Willson, A., 4s 3d; Witham, P., 12s 9d; Warner, K., £1 1s; Wale, E., 2s 1d; Warner, A., 2s; Watson, M., £1 1s; Ward, M., 5s; Yeoman, L., 6d.—Total, £40 1s 1d.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from December 14th, 1889, to January 14th, 1890.—PROVISIONS:—4 tins Wheat Meal Biscuits, Mr. R. M. Scott; 3 boxes Raisins, 56 lbs. Currants, 7 lbs. Lemon Peel, 7 lbs. Orange Peel, 42 lbs. Sugar, 1 lb. Spice, Mr. J. T. Daintree; 1 sack Flour, Mr. J. Lawman; 36 4-lb. tins Essence of Beef, The Australian Meat Company; 14 quarters Bread, Miss Fuch; 317 Oranges, Mr. E. Newman; 2 sacks Potatoes, Mr. J. Walton; 3 casks Broken Biscuits, Messrs. Huntley & Palmer; 1 case Oranges, Mr. J. Gatwood; 1 parcel Fruit and Sweets, Miss M. A. Jackman; 500 boxes Figs, A Friend, per Mr. William Harrison; 1 case Oranges, Mr. W. Taylor; 1 case Oranges, Mr. John Cooper; 2 cwt. Sweets, 4 cwt. Jam, Messrs. S. Chivers & Sons; 4 chest Tea, Mrs. H. Lafone; 2 cases Oranges, Mr. W. Fisher; 2 bottles Sweets, 2 tins Biscuits, 2 boxes Figs, Mrs. H. W. Clayton; 1 Cake, Miss Morris; 1 sack Flour, Mr. W. Medcalfe; 10 bushels Apples, Messrs. E. & S. Fowler; 1 cwt. Corn Flour, Messrs. Brown & Pulson; 2 baskets Bread and Cake, Mr. Nelson Read; 1 cask Apples, Mr. James Stiff; 42 lbs. Beef, Mr. T. Round; 120 Seed Cakes, Messrs. Peak, Frean & Co.; 2 cwt. Potatoes, Messrs. C. & A. Parker; 3 cwt. Potatoes and Turnips, Mr. H. Steed; 1 cwt. Sweets, Mr. J. Pascall; 155 Pork Pies, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 90 lbs. Salt Brikets, Mr. F. Chalk; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 6 Geese, Mr. W. Paxman; 15 bushels Brussels Sprouts, Mr. W. Vinson; 36 Apples, 1 jar Honey, 2 jars Jam, the Misses E. Harris and M. Jeffery; 1 Bullock's Head, 7 lbs. Dripping, Mr. Rayner; 1 sack Potatoes, Mr. C. Smith; 7 lbs. Sweets and Chestnuts, Mrs. G. Thomson; 1 case Oranges, Mr. Geo. Buckle; 16 quarters Bread, Mr. H. Schmidt.

Boys' Clothing:—4 Ties, Miss McKenzie; 12 Night Shirts, Mrs. Wilkinson; 12 Pairs Knitted Socks, Miss Jones; 12 Scarves, Miss C. Mello; 12 pairs Knitted Socks, the Misses Sherwood; 7 Scarves, 1 pair Socks, Miss K. E. Cooper; 6 Shirts, Mrs. Wilkin; 8 pairs Knitted Socks, Miss Clarke, per Mrs. Down; 30 Shirts, Mrs. G. Thompson; 1 Woollen Scarf, 3 pairs Cuffs, Miss M. Hyatt; 18 Articles, Miss Hunter; 36 pairs Woollen Cuffs, Miss Edwards; 7 Articles, S. H. L.; 22 Shirts, Mrs. Davies; 8 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. S. Barlow; 3 Suits, 1 Vest, S. H. W.; 6 pairs Knitted Stockings, Anon.; 2 Shirts, 6 Mufflers, Mrs. A. Milner; 18 Articles, Mr. J. E. Lentz; 9 Shirts, the Ladies' Working Society, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 1 suit of clothes, Mrs. Norman; 4 Scarves, Miss M. Corlyn; 6 pairs Cuffs, 5 Scarves, Miss Hetty Owen; 9 Scarves, Miss E. Tarn; 6 Scarves, H. H.;

2 pairs Cuffs, Mrs. Wring; 12 pairs Knitted Socks, Miss Morris; 2 pairs Stockings, 3 Scarves, Mr. John Colver.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—16 Articles, Miss McKenzie; 10 pairs Stockings, Mrs. Gregory; 252 Articles, The Reading Young Ladies' Working Meeting, per Mrs. James Withers; 18 yards Dress Material, 10 pairs Stockings, 3 pairs Gloves, 6 Aprons, 2 Furs, Miss M. Corbyn; 21 yards Dress Material, 12 Handkerchiefs, 19 Articles, Mrs. G. Thompson; 15 Articles, Miss Hunter; 24 Garments, The Ladies' Working Mission, Chatham, per Mrs. J. Underdown; 5 Articles, Miss E. Tarn; 9 Articles, Mrs. J. R. McLaren; 28 Articles, Mrs. E. A. Ventris; 17 Articles, The Burwell Working Meeting, per Mrs. Philpot; 14 Jackets, Mr. Butler; 6 pairs Stockings, Mrs. Casburn; 15 Articles, The Sunday-school Girls' Working Party, Boston Road Mission, Croydon; 2 pairs Knitted Stockings, Miss M. A. Hardy; 8 yards Linsey, A Friend, per Pastor F. Thompson; 17 Articles, Miss Henry; 9 pairs Cuffs (No. 5 Girls), Miss Edwards; 37 Garments, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 2 Articles, H. H.; 7 Articles, Mr. J. E. Lent; 27 Garments, Young Ladies at Elm Grove Baptist Church, Southsea, per Miss A. B. Giles; 156 Articles, Miss Chandler's Bible-class, West Croydon Baptist Chapel; 7 Articles, The Ladies' Working Society, Wynne Road, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 11 Girls' Hats, 41 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 40 Garments, The Baptist Chapel Working Meeting, Fleet, per Mrs. Aylett; 15 Articles, Mrs. Cressweller; 6 Articles, Miss M. A. Harris.

GENERAL:—1 load Firewood, Messrs. J. Keen & Son; 5 Fancy Articles, Mrs. J. Workman; 1 Cornet, Mr. H. J. Knight; 12 Fancy Balls and Articles, for Christmas Tree, Miss Hetty Owen; 1 Scrap Book, Miss E. M. Perkin; 1 Game, Mrs. Wring; 50 Fancy Articles, Miss Desroix; 2 boxes Fancy Decorations, Mr. Edwards; 2 boxes Fancy Decorations, Messrs. Quinn & Axtens; 3 loads Firewood, Mr. Dougharty; 8 Fancy Articles, Miss C. Thomson; 38 Fancy Toys, Books, &c., Mrs. Faulconer; 84 Books, some Cards, Note-paper, Pictures, &c., The Committee of the Religious Tract Society; an assortment of Cards, Mrs. Botting; 1 volume "Our Darlings," 1 Scrap Book, and a few small Books and Cards, Miss J. Robertson; 2 Scrap Books, Mr. E. Newman; a quantity Christmas Cards, Mrs. Senior; 1 "Victor" Carriage, Messrs. Morris & Cook; 1 load Firewood, Mr. J. Smith; 131 volumes "R. T. S. Library," per Mr. F. Southwell; 2 loads Firewood, Mr. J. Cooper; 7 Fancy Articles, Mrs. Cressweller; 250 New Shillings for Girls, Messrs. Alabaster, Passmore, and Sons; 250 New Shillings for Boys, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Saunders.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from December 13th, 1889, to January 14th, 1890.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£ s. d.
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Tring ...	10 0 0
Harborne, per Mr. T. M. Harwood ...	7 10 0
Rendham, per Rev. G. Hollier ...	5 0 0
Great Totham district ...	5 0 0
Estover district ...	20 0 0
Halesowen district, per Mr. Clowes:—	
Balance ...	1 8 6
Mr. S. A. Daniell ...	5 0 0
Mr. John Fellows ...	2 0 0
Dr. W. H. Thompson ...	3 3 0
Mr. Hy. Lucas ...	0 5 0
Mr. Hy. Wooldridge ...	0 5 0
Concert, Halesowen, including Mr. G. B. Hingley, 21s. ...	3 6 3
Mrs. Barrs ...	2 2 0
Mr. E. Danks ...	1 1 0
Mr. J. Hawkes ...	0 10 0
Mr. H. Haycock ...	0 10 0
Mr. W. Wright ...	0 10 0
Mr. E. Gem ...	0 10 0
Mr. B. Hingley, M.P. ...	3 3 0
	23 8 9
Remitted November 16, 1889 ...	2 13 0
	20 15 9
Norfolk Association, Neatishead ...	10 0 0
Suffolk Congregational Union, for Thurlow ...	10 0 0
Wendover and neighbourhood ...	10 0 0
Mr. J. Dodson, for Little Dale ...	40 0 0
Ludlow District, Rock Lane Mission:—	
Mr. J. Evans, 3 quarterly subscriptions ...	1 11 6
Mr. E. J. Evans, 3 quarterly subscriptions ...	0 7 6
Collections, Rock Lane ...	1 15 6
Brimfield Cross:—	
Mr. J. Evans, 3 quarterly subscriptions ...	0 7 6
Collections ...	1 4 0
General contributions:—	
Messrs. Murston ...	2 0 0
Mrs. Lloyd ...	1 0 0

	£ s. d.
Mr. T. Morris ...	0 5 0
Mrs. Lacey ...	0 5 0
Mr. Leake ...	0 5 0
Mrs. Edmonds ...	0 5 0
Miss E. Leary ...	0 4 0
Old soldier's gratitude ...	0 0 9
Due to Treasurer ...	0 9 3
	10 0 0
Ross district, per Mrs. Thos. Blake ...	10 0 0
High Wycombe district, per Rev. G. Wearham:—	
Mr. Austin ...	0 10 0
Mrs. Axtin ...	0 2 6
Mr. Wm. Birch ...	0 10 0
Mr. J. Brown (Wheeler End) ...	1 1 0
Mr. Brazil ...	0 2 6
Mr. John Busby ...	0 2 6
Lord Curzon ...	1 1 0
Mrs. Caldicott ...	1 1 0
Mr. Jas. Cox ...	0 10 0
Mr. Robert Collins ...	0 5 0
Mr. Jas. Colman ...	0 2 6
Mrs. G. Darwill ...	0 10 0
Mrs. Drewitt ...	0 5 0
Miss Drewitt ...	0 5 0
Mr. Dring ...	0 5 0
Mr. Edgar ...	0 10 0
Mr. Ford ...	1 1 0
Dr. Fleck ...	0 10 6
Mr. Furnston ...	0 2 6
Mrs. Gilbey ...	2 2 0
Mr. G. Gardner ...	0 10 6
Miss Gibbs ...	0 5 0
Mrs. Gale ...	0 3 0
Mr. C. Gibbons ...	0 2 6
Mr. Highley ...	2 2 0
Mr. Hull ...	1 0 0
Mr. Haddock ...	0 10 0
Mr. James Hussey ...	0 5 0
Mr. F. Hussey ...	0 2 6
Mrs. Hitchcock ...	0 1 0
Mr. Edwin Harris ...	0 5 0
Mr. Henry Jones ...	0 2 6
Mr. Lacey ...	0 2 6
Mr. Maiver ...	0 2 6

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Mrs. Plaistowe	2 2 0	
Mr. J. G. Peace	0 10 0	
Mr. Pearce	0 5 0	
Mr. J. Parker	0 10 0	
Mrs. Pelly	0 10 0	
Mrs. Rafferty	0 5 0	
Mr. C. Rafferty	5 5 0	
Mr. Rutty (Crendon Street)	0 2 6	
Mr. Starling	0 5 0	
Mr. D. L. Smith	0 5 0	
Mr. Sherriff	0 2 6	
Mrs. Thompson	0 10 0	
Mr. Thurlow	0 5 0	
Mr. Tophis	0 2 6	
Mr. Unite	1 1 0	
Mr. A. Vernon	1 0 0	
Mr. J. Wheeler	2 2 0	
Mr. G. Wheeler	1 0 0	
Mr. H. S. Wheeler	1 0 0	
Mrs. Wheeler	0 10 0	
Mr. E. Wheeler	0 10 0	
Mr. B. Wright	0 5 0	
Mr. S. Weller	0 5 0	
Mr. Wane	0 4 0	
Mr. Winch	0 2 6	
Mr. G. J. Young	0 1 0	
Collection at Christ Church	4 17 2	
Collection at Sunday-school	0 8 0	
Collection at Public Meeting, Dec. 9, 1889	2 13 9	
Balance	1 8 1	
	40 0 0	
	£198 5 9	

L. H. for Sheppey	40 0 0
Mrs. H. Keevil, for Melksham ...	10 0 0
Miss Macpherson's Home of Industry...	10 0 0
Minchinhampton district	20 0 0
Thorbury district, per Mrs. Taylor ...	5 0 0
Kent and Sussex Association, for Cow- fold and St. Margaret's	12 10 0
Essex Congregational Union, for Pitsea	10 0 0

	£ s. d.
Suffolk Congregational Union, for Barrow	10 0 0
Mr. Thomas Greenwood, for Brentford	10 0 0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham ...	10 0 0
Pastor E. J. Farley, for St. Luke's ...	10 0 0
Oxfordshire Association, for Stow and Aston	10 0 0
South Devon Congregational Union, for Newton Abbot	10 0 0
Mrs. Allison's Bible-class, for Orpington	4 5 0
	£171 15 0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—	
	£ s. d.
Mrs. Baker	2 10 0
Mr. Thomas R—	5 0 0
Mr. W. Howard	1 0 0
Mr. H. Osmond	2 0 0
Annual Subscriptions:—	
Mr. William Olney	1 1 0
Mr. F. Thompson	1 1 0
Mr. J. Passmore, jun.	1 1 0
Mr. J. J. Cook	1 1 0
Mr. John J. Rodgers	1 1 0
Mr. J. Stiff	1 1 0
Mr. E. Brayne	0 10 6
Messrs. Cassell and Co., Limited ...	2 2 0
Mr. W. Wayre	1 1 0
Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton	2 2 0
	£22 11 6

P. M.	5 0 0
Mr. E. Marsh	2 10 0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	5 0 0
Mr. W. Casson	0 10 0
Mrs. Clement Norton	0 1 0
Annual Subscription:—	
Mr. Woollard	1 1 0
	£14 2 0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from December 13th, 1889, to January 14th, 1890.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's ser- vices at Shooter's Hill Baptist Chapel	1 15 4	Mr. W. Moir	2 0 0
Thankoffering, per A. A. H.	0 5 0	Mr. D. Mc Kercher	1 0 0
Mr. R. Turner	2 0 0	From a friend	0 10 0
Thankoffering for Mr. Parker's services at Amersham	2 4 3	Mrs. Cross	0 5 0
Thankoffering for Mr. Parker's services at Hucknall Torkard	4 0 0	Mr. Edward Harris	1 1 0
Mrs. Baker	2 10 0	P. M.	5 0 0
Mr. Thomas R—	5 0 0	Mr. E. Marsh	2 10 0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Harmer and Chamberlain's services at Crewkerne	2 0 0	Church of England	5 0 0
A reader of the sermons	1 0 0	Mr. J. McElkinney	0 5 0
From Dundee	0 5 0	Mr. C. Hunt	1 0 0
		Mr. W. Casson	0 10 0
			£40 0 7

For General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from December 13th, 1889, to January 14th, 1890.

	£ s. d.
Mr. and Mrs. Cocks	1 0 0

Friends will notice that we have given twelve pages extra this month, in consequence of the length of the contribution-lists. We hope that the accounts are all right; but if, through the absence of the Editor and his secretary, any errors have been made, either in names or amounts, they shall be corrected next month, if intimation is sent to us. Very heartily do we thank the hundreds of donors who have helped the Orphanage and the other institutions under our care.—C. H. S.

PASTORS' COLLEGE.

Account for the Year 1889.

RECEIPTS.					PAYMENTS.				
				£ s. d.					£ s. d.
To Weekly Offerings	1,300 8 0	By Salaries	1,743 15 6
„ Donations	4,306 13 6	„ Board, Lodging, and Medical Attendance...	2,496 7 3
„ Legacies	1,390 17 0	„ Clothing	47 4 6
„ Collections by Students	281 1 6	„ Lighting, Cleaning, and Warming	120 9 11
„ Interest	43 15 11	„ Books, Printing, Stationery, Bookbinding, Advertising, and				
„ Annual Meeting	69 1 2	Office expenses	259 4 5
					„ Book-grants to Students	210 2 2
					„ Preaching Stations—Home Missions and New Chapels				965 15 4
					„ Annual Conference—Hire, Labour, and Decorations...	354 6 0
					„ Furniture and Fittings	41 13 1
				7,397 17 1					6,352 18 2
„ Balance in hand, 1st January, 1889	1,159 7 3	„ Balance in hand, 31st December, 1889	2,204 6 2
				<u>£8,557 4 4</u>					<u>£8,557 4 4</u>

Examined and found correct, January 15th, 1890.

HARRY HIBBERT, *Secretary.*

JAS. E. PASSMORE, } *Auditors.*
FRANK THOMPSON. }

PASTORS' COLLEGE SOCIETY OF EVANGELISTS

Account for the Year 1889.

RECEIPTS.				PAYMENTS.			
			£ s. d.				£ s. d.
To Donations	485 10 5	By Salaries of five Evangelists, and part of three others	969 11 10
„ Contributions from Churches visited	472 4 1	„ Travelling Expenses	141 5 2
				„ Printing	0 18 0
			957 14 6				1,110 15 0
„ Balance in hand, 1st January, 1889	222 17 5	„ Balance in hand, 31st December, 1889	69 18 11
			<u>£1,180 11 11</u>				<u>£1,180 11 11</u>

HARRY HIBBERT, *Secretary.*

Examined and found correct, January 15th, 1890. { JAS. E. PASSMORE, } *Auditors.*
{ FRANK THOMPSON, }

LOAN BUILDING AND RESERVE FUND.

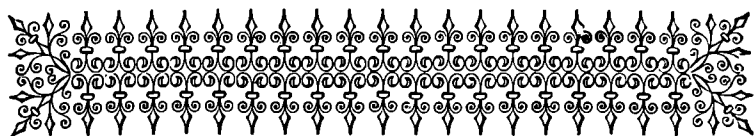
Account for the Year 1889.

RECEIPTS.				PAYMENTS.			
			£ s. d.				£ s. d.
To Balance in hand, January 1st, 1889	541 17 0	By Loans to Churches :—			
„ Repayments of Loans	848 3 4	Hampton Court	200 0 0
				Catford	500 0 0
				Gosport	150 0 0
				Kingsgate Street	100 0 0
				Gravesend	250 0 0
							1,200 0 0
			<u>£1,390 0 4</u>	Balance in hand, December 31st, 1889	190 0 4
							<u>£1,390 0 4</u>

			£ s. d.
Loans outstanding, December 31st, 1889	4,895 0 0
Cash Balance in hand „ „	190 0 4
			<u>£5,085 0 4</u>

THOS. H. OLNEY, *Treasurer.*

Examined and found correct, January 15th, 1890. { JAS. E. PASSMORE, } *Auditors.*
{ FRANK THOMPSON, }



THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MARCH, 1890.

Story of Preaching in the Surrey Gardens
Music Hall.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.



PROPOSAL is now being carried out to build a Mission Hall and Schools in commemoration of the sojourning of the Tabernacle church in the great hall of the Surrey Gardens. This is a worthy project, for the schools need a permanent home, and the work to be commemorated richly deserves memorial. A difficulty is apparent, which has been caused by the lapse of time; and this I must try to remove. Many of my friends are unacquainted with transactions which commenced some thirty-three-and-a-half years ago: in fact, a generation has passed away, and the mass of those who are with me know but little of "the brave days of old." Hence the necessity of telling the story in brief, that later friends also may know by what way the Lord has led us.

I had been preaching at Exeter Hall, to great crowds, for a considerable time, when I received a gentle hint that one congregation could not always be entertained in that structure. Although we paid for the use of that noble building, it was but natural that others should think that the Baptists were monopolizing a hall which pertained to all denominations. I felt this to be just, and began to look about for another shelter. It was an anxious time, for friends feared that it would be long before we could build a house of our own; but the Lord provided for us a place where we sojourned for three years.

The Surrey Gardens had been the Zoological Gardens of the South of London, and were kept up in part by subscription from families in the neighbourhood, and popularly by displays of fireworks. The affair did not pay in that form, and so a company was formed to continue

the zoological collection and add thereto the far greater attraction of the popular concerts of M. Jullien. A very fine hall was erected, which had three galleries, and would accommodate from six to ten thousand people. I cannot speak exactly as to numbers, nor correct my estimate by personal inspection, for no vestige of the hall is now remaining.

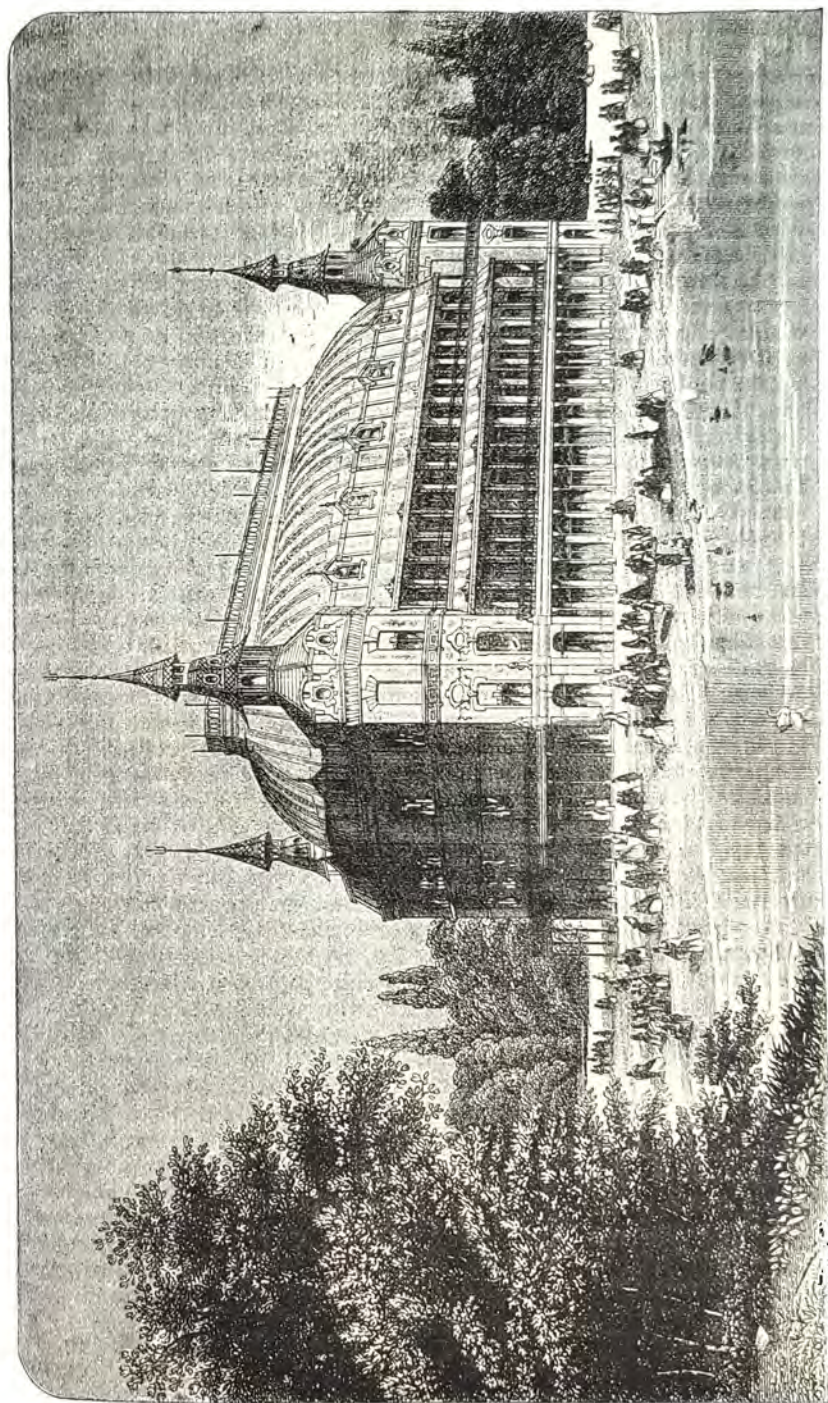
Mr. W. Olney went with me to see the new hall; and though we felt it to be a venturesome experiment to attempt to preach in so large a building, we had faith in God, and dared to hope that he would bless an earnest attempt to preach the gospel to the multitude.

It was arranged that, on October 19, 1856, we should open the doors of that huge hall for the preaching of the gospel. Anticipations ran high. Some thought it almost a crime to preach the gospel in a place dedicated to amusement; but others judged it to be a grand opportunity for gathering in multitudes who did not usually hear the Word. None of us dreamed of that which lay before us. Much prayer was offered, and I looked forward hopefully; but yet felt overweighed with a sense of responsibility, and filled with a mysterious premonition of some great trial shortly to befall me. The sermon preached at New Park Street Chapel on the morning of the day has in its words which read like a prophecy of a tempest of trouble. Assuredly the warning was not an idle one.

I can never forget that terrible night. Having preserved all the pamphlets and papers connected with "the great catastrophe," I have just now perused them in order to write this memorial. I have thereby revived within myself much that is painful; but much more that causes me to praise the name of the Lord. When I was nearing the house in Manor Street, which was the office of the company, and was to serve me as a private entrance, I was exceedingly surprised to find the streets thronged for a long distance. With difficulty I reached the door. There was a long private road from the entrance of the Gardens to the Music Hall itself, and this appeared to be filled up with a solid block of people, who were unable to get into the building. I felt overawed, and was taken with that faintness which was, in my youth, the usual forerunner of every sermon. Still, I rallied, and was duly escorted to my pulpit in the midst of a dense throng. Here I was to pass through the greatest ordeal of my life.

But I will now give way to Dr. Campbell, then the editor of the "British Banner"; for his is the description of an eye-witness, and of an impartial, self-possessed critic. He wrote—

"Ecclesiastically viewed, Sunday last (October 19th) was one of the most eventful nights that have descended upon our Metropolis for generations. On that occasion, the largest, most commodious, and most beautiful building erected for public amusement in this mighty city was taken possession of for the purpose of proclaiming the Gospel of Salvation. There, where, for a long period, wild beasts had been exhibited, and wilder men had been accustomed to congregate for idle pastime, was gathered together the largest audience that ever met in any edifice in these Isles, to listen to the voice of a Nonconformist Minister. The spectacle, of its kind, was one of the most imposing, magnificent, and awful ever presented to the human eye. No adequate idea of it can be conveyed by description; to be understood, it must have been seen;



SURREY GARDENS MUSIC HALL.

and they who beheld it received an impression which no time will ever obliterate. The sight of 10,000 or 12,000 people, more or fewer, assembled to listen to the Word of the living GOD, in such a place, at such a time, and addressed by a man with a voice of such power and compass, that the remotest might hear with ease and pleasure, was sufficient to excite intense joy in the hearts of all good men who witnessed it ; nor is it extravagant to say, that it was enough to wake the attention of the angelic world !

“ But, in proportion to the joy and the hope thus inspired, were the sorrow and the disappointment arising from the terrible catastrophe by which the very first service was attended and cut short ! At the most solemn moment of the occasion, the wicked rose in their strength like a whirlwind, sin entered, followed by terror, flight, disorder, and death ! The entire City has been filled with astonishment ! From the cellar to the palace, the events of that dreadful night have been the theme of eager discourse. In the squares, the streets, the lanes, and alleys, as well as in the workshops and counting-houses, and all the chief places of course, it has been, through each successive day, the one great object of thought and converse.

“ Imagination, as usual, has been active in the work of exaggeration, and malice in that of mendacity. At one time, the beautiful building has been wrapped in flames, and reduced to ashes ! At another, the roof has fallen in, and entombed 10,000 people ! The human mind, voracious of the tragical and the marvellous, has greedily devoured even the most preposterous accounts. The more horrible, the more credible and the more welcome ; and the public Press, as is its wont, has not been backward to pander to the morbid appetite of the excited millions. It has lied as well as exaggerated, most fearfully ! Fancy pictures have been drawn suited to the ‘ Chamber of Horrors.’ Having ourselves not only witnessed the spectacle, but been in the very vortex, we are able to speak from observation, touching the various points which the public are mainly concerned to know, and every way able to distinguish between truth and error. We, therefore, feel in duty bound to clear away the bewildering mist and darkness which have gathered around the character and conduct of honourable men. We were among the very first to enter the building, where we took up a position before the pulpit, which had been erected in front of the orchestra, so that we had a perfect command of the entire house, hearing and seeing everything of importance to be either heard or seen. The simple statement of facts as they occurred will form the best antidote to the flood of misrepresentation and falsehood which has welled forth from a portion of the metropolitan press.

“ The house, considering its magnitude, might be said to be very speedily filled, leaving, it is supposed, an equal number outside unable to gain admission. The process of packing the hall, as may be presumed, was gone about in a somewhat tumultuous manner. The people were deeply excited by the violent struggle which had to be encountered and overcome at the doors to obtain an entrance, which naturally led, after admission, to rapid movements in every direction where there seemed a probability of gaining a seat, or, at least, standing room.

“ The aspect of the hall during this period was, of course, anything but like that which obtains in places of regular worship, and somewhat

fitted to do violence to the sober spirit of orderly people ; but, certainly, it would have borne a very favourable comparison with the gatherings of the huge religious Anniversary Meetings at Exeter Hall, or any other vast place of general concourse. It was—'Every man for himself'; and, as compared with the monster meetings of WHITEFIELD on Kennington Common or Moorfields, so far as history has testified, there was nothing to complain of on the score of tumultuous levity.

"The hall having been filled in every part, things began to assume a perfectly settled aspect. The commotion ceased, and the air of the assembly was every whit as tranquil as that of our great philanthropic or even worshipping assemblies. The hall being thus gorged, Mr. SPURGEON considerably and wisely commenced the service about ten minutes before the appointed time, surrounded by a large number of most respectable people, composed of his officers and flock, who led the psalmody. After a few words of a highly pertinent character, he briefly offered prayer, and then gave out a thoroughly evangelical hymn, with a force, a feeling, and an unction seldom witnessed in a worshipping assembly, and which threw an air of deep solemnity over the immense multitude by whom it was sung as with the voice of many waters. That hymn itself was an important proclamation of the gospel. The reading of the Sacred Scriptures immediately followed, with a running comment, as is the preacher's custom. The Scripture was well chosen, and the exposition admirably pertinent, and such as was well fitted to impress even the most frivolous. There was no dry disquisition, no curious criticism, but an address directed to the hearts of the hearers, showing, from the first, that the speaker came strongly intent upon most important business, and that nothing was to be regarded short of its accomplishment. The general prayer next followed ; and here, too, the same pertinent and peculiar air was manifested. The one great thing which animated the preacher was, most obviously, the salvation of men.

"This was the moment chosen by the emissaries of darkness to spring the mine of mischief, which, in effect, resulted in manifold murder ! To have made the attempt while the high praises of GOD were being sung had been certain failure. To have done so while a stream of eloquence was rolling on in the sermon, and all eyes open, would have been attended with no better success. Just as the minds of the devout portion of the assembly were collected around the Throne of the GREAT ETERNAL, far away from earth and its grovellings, abstracted, absorbed, prostrate, suppliant and adoring, the fiendish conspiracy broke forth with the rapidity of lightning and the fury of a tempest ! The effect was such as was anticipated and desired. To say it began with one or two "cries of 'Fire !'" as we view the matter, is wholly to misrepresent it. For our own parts, we heard no such cries. Such, however, there doubtless were ; but they were only signals. The thing bore the impress of a plan to which some hundreds of persons at least appeared to be parties. The mere cry of 'Fire !' would have produced more or less of a general commotion extending to all parts of the house, which was but slightly moved ; whereas, the indescribable and terrible outbreak was limited to a large portion of people in a given locality surrounding the great entrance. The outbreak could be likened to nothing but the sudden bursting of a vast reservoir of water, whose sluices were opened, or whose

banks had given way. It is impossible that any cries of two or three individuals could ever have produced so sudden, so simultaneous, and so sustained a display of fear, horror, and consternation. Mr. Spurgeon, who instantly recovered from the horrible surprise with which he was overwhelmed, in the very act of prayer, of course saw in a moment that the alarm was false. There was no appearance whatever of fire; and the noble structure in no place gave any symptoms of fracture or rupture. His quick eye perceived in an instant the true origin of the movement, and he acted accordingly; adopting every method that seemed calculated to settle tumult, and to re-assure the assembly."

It may put the matter still more vividly before the reader, if I quote from a statement appended to a sermon, preached on the occasion by the venerable Dr. Alexander Fletcher:—

"As early as five o'clock, thousands of persons were filling up the approaches to the Surrey Gardens. By five minutes after six the Hall was filled to overflow; it is supposed that not fewer than 12,000 persons were present, and many thousands were on the outside, and still as many more were unable to gain admittance even to the Gardens. While the service was being conducted in Mr. Spurgeon's usual way, during the second prayer, all of a sudden there were cries simultaneously, doubtless preconceived, from all parts of the building, of 'Fire,' 'The galleries are giving way,' 'The place is falling'; the effect of which on the audience it is impossible to describe. Many hundreds of persons rushed towards the places of exit, at the risk of their own lives, and sacrificing those of their fellow-creatures. In vain did Mr. Spurgeon, with his stentorian voice and self-possession, assure the alarmed multitude that it was a *ruse* on the part of thieves and pick-pockets; the people in the galleries rushed down, precipitating themselves almost headlong over, or breaking down the balustrade of the stairs, killing some and fearfully wounding others. Those who fell through force or fainting, were trampled under foot, and several lives were lost in the *mêlée*. To make 'confusion worse confounded,' it is also said, that as fast as one portion of the multitude made their exit, others from without entered. Mr. Spurgeon, who was ignorant of any of these fatal consequences, after a temporary lull, was persuaded to make an effort to preach; but, after one or two attempts, he found it impossible to proceed, owing to the noises which the swell-mobsmen continued to make. At length, wishing to get the people gradually out of the Hall, he gave out a hymn, requesting the people to withdraw while it was being sung. He then pronounced the benediction, and at length overcome by emotion, which he had long striven to repress, he was led from the platform in a state of apparent insensibility. The results of this dreadful panic are most calamitous and distressing. Seven lives have been sacrificed, and serious bodily injuries inflicted upon a great number of persons. It is feared there are many cases in which injury has been sustained besides those already known."

So far I have quoted from others. All that I can remember of that awful night was the sight of a tumult, which I was then quite unable to understand. Even now it remains a mystery to me. I hope there was no concerted wickedness at the bottom of the sad event; though there

may have been a love of mischief aiding at the first. We were all fresh to the place, and all more or less excited. I did my utmost to be calm, and to quiet the people, and I succeeded with the great mass of them; but away at the end of the building there was a something going on which I did not understand, while around the seated part of the hall, there were rushes made by excited people again and again, for reasons quite incomprehensible to me. One can understand now, that those who had seen the accident in the stair-case may have been trying to call attention to it, thinking it a strange thing that service could have been continued after persons had been killed. Of this dread calamity I was unaware, till as I was led down faint from the pulpit I heard a whisper of it. I know no more, for I lost almost all consciousness, and amid the weeping and cries of many, I was carried by a private garden into the street, and taken home more dead than alive. There were seven corpses lying on the grass, and many have since told me how grievous was the sight. This I never saw; but what I had seen might have been sufficient to shatter my reason. It might well seem that the ministry which promised to be so largely influential was silenced for ever. There were persons who said so exultingly. They knew not what they said.

Of course there was an inquest:—verdict, accidental death: on the whole, the only safe conclusion to arrive at. A fund was raised for the sufferers, and all was done that lay in the power of our people to help the injured. Our friends were crushed in spirit, but not driven from their faith or love, nor divided from their youthful minister. I was, for a short time, incapable of any mental effort. Who would not be? How great a trial to have a number of one's hearers killed or maimed! A word about the calamity, and even the sight of the Bible, brought from me a flood of tears, and utter distraction of mind.

During that time, I was not aware of the ferocious assaults which were made upon me by the public press; indeed, I heard no word of them till I was sufficiently recovered to bear them without injury. As we read of David, that they spake of stoning him, so was it with me. Here is a specimen of what was said by a daily paper, which I will not name, for it has long been of quite another mind:—

“Let us set up a barrier to the encroachments and blasphemies of men like Spurgeon, saying to them, ‘Thus far shalt thou come, but no further’; let us devise some powerful means which shall tell to the thousands who now stand in need of enlightenment—this man, in his own opinion, is a righteous Christian; but in ours, nothing more than a ranting charlatan. We are neither strait-laced nor Sabbatarian in our sentiments; but we would keep apart, widely apart, the theatre and the church; above all, would we place in the hand of every right-thinking man, a whip to scourge from society the authors of such vile blasphemies as on Sunday night, above the cries of the dead and the dying, and louder than the wails of misery from the maimed and suffering, resounded from the mouth of Spurgeon in the Music Hall of the Surrey Gardens.”

Many other utterances were equally cruel and libellous.

A gentleman applied to the magistrate at Lambeth, seeking an investigation by his worship into the circumstances connected with the

catastrophe, and into the necessity for a license to use the Music Hall as a place of worship. He was not aware that on the previous Saturday the building had been licensed as a place for Dissenting worship. He stated that persons collecting money in an unlicensed place were liable to be treated as rogues and vagabonds ; and went on to add that a further question might arise, as to whether the parties causing large congregations to assemble were not liable to a still graver charge. This liberal-minded person represented the mind of a considerable section whose thoughts of the preacher were bitterness itself. The magistrate, however, assured the applicant that the law permitted public places to be used as places of worship for temporary purposes. So melted that cloud.

The bitterness which was manifested was, however, soon removed. The preaching in the Music Hall was resumed in the morning only, so that daylight prevented any further deed of darkness, and the people flocked to the services in enormous numbers. The Press soon began to make amends for its injustice. A letter was inserted in *The Times*, signed *Habitans in Sicco*, which is worthy of preservation, for it came from the pen of a learned professor, and did much to turn the tide of public opinion. We quote a part of the letter :—

“We went yesterday morning to the Music Hall, in the Surrey Gardens Fancy a congregation consisting of ten thousand souls, streaming into the hall, mounting the galleries, humming, buzzing, and swarming—a mighty hive of bees—eager to secure at first the best places, and at last, any place at all. After waiting more than half an hour—for if you wish to have a seat, you must be there at least that space of time in advance—Mr. Spurgeon ascended the tribune. To the hum, and rush, and trampling of men, succeeded a low, concentrated thrill and murmur of devotion, which seemed to run at once, like an electric current, through the breast of every one present ; and by this magnetic chain, the preacher held us fast bound for about two hours. It is not my purpose to give a summary of his discourse. It is enough to say of his voice, that its power and volume are sufficient to reach every one in that vast assembly ; of his language, that it is neither high-flown nor homely ; of his style, that it is at times familiar, at times declamatory, but always happy, and often eloquent ; of his doctrine, that neither the Calvinist nor the Baptist appear in the forefront of the battle which is waged by Mr. Spurgeon with relentless animosity, and with gospel weapons, against irreligion, cant, hypocrisy, pride, and those secret bosom sins which so easily beset a man in daily life ; and to sum up all in a word, it is enough to say of the man himself, that he impresses you with a perfect conviction of his sincerity.

“Here is a man not more Calvinistic than many an incumbent of the Established Church, who ‘humbles and mumbles,’ as old Latimer says, over his liturgy and text—here is a man who says the complete immersion, or something of the kind, of adults is necessary to baptism. These are his faults of doctrine ; but if I were the examining chaplain of the Archbishop of —, I would say, ‘May it please your Grace, here is a man able to preach eloquently, able to fill the largest church in England with his voice, and, what is more to the purpose,

with people. And may it please your Grace, here are two churches in the metropolis, St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. What does your Grace think of inviting Mr. Spurgeon, this heretical Calvinist and Baptist, who is able to draw 10,000 souls after him, just to try his voice, some Sunday morning, in the nave of either of those churches? At any rate, I will answer for one thing, that if he preaches in Westminster Abbey, we shall not have a repetition of the disgraceful practice now common in that church, of having the sermon *before* the anthem, in order that those who would quit the church before the arid sermon begins, may be forced to stay it out for the sake of the music which follows it.'

"But I am not, I am sorry to say, examining chaplain to the Archbishop of —, so I can only send you this letter from the devotional desert in which I reside, and sign myself,

"HABITANS IN SICCO."

After this, large numbers of the upper classes came to the Music Hall, and this continued for many months. The list of notable persons present on any one Sunday is a long one: statesmen, nobles, divines, great travellers, and all sorts of distinguished persons came to hear the preacher at the Surrey Gardens. We will not gratify vanity by giving a long array of noble names; but their presence and aid were hopeful signs that the building of our permanent house of prayer would be the provision of a necessity, and that we could accomplish the heavy task.

The best of all is that God was with us. Conversions were numerous, and some of them were of a very striking kind; and all along through the years in which we worshipped in the Surrey Gardens, there were continual additions to the church, perpetual discoveries of fresh workers, and constant initiations of new enterprises. The College, Orphanage, Colportage, Evangelists, College Missions, and all our various branch mission stations, have all followed upon the advance made by the church through these services. We have seen good brought out of evil; and in our case we have been made to say with David, "Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and through water: but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place."

To carry on work upon the spot a band of brethren and sisters commenced a school in the *Carter Street Literary Institution*. This building came into the market, and was bought by the zealous clergyman of the district. But the workers, when they lost their meeting-place, could not quit this locality: they met in a Board School. On and on they have worked; and now the hour has come when their hopes are to be fulfilled, and their labour rendered permanent. We have resolved to raise a worthy memorial: the plans are in preparation; some £1,100 is promised, and our appeal is now made to all who remember the hour of cloud and the rain of blessing which came forth from it. It may be that those whose memories cannot carry them so far back, will yet achieve the distance by sympathy, and thus, by the help of many, we shall make "a forward movement" which will be useful to the dense population which now covers the site of the Surrey Gardens, and will show our gratitude to our upholding God.

“Venite.”

COME saints, and gather round the cross
Where Christ for sin makes expiation ;
And sing to him whose shame and loss
Procure our honour and salvation.

Sing *softly*, for the theme is one
That may not carelessly be spoken.
The trembling earth, the darkened sun,
Its awful character betoken.

Sing *sweetly*, for the truest love,
That ever sought response to waken
In other hearts, was seen when Christ
Hung on the cross as one forsaken.

Sing *gladly*, for he dies no more,
But lives to wait his foes' subjection ;
And seated in the place of power,
Is still the Life and Resurrection.

Sing *hopefully*, he comes again !
Not as the Man of grief and sorrow,
But King of kings, o'er all to reign.
And hope expects that bright to-morrow.

PASTOR E. A. TYDEMAN, of *Footscray*.

Jesus Prayerful, though Busy.

JESUS appears to have devoted himself specially to prayer at times when his life was unusually full of work and excitement. His was a very busy life ; there were nearly always “ many coming and going ” about him. Sometimes, however, there was such a congestion of thronging objects that he had scarcely time to eat ; but even then he found time to pray. Indeed, these appear to have been with him seasons of more prolonged prayer than usual. Thus we read : “ So much the more went there a fame abroad of him, and great multitudes came together to hear and to be healed by him of their infirmities ; but he withdrew himself into the wilderness, and prayed.”

Many in our day know what this congestion of occupations is : they are swept off their feet with their engagements, and can scarcely find time to eat. We make this a reason for not praying ; Jesus made it a reason for praying. Is there any doubt which is the better course ? Many of the wisest have in this respect done as Jesus did. When Luther had a specially busy and exciting day, he allowed himself longer time than usual for prayer beforehand. A wise man once said that he was too busy to be in a hurry ; he meant that, if he allowed himself to become hurried, he could not do all that he had to do. There is nothing like prayer for producing this calm self-possession. When the dust of business so fills your room that it threatens to choke you, sprinkle it with the water of prayer, and then you can cleanse it out with comfort and expedition.—JAMES STALKER, M.A.

Gospel Light in the Lighthouses.

SECOND PAPER.

WE now proceed to quote some things which the lighthouse-keepers themselves have written about Mr. Green's supplies of Christian literature. It will be seen that the invalid pastor does not work among an unthankful constituency ; for though those to whom he sends have never seen his face, they look upon him as a well-tried friend, and in many cases they would hail his appearance among them with grateful joy.

The Shetland group of islands includes thirty that are inhabited, and the population is between twenty and thirty thousand. Though so far north, the temperature is more equal, taking the year through, than in many other places much further south. Of all stations, however, this is the one at which a rough sea may be seen. In a letter written in January, 1888, the chief of the North Unst Lighthouse, in acknowledging a number of sermons, &c., says :—

"And we now beg to offer our best thanks for your kindly remembrance and interest you take in our spiritual welfare. We lead very solitary and monotonous lives—the same routine of duty from day to day, with nothing to relieve the eye but an expanse of ocean. The long winter, with the sound of the storm raging without, and the roar of the mighty Northern Ocean waves dashing themselves in a thousand fragments against the rocks around the tower. The scene during a storm is indescribably grand and sublime, and must direct the thoughts of the most careless to Him who weighs the mountains in a balance, and holds the ocean in the hollow of his hand. We trust we may be impressed by our surroundings to make our calling and election sure, and that our faith may be as our dwelling—founded on a rock, sure and steadfast. . . . How very glad all of us would be personally to see you at our far-north ocean-home!"

A less desirable place to live upon, and one which would thoroughly well test the nerves of most of us, is the rock on which the Dhuheartach Light is placed. In acknowledging a parcel of sermons and other publications, in January of last year, the chief keeper said :—

"This is a very coarse place in the winter ; it is very difficult to get off and on the rock. Sometimes we are detained a good while with the coarse weather. In past winters we were twice five weeks and three days without any communication with the shore. The rock is fifteen miles distant from the nearest land, which is the Ross of Mull." He goes on to show that the monotony of life is not often relieved even by seeing a vessel pass ; and after doing what they can at carpentering, &c., their time is necessarily much taken up with reading. Hence, the "many thanks" which the pastor receives for the interest taken in the welfare of the solitary islanders are, no doubt, very genuine.

Skye is one of the largest of the Hebrides, and is visited in summer on account of its historical associations and natural wonders. In thanking Mr. Green for his kind thoughts towards himself and his assistant, the keeper of the Rona Light makes some references to

what he calls his isolated station. There are only about twenty families altogether on this island; and as the schoolhouse is three miles from the lighthouse, across a moor, a great part of the teaching has to be done by the parents, especially in wintry weather. The language principally spoken is Gaelic. "There is a Gaelic teacher on the island," it is remarked, "but we English speakers are at a loss for hearing much preaching. The chaplain appointed by the Lighthouse Commissioners comes quarterly: he then preaches an English sermon. We have also a minister that comes and remains with us for about three weeks every year."

Some of Mr. Green's friends are in Ireland, where men who are Protestants have, sometimes, to lack congenial companionship when placed under others who are Romanists. There is nothing to complain of on this score at the Tearaght Light, nine miles off the Kerry coast, and eighteen miles from the nearest town—Dingle. It is a rock island, about a mile in circumference, and 603 feet above the sea, the boat from the mainland being sent with supplies every ten days. The reading sent is very thankfully received.

A retired light-keeper on the Devonshire coast, who seems to be an earnest Christian man, first received attention while living at a station in Western Australia; and he is very cordial in sending his thanks. The station at which he was located, in St. George's Sound, Western Australia, stands 400 feet above the water; and so tempestuous that the spray of the sea dashes right over the top of the lighthouse. Then he pictures himself reading at night, when the only variation to the roaring and splashing is the occasional thud of a bird against the glass of the lantern, numbers being killed in that way. Meanwhile, the light-keeper is absorbed with his reading; and as he feels grateful for its sterling character, and even admires the quality of the art in such as is illustrated, he takes to calculating how far-reaching the influence of such silent messengers must be when sent to a large number of lighthouses over the world. "I was determined some day to thank the sender," he adds, and at last he keeps his promise.

Mr. Green thus sends to more distant stations of the British empire in Canada and the colonies of Australasia. One letter containing grateful thanks for sermons and papers comes from the wife of the light-keeper just mentioned, and formerly stationed in King George's Sound, Western Australia. This friend was a member of Mr. James Spurgeon's church, at Southampton, thirty years ago; and she says:—"I have been a constant reader of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's sermons for many, many years." She adds to Mr. Green, "My husband tells me you are invalided; and you say it throws a ray of light for you to send such literature to poor lonely lighthouse-keepers. I may remark, although you are deterred from taking any active part in doing good, those silent messengers you send confer blessings, and cheer many persons your voice or presence could not reach."

The light-keeper at Athol Island, Bahamas, testifies that the reading sent to that station has been most helpful. In asking for a further supply he adds: "Please let me know if they cost anything, and the amount."

One of the more solitary and interesting of the more distant stations

is that of the Ofeer Wadham Light, in Newfoundland ; and in acknowledging Mr. Green's attentions, the chief keeper says : " I cannot express my gratitude and thanks for your extreme kindness." Being on an island, they are four months during winter without receiving either supplies or letters from the mainland.



SKERRYVORE LIGHTHOUSE.

It would almost need a Robinson Crusoe himself to understand the charms or the drawbacks of life under such conditions :—" The nearest harbour is twelve miles, and is called Musgrave Harbour Strait Shore. That is our post town. Some of the inhabitants come here, with their

families, in the fishing season, but leave early in the fall ; and the men come in March for sealing. There are no residents here during the winter but our two families in the lighthouse, so we look very anxiously for the friends in the spring to bring us our winter mails." That solitary island has been visited in the summer months by a travelling preacher, the lighthouse being a convenient meeting-place. The worthy light-keeper, who wrote the above extract, was anxious that the Lord should have a house of his own, however, and accordingly set to work to put up a chapel suitable for the place, which, by this time, is no doubt completed.

Many messages come from light-keepers in the waters of Canada. While very thankfully receiving what has been sent, one worthy man on Sable Island, which is one hundred miles from Halifax, cannot understand at all why he should receive such attentions. He does not remember having ever seen or heard of Mr. Green before ; and hence concludes that he is one of the wrecked crew of a certain steamer who adopts this method of expressing gratitude for hospitality received. That coast seems to be a dangerous one ; and he tells of another wreck which had occurred later.

Another earnest Christian man, who has tended the light on a lonely Canadian island for nearly thirty years, is greatly surprised at the attentions paid to him. "Pray, please, let me know who you are, and how you came to hear of me in such an out-of-the-way place," he says ; and then adds :—"I have been lighthouse-keeper here twenty-five years next May (*i.e.*, 1882), and during that time have saved fifty-three lives from drowning, with very great risk, in many cases, of losing my own life ; but the good Lord has been my protector."

This friend is an Englishman, who spent much of the earlier part of his life on the Atlantic, and he knows London well. He seems to be quite active in Christian work ; and, naturally being much encouraged by being sought out by such a fellow-Christian as Mr. Green, he passes the sermons and tracts on to others as soon as he has read them. The island is such an attractive retreat in summer, that excursionists visit it on the Sabbath, while the families of men engaged in business in Toronto, or elsewhere, are found camping out during the hot months. Such people as these gladly join in the Sunday afternoon service at 2.30. This is, in the main, very similar to what it would be in this country, only there has to be selected from Scripture a reading suitable to go before one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, which may happen to be one sent by Mr. Green ; or, that failing, one will be cut out of the Saturday edition of the *Toronto Globe*. Thus, the printed Word is instrumental in keeping religion alive on one of the most lonely islands of the Canadian waters.

The natives are also reached ; for the light-keeper is able to add : "I find that the dear Saviour is always near ; and, I am happy to say, near the red man as well as the white. A great number of our Indians are truly converted people, and hold their meetings like ourselves."

The keeper of the light on Sable Island, has been twenty years on the island. The light-keeper seems to be a Christian man who has to employ a governess to educate his children. There is no school, and the books of a library for the islanders, given by a lady fifty years ago, have been mislaid or destroyed. Visits from the outside world

are few and far between—a postal delivery coming once in two or three months; while a pastor's voice may not be heard oftener than once in five years. :

The light-keeper on Cann Island, Newfoundland, is another who occupies a very lonely station; but in his case, also, the gospel in the home makes a happy family. He remarks, in a letter, that "Cann Island is about two miles from Seldom-Come-By; it is about three quarters of a mile long; we have a nice road over it, and it is, altogether, a very pleasant situation for a lighthouse." He adds:—"There are only two families besides our own, but there are more thinking of building here, and I trust we shall yet have a school." He mentions the light-keeper of a neighbouring island, who is also a Christian man, and who is trying to get a chapel put up. Seldom-Come-By is a fishing village which continues to verify its name, the pastor of Fogo, the nearest town, not going more than once a month. If the fishing fails, as it does sometimes, the poor people are badly off through the winter, especially if the weather is severe. Cann Island is half-a-mile out in the sea from Seldom-Come-By—a more breezy passage in a small boat than nervous persons like; but in an average winter it is a pleasant walk across the ice.

Thus, it will appear, that the work in which Mr. Green is engaged is a more far-reaching one than might be supposed. He has made the discovery that many of the keepers are Christian men, who, in their lonely stations, are stimulated and encouraged by reading the sermons and papers which he sends. In many instances the papers are sent on to other stations, in which case they may lead to the awakening of those who have few other Christian calls. Many of the keepers are as actively engaged in extending their Lord's kingdom as their duties allow them to be: the lighthouses themselves are open for services, in some cases, where no other meeting-place is available. The general results have been so encouraging that the work should not only be continued, but extended; although Mr. Green's strength would not allow of his personally doing more than he has done. Our friend seems to be permanently laid aside from active service, being confined to his room all the year; but, with his reference-book and atlas on his table, few persons enjoy a more extended outlook than Mr. Green, who seems to combine in one person the invalid and the lighthouse keepers' pastor.

G. H. P.

The Gift of Discontinuance.

MANY of us (I use the pronoun in the first person by way of confession with sorrow and regret), who would not filch another's pocket-book, or even abstract his handkerchief, have been sadly wanting in conscience about stealing the time of the poor man who follows us on the programme. If we have no regard for a long-suffering audience, let us hereafter have pity on the man who makes the last speech of the evening, and discontinue our own remarks while yet a fraction of the attention of the wearied audience can be accorded to him.—A. MOSSBACK.

False Repentance.

HOW often do we long to be rid of pain, and yet we are loath to part with the unsound tooth ! In this we have a symbol of the way of half-awakened sinners, who would be glad to escape from punishment, but yet would continue in the sin. At last it comes to this with the tooth : we cry, " I will have it out, I cannot bear it any longer ; " and we go off to the dentist. So do men at last resort to repentance, and pray the Lord to deliver them from the power of sin. But, worst of all, we have gone aching to the dentist's door, and there and then the pain has stopped, and we have gone home again with the rotten tooth in our head. Sad is it to add that thus, when the twinges of conscience are over, and the fear of death is removed, men will go back to their old sin ; the fact being that they never truly hated sin, but only wearied of the inconvenience it caused them.—C. H. S.

The Flood and the Fountain.

RELIGIOUS feeling in many is like a land-flood. It is all of the surface, and yet, for the time, it is very powerful. A passing storm has emptied its water-spout, and the man's soul seems carried away with torrents of emotion. But how soon it is over ! The tempest was sharp, but short, and the effects of it were vehement, but transient. He that sobbed his heart out a month ago has now no heart for anything that is good. Not so the truly converted : his godly sorrow arises from a spring which the Holy Spirit has created in his soul, and hence the stream is permanent, and throughout life sin is a sorrow to him. The flood of believing sorrow may seem less overflowing ; but then it is ever-flowing. When the land-water is all gone, the fountain-water will still be present. Lord, give me that which will abide !—C. H. S.

Wait.

I SAW the proprietor of a garden stand at his fence, and call to his poor neighbour, " Would you like some grapes ? " " Yes ; and very thankful," was the ready answer. " Then, bring your basket." The basket was quickly handed over the fence. The owner took it, and disappeared among the vines ; and I marked that he deposited in it rich clusters from the fruitful labyrinth in which he hid himself. The woman stood at the fence quiet and hopeful. At length he reappeared with a well-filled basket, saying, " I have made you wait a good while ; but, there are all the more grapes."

It is so, thought I, with the Proprietor of all things. He says, " What shall I give thee ? Ask, and thou shalt receive." So I bring my empty vessel—my needy but capacious soul. He disappears. I am not always so patient and trustful as the poor woman. Sometimes I cry out, " How long ? how long ? " At last he comes to me, richly laden ; and kindly chides my impatience, saying : " Have I made thee wait long ? See what I have been treasuring up for thee all the while." Then I look, and see fruits richer than I had asked for ; and I pour out my heart's thanks to my generous Benefactor, and grieve that I distrusted him. Surely the longer he makes me wait, the more he gives.—*From " The Home Circle " (U.S.A.).*

“Merrylegs.”

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

WHEN I discovered that a friend of mine was the happy possessor of a steed called “Merrylegs,” I expected to see something startling in the way of horseflesh, I can tell you. Visions of pricked-up ears and foaming mouth, of fiery eyes and pawing hoofs, of shapely legs and lustrous coat, flashed across my mind. The expectation of a drive was pleasant in the extreme ; and, being somewhat used to horses, I was by no means nervous at the prospect. Still, thought I, it is well to take all precautions. Perhaps it will be wise to leave the whip at home, and I will see that the brake is in good working order. What a drive we shall have ! How we will rush through the keen air, and what a deal of country we will see in a short space of time, without fatigue of any sort ! Come along, “Merrylegs” ! I am not one of the nervous sort, and I am specially braced for a spice of danger, if need be. “*Merrylegs*”—that’s the sort of animal for me ! No tugging at the reins. No coaxing or thrashing. No stopping or lagging. How I do dislike belabouring a poor brute ! it takes all the zest out of a drive ; but “Merrylegs” will only need holding in and guiding. He will, if true to his name, go gaily on, glad to get out of the stable, and happy to trip along on the hard high-road.

Now, Mr. Coachman, mount the box, and I’ll sit beside you, with nothing to do but to admire the paces of your spanking steed, and to view the landscape o’er. . . . Is that Merrylegs ? He is not quite up to expectation as to his looks ; but there—we must not judge by appearances. He may be “a good ’un to go,” though he is not much to look at. He is hairy enough, anyhow. I wonder they didn’t call him “Esau.” And he doesn’t look over lively, either ; but perhaps he is saving up, and reserving his mettle. “Now I’m ready, off you go. But you won’t want that whip, will you ? It looks well worn, too ; but I suppose you drive another nag sometimes. And it’s a specially heavy one. That other horse must be a stubborn brute. I wonder you don’t drive this one always.” By this time we were under way. But we had scarcely started ere it began to dawn on me that (if I may be allowed the Irishism) “Merrylegs” was *the other one*. Dreams go by contrary, so they say. This of mine did, certainly. “Get up, ‘Merrylegs,’” said the driver ; but “Merrylegs” heeded not. Out came the whip with the heavy lash, and said, “Get up,” to a little more purpose. But the effect was the reverse of permanent. It was like bowling a hoop—the momentum acquired by the last stroke soon died down. “Oh, well,” mused I, “he is attached to his home, perhaps. Even the ass knoweth his master’s crib. When we get well away he’ll put his best foot foremost.” But my hopes were vain. On jogged “Merrylegs,” till we came in sight of a trifling rise. He saw it as soon as any of us, and stopped dead, presumably, to take breath for the extra exertion. Whereupon my Jehu seized the whip, and shouted aloud, “Come here !” (which being interpreted meant, “Go there !”) But if the words were ambiguous, the whip spoke plainly. Yet, in a very literal sense, it was “no go.” “It’s not in him,” said the charioteer, “and we can’t get it out of him.” There was no disputing the logic of such a conclusion. Soon I learned that “Merrylegs” was a very

useful animal. He carried his old master safely. He did not mind the trains. He never shied, and even a falling tree would not frighten him unless it happened to fall right on top of him. "And I'm not sure that he would move even then," said my informant (I should think not !). I listened to this recital of the creature's virtues, and gladly recognized that he was just the sort for certain purposes. "But," said I, "he isn't 'Merrylegs'—call him 'Stifflegs,' or 'Slowlegs,' if you like; but 'Merrylegs'!—what a misnomer, to be sure! There!—see that little fellow scampering about that paddock (for some reason or other, we call fields and meadows *paddocks* at the antipodes)—HE is 'Merrylegs,' if you will. How he curvets and careers, with his curly tail arched like a cat's back, his nose sometimes on the ground, and his heels often in the air! What graceful circles he describes, with his maternal progenitor the centre of each! The little rascal! he is enjoying his week-old life, and no mistake. That's right, 'Merrylegs.' Gambol while you may. Shafts and saddles will come soon enough. You are a true 'Merrylegs,' but this old stager does not deserve the name."

And so we jogged along. I had ample time to scan the scenery, and managed to meditate as well. I could not help thinking that horses are not the only creatures that get misnamed. I know some people who are styled Christians, but really I scarce know why. The disciples were first called Christians at Antioch, doubtless because they were always talking of Christ, and preaching about him, and imitating his character and conduct. But are *these* Christians? They scarcely ever mention their Master's name. They find their pleasure where the world gets its; and many a worldling puts them to the blush for integrity, and generosity, and philanthropy. I suppose, like "Merrylegs," they were named (christened, they call it) when they were young, and neither have come up to expectation. It doesn't so much matter about the horse, let him keep his high-sounding name if you please; but pray do not let those be termed Christians who belie the title, who have a name to live and are dead. Christians? Yes, by all means, if they love, and fear, and serve the Saviour; but, oh! if it be otherwise, call them not Christians out of compliment, nor call yourselves so if the characteristics of Christ are conspicuous only by their absence. If ye have not the spirit of Christ, ye are none of his.

Thus I thought within myself, when, suddenly, "Merrylegs" gave a start, and marred my reverie. He was actually trying to shy. In the waning light, a white cow, by the roadside, assumed gigantic and ghostly proportions, and Merrylegs was sore afraid. But he was not a coward long, and soon dropped down to his ordinary pace. Then I picked up the broken thread. I bethought me of certain so-called gentlemen, who are not worthy to be styled men, let alone gentle. I remembered to have met some unwomanly women, some unbrotherly brethren, and some unbelieving believers. I called to mind certain husbands, who are neither the band nor the master of the house; and certain wives, of whom the distaff is by no means an appropriate emblem, for household duties are their great dislike. I began to wonder if they should be called pastors who seek to feed their sheep on the sandy desert of modern thought, and if they deserve the name of preachers who *read* their (or, possibly, someone else's) sermons. I could not help thinking, too, how

strange a thing it is that priests who have taken the vows of celibacy should be called fathers; and that ladies, equally dead to the world and the flesh should arrogate to themselves the sweet and sacred name of mother. Then I reflected on certain tradesmen who are importers and manufacturers, according to their signboards, but who, nevertheless, obtain all their goods from the wholesale warehouse round the corner. Nor could I quite forget their flaming announcements of reductions and sacrifices, which I very much fear are not quite all they profess to be. And so I mused on shams and misnomers generally. What a fashion prevails of calling ordinary things by extraordinary titles! Nowadays watercarts are hydrostatic vans, ink is writing-fluid, and gum is mucilage. It is almost vulgar to talk of an eight-day clock, or to ask anyone to have some jam. "Weekly timepiece," and "preserve," are the approved expressions. This wonderful refinement affects our church-life, too. Hence, tea-meetings are things of the past, and soirées flourish in their stead. Many of our chapels (at least in the colonies) are churches, if you please, and our collections will soon be glorified into offertories.

Halloa! What is the matter? Is "Merrylegs" collapsiug? Oh, I see, we are nearly home again. We have had a pleasant drive, after all. Thank you, Mr. Coachman, and thank you, too, "Merrylegs," for you have provided me with both time and food for reflection. But, really, you are a dreadful slow coach!

So ends my parable. Its moral is in this question, which begs for an honest answer: *Are you, dear reader, all you profess to be?*

Stand like an Anvil.

BY BISHOP DOANE.

"STAND like an anvil," when the strokes
Of stalwart strength fall thick and fast;
Storms but more deeply root the oaks
Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

"Stand like an anvil," when the sparks
Fly far and wide, a fiery shower;
Virtue and truth must still be marks
Where malice proves its want of power.

"Stand like an anvil," when the bar
Lies red and glowing on its breast;
Duty shall be life's guiding star,
And conscious innocence its rest.

"Stand like an anvil," when the sound
Of ponderous hammers pains the ear;
Thine but the still and stern rebound
Of the great heart that cannot fear.

"Stand like an anvil," noise and heat
Are born of earth, and die with time;
The soul, like God, its source and seat,
Is solemn, still, serene, sublime.

From "Westwood" to Menton.

PART III.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

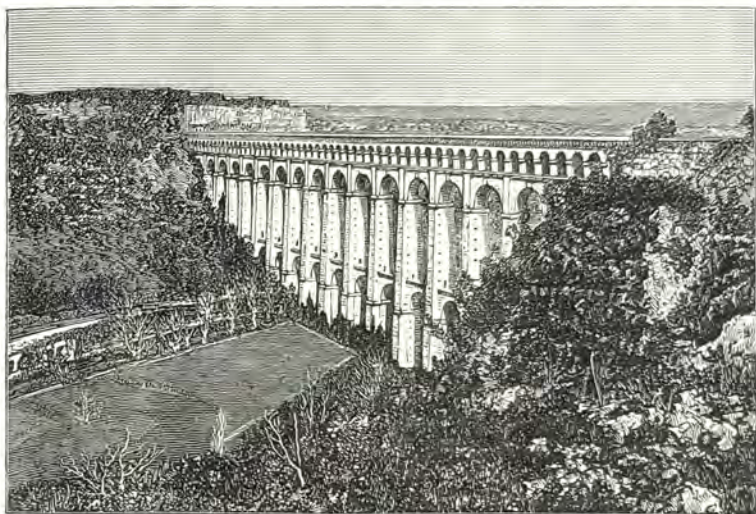
MARSEILLES is an early settlement of the Phœnicians, but they have left few traces of their occupation. These sea-loving Canaanites set up, all along the coast, altars upon the high places, after the manner of their race; and it is more than probable that the present shrine of Notre Dame, on its elevated rock, was once the temple of a Tyrian or Sidonian deity, such as Jezebel adored. A tablet of stone has been discovered in the town, regulating the fees to be paid to the priests of the temple of Baal. Wherever the Tyrians went, they carried the memorials of their god: would that the same were true of professedly Christian nations!

This ancient harbour of ships retains a measure of its old-world smell and style. We always feel an expectation that we shall meet Sindbad the sailor down at *The Old Port* of Marseilles; and when we do not see that worthy, we console ourselves with the remembrance that we have seen everybody else: Jew, Turk, Moor, Hindoo, and heathen Chinese. Marseilles was a favourite haunt of the plague in the olden time; and when one has sniffed the odours of the stagnant, tideless harbour, and has looked up the long and desperately narrow alleys which lead down to it, the coming of plague, pest, cholera, fever, diphtheria, "yellow-jack," or any other form of death, is no marvel; especially when one sees the *omnium gatherum* of men and women of all nations on the quays, and the personal raggedness and filth of many of them. It is surprising that so many people live, and no wonder that they die. They say that Lazarus died here; and if it be so, it proves that Marseilles is a place in which a saint may doubly die, for Lazarus had died once before. Why Lazarus, and Martha, and Mary of Bethany should be so mixed up by tradition with cities in this region, we cannot tell.

Along these quays all languages may be heard in one spot, as readily as, in days of yore, at the rising tower of Babel, before the jabberers were sorted, arranged, and sent about their several businesses. One might almost acquire the working portions of most modern languages by reading the polyglot inscriptions upon the shops which surround the Marseilles harbour. We did not chance to see a Welsh notice, but surely we might have seen every other language. Welsh is probably too sublime for this prosaic haunt of seafaring men. Thinking of polyglots, we could but thank God that his own Word has also been interpreted into so many languages, that to-day all men may read in their mother tongue the wonderful words of the Lord.

We reached this place early in the day, and therefore had time enough to make a little tour. As around the city everything was once rock and dust where now are gardens and pleasure-grounds, and as all this verdure was created by bringing in the waters of the Durance by a great aqueduct, we went first to see the cause of this beneficent change. Does not the old proverb say, "There is nothing like going to the fountain-head"? The great work by which water is brought to this city involved an outlay of more than two millions sterling; and it was

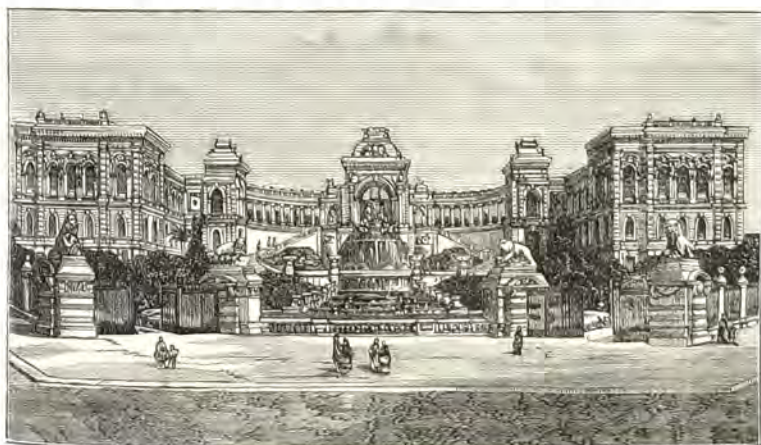
money well laid out. It conveys along its aqueduct nearly 200,000 gallons every minute of day and night. Why the water is not brought entirely through pipes, but is carried along an aqueduct, through the hills, and across the valleys, we cannot tell. Certainly, the aqueduct system has the advantage of adding grand features to many a landscape.



AQUEDUCT OF ROQUEFAVOUR.

Our engraving represents *The Aqueduct of Roquefavour*, which is 262 feet in height. It is a gigantic, but well-proportioned, structure.

The superb cascade, by which the entrance of the waters of the aqueduct into the city is made delightfully manifest, is situated between two buildings, which compose *The Palace of Arts of Longchamps*.



PALAIS DE LONGCHAMPS.

This *Château d'Eau* is a thing of beauty, and a perpetual refreshment to the eye and ear. We wish we could describe it; but we must decline the task: the colossal figures, the enormous bulls, the torrent of clear water falling from these, for ninety feet, in three successive stages, and the whole arrangement made to live and glisten by the leaping flood, which sparkles in the brilliant sunlight—who shall put upon paper any idea of them? An architect might write a scientific description; but his technical terms would disenchant the vision, and dry up the fountains. Without the splash, and flash, and dash of the living waters, the whole business would be dull and dead, and then it would be very far from the same thing which lives in our memory. It is so with most things, and specially with religion; if the life is gone, all is gone. Rhetoric cannot make a man understand godliness: its living glories must be known and felt by each one for himself. To return to Longchamps: here are statues, museums, zoological gardens, an observatory, and all sorts of interesting matters; but having seen them all before, we were content to watch the falling water and the steaming spray, and then to go on our travels, and survey *The Prado*, a pleasant walk and ride, which runs on for two miles, or more, till it ends at the blue sea. Long avenues of large-leaved plane-trees intersect each other; and the trees were still thick with faded leafage on November 20th. Yes, the date is absolutely correct.

This brought us to the park and grounds of *The Château Borelly*. The gardens were so fully in flower with geraniums, marigolds, &c., and abounded so much in palms, magnolias, bamboos, agaves, and other semi-tropical trees and plants, that we had to question our own consciousness to be quite sure that we were the same persons who, two days before, were shivering in London damp. We had made a rapid transit from winter to summer. Blessed be the great Father of mercies that we are permitted to reach these sweet fields, where winter scarcely comes; and, coming, touches with light finger the frail children of the garden; for in this way the invalid is allowed to escape a portion of the pains which cold and wet inflict upon flesh and bone!

So passed we on to *The Corniche-road*, along the Mediterranean shore, where, by almost innumerable inscriptions, everyone is invited to bathe, or eat oysters, or devour cockles; while to us, who intend to do neither the one nor the other, there is in the landscape a feast for the soul. We are struck with the frequent advertisement of *bouillabaisse*, and feel bound to enquire what this renowned dish may be. It would seem to be a sort of fish-soup. Whole fish are stewed in a liquor mixed with a little of the best olive oil, and flavoured with savoury herbs. In the general brew there should be crayfish, mussels and shrimps; but we are not tempted to make the trial. National dishes, as a rule, are not enjoyed except by the nations by whom they have been invented. As there is no disputing upon matters of taste, so also is there no agreeing. But one point we can never yield; namely, that the best national dish that was ever concocted is not worth eating at the cost of a day's gout, nor even of an hour's indigestion.

We pass the *château* which was built as a marine residence for Napoleon III. It is now the property of the town, and the public are passing in and out of its gardens. Was it not the gift of the Empress

Eugénie? The national gratitude is not excessive. The name and monogram of the Emperor, and the initials of the Empress, have disappeared from every place where they were once so prominent. Such is human glory—those who cry up a man as a demi-god one day would blot out every remembrance of him the next! *Vox populi* is not by any means *vox Dei*. Alas, for those, whose heaven lies within the power of a creature's judgment!

But here we are at *The Old Harbour*. This was of old the making of Marseilles. A space of some seventy-five acres, entered by a comparatively narrow opening, affords complete shelter for ships; and it constituted Marseilles, for many a century, the gate of entrance of the civilization of the East to the barbarians of the West. We have not



THE OLD HARBOUR, MARSEILLES.

seen the harbour from the point of view of our artist, but the drawing gives some idea of it. A hundred years ago, a French Revolutionist talked of filling up the harbour: much the same reform as if the Thames could be drained dry! Still, when we look down into the vast pool, we excuse the Republican reformer. Is that really water, or by what other name shall we call the fluid which fills the old port? Shall we call it fine old port, crusted? What are all these smells—marine, aromatic, culinary, fruity, gaseous, rotten—animal, vegetable, mineral—foul, fouler, foulest? Why, here the produce of all nations is being unladen, and what can you expect but odours rich and rare?

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,"

you may not expect them always on the quays of Marseilles. This place *exports* a good deal of soap; how can it keep itself perfectly

clean? But whether clean and sweet-smelling or otherwise, one likes to visit these purlieus again and again, to see life in its varied forms. What mischief might be done if one of those ships should take fire! To us it is a marvel that, with so many combustibles about, and all handled in so rough a manner, some tremendous calamity does not occur. By the way, our friend *Mr. Faithfull's Seamen's Rest* was a bright spot to our eye as we traversed the quay. Here only were we reminded of the best things; but we had no time, in a hurried visit, to look within his doors. There must be great need of such an institution in that region. May it prosper! He is brave and active, and just the man for such a port.

The great main street, which is the feature of Marseilles, runs down to the port, so that, as you walk its open roadway, or broad paths, you have always a forest of masts before you. This is the *Rue Cannebière*; and a grand street it is, though by no means all that the natives think it when they say that, "If Paris had a Cannebière, it might be a Marseilles." But we have seen enough of the older town.

Here we are at *The New Harbour*. There are persons of our acquaintance who will never forget the Marseilles Land Company; for they were induced to purchase shares therein, and after a while found themselves very much out of pocket. Well might they be, since the speculation was for years an utter failure, for no one would use the docks. Some years ago they were a dreary waste; and as we walked along the quays, we marked with sadness filth in the fountains, grass in the streets, and desolation everywhere. It is all changed now, and we hope our share-purchasing friends are reaping some little advantage. Before us the new docks present a world of activity: they are a very ant-hill swarming with busy life. We traverse the region, but after getting indoors we can find in our brain nothing definite, but a jumbled-up remembrance of a series of basins or docks, an innumerable horde of big ships, heaps upon heaps of merchandise, knots of sailors, carts, trollies, and waggons beyond count, men in blue, women in every colour, oil-cake for ever, grey horses, and houses seven stories high, with shirts hanging out of almost every window; and above all, and through all, a bellowing more than ten thousand bulls of Bashan could have made—the aforesaid, all-pervading horror of sound being caused by huge ocean-going steamers, eager to be gone.

The apex of the pyramid at Marseilles is *The Church of Notre Dame de la Garde*, five hundred and thirty-five feet above the level of the sea. We shall not climb there to-day, for neither our powers of breathing, nor our means of locomotion, invite the attempt; but we have been there, though still we would *not* go. What a view from that high, rocky hill! On the top of the tower of the church stands a gilded image of the Virgin, thirty feet high, into which you may climb, even up to the head. The Virgin is regarded as guarding the city, and all that go down to the sea in ships. In the vault of the church is an image of Mary in olive-wood, which is regarded with great veneration; but the silver model on the altar would probably be held in higher estimation by many. We were most interested by the votive offerings presented by persons grateful to the Virgin for supposed mercies received. It is always gratitude to *Mary*. *Mary*, *Mary*, everywhere;

and scarcely the name of God, or of the Lord Jesus. Romanism on the Continent is the idolatry of a human being.

In the *Church of St. Victor* there is a miraculous wooden image of the Virgin, said to have been carved by Luke. It is of a dark colour. It is said by the Psalmist that they that make such idols are like unto them: very wooden and very dark must these image-makers have been. Yet crowds come to seek the intercession of *Our Lady of Confession*, as this doll is called. Specially do they make pilgrimages during a

whole week, beginning each year with February 2nd. Of all the errors of Rome, that of Mariolatry is the least to be excused, and the most indicative of her departure from the living God.

But to return to *Notre Dame de la Garde*; this structure seems wholly covered with marks of reverence to the Queen of Heaven. Models of ships hang from the roof in token of deliverance from shipwreck; and ostrich-eggs, as we suppose, a tribute from travellers brought home from dangerous wanderings. Pictures beyond count, from floor to ceiling, set forth marvellous cures or escapes, all brought about by the interposition of Marie! Crutches of grateful cripples, and models in wax of eyes, hearts, arms, &c., all show how faith-healing belongs to Romanism and *Notre Dame*, as well as to Protestantism and anointing with oil. The ends of ropes, by which men have been saved from drowning, are here not without justification; and yet we could not help smiling at the idea of a sanctified rope's-end!



NOTRE DAME DE LA GARDE.

Faith, it would seem, is a cure for a great number of complaints, whether it be faith in a doll, or faith in a supposed promise of sacred writ. To believe that you are well is often half a cure, and to keep on persuading yourself that it is so may work the other half. This is true at Bethshan, and it cannot be denied at Lourdes. There is, however, a higher and diviner faith, which works a greater marvel than a cure, for it produces the quiet and obedient spirit which accepts the appointed cup, and cries, "Not as I will; but as thou wilt."

The monument in Marseilles which most commands our respect is that which keeps in memory the good Bishop Belzunce, who would not leave his flock during the plague of 1720, which carried off nearly fifty thousand persons, or one half of the population. That fearful visitation brought out other heroes; and, among the rest, the two sheriffs of the town, and Chevalier Rose. The prisoners at the galleys were drafted off

eighty a week to put the bodies of the plague-stricken under ground ; but as they all died at the task, it came to pass, at length, that the newly-drafted men refused the deadly service, and then it was that Chevalier Rose put his own hands to the horrible work. Faith in the dying Saviour, even when somewhat dimmed by superstition, has yet an extraordinary power to call forth self-sacrificing benevolence. We, who have a clearer view of the Crucified One, should, with even greater zeal, be ready to lay down our lives for his glory and the good of men. The Congo River can furnish abundant proof that this spirit is no rarity among us.

(*To be continued.*)

An Electrical Illustration.

WE were sitting in a Paris hotel, writing in a room that appeared to be well-lighted, when, on a sudden, as if by a flash of lightning, the whole place was brilliantly illuminated. The room was the same, the pictures on the walls were the same, the people sitting at the tables or on the couches were the same, but how different everything looked, when the white electric light made the yellow gas unnecessary !

Thus have we found it sometimes, when we have been studying the Scriptures. The blessed Book has been very precious to us as we have read its familiar words, and learned again the lessons we have often gathered from its pages ; when, in an instant, a new light from above has flashed upon the sacred Volume, and we have seen in it more than we had ever dreamed of previously. The truth was all there before, but our power of perceiving it has been increased. The sentence about new light breaking from the Word has often been quoted, and almost as often misapplied ; but there is no reason why new light should not be continually streaming down *upon* the Word. The plainest passage of the inspired record has depths of meaning that mortal man has never fathomed ; and it is only as they are revealed by heavenly illumination that we can get even a faint idea of the wonders and mysteries of sovereign grace that lie hidden in every part of the Bible. "In thy light shall we see light." This is the way to get truly "Illuminated Texts."

Let us take care, however, that it is *light* that falls upon the Word. Some of our modern theologians (!) open their treasuries of "destructive criticism," and, under pretence of pouring fresh light upon the Scripture, envelop us in blinding clouds of German smoke ; and when we are half suffocated with the nauseous fumes, and the truth is all but obscured, they ask us to admire the new light that they have evolved. We might almost as well grope our way through the Egyptian darkness of heathenism. No, sirs, we want light, not "darkness visible" ; with Goethe, we are willing to cry, "More light, more light" ; but we know that it can only come from him who says, "I form the light."

JOSEPH W. HARRALD.

Prayer for Rain Answered.

REV. CORNELIUS CAYLEY was for many years, in the earlier part of his life, a clerk in the Princess of Wales's Treasury, to which position he had been raised by his own and his father's friend, Lord Scarborough. He never had a stated charge as a minister, excepting that for a few years he was the chief occupant of the pulpit at the Tabernacle, Norwich. It was while resident in this city that, about 1759, there was a long drought in the spring of the year. Rain had been withheld for so long that the ground was parched, and everything was burnt up. A scene of desolation prevailed, and the country around was in great distress.

One morning Mr. Cayley was taking a walk on the well-known and historic Muswell Hill, near to the city, when, reflecting on the state of the country, he found a particular spirit of prayer come upon him, and he was enabled to wrestle with God for rain. He was led to confess the iniquity of mankind in general, and to plead, notwithstanding their unworthiness of any blessing from God's hand, that he, for the sake of Christ and his righteousness, and his sufferings for the sins of men, would pardon their iniquity, and cause the showers to descend.

He was led also urgently to supplicate the throne of grace that God would draw the people to repentance by his goodness rather than by his judgments; so that by sending rain they might see how merciful he is. "I was," says he, "drawn to look down upon the parched ground, and hold up its mute supplications with up-lifted eyes to God in earnest prayer." Thus he was engaged a long time; until, indeed, he had an inward assurance given him that his prayer was heard for Christ's sake, and that very soon there would be plenty of rain. So convinced was he of this, that he told the people in the house where he lived that rain was coming. They could not believe him, for the sky was quite clear, and there was neither cloud nor sign of rain.

However, in less than two hours the sky became overcast, and it began to rain, and continued to do so nearly three hours, when the sky cleared, and a scorching sun followed.

A farmer, one of Mr. Cayley's friends, said that the rain would be of little service, unless they had more. Mr. Cayley reproved him for his murmuring and unbelief, and assured him there would be rain enough by-and-by. And so it turned out. The clouds gathered again, the sky thickened, the wind fell, and in no great length of time the rain descended in torrents, and continued to do so for more than seven hours, so as to make the whole country roundabout swim. This seasonable supply answered every purpose; everything revived, and it was a year of great plenty. So we are taught what we are slow to learn, and apt soon to forget—our dependence on God; that seasonable weather is an undeserved gift of his kind providence; and that when he puts his hand to the work he makes it to prosper.

There are those, it may be, who will say, "Well, it would have rained just the same if the good man had not prayed; it was merely a coincidence, and the rain had no necessary connection with the praying."

There can be no proof that the rain would have come if the good man had not prayed; but even if that were granted, the connection

between the praying and the rain still holds. God meant to send the rain at that time, and God meant that the good man should pray for it when he did, and therefore he moved him to do so, and enabled him to pray in faith; and as there is a necessary connection between sowing and reaping, there was a necessary connection between the praying and the raining. Besides, are we not expressly invited, or commanded, to pray for rain when it is sorely needed? "Ask ye of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain; so the Lord shall make bright clouds, and give them showers of rain, to every one grass in the field" (Zech. x. 1). In Palestine, *the time of the latter rain* would be when some weeks had passed since the "former rain," and when rain would be urgently needed. Sending the rain would be in God's purpose, and his people asking it of him would be also in his purpose, and the asking was to lead up to the giving.

Oh let us learn to ask, and to receive every gift from a loving Father's hand; for such gifts so given are doubly precious and doubly blessed.

R. SHINDLER.

Two Stories in One.

AT the close of a special service in the Tabernacle, some years ago, a number of young men entered the enquiry-room. The pointed appeals of the evangelists, Messrs. Smith and Clarke, had awakened alarm, and provoked the enquiry, "What must I do to be saved?"

The leader of the meeting was led, in the course of his address, to make, what seemed at the time, a very strange remark. He said, "There may be a young man here who has not asked the Lord to save him, because he holds the belief that God only hears the prayers of the spiritual."

This remark was to prove an important link in a chain of circumstances by which several were drawn to the Saviour. There were many present who had not asked the Lord to save them.

To illustrate the fallacy of the teaching in the case supposed, the following incident was narrated:—

On one occasion Mr. Spurgeon spoke of his prayer being heard even before conversion. Now, it happened that many were present who belonged to that section of the church in which the doctrine of divine sovereignty is so taught as to eclipse the truth of man's responsibility. It is unfortunate that these otherwise estimable people, in order to avoid a seeming inconsistency, fail "to declare the whole counsel of God." A full-orbed gospel embraces both truths, and it is no more the preacher's business to reconcile them than to tie the ends of a rainbow. An exclusive insistence upon one truth, or one set of truths, to the neglect of others equally important, may, in effect, prove as disastrous as the preaching of positive error. They become the worst hearers who, pre-occupied with one truth, are impatient of any teaching which does not square with their system. So it proved in this instance. Scarcely was the service over before a little company had gathered around the preacher, and were putting him to question. The doctrine was, "God only hears the prayers of the spiritual"; and the appeal was to the text,

"The prayers of the wicked are an abomination unto the Lord." There is no such text; but the one which was meant refers to those who turn away from hearing the law, and not to those who long to be saved.

For some time the debate was maintained, when, no longer able to remain a silent listener, a good woman to whom the service had been a divine visitation, forced her way into the centre of the excited group, and thus replied to the objectors:—"Do you say, 'God only hears the prayers of the spiritual'? Why, I read in my Book, 'He heareth the young ravens when they cry'; and do the young ravens pray spiritual prayers, I should like to know? Then, if God hears the croaking of a raven, won't he hear the cry of a poor sinner, who wants to be saved?"

The argument was conclusive, and the effect was electric. A familiar text crowned the victory: "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved"! The majority, if not all, present felt that truth had won the day.

By the narration of this story, the leader of the enquiry meeting won the attention of all, and then proceeded with a practical application of the truth. He requested all to bow in silence, and pledged the rest to join in a hearty "Amen," if any young man should put up the prayer, "Lord, save me!"

The silence was soon broken by the half-stifled sobs of the anxious, and by the audible prayers of those who yearned for their salvation.

How severe was the conflict which raged in many a breast can only be imagined by those who have passed "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God." The fiercest of all wars are those which are waged in the border territory, and the struggle is an agony when a crisis is reached by a human soul, and a solemn decision must be given, between agreement with the usurper or homage to the rightful Lord.

Angels hovered over the scene that night, ready, on swift wing, to bear the glad tidings—"Behold, he prayeth!" Nor had they to wait long; for eyes unused to weeping were wet with tears, and lips which had not been parted in supplication uttered the simple but sufficient prayer, "Lord, save me!" Like an answering echo came the fervent "Amen," and the alternation was maintained till well-nigh twenty young men had crossed the border and entered the kingdom.

Perhaps the reader is "not saved"; if so, the writer would bid him lay the magazine aside, and, on bended knee, dare to put the promise to the test—"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

I've nothing to bring thee, Lord Jesus,
 I'm sinful, and helpless, and poor;
 Unworthy, I fall at thy footstool,
 And pity and pardon implore.
 I know thou art able to save me,
 I know thou art waiting to bless;
 I come to thee pleading thy promise,
 And all my transgressions confess.
 Jesus, I come to thee; oh, save me now!
 Helpless, I cling to thee: oh, save me now!

V. J. C.

An Easter Miracle.

A BALLAD, BY W. Y. FULLERTON.

SOFT they sleep in that Austrian hamlet, all heedless of war's alarm,
 Though the foe has invaded their country, they fear not the foeman's
 arm; [woe,
 Through the weeks set apart they have fasted, and wept at the Saviour's
 But to-night with a hallowing gladness, they think of the Easter glow.
 For to-morrow will dawn that sweet morning, all instinct with breath of
 Spring:

The fair fields fairer flowers are adorning; the birds have begun to sing;
 And pale shines the full moon on the house-tops, its shimmer makes bright
 the mead,
 And the angels in dreams softly whisper, "The Lord, he is ris'n indeed."
 But yet silently, steadily, surely, remorselessly comes the foe,
 While the village, the prey for the victor, sleeps calm in the valley below.

But no ray of the bright Easter gladness has entered the soldier's breast,
 Nor a thought of the rich Easter blessing, nor hope of the Easter rest;
 Still surmounting the hill comes the legion, its crest 'neath their iron heel;
 Long ere morning the town is encircled, hemmed in by a wall of steel.
 Thus the famous French Marshal Massena, in pride of Napoleon's fame,
 Like an eagle swoops forward on Feldkirch, exacting the victor's claim,
 And all sullenly, stealthily, sternly, surrounding the heights they go,
 While the village, the prey for the victor, still sleeps in the valley below.

Soon through glittering bayonets glancing, shoot slanting the spears of
 And the simple folks gladly awaken, to welcome redemption won; [sun,
 Sweet music of Christ's resurrection makes earth's jarring discords cease,
 While to each is the glad greeting given, "The risen Lord grant you
 peace."

But their visions of peace swiftly vanish, and terror extorts a prayer,
 When the sun on the flashing hilltops reveals foreign soldiers there;
 Sad they gaze on the proud foeman's banner, thus shadowing all their bliss,
 Sadly sigh that their bright Easter morning, disaster should bring like
 this;
 And while timidly, tearfully, tamely, they mourn and scarce dare to move,
 The French army, in leisurely boldness, frowns grim on the heights above.

Now the council elect of the village, with timorous hearts debate,
 And bereft of the prospect of succour, they sadly accept their fate,
 Sudden fear enters every bosom, e'en those who at first were brave,
 Overawed by the panic and tumult, sigh faintly, "No arm can save."

With unanimous voices of terror, they vote to surrender all,
 To submit, interceding for mercy. Thus, thus was their town to fall ;
 But a different counsellor entered—the Pastor who led God's flock,
 Feet on earth, and his head up in heaven, he stood in the storm, a rock :
 While most faithfully, fearlessly, fondly he spake with light on his brow,
 " Our good Lord will most certainly save us." " He'll save us ? " they say,
 " but how ? "

" Children, this is the glad Easter morning," he solemnly made reply.
 " We believe that Christ Jesus is living, and hears when his people cry,
 " And we know only now our great weakness, we know not his greater
 might,
 " Let us worship as if no fierce foeman had challenged us in the night." " Then the hearts that black fear had fast frozen were melted beneath his
 word,
 And his faith in the Lord gave them courage, without e'en a single sword,
 And as cloudlessly, cheerfully, calmly, they went their appointed ways,
 The melodious bells in the *Kirche* soon summoned to prayer and praise.

All their fear on the wings of the music was borne from their hearts away,
 Fear and music at once reached the soldiers, and entered their hearts to
 stay,
 And the fear was soon deepened to terror, as thronged from each open door
 Crowds of people in holiday costume, where moved not a soul before.
 And they thought that the Austrian army had surely arrived to aid,
 For what else meant the clanging and music, and what the great change
 it made ?
 And so hurriedly, heedlessly, hotly, the order was, " Save who may " ;
 And or ever the bells had stopped ringing, the bayonets faded away.

Long ago, in the garden, the soldiers surrounded the Saviour's grave,
 But when Jesus had risen in triumph, they swooned, who, till then, were
 And he still is among us in power, in every time of need, [brave ;
 And, not only on festival mornings, he saves us in very deed.
 This they wondrously tested at *Feldkirch*, when helper or hope was none ;
 For they sang of his might as the Victor, and victory grand he won.
 So, right gratefully, glowingly, gladly, they praised their Conqueror's name,
 While the army of France had departed, departed the way it came.

News from our North African Missionary.

"I'll be baptized, sir, if you will give me a pair of boots," said a barefooted Spanish beggar to me. "I'm a gardener, sir," said another; "I'll join you if you'll give me work." And another, who, I believe, had deserted from the Spanish army, was "willing to be baptized if we would get him English protection." What crowds we should have if we gave away half-crowns instead of tracts! People think a deal more of a pig-sty on earth than of a mansion in heaven. But some are seeking for heavenly treasure, and are finding Jesus to be the "pearl of great price."

V. S—, the first brother I baptized in Africa, knows that Christ is precious unto those who believe. He is very poor, but never begs or murmurs. Asking him one day how he was getting on in the Christian life, he replied, "Our Lord Jesus Christ is very good to me, sir; he has never let me be more than two days without food"; and a happy smile lighted up his face. We also know of sins given up since his conversion, and rejoice to see him growing in grace.

F. P. F—, who, I told you, was sent into the Spanish navy, wrote me, several weeks ago, telling me how he hated the life, but found comfort in Christ. He has been to Tangier since then, and appears to be earnestly seeking to follow Christ.

Last July, a Jew professed conversion, and was very anxious that we should baptize him. He was, however, so ignorant concerning Bible truth that we felt we could not do so just then. He went away as a sailor, and returned three weeks since, coming immediately to us, with great joy. He tells how, when all the crew were expecting their vessel to go down, he knelt in prayer, and God took away all his fear. When the danger was past, one of his shipmates asked him to pray for him. Yet this man had known really nothing about Jesus Christ, and was quite surprised to hear that he had been crucified by the Jews. One Saturday afternoon we had over fifty Jews—men, women, and children—at the dispensary. I asked them the names of the first man and woman. Only one present knew. Next I asked for the names of the two sons of Adam and Eve. After a long pause, one answered, "David and Japheth!" We find all the poor Jews and Jewesses sadly ignorant, and with little desire to read the Scriptures.

Four young fellows that came to our adult school have professed conversion, and we are much encouraged by the change in their conduct during the last few weeks. Also a fisherman and his sons have testified several times of their love for Christ, and belief in him. Several other cases cheer us considerably. We have much cause for rejoicing.

We want a large quantity of good Spanish tracts. I purpose leaving a tract and an invitation to our meetings at every Jewish and Spanish house in the town. Who will help us to do this?

Since last writing you, we have opened a coffee bar, believing it will greatly help us in our work. Our converts appreciate it greatly, as they need not frequent cafés and wine-shops, where card-playing, &c., is carried on. I have also started a savings bank. The Spaniards are very improvident. The bank takes but little time, and we believe it may be a means of great blessing.

But our chief work is in preaching the gospel. We ask for your earnest prayers that we may be faithful to the trust committed unto us.

I remain, yours heartily,

N. HARDINGHAM PATRICK.

Notices of Books.

A Child of Faith. Memorials of Andrew Kennedy Bremner. By his BROTHER. Hodder and Stoughton. THE title well describes the youth whose brief life is herein lovingly set down. Whatever he was, he became as the result of his faith, though we are inclined to think that his works killed him. We fetch a sigh as we think of the herculean labours involved in those examinations in which he was so successful, and the death blows which those excessive studies gave to an exhausted frame. Better that he had studied less, and lived more. Yet his course was bright with testimony to the power of grace; may that testimony have influence with his comrades! Will Scotland or any other land produce such holy youth when the new unbelief has won the day?

Our young brother, who has now gone up higher, knew the reality of the great truths, which to many around him were mere names and dreams. He was not misled by the deceitful teaching which is using the terms of orthodoxy, and at the same time denying all its meaning. Truly, at this time also, the serpent is more subtle than any beast of the field; and happy are the young men who can be deaf to its beguilement. Andrew Bremner believed, and therefore he was rooted in the faith, and brought forth fruit unto the great Husbandman. In other cases, the doubt insinuated by the minister, or the professor, has slain faith, and, with it, the rest and peace of the heart. Our blood boils as we think of professed ministers of the Lord Jesus spending their lives in perverting the minds of young men; but such there are. The Lord have mercy upon them, and deliver his churches from them!

By a Way they knew not; being Memorials of Blind Fanny Winton. By MARTHA RIGDEN. Stoneman. THIS simple story of an afflicted, but patient and useful child of God, has reached its fourth edition, which is, perhaps, its best commendation. There are no stirring incidents, and no great heights of ecstatic rapture; but that calm, quiet, restful, submissive spirit which shows how the grace of God

sanctifies suffering. The writer of this notice knew "Blind Fanny," and can confirm, from personal experience, what Miss Rigden has written concerning her. Though she has been for nearly nineteen years where the blind can see "the King in his beauty," her memory is still fragrant in the quaint little Sussex village where she so long lay bedridden, and glorified God by her patient endurance of pain, and her joyful trust in her Lord's atoning sacrifice.

"Always Abounding"; or, Recollections of the Life and Labours of the late George Brealey, the Evangelist of the Blackdown Hills. By his son, W. J. BREALEY. Shaw and Co.

A SIMPLE, popular life of an earnest, laborious evangelist, who turned many to righteousness. He was no trimmer, but followed his Lord fully. He even risked the whole of his support by resolving to baptize his converts. Decision of this sort is to our heart's content. He was bold as a lion in preaching the gospel in places where he met with opposition of the roughest kind, even endangering life and limb. He was a man of the type usually associated with George Müller, and other believers, who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. He had learned to trust in the Lord, and to preach the Word, not in the power of education, but in the energy of the Holy Ghost. Oh, for more of this true learning which cometh from the Lord of wisdom! This book will interest many, and by God's grace will prove a blessing to them.

Joshua: his Life and Times. By Rev.

WILLIAM J. DEANE, M.A. Nisbet. THE diligent student must profit by such a help as this. Mr. Deane specially excels in the geographical descriptions of places mentioned. This is an admirable assistance to the understanding of a book which consists of the despatches of a Conqueror, and the plans of a Surveyor. By no means deficient in spiritual instruction, but specially useful historically and geographically, we can heartily commend this book as being worth ten times the half-crown for which it is published.

The Life-work of the Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." By FLORINE THAYER MCCRAY. Funk and Wagnalls.

WHEN we took this volume into our hand we exclaimed, "What a weight it is!" The quantity of China clay, or some other heavy stuff, in the paper, must be very large, for the book is well-nigh as heavy as a stone of the same size would be. We should fancy that if the book were laid in water it would dissolve into chalk, and wash away altogether. When we came to read the book, we were forced to say that we found it heavy in another sense; but that may have been the result of the fact that we knew many of the particulars before we re-perused them in their present form. We do not discover much that is very fresh in the style, or in the matter, and we do not think our readers will care much for the work.

It was not possible that the life of such a woman as Mrs. Beecher Stowe should be devoid of interest. "*She wrote 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,'*" is enough of epitaph for any literary woman in either the Old or New World. Doubtless that story had great influence, and helped to bring public opinion to the boiling-point in the matter of American slavery. The account of the honours she most deservedly received in consequence of her success with this great novel is all very well; but when all comes to all, our great interest is in the book itself, and not in the big wigs who invited the authoress to dinner or to tea. We are glad when genius is honoured as it ought to be, but the record of the fact falls flat. Mrs. Beecher Stowe is here said to have been "the grandest woman of the age." Her influence, according to our authoress, was more pervasive and lasting than that of any other living writer. This is certainly doing full justice to the lady. According to this volume she is dead, and yet she is spoken of as living. Alas, that both should be so nearly true!

We see that her son has issued a life of her, which is published by Sampson Low: we hope it is better done. Mrs. Stowe deserves a better memorial. To us something is wanting in the life itself; we know not what

it is. Great powers and grand principles are present, but there is a certain vacuum. We do not feel, when we have read all that is here recorded, that we wish to do any other than admire, and yet we are not satisfied. We wish we did not feel just so, but we cannot help it. The author of "*Uncle Tom*" must be a grand woman, but we do not feel that Mrs. Beecher Stowe is exactly that person. Her biography will not do much to produce her like. We see what a specially-gifted woman can do, but we do not observe much that is imitable by ordinary women, or that would befit them if they did imitate it.

The Venerable William Clowes. A Sketch. By THOMAS GUTTERY. Toulson, 6, Sutton Street, E.

ONE finds it difficult, in these days, to understand how Hugh Bourne and William Clowes could have been expelled from Wesleyan Methodism for the commendable offence of holding camp-meetings. These were by no manner of means irregular, if Mr. Wesley is to be looked upon as the standard of Wesleyan propriety; and they were quietness itself if compared with the effervescences of Salvationist zeal at the present day. Yet so it was, the Society of zeal drove out men who were too zealous.

Possibly the greater wisdom, which would have kept these men within the bounds of Wesleyanism, would have deprived the world of the self-denying labours of the Primitives. Clowes was a model Primitive Methodist, and worked with a forty-preacher power for the salvation of souls. Whatever we may think of his peculiar doctrines, we are at one with him in giving great prominence to salvation for the chief of sinners through the merits of the Lord Jesus—salvation wrought in the heart by the Holy Ghost. This is the gospel of the olden time, by which eternal life comes to men.

This biography is a condensed epitome, rather than an extended narrative. It is enthusiastically written, and will be read by Primitives with much delight. It should excite every reader to greater faith, and to more intense diligence in the work of the Lord.

Talks with Men, Women, and Children.
By Rev. DAVID DAVIES, Brighton.
Elliot Stock.

THESE sermons must surely be condensed for the press, or else our brother David Davies is a miracle of brevity. He does not seem to us to get fairly into his subject before he gets out of it again. Well, well, it is a fault which some might cultivate, and be less faulty than they are. We are struck with the freshness of the themes, and the remarkably appropriate texts which are used. The volume is a handsome one, the theology is sound, and the spirit is good. We should personally like more of the doctrines of grace, but the preacher doubtless knows what the members of his congregation are able to digest. The talks to the children are very taking. Success to the Holland Road Pulpit, from which these talks were talked! From the words "First Series" on the title-page, we gather that the weekly issue of the sermons will be continued. May their usefulness be abundant!

Imago Christi: the Example of Jesus Christ. By the Rev. JAMES STALKER, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS is a delightful book, upon a glorious subject, by one who is better qualified to write it than any other living man. With Mr. Stalker's "Life of Christ" we were greatly pleased, and therefore we were prepared to welcome anything from his pen upon a kindred subject. Our highest expectations are exceeded: this is an immortal book. Our Lord's life, in reference to the Home, the State, and the Church, is well discussed; and then we have our Lord as a friend, a man of prayer, a student of Scripture, a worker, a sufferer, a preacher, and so forth. We do not agree with what will be inferred from Mr. Stalker's description of our Lord's conduct towards the State. The Lord Jesus seems to us to have severely left the Government alone, and never to have touched politics by a single act or word, save only as general principles of righteousness necessarily come in contact with them. He was lawfully the King of the Jews, but he did nothing whatever to obtain political power in

opposition to Pilate or Herod. He even refused to decide a civil dispute, saying, most peremptorily, "Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you?" We cannot conceive of him as dabbling in party warfare, or touting for popularity by interfering in wrangles about wages!

In other matters we follow Mr. Stalker with full assent, and feel that he has supplied a great want in our religious literature. His book will not rival Thomas-à-Kempis, but it will ably supplement it. The chapter upon Christ as a student of Scripture is worthy to be printed as a tract, and scattered thick as flakes of snow. In times when Holy Writ is treated in the most irreverent manner, it is delightful to turn to our Lord, and see how intently he studied it, how admirably he quoted it, how earnestly he loved it. It may not have occurred to all our readers that it is not likely that Jesus ever had a Bible of his own. It was a possession too expensive for a carpenter's son, and too bulky for him to have carried it about in his constant wanderings. Our author is probably right in the conjecture that his study in youth was the synagogue, and that he had favour in the eyes of the keeper of the sacred rolls, so as to be permitted to study them; just as a youthful musician of great promise may obtain permission from the organist of a church to practise upon the instrument. Many such new thoughts have charmed us as we have perused this work, so fitly called "Imago Christi."

Warwick's Spare Minutes: or, Resolved Meditations and Premeditated Resolutions. Glasgow: David Bryce and Co.

A SPECIAL booklet, bound in wash-leather, with strings to tie it up: an imitation of the very oldest style. It would make a pretty present to a thoughtful friend, and the small cost puts it within the reach of the many. It contains many sententious aphorisms, and it will be much esteemed. We do not think it the very best of such books, but for an hour's meditation it is a very tasty morsel. We are right glad to have read it.

The Minister of Baptism. A History of Church Opinion from the time of the Apostles: especially with reference to Heretical, Schismatical, and Lay Administration. By Rev. WARWICK ELWIN, M.A. John Murray.

WHETHER or no baptism, when administered by laymen or dissenters, can be considered valid, is the question here discussed by one who takes it for granted that there is efficacy in sprinkling, that this efficacy depends upon the priesthood of the administrator, and that this priesthood descends in unbroken line from the apostles, and has so descended to the clergy of the Church of England. To our author his discussion is serious, to us it is absurd. It is amusing to read what persons of different religions think to be important.

We learn from this case that a system, which is fiction from beginning to end, cannot always make its myths fit in with one another. The difficulty here seems to be—to baptize twice would be horrible; but how can we admit that a dissenter can baptize, for he is not in the Church? Yet, if we don't admit it, certain of our own orders are questionable, for we have had bishops and archbishops who were baptized by such heretical people as Presbyterians. This is a serious business to be sure! If there were anything in the whole of it from beginning to end, we would condole with our friends in their grave difficulty. But as it is, facts are hard and stern, and their little theoretic bubbles break against them. Here are the facts as we see them:—the whole church of Christ is a priesthood; we have not a word in Holy Scripture concerning any hierarchy within her pale. Sprinkling is not baptism in any case. Only believers should be baptized. The baptism of an unbeliever is no baptism into Christ. The true church derives her life from the indwelling Spirit, and not from any imaginary transmission of occult power from man to man. To pretend that none can be saved unless baptized by certain ordained individuals is to degrade the truth of God into a priestcraft almost

heathenish in its superstition. All this mess and muddle, which arises out of the inventions with which God's simple Word is overlaid, is only worthy to be sport for the children in the streets of the New Jerusalem.

We hold in high esteem our brethren who differ from us and yet live by faith in Christ Jesus; but those who give themselves airs, and claim an exclusive monopoly of some mystic witchcraft, we can hardly treat seriously. We do not claim a portion of their imaginary power, and therefore they need not fear us. It is ours to preach the gospel, and immerse believers; and in this they do not compete with us. Our spheres do not clash: we can afford to dwell apart.

By-Paths of Bible Knowledge. The Life and Times of Isaiah, as Illustrated by Contemporary Monuments. By A. H. SAYCE, LL.D. Religious Tract Society.

AFTER reading this little book attentively, we feel grateful for the scanty information which it contains, and quite admit that it is well to issue a book to embody that little; but at the same time, make what you will of it, the illustration from contemporary monuments is in this instance of the slenderest sort. These pages may serve as a forerunner of history upon Isaiah, but there must be a deal more to come. It tickles one's appetite, but does nothing more.

Friends and Friendship. By Mrs. ALEXANDER RUSSELL SIMPSON. Nisbet.

A CONGLOMERATE of jewels. Incidents, parables, illustrations, and pithy quotations are here in profusion. Of course, some of them are antique, but these are precious as old gold. Others are fresh as the pearl which yesterday was a drop of dew. Such a little book we can read without an effort, and feel, when we have done, that by no effort could we forget its gracious impressions. One has heard that a great book is a great evil, and there is truth in the remark; but, in this case, a small book is a great benefit. If any one doubts our word, let him pay a shilling, procure the booklet, and form his own opinion.

The Baptist Almanack and Directory for the year 1890. Robert Banks.

THIS is a cheap and useful annual, which has a place of its own, from which no other publication has dislodged it. Price Twopence.

Whitaker's Almanack for 1890. Whitaker, 12, Warwick Lane.

OF course, you have already bought your Whitaker! It is the wise man's companion. We hope it will not grow any bigger: it can hardly be better.

Hazell's Annual for 1890. A Cyclopædic Record of Men and Topics of the Day. Edited by E. D. PRICE. Hazell, Watson, and Viney.

VERY strong in brief, but full, biographies of our comrades in the march of life. "*Hazell's Annual*" bears nuts of its own: clusters of useful facts, baskets of important memories. We are sorry that we are so late in mentioning it; but earlier in the year we were in a viny land, where hazels are supplanted by what's on the orange and the lemon.

Oliver Cromwell: the Man and his Mission. By J. ALLANSON PICTON. New edition. Cassell and Co.

OUR author has been greatly favoured of God to have had so much fellowship with a greatly believing life. He may, or may not, be the better man for it, but surely the kingdom of God has come nigh to him. Continually Mr. Picton lets us see that he is not in sympathy with Oliver's belief: he would not have been honest had he not done so; but his overmastering admiration of the royal man forbids his treating those beliefs with anything like disrespect. Mr. Picton is no hero-worshipper: he sees the faults of the great man, and sees, most justly, that they were the faults of the age rather than of the individual; but he does not hide from the reader the strength of Oliver, and the secret source from which it flowed.

We have read this book twice: once, with eager curiosity, devouring the pages with delight: and then, a second time, scanning the work with critical care. We were interested in the life of a great believer, written by a "Modern-thought" man. How

could he do it? He has done it very well, considering. There is nothing in Cromwell that can be made subservient to the advancement of the disciples of Doubt. He is safe in their hands, because he has been endorsed by their leaders; and, on the other hand, they have, for once, a subject before them which they cannot bend to mischief. Of course, a hit can be made here and there, but the weight of Oliver Cromwell's iron heel must always be upon the myths and dreams of speculators and scientists. With him, "the Word of the Lord endureth for ever." Hence we can safely recommend this biography.

The story is well told. It is not an apology for the "great Independent"; it takes higher and far more reasonable ground. Showing "the member for Cambridge" as he was, it does not wait to enquire what this or that party may think of him. The narrative does not glow with excitement, because his Highness, the Lord Protector, wears a gold band round his hat; it thinks the less rather than the more of him because of this scrap of bedizenment. Yet there is no censure of the soldier for exercising a power which he possessed above all his contemporaries. He became king because he was a king. In all the three kingdoms no one had a millionth part of the influence which had gradually crystallized around him; and it was for the good of the nation and the age that he should wield it—wield it, as all allowed that he did, with justice, moderation, and wisdom. To us the one fact is that he believed God, and therefore he was strong to overcome a ribald age, and to screen his fellow-believers from the oppression of the godless. Whatever judgment politicians may form of him, those who, like him, have experience of dealing personally with the Most High, will find in his life a solace and a stimulus; and they will feel all the more safe in using it in those directions when they find the record written out by one who cannot be suspected of partiality to faith, or of a desire to glorify the particular form of it which was incarnate in the Lord Protector.

The Century Dictionary. An Encyclopedic Lexicon of the English Language. Prepared under the Superintendence of WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Comparative Philology and Sanskrit in Yale University. T. Fisher Unwin.

THIS is the dictionary of the century, and it will be a century before it is eclipsed. To produce it is not merely a labour, but an enterprise. We have heard that if the proprietors could have foreseen the vast expense and the tremendous toil, they would never have ventured upon the enormous task. We have Vol. I. now before us. It contains all the words a mortal man can need to use, and a good many more. Technical terms, such as we have never met with, are here in profusion. The explanations are full, though brief, and were evidently prepared by specialists. We know of no work which can rival it. Nothing remains to be desired but the money wherewith to purchase it. To the literary man it is a necessity, and none, who can afford its purchase, should view it in any other light.

Severn to Tyne: the Story of Six English Rivers. By E. M. EDWARDS. 66, Paternoster Row.

BOOKS of interesting travel are far superior to novels. We grieve to see that in our public libraries fiction commands an overwhelming proportion of the readers: it is a token of the frivolity of the age. Are we to pay our rates to furnish young people with novels?—young people, too, who could very well afford to pay for their hire at a library?

Travels in our own country foster patriotism, and tend to spread knowledge of a practical sort! It is good to know something of the Thames and the Severn, the Trent and the Humber, the Ouse and the Tyne. What a wealth of beauty we have in our own dear land! No one needs to go abroad to see objects of the highest interest and beauty. We have often thought that, if the scenes in England which are viewed as commonplace could only be carried abroad, our countrymen would flock to stare at them. This is folly.

This book is well set off with engravings, and the author seizes upon the most prominent features of the country with a judicious hand. We are pleased with his work. It might be better; but it is so good that we are grateful for it.

The History of Kennington and its Neighbourhood. By Dr. MONTGOMERY. H. Stacey Gold, 85, Brixton Road, or Hamilton, Adams and Co.

EVERY book-lover in Kennington should read this history. We are not now writing of a religious work, but of one which describes a region within which the bulk of our Tabernacle friends reside. The Surrey Gardens are well described, and the account given of the accident at Mr. Spurgeon's first sermon is full and accurate. Kennington Common also has a history worth writing, and the Oval has great attractions for lovers of cricket. Kennington is not a poor subject, nor was its vicar a careless historian.

Summer Suns in the Far West. A Holiday Trip to the Pacific Slope. By W. G. BLAIRKIE, D.D. Nelson.

DR. BLAIRKIE travelled with his eyes open. He went from Edinburgh to Philadelphia, Chicago, Salt Lake, the Yosemite Valley, San Francisco, British Columbia, Canada, and parts adjacent. It must have been a fine tour. He saw Moody—whom we had rather see than all the glories of picturesque California. The Doctor is always lively, never prosy. His book is neatly prepared, as is the wont of Thomas Nelson and Sons.

Great Thoughts from Master Minds. Vol. XII. Hall, Fleet Street.

THIS is a fine mass of literature. It is not quite the selection we should have made: some matters we should certainly have left out; but in this case we are critic, and not editor. Many living thoughts are here gathered together, like bees in a hive: there is much honey, some hum, and a little sting. Certain of the portraits we have seen once and again in former volumes; but after all deductions, this is a cheap and valuable book.

The Hermit Hunter of the Wilds. By GORDON STABLES. Blackie.

A REGULAR Robinson Crusoe romance. Fascinating for boys. Not in our line.

Story of a Queen. By MARY C. ROWSELL. Blackie.

A TRUE character vindicated, and slander balked of its design. A singular story of a French count in the very olden time.

John Marriot's Idol. By MARY RUSSELL DAY. T. Woolmer.

THE story well illustrates the evil of the love of money. Poor John Marriot fell a victim to avarice. The miser was miserable, and ended his sinful days in an asylum. A sadly interesting tale.

A Man's Will. A Novel. By EDGAR FAWCETT. Funk & Wagnalls.

A MERE cursory glance at this book by an American author will convince the reader on two points, namely, that the writer has rare mental powers, coupled with the ability to present his views on a serious subject in a very attractive style; and that the cause of Total Abstinence has in him a powerful advocate. In this life-like story of a New York banker's family he is really discussing the psychology of drinking, and putting in very clear light the medical aspect of the case. The disease is shown in its most virulent phases in the two subjects, father and son, and the only remedy is insisted upon, namely, total abstinence. But then our author is met by the fact, and honestly makes it part of his story, that temptation often dogs the steps of the man who is most sincere in his determination to abstain. He may fall, and be recovered but to fall again. What is to be done? We know what our readers will say; but, unfortunately for our author, he does not take into account any power outside the man; but insists that "a man's will" can effect his salvation from this thralldom. He says: "For all men afflicted by this malady, a constant exercise of the will-power is needful. It is through this, *only this*, that salvation may be secured. The fight must be incessant and unsparring, till the

will has finally conquered. The struggler wages battle with *but one weapon*—his will." Addressing one whom drink and delirium tremens had all but slain, he says, "Watch your own will cautiously. Your crucial time may come at any moment now. Cultivate thorough self-control." True it is that thousands, who were slaves to drink, have, apparently without any force but that of their own will, abjured the intoxicating cup; but observation convinces us that the great mass of drunkards and confirmed tipplers will not, or cannot, exercise strength enough of will-power to "put on and use the curb unflinchingly" without the direct help of omnipotent grace, and that they must be taught, exhorted, and encouraged to seek the Lord, who can work in them both "to will and to do."

Raymond Theed: a Story of Five Years. By ELSIE KENDALL. T. Woolmer.

It is an encouraging sign that so large a proportion of the fiction coming under our notice tends directly to the promotion of total abstinence. *Raymond Theed* is of this class, and, though in no way strikingly original, has in it excellent moral teaching.

Tell Me a Story: Yes, I Will. By HELEN BRISTOW. T. Woolmer.

A PRETTY shilling book for little people, consisting of fourteen short stories and allegories reprinted from *The Temperance Record*.

Mattie's Home; or, The Little Match-girl and her Friends. By the Author of "Hungry Jack," &c. Partridge.

ANOTHER pathetic story of child-life in London streets and slums. It is a powerful plea for help for the Homes for waifs and strays. How the book, with its four full-page illustrations, can be sold at ninepence, is a puzzle.

More than Kin. By EMMA E. HORNIBROOK. Kelly, 66, Paternoster Row.

THE prettiest of pretty binding and good printing and paper are employed to set off a story, lacking in no quality essential to a religious novel. Nevertheless, we find it wearisome.

By Canoe and Dog-Train among the Cree and Salteaux Indians. By EGERTON RYERSON YOUNG (missionary). With an introduction by MARK GUY PEARSE. Kelly.

YOUNG and old will read this amazing story with delight. Our age is not given over to perdition while it can show missionaries like Egerton Young. His heroic journeys through the snow, drawn by dogs, are described in a way which will secure the attention of all. Robinson Crusoe himself can scarcely beat Egerton Young; and then, *the story is true*. Here our reader can find material for a missionary address which will traverse entirely new ground.

Speaking: its Philosophy and Practice. By JOSIAH RICHARDSON, Voice Specialist. Published by the author, Exeter Hall.

MR. RICHARDSON has acted as voice-trainer to the Pastors' College with the happiest results. We therefore judge of the tree by its fruits. As to the *philosophy* of speaking here laid down, we are not able to judge; but as to the *practice* which the author promotes, we can give a very favourable verdict. This book will be of small service if merely *read*; but if *used*, we think it will be of much service. It is not bulky, and this, to busy men, is a great commendation.

Notes.



WE count ourselves right happy to be able to give a vignette of our dear and venerable friend, Rev. George Rogers, who is in his 91st year. Long years ago, he began to instruct the Pastors' College, and he held his office, fulfilling it most efficiently, till multiplied years compelled him to quit his post. His mind is still clear, and his heart steadfast. He has never swerved from the faith, and to-day holds it as tenaciously as ever. How much of rest the President has derived from such a helper, and how much of blessing has come to the men trained under his hand, eternity alone can reveal. May the Lord himself be with his beloved servant even unto the end!

Very joyful was the first service at the Tabernacle on the senior Pastor's return. What a pleasure again to have deacons and

elders gathered about you for prayer; and then, girded with strength by intercession, to go in among those thousands of loving hearts in the great congregation! Many, it is true, have fallen asleep, for twenty deaths were reported at one church-meeting this year; but then how many remain, warm of heart, and ready of hand for practical work! Glory be to God for a great church, as perfectly one as if all were in fact, as well as in theory, members of one body.

The project for *The Surrey Gardens Memorial* has been so well commenced that we have about £1,100 towards it. When we can get the plans, and an estimate, we will let our readers know what is wanted. Scattered all over the world are converts brought to Christ at the Music Hall, and we hope that every one of them will have a brick in the Memorial. We shall require £2,000 more, so far as we can see.

A deacon writes of a method used by certain "Down-grade" preachers, specially when wishing to obtain possession of a vacant pulpit. The gentleman whom he describes did not oppose any great doctrine, but dwelt upon matters which were true as far as they went. He was a man of marked ability, and nearly won the position; but by an accidental expression he betrayed his real views. On reviewing his preaching, the friends saw that all he had brought forward might have come from any Unitarian. He had left out the atonement, the work of the Holy Ghost, future punishment, the resurrection, and the inspiration of Holy Scripture. Happily the eyes of the church were opened in due time, and the deacon, in writing to us, says:—"Clearly, what we have to do in these days, is not simply to take great notice of what is preached, but

still greater note of what is *not* preached. If this man had made even an insinuation against any Scriptural doctrine, we should have been suspicious; but he artfully avoided it, and nearly caught us in a trap." We are glad that brethren remain who are not to be deceived by mere fluency, but must have "the gospel." They had need be on their watch-tower.

On *Monday evening, February 3*, after an absence of eleven Mondays, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon had once more the delight of being at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting. There were as many present to welcome him back as there had been at the farewell gathering, and heartfelt thanksgivings for his return were blended with earnest supplication for continued and increased blessing on the work. The Pastor referred to the large number of friends who had gone home during his absence, and special prayer was offered for those who have been bereaved, and the many who are still suffering. Mr. Boulsher, one of the elder brethren of the Pastors' College, gave an account of the work he has done as the Evangelist of the Missouri Valley Association, U.S.A., and Mr. Johns, the last student who has settled, expressed his gratitude for all the help he had received while in the College. He was commended to the Lord in prayer by the President, and by some of his fellow-students. The meeting throughout was a good beginning for another series of holy, happy gatherings before the throne of grace.

On *Monday evening, February 10*, after singing and prayer, and a brief address by the Pastor, Mr. Allison spoke of the voyage he was about to take with his wife to South Africa, and he asked the prayers of the friends for a blessing upon them, and upon the printed sermons he should distribute while away. Mr. Harrauld led the supplications of the congregation on their behalf, and Messrs. Sedcole and Gwillim pleaded for a special blessing upon Mr. Allison's mission at Pimlico. The Pastor then described two classes of hearers whom he had observed in the course of his ministry, first, those who believed in God, and trusted in his mercy in Christ Jesus, who were helped, and made to grow, blessed, and made a blessing to all around them, so continuing to old age ripe, mellow, happy, ready to go home; and, on the other hand, there were some who used to hear the gospel regularly and attentively, interested in it, and awakened by it, but never decided; after a time less regular in their attendance, then associating with men of doubtful morals, and gradually going from bad to worse, until they made themselves and all about them utterly miserable, and began to suffer even here something of the torture which would be their portion for ever unless almighty grace should convert them. The Pastor also referred to some of the opportunities of usefulness which he

had found at Menton, and prayed for a blessing upon the little flock he had left there. Two of the students pleaded for the College, and one of them, Mr. Doggett, told the story of how he was brought to the Saviour, and of the work he has been carrying on at Cambridge. Supplication was also offered for our brethren in North Africa; Mr. Chamberlain sang a gospel melody, with a chorus which the congregation took up heartily; and the Pastor closed the meeting by presenting several special requests that had been sent in from various quarters.

While the prayer-meeting was proceeding a church-meeting was being held, at which, among other business, twenty-five candidates were proposed for membership.

On *Tuesday evening, February 11*, the annual church-meeting was held. After several hundreds had taken tea, they adjourned to the Tabernacle, where they were joined by many more of their fellow-members. After prayer by Pastor J. A. S., the senior Pastor referred to the scheme for commemorating the services at the Surrey Gardens, by the erection of suitable buildings for the Sunday-school carried on in that region. The treasurer, Mr. T. H. Olney, then presented his annual accounts, which showed a balance in hand on every fund. The church statistics, reported by Mr. Dunn, were as follows:—Additions, by baptism, 310; by profession (previously baptized), 49; by transfer, 71; by restoration, 3; decrease, by dismission to other churches, 118; by joining other churches without letters, 60; by resignation, 5; by emigration, 7; by removal for non-attendance, 94; for conduct inconsistent with profession, 10; by death, 60; leaving a net increase of 79, the present number of members being 5,354. There are 30 Sunday-schools connected with the church, with 8,513 scholars, and 644 teachers; and 26 mission-stations, with 4,200 sittings. Our much-esteemed deacon, Mr. Henry Smith, having removed from London, his resignation was accepted with great regret; and four new deacons were elected—Messrs. S. R. Pearce, F. Thompson, Walter Mille, and James E. Passmore; and one new elder, Mr. E. Frisby, who has long led the psalmody of the congregation. It was a great, happy, family gathering, the memory of which will long encourage us in our holy service.

On *Monday evening, February 17*, at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, the Pastor introduced the newly-elected officers, and special prayer for them was presented by several of the brethren. Two of the new deacons, Messrs. Pearce and Thompson, briefly spoke of the way in which the Lord had led them. Mr. C. W. Gregory, one of our College brethren, who has been labouring in California, related his experience when he first came to the Tabernacle, and gave an interesting account of the pioneer mission work he has been doing along the

Pacific coast. Mr. J. S. Harrison, one of our College Evangelists, delivered an earnest appeal to any unconverted persons who might be present, and Mr. Charles Cook endeavoured to press the truth still more upon their consciences and hearts. Several brethren fervently prayed that the Lord would bless the testimony just delivered; a verse of the hymn, "There is life for a look at the Crucified One," was sung; Mr. Harrauld presented several special requests that had been received; and the meeting was closed with prayer by the Pastor.

Forthcoming Meetings.—On *Tuesday evening, March 4*, the annual meeting of the TABERNACLE GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY will (D.V.) be held. All friends of Temperance are heartily invited. On *Tuesday evening, March 18*, Mr. CHARLES COOK will give a lecture, at the Tabernacle, on the places visited by him during his prison mission-work. Two hundred of the Stockwell Orphanage children will sing at intervals.

COLLEGE.—Mr. A. E. Johns has completed his course with us, and settled at Newport, Isle of Wight.

The following brethren have removed:—Mr. G. T. Bailey, from Haslingden, to Vicarage Road, Leyton, Essex; Mr. F. A. Jackson, from the Gladstone Mission, Liverpool, to Syston, Leicestershire; Mr. G. W. Pope, from Diss, to Addison Hall, Notting Hill; Mr. E. A. Tydeman, from Bacup, to Foot's Cray, Kent; Mr. W. J. N. Vanstone, from Leafeld, to High Street, Bow; Mr. T. N. Smith, from Reading Centre, to Shelby Centre, Orleans County, New York State; Mr. A. A. Witham, from Toledo, to Chehalis, Lewis County, Washington Territory, U.S.A.; and Mr. M. Morris, from Kapunda, South Australia, to Tamworth, New South Wales.

Just after last month's magazine was finished we received the sad intelligence of the death of our brother, J. G. Brown, late of the Congo Mission. He was on his way home, and died at sea, after a week's fever, increased by congestion of the lungs. We sincerely sympathize with his sorrowing widow and relatives, and pray that they may be divinely sustained and comforted.

A letter from our brethren in New Zealand informs us that our son Thomas has been appointed mission-preacher of the New Zealand Baptist Union, and that great hopes are entertained that his visits to the churches will quicken them to fuller vitality, and also result in the ingathering of many from the world. He will, however, rest for a time in Tasmania.

On *Friday evening, February 21*, the London brethren held a very profitable meeting in anticipation of the approaching Conference. For the benefit of brethren at the Antipodes, it was decided at once that *Monday, June 16*, should be set apart as the DAY OF UNITED PRAYER in connection with the College Association.

EVANGELISTS.—We have received a long and cheering report of the visit of *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* to Weston-super-Mare, in connection with the Y.M.C.A. in that town, but we cannot spare space for more than the following brief note from the secretary, Mr. Owers:—

"It has been a time of very great blessing; and it has been stated, on good authority, that never has such a successful mission been held in the town. The secret, no doubt, is its united and unsectarian character. Christians of all denominations have been brought together. Three vicars and the pastor of every church but one have taken part in the meetings. The Victoria Hall, the largest in the town, was packed night after night, to listen to the grand old story of redeeming love; and we return to our God hearty thanks for over one hundred and fifty souls, who have decided for Christ during the week."

The next place visited by the Evangelists was Stroud. Pastor W. T. Soper writes:—"Great was the blessing God gave; fifty came over to the Lord's side during the mission." Our brethren have since been to Cleckheaton and Rotherham, where many souls have been won for the Lord; and this month they go to Leamington. Both of them have been unwell during the past month, as indeed others of our Evangelists have been, but we trust that they are all better now.

Pastor P. A. Hudgell writes, concerning *Mr. Burnham's* services at Wrexham:—"For the sweetness of his singing, the faithfulness of his preaching, the earnestness of his nature, his large-hearted enthusiasm for the things of God, his soul-love for the unconverted, to say nothing of his Christly talk and conduct in associating with him, we shall be always grateful to God for having brought Mr. Burnham into our midst."

Mr. Burnham has also conducted missions at John Street, Edgware Road, and Ripley Street, Bradford; and this month he goes to Sellindge and Shrewsbury. He wishes us to say that he has a fortnight free at the end of March and beginning of April, if any church needs his services.

From Willingham, Pastor Ruthven writes respecting *Mr. Harner*:—"He is well adapted for his work, and his clear, earnest, practical, gospel addresses are much calculated to grip the conscience, convince the mind, and touch the heart." Pastor E. W. Berry, of Redditch, reports concerning Mr. Harner's fourth visit to that town:—"His preaching has been most powerful and impressive, and his dealings with anxious ones both tender and judicious. He has let no opportunity pass of serving the interests of the kingdom of our blessed Redeemer." Pastor A. J. Parker writes from Old Sodbury:—"The church and myself are very grateful for Mr. Harner's services. We have had a glorious revival. Many who

have long been under the sound of the gospel, and have been the subjects of many prayers, have sought and found peace with God, and several of our young people have been brought to decision." Mr. Harmer also did good work at Wickwar, Gloucestershire; and he has since been to Ely and Waterbeach.

During January Mr. Harrison held missions at Northcote Road, Wandsworth Common; Swaffham; and East Dereham. In February he was at the Polytechnic, Regent Street; and at Lower Sloane Street, Chelsea. This month he is to be at Vernon Chapel, Pentonville; and Chatham. The Lord graciously owns our brother's faithful testimony wherever he goes.

Mr. Parker has been to Burnham, Buckinghamshire; Peterchurch, Herefordshire; and Sittingbourne. Souls have been saved at each place he has visited.

ORPHANAGE.—Will our friends kindly notice that we have had to alter the date of the collectors' meeting from March 4th to March 11th? Our generous friend, Samuel Barrow, Esq., who gave and collected the money for the girls' house called "The Olives," will preside, and the President also hopes to be present. We expect to have a very interesting and profitable meeting.

On Monday afternoon, February 3, the President met the matrons, teachers, &c., at the Orphanage for tea and prayer, and spent a very happy time with them, on the way to the Tabernacle prayer-meeting.

Since February 14 Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage choir have been away upon their Irish tour, during which they are to visit Belfast, Carrickfergus, Holywood, Ballymena, Londonderry, Coleraine, Cookstown, Dungannon, Lurgan, Portadown, and Dublin. The meetings appear to be very successful as far as they have been held at present.

Quite a large number of readers of our *Illustrated Almanack* noted our remark about sending contributions in February for the Orphanage. We are very grateful to them all. Many of the donors cheered us by their testimony as to the blessing received through reading the Almanacks.

COLPORTEGE.—Eighty-six Colporteurs are now usefully engaged by the Association in as many districts in various counties of England and Wales, and other openings are under consideration. Will not fourteen friends be found to arrange in their respective localities, and start Colporteurs so as to raise the number to a hundred? An application is to hand again this month, for a second Colporteur, because the labours of the one already engaged have proved so successful and satisfactory. The Association cannot entirely support a Colporteur, but will do so usually if £40 per annum is guaranteed towards the expense, which should be paid quarterly in advance. Many

details might be given of the actual working of the agency, but the following will show how the Colporteur proceeds in his work. It is a report from the agent employed in connection with Pastor Charles Spurgeon's church at Greenwich.—

"There is a shop kept by a Catholic, who exhibits all sorts of images, beads, crucifixes, &c. I took the liberty of calling with my goods; we had a little talk together, specially about these things. She stated that she sold more of these things to Protestants than to Catholics. *I managed to get eight pennyworth of my sort in, at any rate.*

"Went one afternoon in November down what I reckon to be the worst streets in East Greenwich, and found, as I always do find, the people very civil on the whole, and more ready to buy, if they had it in their power, than even the gentry are. I took, at least, 1s. 6d., and told the sweet story of Jesus and his love to the poor.

"At one house I called, a woman wished to buy some of my cards; her husband, however, was at home, and came to the door, and said, 'Look here, we don't want them sort of things here; we don't believe in them.' I managed to have a little talk with him; but he said, 'Religion was only a matter of £ s. d.; the best thing was to make the best of this life, as there was no hereafter; nobody came back to tell us.' *The wife bought the text, though.*

"Some time ago, I reported the case of a man who said he would pitch into me, or anybody else, that came preaching in his house. His wife being ill so long, I have been a number of times since, and about a week or so ago he himself listened as I read John iii., and explained the necessity of a new birth. The Lord does soften hard hearts."

PERSONAL NOTES.—A little while before we left home, we received the following cheering letter:—

"Five-and-twenty years ago, I heard from a Christian lady the following story: 'My brother and his Christian wife had three grown-up sons, all unconverted. After a while, they agreed to leave home, and try their fortunes in *New Zealand*. When they left, the parents conferred with one another as to what could be done for their souls' salvation, now they had gone from their influence and prayers. They agreed to send your sermons out to them every month. They did so. God owned the effort, and all three of them were converted by reading them.' 'They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy.'"

The following note came almost at the same time as the preceding one. The coincidence was remarkable, as one relates to *New Zealand*, and the other to *Australia*: and one refers to twenty-five years ago, and the other to the present time.

"Australia, August, 1889.

"To Pastor C. H. Spurgeon,

"Dear Sir,—I write, having heard that

you have had many trials, to give you a word of cheer. The dear Lord, whose servant you are, has used your printed sermons as a great means of help and comfort to some of his own out in the bush. The writer was much encouraged by one on the text, 'And they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the Word' (No. 2044). She also enjoyed much 'The Rent Veil' (No. 2015). This is a dark Continent; will you join with us in asking a reviving of the Lord's work here, and that more labourers may be sent into the field? There is no gospel ministry where I live, nothing but cold formalism in the churches; but there are a few of the Master's hidden jewels, and also some who are seeking him. The little book-sermon, 'Jesus Only,' was blessed to one poor old lady to whom I gave it. Thanking God for the grace given to you, and praying that to your latest breath you may still preach only 'Christ and him crucified,' I remain, Yours in Christ Jesus,

"ONE OF THE SCATTERED ONES."

A French pastor writes:—"I am glad to have this opportunity of telling you something of the work you are doing in our country through your writing. Some time ago, perhaps twelve or eighteen months, a woman, living in the north of this department (Gard), found on the edge of a brook, in the midst of the fields, a page of some work translated from you. The page was about sorrow and comfort. The woman read it, and was awakened by it. She spent some days in deep trouble of conscience, and finally found peace. This, I am sure, you will learn with pleasure. It is a fact; I have known of it through

one to whom the woman herself had related the story."

The sermons are blessed at home as well as abroad, as witness the following extract from a letter, written to Mrs. Spurgeon, by a City Missionary in London:—

"Mr. W—, a tailor, has been afflicted with paralysis for over a year. He had lived a careless, though not a wicked life. I had tried, for some time, to lead him to see his need of salvation, when, at last, he said, 'I know that I have done wrong; for I have often worked on Sundays, when I might have been at a place of worship.' I was glad to hear that; for he was rather self-righteous. He then became anxious to obtain salvation. When I called one morning, about two months ago, he said, 'There is a little bit in *The Daily News* which I should like to read to you; *it is just for me.*' As he read it, the tears began to roll down his cheeks. It was an extract from Mr. Spurgeon's sermon on the text, 'He knoweth the way that I take; when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold' (No. 2098). It was but a short extract. I said, 'I will get you that sermon complete on Thursday.' 'Can you?' said he; 'I should like to read it all.' I got it for him, and he read it over and over again, saying, '*It is every word for me.*' And I need not say that God has blessed it to him, and he can now see that it is good for him to have been afflicted, and he is fully trusting in Jesus. He is now reading a volume of sermons by the same author. He often says to me, 'Every word goes to my heart.'

"The paper was sent to him by a publican next door. God works in his own way when he wants to save a soul."

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
'Adelphi'	1	10	0	Looking up, Edinburgh	1	0	0
A sermon-reader	0	3	6	Mr. Robert Gibson	10	0	0
A well-wisher	0	6	6	Prayer-meeting offerings at Mansion			
Miss Dixon	0	10	0	House Mission, per Pastor G. W.			
Collection at Cottage Green Baptist				Linneac	0	12	0
Chapel, Camberwell, per Pastor J. A.				Mr. E. Ridgway	5	0	0
Brown, M.R.C.S.	2	2	0	A thankoffering to the Lord—"I ob-			
Rev. George Hearson	3	3	0	tained mercy."	5	0	0
Half collection at Upton Chapel, per				Pastor A. Corbet	1	0	0
Pastor W. Williams	5	3	6	Rev. Jno. Burnham	3	3	0
Mrs. Bulley	0	2	6	Pastor E. R. Pullen	0	2	6
An afflicted missionary in India ...	1	0	0	Pastor E. J. Farley	1	0	0
From the estate of the late Rev. Thos.				Pastor A. G. Haste	0	5	0
King, of Semley	7	0	5	Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A. ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	2	0	0	Pastor C. A. Fellows	1	0	0
A token of gratitude	1	1	0	Part collection, Kingsgate Street			
Mr. J. Thornton	1	0	0	Chapel, per Pastor F. James ...	1	0	0
Mr. James Clough	0	5	0	Pastor G. T. Gillingham	0	5	0
Mr. John Brewer	5	5	0	Mrs. Roxburgh	0	5	0
Mr. John Brewer, "In memoriam" ...	5	5	0	Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Bromley Road Baptist Church and Sun-				Pastor J. S. Poulton	0	5	0
day-school, Lee, per Pastor J. W.				Pastor E. Ashton	0	5	0
Davies	4	4	0	Mr. Henry Powell	0	5	0
Mr. A. Stewart	0	3	0	Collection at Salters' Hall Chapel,			
Mr. W. Rainbow	0	7	0	Islington, per Pastor A. Bax ...	8	0	9

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Moffatt	An old Independent
Working Men's Mission, Collingwood	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:
Street, per the Brothers Young	2	2	0	Jan. 19	...	3	8
Miss Atkinson	10	0	0	" 26	...	23	3
Part collection at Baptist Chapel, Lym-	Feb. 2	...	30	17
ington, per Pastor J. Collins	1	1	0	" 9	...	27	1
Executors of the late Mr. Charles				
Brock	100	0	0				84 10 10
Mr. T. H. Woodeson	1	1	0				£34 7 0
Mr. George Mitchell	1	0	0				
"From Scotland"	25	0	0				

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
A. H. S.	A friend	...	5	0
Mrs. Broadhurst	T. G., small savings	...	10	0
Hill End	20	0	0	Interest on balance at Bankers'	...	4	0
Mr. Robert Gibson	15	0	0				£75 6 2
Mr. William Page	1	0	0				
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	5	0	0				
Miss Atkinson	10	0	0				

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. H. Stevenson	M. L. S. F., per Miss M. Castle	...	0	4
"A fellow-helper in your work," per	Young Men's Bible-class, Cottage Green	...	0	7
Dr. Barnardo	5	0	0	Chapel, per Mr. J. Hodgson	...	0	10
Mrs. Rees	1	0	0	Mrs. Godfrey's class	...	1	0
Mr. J. Luckham	0	10	0	H. J. C., Croydon	...	1	1
Mrs. M. Pentelow	0	5	0	Mrs. Shaw	...	1	3
Mrs. Cooper	0	5	0	Mrs. Watson	...	1	5
Young Men's Bible-class, Talbot Taber-	Collected by Miss E. M. Elford	...	2	2
nacle, Bayswater, per Mr. W. E.	Pastor George Hearson	...	0	7
Cussons	1	9	6	Mr. W. Heywood	...	0	2
Mrs. Vowles	0	10	0	Masters F. and W. Newton (Christmas)	...	1	1
Rev. W. Brown	1	0	0	Mr. G. Gavin, per P. M.	...	0	10
Mr. S. Ormrod	0	10	0	Mr. T. J. Fordham	...	1	1
Mr. A. Edmeades	1	1	0	L. H., Boston	...	0	10
W. A. D., Barney	0	2	6	Mr. E. Joscelyne	...	2	2
Mr. W. Jenkins	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. Heritage	...	0	10
Mr. W. Pask	1	0	0	Master Beeston	...	1	0
Mrs. Warren	0	2	0	Mr. J. Rice	...	0	5
Wellington-street Sunday-school, Lu-	Children of Lockerbie Mission-hall	...	0	10
top, per Mr. A. Toyer	1	1	0	Sabbath-school, per Mr. J. Laidlaw	...	1	10
Mr. W. Powell	0	2	6	Mr. Murkin and friends	...	1	1
"In memory of Bertie"	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Letch	...	0	2
Collected by Mrs. Ashwell	0	11	9	The children and Teachers of Eld-lane	...	0	9
Mr. J. Shaw	1	0	0	Baptist Sunday-school, Colchester, per	...	1	10
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	2	6	Mr. H. Letch	...	1	0
Rev. Dr. Beith	1	0	0	Mrs. Chancellor	...	0	10
Mrs. Dewar	0	10	0	Mr. C. Kemp, per Pastor J. Smith	...	2	0
Postal order, Dartford	0	5	0	Mr. G. A. Hulbert	...	0	9
Mrs. S. Haward	1	1	0	Miss W. Alison	...	0	10
Mrs. T. Barrett	0	5	0	Christmas singing by Whitechurch	...	0	10
A trifle on behalf of the dear orphans,	Wesleyan friends, per Mrs. Snook	...	1	1
Faringdon	0	5	0	Mrs. Spooner	...	0	2
Collection by Miss Stearnman's class, in	Jack, South Lambeth	...	0	13
St. Simon and St. Jude's Sunday-	Regent Street Baptist Sunday School,	...	0	9
school, Norwich, per Mr. W. T. Brock	1	0	0	Belfast, per Mr. T. Blayney	...	0	12
Mrs. E. Walker	2	2	6	Collected by Bessie Harper	...	3	0
A friend, per Mr. J. Haigh	0	2	6	Collected by Misses Hoffrock and Day	...	0	5
Mrs. E. Mitchell	0	10	0	Mr. W. Castley	...	0	14
Christmas offering of the Barry Dock	An aged believer	...	0	15
Church, per Rev. L. Ton. Evans	0	7	0	Zion Chapel Sunday School, Eastry,	...	1	0
Mrs. R. George	5	0	0	per Mr. Clark	...	0	10
Mr. and Mrs. H. Tasker	5	0	0	The Misses Gibbs and Farrer, per Mrs.	...	0	15
A. and K. Jones	0	5	0	Penstone	...	1	0
Mr. H. Lincoln, jun.	0	10	0	Miss E. M. Perkins	...	0	10
Collected by Miss J. Bennett	0	4	6	Mr. Lawrence Shepherd	...	2	0
Mrs. S., a tenth	0	10	6	Birds from Paradise	...	2	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Wilson...	1	1	0	Miss Drake ...	0	4	0
Mr. J. Piper ...	0	2	0	Miss G. M. Taylor ...	2	2	0
Collected by Mr. J. Gwyer and friends	1	4	0	Ruthie and Jackie ...	2	2	0
Mr. T. Kirkpatrick ...	0	5	0	Mr. T. Adams ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Foules ...	0	3	0	Mr. A. M. Arthur ...	1	1	0
Miss L. Lake ...	0	2	0	Miss Jane Robertson ...	0	3	0
Sabbath-school, Branderburgh, per				Mr. James Ballantine ...	0	5	0
Pastor T. A. Judd ...	1	0	0	Mr. J. McIntyre ...	1	0	0
The workpeople of Messrs. Hitchcock				Mrs. Workman ...	0	10	0
and Williams, per Mr. A. Davis ...	1	15	0	Mr. John Jones Pierce ...	1	0	0
Woodside ...	5	0	0	Rev. W. Priest Peck ...	1	0	0
Miss F. Pepper ...	0	3	0	Mr. W. H. Painter, jun. ...	0	2	0
Mr. J. Wiles ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Ferris ...	0	10	0
Members of Mr. H. Master's class,				Postal-order from Bearsden ...	0	10	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Hetherlands	0	5	0	"One who enjoys the little Almanack"	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. F. Simco and				Mr. Joseph Barker, sen. ...	0	1	0
daughters ...	1	1	6	Stamps from a friend ...	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Stevens	4	1	0	G. N., Edinburgh ...	1	0	0
From Trowbridge and Holt	6	10	0	Looking up, Edinburgh ...	0	5	0
	13	11	0	Mr. Robert Gibson ...	10	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Camplin ...	1	1	3	Mrs. Harvey ...	2	0	0
Mrs. Moorhouse, per Mrs. Way ...	0	2	6	Mr. E. M. Absolon ...	0	10	0
A birthday present ...	0	3	0	Mrs. Colwell ...	0	2	6
Sale of John Ploughman's Almanacks,				Mr. James Black ...	1	0	0
per Mrs. Griffiths ...	0	10	6	Mr. Robert Bass ...	2	0	0
Miss L. Fiddin ...	0	5	0	Mr. Robert Morgan ...	0	13	6
Mr. J. Spilman ...	0	10	0	Mr. E. Ridgway ...	5	0	0
Mr. D. McIntyre ...	0	10	0	M. A. M. ...	0	5	0
Mr. W. J. Donnelly ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Casson ...	0	5	0
Miss King ...	0	5	0	B. G. Norwich ...	1	0	0
Mr. E. R. Close ...	0	5	0	Postal orders from Tunbridge Wells ...	1	10	0
Gartland-street Baptist Chapel Young				Scotch note from Portobello ...	1	0	0
Men's Bible-class, per Mr. G. King ...	0	5	0	Miss E. L's Young Women's			
Mr. D. Peck ...	0	3	0	Bible-class ...	0	5	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Or-				Friends ...	0	15	0
phanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff ...	0	15	6				
Mr. W. Walker ...	1	1	0	F. G. B., Chelmsford ...	0	2	6
M. S., Stratford-on-Avon ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Leeson ...	1	0	0
A friend, per Miss Jordan ...	5	0	0	Mr. E. K. Stace ...	0	10	0
Mr. H. Crawley ...	1	0	0	Mr. J. Plumbbridge ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Wilford ...	1	0	0	Messrs. J. Clarke and Co. ...	0	2	6
Messrs. G. Borwick and Sons ...	20	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Hawthorne ...	1	2	0
Mr. E. E. Wright ...	3	0	0	Mrs. Slodden ...	0	5	0
Executors of the late Mrs. Phoebe				Miss M. Rowland ...	0	10	0
Hogbin ...	13	3	9	Miss Dixon, per J. T. D. ...	0	10	0
Miss S. Holcombe ...	0	5	0	Mr. L. Haigh ...	1	0	0
Collected by Kimbolton Sunday-school,				Mrs. Vainwright jun. ...	1	1	0
per Pastor T. G. Gathercole ...	0	7	6	Collected by Mrs. Webb ...	0	16	0
Deanly Sabbath-school, per Mr. J.				Miss Kate Lockett, per E. H. Bartlett	0	16	0
Paterson ...	1	0	0	P.O., Falmouth ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Pearson ...	0	1	0	Mr. W. Mann ...	0	2	0
Mr. W. J. Lewis ...	2	2	0	High-street U. P. Church Mission Sun-			
Mr. J. Langman ...	0	3	0	day-school, per Mr. A. Morice ...	0	10	0
From the estate of the late Rev. Thos.				H. H. K. :-			
King, of Semley ...	7	0	5	Collected in box ...	0	12	10
Risby friends, per Mr. W. Whale ...	0	7	6	Donation ...	1	10	0
Mr. W. Eudd ...	0	10	0				
A reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Almanacks	0	10	0				
Lynton-road Sunday-school, per Mr.				Mrs. Risdon's Bible-class, George			
J. B. Collin ...	0	10	6	Street Baptist Sunday-school, Ply-			
Mr. A. Whatley ...	0	5	0	mouth ...	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Bevy ...	0	5	0	In loving memory of dear Mabel ...	1	0	0
Rev. S. R. Young ...	0	5	0	M. A. ...	0	4	0
Mrs. Chillingworth ...	0	10	0	Miss E. Summers ...	1	0	0
Given to Mr. Spurgeon at Menton :-				Mr. and Mrs. Underwood ...	0	6	0
Mrs. Grant Brown ...	1	12	0	Pence saved by a little boy now in			
Miss Otway ...	1	0	0	heaven ...	0	1	10
In grateful acknowledgment of				Miss H. Fells ...	0	10	0
prayer-meetings at Menton	0	16	0	Miss Mary Stevenson ...	0	3	0
	3	8	0	Miss Fanny Haynes ...	1	0	0
Hill End ...	10	0	0	Miss M. Cook ...	0	5	0
Mr. A. Todd ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. W. Green ...	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. C. Adlem :-				Miss West ...	0	5	0
P. L. ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Hoyer ...	0	10	0
F. M. ...	0	10	0	Miss M. A. Williams ...	0	2	6
Church of England ...	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Haynes ...	0	10	0
H. W. ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Alchin ...	3	3	0
M. G. ...	0	1	0	Per Mrs. James Withers :-			
Two friends ...	0	1	6	Mrs. Haynes ...	10	0	0
A. Adlem's family ...	0	6	0	Mr. D. Iccias ...	2	0	0
	2	6	0	Mrs. G. W. Palmer ...	0	10	0
					12	10	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. John Gifford...	0 10 0	Mrs. Sluce	6 7 6
Mrs. B. Joyce	1 10 0	Mrs. Cave	1 0 0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0 5 0	Mrs. Grant	1 0 0
Mr. A. W. Auden	0 5 0	Mr. Austin Woodeson	0 13 0
Mrs. Moffatt	0 10 0	Mr. Ernest P. Woodeson	1 4 6
Mrs. Hunciman's Sabbath-school class, and a few friends, Auchmill...	0 11 6	Mr. and Mrs. W. Diaper	0 19 0
An Almanack-reader, Berkhamsted	0 5 0	Mrs. Robbins	0 5 0
Mr. Millist	1 1 0	An old Independent	4 0 0
Miss G. H. Stirling	0 4 0	Mr. W. A. Harding	1 1 0
Mrs. Waters	5 0 0	Mr. J. Williamson, thankoffering	5 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. Jordan	1 1 0	Mr. Joseph Spurge	1 1 0
R. S. T.	3 0 0	Mr. James Grant	0 2 0
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	2 2 0	Mrs. Roxburgh	0 10 0
Mrs. and the Misses Kemp	10 0 0	Mrs. Anderson	0 5 0
Postal order from Whitchurch, Ayles- bury	0 4 0	Miss M. A. Dobson	1 1 0
H. E.	0 2 6	Mrs. Edwin Cousins	6 10 0
A widow's mite, from a reader of the Almanack	0 1 0	Mr. Huntington Stone	20 0 0
A lover of the Almanack, Scotland	0 2 0	Collected by Mrs. Hinton	2 12 7
An Almanack-reader, Galashiels	0 2 6	Mr. J. Woodward	0 5 0
E. D.	1 0 0	Sandwich, per Bankers	2 2 0
Mrs. Bell	0 5 0	Per Miss B. Dixon:—	
Mr. J. Horsfall, per Miss Mary Cowen	0 10 0	Collected by:—	
J. F. S. and P. S. E.	10 0 0	Mr. Harman	0 4 7
Mr. and Mrs. Gaunt	2 0 0	Mrs. Jupp	0 2 8½
Mrs. Hearn	1 0 0	Mrs. Sear	0 5 9½
Mrs. Reade, per Pastor John Tuckwell	5 0 0	Misses Dixon	0 7 8½
Miss Sarah Muir	2 3 0	Mr. Stuchfield	0 3 7½
Mr. C. W. Anderson	10 0 0	Miss Cutlack	0 1 1
Part collection at Baptist Chapel, Lym- ington, per Pastor J. Collins	1 1 0	Misses Peck and Bullen	0 4 9
Mr. W. E. Thomsett	0 5 0	Mrs. Geale	0 2 1½
Miss E. A. Fysh	0 1 0	Mr. Swaffield	0 5 0
Mr. W. Brown	0 2 6	Miss Ticehurst	0 2 0
Executors of the late Mr. Charles Brook	100 0 0	E. J. Dixon's farthing fund	0 2 0½
Mrs. Milne	0 10 0		2 1 3
Per Pastor W. Burnett:—		Orphan boys' cards, as per list	10 18 9
Mrs. Record's box (a poor widow)	0 9 9	girls'	8 7 7
Mr. D. Perry (half-year's subscription)	0 5 0	Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—	
W. Burnett's box	0 13 0	Sale of programmes:—	
Mrs. W. Burnett's box	0 14 10	Wynne Road, Brixton	0 10 0
Profits on sale of "Hornet's Stories," &c.	0 15 5	Peckham Public Hall	0 17 6
	3 0 0	Gospel Oak;—	
		Collection	6 1 11
		Mr. G. H. Powell	2 0 0
		Sale of programmes	0 17 2
	8 19 1
	£488 2 8

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards (Second List).—Bull, L., 5s; Burgoyne, W., 13s 6d; Bristow, J., 5s 6d; Burrows, G., 3s 11d; Barnard, D., 2s; Elder, J., 17s; Green, W. S., £1 1s; Goatley, C., 1s 6d; Hill, G., 3s 6d; Inward, W., 2s 6d; Lewis, E., 4s; Lennox, P., 1s; Mulholland, T., 17s; Morrell, H., £1 1s; Morton, P. D., 7d; Parke, F., 5s 4d; Pegg, W., 13s; Parker, T., 10s; Phillips, T., £1 1s; Runnacus, H., 10s; Sambell, F., 10s; Tresidder, W., £1 1s; Taylor, F., 2s 6d; Vokes, E. E., 6s 11d; Total, £10 18s 9d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards (Second List).—Arthur, P., 8s; Bull, L., 5s; Blake, L., 12s; Boyles, L., 4s; Bateman, A., £1 1s; Burrows, F., 2s 8d; Cooper, K., 5s; Cheshire, B., 2s; Cable, F., 1s; Dickerson, E., 11s 2d; Grimes, E., 10s 6d; Hewitt, H., 7s 6d; Haisell, J., 10s; Hall, F. L., 6s 3d; Hobbs, M., 6s; Haydon, L., 2s; Hoffman, M., 2s 6d; Ingle, F., 1s 3d; Neve, L., 8s; Payne, E., 2s 6d; Pennington, F., 8s; Richards, K., 3s 6d; Searling, S., 3s 6d; Smithers, L., 8s 3d; Warwick, H. E., 5s; Youens, E., 6s.—Total, £87s 7d.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from January 15th, to February 14th, 1890.—Provisions: 6 Stilton Cheeses, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 1 Sheep, weighing 19 stone 4lbs, Mr. W. J. Graham; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 2 Fowls, Mr. J. R. Mason; 1 Turkey, 3 Currant Cakes, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Barrah; 12 Bullocks' Heads, 100lbs Suet, Mr. S. West; 1 Box of Raisins, Mr. W. Speller; 224lbs of Rice, Mr. J. L. Potter; 70lbs of Hops for Bakery, Mr. W. Vinson, jun.

Boys' Clothing.—2 Pairs of Socks, Miss Matthews; 5 Pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Hicks.
Girls' Clothing.—57 Straw Hats, Messrs. Newbold and White; 16 Articles, Mrs. Rees; 40 Garments, The Baptist Chapel Working Party, Fleet, per Mrs. Aylett; 96 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 1 pair Knitted Socks, Mrs. MacDowie, per J. T. D.; 17 Articles, Miss Poole; 12 Garments, Mrs. Watling; 10 Garments, A Friend; 124 Garments, Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff; 6 Garments, M. B. C.; 23 Garments, The Juvenile Working Society, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Woods; a few Straw Hats, Anon.; 6 Garments, Mrs. Casson; 2 Garments, Miss Matthews; 52 Garments, Miss H. Thomas.

General.—1 load Firewood, Mr. J. Cooper; 2 Scrap Books, Miss Poole; Cloth Cuttings, 1 pair Stockings, &c., C. R.; 72 Golden Text Calendars, The Sunday School Union, per Mr. J. Caldwell; 15 Magazines, Mrs. J. Stiff; 1 cwt. of Blacking, Messrs. Carr and Sons; 120 Toys and Fancy Articles, Mr. W. S. Heath; 10 Articles, Mrs. Mitchell; some Fancy Articles, Mrs. Rusdon's Bible-class, George Street Baptist Sunday-school, Plymouth; 1 load Firewood, Mr. F. Thompson; 1 Jacket, 1 Hair Brush, A Dorset Friend.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1890.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Corton District, per Mr. Thomas Harris	10	9	0
Weston Turville Baptist Church	1	5	0
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Newbury District	10	0	0
Stratford-on-Avon District	7	10	0
Chesterton District	10	0	0
Oxfordshire Association, Witney District	20	0	0
Kettering District	10	0	0
Somers Town, per Miss Griffith	10	0	0
Hadleigh Congregational Church	40	0	0
Worcester Association	30	0	0

Gildersome District	...	6	5	0
Southern Association	...	51	0	0
		£215	0	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.	
Mr. C. Hazell	...	1	0	0
Mr. Robert Gibson	...	10	0	0
Mr. D. Heelas, per Mrs. James Withers	...	1	0	0
Rev. W. I. and Mrs. Lang	...	2	2	0
An old Independent	...	4	0	0
		£18	2	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Harner's services at Willingham	2	7	7
Thankoffering for Mr. Harner's services at Eversford	3	0	0
Proceeds of hymn-books	3	0	0
Mr. Robert Gibson	25	0	0
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	0	0
Mr. Charles Barker	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Parker's services at Burnham, Buckinghamshire	1	14	0
Mr. E. Shorthouse	3	0	0
Hill End	50	0	0
Mrs. B. for Mr. Burnham's support	50	0	0
Mr. J. Cooper	1	1	0
Mrs. Yates	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Wrexham	1	1	0
Miss Nancy Maccoll	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Harner's services at Redditch	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Salters' Hall Chapel, Islington	3	1	10
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Weston-super-Mare	10	5	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Stroud	10	0	0
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	1	1	0
Miss Atkinson	10	0	0
Miss Mary Cowen	0	5	0
An old Independent	4	0	0
	£183	1	5

For General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Spencer	0	2	6
Interest on balance at Bankers' ...	4	0	2
	£4	2	8

On February 12, Mr. Spurgeon received a letter bearing on the envelope the Abergavenny post-mark. The writer states that a post-office order for £2 was enclosed, but there was nothing but the letter in the envelope when it reached "Westwood." Will the unknown donor kindly make enquiries as to the missing money?

Two £1 Scotch notes, received from W. Mc E., on February 15, will be included in next month's list of the Society of Evangelists.

Erratum.—Loan Building and Reserve Fund Balance-sheet, for Hampton Court, £200, read Hampden Chapel, Hackney, £200.

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 to Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums sent before the 13th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.



THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

APRIL, 1890.

Baptizing at Isleham Ferry.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.



LAST month's magazine contained a painful fragment of autobiography, but this issue will begin with a far more pleasing story. In January, 1850, I was enabled, by divine grace, to lay hold on Jesus Christ as my Saviour, while hearing the gospel preached at Colchester. Being called, in the providence of God, to live at Newmarket as usher in a school, I essayed to join myself to the church of believers in that town; but according to my reading of Holy Scripture, the believer in Christ should be buried with him in baptism, and so enter upon his open Christian life. I cast about to find a Baptist minister, and I failed to find one nearer than Isleham, in the Fen country, where resided a certain Mr. W. W. Cantlow, who had once been a missionary in Jamaica, but was then pastor of one of the Isleham Baptist churches. My parents wished me to follow my own convictions, Mr. Cantlow arranged to baptize me, and my employer gave me a day's holiday for the purpose.

I can never forget the 3rd of May, 1850; it was my mother's birthday, and I myself was within a few weeks of being sixteen years of age. I was up early, to have a couple of hours for quiet prayer and dedication to God. Then I had some eight miles to walk, to reach the spot where I was to be immersed into the Triune name according to the sacred command. What a walk it was! What thoughts and prayers thronged my soul during that morning's journey! It was by no means a warm day, and therefore all the better for the two or three hours of quiet foot-travel which I enjoyed. The sight of Mr. Cantlow's smiling face was a full reward for that country tramp. I think I see the good man now, and the white ashes of the turf-fire by which we stood and talked together about the solemn exercise which lay before us.

We went together to the Ferry, for the Isleham friends had not

degenerated to indoor immersion in a bath made by the art of man, but used the ampler baptistery of the flowing river.

"Isleham Ferry, on the River Lark, is a very quiet spot, half-a-mile from the village, and rarely disturbed by traffic at any time of the year. The river itself is a beautiful stream, dividing Cambridgeshire from Suffolk, and is dear to local anglers. The navigation of this little river Lark is soon to be re-opened between Bury St. Edmunds and the sea at Lynn; but at Isleham it is more in its infancy.

"The ferry-house, hidden in the picture by the trees, is freely opened for the convenience of minister and candidates at a baptizing. Where the barge is hauled up for repairs the preacher takes his stand, when the baptizing is on a week-day, and there are few spectators present. But on Lord's-day, when great numbers are attracted, the preacher, standing in a barge moored mid-stream, speaks the Word to the crowds on both sides of the river. This can be done the more easily, as the river is not very wide. Where three persons are seen at a stand, is the usual place for entering the water. The right depth, with sure footing, may soon be found, and so the delightful service proceeds in the gently flowing stream. No accident or disorder has ever marred the proceedings. In the course of seven or eight miles the Lark serves no fewer than five Baptist churches, and they would on no account give up baptizing out of doors.

"The first baptizing at Isleham is recorded thus:—'Sept. 13, 1798. John Webber, sen., John Webber, jun., William Brown, John Wibrow, and Mary Gunstone were baptized by Mr. Fuller, of Kettering, at Isleham Ferry.'"

To me there seemed to be a great concourse on that week-day. Dressed, I believe, in a jacket, with a boy's turn-down collar, I attended the service previous to the ordinance; but all remembrance of it has gone from me: my thoughts were in the water, sometimes with my Lord in joy, and sometimes with myself in trembling awe at making so public a confession. There were first to be baptized two women, Diana Wilkinson and Eunice Fuller, and I was asked to conduct them through the water to the minister; but this I most timidly declined. It was a new experience to me, never having seen a baptism before, and I was afraid of making some mistake. The wind blew down the river with a cutting blast, as my turn came to wade into the flood; but after I had walked a few steps, and noted the people on the ferry-boat, and in boats, and on either shore, I felt as if heaven, and earth, and hell, might all gaze upon me; for I was not ashamed, there and then, to own myself a follower of the Lamb. Timidity was gone: I have scarcely met with it since. I lost a thousand fears in that river Lark, and found that "in keeping his commandments there is great reward." It was a thrice-happy day to me. God be praised for the preserving goodness which allows me to write of it with delight at the distance of forty years!

"Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?"

I am indebted to Mr. Wilson, the present pastor of Isleham, for the



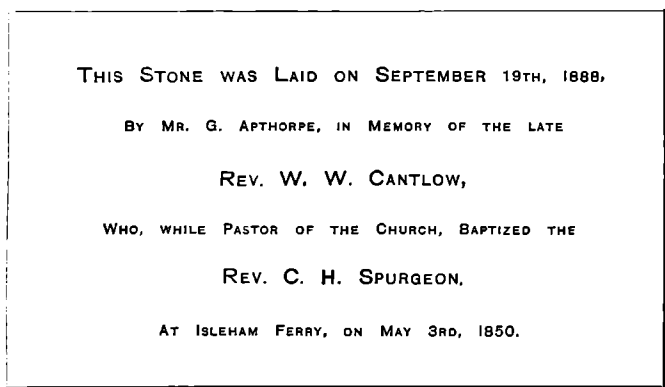
ISLEHAM FERRY.—BAPTIZING-PLACE.

following note, which reminds me of an excellent companion I had almost forgotten :—

“Mr. W. H. Cantlow, a worthy Baptist deacon at Ipswich, well remembers, when a boy at school, walking with Mr. Spurgeon from Newmarket to Isleham, a distance of eight miles, to be at the baptism. He says : ‘ I often think of the earnest talks he had with me, and always remember one remark he made, on our way to the week-night service, about the need of obtaining spiritual food during the week, as it was so long to have to wait from one Sunday to the other.’

“The recollection of the service at the river-side is fondly cherished by several still living, who rejoice that they were there. But the most precious memory of that day is the prayer-meeting in the vestry, in the evening, where Mr. Spurgeon prayed, and people wondered, and wept for joy, as they listened to the lad. One may be excused for envying those who were there.

“In front of the new school-room, adjoining the chapel, is the following inscription :—



Mr. Cantlow's grave is only a few yards off."

Mr. Wilson also explains our engraving, and adds an amusing story :—

“In the view of the Ferry, the chaise and cart are waiting to cross the river by the ferry-boat. One old lighter is rotting away in the water, and another lies high and dry under repair. The box is for keeping eels until they can be sent to market ; and the long pole is for crossing the river in the small boat, which is also to be seen, if you look for it. We shall sell photographs of the Ferry, for our Building Fund. They can be had of me at Isleham, or at the Tabernacle, price 2s. 6d. each.

“To conclude. The late vicar, a very solemn man, meeting a deacon of ready wit at the Ferry, began to find fault with a recent baptizing there. Said the vicar :—‘ I suppose this is the place where the people came crowding the other Sunday, showing the little respect they had for the Sabbath day.’ ‘ There was, indeed, a great crowd,’ replied the deacon, ‘ but they were all as still and attentive as in the house of God.’ ‘ Is it true that the man J. S. was baptized ? ’ enquired the vicar. ‘ Yes, quite true,’ said the deacon, ‘ and he seemed to be full of joy at the time.’

'What!' exclaimed the vicar, 'a man who never went to school, and cannot read a word! How much can he know about the religion he came here to profess?' 'Well,' answered the deacon, with a smile, 'Very likely the poor man knows little as yet. Still, he told us how he found the Saviour, and became happy in his love. But,' added the deacon, 'Do not you, sir, christen little children, declaring that you make them children of God, while you are perfectly aware that the children know nothing at all?'

If any ask—Why was I thus baptized? I answer, because I believed it to be an ordinance of Christ, very specially joined by him with faith in his name. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." I had no superstitious idea that baptism would save me, for I was saved. I did not seek to have sin washed away by water, for I believed that my sins were forgiven me through faith in Christ Jesus. Yet I regarded baptism as the token to the believer of cleansing, the emblem of his burial with his Lord, and the outward avowal of his new birth. I did not trust in *it*; but because I trusted in Jesus as my Saviour, I felt bound to obey him as my Lord, and follow the example which he set us in Jordan, in his own baptism. I did not fulfil the outward ordinance to join a party, and become a Baptist, but to be a Christian after the apostolic fashion; for they, when they believed, were baptized.

It is now questioned whether John Bunyan was baptized; but the same question can never be raised concerning *me*. I, who scarcely belong to any sect, am, nevertheless, by no means willing to have it doubted in time to come whether or no I followed the conviction of my heart. I read the New Testament for myself and saw Believers' Baptism there; and I had no mind to neglect what I saw to be the Lord's order. If others see not as I do, to their own Master they stand or fall; but for me the perceptions of my understanding in spiritual things were the law of my life, and I hope they will always be so. Dear reader, let us follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth!

"Better than Fun."

FUN is not in itself an evil. It is sometimes useful and right, and may relieve an overtaxed brain, or a jaded mind. But to everything there is a season and a time, and so there are times, and seasons, and circumstances, when fun is entirely out of place. In like manner there are sources of fun, legitimate and illegitimate.

All sacred things, or things pertaining to Holy Scripture, and public worship, as also the privations, the infirmities, the calamities, and sufferings of our fellow-creatures, are quite outside the range of fun.

But harmless and even beneficial as fun may be in its fitting sphere, and at proper times, there are many things "better than fun."

Here is a case in point:—

In a certain university in the United States, one of the professors, from his uniform kindness and condescension, was called "The students' friend." On one occasion, when he had invited an undergraduate to take a walk with him, he sought to draw his young friend into serious

conversation. Crossing a field where a man was at work, the student noticed the man's shoes, old and patched, lying near the hedge. "Let us play the man a trick," said he to the professor. "Let us hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind the bushes, and watch to see his perplexity when he cannot find them."

"My dear friend," said the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. You are rich, and may give yourself much greater pleasure in a way that I could suggest."

"What is it, sir?" inquired the youth.

"Well, just put a dollar into each of his shoes, and then we will hide ourselves, and see what happens."

The young man acted upon the suggestion, and then, with the professor, hid behind some bushes close by, where they could see without being seen.

It was late in the afternoon, and the man soon finished his work, and came across to the place where he had put his shoes and coat.

While putting on his coat, he slipped a foot into one of his shoes. Finding something hard, he looked, and found the dollar. Greatly astonished, he examined the coin for some time, and then looked around, but could see no one. Putting the money into his pocket, he proceeded to put on the other shoe, and found another dollar-piece. His feelings evidently overcame him, for he fell on his knees, and audibly returned thanks to God, who, he believed, had sent him this unexpected relief to supply the needs of his sick wife, and hungry children, in answer to prayer. Sickness had impoverished him, and his children were almost lacking bread. He went home that night with a joyful heart.

As for the young man, who saw what we have related through the bushes, he was affected almost to tears.

"Now," said the professor, "is not this 'better than fun'? Are you not much better pleased than if you had played the poor man the trick you intended?"

"My dear sir," replied the student, "you have taught me a lesson which I shall never forget. It is 'better than fun,' and I feel now the truth of the words I have often heard, but never understood till now:— 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

Others besides the student need to learn this lesson. Many young people are very thoughtless concerning such things, and are more careful to please themselves than to do good to others; though, to be sure, doing good will afford real pleasure to those who do it. It is "better than fun." In truth, doing good, and not mere pleasure, should be our aim, though doing good generally brings pleasure as its reward.

"Let me follow thee, my Saviour,
Not with words, or empty show;
Let my heart, my life, behaviour,
Prove thy presence here below:
Meekly with the froward bearing,
And each brother's burden sharing."

R. S.

A New Faith!

BY J. SALTER, MISSIONARY TO THE ASIATICS.

A NEW faith! *What! another?* Yes. The age is favourable, and both hemispheres are prepared to take advantage of the opportunity. Modern thought is prolific. Prophets may now arise with special chance of success; at least, for a time. Anything unusual in the region of speculative religion will command attention just now, whether it be a new form of "honest doubt" or a compound of old errors in a new shape. The old gospel has suited the saints of the apostolic type, from Pentecost to the present day; but "modern thought" has allured many into new paths, and these have left the apostles and their followers in the rear in their boasted advance. Many "advanced thinkers" have advanced too far for the limited vision of believers in the cross: we can no longer recognize them as brethren of the same household of faith.

India, as well as the West, is influenced by the dream of advancement. The champion of a new faith, imported from the banks of the Ganges, introduced his advanced views to the notice of the writer, and occasioned the ejaculation which commences this paper. India has its men of "modern thought," emerging from the mist of idolatry which has, for so many centuries, beclouded that sunny land. They claim to be reformers, and there is no reason why their claim should not be admitted. A Hindu, who has the fortitude to commence a crusade against idolatry, deserves the name of *reformer*, even though, with the disavowal of idolatry, he may advocate many errors. The idol worshipper cannot stand against the onward march of the nineteenth century. Science and education are silently, but surely, warring against his system. There was a time when the Geru could assert, without fear of contradiction, that our Indian coalbeds were the remains of gigantic fires, lighted up on great festive occasions to do honour to venerable idols. But at the present day a young sudra, educated in a government school, would inwardly laugh at the Geru, even if he had not the courage to contradict him. Within the range of our own memory, a low caste Hindu had to keep a respectful distance from a proud Brahmin, for fear of pollution; but nowadays, what is a proud Brahmin to us? He has taken his ticket to travel on the railway, and he finds the despised Sudra in possession of the compartment. He must pocket his pride, or throw up his ticket.

During the last fifty years, the Hindu system has been giving way. Hindus once refused to leave their native soil. We remember a native regiment refusing service in Rangoon: they feared they would forfeit the protection of the Monkey God, or Hunuman with the elephant's head. Since then, not only Rangoon, but Malta and Egypt, have been invaded by sepoys, and they are now willing to serve, in the interest of the Empress of India, anywhere. We have seen the officers of the Indian contingent in Egypt wearing their medals of honour; and some of them boast that those decorations were pinned on their breast by the Queen's own hand in England. When the first Hindu voyager presumed to cross the sea, the Hindu world scarcely knew whether to censure or admire him. If any calamity had overtaken him, the anger of the

offended idol would have been considered self-evident : it would have been a timely warning to other Hindus who contemplated such a venture. But he returned to the land of idols nothing the worse for his rashness. He had certainly lost caste ; but a harmless ceremony and the powerful rupee put that matter right, and the man became a hero. Since then, Hindu rajahs and nawabs have visited us to such an extent that we are never without Hindus in our midst. It is not often that we meet with Hindus in London keeping up caste distinctions as religious rites : they prefer to style them customs, or fashions. Beyond these, many are found who make no pretensions at all to such rites.

The use of the vernacular, too, is largely superseded by the adoption of the English tongue. English books are read in India with avidity, and weekly newspapers are printed in the English language by Hindu and Mohammedan editors, advocating their advanced views with as much eloquence and force as any writer in a London paper. As an amusing illustration of what a half century has done in this direction, here is a copy of an advertisement, in a paper printed in English, at Lahore :—

“The Waterbury Watch, a perfect Time-keeper, for Rs. 51.
Guaranteed for Two Years. Thousands of Testimonials.
Dwarka Nathkio, Lahore.”

What would a zealous Brahmin of the past century say to such a state of things ? With sutteeism prohibited, the proud Brahmin commingling with men of lower caste, the native tongue giving way to English, and a host of Hindu reformers clamouring against the idol worship of their forefathers, he would believe, with much reason, that his ancient faith was dissolving at the very foundation.

This being the state of things, it is not difficult to see that if any man should arise from their midst, and attempt to clear their debasing faith of its grosser superstitions and practices, so as to make Hinduism more reasonable and tenable, he might well anticipate success. Such men have not been few, and they have reason to be flattered by their achievements. They have formed new societies, under the name of *Somaj*, divided into sections, distinguished by the terms *Brahmo*, *Arga*, &c., holding different shades of opinion, but all at war with idolatry and caste. How near some of these approach to theism may be imagined by the fact, that, when one of their leaders was in London, he occupied the pulpits of Christians of the Socinian type with much acceptance.

Idolatry is doomed to die, caste may struggle for existence a little longer ; both are excrescences, not original parts of the Hindu system. The ancient books, the contents of which were hidden in the Sanscrit language, were supposed to contain a full authority for the cult of the idolater ; but those books have been studied by Christians and Hindus, and both have arrived at the conclusion that the Vedas give no sanction for idolatry. So assured do the reforming party feel on this point, that one of the champions of the last new form of faith has thrown out a challenge to the idolatrous pundits of India, and promises to pay five thousand rupees to anyone of them who will produce authority for their worship from the Vedas. The challenge has produced more anger and abuse than reason, and the rupees remain unclaimed.

Liberty, confraternity, and other high-sounding terms, which were written in blood in the early years of the present century, and are still a catch-cry in Europe, have had a response from the Indus and the Ganges. The cry on the lips of a reforming Hindu or Mohammedan, is not a political, but a religious watchword, the real meaning of which is, "All men are one, and one faith should be their creed." We have encountered zealots with this mirage in view, both from the ranks of Hindus and Moslems: these have spent both time and wealth to bring their views to notice. One of the most obtrusive and persevering among the Mohammedan reformers has called the attention of English Christians to his discoveries by novel means. In imitation of the apostle John's revelation, he printed his new faith in the form of *seven thunders*, which he caused to be uttered by the voice of Mohammed in the English language. He added an ingenious diagram showing how Mohammedans and Christians both united in Abraham, and that Mohammed and Christ attain their final issues in God.

Another reformer of the same type assailed the writer on the substitution of Christ. "The doctrine is at fault," he said; and, to illustrate his point, he added, "Suppose you are hungry, and I eat a good dinner, what good will it do you?" "No good," was the reply; "but allow me to suppose I owe you five hundred rupees, and have not a cowrie to pay: what would you do?" "Put you in prison," was the answer. "But suppose my rich friend, the Babu, comes and pays you the five hundred rupees, would that satisfy you?" "Ah, that it would!" he ejaculated. "Well, that is just what Christ has done for me."

"Jesus paid it all;
All to him I owe."

No outcome in England is directly traceable to these adventurers, except a brotherhood that was formed in London, to which one English convert was added. He enjoyed a Mohammedan name, and probably enjoyed yet more the Moslem benediction, "Peace be on him; *three wives*; and the prophet's blessing." This brotherhood might have prospered, but the English convert robbed his newly-adopted brethren, and they put him in prison, and the brotherhood collapsed.

While the theistic tendency of the reforming Hindus commends itself to some of our countrymen, Mohammedanism has likewise been favourably contrasted with Christianity by certain English advocates—some of them professing to be Christian. We hesitate to reproduce the statement of an Indian official who, while he claims to be a Christian, exalts Mohammedanism above Christianity in unmistakable terms. Nor will we refer to other attempts, aided by Asiatics and English, to sketch the groundwork of a faith in which believers of every creed may be united. The scheme only requires that a few sacrifices should be made on each side, and the thing is done! The Hindu will forsake his idolatry, and meet the Christian half-way. The Mohammedan will accept Christ as a great teacher; but he must grant that Mohammed was a great teacher, too. It is admitted that the gospel is worthy of admiration, but so, also, are the Vedas and the Koran. The greatest difficulty is the cross. It has ever been a stumbling-block. Christians

are, therefore, invited to believe that they, hitherto, have made too much of Calvary, and they are requested to set aside atonement, substitution, and our Lord's divinity, and then the way will be clear.

This is a fascinating fancy, but is there any inclination to be deluded by it? We fear there is. Englishmen do not know enough about the Koran and the Vedas to attempt to place them on a level with the Scriptures; but there are not a few who, when the inspiration of the divine Word is spoken of, talk of Milton and Shakespeare as being inspired too. In some directions the Fatherhood of God is substituted for the atonement, while regeneration is avoided, and reformation and morality are substituted for it. One recent writer has informed the world that man must have had an existence before the present life, though he does not know it, and he judges that the same man will most likely have another mortal existence after this. How closely these new forms of thought associate these thinkers with our Asiatic reformers we leave our readers to determine.

We will close this unwelcome train of thought by calling the attention of those who are on the Down-grade to an attractive goal. It is to "The Church of Progression," advertised in an American paper: "Terms of church fellowship, 5s. per quarter."

It is a singular infatuation, that advocates of views like these, while they cannot unite the jarring sections of their own creeds, should attempt to unite all creeds into a universal faith. The Mohammedan faith, which so many of its European admirers assert to be a faith of unity, is divided into some fifteen sections, separated by undiminished animosities and recollections of unforgiven massacres and feuds.

We leave the men of one universal religion to their gigantic task, for we wish to call attention to the tenets of the last new faith—a very recent importation from India. The Hindu mind is prolific. Its subtilty of reasoning will vie with the hair-splitting of the Alexandrian school. Take the following as an explanation of the new faith referred to, and remember it is the product of a native thinker:—"Prakriti (the material cause of the universe), the soul, and the Supreme Being, are uncreated. They are the three causes of the universe (the efficient and material causes); they have no causes. The eternal soul enjoys the eternal Prakriti, and gets entangled in it. The Supreme Being neither enjoys it, nor is entangled by it." No doubt this is all very plain on the banks of the Ganges; but we, who have been so long satisfied with the teachings of the cross, are bewildered by this explanation of the Supreme Being; and yet we ought to have some light on the subject, for we have been favoured by the personal help of one of the champions of this new faith. Indeed, we felt this to be a special opportunity to gain more light on this new revelation. We learned that it discarded avatars, or incarnations: this article of faith was levelled at the Hindu gods, and the incarnation of Christ. This religion does not admit of miracles, for it asserts, on its own authority, that God has given the universe fixed laws, and will not interfere with them. Revelation, too, is rejected on the same authority, because God cannot communicate with man. The question naturally arose, "What authority is there to guide man to the right object of faith and worship?" The reply is, "God has given man conscience and reason, and these are sufficient." Sufficient in their

present condition, unaided by revelation, to effect such all-important issues !

While endeavouring to comprehend the full merit of this reformed faith, we suddenly found ourselves in a bewildering maze. We had been talking about God as giving reason, conscience, &c., when we discovered that the new faith admitted of no such Being. This new oracle proclaims that the Supreme Being and matter are co-eternal, the former so *pervading* the latter as to be inseparable from it. This is merely a modification of Hindu pantheism, worked out with new associations.

One more enquiry satisfied our curiosity : " And what is the authority for all this ? " The reply was given with more satisfaction than it conveyed : " The Vedas say so. " After being informed that God did not reveal his mind to man, we may be pardoned for exercising our conscience and reason by rejecting the reformer, and his Vedas too. We gave it up as a failure, and hastened back to the cross, where we sang with greater delight than ever :

" Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more. "

New theories and new doubts may cast a cloud over the atonement, and encourage the spirit of desertion from the cross ; but the cross remains, and the blood of Jesus is still the only hope of the transgressor. The atoning sacrifice still stands prominently on the front of the sacred page, from Genesis to Revelation. While " the Book " remains, these two must stand boldly out amidst the wreck of human systems, the collapse of theories, and the death of every hope apart from the Lord Jesus.

" Si Christum discis, satis est si cætera nescis,
Si Christum nescis, nihil est si cætera discis, "

which may be freely rendered : " If you have knowledge of Christ it is enough, though you are ignorant of other things ; if you know not Christ, it is nothing that you know all else. "

It is painfully evident, by the many novel theories that have been invented by those who refuse a divine revelation, how much they need it. The more unaided reason seeks to find a path to God for itself, the more it blunders. One happy result comes out of all this. It has caused brethren who have for many years past relied on the events of Calvary for eternal life, to investigate again the foundations of their hope, and to judge what claim these new thoughts have to our consideration. After fair investigation, we declare our resolve still to trust our eternal safety to the merit of the precious blood of Jesus. We are even more enchanted than before with the salvation which gave us pardon and peace when first we believed. It has been the joy of our heart and the theme of our tongue to the present day. We have listened to the siren, but we have not been drawn upon the rocks which have proved fatal to so many. We turn our backs on every new oracle that would allure us into modern paths, and sing with Dr. Watts,

" Should all the forms which men devise
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanities and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart. "

The Inspiration of the Old Testament certified by our Lord.*

BY CANON LIDDON.

FOR Christians it will be enough to know that *our Lord Jesus Christ has set the seal of his infallible sanction on the whole of the Old Testament.* He found the Hebrew canon just as we have it in our hands to-day, and he treated it as an authority which was above discussion—nay, more, he went out of his way, if we may reverently speak thus, to sanction not a few portions of it which our modern scepticism too eagerly rejects. When he would warn his hearers against the danger of spiritual relapse, he bade them remember Lot's wife. When he would point out how worldly engagements may blind the soul to a coming judgment, he reminds them how men ate, and drank, and married, and were given in marriage, until the day when Noah entered into the ark, and the flood came, and destroyed them all. When he would put his finger on a fact in past Jewish history, which, by its admitted reality, would warrant belief in his own resurrection, he points to Jonah, three days and three nights in the whale's belly. When, standing on the Mount of Olives, with the Holy City at his feet, he would quote a prophecy, the fulfilment of which would mark for his followers that its impending doom had at last arrived, he desires them to flee to the mountains, when they "shall see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, standing in the holy place."

Are we to suppose that, in these and other references to the Old Testament, our Lord was only using what are called *ad hominem* arguments, or talking down to the level of popular ignorance which he did not himself share? Not to point out the inconsistency of this supposition with his character as a perfectly sincere religious teacher, it may be observed that, in the Sermon on the Mount, he carefully marks off those features of the popular Jewish religion which he rejects in a manner which makes it certain that, had he not himself believed in the historic truth of the events and the persons to which he thus refers, he must have said so. But did he then share a popular belief which our higher knowledge has shown to be popular ignorance? and was he mistaken as to the worth of those Scriptures to which he so often and so confidently appealed? There are those who profess to bear the Christian name, and who do not shrink from saying as much as this; but they will find it difficult to persuade mankind that, *if he could be mistaken on a matter of such strictly religious importance as this, he can be safely trusted about anything else.* Yes, the trustworthiness of the Old Testament is, in fact, inseparable from the trustworthiness of the Lord Jesus Christ; and, *if we believe that he is the true Light of the world, we shall resolutely close our ears against any suggestions of the falsehood of those Hebrew Scriptures which have received the stamp of his divine authority.*

* Extract from a sermon, preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, December 8, 1889. We are glad that this great preacher has such light upon the inspiration of the Scriptures. We differ widely on some important points, but in this we are at one.

Faithful and Fruitful Witnessing.

IT was a children's service, and the building was crowded in all parts. At the front door stood a stranger, anxiously pushing his way into the church. The minister, seeing the gentleman's disappointment in not being able to gain admission, offered him a seat in the vestry behind, where he might enjoy the singing and hear the address.

"No, thank you," said the stranger, "I have only a few minutes to spare before my train leaves. I was passing the church, and saw there was something going on in the interest of children; and that made me anxious to spend a short time with them"; and with this remark he walked towards the railway station. But the sentence about something going on in the interest of children fell into the heart of the minister, even as Simeon's words in the temple fell into the heart of Mary, so that it was impossible to forget them.

The service for the children was ended, and the Sunday passed away; but the evening prayer at the minister's family altar seemed to recall the words he had heard that afternoon from the stranger at the church door: "Something going on in the interest of children." This recollection caused him to pray specially for the man he had that day casually met. Day after day did this remark about the children linger in the mind of the minister; and so much did it impress him, that he began to pray that once again he might come in contact with this man, feeling convinced there must be some history concealed behind that sentence, "Something going on in the interest of children."

Before many days had passed away, the prayer was answered, and the explanation was given; for one morning on the platform, at the railway depôt, the minister and this very man were again face to face.

"Excuse me, sir," said the minister, "but I believe we have met before?"

"Yes, sir," said the stranger, "I believe I saw you at that service the other day held in the interest of the children."

"Yes," said my friend, "that was so; and the remark you then made has stuck to me ever since, and made me most anxious to meet with you again. Tell me, stranger, what induced you to say that you wanted to spend the few minutes at your disposal at a meeting where something was going on in the interest of children? I should imagine, from the way you expressed yourself, that you are very fond of children. Have you any children of your own, sir?"

No sooner was this question put to the man, than tears filled his eyes; and he drew from his breast coat pocket a photograph of a sweet looking child, and handed it over for inspection.

"She looks like a dear little girl," said my friend; "I suppose it is a picture of your daughter?" The stranger nodded his head; his heart was too full to speak.

"Is she still living?"

A shake of the head told of a sore trial lingering within a heart that refused to be comforted. With a trembling hand was produced from the same pocket a slip of paper, containing an obituary notice, and handed to the minister to read.

After reading this report, written by a Sunday-school teacher, giving a brief account of the life, death, and burial of little May, my friend said, as he handed back the slip,

"I guess, sir, you were very fond of this little May?"

"Yes, sir; she was the light of our home and the joy of my heart."

"I should judge from this notice, sir, that Little May was a little Christian."

"She was everything in life to me, sir; and now the world to me is a dead blank."

"Then I may gather from your remarks that you regarded this dear child as the greatest treasure in your home?"

"Yes, sir, indeed she was; and I shall never forgive the man who buried her."

"Why do you say that, may I ask? Was he not a Christian man, and did he not say some words of comfort and consolation, and read a portion from God's Word to you?"

"Comfort, sir! No, indeed! He had the audacity to say over that dear child's coffin that God, in his mercy, had taken little May from our home, and that it was all goodness on God's part to do so. Tell me, sir, can there be any mercy or goodness in taking away our only child? I tell you, sir, I could have felled the fellow to the ground like an ox, but for the scene it would have caused at the funeral. He also said God had caused this death in our home as a blessing to her father and mother. I tell you, sir, I felt real mad, and feel so now, when I recall that unfeeling man's speech at the grave of my only child."

"Well, friend," said the minister, "I know there are some very good meaning men in the world, who have not always the most happy way of expressing what they mean. I have no doubt the minister who buried your little May wished to be faithful to his Lord, and also helpful to you, though he may have been unfortunate in his way of expressing himself. I think, sir, if you saw things in the same light as he did, you would not have had such harsh thoughts concerning him."

"But see, sir," said the troubled man, "I am a fairly rich man; I had but that one dear child. I could well afford to keep her in comfort, and give her the best education that money could purchase. I could have gratified her every wish and will; and here are some people who are burdened with twelve children, and can hardly find bread to feed them with, and I had only this one dear lamb. We had wealth with which to comfort her, and our love to bless her; and then, when our hearts were bleeding over our loss, a man looks us right in the face, and tells us God in his mercy has taken her away. Could any father forgive and forget language like that, sir?"

"I see now, friend, why you came to the service in the interest of children. It was your thoughts about your little May still fresh in your memory, and the happy reminiscences of the past, that caused you to be so interested in the children. Come, friend, answer me frankly. You say you are a fairly rich man. Now, suppose you owned half the world, would you give it all up if you thought it would buy back your little May?"

"Half the world, sir, would be nothing compared to the presence of that dear child in my home. I would gladly give the whole world,

were it mine, if I could but ransom her from that cold grave again."

"But, sir, that is where you err. Little May is not in the cold grave; neither did she die like a dog. Your child still lives; her soul, like yours and mine, is immortal, and will never die. I judge from the touching record contained on this slip of paper concerning her, that she was a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ; and therefore she is now in the presence of Jesus Christ and the holy angels. Have you never read, sir, Jesus Christ's words of advice on this subject in Matthew (6th chapter, verses 19, 20 and 21): 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.'"

"Look, friend; it is quite evident you have a precious treasure, and that treasure the Lord Jesus has thought so much of that he has taken it and placed it in safe keeping, where no villain on this earth can reach her, or hurt her, or tamper with her virtue. She is in safe keeping, far beyond the tempter's reach. Now, sir, just think: if you loved this little treasure so much, how much do you think Jesus loved her, whose capacity to love is so much greater than yours? I tell you, friend, he loved her so much that he died to save her. Did you love her so much as that? If so, let me again remind you that she is still living, and her eternal bliss is secured. Remember, you cannot call her back; but you can, by accepting God's salvation, go where she is. Your treasure is at this moment in heaven; and where your treasure is, according to Jesus Christ's teaching, there should your heart be also: will you still allow it to be bound to earth, now you know where your treasure is?"

The rich man pulled himself up short, and excitedly said, with great earnestness, "Tell me, sir, is that the true meaning of that text?"

"It is the true meaning to your troubled heart, sir, and quite what God means you to understand by it, just now: will you not believe it, and accept its precepts?"

"Why, sir, this is a revelation of light to me. I remember, now that you speak, that my little May climbed upon my knee only three weeks before she died, and told me how much she loved Jesus, and asked me to love him also. I thought nothing of it at the time, though she told me she was praying to Jesus for me. I thought it was just like her little childish heart; but I see now she meant more than I thought at the time. The dear little pet! I believe, sir, my little May was a real Christian, and, God helping me, I will seek God's forgiveness and grace at once, that where my treasure is, there shall my heart be also."

This broken-hearted father has since given the most satisfactory evidence, by his life, that his darling's Saviour is his Saviour also.

Perhaps some one may say, what is the use of all these little stories? To any who may ask such a question, let me frankly say, they are not of much use to you; but to hearts passing through the fiery furnace of affliction a recital of such facts often causes a flow of sympathy, which is more to a troubled heart than precious ointment.

Jesus Christ, when upon the earth, used to be very fond of using

illustrations. In fact, some of his sermons, recorded in Holy Scripture, are nothing else but recitals of striking events. If Jesus preached these same sermons in England to-day, our modern thinkers would despise them as having no thought in them. They would condemn them as having no depth, which means having no mystery to fathom, and no jugglery of words to be unravelled and dissected. They were without these things; but they had power, force, heavenly unction and life in them; and that is what hearts of love feed upon.

I should like to say, for the encouragement of workers for Christ, that this incident of little May has been already blessed by God to the winning of souls, and to the comforting of some of God's saints. The minister referred to in connection with it, was a delegate from America to the recent Sunday-school Convention, held in London, July, 1889. He was not looked upon as one of the great lights; but he was a simple-hearted man, from a small and obscure village of that vast Continent. His feet had never touched the English shores prior to this Convention; yet I have reason to know that, before his first night's repose in an English home, he had been used of God to the salvation of one or two souls. Before leaving America for England, this good brother promised a young man dwelling in his remote village, that he would call upon his mother, and convey his good wishes to her, and carry back from the mother her words of love to her son. The address of the young man's mother was to be forwarded to the ship; but before the address reached the wharf, the ship had sailed for Liverpool. This troubled the good minister very much; for he felt it to be almost as much his business to call upon the young man's mother as to attend the Convention. "For," said he, "I am the Lord's servant, and the young man is poor, but a child of God, and I am his pastor; and therefore I must see his mother for him, if possible." He knew her name, and that of the town where she lived; but beyond this, he knew nothing. Yet, with this meagre address, this simple-hearted man started for Yorkshire, feeling sure, as he said, that God would direct him, because he had been asking him to do so all along the voyage across the Atlantic; and, further, because he had asked God to make his trip to England a time of soul-winning for Jesus. As he neared the northern town, he asked a passenger in the train if he knew that town well?

"Pretty well," was the reply, "seeing I was born there."

"How many inhabitants are there in the place?"

"Almost two hundred thousand at the last census."

"Do you know anything of the place?" said the passenger.

"No, sir, I only set my feet on English soil this morning, for the first time in my life, and I promised a young fellow out where I live that if I got safely to England, I would call and see his mother for him, and her address did not reach the ship till after the boat had started; and I am quite at sea to know how to find the good woman."

"Do you know her name?" said the gentleman.

"Yes; and that is about all, beyond the fact that she is a widow."

"Well, friend, come with me, to my office, when the train stops, and I will look in the local directory, and try to help you to find her."

"Thank you very much," said my friend, "I will be pleased to do so."

After leaving the train, they journeyed together to the gentleman's

office : he took down the directory, and opened its pages with a deep sigh, and said, "See here, sir, is a pile of papers on my desk for me to get through before to-morrow morning, and I am not fit to touch them; for I have been passing through a great deal of trouble during the last ten days."

"Indeed," said the minister, "and what has been your trouble?"

"Well, sir, I have buried all my children (three in number) during the last ten days, and my heart is just crushed."

"That is, indeed, a trial, sir; and I see now I have made no mistake in coming this way, instead of making straight for London; for you, sir, indeed, need a little sympathy. But I trust you have found that consolation which God's Word gives in times like this?"

The gentleman looked up from his book, and said, "I don't quite understand you, sir."

"Indeed," said my friend, "I thought I had put it pretty plain to you, anyhow. Well, sir, allow me to say again, in a time of trial like you have just been passing through, you need more than human sympathy, though that is always helpful. But you need divine assistance; and I trust you have found that aid in God's Word, speaking comfort to your troubled heart."

"No, sir," said he, "I cannot say I have; for, you see, there have been so many scientific discoveries of late, that I have begun to doubt the Bible altogether."

"My dear sir," said the delegate, "I am a stranger to you, and to this country; but I tell you, sir, emphatically, you never found any scientific discoveries in the whole world that can give you the rest you need in a trial like this; and I defy you to find it anywhere apart from the divine Book. Sir, at the battle of Gettysburgh I was acting as a chaplain to the sick and dying, and I there saw what God's grace can do to comfort the troubled heart, and soothe the dying moments of the Christian soldier. If you will allow me to kneel down here in your office, and pray for you in this your trying hour, and if I can be of any help to you in securing this grace, I shall feel well rewarded for my journeying to Old England."

The offer was gladly accepted, and in that office the merchant sought Jesus Christ as his Saviour. After a time of prayer, my friend told him of the incident I have related about the rich man in America, and his little May; and it seemed just the link needed to help this tried man to obtain the light. Happily the address of the widowed mother was soon obtained, and a very happy time was spent under her roof by my friend, the delegate to the World's Sunday-school Convention.

Reader, do you not think with me, that if the world is to be won for Christ, this is how it must be done—by each child of God on the earth doing his or her individual part in witnessing for Christ? Churches and chapels, with regular ministers, and set services, may be most helpful in the building up of God's children, and gathering in of sinners from destruction; but if the world is to be won from sin to Christ, it must be by personal and individual efforts on the part of Christians.

Jesus himself declares that Christians are to be "The salt of the earth," "The light of the world." Have we these two characteristics in our lives? They are both very expressive symbols. What salt is to

food, Jesus declares such should our lives be towards the earth. Christians are left in the world to keep it for Christ, or else to rescue it from corruption. The useful properties of salt act by coming in contact with that which we wish it to affect ; and in the same way must our lives affect others. Then, like the light, our lives will be patent to all around. Like the salt, we may act silently, or even secretly, correcting the evils surrounding us, or rescuing men from corruption ; or, like the light, in a more direct way, by attracting sinners to the Saviour. But remember, we are here left on the earth for one purpose—not self-gratification, as some seem to think, but to be witnesses for Christ. It is far more important that Jesus should be known than that we should be honoured. If, like little May, or my friend the delegate, we live to help others and witness for Christ, then this present life becomes to us a very heaven, and nothing comes amiss.

J. MANTON SMITH.

"I don't know Him much."

THE Thursday service was over, and the people all gone, except the chapel-keeper and myself, when a woman, without any hat or bonnet, came excitedly asking for the preacher. Her son was dying, and all through the day had begged of them to send for me, as he had a message for me before he went homè.

I went to him at once. There he lay in the large bedroom over the public-house ; for his parents were in "the trade." The rich furniture in the room contrasted strongly with the poverty-stricken appearances of the people in the tap-room, through which we had passed. "Is that you, sir ?" he asked, in a feeble voice. "I knew you would come." Then, after a pause for breath, he said, "I was at the chapel when you preached about, *He loved me, and gave himself for me*. I fancied it meant that he loved you ; but it means that he loved *me*, don't it, sir ? Yes, I know it does now." I told the old, old story of Jesus, and then I called upon him who saves sinners, and keeps the feet of his saints ; and that public-house room seemed filled with the light which streams from the throne of God and of the Lamb.

"You are not afraid to go to be with Jesus who loved you ?" I said. There was a mingled look of joy and sorrow, while the white lips said : "*No, sir ; but I don't know him much !*"

Again I talked and read, before I went home ; but when there, I could not but think much about the last words of that young barman. Alas, how many in the churches would be forced to say, "I don't know him much" ! Reader, do you know him who loved you, and gave himself for you ? If so, seek to know him more and more, and pray that you may know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.

J. C. CARLILE, Bermondsey.

From "Westwood" to Menton.

PART IV.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

BUT we must take up our encumbrances, and be on our way to our place of sojourn. The railway journey to Menton from Marseilles is singularly interesting. At the first, we lose the sea from our right, and run behind a series of rocky hills; and anon, we keep near the coast, through gardens and olive-groves.

Here is CASSIS, an old Roman Port. A few vessels are here occupied with coral-fishing.

On the right, far down by the sea, are certain rocks, with a busy town at their foot, which we see, and see, and see, till it seems as if we should never leave off seeing them. We go towards them again and again, and then dart off at a tangent; but by the time they lean over so much that you feel sure they will fall down, you are no more in their neighbourhood. The town is called LA CIOTAT. Are these the rocks which are called *Bec de l'Aigle*, beak of the eagle? If so, they are most properly named. On coming back from Menton to Marseilles, and passing these rocks at the going down of the sun, they will fix themselves on the observer's mind, and he will remember the place where the Messageries Nationales have their great ship-building yards.

In the gardens, which we soon traverse, the natives cultivate *immortelles*. You all know the everlasting flowers which we grow at home; and the small yellow dried sort of which such vast numbers of wreaths are made up for funerals. The plants from which these flowers are taken grow in the gardens which occur among the olive-trees, and you will probably ask five hundred persons what they are before you will find one who can tell you. Note the large round threshing-floors in the open, which may well remind you of Palestine.

Here and there we mark suspicious appearances of green hills squared and ramparted; and in innocent nooks we see signs of warlike defences. That town of LA SEYNE, over yonder, is smoking away with its factory chimneys, and we suspect that we are in the region of steam vessels and ironclads.

We have been travelling about an hour and a half from Marseilles, when we see the frowning fortifications, or, as one called them, fifty-fortifications of TOULON, the Portsmouth of France. Grimly from every hill war shows her teeth. Against whom is all this arming? Surely, no Britisher wants the town, and no German could do anything with it if it were given to him. Who will ever come here to run upon the bosses of the national buckler? But Toulon is a noble port, and worthy of a better fate than to be the haven for vessels of destruction. It has, however, greatly risen from its former condition as a place for convicts, for then it was a terror to the district, owing to the crimes committed by those who escaped, and were driven to live by plunder. We see the ships in the roadstead, and the smoke of the arsenal; but have no time to stay. Our course is now more inland, through the garden of Provence, where corn, and wine, and oil abound. The soil, in many



TOULON.

places, is reddest of the red, while around the slopes are green with the olive, and higher up with the Maritime Pine.

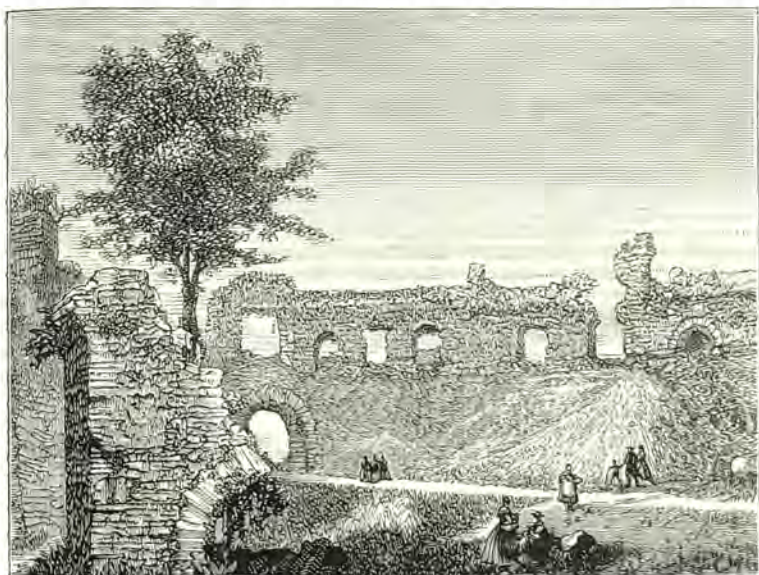
We pass LA PAULINE, where you change carriages for HYÈRES, if you desire to spend a part of your holiday in that favoured spot. I have made my way thither several times, and have not repented the journey. It is a pleasant place of residence on the hill-side, in the midst of a fertile country, which yields immense quantities of early vegetables. It is suitable for persons in good health, who do not wish for warmth, and are not afraid of wind. Palms grow at Hyères to a marked extent, and thus prove that the climate is thoroughly temperate; but it is by no means so sheltered as Menton, and, consequently, some would think it superior, because less relaxing. Being three miles from the sea, it is more of an inland watering-place than the other resorts. In the days of Sir Culling Eardley, this was the meeting-place of many gracious spirits, whose chief expression was found in "The Evangelical Alliance." I best remember *The Place of Palms*, and the house in which Massillon was born. He was a sacred orator, to whose merits justice has hardly been rendered. In his sermons, I have frequently been as much impressed by their graciousness as by their eloquence; and this is the word of an ultra-Protestant concerning a divine of the church of Rome.

But we are not going to Hyères, but have reached CARNOULES on the main line. The train makes a halt here; but it is not a very long one, unless you are in a great hurry to get on. Sometimes one can stretch his legs here; but we do not recommend the practice to tall men. This is a great region for dried plums.

Soon we pull up at LES ARCS. We do not see any arches, or bows, and do not know whence the name is derived. We are in a district abounding in cork-trees. Still is it the same rich inland country, with

hills in the distance, and the greatest luxuriousness of vegetation all around. That red earth might well have been used in the formation of the first father of our race ; at any rate, it does not lack for colour.

The scene becomes just a little monotonous till we reach the huge red rocks of ROQUEBRUNE, which would seem to be a common name for towns and villages which are near brown rocks. Afterwards we see the small town of FRÉJUS, which is a relic of a city of great importance



RUINS OF AMPHITHEATRE AT FRÉJUS.

in former ages. A young clergyman once uttered this oracular speech concerning certain ruins: "No doubt this is a rather old place." We heard the round-collar give forth this dictum, and we marvelled that the dear young ladies did not laugh at his reverence. Fréjus was one of the great ports of the Roman empire, but now it is left high and dry, with a mile or so of sand between it and the sea. We see from the carriage-window the remains of a vast amphitheatre, an ancient city-gate, and parts of an aqueduct. What a people those Romans were! They took care to have water in abundance wherever they went; nor could they rest without their cruel games of fighting men and beasts in the crowded amphitheatre. Our train traverses the site of the Roman port, where once were posted the three hundred vessels captured by Augustus at Actium. Where hundreds of galleys proudly ploughed the wave, the horse of steam now holds its iron way. The Roman has gone, as well as his port of Fréjus, not to the world's loss. If ever England's supremacy should cease in her colonies, may she leave a worthy record of the day of her power! May it not be true, as some assert, that the chief monument of our sway in India would be unlimited numbers of bitter-beer bottles! Think of a Burton Pyramid at Benares!

By ST. RAPHAËL and AGAY, which are newly-founded winter stations, we glide along, very close to the sea, through the porphyry mountains, called the Estérel. The colours of the stone are very remarkable : almost every shade is to be seen in the walls of the embankments, and in the rocks around. When one is not in a tunnel, this bit of the way, so close to the clear blue ocean, is too charming to be imagined. We are withdrawn from the haunts of men into the midst of rocks and forests. You see the remains of cottages which were, probably, put up by the contractors for the making of the line ; but they are roofless ruins now, for there is no motive for occupying them. Among these hills the Romans had their porphyry quarries ; but they are not now worked, though the holes in the rock remain, to which were chained "the unhappy slaves and prisoners who were doomed to work there for life beneath the summer sun and the winter blast." In another place in these hills, near to the railway and the sea, quarrying operations are carried on to a very large extent ; but the product would seem to be mainly cubes for paving roads.

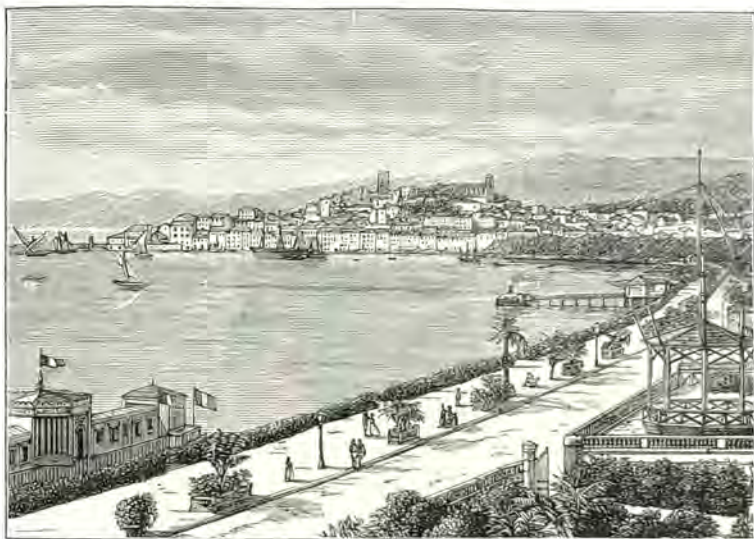
It must have been a glorious ride through these hills in the old days of *diligences* ; but there was one serious drawback, if no other. The convicts who escaped from Toulon were very apt to hide in these cork and pine-forests, and then they played the part of French "Dick Turpins" to travellers making their way from Fréjus to Cannes and Nice. The road was very lonely, with scarcely a dwelling upon it till you came to *L'Auberge d'Estérel*, a place more like a barn than an hotel. Dr. Duncan Craig, in his *Miejour*, has given a terrible story of adventure in that fascinating forest region, dear to the *chasseur* and the wood-cutter, but now forsaken of all beside.

As we come to the eastern side of the Estérel, we see the ravages of fire, which has consumed the forests far and wide. This is a calamity of modern times ; but it would seem to be of periodical occurrence. Dr. Craig says : "In the year 1835 a fearful fire raged amid the Estérel forests, and continued burning for six weeks. An immense extent of mountain was thus deprived of its venerable old cork-trees, and stately chestnut and pine-trees. The very earth itself is said to have been roasted by the intensity of the flame and heat. How grand, yet how awful, must have been the sight all around Mont Vinaigre!—the serpentine flames winding, anaconda-like, around the magnificent trunks that battled with the Mistral for ages ; the heavens all aglow with lurid colours ; the blue sea, the everlasting peaks, the snow-white ranges of the Alps around the Col de Tenda, ever and anon gleaming forth through the stifling smoke-clouds, before whose rushing flames the mountain adders and hissing snakes retreat, and the terrified birds fall back into the burning brushwood underneath."

"In truth, to the awe-stricken gazers it must have seemed as though it were a foreshadowing of the dread day of wrath—that day of the Lord, which 'Will come as a thief in the night ; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up—the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat.' (2 Peter iii. 10, 12.)

"How blessed the pardoned sinner's state, who, according to the divine promise, looks for 'new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness'!"

But here we are at CANNES.



CANNES.

Usually, we either stay a night at this place, or else on the platform we salute a group of attached friends from this queen of Riviera towns. The lovely villas of this town, and their still more lovely gardens, may be judged of by the specimens which are set by the side of the railway. If ever Paradise has returned to earth, it is at Cannes. Be sure that you visit the Garden of the Hesperides, for here the orange is to be seen in its utmost glory, if it happens to be the right season. Very pleasant also is the trip up to the perfume-producing town of GRASSE, by road or train. Equally interesting is the little voyage to the island and fortress of St. Marguerite, with its stories of the Man in the Iron Mask, and Marshal Bazaine. I preferred the other island of St. Honorat, the Iona of the Riviera, the home of a true saint, the school of missionaries, and the fountain of gospel truth for distant lands. One could not find a better place to spend a quiet day than St. Honorat. With the mountains in sight, covered with snow, Cannes just across a narrow bay, and then the blue Mediterranean on the other hand, one lacks not for prospect; while the green pines afford a calm retreat from the glare of the sun. Those who care to investigate the whole of the islands will be able to accomplish their survey between the coming in of one boat and the departure of a second. They can also get refreshment at the restaurant near the landing-place. Cannes has many a picturesque and historical point of interest. Here the great Napoleon landed when he escaped from Elba, to reascend the throne of France. Cannes is rich in Christian society, as well as in that which may be

considered more fashionable and lively. It has its full share of evangelical ministry, and perhaps more. He who has a friend with a villa at Cannes need not wait to be asked twice, should he once be fortunate enough to receive an invitation.

We are now speeding along by the GOLFE JUAN, where very often we have seen a squadron of ironclads of the French fleet. Ugly enough these monsters appear. May the world be content with the sight of them! May they never be permitted to lift up their voices, or hurl their death-bolts! Fine snow mountains are full in view in the distance, and cities picturesquely perched upon peaks of rock are nearer at hand. Who could tire of such a way?

We have soon passed ANTIBES, a very ancient walled town, dull and sleepy enough; but a heaven for artists. Meissonier's sketches of it are charming; and M. Zuber spent three years in transferring its sea and shore to canvas. The number of visitors to this town would seem to be increasing. We run along by the sea-shore, and frequently see the snowy Alps. Anon we cross the Var, which is sometimes a great river; but just now is an infant-stream in a very large bed, big enough for a gross of such rivers.

If the reader has ever seen a sunset in these regions, he will have about him a memory which he would not readily part with: one of those glories which Newman must have had in mind when he wrote that lyric of three verses, entitled TAORMINI; which is to us both a reminder of the past, and a hint for the future.

"Say, hast thou track'd a traveller's round,
Nor visions met thee there,
Thou couldst but marvel to have found
This blighted world so fair?

And feel an awe within thee rise,
That sinful man should see
Glories far worthier seraph's eyes
Than to be shared by thee.

Store them in heart! Thou shalt not faint
'Mid coming pains and fears,
As the third heaven once nerved a saint
For fourteen trial-years."

NICE is soon reached, and the train takes a long pause in this very sumptuous station. There is no need to say much of this gay and busy city. Its name implies *victory*; and in size it is victor over all the Riviera towns. Another time it may get a description all to itself from our pen; but we now want to be off. We have for some hours been in a summer air, and have had to dispense with the greatcoat, so necessary a little further back; but the day is coming to a close, and at set of sun the temperature falls rapidly, and the forsaken garment is again sought after. From this we gather the moral, that comforts of a spiritual kind may also, for a while, be unwisely disregarded; but when the trial hour returns, we shall be happy if we are able readily to resume them.

It is all very easy and comfortable to go from Nice by rail; but if one would see glorious scenery, let him have done with the puff of the

engine, and take to the noble Corniche road. A trip with a *vetturino* and four horses from Nice, say to Savona, is a treat for a king. In days before railways, we found it to be the utmost delight to travel by road, and to-day we prefer it to the best and most luxurious form of railway hurrying. The country is too full of interest to be rushed over. The morsels of this feast deserve the mastication of a carriage; they ought not to be swallowed in trains. Ruffini's words are not in the least strained wherein he opens his book, *Doctor Antonio*, with the following paragraphs:—

"Few of the public highways of Europe are more favoured than this; few, at any rate, combine in themselves three such elements of natural beauty as the Mediterranean on one side, the mountains on the other, and overhead the splendours of an Italian sky. The industry of man has done what it could, if not to vie with, at least not to disparage, nature. Numerous towns and villages, some gracefully seated on the shore, bathing their feet in the silvery wave, some stretching up the mountain-sides like a flock of sheep, or thrown picturesquely astride a lofty ridge, with here and there a solitary sanctuary perched high on a sea-washed cliff, or half lost in a forest of verdure at the head of some glen; marble palaces and painted villas emerging from sunny vineyards, gaily flowering gardens, or groves of orange and lemon-trees; myriads of white *casini*, with green jealousies, scattered all over hills, once sterile, but now, their scanty soil propped up by terrace shelving above terrace, clothed to the top with olive-trees—all, and everything, in short, of man's handiwork, betokens the activity and ingenuity of a tasteful and richly-endowed race.

"The road, in its obedience to the capricious indentations of the coast, is irregular and serpent-like; at one time on a level with the sea, it passes between hedges of tamarisk, aloes, and oleander; at another, winds up some steep mountain-side, through dark pine forests, rising to such a height that the eye recoils terrified from looking into the abyss below; here it disappears into galleries cut in the living rock; there, comes out upon a wide expanse of earth, sky, and water; now turns inland, with a seeming determination to force a passage across the mountain; anon shoots abruptly in an opposite direction, as if bent upon rushing headlong into the sea. The variety of prospect resulting from this continual shifting of the point of view is as endless as that offered by the ever-changing combinations of a kaleidoscope. Could we but give this sketch a little of the colouring—real colouring—of the country, what a picture we should make of it! But we cannot. It is past the power of words to shadow out the brilliant transparency of this atmosphere, the tender azure of this sky, the deep blue of this sea, the soft gradations of tone tinting these wavy mountains, as they lap one over the other. The palette of a Stanfield, or a D'Azzeglio, would scarcely be equal to the task."

Through VILLEFRANCHE we pass with very brief pause. In this pretty harbour there are generally some American war-ships. We held service on board one of them years ago. A trip in the Mediterranean, and a sojourn in a harbour so near to Nice and Monte Carlo, can hardly be placed among the hardships of life in the American navy. The next station of BEAULIEU is well named, for it is a beautiful place indeed.



VILLEFRANCHE.

If we might venture into prophecy, we should predict that it is doomed to be a great popular resort before very long. At present, it has very fair hotels, and a few villas; but it is, in places, odorous. It is true, it produces great store of roses; but we are not thinking of roses when we mention the odours.

After passing EZA, TURBIE-SUR-MER, and such small places, we reach MONACO and MONTE CARLO, and dispose of some of the worse part of our passengers who, as a rule, have a gamey look. Some of them are by no means the cream of society for morals: and we remark that, as God made man in his own image, so Sin also has a mint, and stamps its coinage with its own impress. Some ten thousand live here; but many ten thousands are here lost, and reputations and souls with them. Our old friend, Morant Brock, used to call this "the devil's marine residence." Gate of Perdition, we are not willing lingerers here, though thou be beautiful for situation beyond all other places upon the earth!

At last we are at MENTON. How shall we pronounce it?

"What shall we call thee? Shall we give our own
Plain English vowels to thee—fair Men-tone?
Or shall we yield thee back thy patrimony,
The lost Italian sweetness, of Men-ton-è?
Or, with French accent, and the n's half gone,
Try the Parisian syllables—Men-ton?"

Can we get down to the ground from the height of the carriage? We certainly need help. Why do they have such steep steps, and no platform? Never mind. We are on the earth safely, and soon at the quiet, homely, comfortable *Hôtel Beau Rivage*. Reader, may we all reach the end of our life-journey as happily, and there may we rest—

"Where everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers."

Nettleton Anecdotes.

THIRD SELECTION.

ELECTION—STRANGE DELUSIONS.

I.

A young woman, who had been for some time in a state of religious anxiety, once said to him : " What do you think, Dr. Nettleton, of the doctrine of election ? Some say it is true, and some say it is not true, and I do not know what to think of it."

" And what do you *wish* to think of it ? " said he.

" I wish," she replied, " to think that it is not true."

" Suppose, then," said he, " that it is not true. *The doctrine of repentance is true.* You must repent or perish. Now, if the doctrine of election is not true, what reason have you to believe you ever shall repent ? "

After a moment's reflection, she replied : " If the doctrine of election is not true, I never shall repent."

Her eyes were then opened upon her true condition. Every refuge failed her. She saw she was entirely dependent on the sovereign grace of God ; and there is reason to believe, she was soon brought out of darkness into God's marvellous light.

II.

A man once said to him : " I cannot get along with the doctrine of election." " Then *get along* without it," said he. You are at liberty to get to heaven the easiest way you can. Whether the doctrine of election is true or not, it is true that you must repent, and believe, and love God. Now, what we tell you is, that such is the wickedness of your heart, that you never will do these things unless God has determined to renew your heart. If you do not believe that your heart is so wicked, make it manifest by complying with the terms of salvation. Why do you stand cavilling with the doctrine of election ? Suppose you could prove it to be false, what have you gained ? You must repent and believe in Christ after all. Why do you not immediately comply with these terms of the gospel ? When you have done this, without the aid of divine grace, it will be soon enough to oppose the doctrine of election. Until you shall have done this, we shall still believe that the doctrine of election lies at the foundation of all hope in your case.

III.

A woman who was known to be a great opposer of the doctrine of election, said to him one day : " You talked to me yesterday as if you thought I could repent."

" And can you not ? " said he.

" No, I cannot, unless God change my heart."

" Do you really believe that you cannot repent, unless God has determined to change your heart ? "

" I do," said she.

" Why, madam," said he, " you hold to the doctrine of election in a stricter sense than I do. I should prefer to say, not that *you cannot*, but that you *never will* repent, unless God has determined to change your heart."

IV.

To a man who manifested great opposition to the doctrine of election, he once said: "If I should go to heaven, I feel as if I should wish to say, in the language of the apostle, 'Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began.' Now, if we should meet in heaven, and I should make use of this language, will you quarrel with me there?"

V.

A young woman had long been thoughtful, but not deeply impressed, and seemed to continue in the same state of mind week after week. Dr. N. said to her one day: "There are some who never will become true believers. Christ said unto the Jews, 'Ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep.' Perhaps this is your case; and I tell you now, that if you are not one of Christ's sheep, you never will believe on him; and I hope it will ring in your ears." And it did ring in her ears. From that moment she found no peace till she found it through believing in Jesus as her Saviour.

HOW NOT TO QUENCH A REVIVAL.

An instructive and somewhat amusing anecdote may be given under this heading. Dr. N. was once labouring in a village in Connecticut, where were strong indications of a good state of things. There was an earnest and prayerful spirit of Christian effort, and likewise a spirit of violent opposition on the part of the ungodly. The pastor of the church was called to a distant part of his sphere, to officiate at a wedding, and Dr. Nettleton accompanied him. They rode together; and when they arrived at the house, the pastor left his surtout-coat hanging over the back of his chaise. Nothing particular happened during the ceremony; but when they were proposing to return home, it was discovered that the harness was cut in several places. This was at length repaired, and they reached the parsonage without accident. They found, however that the hair from the mane and tail of the horse had been cut off. When the pastor took his surtout into his study, the light revealed a sad state of things. The surtout had been torn from top to bottom, and was hanging in ribbons. The good man was, naturally, not a little excited, and he declared that he would find out the perpetrators of the outrage, and give them the length of the law. When he had had time to cool down, Dr. Nettleton said to him, "Brother, try on the surtout; it may not be injured so much as you suppose." He did so, and so grotesque was his appearance, that they both had a hearty laugh. Dr. N. saw that his time was come to try and make an impression on his friend. "Brother," said he, "it is evident that the Spirit of God is at work with this people; and this is a device of the enemy of souls to turn off their attention from the subject of religion. You may, I doubt not, find out the authors of this mischief, and punish them; but in doing it, you will cause a hubbub; there will be an end of the revival; and souls will be lost for ever. Now, my advice to you is this: 'Keep your horse in the stable; feed him yourself; do not take him out even to water. Lay by your surtout in the bottom of your trunk,

and do not mention these circumstances even to your wife. The wrong-doers will not dare to mention their mischief; and if we are silent, it will not be known, and they will lose their labour. The parish will continue in quietness, and we shall go on in our work without molestation. We shall thus defeat the enemy of souls, and gain a blessed victory for the Redeemer.'"

The pastor took his advice. No one heard of the occurrence from that time; and what is better, the promising tokens of blessing were realized, and God blessed the church with a rich outpouring of the Spirit.

© Omnipotent Patience !

IF a man should come into the studio of a great artist, and should designedly break in pieces his most excellent works, which cost him years of study in the design, and months of labour in the execution; how would he bear such wanton injuries? How would his spirit be aroused! And could you expect the Lord to bear with sinners who have ruined his glorious work in themselves, and are polluting the world which he has made so fair and beautiful? Yet still his long-suffering is exceeding great towards them. What less can we do than exclaim, O omnipotent patience! Oh, infinite forbearance of the God of love!

C. H. S.

From the Diary of a City Missionary.

VISITED old Saunders. When I went in, he was sitting by the fire, which was almost out, and beside him, on a small table, lay an old and well-worn Bible. He had been reading and weeping. "All is quiet now," he said, pointing to the bed, on which stood a coffin, containing the remains of his departed wife. He told me of the "sair struggle that she had had, and said that he would now be a lanely auld man"; that they "had lived thegither five-and-forty years, and had peace and comfort in ilk ither (each other). I dinna ken what is to come o' me now," said the old man, weeping. "I canna keep house. Oh, what will I do?"

It was a momentary weakness, and I knew its cure. "*Jesus lives!*" said I. "O sinfu' cratur that I am, I whiles lose sight o' that blessed truth!" Having got hold of that as the cue, he commenced enumerating and commenting upon the promises of God to his people. Sometimes he addressed me, sometimes himself, sometimes his departed wife. To see the venerable man now raising his eyes to heaven, now turning them on the ensigns of death, and then raising them to heaven again, to hear him calmly and reverently addressing the Majesty of heaven, then speaking plaintively of his wife and his loss, and then exhorting himself to patience, was most affecting, but most delightful.

Lessons from Three Lives.

BY PASTOR J. MCAUSLANE, OF CRAWLEY.

IN a very remarkable way, and from entirely distinct sources, three books came into my hands recently, which so fully harmonize in their spirit and innermost teaching as to show the essential unity of the church of Christ. These were "Yet not I," by Mr. Haslam; "Life of Stephen Grellet," a member of the Society of Friends; and "The Way the Lord hath Led Me," by C. S. Each in its own way upholds the system of its author—Anglicanism, Quakerism, and Plymouthism; yet the piety is so devout, and the instances of divine guidance and blessing so many and well-authenticated, as to emphasize the fact that God is no respecter of systems any more than of persons.

No sincere believer can read either of these lives without devout gratitude to the great Head of the church, who fills the upright heart with his presence, and leads the trustful soul by a path that it knows not. Instances of divine leading are numerous and soul-refreshing. The most notable in all three cases seem to have been in opening up spheres of labour, and in providing means just when the earthly treasury was empty. As the doors closed in one place, others immediately opened elsewhere for still greater usefulness.

Mr. Haslam has it laid on his heart to open a day-school. He is impressed with the suitability of one of his workers for the office of schoolmistress, and communicates with her, believing that the requisite funds will be forthcoming if the undertaking be of God. The consent of the young lady is anticipated on the Monday afternoon, and on the morning of that very day, "altogether unsolicited, there came a cheque from a lady of title, who had received good at the church at Avon-street, for the benefit of the place, and toward a school if possible."

In the course of his wanderings, at a time when there was great scarcity of grain, Stephen Grellet was keenly alive to the sorrows of humanity, and "as for himself, he made as small a quantity of food do as possible, but the Lord strengthened him in every way."

Early in his evangelistic career, Mr. C. Stanley had a separate account, so to speak, which he named "the Lord's bag," from which he drew for his travelling expenses in his preaching tours; and his testimony is that he never got quite to the bottom of it.

These are among our modern miracles, and ratify the ever-valid promise: "Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am. And the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones: and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not" (Isai. lviii. 9, 11).

How sweetly does the meditative Friend speak of the hidden life with Christ! One day, when alone in the pine woods, with his mind inwardly retired before the Lord, he was comforted in a humbling, memorable manner: "He clothed me with the garments of praise instead of the spirit of heaviness, and he strengthened me to offer up myself again freely to him and to his service for my whole life." Yes, says C. S., "The Comforter abides with us: and if we were more simple we should know far more of his divine guidance in our path of service."

All were men of prayer, and they each record numerous instances of gracious answers. Yet, to show that God is sovereign in his way of working, we have only to listen to the aspirations, the answers to which reveal the lines along which the divine blessing came. "Oh, for more stillness!" sighed the friend. "More holy fire," is the constant prayer of the earnest clergyman; and C. S. as constantly insists that "There must be entire dependence on the Holy Spirit." These life-stories show how comparatively unimportant are the accessories of the inner life, and in all its deepest phases how essentially it is one in all believers. They inspire us with the catholic spirit of the apostle's benediction: "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

"Joined to Christ in mystic union,
We thy members, thou our Head,
Sealed by deep and true communion,
Risen with thee who once were dead—
Saviour, we would humbly claim
All the power of this thy name.

"Instant sympathy to brighten
All their weakness and their woe,
Guiding grace their way to lighten,
Shall thy loving members know.
All their sorrows thou dost bear,
All thy gladness they shall share."—F. R. H.

The Modern Theory of Evolution.

THE spontaneous origin of life from inorganic matter, the development of protoplasm from molecules, of vegetable life from protoplasm, of animal life from vegetable life, and of humanity from advanced animals, which, though a pure hypothesis, has been accepted almost universally by physicists in the present day, is intrinsically as absurd and unthinkable a theory as either Epicureanism or Hindoo Pantheism. But its absurdity is not seen by those who have been taught it from the time that they first turned their attention to physical science, who find it accepted by all their teachers, and assumed as a basis by every book that is put into their hands, who live, as it were, in an atmosphere saturated with evolutionism, and absorb it with every breath that they inhale. The time will probably come, perhaps after no great delay, when a reaction will set in, and the ability of unintelligent matter to improve itself and advance to perfection will be seen to be as absurd and as self-contradictory as the ability of images carved out of wood and stone to affect the course of events—to "do good or to do evil." Meanwhile, however, the existing false system is almost as impervious to argument and criticism as was the system of heathen idolatry. It has possession of the field (the so-called scientific field), as that had of the general field of human society; it supports itself by a number of interconnected propositions, no one of which rests upon any sure basis; and it does not even perceive the force of the arguments which are brought against it. Thus it may keep its hold upon men for some considerable time, before it takes its final place as "a chapter in the history of human error."—*Canon Rawlinson, in Pulpit Commentary on Isaiah.*

“ I will Make the Dry Land Springs of Water.”

THE DROP WHICH GREW INTO A TORRENT.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

ALL my soul was dry and dead
Till I learned that Jesus bled ;—
Bled and suffer'd in my place,
Bearing sin in matchless grace.

Then a drop of heavenly love
Fell upon me from above,
And by secret, mystic art
Reached the centre of my heart.

Glad the story I recount,
How that drop became a fount,
Bubbled up a living well,
Made my heart begin to swell.

All within my soul was praise,
Praise increasing all my days ;
Praise which could not silent be :
Floods were struggling to be free.

More and more the waters grew,
Open wide the flood-gates flew,
Leaping forth in streams of song
Flowed my happy life along.

Lo, a river clear and sweet
Laved my glad, obedient feet !
Soon it rose up to my knees,
And I praised and prayed with ease.

Now my soul in praises swims,
Bathes in songs, and psalms, and hymns ;
Plunges down into the deeps,
All her powers in worship steep.

Hallelujah ! O my Lord,
Torrents from my soul are poured !
I am carried clean away,
Praising, praising all the day.

In an ocean of delight,
Praising God with all my might,
Self is drowned. So let it be :
Only Christ remains to me.

C. H. SPURGEON.

Notices of Books.

The Book Fund and its Work. 1889.
By MRS. C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore
and Alabaster.

WE feared that there would be no Report of "The Book Fund" this year; for our beloved wife was so suffering in body that her mind could scarcely bear the burden of composing a book. Now our wonder is that anything so pleasant could come out of such a furnace of pain. The record for the past year has about it the charm of the former ones. It is not only a powerful plea for poor ministers, but there is in it a force of spiritual feeling, and poetic expression, which will win the reader's attention at the first, and hold it to the last. We cannot, of course, pretend to impartiality; and, therefore, we refer the task of criticism to our readers. If they do not say that this little sixpenny book is sweetly written, we shall be disappointed as to their clearness of judgment. We confess our own delight in the perusal of this Report, which we did not see till it came to us complete from the publishers. Our kind friends will see to it that the Report is largely circulated.

The Old-Fashioned Book on the Old-Fashioned Religion. With the Devil's Prayer and Confession of Faith. By AN OLD-FASHIONED MAN. Second Edition. Passmore and Alabaster.

THE orthodox press was unanimous in praise of this pungent work when it first appeared, and, consequently, the first edition was cleared out in a few months. The book ought always to be in print. Unitarianism in its honester form needs to be answered: as for the "modern thought" which is too false to take its right name, it scarcely deserves any refutation. Our author is old, as well as old-fashioned, and it cheers his age to find the Lord using his testimony against a deadly evil. The copies at eighteen-pence will be permanent, because of their binding, and therefore we give them the preference: pamphlets in paper covers soon go to pieces.

The Hereafter: Sheol, Hades, and Hell. The World to Come, and the Scripture Doctrine of Retribution according to Law. By JAMES FYFE. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THIS appears to be a very fine book, and after our own heart. Those who have become unsettled as to the solemn question of the doom of the ungodly should get this book and study it. It deals crushing blows at conditional immortality, and the restoration theory; and we judge it to be a defence of the old faith which cannot easily be overthrown. Messrs. Clark deserve hearty thanks for issuing a work which is sure to bring upon itself and them many bitter remarks.

Blackie's Modern Cyclopædia of Universal Information. A Handy Book of Reference on all Subjects and for all Readers. Edited by Dr. ANNANDALE. Vols. IV. & V. Blackie.

As this Cyclopædia progresses, we are more and more impressed with its value in the direction of biography and geography. These volumes are handy, practical, and cheap; and the work may be described as *The Popular Cyclopædia*—the ordinary reader's hand-book of knowledge. This is a very unpretentious summary of information, but it is solid, sufficient, and satisfactory.

The Englishman's Bible: combining the "English-Hebrew Bible" and the "English-Greek Testament." By THOMAS NEWBERRY. Hodder and Stoughton.

MR. THOMAS NEWBERRY has brought out a new and splendid edition of his "Englishman's Bible," printed at the Oxford University Press, on best India paper, so as to be exceedingly light in weight, and, at the same time, clear in type. Friends who justly value the help rendered by the Englishman's Bible will be glad to have so beautiful a copy of it. It is wonderful that the whole Bible should be contained in so small a bulk, and yet be in legible print.

Bible Illustrations from the New Hebrides, with Notices of the Progress of the Mission. By Rev. JOHN INGLIS, D.D., F.R.S.G.S. Nelson and Sons.

ALL alive. The pages are rich with incidents and telling illustrations. It is a narrative of missions in the South Seas, and specially in the New Hebrides; but the story is made to explain the truths of revelation, and oftentimes to illustrate the very words of Scripture. We have read with intense pleasure these delightful pages. We should like to know whether the following is a correct interpretation. If so, it will be a great relief to the minds of certain ladies. Mr. Inglis relates how the wearing of more apparel, and that of a more reputable sort, became the ensign of Christianity in his island. In the island of Great Britain it is, in some cases, the ensign of a departure from the simplicity and humility of the Christian. Here is what he says:—

“On one occasion, shortly after I went to Aneityum, while I was sailing round to the other mission-station in my boat, we saw about half a score of natives walking single file along the beach; we were too far from the shore to recognize them individually. But, nevertheless, one of my native boatmen said, ‘Six of these men are heathen, and four are Christian’; I said to him, ‘How do you know that, when they are so far off that you do not know who they are?’ ‘Oh,’ said he, ‘do you not see that four of them have on white *lavalavas*, while the rest have none?’ A *lavalava* is a fathom of cloth, which is wrapped round the loins, and is the smallest portion of European clothing ever worn by a native man. On another occasion, in the first years of the mission, Nahoat, one of the principal chiefs, then newly professing himself a Christian, was ill with a severe cold. Mr. Geddie visited him, and offered to pray with him. Nohoat gladly accepted his offer. But as he was lying with nothing on but his native dress, he said to the missionary, ‘O, Misi, stop a little till I put on my *lavalava*.’ He evidently thought that European clothing was essential to Christian worship. We had never taught this doctrine; but seeing the natives had taken up the idea, we allowed them to retain it; it acted powerfully in promoting their civilization. Our Sabbath-day clothes have a marvellously elevating influence on the community; they are an important factor in our Christian culture. No doubt Campbell’s translation of 1 Peter iii. 3, 4, is the correct one, ‘Whose adorning let it be not

only that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing jewels of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be *also* the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.’ This is our rendering in the Aneityumese, sanctioned by the authority of the late Rev. Mr. Meller, Rector of Woodbridge, Suffolk, and Editorial Superintendent of the Foreign Versions published by the British and Foreign Bible Society; one of the ablest and most exact Biblical scholars of his day. It is only those of us who have had personal experience in the training of ‘naked savages’ to the use of decent clothing, that can fully appreciate the great breadth and exceeding minuteness of Bible teaching, and how important it is to translate every word with painstaking accuracy. The verbal inspiration of Scripture is a doctrine of vastly greater importance than shallow theologians and superficial critics, who talk and write so confidently, would lead us to believe. The Apostle Peter emphasizes the inward adorning; but, in accordance with the whole tenor of Scripture, instead of condemning, he sanctions and encourages elegant female dress, and valuable female ornaments; and we found our hands strengthened by his words in our efforts to civilize the savage.”

The Biblical Illustrator; or, Anecdotes, Similes, Emblems, Illustrations, Historical and Homiletic, on the Verses of the Bible. By Rev. JOSEPH S. EXELL, M.A. Luke. Vols. II. and III. Nisbet and Co.

ALL these compilations by Mr. Exell are useful; and, certainly, he packs as much into his space as he possibly can. We have been reading with great care one of the volumes, and we feel disappointed with it. The quantity of matter collected is wonderful; but it is not selected with much judgment: half the amount, if it had been judiciously extracted, would have been worth twice as much. Yet it may be that what we should count superfluous material will be valued by some one else; and the price is low enough to allow the casting away of half the goods, and yet leaving enough to be a good bargain. We submit that three volumes on Luke are quite enough, if not too much. The range of writers from which the expository pieces have been borrowed is a very wide one. Some of the extracts seem to be irrelevant; but the most of them are valuable in themselves, and fitly placed.

After the Exile. A Hundred Years of Jewish History and Literature. Part I. The close of the Exile to the coming of Ezra. By P. A. HUNTER, Minister of Vester. Oliphant and Anderson.

OUR author writes very vividly, and makes the events stand out with the sharpness of modern history; but we like not that he sets aside the sacred Book of Esther, calling it "a late recollection of a popular legend." This cool removal of a book from the canon we cannot away with; and we judge that it would be in the highest degree improper for us to commend the work which contains it. The epidemic of destructive criticism is everywhere, and everywhere it is to be bemoaned as an evil which brings others in its train. O Lord, how long!

How to Study the Bible. By Dr. CLIFFORD, M.A., Prof. ELMSLIE, D.D., R. F. HORTON, M.A., Rev. F. B. MEYER, B.A., Rev. C. H. WALLER, M.A., Rev. H. C. G. MOULE, M.A., Rev. C. A. BERRY, Rev. W. J. DAWSON. Nisbet and Co.

Too many cooks spoil the broth. Here are no less than eight cooks to make up one cupful of soup. And the *chefs* are addicted to diverse modes of cookery. What concord has Clifford with Waller, or Berry with Meyer? Yet as books go nowadays, this is not so very bad. The good is very good, and the unsavoury is not so evil as might be. For all and all, there comes less from eight divines than one might have reckoned on.

Covenant Comforts: a Companion and Supplement to "The Form of Covenanting with God." Extracted from the work of Joseph Alleine, and edited by G. OSBORN, D.D. Kelly.

WE rejoice that our Wesleyan friends reprint such fine old theology. We note that our venerated friend, Dr. Osborn, says:—"In preparing this admirable book for a new edition, I have thought it right to omit two or three sentences in which the author appears to have lost sight of those conditions which the Scripture connects with the promises of final perseverance; and which, though not always explicitly pronounced, must yet be borne in mind

by those who would believe and teach the whole counsel of God."

Dear Doctor, we wish you had let the good author speak for himself, without your amendments. Still, even with your omissions, most precious things are left.

Apples of Gold on Silvers of Silver.

By Rev. A. B. MACKAY, of Montreal. Thomas Nelson and Sons.

THESE chapters describe scenes from Scripture in language suitable for children. These are so set in order as to explain and illustrate the teaching of The Shorter Catechism. Anything which helps to train the young in our most holy faith has our best wishes. We do not agree with the Presbyterian Catechism as to baptism; but in all else we believe we are at one with it. Mr. Mackay does not err in becoming childish in order to be understood by children; neither does he go far afield to discover novel illustrations. In fact, he might have been a little more sparkling and have been none the worse. Still, he has made a good book, which children cannot read without profit.

Life and Writings of Jonathan Edwards.

By ALEXANDER V. ALLEN, D.D. T. and T. Clark.

OUR author duly appreciates the greatness of the intellectual power of Jonathan Edwards, but as he has little or no sympathy with his theology, we do not see the use of his writing his life. So far as Edwards was a philosopher, the present evil age applauds, and even tries to show that some of its own heresies are the natural outcome of his principles; but wherein the man of God tenaciously adheres to revelation, he is, of course, a being of a past age, a fossil to be marvelled at. Dr. Allen has done his best for Edwards, and for his own views of things; but we feel little gratitude to him. He who differs from another as to the teaching which he held most dear is not sufficiently in accord with him to become his biographer: he may sketch his outer life, but he comes not into his secret. From being biographed by a candid friend, who thinks your cardinal point was wrong, a man may well pray to be delivered.

Famous Irish Preachers. By Rev. C. H. IRWIN, B.A. Mccredy & Kyle, 42, Middle Abbey Street, Dublin.

A SINGULAR series of short and lively biographies. We say singular because we find both Roman, Anglican, Wesleyan, Presbyterian, and Congregationalist preachers mentioned, simply because they are Irish. This denotes a catholicity, which is all the more remarkable for being Irish. The writer does not compromise himself, but takes occasion to set forth the gospel side of things, and to show such men as Father Mathew and Father Buckley when near the cross, rather than near the altar. This is by no means a bad six-pennyworth. Why not publish it in London?

Sermons Preached in the East. By CHARLES HENRY BUTCHER, D.D., Chaplain at Cairo. Elliot Stock.

SHANGHAI and Cairo have been the scenes of Dr. Butcher's services as English chaplain. In this volume he preserves and publishes certain of his short discourses, which some readers may approve of, though we do not. There is an absence of bigotry, and this is well; but there is a presence of modern ideas, and this is not well. The preacher's mind is awake, and his style is vigorous. We wish he had given us more gospel and not less common sense.

The Lives of Three Bishops. By Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. 7, Paternoster Square.

THREE noble bishops, too! Fraser, Bickersteth, Hannington. The first, the soul of honesty and manliness; the second, the incarnation of evangelical activity; the third, the hero and martyr of the African mission. Our esteemed friend, the Rev. Charles Bullock, always great at making a book, has here found three subjects after his own heart. Where could he find better? He knows how to prepare popular pages out of the most slender materials, and therefore be you sure that he does his work grandly when he has rather too much than too little to work with. Christians of all churches may sup well under the sign of "The Three Bishops." All bishops

are not the same bishops; for which we may be devoutly grateful. Were there more bishops like these three, Dissenters would still criticize the prelatical office; but they would be far more inclined to excuse it for the sake of the men who adorn it. Who cares whether Hannington wore an apron or a dress coat? He laid down his life in the service of his Lord, and he lives in our hearts. His gaiters and shovel-hat are vanished from our memory, as much as they were from his use when in the land of the heathen, and we see only the man—the man of God.

This book deserves a large circulation. Price 3s. 6d.

Footsteps of Truth. Edited by C. RUSSELL HURDITCH. Vol. VII. J. F. Shaw and Co.

YOU cannot make a rich annual volume out of poor monthly magazines; but in this case each issue is worthy of praise. There is not a bad egg in the omelet. There is no lack of ability here; but there is a rare abundance of sacred instructiveness.

The New Biblical Dictionary for Teachers and Students. With many Illustrations; and an Introduction by Rev. J. F. KITTO, M.A. Elliot Stock.

THESE cheap and condensed Biblical dictionaries serve an excellent purpose among a class who are not able to buy more standard works. Therefore we have a good word for this thick volume, which will doubtless prove a mine of wealth to many a teacher in the country, who is out of the way of books of reference. Although Mr. Kitto, the Rector of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, has written a brief introduction to this compendium, no one must order it under the notion that he is buying Dr. Kitto's book. We have looked to several test words, and have been much pleased with the views expressed, and the information given. Under the word "*Inspiration*," the only solid and tenable opinion is given, and we are glad to have it so well condensed.

Gospel Studies. By C. E. STUART. S. W. Partridge and Co.

GOOD, simple, gospel teaching. Not very striking; but, if attentively read, calculated to edify. Price one shilling.

Smitten and Slain. A Nineteenth Century Romance of Life in China. By A. V. V. Nelson and Sons.

AT the risk of destroying the mystery which gives zest to the plot, we must give a clue to the author's main object in writing this sketch of the home-life of "the Heathen Chinese." This is ostensibly a love story, and shows that the tender passion is the same among celestials as among terrestrials. But when A. V. V. has fairly got our ear, or both ears, he makes us listen to China's bitter cry against England, for our sin against her in the matter of the opium traffic. Is it to be wondered at that our missionaries are constantly being told by the people that they will have nothing to do with the God of those English, who, for greed of gold, have forced the opium curse upon them? May this thrilling story have a very large circulation, and produce zeal for the suppression of the Opium Traffic, and, indeed, in all the work of the Lord among China's millions.

Allan Dunstan; or, Wheat among the Tares. By THOMAS KEYWORTH. Religious Tract Society.

JUST now, fiction of a high order of literary ability is being employed as a medium for spreading the poison of doubt. The vehicle which conveys the bane may also serve to carry the antidote: the book before us is a case in point. The description of the young men of the select Sunday Society or club, calling themselves "The Moderns," and of the means by which one of them was arrested on the downgrade to spiritual ruin, is thoroughly well wrought out. The story will interest and profit young men who are in danger of infection from the prevailing epidemic of scepticism.

The Barbary Corsairs. By STANLEY LANE-POOLE. Fisher Unwin.

WE should hardly have looked for a volume upon the Barbary Corsairs, for their infamies can hardly be called one of "the stories of the nations." Yet it is a dropped stitch which needs to be taken up to make the fabric of history complete. Till Algiers was taken over by the French, the Mediterranean was never free from piracy. Centuries of brutal sea-robberies make

up a chronicle which must be written in the blood and tears of captured Christians. These were chained to the oars of the Moslem galleys, and made the unwilling means of bearing swift destruction upon others of their own faith. Surely, cruelty here reached its utmost pitch. It is a terrible story of freebooting, murder, and slavery; but it must be told, since in studying other histories one is continually meeting with cities plundered by the corsairs, or fleets destroyed, and noble princes slain by the men of Barbary. It is no toil, but a great pleasure, to have to review any one of the charming volumes which make up the series entitled, "The Story of the Nations." We commend them gladly.

Laugh and Learn: the Easiest Book of Nursery Lessons and Nursery Games. Charminglly illustrated. By JENNETT HUMPHREYS. Blackie and Son, 49, Old Bailey, E.C.

IF Miss Humphreys has not here found a "royal road to learning," she has, at least, discovered a very pleasant pathway, whereon little feet may run right merrily. "Laugh and learn," indeed! Why, the learning is all laughing, and the laughing is all learning! Before we had turned over many pages of this dainty volume, we were fairly in love with it for the children's sake, and almost ready to begin again to "laugh and learn" with the youngest of them! It is the paragon of primers, full, from beginning to end, of delightful devices by which the little ones may pick up instruction with as much glee as they would gather flowers. We recommend all weary mothers and tired teachers to procure this wonderful book at once.

Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family. By the author of "Diary of Kitty Trevylyan," &c. Nelson and Sons.

A RIGHT royal edition of a book which is beyond all criticism. Never was the life of Luther more worthily conceived, nor his doctrine more clearly set forth. Here we have the strength of fact adorned with the charms of imagination. To begin to read, is to be held fast with hooks of steel till you have reached the utmost page.

Blown to Bits; or, *The Lonely Man of Rakata*. A tale of the Malay Archipelago. By R. M. BALLANTYNE. Nisbet & Co.

MR. BALLANTYNE is one of the three worthies among book-writers for boys: by the way, very big boys may pick up many items of geographical knowledge and of natural history from his pages. In *Blown to Bits* he shows his imaginary fellow globe-trotter some of the less known but most interesting regions, giving him accurate descriptions of the fauna and flora, and wonders from the vasty deep, intermingling therewith creations of his own imagination, which would make the most accomplished transatlantic story-teller unhesitatingly retire to a back seat. Of this book he says:—"The extremely violent nature of the volcanic eruptions in Krakatoa in 1883, the peculiar beauty of those parts of the Eastern seas where the event occurred . . . and the tremendous devastation which resulted, have all inspired me with a desire to bring the matter, in the garb of a tale, before that portion of the juvenile world which accords me a hearing."

The Crew of the Water Wagtail. A Story of Newfoundland. By R. M. BALLANTYNE. Nisbet & Co.

THIS purports to be an account of the adventures of a party of British seamen, who were cast on the shore of Newfoundland in the sixteenth century. It is of the Robinson Crusoe order; and though less instructive than some of Mr. Ballantyne's books, will be none the less enjoyed by his many boy patrons.

Barbara Leybourne. A Story of Eighty Years ago. By SARAH SELINA HARNER. Oliphant & Anderson.

A STORY of "True Love and False"; being chiefly concerned with the arts of the deceiver and the heart-aches of his two too trusting victims. The novel—for such it is, is not "pure and simple," but pure and complex. It may teach young ladies to distrust their own judgment of their admirers when it conflicts with the opinions of half a dozen older and wiser persons. But, alas! lovers are about

as reasonable as the designer of the cover of this book, who, beneath the title, "*Barbara Leybourne*" (A.D. 1880), portrays a Roman maiden, attired in toga and sandals (costume, say, of the time of Julius Cæsar), absorbed in the mysteries of a crown octavo volume!

Only a Girl-Wife. By RUTH LAMB. Religious Tract Society.

A LADY friend of ours says that lambs' tails are very nice, though rather rich. This tale contains healthy nutriment for maidens and young wives.

The Little Princess of Tower Hill. By L. T. MEADE. Partridge & Co.

THIS is not an historical tale, but simply a story of children for children. Plenty of paper and pretty pictures for money; but the story is too much of a make-up for us old folks. Youngsters may like it, for children are omnivorous readers.

To the End. By C. LOCKHART GORDON. Shaw and Co.

THE record of four young girls who attend a confirmation service together. Two are wise and two foolish. Church of England friends will be better pleased with the book than we are.

Sybil's Message. By EMILY BRODIE. Shaw and Co.

WE trust this touching story will lead its readers to help those who are earnestly striving to rescue the children employed in theatres.

Young England. An Illustrated Magazine for Young People. 56, Old Bailey.

ABUNDANCE of recreation, a portion of instruction, and a flavouring of godliness. Very much the kind of thing for boys and girls, as things go nowadays. A handsome present for a deserving boy.

The Children's Treasury of Pictures and Stories. Nelson and Sons.

A LITTLE beauty. Bravo, Messrs. Nelson! You keep even your children's magazine up to a high state of finish.

Into the Light. By JENNIE PERRETT. Partridge.

ONE of the little-children stories. Puts the gospel straight. Only ninepence.

The Case for Total Abstinence. Prize Essay. By WILLIAM J. LACEY. 33, Paternoster Row.

WE have already commended one of the Prize Essays recently issued from the National Temperance Publication Depot. We ought to have noticed this volume before the other, for its author received the *first prize* of £90, upon the adjudication of Sir N. Barnaby, Canon Leigh, and Dr. Richardson. Having seen only one of the other essays, we cannot tell how far the award was rightly made; but if any of them were better than Mr. Lacey's excellent treatise, they were good indeed. He appears to have treated the subject from every point of view—physiological, economical, educational, and religious. Temperance speakers will find here many arguments that they will be able to use with good effect in attacking the drink traffic and drinking customs of our own and other lands. One important argument is omitted by Mr. Lacey. If he, or any other prize essayist, could only convince people that they do not *like the drink*, there would be an immediate and considerable increase in the number of total abstainers from the evil thing.

Mediterranean Winter Resorts. By E. A. REYNOLDS BALL. L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand.

VERY good indeed. We hardly know of any small book which contains so much useful information. Its range is too wide to allow of the details of each place, and yet it is wonderful how much there is in Mr. Ball's miniatures of each winter resort.

Mr. Orde's Grandchildren. By CECILIA SELBY LOWNDES. Nisbet.

A PLEASING story written in a high moral strain. It is not always what we judge to be natural, and there is overmuch padding of dialogue; but it is a safe volume for young people.

It Might have Been: the Story of the Gunpowder Plot. By EMILY SARAH HOLT. Shaw and Co.

MISS HOLT seems to us to be a female Sir Walter Scott, with that infusion of religion which was lacking in the

Great Wizard of the North. She makes history vivid and instructive. In this instance she has possibly crippled her story-making power by keeping very strictly to the facts of the Gunpowder Plot. Miss Holt's study of the subject must have been close and laborious. Her treatment of the theme obtains the interest of the reader, and holds it firmly to the close.

One Little Vein of Dross. By RUTH LAMB. Nisbet and Co.

THE title will suffice for a description of the book: two of our reviewers have returned it with an injured look, as if they had been hardly done by in being asked to read it.

The Young Castaways, or the Child Hunters of Patagonia. By Lady FLORENCE DIXIE. Shaw.

A STRING of improbabilities amounting to impossibilities. It is something to have descriptions of a country so little known as Patagonia, but even boys and girls must think this story too big to be swallowed, too hard to be digested. Lady Florence Dixie writes very charmingly; but this is not everything.

Where the Dew falls in London. A Story of a Sanctuary. By SARAH DOUDNEY. Nisbet and Co.

WE asked a very intelligent lady to read this tale, and she reported it as "quite innocent." This is something. But she also called it "water-gruel," which is rather weak stuff. We are inclined to think that as innocence and water-gruel are good things, the story is likely to benefit the reader.

"None of Self, and All of Thee." A Tale of Indian Life. By S. S. HEWLETT. Nisbet and Co.

THE title should not have been chosen unless the book had been of a higher and deeper spiritual order: it raises high expectations, which it disappoints. The writer did not intend this: her far more lowly aim was to provide a tale for Zenana pupils, which would lead them, indirectly, to contemplate saving truth. In this she comes near her mark. There are prayers at the end, and the tale is rather for church pupils than others.

Hymns for Heart and Life. By F. B. MEYER, B.A., and W. J. MAYERS. A collection of Hymns for use at Missions and Conventions, containing one hundred and eighty hymns. Price one penny. Marshall Brothers.

A GOOD pennyworth. Here we have quality, if not quantity. This is no more than we expected from two such missionaries. Each of them is a man who would require a choice selection. For so small a book, there is a wide range of hymns. We notice several gems from the mission-books used by our own evangelists, Messrs. Fullerton and Smith. Mr. Mayers is a Pastors' College man and always knows a good thing when he sees it. There is no padding in this book. The whole collection is useful and usable.

"Where is Calvary?" and other Pointed Papers and Personal Appeals. By WALTER J. MAYERS. Partridge and Co.

MR. WALTER MAYERS writes in a forcible way, and what he says strikes and sticks. We trust that many will be led to the Lord Jesus by the impressive pleadings of our esteemed friend. This is a neat book for eighteen-pence, and we like everything about it except the engravings, which are poor.

Biblical and Theological Dictionary: illustrative of the Old and New Testaments. By the Rev. JOHN FARRAR. New edition, revised and enlarged. By the Rev. J. R. GREGORY. Charles H. Kelly.

HAVING passed through fourteen editions, this little condensed dictionary has earned its place in Methodist libraries. Those whose means are too small for the purchase of a full Bible dictionary may make a very good shift with this small affair. Of course, on divergent points the editor keeps to Methodist lines; but on the main question of the faith he is at one with all orthodox believers. Here we have a sentence or two under the head of *Inspiration*:—"The Scriptures never tell us that one writer was under a higher degree of inspiration than another. The Book, the entire Book, is inspired, and is as much the Word of God as though he had himself

written it with his own hand on tables of stone, without human instrumentality." This suffices us.

Sanctification; or, The Highway of Holiness. An abridgment of "The Gospel Mystery of Sanctification." By the Rev. WALTER MARSEALL. With an Introductory Note by the Rev. ANDREW MURRAY. Nisbet.

Marshall on Sanctification is the great Puritan book upon the subject, and we are glad that there are still upon the face of the earth persons who can read this old author with pleasure. Certain young divines, whose judgments are, as yet, green and sour, sneer at Puritan writers; but this is simply the result of an ignorant pride. Their criticism is the hiss of geese. These religious mashers will have their day, and then go to the dogs. Those who read the old theology, and practise the old walking with God, will survive the contempt of the foolish, and grow in the esteem of the wise. We might not have written exactly as Marshall has done; but his work is masterly and solid.

Papers for Thoughtful Girls, with Sketches of some Girls' Lives. By SARAH TYTLER. Ward and Lock.

A BOOK of sterling worth, full of the wisdom which cometh from above, by one qualified to be, to her younger sisters, a guide and friend. We hope thousands of thoughtful girls will read it, and lend or commend it to the thoughtless ones who need it.

"He whom God Remembers." Addresses on the Book of the Prophet Zechariah. By Rev. FREDERICK WHITFIELD. Nisbet and Co.

THE second title should have been the first. We are glad of anything on Zechariah; for as yet nothing has been written upon it which is quite to our mind, except the writings of certain good men who have dealt with The Minor Prophets as a whole. From the Scriptural wisdom and deep spirituality of Mr. Whitfield friends will expect much, and they will not be disappointed. He does not bind himself to any school of prophecy; but seeks to minister edification rather than to gratify speculation.

The Prophecies of Jeremiah. Expounded by Dr. C. VON ORELLI. Translated by Rev. J. S. BANKS. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

DR ORELLI is a man of great learning. His aim seems to be to give suggestive hints as to the text of his writer, and the general run of his meaning. We could hardly agree with the title so far as to say that Jeremiah is here "expounded"; but we look upon our author's remarks as guides to an expositor. Only men of learning and critical clearness will find themselves at home with such a work as this; but "to him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance." We are glad that Messrs. Clark have selected a work of such a class for their present issue.

Bible Plants and Animals. By ALFRED E. KNIGHT. Nisbet.

WE have aforetime commended this book. It is splendid change for half-a-crown, either for young or old.

Modern Thought and Modern Thinkers. Explanatory Sketches. By JOSEPH F. CHARLES. Relfe Brothers.

AND so they drift: one to Esoteric Buddhism, and another to Spiritualism. Any folly is more attractive to the carnal mind than the supreme wisdom. No delusion is too deep, no trickery too shallow, so long as Jesus and the atoning sacrifice can be got rid of. Modern thinkers may care for this book; we will have none of it. The cloak of learned language cannot hide the horror of necromantic pretences.

The Kings of the World, and other Poems. By ROBERT SMITH. Nisbet and Co.

MR. ROBERT SMITH's volume has an attractive exterior. The woodcut of "The Launch" we do not understand. The poems are all pitched to the true key, and give forth no uncertain sound. When the author leaves the themes of earth, he is most at home. He cries—

"Give me my harp, and let me tune its strings
In sweet devotion to the King of kings;
No nobler subject claims my lyric skill,
None can my nature so with rapture fill."

We prefer his hymns to the more secular pieces, although there may be in these last more flashes of the poetic fire. Among the friends of Mr. Smith, these verses will be admired; but outside of that circle, he will find that poetry is "a drag in the market." Time was when far less genius commanded fame; but now you must rise to a Miltonic height to be so much as noticed. A tenth part of the ability to be found in this volume, had it oozed out in a maudlin story, would have commanded an applauding audience. "The Kings of the World" is the name of one of the poems; and according to the usual, but objectionable custom, it is used as a title for the whole book.

The Homilist: the Expositor, Preacher, and Reviewer. [Vol. LX.; or, Popular Series, Vol. IV.] Houlston.

CONTAINS much helpful sermon-material. We do not quite understand "the go" of this serial, for it seems to oscillate a bit; but, in the main, it is evidently steered by a firm hand, and is kept true to the old faith. It always was an independent publication, with a strong individuality; and, amid the necessary changes in its management, it preserves this characteristic, though it displays it in another form.

The Bible Student in the British Museum. A Descriptive Guide to the Principal Antiquities which Illustrate and Confirm the Sacred History. By the Rev. J. G. KITCHIN, M.A. Cassell and Co.

IT would be a fine holiday for our friends if they were to make their way to the British Museum armed with this guide. They might make a day, and open a fountain of happy memories for many a year. We do not know how we can better praise this neat shilling book than by urging its speedy use. The proof of the guide will be going to the Museum. If one of our readers, who is a Sunday-school teacher, will go through the Museum by himself, with this book, he will next try his hand at a personally-conducted tour over the same ground, taking his class with him. Capital idea! When shall I go?

Notes.

To friends enquiring about a reported decrease in the membership of the Tabernacle Church, we would simply say that we have increased 79 during the past year. The statistics given in *The Baptist Handbook* are the rough numbers which appear on the books in the month of October. The Attendance Book undergoes numerical revision after the November communion, and then the corrected figures are made out for the Annual Church-meeting; these last figures have appeared in *The Sword and the Trowel*, and are generally between two and three hundred less than the uncorrected October castings. Our secretary could not possibly prepare revised statistics both in October and in November; and so he has always sent in the rough numbers to the *Handbook* in October, and the new numbering has been officially read to the Church when the work of numerical revision has been duly performed. As the October account does not this year appear in the *Handbook*, the maker-up of the statistical report to which we refer has been forced to quote our own amended Church account, which is necessarily smaller than the rough October calculation would have been. Thus he has very naturally discovered a falling off, which does not exist, except in appearance.

At the same time, we cannot look to increase our numbers very much; for where could we put more people if we had them? The building will not provide accommodation for more, though it is quite large enough for one man to fill. Taking off the free seats, we have not sittings for all the present members if they were to come at one time. Our number must be stationary: how can it increase? Our desire is to go on sending forth our friends all over the world to be a seed in other places. Our success must be calculated by the number professing their faith, rather than by the number who are able to attend with us. Our conversions are many, but they must of necessity be largely among persons who come from a distance, and therefore go home, and join other churches. We desire to produce branch churches, and to let them become independent bodies. By this means our number has been kept down as far as our Tabernacle Church is concerned; but what matters it, so long as the kingdom of our Lord is increased?

We may add that, as the members are growing older, and the bulk of us are past middle life, our death-roll becomes longer, and we need a very large increase even to keep up our number. We are also being largely diminished by removals, emigration, and the like agencies. For our part, we rejoice to see so large a band kept together all these years in union and activity. Those who have faults to find will go far before they find a better instance of the hand of the Lord continuing with a church year after year.

Our Scotch friends will need all their native caution and a great deal of the wisdom which cometh from above to cope with the enemies of the faith who have entered their ranks. One church will not, as a rule, learn from another, otherwise the Free Church might learn a lesson from an English denomination. The policy of the new theologians is as deep as their theology is shallow. We should not wonder if the haters of orthodoxy should profess themselves to be ultra-evangelical. The good men who would screen the unsound divines from their deserts will counsel them to be pacific and apologetic; and they may think it wise to follow the distasteful advice. The probability is that the best will be deceived, and the most faithful lulled into a false peace; but whether or no, "evil men and seducers will wax worse and worse," and by their means the prince of darkness will put the Free Church in chains. If he can do so, he will be proud of the achievement. Prayers should ascend continually; but this will not be enough, every minister and elder abiding in the truth must be resolved to bear his testimony at all risks.

The Surrey Gardens Memorial project will be set on the fire in due time: at present it is simmering on the hob, while more pressing matters take the chief place. A few friends have promptly answered to our call, so that we have some £1,234 in cash and in promises. One friend who used to worship with us at the Surrey Hall, but has now removed to Tunbridge Wells, has generously sent £100. It would greatly cheer us if we did not need to plead very hard for what is wanted. Some of our Lord's stewards will, we trust, spontaneously appropriate large amounts to this needful enterprise.

Our Day-school at the Almshouses will be taken over by the School Board for a time, till they have built larger premises near the spot. It was useless to hold on with the Board School drawing the children away. Mr. Johnson, who has long been the master, is a man of first-rate quality. A British-school wanting a superior man should write to him at our address: he may, however, be engaged by the School Board.

THE WORKING MEN'S MISSION, NEW CUT.—Few, if any, of the missions and societies which have Mr. C. H. Spurgeon as their President, have been productive of more good than *The Working Men's Mission, Collingwood Street, New Cut*. Founded some fourteen years ago by *bond fide* working men, including "Father" Young (as he is familiarly and reverently called), and the Brothers Young (his sons), the mission has been a marvel of success—success the fruit of unflagging Christian zeal, in what was once an utterly benighted locality. Even

at the present time, the region abounds in misery, destitution, and vice.

True to its original title, the mission has never ceased to be that of *working-men*. Though it has several wealthy persons among its friends, the entire work of the mission is carried out by working-men, with the Brothers Thomas and James Young at their head as superintendents. Some two years ago, the leaders of the institution felt justified in opening a branch at York Street, Walworth Road, which branch, we trust, will enjoy abundant success.

An idea may be formed of the principal works of the mission by a perusal of the following facts:—On the Sabbath-day there are many meetings for divine worship, some of which are open-air gatherings. As many as six services are frequently held on one Sabbath-day, and eye-witnesses assert that if there were a round dozen each service would be well attended.

The children lie very near the hearts of the workers. Children's services are held on Tuesday evenings. The lowest estimate of the attendances during last year makes the number 36,000. Closely allied to these services is the Sunday-school, where the children in their classes are brought under the personal influence of those who seek their good. During 1886 the total attendances were 5,287; in 1888 it had risen to 12,617, and a corresponding increase has taken place during the past year.

An important branch of the mission is the Tract Society. The people gladly welcome the weekly visitors with the tracts, and frequently express a desire that the same tract may be left with them another week. Weekly visits are paid to about 1,500 families.

Open-air meetings are held all the year round, and principally take the form of testifying to the people the real benefit of living a Christian life.

Over 650 meetings have been held in the open-air, lodging-houses, and the mission-hall, during the past year; and, in addition, members from the Evangelistic Society have been sent out to various missions, in different parts of London, to preach the gospel, or to further the cause of temperance. Over 400 temperance pledges have been taken in the course of last year. Meetings are held by the mission every night in the week, the total number being twenty-four per week.

Among the other branches of the work may be mentioned:—Feeding the hungry, the mission choir, sewing class, elder boys' class, skirmishing band, &c., each of these representing a large amount of zealous labour, done in simple faith, and therefore blessed by God.

Contributions towards the mission will be thankfully received by Mr. Thomas Young, 32, Nelson Square, Blackfriars Road.

On *Wednesday evening, February 19*, the

annual meeting of the workers connected with **RICHMOND STREET MISSION, WALWORTH**, was held under the presidency of Mr. J. T. Dunn. Reports of the various agencies were presented, and the reading of them occupied nearly two hours. So much is being accomplished at this busy hive, that we can only give a brief summary of the work. The *Sunday evening School* has 38 teachers and officers, and an average attendance of 390 children; also a Pure Literature Society, Tract Society, and various charitable associations. More teachers are needed. The *Sunday afternoon School* has 46 teachers and officers, and an average attendance of 425 scholars. The collections for the Orphanage during the year have amounted to £20 1s. 5d. The *Children's Separate Service* is attended by 148 scholars; the *Young Christians' Association* has a membership of 48; the *Bible-reading Association* has 170 members; the *Mothers' Meeting* has an attendance of 50; the *Band of Hope* has a membership of 138. There are also various evangelistic and benevolent societies in full work. *Townsend Street Mission*, which is an offshoot of Richmond Street, is in a flourishing condition, with similar agencies to the above-mentioned in active operation. Altogether there are 115 workers, but more are needed in various departments, also increased accommodation for the proper carrying on of the work. When we remember that this is only one of many grandly working missions of the Tabernacle, we are full of joy at what God has wrought. No part of London presents a sadder appearance on the Sabbath than East Street, and the region amid which Richmond Street is placed. Hence our delight that the Lord has set up such a lighthouse where it is so greatly needed.

On *Monday evening, February 24*, at five o'clock, the pastors, deacons, and elders met for communion and prayer by themselves, and spent a very hallowed season together. In the supplications, the brethren were led specially to plead that *this year the Lord would graciously grant to the church greater blessing than ever*. Mr. William Olney was moved to great importunity upon this matter, and he prayed that the request might be granted, not only for the Lord's glory, but also because the church had held firmly God's truth, and had kept to the one method of preaching the gospel, instead of turning aside to the novel inventions which have become the hope of so many other communities.

At the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle, the Pastor told the friends how the officers had been occupied, and asked them to join in the petition that had been presented, and also to prove the sincerity of their prayers by each one doing some extra service for the Lord over and above what they had formerly done. After several brethren had prayed, Mr. Chamberlain sang "I know whom I have believed," which gave the

Pastor the opportunity of speaking to the undecided of the only way in which they could say with the apostle Paul, "I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day." He said that even the unconverted might join in the prayer for greater blessing upon the church; for, if there were more converts than ever, who could tell whether they might not be among the happy number? The beloved Hudson Taylor, who was about to return to China, asked for prayer for the General Evangelical Conference to be held in China, in May, and for the China Inland Mission Conference, in April. He then led the assembly in supplication, and the Pastor offered a special intercession for him and for the great mission founded by him. Further petitions were presented, including several requests for prayer that had come from a distance, one of which brought forth from the Pastor warning words concerning professors of religion who follow evil courses. It is, indeed, terrible that men should dream of reaching heaven when by their daily lives they show that they are travelling the road to destruction.

On *Monday evening, March 3*, the annual meeting of the Tabernacle Auxiliary of the BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY was held. A number of the subscribers met for tea at the College, after which the Pastor spoke upon the work of foreign missions, as giving Christians some sort of fellowship with God in his infinity. At first, it was enough for us to rejoice in his compassion as a pardoning God; later on, we had fellowship with him in his justice, as we realized the true character and desert of sin; then, we had fellowship with the Lord in his power, and other attributes; but when we thought of the foreign mission-field, we began to get into communion with the infinity of God, as we considered the vastness of the work, the grandeur of the plan of redemption, and the glorious results that are to follow from the preaching of the gospel to every creature. Mr. William Olney reported a total of £573 8s. 8d., received during the year, in addition to nearly £200 subscribed to the Zenana Mission, and over £200 raised by the Sunday-school for home and foreign missions. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. D. J. East (Jamaica), and J. J. Turner (China); and Mr. Barrell, the students' missionary secretary, gave an account of their society, and read extracts from a letter received from Mr. Clark, on the Congo. The Pastor reminded the friends that they had only heard a part of the church's foreign mission work, and asked them to remember Mr. Patrick, who had gone to North Africa, as the first man sent out and supported by the College Missionary Association.

At the prayer-meeting which followed, in the Tabernacle, the petitions were largely on behalf of foreign missions, although other objects were also brought before the

throne of grace. The interest of the meeting was greatly increased by a most able address from Mr. East, upon the work of God in Jamaica. As the Pastor afterwards pointed out, the various matters upon which he had spoken were just as applicable to England as to Jamaica; for the people needed the same gospel, whether their faces were white or black; when they were converted, they ought to confess their faith, join the church, and unite with their fellow-Christians in seeking the salvation of others. Mr. Turner, of China, was to have spoken; but the time had gone, so he briefly prayed before the meeting was closed. The presence of Mr. and Mrs. East gave peculiar interest to the meeting.

On *Tuesday evening, March 4*, the annual meeting of the TABERNAACLE GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY was held in the lecture-hall. After prayer by Mr. Harrauld, the Secretary (Mr. A. Smithers) read the eighth annual report, which stated that, during the past year, including Mr. G. F. Cook's mission, 53 meetings had been held, and exactly 800 persons had signed the pledge. The receipts for the year had been just over £100, and there was a balance in hand of £10 13s. 6d. Addresses were delivered by the Pastor, Mr. Robert Rae, and the Hon. and Rev. Canon Leigh. This Temperance work is of great service to the church. The other evening a policeman and his wife came in only to take the pledge; but the Pastor was soon at close grips with them about eternal salvation. He rejoiced to find them so desirous to lay hold on eternal life.

On *Monday evening, March 10*, the Pastor commenced the prayer-meeting by reminding the friends of the special subject of supplication a fortnight before, viz., that the Lord would grant a larger blessing to the church this year than ever before, and he again pointed out that the way to secure this blessing was for every member to seek to be a soul-winner. In his early ministry he had longed to become the spiritual father of many, but since then he had experienced the greater joy of seeing his own spiritual children the parents of others whom they had begotten in the Lord, and whom he regarded as his spiritual grandchildren. After prayer by Mr. Elvin and his son, the Pastor asked the son to give an account of the Station Road Mission, Walworth, which he did. Mr. Waghorn followed, with a report of the Richmond Street Mission, and Mr. Dunn described the thanksgiving meeting at the close of the recent special services held there. Two of the students prayed for increased blessing on the work of the College; and Mr. Harrauld spoke of the places lately visited by the evangelists, and offered prayer for them. The Pastor then mentioned two very sad letters that he had received from young men who had been led into error through college

professors. Earnest prayer was presented forthem, and for others who had been injured in a similar way by ministers who teach false doctrine, and thus are enemies of the cross of Christ. What will be the doom of men who degrade the office of the ministry by using it for the destruction rather than the salvation of souls? Are not authorized teachers the worst of frauds when they deny the essential truths of the gospel of Christ?

On Monday evening, March 17, the members of MISS IVIMEY'S MOTHERS' MEETING met for tea in the school-room. Perhaps we ought to say that the babies were there in fine force, and made themselves heard. Bless them! The special object of the gathering was the presentation of a set of *The Treasury of David* to Mr. W. E. Wells, a student in the College, who has given gospel addresses to the mothers every Monday afternoon for the past two years. The Pastor presented the books on behalf of the mothers and friends, and thanked Mr. Wells for his services, remarking that students who work for the Lord out of pure love to souls, give the surest promise of success in after life. Mr. Wells gratefully acknowledged the gift, and after a brief address from Mr. Charlesworth, closed the meeting with prayer. It was a happy assembly. This is one of the best mothers' meetings in London.

At the prayer-meeting afterwards, in the Tabernacle, the Pastor presided. One of the venerable elders of the church having, in prayer, referred to the fact that we are "getting home," the Pastor made that remark the subject of a short address. Prayers were offered by Mr. Wells, Mr. Wickerson (Southgate), Mr. E. A. Carter (who described the progress of his pioneer work), and by a police inspector and a military officer. The Pastor stated that he had had, during the past week, a very remarkable cause for thanksgiving. He had been asked by missionaries in Oroomiah, Persia, for leave to translate and publish *Morning by Morning* in the Syriac tongue. Of course he gave the permission, and a copy of the book had been sent to him towards the close of the year. Last week he received another copy, with a letter, saying that the volume was *already out of print*, and that probably thousands of copies had been distributed among various nationalities in Persia. Prayer was offered that blessing might rest upon all the readers of the book, and also upon the various translations of the Pastor's works into foreign tongues. In inviting friends to come to see him about joining the church, the Pastor told the story of his baptism as related in this month's magazine, in the hope that some believers, who had neglected the ordinance, might be led to follow their Lord as he had done while yet a lad. We are pleased to add that, week by week, hearts are touched, and converts are coming out of their hiding-places to stand in the ranks among the soldiers of the cross.

On Tuesday evening, March 18, Mr. Charles Cook gave a lecture in the Tabernacle, illustrated by dissolving-views, upon his travels in various countries, in connection with his work of carrying the Word of God to prisoners. Admission was by free ticket, and a collection was made for the Orphanage and Mr. Cook's prison mission. His pictures excel anything we have ever seen, and the lecturer is quite at home in his explanations. At such work he is, as the Americans would say, "a waggon and six horses, and a dog underneath." He should have an opportunity of giving such a lecture everywhere.

COLLEGE.—Mr. J. Smale has accepted the pastorate of the church at Park Road, Ryde, Isle of Wight. Mr. S. C. Gordon, a coloured brother, who came to us from Jamaica, has been accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society for work on the Congo.

The following brethren have removed:—Mr. T. W. Scamell, from Ashley, to Lyndhurst, Hampshire; Mr. J. Clark, from Nictaux, to Antigonishe, Nova Scotia; Mr. S. A. Dyke, from York Mills, to Ossington Avenue, Toronto; Mr. Jesse Gibson, from St. George, to Queen Street, St. Catherine's, Ontario; Mr. R. Yeatman, from Minnedosa, to Fairmount, North Dakota, U.S.A.; Mr. J. Coker, from Buda, to Fairbury, Illinois; and Mr. E. J. Welch, from Sandgate, Queensland, to Sandhurst, Victoria, Australia.

We ask the very earnest prayers of our friends on behalf of the College Conference, which commences on Monday, 21st inst., with meetings at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and at Talbot Tabernacle, Notting Hill. On Wednesday, 23rd, will be the Annual Supper, George Williams, Esq., in the chair. We hope the usual amount of contributions will be reached, or even exceeded. Our gratitude will be great to any friends who cannot be present if they will send in generous help before the Supper.

Many of the students are hard at work at soul-winning while preparing for more of it. Messrs. Graham and Titmuss, as evangelists, have been greatly successful in connection with Mr. Young's place in Collingwood Street, a valuable mission, of which we have given some account in a former paragraph. It would comfort the hearts of our helpers could they see this wonderful mission in full swing.

The father of our deceased Brother Travers has distributed some of his son's books among his friends at home and at Holbeach, and has sent the remainder to the College, to be given to the students. This is an effectual way of keeping the beloved one in remembrance.

EVANGELISTS.—Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Cleckheaton were the means of leading large numbers of persons to the Saviour. This was a case in which sowers and reapers rejoiced together. The minister has long been sowing the good

seed of the kingdom, and he has now the joy of harvest to a high degree. Many of the mill-hands were attracted to the services; and better still, were attracted to the Saviour. At Rotherham also great crowds came, and many were brought to decision. Our brethren have since been to Leamington, where much blessing rested on their work. Their engagements now are—March 29 to April 6, Ashford, Kent; April 12 to 20, Sutton-in-Craven, Yorkshire; May 3 to 11, Southport, and probably May 17 to 25, Burton-on-Trent.

Pastor G. Edmondson writes concerning *Mr. Burnham's* mission, at Ripley Street, Bradford:—"A time of joy and blessing it has truly been to us as a church, and to many others who do not usually worship with us. The Lord has evidently been with us. Among those who have given their hearts to the Lord, are two of my daughters. Accept of our best thanks."

At Sellindge, the services were arranged by our colporteur, Mr. Andrew, who says:—"We feel devoutly thankful for Mr. Burnham's services; for, by the sweetness of his singing, his clear statement of the gospel, with his apt illustrations, and earnest appeals, a deep impression has been produced upon many. Believers have been strengthened, and some seekers have, we believe, found the Saviour." Mr. Burnham has since been to Canonbury Hall, Lewisham, and Shrewsbury; and this month he is to be at Wynn Street, Edgbaston, and Watchet. He will be happy to arrange for services in May or June.

Pastor W. P. Huddleston writes, respecting *Mr. Harmer's* visit to the Countess of Huntingdon's Chapel, Ely:—"A gracious influence has attended all our meetings, and several young people have been brought to Christ." The influenza was so prevalent at Ely, that Mr. Harmer, who had suffered from it previously, had another attack, and so was partly invalidated during his mission at Waterbeach, concerning which Pastor Frank Thompson writes:—"We are very grateful for his visit. It has been a joy to work with him. We have had a heart-searching time, and souls have been led to Christ. Mr. Harmer has been faithful in proclaiming the whole counsel of God, and most skilful in his personal dealings with the anxious ones." After a brief rest, Mr. Harmer resumed work at Riddings, Derbyshire; and this month he goes to Wotton-under-Edge. He asks us to mention that he has some dates free, and he can either go by himself to small places, or he can have a singer to accompany him for services in larger buildings.

Pastor J. Wilkins writes, concerning *Mr. Harrison's* mission at Swaffham:—"For these services we made preparation by a whole day of prayer, and by meetings for prayer on each evening during the previous

week. The evangelistic meetings were all well attended, and some fifty persons came into the enquiry-rooms. After Brother Harrison had gone, a meeting for prayer and testimony was held, when quite a number testified to blessing received."

Mr. J. Pearce sends us the following report of *Mr. Parker's* services at Peterchurch, Herefordshire:—"We had good meetings all through. Several have been truly converted, and a number of others have received good impressions. All were sorry when the time came for Mr. Parker to leave." The mission at Sittingbourne was also the means of leading many to decision.

ORPHANAGE. — On *Tuesday evening, March 11*, the collectors brought in their boxes and books, and after tea gathered in the dining-hall, under the presidency of our generous friend, Samuel Barrow, Esq., who, in connection with his friends, supplied the money for building the girls' house called "The Olives." We had invited him to preside in order that we might present to him a copy of the inscription upon "his house." Mr. Barrow and daughter visited the house, saw the girls all ready for their tea, and accepted a bouquet which the little ones had prepared for Mrs. Barrow. Our friend, with his usual liberality, promised £50 for Mrs. Barrow and himself, bringing up the total proceeds of the evening to nearly £200. We had the usual singing, reciting, and bell-ringing by the children; a report of the Irish tour of the choir by Mr. Charlesworth; and short, lively addresses from Major Dane (U.S.A.) and Mr. Harmer.

Orphanage Choir.—The tour in Ireland proved to be a success in every respect. In every town visited the boys were warmly received, and our friends welcomed the opportunity of expressing their esteem for the President, and of helping the funds of the Institution. We are glad to know that the Baptist Churches will profit by the visit, as they are in need of English sympathy and help, since they have become independent of the London Committee. For the Northern Division a tent is required, that special services may be held in the outlying districts during the summer months. In Ireland, more than anywhere else, a tent is specially useful, since persons will listen under canvas who would never enter a Protestant place of worship. It will be a joy to us if our friends can help in this matter. If the gospel is to reach the people, it must be taken to their doors. C. H. S. will give £5 to start this subscription, and will gladly receive contributions, or they may be sent to Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A., Dublin, or to Henry Gribbon, Esq., Coleraine.

COLPORTEAGE.—The Secretary writes:—"My dear Mr. Spurgeon,—At present I have nothing to add to last month's report, except that a man is to be sent to Buxton, Norfolk, to work under the Norfolk Association of Baptist Churches, which

guarantees £40 a year towards his support. The colporteur will visit a large number of villages regularly, and assist by taking preaching services, so that, with God's blessing, much good may be expected from this new effort to extend the Master's kingdom. Will friends remember this branch of Christian service in their prayers, and by their contributions? All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, W. Corden Jones, Colportage Association, Pastors' College."

PERSONAL NOTES.—One of our colporteurs writes to Mr. W. Corden Jones:—"I am pleased to tell you that Mr. Spurgeon's last book, *Around the Wicket Gate*, is doing an amount of good in my district. It is selling well; customers tell me it is the best book at a shilling that our President has written. I have heard of sinners being awakened through reading it, and I constantly hear of blessing attending the reading of the book. It is just the class of book I want to push and sell; I have several more ordered now. One man told me that *trust* was put so plainly in the book that he should not doubt any more."

The following letter, from a friend in Kent, shows that the sermons are not only the means of the conversion of sinners, but are also a help to Christian workers:—

"I feel it my duty to write and acknowledge how greatly I am indebted to you for the benefit derived from your sermons and *The Sword and the Trowel*, which I take monthly. Whenever I read your words, they are blessed to my soul. You seem to be always dwelling in the sunshine of God's presence; and your words escort others into the presence of God in Christ Jesus, and cause us to bathe in the river of his pleasure, even while we are still in the wilderness. I owe my conversion to the title of a tract, called 'Justification by Faith without the Deeds of the Law.' This was twenty-seven years ago. During those years, God has used me in bringing many souls to himself, for which we will give him

all the praise. But, in some cases, my faith has been so sorely tried, that I could not have persevered in prayer, had it not been for your cheering words contained in one sermon, entitled 'Footsteps of Mercy' (No. 905). That sermon set me wrestling with God for the conversion of my mistress, and also for one of my fellow-servants, and *I knew I had the petitions I asked of him, although he kept me waiting seven years for the fulfilment. It was through your sermons that my mother was brought to the Saviour many years ago, and they were daily food for my father, who served the Lord fifty years of his life.*"

An agent of the Bible Society sends us the following welcome letter:—

"My dear Mr. Spurgeon,—I feel that I must write a few lines to you, to assure you of the sympathy and Christian love of a large number of the Lord's people, outside the Baptist denomination. I know you have already received that assurance from many quarters. During my visits I have often been the guest of the clergyman of the parish, and in almost every case where your name has been mentioned (a very frequent occurrence), they have assured me how thankful they felt for your service to the church of Christ, and how deeply they sympathized with you. Only yesterday, a rector near C— told me how much he rejoiced in you as a servant of Christ, and how eagerly he read almost everything you published. I noticed in his study a goodly number of your *Sermons, The Treasury of David, My Sermon Notes, &c.* I firmly believe our divine Master is blessing your ministry in many a village, through the channel of an Episcopal clergyman. Many of them owe much to you, under God. To him you desire, I know, to give all the glory. Pardon my troubling you with this letter, but I thought, perhaps, the assurance of the sympathy of others might cheer you."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—February 20, seventeen; February 27, twenty-five.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.
Pastor J. R. Cox	0	5	0
Pastor G. A. Miller	0	10	0
"Orthodoxy," Helensburgh	0	2	8
Pastor P. Reynolds	0	10	6
Collection at Sheerness Baptist Chapel, per Pastor G. Curtis	1	5	0
Pastor W. G. Clow	0	7	6
Contribution from Longcross Baptist Chapel, Roath, Cardiff, per Pastor F. C. Spurr	8	14	0
Executors of the late Miss Helen Petrie	4	10	0
Mr. T. S. Penny	2	2	0
Pastor E. T. Davis	1	1	0
Miss B. Hoering	0	10	0
Pastor W. and Mrs. Bonser	5	0	0
A friend, Hackney	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
A friend, Hackney	1	1	0
A reader of "The Sword and the Trowel"	1	10	0
Mr. Robert Ryman	5	0	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mr. William Buchan	0	10	0
A reader of "The Sword and the Trowel" (sale of jewellery)	1	7	0
A debtor to grace	2	0	0
Mr. J. C. Parry	1	0	0
Miss Raven	0	10	0
E. K. G.	40	0	0
Collection at Victoria Chapel, Wandsworth, per Pastor E. Henderson	5	0	0
Mr. James Fish	0	10	0
Part collection at Wallington, per Pastor J. E. Jasper	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. William Fletcher	2	2	0	Pastor W. and Mrs. Jackson	2	0	0
Pastor G. D. Hooper	1	1	0	Miss Jeph	1	0	0
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6	Mrs. Jenneret	1	1	0
Pastor J. G. Skelly	0	5	0	Mr. Thomas Gregory	1	0	0
Pastor L. S. Steedman	1	0	0	A friend	5	0	0
Pastor R. Wallace	1	0	0	Mrs. Medway	2	0	0
Mr. William John Murphy	0	10	0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—			
Rev. D. Taylor	0	5	0	Feb. 16	41	16	7
Pastor W. L. Crathern	0	2	6	„ 23	7	9	9
Pastor J. J. Kendon and friends	1	0	0	Mar. 2	20	0	3
Pastor W. Walker, Brentwood... ..	0	5	0	„ 9	25	14	6
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0				
Mr. William Angus	1	0	0				
Collection at Victoria Place Chapel, Faisley, per Pastor John Crouch	4	14	6				
					95	1	1
					£212	18	1

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Cracknall	0	5	0	Mr. W. P. Olney	5	0	0
Mrs. Sinclair	0	10	0	Mr. James Hall	5	0	0
Miss H. Husk	0	5	0				
Mr. J. W. Eales	1	5	0				
Friends at Beulah Chapel, Thornton Heath (for tracts for Mr. Patrick)	0	5	0				
					£12	10	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
The Leathersellers' Company, per Mr. W. A. Hepburn	10	10	0	Mr. James Z. Marshall	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Garing	1	0	0	Box at Tabernacle-gates and office- box	1	12	3
Jack, South Lambeth	0	5	0	The Misses Gray	0	6	0
Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon :—				Miss E. Edser	0	3	0
Mr. G. Jenkins	10	0	0	Collected by Miss Keay	1	2	0
Mr. R. V. Barrow, J.P.	2	2	0	Collected by Mrs. P. Wooltorton	1	5	0
Mrs. R. V. Barrow	1	1	0	B. E. C. B.	1	0	0
Mr. E. J. Reed	1	1	0	J. G.	0	2	6
Mrs. E. J. Reed	1	1	0	W. C. Glasgow	0	5	0
Sir T. Edridge, J.P.	2	2	0	Mr. J. Stonelake	0	4	0
Mr. J. Pelton, J.P.	2	12	6	A Kelso friend, per Pastor E. Last	0	5	0
	19	19	6	Miss Hewlett	0	5	0
P. O., Oxford	1	0	0	Mrs. Southwell	0	6	0
"Ebenezer"	5	0	0	Mr. W. Woolidge	0	10	0
Collected by Miss M. E. Jenkins	0	6	6	Mrs. Ware	0	2	6
"An American Visitor," per Pastor G. Hearson	0	5	0	Mrs. and Master Lyon	0	1	6
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	11	6	Stamps from Crathie	0	2	0
One portion of class testimonial to their teacher, per Mrs. J. Stiff	1	3	0	Mr. J. White	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Sexton, per Miss B. Dixon	0	4	2	Mr. and Mrs. F. Nunn	1	1	0
Mr. J. Bland	0	3	0	Mr. E. J. Upward	6	0	0
Mrs. Gregory	0	2	0	A Folkestone working-man	1	0	0
A. C. and B. D., Stanbridge	0	2	6	Mr. C. Ibberson	0	2	6
Mr. E. K. Stace	0	10	0	Pastor C. B. Allen	0	4	0
Mr. John Cooper	0	2	6	Mr. T. S. Penny	2	2	0
Mrs. Notcutt	0	2	0	Collected by Mr. William Munday	0	10	0
P. O., Gloucester	0	1	0	Mrs. Atwell	1	0	0
Mr. R. Mathieson	0	5	0	Mr. T. J. Bradshaw	0	2	6
Mrs. Cox, sen.	2	0	0	Mrs. and Mr. H. O. Bridgman	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. J. Binstead	1	10	0	Mrs. Porter	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Rhodes	0	17	11	Mrs. Cockle, per Mrs. Porter	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Castell	6	4	4	Mr. A. McRae and friends	0	10	0
Collected by Miss L. Gracey	0	15	4	In memory of dear Caroline	1	0	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Stevenson	0	16	8	Miss S. Burton	0	5	0
F. G. B. Chelmsford	0	2	6	A friend, Hackney	2	2	0
Collected by Miss Bagshaw	0	5	9	A friend, Hackney	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Gallyon	0	8	4	An Almanack-reader	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Weekes	0	7	0	Mr. W. Hillier	1	1	0
Collected by Miss E. E. Jones	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. Hicks	0	2	6
Mr. J. Wickham	1	0	0	Mrs. Pringle	0	2	6
Miss E. G. Comber	0	10	0	Miss R. Pringle	1	0	0
"Hint from John Ploughman's Almanack"	1	0	0	Mr. H. A. Matier	2	0	0
				Mrs. Key	0	5	0
				Miss C. Selby	1	1	0
				In loving memory of Rev. E. Oldfield	0	3	8
				A friend, Trowbridge	0	10	0
				M. L. C.			

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
A friend and Almanack-reader, Ross-shire	1	0	0	A Worcestershire labourer	0	1	0
Mr. Robert Ryman	10	0	0	Mr. Wm. Fyson	0	10	0
Miss E. Pearce	1	0	0	A friend, per Pastor C. T. Johnson ...	1	0	0
Executor of the late Miss Anne Fisher	36	0	0	Mr. E. C. Stockton	1	1	0
Exors.	84	6	5	Collected by the late Mrs. Griffiths ...	7	8	7
A constant sermon-reader	0	2	6	Mr. George Reid	20	0	0
Mrs. Hart	0	10	0	"For his name's sake"	0	10	0
Miss M. Westrope	0	10	0	Miss Ellis	0	5	0
Mrs. Smith	1	0	0	Mr. J. L. Evans	0	5	0
C. F.	50	0	0	Mr. F. Budd	1	1	0
Mr. J. Sutherland	1	0	0	The Baptist Sunday-school, Wick ...	2	0	0
Mrs. James Battershill	5	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Terrell	0	10	0
Miss E. Moses	0	2	6	Collected by Miss E. Bickmore ...	1	0	0
Zeta	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. J. L. Blake	0	15	0
E. W.	0	2	0	Collected by Mrs. Gallyon	1	9	7
J. B. C.	1	0	0	Collected by Bessie and May Harrison	0	8	0
A constant Scotch reader of sermons	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. Jackson	0	7	6
and Almanack	0	2	6	Collected by Master Gordon Roberts ...	0	6	2
Miss E. Moores	0	5	0	Mrs. Goslin	0	2	6
Only a nurse	0	4	0	Collected by Miss L. Battam	1	4	9
Miss E. Emsden	0	2	6	Collected in school-room box, per Mrs.			
Mrs. Fleming	1	0	0	E. J. Barton	0	14	6
The Misses Colten	2	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Holiday	0	8	0
Mrs. Clews and friend	1	5	0	Miss Josie Arnold's box	0	11	0
Mrs. G. Towler, sen.	0	1	0	Collected by Mrs. H. Day	0	3	4
A reader of the Almanack and sermons,				Collected by Mr. Day	0	3	2
Fulham	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Bennett	0	6	4
Miss R. P. K.	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Robotham	0	7	6
Miss E. Carter	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Slade	0	14	0
Pastor R. E. Sears	0	6	0	Collected by Miss M. Saunders ...	0	7	0
Pastor G. and Mrs. Cobb	0	10	0	Collected by Miss E. L. Matthews ...	0	10	0
Miss L. H. Clack	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Stevenson	0	10	6
Mrs. Barkwell	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Ewen	4	13	0
Miss S. Barrit	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Goetz	1	0	0
Mrs. Fairbairn	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Snape	0	14	0
Practical Praise	0	3	0	Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell ...	0	8	0
Fatherless	0	2	0	Collected by Mrs. Laker	0	12	6
Postal order from Shrewsbury	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. F. Gardner, per Miss			
Almanack-reader	0	2	0	Good	0	15	0
A reader of your Almanack	0	5	0	Collected by Miss M. E. Betts	0	4	6
Mr. William Waker	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. Welford	0	10	0
Mr. E. Webber	1	0	0	Collected by Miss E. Bruin	0	9	0
Miss Jessie Archibald	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Luxford	0	8	0
Miss E. B. Green	0	3	0	Collected by Mr. J. Simpson	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Coles	1	0	0	Teddington Baptist Sunday-school, per			
The Misses van Notten Pole	1	0	0	Mr. F. Rose	0	18	0
A friend of the orphans	0	15	0	Collected by Mr. and Mrs. Madge ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Stockwell	0	2	6	Collected by Mr. S. C. White	1	6	6
Two readers of your Almanack, Drum-				Collected by Miss E. Stokes	0	4	6
fork	0	2	0	Collected by Mrs. E. S. Roberts ...	0	8	3
Mr. J. C. Parry	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. G. H. Ward	0	3	2
Mrs. J. C. Parry	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Sidery	0	10	0
Miss M. Bushwell	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. W. A. Bragy	1	10	0
Mrs. Stockman	0	10	0	Collected by Miss F. Jeffery	0	13	0
Miss Martha Knights	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Jarman	0	4	0
I. Y. R.	0	10	0	Collected by Miss Pepler	1	1	0
Two friends, Thurso	0	7	6	Collected by Mr. G. Spooner	0	7	0
The Misses M. and J. A. McKay ...	0	2	1	Collected by Mr. Merritt	0	10	0
A lover of "John Ploughman"	0	2	6	Collected by Miss F. E. Greenop ...	1	0	0
The Misses Jones	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Womersley	0	4	0
Mrs. Jones, per Mrs. Williams	0	5	0	Collected by Miss M. Walter	0	2	0
Mrs. Raven	0	5	0	Mr. D. Smith	4	4	0
Immanuel Church (West Brixton) Children's Service, per Mr. A. Wilson ...	5	0	0	Collected by Mr. James Harman and			
Miss A. Thatcher	0	5	0	friend	0	8	0
Miss Spurr	1	0	0	Collected by Miss M. A. Weatherhead	0	7	6
Mr. E. Davis	1	0	0	Collected by Miss S. Gilpin	0	10	0
An Almanack-reader	0	2	6	Collected by Miss A. Barker	0	3	0
A grateful grandmother	0	10	0	Collected by Master W. Cross	0	2	6
Miss I. Davidson	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. A. Plummer	0	15	0
E. K. G.	40	0	0	Mrs. John Hartop	0	7	6
Mr. Chas. Walter	10	0	0	Collected by Miss E. K. Rawlins ...	0	10	0
Mr. H. Higbed	0	3	0	Orphan boys' cards, per list	1	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Apperly's Bible-				Orphan girls' cards, per list	3	9	7
class, Stroud	1	10	6	P.	25	0	0
Master W. G. Humphries	0	2	0	Seaton, "Spurgeon's Illustrated			
Mr. George Bryant	1	0	0	Almanack"	10	0	0
Mr. Wm. Fletcher	2	2	0	Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
Mr. Jonathan Crooker	5	0	0	Mr. Thomas McClure	0	5	0
A. M. S.	0	2	0	Mrs. Wordsell	1	0	0
				Miss Sandover	0	1	0
				Mr. T. Wallis	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss Stone	0	5	0	Ansell, Mrs.	0	4	10
J. S., per Miss Stone	0	5	0	Abbey, Miss.	0	3	6
Pastor W. and Mrs. Jackson	0	15	0	Bartlett, Master E.	0	7	9
Collected by Lilla Eva Jackson	0	13	0	Bentlett, Mrs.	0	9	11
Mr. J. Clark, per Pastor W. Williams	3	10	0	Burton, Mrs. W.	1	2	9
Mr. John Reid	1	0	0	Boswell, Mrs.	0	4	4
Mrs. Semple, per Mr. John Reid	0	2	6	Bell, Mrs.	0	4	1
Collected by Miss Ann Mackay	0	17	7	Brooks, Miss	0	6	3
Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Fitzgerald	1	0	0	Beal, Miss	0	14	3
Mr. Thomas Fawkes	2	0	0	Rutler, Mrs.	0	13	3
Mr. John A. Abraham	1	1	0	Buswell, Miss	1	11	11
Mr. A. Wilson	1	0	0	Burrage, Mrs.	0	4	11
Mrs. Elliott	0	4	0	Brice, Master A.	0	1	5
Miss Ayers and Miss Shipway	0	5	0	Baker, Miss A.	0	2	1
Mr. E. Frisby	2	2	0	Brown, Mr. I.	0	11	2
Collected by Miss Kate E. Buswell	6	2	6	Brewer, A. and W.	0	7	1
Collected by Miss Faurey	1	10	0	Bellini, Miss C.	0	3	9
Collected by Mrs. Charlesworth	6	6	0	Bellini, Miss P.	0	6	2
Collected by Miss E. M. Prior	0	10	0	Brice, Master P.	0	6	0
Mr. A. F. Rogers	1	1	0	Buckingham, Miss	0	9	7
Miss Thornton	1	0	0	Brake, Miss G.	0	9	3
Lochee Baptist Sunday-school	1	0	0	Cook, Miss A. M.	0	4	9
Mr. S. Sargeant	1	0	0	Clark, Master A.	0	0	4
Mr. J. Culpin	1	0	0	Chard, Mr. T. P.	2	2	0
Mrs. Jeanneret	1	1	0	Cairns, Miss C.	0	15	9
Young Men's Bible-class, Kent Street	0	10	0	Cairns, Miss E.	0	16	9
Mr. J. A. Menzies	0	5	0	Clay, Mrs.	0	2	1
Helen	0	10	0	Cane, The Misses	0	9	1
Executors of the late Mrs. Tyson (on account of dividends)	300	0	0	Cowles, Miss	0	10	10
From Dorton	3	3	0	Cragge, Miss L.	0	1	0
Pastor C. L. Gordon	0	4	6	Cooper, Mr. J.	3	12	4
Collected by Mrs. Ellerington	0	4	5	Conquest, Mrs.	0	10	2
Mr. C. H. Regnart	2	2	0	Craggs, Master C.	0	0	8
Sandwich per Bankers	2	2	0	Davies, Master T.	0	6	9
<i>Old Boys' Subscriptions:—</i>				Davey, Miss L.	0	7	11
Clarke, M. E.	1	0	0	Debenham, Mr. W.	0	1	1
Bowtell, E. C.	0	10	0	Dann, Mr. A. H.	0	10	3
Cheek, D. H.	0	2	6	Esling, Miss E.	0	2	2
Golding, H. J.	0	2	0	Eyles, Miss A.	0	0	11
Sewell, Wm.	1	1	0	Frost, Miss	0	2	1
Davies, W. E.	0	2	6	Frisby, Miss A.	0	17	1
Dann, A. H.	0	5	0	Fisher, Masters B. and H.	0	6	4
Arnold, G. W.	0	5	0	Franks, Mrs.	0	4	10
Garvan, W.	0	5	0	Foster, Master E.	0	2	0
Marende, F.	0	3	0	Fuller, Miss E.	0	2	8
Green, S. T.	0	5	0	Fowler, Miss E.	0	2	4
Hinkley, J.	0	2	6	Farmer, Miss E.	0	8	10
Britton, G. C.	0	2	0	Field, Mrs.	0	1	6
Horley, B. G.	0	5	0	Grant, Miss	0	10	0
Parker, F. B.	0	10	6	Garrett, Miss E. and Master C.	0	18	4
Lake, A. T.	0	5	0	Hartley, Mrs. and F.	0	0	10
Wood, W.	1	1	0	Hoyles, Masters H. and F.	0	6	0
Bivand, C. N.	0	5	0	Hoyles, Master A.	0	16	8
Harré, G. F.	0	5	0	Hillier, Mrs.	0	9	5
Gardner, S. J.	0	5	0	Hart, Mrs.	0	4	10
Hardman, T. S.	1	1	0	Harris, Miss	0	10	0
Tiddy, E. G.	0	10	0	Hertzell, Mrs.	0	3	4
White, A.	1	0	0	Hawgood, Mrs.	0	19	1
Weatherby, J. H.	0	2	6	Hill, Miss N.	0	2	1
Pearce, J.	0	5	0	Humphrey, Mrs.	0	10	4
Thompson, E.	0	2	0	Johnson, Mrs. S. J.	0	2	7
Tanner, T. S.	0	10	6	Jones, Master H. A.	0	9	10
Willis, W. C.	0	2	6	Kenyon, Mrs.	0	1	7
May, H. J.	0	2	6	Keys, Miss C.	0	5	11
Bramble, H. J.	0	10	8	Kinghorn, Miss	0	5	0
Osborne, D. E.	0	5	0	Lott, Miss	0	6	1
Anderson, A. W.	0	5	0	Lewis, Master D.	0	2	4
Cox, Chas.	0	10	0	Lockyer, Mrs.	0	6	3
Spanswick, G.	2	2	0	Mills, Mr. W. R.	0	4	5
Brewer, A. J.	0	10	6	Mills, Mr. F. C.	0	2	3
Phipps, H.	0	10	0	Moore, Miss	0	5	2
Sorrell, F. S.	0	2	6	Mallison, Mrs.	0	2	10
Ladds, F. G.	0	10	6	Mundy, Master E.	0	6	6
16 4 0				Neep, Miss J.	0	2	4
<i>Received at Collectors' Meeting, March 11th:—</i>				Narroway, Miss	0	8	11
<i>Collecting Boxes:—</i>				Narroway, Master H.	0	4	11
Attwater, Miss E.	1	5	8	Oliver, Miss F.	0	3	9
Allen, Miss	1	10	3	Oliver, Master A.	0	1	5
Austin, Miss	0	10	0	Parker, Miss A.	0	8	4
Amies, Miss	0	0	10	Podmore, Mrs.	0	9	1

	£	s.	d.
Peters, Miss F. W.	0	10	0
Parker, Master A.	0	8	2
Pankhurst, Mrs.	0	10	0
Parker, Miss L.	0	3	1
Palmer, Miss	0	5	6
Pearman, Miss	0	12	1
Pither, Mrs.	0	2	9
Porter, Mrs.	0	10	3
Price, Miss E.	0	5	10
Powell, Miss F.	0	6	7
Preedy, Mrs.	0	4	4
Parker, Master F.	0	2	3
Pavey, Miss	0	13	4
Pegg, Mrs.	0	3	11
Pinnegar, Mrs.	0	3	11
Pawsey, Misses A. and E.	0	6	10
Roper, Mrs.	0	5	10
Ricketts, Master W.	0	4	6
Rayner, Mr.	0	6	3
Russell, Mrs.	0	3	2
Ransom, Miss C.	0	5	7
Roberts, Miss A.	0	4	8
Rose, Miss B.	0	2	7
Stubbs, Master W.	0	0	6
Staines, Miss C.	0	3	1
Smith, Mrs.	0	8	3
Sheard, Miss F.	0	2	3
Spencer, Miss	0	9	0
Stock, Miss E.	0	0	10
Stevens, Mrs. J. E.	0	9	1
Summonds, Mrs.	0	9	4
Smee, Miss	0	4	1
Swain, Miss	0	2	8
Smith, Miss R.	0	1	2
Staniland, Master	0	1	4
Thompson, Master A.	0	5	3
Thomas, Mrs.	0	4	4
Turner, Mrs.	0	4	5
Tyson, Mrs.	0	5	3
Trim, Mrs.	0	3	10
Taylor, Master	0	3	3
Turner, Miss M.	0	6	0
Thiel, Mrs.	0	1	8
Thomas, Miss L.	0	3	9
Thomas, Miss G.	0	3	10
Watts, Mrs.	0	8	4
Wills, Miss G.	0	1	4
Warren, Miss	0	6	6
Willmott, Mrs.	0	18	1
Wicks, Master W.	0	3	6
Wallis, Miss L., and Master W.	0	0	10
Wiseman, Miss H.	0	5	3
Watling, Mrs.	1	6	11
Wingate, Miss	0	6	1
Odd halfpence and farthings ...	0	7	3
Books:—			
Broughton, Mrs.	0	10	0
Burton, Miss (box)	0	4	0
Bonser, Miss	0	4	6
Barrett, Mr. H.	3	11	6
Brown, Miss J. H.	0	14	6

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	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Charles, Miss F. B.	0	9	0			
Cox, Miss	0	10	0			
Coleman, Mrs.	0	6	8			
Carpenter, Miss (box)	0	15	0			
Crumpton, Miss	0	6	0			
Dee, Mrs.	0	11	0			
Everett, The Misses	1	10	0			
Fryer, Miss	0	17	6			
Frost, Miss	0	15	0			
Farmer, Miss	1	0	0			
Fowler, Miss N.	0	10	0			
Good, Miss	0	3	6			
Hallett, Miss	0	10	0			
Howes, Mr. C.	0	4	8			
Jephth, Miss	1	10	0			
Lawson, Mrs.	2	6	0			
McDonald, Mrs.	0	10	0			
Miller, Mr. C.	1	0	0			
Roff, Mr.	0	12	8			
Smith, Mrs. E. H. E.	0	12	2			
Saunders, Mr. E. W.	5	0	0			
Snellgrove, Mr. H.	0	6	6			
Wills, Miss G.	1	5	7			
Donations:—						
F. H.	0	10	0			
Raybould, Mrs.	1	1	0			
Tea Money ...	0	14	3			

29 0 8

Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—

Londonderry	22	2	0
Lurgan	15	0	0
Carrickfergus	12	4	0
Mrs. Davidson	0	10	0
			12	14	0
Ballymena	15	4	10
Belfast	60	1	7
Mr. R. G. Glendinning	20	0	0
			80	1	7
Dublin	27	0	0
Mr. R. Wilkinson	10	0	0
J. J.	0	10	0
			37	10	0
Coleraine	27	8	4
Portadown	20	0	0
Llandudno:—					
Collections	13	13	0
Mr. John Smith	3	10	0
Mr. T. T. Marks, C.E.	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas Williams	1	1	0
Mrs. E. H. Williams	1	0	0
Mr. Ridge	0	10	0
Rev. C. T. Astley	0	10	0
			21	5	0
Holywood	14	6	7
Dungannon	26	0	0
Harrow	9	19	8
Hampstead	12	11	6
Loughborough Works, per Mr. H. F. Higgs	3	3	0
Messrs. Higgs and Hill	2	2	0
			£1,282	10	1

*Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards (Third List).—*Clode, G., 2s 6d; Davies, J., 2s 6d; Gearing, F., 4s 6d; Hilder, J., 17s; Morris, R., 3s 6d.—Total, £1 10s.

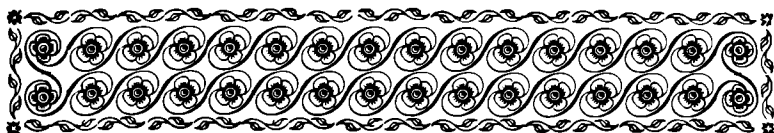
*Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards (Third List).—*Breakspear, B., 2s; Brander, J., 1s 6d; Carr, A. A., 1s 6d; Crawford, L. and B., £1 1s; Hoole, S., 5s 2d; Heath, K., 1s 6d; Hunter, F., 3s 1d; Hayden, E., 5s; Houching, M., 1s 10d; Lawson, A., 1s; Meyhew, E., 5s; Soper, A., 5s; Smith, M. A., 2s; Steer, M., 3s 6d; Scott, L., 6d; Thiel, A., 2s; Wright, E., 2s; Willmott, L., 6s.—Total, £3 9s 7d.

*List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from February 15th to March 14th, 1890.—*Provisions: 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Hazlam; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard.

*Boys' Clothing.—*13 Shirts, Mrs. Holcombe; 3 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. F. Bland; 3 pairs Socks, 3 pairs Cuffs, 1 pair Stockings, 6 Bows, per C. E. M., Thame; 30 pairs Small Shoes, Mr. G. H. Kerridge.

*Girls' Clothing.—*56 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 12 knitted Articles, Miss M. Lander; 11 Articles, Miss E. Wicks; 1 pair Boots, "Anon."; 12 Articles, Mrs. H. Kidner.

*General:—*1 dozen Comb Bags, &c., Miss Descroix; 1 Scripture Quilt, Miss J. Amey; 3 volumes "Girls' Own Paper," Miss E. Betts.



THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MAY, 1890.

Thoughts about Church Matters.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IF honour should be banished from the rest of the world, it should find a refuge in the bosoms of Christian ministers. In dealing with the things of God, there should be a severity of truthfulness, lest we be found to lie unto the Holy Ghost. Treachery anywhere is detestable, but to be a traitor to the truth would be a crime of high degree. Yet, is not this enormous evil among us? If it be contained in the ignoring of the true meaning of words which are meant to set forth eternal verities, then it is a common thing—so common as to be winked at, and even regarded as a proof of culture.

A company of Christian men, regarding certain gospel truths as most worthy of maintenance and propagation, band themselves together, in the name of the Lord Jesus, for that purpose. They state their faith, and unite in the profession of it, pledging themselves to one another for the defence of what they consider sacred. In due time they need a house in which to worship, and, with much self-denial and labour, they build one. That it may be used for the purpose for which they have erected it, they secure it by a deed, framed as the law of the land requires. They occupy the meeting-place for a longer or shorter time, and carry out their design. Along comes a man who would fain become their minister; and by the usual means he obtains his desire. He knows in his own soul that he does not believe the truths which form the basis of the fellowship, but he behaves himself subtly, and not only enters that fellowship, but accepts the position and the emolument of their preacher—a preacher of what he does not believe. Once sure of the position, he ridicules the old-fashioned beliefs which are avowed by the society of which he has become the minister. This he does, at first, in private;

but by-and-by he is more bold, and openly declaims against the form of doctrine of which he is a recognized teacher. If this is honest, straightforward dealing, we know nothing about morals. Yet it is being done with impunity.

If a man had broken into a meeting-house, and had seized it for his own use as a store or a smithy, he would have been judged guilty of downright robbery; what is it when he goes further than this, and uses the place for opposing the opinions of those to whom it belongs? opposing them in points most important to true hearts? If a Romanist should seize upon the smallest village meeting-room, and rail at Protestantism from a Protestant pulpit, we should have the nation in a blaze; and yet, on all hands, men who deny and denounce the things which are most surely believed among us are allowed to alienate the property of orthodox churches; and this they do without any noticeable qualms of conscience, or attempts at apology. Time was when good men would sooner have died than compromise themselves by seeming to profess faith in what they hold to be error; but this is now regarded as morbid scrupulousness. It would not astonish us to see professing Christians officiating in Mahometan mosques if the Moslem would permit them, and find them a salary. Already we have Jesuits in Anglican pulpits, Evangelicals in alliance with Papists, and Congregationalists the admiring friends of Unitarians: what shall we not see? Surely, as all things are possible to faith, so are all things possible to unbelief.

"This shows that creeds and trust-deeds are useless." This observation we have often heard, and have as often resented it. Because laws are broken, does that show that there should be no laws? Deeds and creeds have great weight with honest men, and they are only powerless towards persons of no principle. When a man admits that the stipulations of a trust-deed have no force with him; although he obtained his position by a tacit understanding that he agreed with them, he admits that he is a man whose ideas of truthfulness are peculiar. If a preacher finds himself able to subscribe a creed in which he has no faith, he is a villain. We cannot put it in plainer English, and we do not think the word is, in the least degree, too severe. This it is that makes religious controversy so painful and so difficult at the present day: in the conflict with "modern thought" we are not always dealing with straightforward men. They may be counted honest by their partisans, *and may be so in their own judgment*; but their notion of honesty is very near akin to our idea of duplicity. To a large extent the clerical conscience has been tutored into toying with phrases, and reading a sense into words, or out of them, which the unsophisticated would never have thought of. How far this conduct among professional religionists has helped to debase the public conscience, we will not venture to say; but it is certain that when the world sees those who are styled ministers of Christ trifling with language, it forms a very low estimate of Christianity itself, or else it finds in such conduct a justification for its own trickery.

The fact of men accepting a creed in which they have no belief, and the other fact of men assuming positions and ignoring the obligations which those positions imply, are only special instances of a wide-spread

departure from the traditions of honour. A warp or twist in the conscience seems to be the rule in many communities. In former days consciences said "yes" or "no," and thus worked up and down with a distinct movement; but now consciences find a point between the positive and the negative, and work on the slant, so as to be neither up nor down. People fear God, and go to the theatre; love their fellow-men, and "sweat" them mercilessly; abhor covetousness, and are great at "cover" and "options;" yearn to see conversions, and have comic songs at meetings of the church. We knew one who cast all his burdens on the Lord, and speculated till he paid nothing in the pound; and another who had altogether ceased from sin, but treated his wife and children with absolute cruelty. Either some mental defect has happened to this generation, or else its moral constitution is hard to account for.

No doubt we shall be thought "narrow" and "old-fashioned"; but we must still confess that we do not understand the ethics of the broad school in their relation to religious matters. The men of advanced views preach *altruism*, but do not consider the consciences of those among whom they take pastorates. Is this living for others? They are loud in urging the pursuit of truth, but yet unite themselves with churches whose doctrinal statements they consider to be inaccurate—thus professing to believe what they judge to be wrong. This goes to be explained, of course; *what does not?* To make the worse appear the better reason is not a rare ability. The fact is that, when a man reconciles himself to a religious profession which is not in accordance with his solemn convictions, he has brought himself down to a moral level, whereon he will do a thousand questionable things without a blush. All methods of controversial warfare will be fair to him now that he can have an official faith which is not his personal belief.

What shall we say of men employed by a Christian denomination to educate its young ministers, who, yet, are not in accord with the fundamentals of that denomination? To us it would seem that a Christian gentleman would decline the post, even if it were pressed upon him, if he did not feel that the statement of faith adopted by the church employing him was his own solemn conviction. Even if large latitude were allowed him, delicacy of feeling would make him say, "I would not even seem to be teaching what I could not endorse; and on the other hand, I could not be the tutor for a church, and feel it necessary to teach contrary to her creed." A noble spirit, if it must fight, will fight fairly, and will never obtain an advantage which it might not honourably take. No true man would become tutor of a Romish college with the view of teaching Protestantism. No Christian would obtain the professorship of a Buddhist seminary with the design of overthrowing Buddhism. Such a method of correcting error would be unworthy of the truth, and would be likely to produce evil instead of good. Has there never been a case analogous to this in Christian communities? Is there no such case before the public at this present? Perhaps the comparison may not run on all fours; but it will go on sufficient legs to make it strikingly suggestive. Surely, the practical injustice only needs to be pointed out for an enlightened conscience to condemn it.

There has long been an outcry among Nonconformists concerning the

conjunction of high church, broad church, and low church in the same body, wherein all the ministers subscribe to the same articles. Great has been the indignation about this matter which has found expression in various ways from men of differing convictions. This indignation can hardly be sincere when the fault condemned is openly imitated. Is this to be the case? Are other bodies of Christians about to follow in the same road? Will they advance till they out-Herod Herod? Shall we ultimately see the Lion of Arianism lying down with the Ox of Orthodoxy. We are coming alarmingly near to that consummation. Even the gentle brethren, who could not see danger, are beginning to open their eyes; and herein there is hope; for good men and true will not tolerate the evil beyond a certain point. The danger lies in the period before that point is arrived at: that is to say, in this immediate present, wherein a false charity suffers the fire to burn because it believes that at any moment its fury can be stayed. Alas! the kindly delusion may be a fatal one!

To warn and to be condemned for bigotry has been our lot. We are not surprised or disappointed; neither do we take offence at the criticism, which we deem to be mistaken. But we do sorrow because the danger is rendered none the less imminent by being denied, and by censuring the person who points it out. At any rate, we are clear. If we cannot stop the runaway horses, we have ventured reputation and friendship in the attempt; never regretting the sacrifice, but mourning that it should be in vain. It is not altogether in vain, we trust; for many are now more clear and definite than ever in their witness-bearing, and thousands of the godly are aroused to watchfulness; but "the powers that be" are not affected, nor will they be till they are displaced. It is for the Lord himself to interpose again in his own time, as he has done in former ages, in the hour of solemn declension. Meanwhile, the duty of every Christian is himself to be clear of complicity with error; beyond this he may not be able to go; but if he can, let him leave nothing undone for the defence of the faith once for all delivered to the saints.

Our words are not meant exclusively for any one denomination, nor have they been so all along: our warning is for all Protestant churches alike; for though there be degrees of departure from the faith, and double-dealing with ecclesiastical terms may not in every sect be an equally flagrant fault, yet these evils are afflicting all the churches. The torrent of unbelief and worldliness rises above the hills, while it swamps the valleys. The duplicity which we denounce is not to be seen as a lone malignant star in one quarter of the heavens, but discerning eyes can detect its evil beams both in the northern, the southern, and the western sky. This omen of ill should send us to our knees, and make us cry continually unto our Lord. God is not changed, nor does his promise fail. He has his faithful thousands, though in many cases they are hidden by fifties in the cave. In due season he will vindicate his own cause, and take up "the quarrel of his covenant." Now is the hour for wrestling prayer, immovable faith, and incorruptible testimony. The Lord gird his champions for such a time as this; and whether it be in England, Scotland, Ireland, or America, may his chosen people stand firm, and find the God of truth working with them!

Dry Sundays.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

SOME time ago I ventured to give my friends who read *The Sword and the Trowel* a brief dissertation on "Wet Sundays." My original intention was that a companion paper, with my present title, should follow forthwith; but it did not come about, and many days have passed since then. Indeed, I had almost forgotten the intended theme until I set foot in "the tight little Island" of Tasmania, from which I am now writing. It so happens that the summer of 1889-'90 is proving exceptionally hot; and not the Sundays only, but all the days are as dry as dry can be. All the country is parched and brown. Of grass indeed there is plenty, but it is as dry as tinder, and its long and juiceless blades wave in the warm winds, only waiting for a spark from a locomotive, or a match from a careless smoker's hand, to burst into flame and carry destruction to fences and forests, flocks and stacks.

For many a long day the atmosphere has been all in a tremble with sultry heat, which has sufficed to take the activity out of most human beings, while it has only increased the nimbleness of the myriads of grasshoppers which have invaded the district. Night after night the sun has sunk like a globe of fire, turning blood red just before disappearing, and the moon has come up so like the sun that one could half imagine it had rushed round in as many minutes as it usually takes hours. The sheep have huddled together in a circle all day with their heads down to the ground to escape the sun, and all nature seems to cry out for a cool breeze and a good drenching. But what wind there is proves warm, and the clouds are without rain. A wet day—even though it were a wet Sunday with its smaller congregations and collections—would be heartily welcomed by Pastor and people alike. At a meeting on one of these said dry days a worthy brother turned the drought to good account in his earnest, homely prayer. He was a son of the soil, but none the less a child of God. A shepherd by occupation; I think he must be a distant relative of those shepherds of Bethlehem who heard the angels sing about a new-born King; at all events, he is one of the happiest and heartiest of Christians, and, like the Bethlehemites, he delights to make known abroad the saying which was told him concerning Jesus. I must not venture to reproduce his broad accent, but the sentiment of his petition was much as follows:—"Our Heavenly Father, thou knowest all about us, but we want to talk to thee about the state we are in. We see the things around us in the fields and gardens all parched, and almost burned up. The grass is dry as tinder for the want of some rain, and all the flowers and herbs are withering. O Heavenly Father, we fear our hearts are much the same—we don't love thee or thy dear Son our Saviour, or thy blessed Word, or the means of grace, as we ought. Our spiritual life is very low and dull. But we don't like this state of things; we want to be fresh and green, and growing. Wilt thou not revive us again? Thou hast promised to pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground. Lord, we are thirsty; our moisture is turned into the drought of summer. Refresh our drooping faith and failing love. May our souls be like the willows by the side of

the stream! The drought in the natural world is sad enough, but this spiritual drought is sadder still. We would be glad if thou seest fit to send refreshing showers upon the earth, but oh, in thy mercy grant showers of grace upon our souls, that we may be able to say with the Psalmist, 'Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain, whereby thou didst confirm thine inheritance, when it was weary.' " Many a hearty "Amen" was heard during the course of this petition, and quite a "volley" (as the Salvationists say) at its conclusion. Thus from an honest and true heart welled up the prayer for blessing, its only embellishment being the most natural of metaphors, and the nearest to hand. What better emblem of needy souls than the withered grass? What apter illustration of God's favour than the "showers that water the earth"? Thus my friend managed to turn the drought to first-rate use. Dry, that is, rainless weather reminded him of dry, that is, dull and barren Christian experience. In like manner I, too, write of spiritual rather than of earthly things. To the devout Christian it matters little, comparatively, whether the Sabbath skies are fair or stormy. To him the Lord's-day cannot be *dry* in the sense of being *devoid of interest*, for it is the day the Lord hath made, the day of resurrection and of rest. He calls the Sabbath a delight, and rejoices with exceeding joy in its worship and its work. Soon as the dawn he sings:—

"In holy duties let this day
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!"

But what a day of dreariness the Sunday is to those who love not the Lord of the Sabbath!

They may be glad to be relieved from the toil of every other day, but what to do with the lagging hours they hardly know. They cannot very well sleep it all away. The newspaper is soon read—even if advertisements are included, and the eyes ache if the rubbishing yellow-back is constantly before them. The specially sumptuous dinner (for it is a rule with most—the better the day the better the feed) is an agreeable break in the monotony; but after it they are sleepier and drearier than ever. A stroll in the park serves somewhat as an enlivener; but there still remains a long while ere bed-time, and the music-halls and theatres are all shut! The British Sunday is "dry" enough to such. These poor creatures are really to be pitied. What more miserable state can there be than to be absolutely unemployed; lounging and lazying the day away, with nothing in mind and heart harmonizing with the holy hush of the hallowed hours? Fain would they introduce the Continental Sunday, or else return to those halcyon (?) days when, with a "Book of Sports" to guide them, and the law of the land to sanction them, pastors and people devoted the greater part of the Lord's day to fun, and frolic, and frivolity. Alas! alas! that they who admire this style of Sabbath are working mightily to secularize the holy day! It is still too "dry" for them, although many improvements (as they judge them) have been introduced of late. The very heathen put Christian nations to shame in this matter. The other evening I heard dear old Mr. Paton (God bless his closing years!) say that if Tasmania were inhabited by the Christians of the New Hebrides, and

the railway authorities put all the carriages and engines at their disposal on the Sabbath, and said, "Now, you folk can step in and be carried where you please, without paying a penny," not one would accept the offer. They would say unanimously, "We much prefer worshipping and praising God, and no bait will tempt us to break his sacred day." It is only fair to add that the Tasmanians do not run trains on Sundays, but I am afraid many would soon yield to a temptation which, as the missionary assured us, would be indignantly declined by those who, till recently, were idolaters and cannibals. Oh, that the multitudes would reverence the first and best of days!

"Great Father! bountiful and wise,
Inspire their hearts with praise,
That they this gem of time may prize,
Thy hallow'd Pearl of Days."

The poor worldling, then, experiences week after week "dry Sundays." Even if he ventures to church, matters do not mend. If the service be simple and spiritual, he is as much out of his element as a fish in a feather bed. And if candles, and incense, and flowers, and music, and millinery charm him for a while, he nevertheless admits, so used is he to concerts and theatricals and the like, that these entertainments are rather tame, and the performers only second rate.

Alas, poor soul! his Sundays must be "dry" till his heart is changed, and he is able to discern spiritual things.

But there are Christians whose experience is little better. For them no heavenly blessing falls. Their fleece is dry, though all around be wet. The fact is, their spirituality is at a sadly low ebb. They have no appetite for things divine. Their minds are so engrossed with business or family affairs that the sacrifice they fain would offer breaks away for want of being bound with cords to the horns of the altar. What wonder that the service and the sermon seem "dry" when some other matter is uppermost in heart and mind!

"That was a glorious discourse," said an earnest brother to his friend as he left the place of worship.

"Think so?" said his companion. "I can't say I enjoyed it." "But," replied he to whom the message had been blessed, "it was full of truth, and powerfully delivered into the bargain. How is it you missed the blessing that was undoubtedly in it?"

"Well," was the answer, "to tell the truth, I could not concentrate my thoughts on the subject. Fact is, I've gone in for a piece of land up on the top of the hill, and I couldn't get it out of my mind. I would listen for a while and get on capitally; then that piece of land came in again."

Just so. The sermon wasn't dry after all, but "that piece of land" dammed back the "streams of mercy." There were showers of blessing in the service, but one hearer at least covered himself with a sort of commercial umbrella. I hope that hearer sold his section. Any sacrifice is cheap which enables the soul to contemplate unhindered the word of his grace. A queer story reached me lately of a godly man who, living in the country, was desperately fond of shooting. He was a "crack shot," too. Hares, rabbits, and pheasants had a very poor chance when he was about. "Had much sport lately?" said a

neighbour to him one day. "No," said he, "I haven't; and for a very good reason, I haven't got a gun." "Why, what has happened?" said the visitor, "have you lost it, or burst it, or what?" "I have sold it," he replied; "and what is more, I'm not going to get another. Sit down and I'll tell you all about it." "Well," said the surprised friend, rather ironically, "fire away." Then came the story. "You know the little chapel I go to on Sundays. Well, from where I sit one of the pulpit candles seems to come almost up against the minister's eye, and all the service through I couldn't for the life of me help wondering whether, if I had my gun, I could hit the candle without hurting the preacher. Silly, wasn't it? I struggled against that foolish fancy, but it got such a grip of me that I couldn't look towards the pulpit, and when I shut my eyes I still saw that candle and wanted a shot at it. I suppose it was through doing so much aiming all the week—I wanted a target on Sundays, too. Of course, I didn't get much good, and I felt my soul was starving; so I asked the Lord about it, and it seemed to come to my mind that there was nothing for it but just to sell the gun and give up the sport. This was a bit of a trial to me (as you can guess), but I did it, and, bless you, it's been the making of me spiritually. The gun was more of an idol than I thought. I enjoy my Sundays now, and never do I sit in the humble meeting-house but God reveals himself to me and floods my heart with joy and peace. I don't notice the candle now, and I see more of Jesus than of the minister."

I said it was a queer story. It has the advantage, though, of being a true one, and there is a lesson in it, too. Our Sundays are much what we make them; as much depends upon our frame of mind as on the preacher's theme and style. You whose Sundays are "dry," search your own hearts, and you may find *there* the cause for which you have been looking everywhere besides, and, having found it, hesitate not, at any cost, to remove the hindrance.

There is something wrong, too, if services and sermons whose chief characteristic is simplicity are voted "dry." Those who are unspiritual desire what is unscriptural; they clamour for the sentimental and the sensational. An imposing ceremony, a pealing organ, a surpliced choir, an intoned liturgy, and a *very short sermon* are far less "dry" than simple worship, hearty praise, earnest prayer, and faithful preaching. There is no service so "nice" as on the so-called Harvest Thanksgiving, when the church is decorated with fruits and flowers, and onions and pumpkins! Alas! if these externals are needed to prevent the service being "dry," they who need them must themselves be like the bones Ezekiel saw—"and lo, they were *very dry*."

I am not surprised that Sunday is uninteresting to those who have nothing to do for Christ. The workers get the blessing. He that watereth others shall be watered. The treeless plains receive but little rain. The sea gets many showers, for it yields so much moisture to the skies. Oh, if you loungers would but leave the ranks of the unemployed and take some holy, Christ-like work in hand, you would not have to complain of dull and dreary Sabbaths.

The potter complained of a pain in his foot. "Ah!" said some wise-aces, what wonder? he is always turning that wheel of his with it. It is bound to ache." But they did not know everything. It was *the idle*

foot that ached ! exercise kept the other one all serene. Those that sit at ease in Zion are as the idle foot, always aching, murmuring at this, that and the other, and finding the Sundays dry. They would think the same of the week-night meetings, only they never come to them. There is only one cure for the aching foot and for the grumbling church member—WORK. Oh ! what an interest it gives one in the Sabbath, when, as often as it recurs, we minister in school, or cottage, or chapel, or home, the gospel of God's grace ! Such tasks, holier and higher than angels know, make the Lord's-day the best of all the seven. I warrant you, those young men whom I have in my mind just now do not know what "dry Sundays" are, for they have the blessed habit of taking their hymn books and Bibles to the homes of any who will let them conduct a little meeting. There are no "dry Sundays" for those who lift up their voices for God beneath the open sky. Are there, you open-air preachers ? Sunday-school teachers (if their hearts be right) find the Sabbath interesting enough, and those who distribute tracts find great joy in that service for Christ. Try it, try it, you to whom the holy hours seem long. Employ yourselves in the vineyard, and the sun will go down all too soon for you. Thus, to worldlings, to formalists, and to drones, Sunday is a dry day. They must thank themselves for it. Spirituality and activity would make it bright and blessed.

My pity is reserved for certain little ones, who have good reason to complain of dry Sundays. Their parents do not seem to have the knack to brighten and beautify the Sabbath. A writer in a daily paper says, "Let the children grow up to know Sunday as father's day, as picture day, as fruit day, as sweetmeat day ; all the rest will follow in due time." If he will add that these should be judiciously blended with the Bible reading and hymn singing, I will agree with him. I know some homes where Sunday is hailed with little short of rapturous glee. "Father will be at home" say the juveniles, "and tell us stories out of the Bible ; and mother will sing to us about Jesus, and show us pictures of Joseph and David and Daniel." This is as it ought to be, and the good things the newspaper man writes about will only help to sweeten what is already like honey to the happy little folk.

Many a time, too, have I pitied the children at service time. Was it not the late John Gough who told us that as a boy he had to sit in a straight-backed pew, over the top of which he could not see, while his little legs got "pins and needles" as they dangled down in vain attempts to reach the floor ? Moreover, insult was added to injury, when the people sang of heaven as the place

"Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end."

What wonder that he wished the Sunday over, and conceived an antipathy to heaven, since, as it appeared to him, he must there have "pins and needles" to all eternity !

Many people tell me, nowadays, that they remember seeing my brother and myself sitting with our beloved mother, in the early days of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. And I remember it too, and that most happily ; for instead of being buried in a square, old-fashioned pew, I had a high footstool to stand on during the praise, and a raised seat to

sit on during the preaching. Moreover, I was encouraged to take notes of the sermon, in which there was always much that even my small mind could grasp. At all events, the language was always intelligible. The preacher had a higher ambition than to use “big words.” I never remember hearing him say, for instance, as is reported of another:—“I am not now addressing the ungodly; they have an anterior and preliminary obligation devolving upon them.” There were no portions specially addressed to children, as the manner of some is, but there was throughout much that appealed to the conscience and interested the mind of a young listener. I like to see the boys and girls in our meetings, and am glad to break the loaf up small for them, and put the food where they can reach it, remembering that Christ did not say “Feed my giraffes,” but, “Feed my lambs.”

I am not confident that all who attend the Sabbath-school escape a “dry Sunday.” All teachers are not “apt to teach.” Some there are who put the sweet water of God’s love into the quassia cup of a stern and unsympathetic manner. Happy they, whose teachers can open to them, as it were, a casket of sandal-wood, the sweet savour of their kindness perfuming all they say. A dull Sunday is out of the question in such a case.

And then, if father or mother (pray don’t call them pa and ma!) can be at home with the family in the evening, and know how to win the ear and heart, this will be a fitting crown to a happy day. Formality will make the little service dry indeed. If it is done merely because it has to be done, it might almost as well be left undone.

Philip Doddridge learned Scripture history from the Dutch tiles round the fireplace, while his mother explained to him the pictures, brightened as they were by the fireglow. But his mother’s prayerful interest and tender love was a still brighter flame! Let parents tell their little ones the story of the Bible with the warm gleam of fond desire illuminating all, and dry Sundays will be impossible. With such glad influences in church and school and home, the little ones will say:—

“Thrice welcome with song, with bright sunshine and cheer,
The day to the hearts of the children so dear.
Now lift high hosannas, unite in the song,
Re-echo the strains of the glorified throng.”

“Never heard about Him in Auntie’s Church.”

MOST stories of precocious children are generally taken *cum grano salis*; but here is one I can vouch for, told me by a Puritan of the Puritans. His daughter, a bright-eyed little girl of five summers, on going to church with her father, one Sunday morning, very pertinently asked her parent, “What are we going to church for?” “Oh,” replied her father, “to hear the minister talk about Jesus, and to worship him.” The little girl looked up, very puzzled, into her father’s face, and said, “When I was staying with Auntie, in the country, they didn’t talk about him in Auntie’s church.” “’Tis true, and pity ’tis, ’tis true.”—*Naseby*.

“Arnold Edwards” in a Thieves’ Kitchen.*

SEATED one morning with the missionary employed by our Church, I said :

“Marshall, I want to visit one or two of those thieves’ kitchens, the one in Grape Court and the other in Bradawl’s Gardens.”

“Dangerous work at the best of times; but if you wish to, I will accompany you.”

“Meet me at the chapel, and after service we will go together.”

A dull, cold day had been succeeded by a raw, foggy evening. Just the night to find the dwellers in the dens at home, if we did not time our call too late. Partaking of a cup of warm coffee, we prepared ourselves for the visit. Threading our way up the greasy Gray’s Inn Lane, we turned down a narrow alley, which led us into the place called the Gardens. The clocks were striking ten; and as we passed along, women without bonnets were standing or squatting on the door-steps, here and there a man smoking the inevitable short clay pipe. I led the way to an ordinary-looking house. If there was any difference observable, it was in the cleanliness of the windows. Passing up three steps into the passage, the door of which stood open, I knocked at the room-door immediately on our right. A woman, tall and stout, with bare arms and very red face, opened it. She knew me, and asked us in. Lines of string were stretched from side to side of the room, from which hung various articles, fresh from the wash. Flat-irons on the table, and the prevalence of musty-smelling steam told plainly that she had been busy. On the table, beside the irons, stood a quart pewter pot. By the fire sat a short but powerfully-built man, his hair ominously cropped, evidently at his country’s expense. He scowled at us, and went on smoking and looking into the fire.

“Ye’re soine and late, yer riverence,” said the woman, in a strong Irish accent. “Did ye want anybody?”

I explained the object of our visit.

“The lads ’ll be glad to see ye shure.” Addressing herself to the man by the fire, who by this time was moving uneasily in his chair, she said, “This is the praste as wants to do the lads a turn.” This evidently satisfied the man; for he relit his pipe and settled down to gazing at the fire. Going into the passage, and calling “Jim,” in a loud voice, the woman handed a large brass candlestick to the owner of that name when he appeared—an ungainly-looking youth, with china blue eyes, and a shock of perfectly red hair. “Here, show the jintleman into the parlur, and tell ’m to be aisy.” Jim looked us up and down a full minute, then moving very slowly, said, “Min’ yer ’eds and yer feet,” and the caution was not unnecessary. Down a flight of stone steps, very much the worse for wear, across the yard, down another flight of wooden stairs, and at the end of a short passage, “Jim” rapped a peculiar kind of rattle, and the door was opened by a man with one of the most villainous forms and faces I have ever seen. A head out of all

* Extracted from “Strangely Led. The Personal History and Experience of Arnold Edwards.” By H. E. Stone. Marlborough and Co.

proportion to his body; for his body was thin and short, and his legs crooked; but his head was large enough for a giant. As he turned, I observed he was also hunch-backed. With a terrible leer, which one could not call a look, he whispered to Jim, and Jim whispered in return. He then preceded us, and mumbled something to the assembly, the only words we could hear being "innocent," "aisy," "psalm dodgers."

What a sight met our gaze!

A large room, probably the cellars of two or three houses made into one. Forms or benches were placed alongside the walls. Two or three deal tables, sawdusted-floor, and a huge coke fire, throwing forth intense heat. Jim had placed the candle on the table; but the glow from the fire lit the room well.

"Glad to see yer honour," said a wizened-faced old man, his features marked with cunning, and his eyes as restless as the sea. In front of the fire were innumerable articles of food—fish, mutton chops, beef steaks, sausages, saveloys, and one or two small saucepans. "We bin a cooking our jint's," continued the wizened-faced man, "and barring yer prinsince we'll ait 'm soon."

"Do not let us disturb you, my friends. We have come to have a little talk with you," and I looked round the place as I spoke. Some forty or fifty men and youths, of all ages; some of most repulsive appearance, giving one a sense that our throats could not long endure the grip of their hands; others quite respectable in appearance. Two among them were blind, and I noted that these had their "jints" handed to them first, and sat eating and listening. We stood in the centre of the room and spoke to them of Jesus, of his real manhood and his divine power to save; of his sympathy, his love, his death for the lost. Excepting that they went on eating, a more attentive audience one could not wish for. Now and then a voice would break in with, "True you air," "Ah, me! them things is right"; and once my gravity was nearly upset by a squeaky voice ejaculating, "Blowed if he don't know!" I shook hands with them all round, invited them to our mission-room. One handsome fellow about thirty years of age held my hand, and in a quick, hurried way, said, "I was a commercial traveller once, took to gambling, took money that wasn't mine; three years; when I came out, what could I do? I will come to the mission." I took that to mean he did not want me to speak to him there. So I merely asked his name. Before going, I stopped, came back into the centre of the room, and said, "I should like to ask God to help you; will you let me pray?" "Jes' as you like. Cut it short, though." With this permission, I knelt on the saw-dusted floor and poured out my heart in a brief prayer. Jim escorted us from the room, and giving the candlestick to the woman said, "He ain't half a bad un," and made his way back, I presume, to his supper. More than once we visited this kitchen. Sad stories of wasted lives did we hear. This was before the days of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, a society which every lover of the fallen will assuredly encourage. It is a bridge across which such men as I met may walk back to honesty and progress.

Such scenes force one back on the old Galilean gospel. Such audiences teach a man the utter worthlessness of fine words about morality. Such sinners need a Saviour who is MIGHTY to save.

Nettleton Anecdotes.

FOURTH SELECTION.

THE LAW.

A MAN who denied that the law is a rule of life to the believer, once complained to Dr. Nettleton that ministers dwelt so much in their preaching on the demands of the law. "Believers," said he, "are not under the law, but under grace."

"Is it not the duty of believers to repent?" said Dr. N.

"Certainly."

"Of what is it their duty to repent?"

The man saw at once the precipice before him. If he said "of sin," he perceived that the next question would be, "What is sin but a transgression of the law? And if believers are not under obligations to obey the law, what can there be for them to repent of?"

A WORLDLY PROFESSOR.

Worldly people in Christian churches are always a heavy drawback, if not a more serious hindrance, especially in the case of revivals. Dr. Nettleton met with a man of this character in one of the places he visited. His influence in the church of which he was a member was considerable, though his principles and habits were a reproach to the cause of Christ. He opposed all religious meetings excepting those on the Sabbath. At the same time, he made no objection to balls and parties of pleasure, but encouraged his children to attend them. One evening, two of his daughters went to hear Dr. Nettleton preach, without his knowledge. When he found they had gone, he went to the meeting, and ordered his daughters to return home immediately. Not content with thus disturbing the meeting, he addressed the preacher: "Mr. Nettleton, will you call and see me to-morrow morning at nine o'clock?" "I will, sir," was the preacher's reply; and at the time proposed he was at the house.

"I do not approve of night meetings," said the man.

"Neither do I approve of balls," said Dr. N., "I think their influence upon young people is bad."

"I do not approve of such meetings as yours," said the man.

"Oh," replied the minister; "I see, it is to *religious* meetings that you object, where people meet together to worship God. If I understand you aright, you feel no opposition to meetings of young people for amusement, if they are held in the night, and continue all night. Did you ever take your children from the ball-room?"

"The command is," said the man, in reply, but with what relevancy it is difficult to see, "Six days shalt thou labour."

"Did you ever quote that command," said Dr. Nettleton, "to prove that it is wrong to attend balls and parties of pleasure?"

Then, assuming a solemn and affectionate mode of address, he said to the man, "My dear sir, you are a member of a church, but you must not wonder if you are regarded by your acquaintances as, in heart, the enemy of religion, unless you pursue a more consistent course of conduct. While you uphold balls, and oppose meetings for religious

worship, you will find it difficult to make anybody believe that you have the least regard for the religion you profess."

This faithful address brought tears to the man's eyes; and, whatever may have been his feelings, there was, from this time, a decided change in his outward deportment. He placed no hindrance in the way of his children attending religious meetings, though it was not clearly evident that he was renewed in heart and made a new creature in Christ.

"I PRAY."

Dr. Nettleton laboured with much success in the New England town of Bridgewater. At first there were disunion, worldliness, and other hindrances; and when some interest was awakened, he was led to believe that the people were relying too much on the instrument, and too little upon God; so he suddenly left the place. His absence was the means of arousing a very earnest feeling in some of the people, especially some young men. The preacher had left them; what if God should leave them also? After a few days he returned, and laboured with great success for some months. Among many cases of great interest was that of a Mr. C——, who was a violent opposer of religion. He had not been seen in a place of worship for many years, but he went one evening to hear Dr. N. It was in a school-house. Being ashamed to be seen, he stood at the door. But even there an arrow from the quiver of the Almighty pierced his heart. He went away with a troubled spirit. He was convinced that he was a sinner, and exposed to the wrath of God. But he resisted the conviction, and endeavoured to banish the subject from his mind; but it was all in vain. The thought was impressed upon his mind, as he afterwards confessed—"You must repent; you must pray, or you will perish." His heart replied, "*I* pray? No, never. I'll perish first."

Thus he struggled till his distress became intolerable. He was one night in such horror of mind that it seemed to him that he could not live till morning. The scene was awfully solemn. To see this bold blasphemer bewailing his sinfulness, and crying for mercy, in distress and anguish, which seemed too great for human nature to sustain, was a most affecting sight. The next day he obtained peace, and seemed to be in a new world. This man became a preacher of righteousness to his former associates. On the very next Sabbath after he obtained deliverance he might have been seen on the steps of the church, conversing with deep interest on the subject of religion, and recommending to his fellow-sinners that Saviour whom he had found so precious. So strikingly manifest was the change in this man, that it extorted the confession from the mouths of gainsayers, "This is the finger of God." And thus this remarkable display of divine grace was the means of promoting and extending the work of God.

The Evil of Little Faith.

DOUBTS and fears are no friends to holiness of heart and life. It is little faith that breeds them in the hearts of the people of God: Matthew xiv. 31. And little faith will always make little holiness.—*Thomas Boston.*

“Not Cast Out.”

WHILE paying a lengthened visit to London, some years ago, a minister visited St. George’s Hospital, near Hyde Park Corner. He was desired to speak to a poor soldier, who had had a leg cut off, and lay dying from mortification. Upon entering into conversation with him, he found him quite ignorant of religion, and apparently insensible as to the concerns of eternity. The poor man confessed that he had lived a careless, wicked life, and was without a knowledge of the way of salvation.

The minister endeavoured to set before him his lost state by sin and transgression, and to make him sensible of his extreme danger. He then proceeded to open up to him the exceeding riches of the grace of God, and his mercy to sinners through the atoning sacrifice of his dear Son, together with the loving invitations of Christ, and the assurance that he will cast out none that come to him. He continued in conversation and prayer with him for, perhaps, half-an-hour, and left him with the sad fear that his word had produced no good effect in his mind. To his surprise, however, the next morning brought him a message from the dying soldier, praying him to come as soon as he could. Accordingly, he went, and was delighted to find that the Lord had produced within him a humbling sense of his sin and misery, and had also awakened some hope of pardon and salvation through Jesus Christ. The poor man was now all athirst to have further instruction in the things of God; and the Holy Spirit was pleased to guide the minister in speaking, and bless his endeavours to his further enlightenment. Patiently and prayerfully the poor fellow listened, and by degrees he was enabled to receive the message of salvation, and to accept Christ as the gift of God to his soul.

He could now praise the Lord that he had ever been afflicted, and that he had come to that hospital; and though his pains were great—indeed, agonizing—his soul was full of joy and peace in believing. He was full, too, of wonder that the Lord should have looked upon him and had mercy on him. He acknowledged that he merited hell, yet he was persuaded that, through the atoning death of the Lord Jesus, he should obtain eternal life.

“Oh, how this poor man,” says the minister, “did thank God for sending me to him, and bless and praise the name of that Jesus who had bought him with his blood! In two or three visits after this, I found him still more and more confirmed in the true faith of Christ, and a true evangelical repentance flowing therefrom.”

On the other side of the same ward lay another man at the point of death. He was, however, in a very different state of mind. He would not listen to the message of the gospel, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. He said he was not a bad man, but had been sober, honest, paying everyone his own; and did not, therefore, doubt all would be well. He was, evidently, *too good for Christ!* and would hear no talk about him and his merits.

The poor soldier was deeply concerned that the man would not listen, and lamented his condition much, while he all the more admired that grace which had opened his own heart to receive the truth.

The last visit the minister paid the soldier, he found him solidly happy in the gospel. He asked him if he feared death, and was astonished at his reply—that *he had died already*. His meaning was what is stated by our Lord: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life" (John v. 24). After speaking to him briefly, and committing him to the Lord in prayer, the minister left him, greatly edified in his mind at what he had witnessed of the grace and love of Christ. When he next visited the hospital, the soldier had passed away, testifying to the last his settled trust in Jesus, who has said, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."

Let us admire, and adore, and praise that grace which saved the prodigal soldier in his last hours; and let the hardened, the wayward, and the lost, be encouraged to "seek the Lord, who will abundantly pardon those who call upon him in truth." But, oh, let none presume on Christ's mercy! but, without a moment's delay, seek through Jesus to be reconciled to God.

R. SHINDLER.

Telegraph Sentences.

THE shortest knock in the day is the postman's, but his "rat-tat" gets the speediest answer; and in that fact there lies a lesson for those who pray, and those who preach. "We are not heard for our much speaking."

Point and pith are needed more and more in these days, when people are impatient even of the railway, and when the telegraph is almost counted slow. We must have telegraph sentences if we wish our message to be heeded and to stick. New pennies are more convenient than the older and heavier ones.

"The shortest proverb in the world," says Trench, "is the German one, '*voll, toll*'—full, fool—which sets out very well the connection between fulness and folly, pride and abundance of bread." As we know, on high authority, that a proverb should have "shortness, sense, and salt," here we have it to perfection.

This is only equalled by the result of a competition which is said to have taken place when an epitaph was wanted for the gravestone of a Mr. Thorpe, and a prize offered for the shortest. The judges met, and when they came to one which said,

"Here lies the corpse
Which once was Thorpe's,"

they thought they need scarcely go any further. Happily, however, they opened the next, which supplied a still briefer inscription, and secured the prize. In a few hours the mason chiselled in the selected epitaph—

"Thorpe's
Corpse."

With such examples before us we need never say it is necessary to use many words to express our meaning and the man who is slow of speech has but to let his words each be like a rifle-shot, in order to excel his fellow with the fatal gift of a glib tongue.

W. Y. F.

Dribes at Menton.

NO. I.—TO MONTI.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WHEN you are at Menton, you may as well make the most of it, and see everything worth seeing. If, like the writer, you are not much of a walker or rider, you must hire one of the capital carriages which stand for hire in every direction. The poor men who drive them will, at the beginning of the season, almost run over you to earn a franc or two: towards the end of the same season you may run over *them*, for their horses are on their last legs. Make an early opportunity for driving up the western bank of the *Carrei river* or *torrent*. Going up



THE BRIDGE OF CARREI.

by the river-bed from the public gardens, take the left-hand side, as if you were going to the railway-station—in fact, it is called the *Avenue de la Gare*—say *Railway Approach*, and the interpretation is near enough. Do not turn up to the station, but keep on along the avenue of planes, and pursue the Carrei Valley, which is also called the Turin Valley, because you could get to Turin by this road, if you kept on long enough. That avenue of planes affords a delightful, shady walk for the natives in summer, when those intrusive foreigners have fled from the heat; in fact, it is a very favourite promenade of the Mentonese in the summer evenings. You will find it a very easy drive to MONTI. One horse, 8 fr.; two horses, 10 fr. Very many friends walk it: we have often met old comrades far on in the sixties plodding on gallantly far up the mountain road.

You are on the road which leads through Sospel, or Sospello, to Turin, by the mountain-pass of the *Col di Tenda*. Have you ever seen the small omnibus which runs to Sospel? Have you ever seen older

horses? They look to be antediluvian. We cannot wish the reader to try a ride behind those noble steeds in that sumptuous vehicle. But he might do worse than that. He might travel by certain London crawl-buses, which we will not more specifically mention. We are told that there is a better *diligence* on the road to Sospel, and we are not sorry to hear it.

This road might be called *the route of the earthquake*; for on both sides of the Carrei that convulsion did great mischief, even till it reached Castiglione, or Castillon, at the top of the pass. We saw many houses in ruins at the end of the earthquake year; and even in 1889 there were traces of the terrible disaster. One would hope that soon there will be no memorial of it, except those very numerous iron ties in the walls of the houses, which may be regarded as the safeguards of the future. Certain wooden erections, which served for dwellings while the earth continued to tremble, are still in position: they stand under the trees beyond the railway, ready for next time. Very useful they must have been in those days of terror, just after the calamity. Very comforting would it be to see their number increased. Why are there not more bungalows erected? The earthquake knows the way, and will come again, as sure as eggs are eggs. It would be wise to build with a view to it; but when it next doth come abroad, may I *not* be there to see! Still, though the earth be removed, what have the saints of God to fear?



The river-bed frequently seems to be quite dry; but where streamlets go meandering over it, in tortuous courses, the women will be found at their perpetual task of washing. They wash every day, Sundays and all. What queer baskets they kneel in! How the little mites of girls try to imitate their mothers—baskets, soap, and bats, and all! What lumps of soap! Surely this must be the famous cold-water article!

And how the women hammer the linen with those wooden bats ! And how they talk ! Why not ?

All along we shall follow the bed of the torrent. This is the stream referred to in the free-and-easy Mentonese song, which Dr. Craig has translated from the Provençal language :—

“Whether it hot or cold may be,
Upon the bridge of Carree,
What matters it to me ?
For I shall happy be—
For I shall happy—happy be.”

Men are busy here and there sifting sand from among the stones ; and carts come down into the river-bed to carry the sand away. Linen-lines and props run along and across the place where a river has been, and will be again, but is not now. Occasionally, when the snow has melted on the mountains, or heavy rains have fallen, there really is a river here ; and a good deal of what is now a solid mass takes to slowly moving, after the manner of a glacier of mud and stones, if the term may be allowed. Below the railway-bridge we have, at such times, stood to admire a cascade, and to see the waters rush onward to the sea. A visitor who has only stayed through a week of fine weather can hardly realize that so much water can come leaping down where all was dry as a bone. It is soon over and gone. Such streams remind us of Job's exclamation, “ My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, as the channel of brooks that pass away. . . . What time they wax warm, they vanish : when it is hot, they are consumed out of their place.” To trust to faithless men for help would be like trusting to such a river as the Carrei for water.

These plane-trees, under which our drive begins, seem to retain their leaves far into the winter, and are not often bare, even at the end of the year. It is amusing to see men cutting off all their shoots before the spring comes on. Look out for your heads when you ride beneath, while an enterprising man in a blouse is using a little saw overhead ! You had better look up, for he will not care to look down, nor even to sing out, “ Below ! ”

Note on the left a very lofty eucalyptus. There are many fine specimens of the blue-gum tree in these parts, but this is specially notable. A branch of eucalyptus hung up by your bed is said to induce sleep, and keep off the mosquitoes ; but of the truth of this statement this deponent beareth no witness. We need not call attention to the profusion of oranges and lemons : the lower part of this valley seems to be a special garden of these golden fruits. But look on before you, and see the mountains towering into that blue sky, in which our friends at home cannot be made to believe until they see it. A friend in England often speaks of the sky as “ the blue.” Well, it may be sky-blue, after the manner of the milkmen, but to hear one speak of an English sky as *blue* gives a Menton visitor a fit of the blues.

You can climb up to the *Convent of the Annunciata* from hereabout : you can, if your legs and lungs permit ; but, gentle reader, we cannot, and therefore we prefer lowlier positions, and must wish you good-bye and a happy walk if you choose the tracks of the wild goats, and quit the roads of men. Between you and me and the holy poker, there is nothing

much to see at the aforesaid convent if you do ascend the hill. One does not care much for a long climb to reach a disappointment.

We are at *Les Moulins*, the olive-mills. We see four stages of wheels; and the mill itself, built on the side of the hill, would seem to be nine or ten stories high. How did they manage to build that little house with its floor and its whole structure over the top of the roof of the mill? They must have carried up the chimneys on each side of the roof, and then have laid an iron girder across. By the way, in the block which we have inserted the artist has left out the very thing we are writing about. Even artists may not be observers of detail. Looking in at the big doors of the mill-yard, we were startled with the *Paou* of a peacock. Beautiful bird, what a voice thou hast! What a capital name the Romans gave the creature when they called him *Pavo*! The French have got the true sound of it when they call him *Paon*.

The sight of these mills, and the excellent road to them, reminds us of



THE OLIVE-MILLS.

that precious Prince of Monaco to whom Menton once belonged. That rascal made corn-dealing a monopoly for his precious self; but to carry it out he needed mills. Purchasing stale and inferior corn, he sold the

flour to the people at his own price; but as the wheat must be ground, he needed stones turned by water-power. These mills were used for olive-crushing, and Prince Honoré bought them, but never paid for them. This is by no means an unusual method of committing robbery, but it is hard when a royal person is the thief. "Where is Sandy?" said Mr. Macphail. "Man, he is in prison for stealing a cow." "What a fool he must have been! Why did he not buy the cow, and never pay for it?" So thought this precious heir of the Grimaldi family. Now he could grind his mouldy wheat, if he could get it to the mill; but there was no road for wheeled carriages, and he felt that there must be one. He decreed that the proprietors along the bank of the Carrei should make the road, and keep it in order at their own expense; and thus the royal miller could send his waggons to and from the mill which he had bought without money, along a road which he had forced others to make for him. In this manner this part of the road was made. For twenty-five years these poor people were the slaves of this man; nor did they escape from the tyranny of this individual and his son till the eventful year 1848, when, in common with greater communities, the principality rose in

revolution, and sent the Grimaldis about their business. The story of the oppression practised by the Princes of Monaco reads more like romance than sober fact: these are the royal gentlemen whose present representatives keep up the gambling saloon of Monte Carlo, despite the protests of the civilized world.

Just past the mills, notice a vine which has climbed the side of a house—a very high house, too, from thirty to forty feet high—and on the top of that lofty building it is trained on a framework to make a shade, and bear its clusters. The root is down below; the brown stem goes up the side of the house all those feet, and then it makes an arbour on the top of the dwelling. What a height for the poor plant to climb before it can bear fruit! Let not the young man despair, though he may have to spend a large portion of life in education; if he climbs to usefulness at last, it will be well.



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BRINGING LEMONS FROM TERRACE.

See, here come two women down from the hillside, with their

oranges and lemons! What loads they carry! They walk along, upright as pillars, with weights which we could hardly lift. Our artist is too timid: the baskets and loads are often as big again as his modest pencil has dared to draw. Very often they will knit all the while they are coming down the mountain; and we have often seen them going up with a child in the basket. The youngster seems very jolly, as he looks over the basket's edge. Women do work here, and no mistake. The more shame to their husbands! Yet they seem to thrive by their toil, and to grow strong under their burdens. Don't be afraid, ladies, we do not propose to introduce the custom into England!

In our trips in this direction, we have often seen little forests of tall reeds, which are used instead of palms in the churches, and are useful to the husbandmen for a very light fencing, and for sticks for training plants and fetching down the olives from the branches.

The colouring of the other side of the valley must be noticed as we drive along. It is very wonderful. The grey olive is set off by the bright green of the orange, while the blue green of the fir-trees and the dark green of the Japanese medlars and cypresses are contrasted with the yellow of the fading oaks and other deciduous forest-trees. The sun makes the tints distinct, and does not, as in England on a damp day, blend all in universal smudge.

Past *Badaraco* the road becomes steep, and we see the stream, or rather the place where the stream ought to be, far below us; and every now and then we note the striking little church of *Monti* inviting us to ascend. Where the rise begins in earnest, we remark the aqueduct which runs under the road, and carries the water from higher up the Carrei down to the olive-mills to turn the great wheels. If you look back, when you are a little way up the hill, you will see the arches of this useful work. The many little canals, for conducting water to their gardens, and the innumerable stone walls which hold up the terraces, show what industry is brought forth among a peasant proprietary. Some terraces are barely a yard wide, and are kept in their place by a six-foot wall of stones. The work is almost inconceivable.

The British Consul at Nice, in his agricultural reports during the past few years, has given much interesting information respecting peasant proprietorship. The extent of land in the French Riviera capable of supporting a family of four or five persons is from five and a-half to six acres in the coast region, except where flowers or early vegetables can be grown exclusively, when two acres, or even less, are reckoned sufficient. In the hill region, about eleven acres is the allowance, and in the mountains, sixteen. According to this enquiry, the small-holdings system has a good effect on the intelligence and activity of the cultivator. The peasant proprietor always has some trade to fall back upon. While some of the family till the land, others are shoemakers, tailors, masons, carpenters, or blacksmiths. Practically there is no emigration from the district. Everybody seems well off, and all are wedded to the soil. The sacred system which God ordained for Israel was national peasant land-holding, and assuredly the methods of the theocracy were full of pre-eminent wisdom.

On the other side of the gorge are mansions of Mentonese well-to-do folks. Long walks, covered with trellis, lead through their gardens

and vineyards up to their doors; and we think we see them in summer sipping the juice of their grapes, and resting beneath the shade of the vines, reflecting upon the gains which they make out of those singular foreigners, who are so unaccustomed to the sun that they come a thousand miles to bask in his beams, and seem never to have too much of a blessing which is here the portion of the poorest child.

We keep on going up. Yonder, high up on the right, is *Castellar*, and beyond it the ruins of *Old Castellar*, and the mountain masses of grey rock. It is glorious lifting up one's eyes to the hills in this fashion. Able-bodied people descend by a path, cross the stream, and climb the other side, and so go home by the route from *Castellar*. Such a walk makes your boots ache if you are old. Just at our feet we notice a bramble—our own old blackberry bramble. This democratic plant cares nothing for the gardens of the rich, but yields its fruit by the roadside for the peasant and his child. It is everywhere, in climates cold or hot; and everywhere the poor man's friend. I like thee, bramble, and I feel at the sight of thee as if I were on a common in dear old England! God who made thee has a kindly heart towards the poor.

Still the horses pull on. How disgraceful was the question which we heard the other day—"Why can a man pull better than a horse?" Answer: "Because he can pull with might and main, but a horse can only draw with his might, he cannot pull with his mane." In our case our horses pull amain, and we rise rapidly. It is not so very much of a hill; but the gorge is so far down, and there is so little of parapet, that an old friend of ours would persist in walking, because of the tremendous dangers of the way. We went up this road to *the Cascade*, which is a little beyond *Monti*; but he would have none of our carriages: he would not risk his life amid such awful perils, dear old mass of nervousness that he was! We had our outing, and returned in our hired trap, leaving our cautious friend to walk, according to his own resolve. To our amazement, he marched into the hotel at our heels. "How came you here?" A friend had picked him up on the way. *He had ridden in a shut-up carriage, and had felt quite safe!* What the eye does not see the heart does not fear. We know many who are hoodwinked by a mere formality or ceremony, and think themselves safe, though all is in peril.

But we are at *MONTI*. Yonder is a tiny cemetery on the left, there is the Communal School, and there is the church with a clock; and here is an institution which is *auberge*, café, wine-shop, tobacco-dealer's, and provision-stores, all in one. It has a pottery-man on its roof bearing a flag, and its odd-shaped chimney is painted red-white-and-blue. We cannot afford such chimneys in England. We will pull up at this universal provider's *dépôt*. He does not call it "*Bon Marché*," but he thinks a great deal of his establishment nevertheless. The letter-box is in the front wall of the church, and the letters are collected at 10.30 a.m.; let us hope that the good folk of *Monti* are up early enough to get all their letters written by that time. Blessed are the people who have all their correspondence off their minds before they sit down to their mid-day meal! Such bliss is reserved for these happy valleys.

We will go into the church. There is nothing whatever to see, and the place is cold as a vault. We are not interested, nor thrown into a devotional frame of mind; but we feel quite able to pass the holy

water-basins, and even the collecting-box, without stretching out our hand, though the latter has a threefold opening for liberality in the form of three slits, marked, "for the Church," "for the Poor," and "for the Penny of St. Peter." By the way, St. Peter's pence brought in for the Pope some £120,000 last year. Ah, Peter! you cried, "Silver and gold have I none"; but your successors are more metallic!

Everybody notices the wire which comes out of the little spire of the church, and crosses the road to a window. They say that this wire enables the priest, in the morning, to ring up his people, and yet stay in bed till the last minute. We do not believe it. Surely it is the clerk, and not the priest, who rings the bell. The poor verger works so hard that he is sleepy in the morning, and lies to the last moment; but when he does get up, and is busy washing and shaving, he gives an occasional tug at the wire, and still keeps on with the suds. Or possibly an old lady, who is afraid of burglars, lives there, and so she has that wire attached to the church-bell, that she may ring up the hamlet should wicked men cause her terror by night. If these guesses do not explain the mystery, we give it up.

We are on the way back, and seem to be down again in no time. It takes long to mount upward to success in life; but when you come down in your affairs, it is often a very easy and rapid descent. Still, there is a great art in going down-hill. It is wise to put the drag on, as our coachman does; and wisest of all so to work that drag that it does not cry out with a horrid grating upon the ear, nor cause a grinding and a screwing up your back, and through your brain, which torture you to the very soul. We know some persons who, in going down in life, have been very miserable themselves, and have made others so. What is the good of it? If we descend safely, and without murmuring, into the Valley of Humiliation, it proves that there is One in command of the reins who is wiser than the wisest of us.

We drive by the *Octroi* people, who are appointed to collect the tolls for the town of Menton. They allow us to pass without coming out to look at us. Do they know by the honest rattle of our wheels that we would not smuggle anything into their domain? Most excellent guardians of the Mentonese revenue, we are not even aware what would be contraband, and so we escape temptation by ignorance of the law! We will not make inquiry, lest, when the commandment comes, we should feel a desire to break it.

On the other side of the Carrei, we cannot help seeing the black smoke of the Water Company's works chimney, and you can see the women washing in grand style in the large tank provided for them. If the Water Company defiles the air above, it helps to purify garments below. Stop, and listen to the music of the washers' tongues! We have paused amid darkness to listen to nightingales; but this music has charms which the birds of the air cannot rival. We are back in the town again, and for the moment bid farewell to those hill-sides so gloriously bedight, in December, with a tapestry of every hue—gold, silver, copper-bronze, brown, green, red, and all else that charms the eye. Thanks be to God for eyes and sunshine, and the capacity to see his hand in all things!

Another Missionary Classic.*

SELDOM is it given to any author who has created unusual interest by his first book, to sustain it by his second. Great expectations are excited in the reader of the first volume—sometimes very unreasonable ones—and these are often not gratified by the writer's second effort. Then comes disappointment, and not seldom loud complaint. Mr. Paton's story of his work among the New Hebrides is, however, a marked exception to this general rule; and in this second volume he quite sustains the thrilling interest and romantic pleasure which were excited by his first. The story loses none of the charm of the early days of missionary toil in these fair islands of the South Seas; and to the last page of the book we are deeply conscious of the operations of a supernatural power working through its human instruments. Over the record of a life truly apostolic in its enthusiasm and devotion, is the added attraction of a mystic protection, guidance, and inspiration, which would be miraculous were it not divine.

The first volume ended with an account of Mr. Paton's hurried departure from the island of Tanna, in the spring of 1862, his house, printing-press, and mission-church, having been destroyed by the natives, who were goaded into cruel reprisals by the villainous atrocities of European traders. Catching a small sailing vessel for Sydney, Mr. Paton arrived at the latter port after a voyage made almost unbearable by the brutal cruelty and disgusting profanity of the captain. On board the vessel were some of the islanders, who were made to work all the way by cruel blows, and when the port was reached, were actually *sold privately to the highest bidder!* This in 1862, winked at by the authorities, and gently called, "The Labour Traffic." Meetings were held in Sydney and Victoria, at which the missionary told the story of the work in the New Hebrides; intense interest was aroused in this gospel field, so near to Australia, whilst no less than £5,000 were collected, the larger part of which was used to build the new mission ship, the *Dayspring*, and the remainder to pay for outfit and passage of additional missionaries. A tour in the bush, among the aborigines, revealed to Mr. Paton that, whilst they are degraded in terrible superstition, and generally become debauched, and initiated into vice and drunkenness, by the mere trader, yet they can and do respond to the story of the Saviour's love when spoken by an earnest heart, evidencing in their lives its transforming and sanctifying power.

Being urged by the Australian friends to return to Scotland, to secure, if possible, more missionaries, Mr. Paton revisited Britain in August, 1863. How different was this voyage! The captain, a godly Presbyterian, arranging for a service to be held alternately by Mr. Paton and a son of Bishop Selwyn, also a passenger. Reaching Scotland, a series of enthusiastic meetings was held in connection with the Reformed Presbyterians, addresses were given both to congregations and divinity students, and ultimately the work in the New Hebrides was formally adopted as its own. Four new missionaries volunteered from Scotland

* John G. Paton, Missionary to the New Hebrides. An Autobiography. Edited by his Brother. Second Part. Hodder and Stoughton.

and three from Nova Scotia. A touching farewell between Mr. Paton and his aged father must here be given in his own transparent and pathetic language: "My last scene in Scotland was kneeling at the family altar in the old Sanctuary College in Torthorwald, while my venerable father, with his high-priestly locks of snow-white hair streaming over his shoulders, commended us once again to the care and the keeping of the Lord God of the families of Israel. It was the last time that ever on this earth those accents of intercession, loaded with the pathos of deathless love, would fall upon my ears. I knew to a certainty that when we rose from our knees, and said farewell, our eyes would never meet again till they were flooded with the light of the Resurrection Day."

In January, 1865, Mr. Paton and his wife were back again in Sydney, where another collecting tour had to be undergone to start the *Dayspring* free of debt on her mission of visiting the different islands, cheering the workers, and supplying their needs. Before the year 1866 closed, the islands were again seen, and the return to the loved work among the natives enjoyed. Not, however, to Tanna, the scene of his former labours, but to Aniwa (A-neé-wa) did he come; and here from henceforth Mr. Paton's chief work was to lie. A touch of grim humour opens a window to let us see the conditions of life among these dusky islanders. In levelling a site for his house, the missionary gathered two large baskets of human bones. He said to one of the chiefs, "How do these bones come to be here?" With a shrug worthy of a cynical Frenchman, he replied, "Ah, we are not Tanna men! *We don't eat the bones*!" "On another occasion I cut my ankle badly with an adze through a knot in the tree. Binding my handkerchief tightly round it, I appealed to the natives to carry me back to the tent. They stipulated for payment. My vest pocket being filled with fish-hooks—a current coin on all these islands—I got a fellow to understand the bribe. He carried me a little, got some hooks, and then called another man, who did the same; he then called a third, and so on, each mau earning his hooks, and passing on the burden and pay to another, while I suffered and bled profusely."

The Aniwaans were constitutionally lazy, and could scarcely be induced, on any consideration, to work. Their wants are so few, that it is very difficult to rouse them to any effort. To all Mr. Paton's appeals they replied with the cool unction of philosophers, "The conduct of the men of Aniwa is to stand by or sit and look on, while their women do the work." We fancy we have met with Aniwaans nearer home. When, however, they were truly converted a change utter and complete was effected in this matter. "They built their church and their school then, by their own free toil, rejoicing to labour without money or price; and they have ever since kept them in good repair for the service of the Lord by their voluntary offerings of wood, sugar-cane leaf, and coral-lime. The right kind of lime needful for the building could only be obtained at one spot, some three miles distant, and this is how it had to be secured. "Lying at anchor in my boat, the natives dived into the sea, broke off with hammer and crowbar piece after piece of the coral, and brought it up to me, until I had my boat-load. It was carried ashore, and spread out in the sun to be blistered there, for two weeks or

so." Once, when the loaded boat was driven on to a reef, and a hole driven into her side, "quick as thought the whole crew were in the sea; and, to my amazement, bearing up the boat with their shoulder and one hand, while swimming and guiding us ashore with the other."

With transparent heart-revealing, Mr. Paton tells of his joy in witnessing the fruits of the gospel among these children of nature. "When these poor creatures begin to wear a bit of calico or a kilt, it is an outward sign of a change, though yet far from civilization. And when they begin to look up, and pray to One whom they called 'Father, our Father!' though they might be far, very far from the type of Christian that dubs itself 'respectable,' my heart breaks over them in tears of joy; and nothing will ever persuade me that there is not a divine heart in the heavens rejoicing too."

Some idea of the dangers undergone and the deliverances known, can be gathered when we read, "Often have I had to run into the arms of some savage, when his club was swung, or his musket levelled at my head, and, praying to Jesus, so clung round him that he could neither strike nor shoot me, till his wrath had cooled down, and I managed to slip away. Often have I seized the pointed barrel and directed it upwards, or pleading with my assailant, *uncapped his musket in the struggle.*" At other times nothing could be said, nothing done, but stand still in silent prayer, asking God to protect us, or prepare us for going home to his glory. He fulfilled his own promise: 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'"

The incident of sinking the well on the mission premises, in order to procure fresh water, is told by Mr. Paton with stirring power, and how, at its successful accomplishment, the people were struck with awe at the missionary's power. One of the heathen chiefs, recently become a convert to the gospel, harangued his assembled people, concluding with the words, "Henceforth I am a follower of Jehovah God. Let every man of Aniwa, who thinks with me, go and fetch his idols—the gods which our fathers feared; let us bury and destroy these things of wood and stone, and be taught to serve the God who can hear." Intense excitement followed this appeal. Company after company came, loaded with their gods of wood and stone, piled them up in heaps amid the tears and sobs of some, and the shoutings of others, in which was heard the oft-repeated word, "Jehovah! Jehovah!" "What could be burned was cast into the flames; others were buried in pits twelve feet deep." So great was the change of the people's habits that ensued, that "every house in which there was not family prayer to God, was known thereby to be heathen." The Sabbath was observed; all ordinary occupations ceased; it was called "Jehovah's day!" Saturday became "cooking-day," in preparation for the morrow of rest and worship.

The printing of the first book in the Aniwan tongue was an event causing great interest to the natives. The old chief, who had eagerly helped in translating and preparing it, "grasped it hurriedly, turned it all round every way, pressed it to his bosom, shouting in an ecstasy of joy, 'It does speak; it speaks my own language, too. Oh, give it to me!'" The playing of the harmonium by Mrs. Paton was greatly used of God in bringing the people to hear the gospel, their delight at the music scarcely knowing any bounds. The first Communion Service held

on the Island—held after three years' labour—was the occasion of deep satisfaction to the missionary. He says, "The Islanders looked on with a wonder whose unwonted silence was almost painful to bear. Everything they saw was so new and strange to them. For three years we had toiled and prayed for this. At the moment when I put the bread and wine into those dark hands, once stained with the blood of cannibalism, now stretched out to receive and to partake of the emblems of the Redeemer's love, I had a foretaste of the joy of glory that well-nigh broke my heart to pieces. I shall never taste a deeper bliss till I gaze on the glorified face of Jesus himself. An open-air prayer-meeting was afterwards held, and seven of the church-members led the people in prayer to Jesus, a hymn being sung betwixt each prayer. My heart was so full of joy that I could do little else but weep."

An intensely sad incident points to the awful consequences and results of ungodly civilized contact with heathenism. On one occasion, Mr. Paton took with him to Australia a young chief named Mungaw, with a view to rouse the missionary enthusiasm in the churches by his eloquent addresses and noble personality. Mrs. Paton being seized with sudden illness, the missionary had to remain behind, whilst Mungaw was "booked for Melbourne, on the road for St. Kilda, in charge of a railway guard. Some white wretches, in the guise of gentlemen, offered to see him to the St. Kilda Station, assuring the guard that they were friends of mine, and interested in the mission. They took him instead to some den of infamy in Melbourne. On refusing to drink with them, they threw him down on a sofa, and poured drink, or drugs, into him till he was nearly dead. They took all his money, and thrust him out into the street with only a penny in his pocket. After he reached the house, the poor creature lay in a sort of stupid doze for above three weeks. But he had been so injured in brain that for some years he was a dangerous lunatic, threatening Mr. Paton, and the other Christians on the island; and was, at last, shot surreptitiously by some of the natives, whom he had terrified by his outbursts of madness. In the great Day of Judgment, what shall be their portion who did such fiendish work, in the name of civilization, upon a poor confiding South Sea Islander"?

The book closes with a graphic account of yet another visit of Mr. Paton to Scotland as late as 1883, and of the difficulties met with in securing official help and support for the mission—difficulties which were, however, marvellously overruled for a most successful issue.

In October, 1885, he sailed again for Melbourne, having secured no less than £9,000 by his visit home. On his return to Aniwa, he says, "The whole of the inhabitants were there to welcome me, and my procession to the old mission-house was more like the triumphal march of a conqueror than that of a missionary." We are not, therefore, surprised to read that, upon a calm review of all the marvellous things experienced and done in God's service, Mr. Paton should say, "Let me record my immovable conviction that this is the noblest service in which any human being can spend or be spent: and that if God gave me back my life to be lived over again, I would, without one quiver of hesitation, lay it on the altar of Christ, that he might use it among those who have never yet heard the name of Jesus." H. O. M.

Mossback Correspondence.

No. I.

THE Mossback Correspondence is contained in a volume by Francis E. Clark, which has been published by Lothrop, of Boston, America. Though not of the very highest class of original literature, the letters are so practical and pithy that they ought to be read everywhere in the United States; and many of them are of such general application that our own countrymen may peruse them to their advantage. As we do not think these personal and pointed letters are likely to be republished in England, we take liberty to borrow one or two of them, and place them in our own pages.

“AN OPEN LETTER TO THE MAN WHO PRESENTS THE TOP OF HIS
BALD HEAD TO THE MINISTER.

“DEAR SIR,—Perhaps you are not aware that there is usually one of you in every audience. Sometimes there are several of you, but rarely is an audience so fortunate as not to contain one of your brotherhood. It may not be strictly in accordance with truth to imply that your head is always bald, but it frequently is, but even if it is well covered with a luxuriant capillary growth, it is not an inspiring part of your anatomy to present to the minister.

“You have put your head forward on the seat, I know, to indulge in quiet meditation upon the truth; far be it from me even to intimate that you ever indulge in a furtive nap while your head is thus bowed so reverently; of course you do not; it is not on this ground that I would think of sending you this friendly note. But did you ever think how very little expression there is in the top of your head? Really, it aids your pastor exceedingly little to gaze down upon that portion of your skull. He is glad to know, undoubtedly, that you have a well-developed cerebrum and cerebellum, and would be particularly glad to see that your bump of benevolence was large and prominent, but he is hardly near enough to you to observe these things, and he gains no other information from what he sees.

“Now if he saw your eyes fixed steadily upon him, it would help him wonderfully, and when they kindled with a recognition of the greatness or beauty of his theme, he, too, would kindle and give you back more than he received. If you even turned sideways and presented your ear, though it is not so expressive, yet it would encourage him with the thought that you were “drinking in” the message; but God did not make the top of your head to see with or hear with. You surely would not go into your pastor’s parlour, and while he was talking with you, bow before him in such an attitude, and I can assure you he asks for no such reverential posture while he is preaching to you. Suppose all the congregation should do the same, you can easily imagine that he would soon send in his resignation. But you do not wish him to do this, I am sure. You do wish him to preach with power and earnestness. Then help him to do this by keeping your eyes fixed upon him during the sermon. This, at least, is the advice of

“Your friend,
“A. MOSSBACK.”

"AN OPEN LETTER TO THE TEACHER WHO IS HABITUALLY ABSENT
FROM HIS CLASS.

"DEAR SIR,—You have been absent from your Sunday-school class many times during the past fifty-two weeks. If you had only been absent once or twice, or if you had made a strenuous effort to provide a substitute when absent, I would have no message to send you ; but you are one of those teachers who come when you feel like it, and stay away when you feel like it, and never offer to resign so that a more faithful man may be found to take your place.

"You are a tribulation to the superintendent, and a rock of offence to the school, and a stumbling-block to every young Christian. I speak strongly, for you are a hard case, and soft words would be wasted on you. I am forced to believe, from your actions, that no motive sufficiently high influences you as a teacher. You are not thus spasmodic and uncertain in your business. You are found at your store promptly Monday morning and every morning. You are rarely afflicted with a cold so grievous that you cannot make a day's wages. What, then, can we conclude, except that the inducement is not strong enough to bring you regularly to Sunday-school ? You will do more for money than you will for the love of the Lord and the young people whom he has given you to look after in your class. You care more for mammon than for God. You have no more right to be absent from your class than the minister has to be absent from his pulpit Sunday morning. The fact that he receives a salary and you do not has nothing to do with the case. When you took the class you virtually agreed to teach it, not once in a while, but every Sunday. I have no patience with you ; but, if you think I have expressed myself too harshly, you can lay it all to the old fogysm of, yours truly,

"A. MOSSBACK."

"There was Tinder in that Box."

ASKING his friend how he had fallen into a certain habit, Carolus said, "Was it your natural tendency ?" "No," said the other, "it was the company into which I was thrown. The thing was done so often that I regarded it as the custom of the place, and fell into it." "It may be so," answered Carolus ; "but you are now so proficient in it that I think you can hardly throw all the responsibility on others. There was a good deal of dry tinder in your box, or the sparks would not so readily have lived in it." Doubtless we are greatly influenced by our surroundings ; but there is a natural propensity as well, or we should not take to questionable habits, as ducks to water, and dogs to bones. When a lump of salt dissolves in water, it is not the water only that accounts for the fact ; had it been a bit of glass, it would not have disappeared in a century, even had it lain in a sea of water. Disposition must bear the responsibility with companionship. Is it not fair that it should ?—C. H. S.

The Work of the Rescue Society.

THE Society for the Rescue of Young Women and Children was founded by the late Daniel Cooper in the middle of the present century. There is urgent need for the work to be carried on with vigour. The successor of the devoted Daniel Cooper is Mr. C. Stuart Thorpe. The head-quarters are at 79, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.

Mr. Cooper was led to the work in a providential manner. He married one whose sympathies corresponded with his own; and about the same time he was asked to help a poor girl who had been dismissed from a fever hospital. Others asked for help, until Mr. Cooper was looked upon as a "friend in need" by numbers of fallen ones. In association with Lient. Blackmore a good work was carried on in Western London, till Mr. Cooper was moved to found a separate society, with wider aims. He had unbounded faith in the gospel as the one cure for every human ill; but he was appalled at what he saw. Hundreds of young women were standing in slippery places, and could only be saved by being removed from their surroundings. Eight homes, in which the girls are properly classified, are now maintained. Since 1853, nearly fifteen thousand girls and young women have been admitted to these homes. At the present time, some six hundred are assisted in the course of a year. About half of the number have not fallen into gross sin, but have been rescued from danger.

In connection with the beginning of such a service, we have to take into account the condition of London at the time. Though city missionaries had gone their rounds for nearly twenty years, and the Ragged School Union had established its stations in many a squalid abode of vice and ignorance, the metropolis was in its old condition. The common lodging-houses were nurseries of crime, and thieves and fallen women abounded to a degree which was enough to fill even Christian hearts with despair. In comparison with what they are now, Christian agencies were few, and altogether inadequate. Mr. Cooper was greatly affected by the outlook, and his prayers for divine direction were frequent and earnest.

In sketching his plan, Mr. Cooper showed that he was before his time; but he won the sympathy of many friends, and among them was the Earl of Shaftesbury, who helped him till the last. It was not so much that Christian people had no heart to feel for the multitude who were being ruined by vicious habits, but they were hardly able to see the greatness of the evils he attacked; and they had no evidence that such service as he undertook would be successful. He had, therefore, to conquer prejudice, to enlist sympathy, and to show that the service on which he had entered would yield encouraging returns. In the full confidence of faith he led the way in his own manner.

In company with a friend, he went forth to search for his subjects in the haunts of vice. Into night-houses, into common lodging-houses, into any den where a repentant sinner could be found, or a child waif could be rescued, he was willing to go; and he soon proved to his friends that no mistake had been made. While he got hold of those for whom he sought, Mr. Cooper's strong common-sense showed the Christian world, for the first time in its history, how such should be treated.

The custom of boarding-up the windows was not according to his heart. He saw that what was wanted was a number of separate homes, in which the young women and girls could be properly classified. Some of these would really be penitentiaries; and as it would be extremely hazardous to allow the worst characters to associate with others who had not fallen to like depths of sin, the better sort would be housed in preventive homes. Then there were the children, hardly old enough to be aware of the dangers from which they had been rescued; and these must be a class by themselves. Although Daniel Cooper's life was not a long one, he lived long enough to receive nearly four thousand of these poor creatures. A large proportion acquitted themselves well in honourable situations, and not a few experienced a change of heart.

In the way in which it was begun the work is still carried on; but life-long friends, whose subscriptions amounted altogether to some £400 a year, have recently passed away, so that there is a danger of the work flagging for want of funds. One ardent supporter was the late Mr. Herbert Clarke, who was accustomed to say that he could not bear to think of any penitent girl being turned away for want of funds. *Unhappily, hundreds have to be turned away every year, because the funds at command are not sufficient.*

We lately, in company with Mr. Thorpe, visited several of the homes, and saw enough to convince us of the great value of the work. At Woodford Wells, there are little girls growing up for usefulness; at Stratford, young women, rescued from evil surroundings, are being trained for service; and at Holloway, others, of a lower grade, are being dealt with. It is delightfully evident that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation in connection with these young people. The committee never consider that a girl is safe from danger until she is converted. Conversion is always prayed for, and in many cases it has been wrought.

G. H. P.

"One Thing is Needful."

A YOUNG believer had lost his joy in the Lord, and had fallen into consequent despondency. As he sat in the house, in the depth of sorrow, his anxious mother said to him, "My dear boy, you seem bowed down with care; you look as if the whole world were resting upon you, and you had to bear up the universe." His answer struck me as well worthy of remembrance. "Mother," said he, "if I had to carry the whole world, I could do it more easily with God than I can bear my life without him." It is even so. When the Lord is with us, nothing is beyond our power; but when his presence is withdrawn, not only is the grasshopper a burden, but we are a burden to ourselves, and we grow weary of living, whatever temporal comforts we may possess. You may light as many candles as you please, but there is no day till the sun rises; and so with all the consolations we can muster, our soul is still in the dark till the Lord shines upon us in grace.—C. H. S.

Notices of Books.

Around the Wicket-Gate; or, a Friendly Talk with Seekers concerning Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore & Alabaster.

THIS shilling book is now in its twentieth thousand; and, better still, it is leading souls to Jesus. We receive frequent intimation of hearts unburdened by its means. *All of Grace* leads the way with forty thousand. *According to Promise* follows on, and this third will outstrip the other two.

Echoes from Japan. Second edition. By M. McLEAN. Passmore.

WE are not at all surprised to see a second edition of this lively book: we hope it will sell still more. The cover is very Japanese, and the illustrations are of like character. Here is one of the drawings.



Strangely Led. The Personal History and Experience of Arnold Edwards. By H. E. STONE. E. Marlborough. VERY entertaining. We know the

brother who was thus "strangely led"; for he was led by the way of the Pastors' College, and he gives a sketch of the Conference and of the classes. It enforces great truths in a way which is likely to tell. To excite a desire to see the whole story, we have inserted a passage in the earlier part of the magazine. Mr. Stone, of Nottingham, herein exhibits great descriptive power.

The Seven Churches of Asia; or, the Seven Golden Candlesticks. By the Author of "The Spanish Brothers." Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

WE have glanced at this shilling book, and are so convinced of its great value that we have laid it aside for careful reading as soon as we are allowed a little holiday. How could one spend a shilling better? The Professor gives, in small compass, the result of his deep learning and wide research; and this furnishes admirable reading, not only for Bible-classes, but for ministers themselves.

The Lord's Supper. Its Form, Meaning, and Purpose, according to the Apostle Paul. Elliot Stock.

MIGHT be useful to High Churchmen, and others who mistake the meaning of the Lord's Supper, if they would only read it. The work is in parts a little too deep for common readers. To us it seems to have about it a wretched daub from the latitudinarian tar-brush, which goes far to spoil it. The writer asserts that "the Lord lays down no doctrinal test for membership in his body, the church." But surely our Lord required men to keep his sayings, and he did not propose to make his New Jerusalem a conglomerate of houses built upon the sand; yet all persons who did not keep his words and do them, he describes as such. Our Lord claimed to be "the truth," as well as the way, and those who refused his teaching virtually rejected himself, and had no part with him. It is true that all are to be received who accept him as their Saviour in sincerity; but that involves accepting him as Master, Teacher, and Lord.

The Revelation of John: an Exposition. By P. W. GRANT. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE subject is one of acknowledged difficulty, and one might fairly excuse himself from reading a volume of nearly 640 pages mainly on seals, and trumpets, and vials, and other "dark sayings" of prophetic symbolism. Mr. Grant, however, refuses to be let alone. Whether we would or not, we were forced to read his book from beginning to end. It is full of interest for all students of the Apocalypse. We do not always agree with the author, but very much the reverse; yet we are obliged to him for making us search for and substantiate our right to differ. Particularly do we disagree as to a suggestion of doctrine, made more than once; but as the suggestion never occurs as positive teaching, and is always made with very reverent reservations, and as the book is, in all other respects, thoroughly evangelical in its teaching, we abstain from naming our objection.

Mr. Grant's view of his subject may be gathered from the opening sentences of his preface:—"The Revelation of John may be regarded as, to no small extent, an epitome of the entire Scriptures, or a summary of all revelation. It condenses, and, at the same time, completes, the whole prophetic history of human redemption." This idea is followed throughout; and the more difficult portions of this book are generally and often very impressively interpreted by some corresponding passage from the prophets. The imagery of the Old Covenant is relied on to expound the highly-figurative language of the apostle John; and readers are urgently and repeatedly warned against adopting "the most common of all the errors into which interpreters have often fallen—that of confounding the symbol with the thing symbolized."

In harmony with these general features, the exposition goes on. In the first chapter of "The Revelation," the great High Priest is seen "in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks"; that is, in the outer sanctuary, or the Holy Place. Hence, chapters ii. and iii., containing the epistles to the

seven churches, show us the High Priest in his relation to the church on earth—the church *without the veil*—through all time. In chap. iv., "A door was opened in heaven," and so, forthwith, the vision passes into the Holy of Holies—into heaven itself, "whither the Forerunner is for us entered." "The four living ones," in this and the following chapter, are thought to be representatives of God's unfallen creatures, and the four and twenty elders, the representatives of the church of the Old and New Testaments.

Space permits but a few words on the author's view of chap. xx., the *cruz* of the whole book. We do not accept Mr. Grant's exposition; but, according to it, the thousand years of the millennium stand for a vast, indefinite period, and are by no means to be interpreted as literal years, a process by which the thousand years has often been made to mean 260 years less than the three and a half years. According to Mr. Grant, the first resurrection is synonymous with regeneration—life from the dead; those who have part in it are already reigning with Christ; that reign is even now going on, and may thus go on through almost countless ages; the millennial period is "that during which the church on earth has reached its highest prosperity"; and the defection at last, when Satan shall be loosed out of his prison, is not from among those who have been reigning with Christ, but in the more active wickedness of such, still living, as had no part in the first resurrection. Can these things be so? We are persuaded the Scripture teaches very differently. Still, we respectfully read what our author has thoughtfully written.

The Parallel Bible. Henry Frowde.

A MAGNIFICENT copy of the sacred Word. Here we have the Authorized and Revised Versions in parallel columns, and the whole printed on the thinnest and finest of paper. What a present to a well-beloved pastor! We cannot suggest anything better, especially if bound in the best style. We are greatly obliged to Mr. Frowde for bringing out such a very useful edition of the Scriptures.

The Holy Bible. Edited with various Renderings and Readings from the best authorities. By Rev. T. K. CHEYNE, M.A., D.D., Rev. S. R. DRIVER, D.D., Rev. R. L. CLARKE, M.A., ALFRED GOODWIN, M.A., and Rev. W. SAWDY, M.A., D.D., LL.D. Eyre and Spottiswoode.

MANY know this Variorum Bible, and many will prize it when they know it. It is helpful to the student by giving him those variations of the text which are thought to be important: the marvel is that these variations are so few, and at the very worst do not place in jeopardy a single doctrine of the orthodox faith. Our faith in some of the editors of this Bible is by no means great; but we would not allow a suspicion to cross our mind that they would allow anything to guide them save their superior scholarship. We have no reason to think that any gentleman whose name is on the title-page would be otherwise than sternly conscientious; but still we prefer men of another school. Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode have brought forth this Bible in their usually commendable style. It makes a very beautiful volume, which any minister might be glad to receive as a present from a generous hearer.

"Israel my Glory"; or, Israel's Mission, and Missions to Israel. By JOHN WILKINSON. Mildmay Mission to the Jews, 60, Newington Green, N.

A VERY powerful plea for Jewish missions: one which it would be very hard to resist. But the volume has an interest apart from its leading object. It disposes of Anglo-Israelism most effectually, and this is the removal of a blunder fraught with dangers which its receivers do not see. It also shows where the ten tribes are, and gives a world of information about Israel in general. We were not before aware that the Jews do not now eat a lamb at the Passover; but have a shank-bone on the table instead. They remind us of "modern-thought" preachers; for they also dispense with the sacrifice, and give their followers a mere shank-bone of philosophy. Mr. Wilkinson's book is first-rate in every respect. Where we do

not agree with him, we yet respect his opinion; but in general we are at one with all that he says, and we confess that we are greatly instructed by his pages.

Mary Jane Kinnaird. By DONALD FRASER, M.A., D.D. Nisbet.

IN addition to all that is here recorded of the late excellent Lady Kinnaird, more might have been said of her personal piety and her admirable family management. Having met with servants of that holy household, we have been made to know after what an exemplary manner everything was conducted. Our own personal estimate of this glorious daughter of Zion we can scarcely express. She was a woman to revere, to consult, and to confide in. We had special cause to know her graciousness, her composure, and her discretion. We have hardly ever met with a sister in Christ in whom everything was so well balanced, and yet so forcible. It was right that she should have a biographer. We do not think Donald Fraser has said enough of her: generally, the fault is the other way. He has done his work exceedingly well, considering his materials; but we wish he had given us more of the home life, and the personal experience of one who was a great worker for the public, but also a lovely pattern in private life.

My Life. By JOSEPH FLORY. W. Wiseman, 34, Bouverie Street.

MR. FLORY has laboured on among the more Calvinistic section of the Baptists: a good man, but greatly tried. His experience is here told in all sincerity, and God is thereby praised for his faithfulness. The narrative may not be very sensational, but to us it is by no means dry reading. Knowing the man, and many of the persons and places mentioned, we are interested. If any stranger should desire to see the ways of life of a Strict and Particular Baptist minister, here is a photograph for him: even if he does not admire, he will learn. A man of seventy-two, who has been pastor of many little churches, must have a tale to tell when he sits down to write his "Life."

People's Commentary on the Gospel according to Luke. With Critical, Exegetical, and Applicative Notes. By EDWIN W. RICE, D.D. Philadelphia: The American Sunday-school Union, 1122, Chestnut Street.

THIS commentary is brought out in connection with "*The Green Fund.*" Mr. John C. Green left a sum of money in trust to aid in producing a high-class Sunday-school literature. This is the seventh publication of the trustees, and it is very good. A really popular exposition, just suited for Sunday-school teachers, is here offered at a cheap rate to the American public, who pay simply the cost of production, and have the copyright dues given them by "*The Green Fund.*"

The Messages of Christ. By Rev. JAMES J. ELLIS. The Authors' Co-operative Publishing Co., St. Bride Street.

THE messages to the churches have been used in many ways; and well they may have been, for every syllable of them is packed with compressed meanings. Mr. Ellis does not enter upon any learned exposition, but he gives a series of popular discourses, by way of illustrating and enforcing their teaching of the Word. These short sermons are quite out of the common track, and are rich with the spoils of wide reading and judicious quotation. In a few lines one gets more striking things than most divines afford us in ten times as many pages. Mr. Ellis deserves readers, for he is a great reader himself, and writes what is worth reading.

Gold from Ophir: a New Book of Bible Readings, Original and Selected. By J. E. WOLFE, Evangelist. With Introduction by Dr. J. H. BROOKES. Jewell, 77, Bible House, New York.

THE owner of this fine volume will have a warehouse of pulpit and platform furniture ready for immediate use. Everything is condensed and analyzed, so that there is not a line to spare. The doctrine is after our own heart, and the pervading spirit is one of downright earnestness. An English preacher who should import a copy of this work would not regret his money and trouble, for he would find himself

greatly helped by the outlines and choice thoughts here put together—at least, such has been our experience; and we speak as we have found. The title is rather too expressive: there is gold in the book, but some of it is scarcely from *Ophir*, for it has been worked up by the artificer.

A Book for Boys and Girls; or, Country Rhymes for Children. By JOHN BUNYAN. Being a facsimile of the Unique First Edition, published in 1686, deposited in the British Museum. Elliot Stock.

WE value all Mr. Elliot Stock's reprints; for they admit the many into the luxury of the few. Those acquainted with Bunyan's works will have seen the most of these odd, quaint, but instructive rhymes. Alexander Smith truly said, that "Bunyan's muse is clad in russet, wears shoes and stockings, has a country accent, and walks along the level of Bedfordshire roads." But we may add, she has rich milk in the pail upon her head, and fresh eggs in the basket in her hand. This is a bijou, a thing to show one's friends, and then to treasure up.

History of Christian Ethics. Vol. I. Before the Reformation. By Dr. CHR. ERNST LUTHARDT. Translated by W. HASTIE, B.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

A HISTORY of ethics, heathenish, Jewish, and Christian. What subject can be more useful or attractive? Given the subject—who could be better trusted with it than Luthardt? The most important questions in life are raised, and the most interesting epochs in history are described. Everyone can see that a book with such a theme claims an attentive reading. Who would not like to know of the ethical standards of Ambrose, Bernard, the Schoolmen, the Mystics, and the Franciscans? How did men behave themselves in mediæval times? Some of the most singular facts are brought forth in the course of this history. Vol. I. lands us on the shores of the Reformation. Every preacher who can obtain this first volume will feel a craving for the second, which will complete the work.

Bible Women and Nurses. A Record of the Work of the London Bible and Domestic Female Mission. Vol. VI. Cassell and Co.

A VERY chaste and nurse-like looking volume. It not only deals with the work of godly women in London, but incidentally yields us quite a pictorial survey of the great city, as it used to be, and as it is. As a book, altogether apart from its admirable object, this is a book worth buying.

Athanasius; his Life and Life-work.
By HENRY ROBERT REYNOLDS, D.D.
Religious Tract Society.

THE struggles of a man who could not trifle with truth are always grand history. Oh that we could discover in the whole body of this age as much decision for the gospel as would have been found in the little finger of Athanasius! He honoured his Lord, and therefore he could not consent to dishonour him, nor to live in fellowship with those who denied his Godhead. He stood against the world, and as the world and the church together were quite unable to make *him* move, he succeeded in moving *them*. Had he stirred an inch, the settled truth of our Lord's Deity might to this day have been the football of controversialists. He was not a man of strife, nor one who could not yield on unimportant matters; and this made him all the more influential when the time came for his firmness to be put forth in resistance to the Down-grade of his day. Since, at this day, the most essential quality of one who would bless his age must be close adhesion to the Word of the Lord, and a firm resolve not to swerve a hair's breadth from the infallible revelation of God, the perusal of such a life as this may be useful. Dr. Reynolds has done his work well. His pages have to us a singular charm.

Benjamin Hellier: his Life and Teachings. Edited by his Children.
Hodder and Stoughton.

It is fitting that this good man should have a memoir, not only for the sake of his family, but because of his congregations and his students. We wish we had known him, for he was a man of God. We wish we had heard him preach, if the description given

of him by Mr. Posnett is a complete one. That gentleman says: "I never heard him preach, but I was much struck with the fact that, when he had preached for me in Wakefield, my people all seemed in the week following to be full of the sermon, especially the old people, the parents, the thoughtful men and women. They spoke of it with a smile and a relish: and I seem to know some of his sermons quite well, such as the one on 'The Leaven Hid in the Meal.'"

Calabar and its Mission. By HUGH GOLDIE. Oliphant and Anderson.

THE United Presbyterians have a field-day in this volume. God has given to each branch of the church somewhat wherein they may rejoice, to be a stay to their hearts while further prosecuting their divine mission. Much of painful interest is recorded by Mr. Goldie, and the student of missionary literature will preserve it among his treasures.

Simon Peter: his Early Life and Times. By CHARLES S. ROBINSON, D.D. Oliphant, Anderson and Frier, and Nelson and Sons.

WHEN two publishers issue an American book in this country at the same moment, the presumption is that it is going to sell. Messrs. Oliphant and Co. claim to have made an arrangement with the publishers: they have also kept to the correct title, for they say, "his *early life and times*"; and this is accurate. We have not here a life of Peter, but a series of lively, instructive sermons upon the first part of the story of Peter, as we find it recorded in the four evangelists. The author is a man of high repute, and this work will increase his reputation.

History of King Alfred the Great of England. By JACOB ABBOTT.
Blackie and Son.

JACOB ABBOTT'S histories need no single word of praise from us. It is a treat to read them, and they convey to the mind far more instruction than the huge and dull works of the great historians. This is a first-rate edition: we should like to see all Abbott's histories issued in this shape.

John Bright: a Non-political Sketch of a Good Man's Life. By the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. "Home Words" Office.

VERY well done. There is not much of it; but the salient points in John Bright's life are very brightly lit up, and used for a high moral purpose.

Russia. ["The Story of the Nations" Series.] T. Fisher Unwin.

READING fit for minds that cannot browse on fiction. Here is something worthy of the time one may spend over it, and yet as pleasant as if we used it for a pastime. This is, to our mind, worth ten times the price charged for it. One ought to know about Russia. We may live to hear much more than we like about this oppressed nation.

Harvest Bells. Composed, selected, and published by W. E. PENN, Evangelist, of Eureka Springs, Arkansas, U.S.A. Price 75 cents.

AN American book of songs set to music, for Sunday-schools and religious meetings. In our judgment, more sound than music comes from these "Harvest Bells." Still, for those who like this kind of thing, it is just the kind of thing they would like. Mr. Penn has been very busy with his pen, if with nothing else; for most of the hymns have his name attached to them, either as the composer of the tune or of the words, or as the reviewer of other people's words. For some of the alterations we do not thank him. With all due respect to our American friend, we think he would have done well to let alone hymns like those of R. M. McCheyne's *Jehovah Tsidkenu*. For English taste we require words with more teaching and grit in them than the hymns of "Harvest Bells." The music we will leave alone, according to the wish of the author, who tells us that he did not commence to compose music till he had attained the age of fifty-five; and, therefore, he hopes musicians will not view his pieces with a critical eye. Very well, Mr. Penn, we will pass over the imperfections; but we cannot help saying that it might have been as well for your musical reputation if you had waited another fifty-five years before you began.

Early Britain. ["The Story of the Nations" Series.] By ALFRED J. CHURCH, M.A. T. Fisher Unwin.

BY no means unworthy of the invaluable series to which it belongs. We like the style and spirit of Mr. Church. He gives the facts as he gathers them, and does not run in the hard and fast groove of a theory into which the wheels of the narrative must be fitted. We seem now to have some decently clear notion of the Roman occupation of Britain, of those wild Picts and Scots who still come south, and of the Angles, and Saxons, and Danes, and Normans, and all the other races of thieves of whom we are the boastful offspring. We have no desire to see the empire once more resolved into a heptarchy, for then it would be dissolved; neither would we again see Welsh, Irish, Scotch, and English, all fighting for their own land, and knocking everything out of every hand in one general smash. We would not like to see the Britain of to-day conformed to "Early Britain," though there are some who would. This is a masterly historical work of a popular kind.

Onward: a Band of Hope, Temperance, and Family Magazine. Vol. XXIV. Partridge and Co.

ONWARD goes onward, and is ever full of force.

Precious Seed sown in many Lands. Sermons. By the late Rev. A. N. SOMERVILLE, D.D. With Biographical Sketch. Hodder and Stoughton.

It is meet that there should be a memorial of that grand old man, Dr. Somerville. He was all alive, and always bright, and never seemed to grow old. He went everywhere preaching the word in his own cheery, forcible, happy manner. The discourses in this volume we should suppose to be fair specimens of his utterances during that second life which came upon him when people reckoned that his useful career must end through the increase of his years. Happy old man, to grow young again, and do a second day's work for his master—and to do it so well, too!

Good Tidings. Sabbath Reading. For the Promotion of Holiness and Temperance. 4, Wine Office Court, Fleet Street.

THIS magazine aims at the best and purest objects. We may not be able to endorse all that it has to say upon Entire Sanctification; but on looking over the four volumes we find very much that is quickening and instructive. We feel glad that the church is able to keep going one journal at a halfpenny a week, which, when bound up, looks like a volume of a Religious Tit-bits. Here we have striking and interesting matter, such as people can read and yet keep awake; such also as will do them good when they have risen from their reading.

The Reaper. Volume for 1889. Marshall Brothers.

THIS magazine is splendidly conducted. We could not subscribe to every view which it advocates, but we should always be glad to know what that view might be, for its opinion would be sure to be formed with reverent prayerfulness. Many very vigorous paragraphs have struck us—vigorous, we mean, in regard to the “Down-grade” mischief; but, besides this, in reference to practical, godly, believing life for the Lord, its testimony is clear as a bell. The breath of life moves through the pages: it has, moreover, a dew from the Lord upon it.

The Sower. Vol. XI. *The Little Gleaner.* Vol. XI. Houlston and Sons.

THE yearly volumes of two good, sound, Calvinistic magazines. They would be regarded as very old-fashioned in many quarters now-a-days; but the old fashion has charms for us which newer fashions have not.

In His Name. The Record of the Ragged School and Mission Union. Shaw and Co.

No work is more Christ-like than that of Ragged Schools. Mr. Kirk here gives us a record of work done during the last two years, and the magazine makes quite a handsome volume, adorned with the portraits of some of the noblest men and women on God's

earth. It is small honour to be promoted from the beerage to the peerage; but work among the ragged is in itself so noble that the only possible promotion is to the ranks of the glorified.

Electricity and its Uses. By J. MUNRO. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Religious Tract Society.

FEW readers will require more information upon electricity than this book will give them. It is revised up to date, is written in a clear style, and is full of information for those whose minds are sufficiently electrified to wish for a closer acquaintance with this mysterious agent. The volume is tastefully brought out.

How to Make Common Things. A Handy Book for Girls. By DORA D. BLAQUIÈRE, MARIE KARGER, DORA HOPE, and others. Edited by Charles Peters. Tract Society.

It is better to provide pursuits at home than to multiply amusements abroad. The home is the place for the girls most surely, and this is the kind of book to suggest occupations for leisure hours—occupations which tend to make the house bright and cheerful with articles of taste and use. Our lady reviewer says, “this is a specially nice book for girls.”

Native Life in South India; being Sketches of the Social and Religious Characteristics of the Hindus. By the Rev. HENRY RICE. Religious Tract Society.

If you want, in a brief space, to get a clear notion of India and its religious condition, read this book. The knowledge will be valuable, and the method of obtaining it will be very pleasant. Mr. Rice is a first-class guide to the land of rice.

Martyrs to Freedom; or, Struggles for National Liberty. A book for old and young. By the Rev. PHILIP BARNES. John Hogg.

A CAPITAL book. We need patriots still, and this is the sort of reading to create them. We read this during our holiday, and found it full of entertaining knowledge.

Dora's Doll's House. A Story for the Young. By the Hon. Mrs. GREENE. Nelson and Sons.

How could an honourable lady be more honourably employed than in a careful study of the ways and moods, temptations and trials, hopes and joys of little children, and then in using her gifts to fashion her observations into a tale? The moral in Dora's case is the misery of selfishness, and the wickedness of duplicity. The story is more suitable for the children of the wealthy than for little girls who, in lieu of dolls of every grade of society, from the duchess to the dairy-maid, have very few and very humble pets; and these, for the most part, sans hair, sans eyes, sans arms, sans everything, and yet are happier than much-dolled Dora. Somewhere in the book we noticed that the little miss was informed that angels were waiting to carry her words to the feet of Jesus; but both chapter and verse were omitted; there is no such Scripture.

Behind the Veil. A Tale of the Days of William the Conqueror. By EMILY SARAH HOLT. Shaw and Co.

MISS HOLT is a painstaking worker, and hence the pleasure her stories afford. This is one of the best of what we may term Walks in the Byepaths of English History. The get-up of the book is in Messrs. Shaw's best.

Robert's Race; or, More Haste Less Speed. By EMMA MARSHALL. Shaw.

A PRETTY eighteen-penny story, containing wise warning and kindly encouragement for all sorts and conditions of boys.

Rose and Thorn. A Tale for the Young. By KATHERINE LEE BATES. Nelson and Sons.

A BEAUTIFUL story, by a highly-cultured American lady. Charity, in the Pauline sense of the word, is the theme which the story seems intended to illustrate and inculcate: the charity that beareth all things, hopeth all things, and never faileth. We could have wished for a clearer enunciation of the way of salvation in that part of the book in which the principal characters are made to discuss their spiritual experiences.

The Pearl of Billingsgate. By Miss M. A. PAULL. *Sidney Holt's Purpose.* By Mrs. C. L. BALFOUR. (Price 1s. 6d. each). *Among the Queen's Enemies.* By F. SHERLOCK. *Our Jennie.* By ISABEL MAUDE HAMILL. *Snatched from Death.* By A. J. GLASSPOOL. (1s. each). Partridge.

FIVE temperance tales, mostly by well-known writers, whose names are a sufficient guarantee of the soundness of the teaching on total abstinence. Put the whole five books in the Band of Hope library, and they will not remain long unread.

The Eagle Cliff. A Tale of the Western Isles. By R. M. BALLANTYNE. Partridge and Co.

THE most judicious friend may always feel safe in putting Mr. Ballantyne's stories into the hands of young people. We do not class him with "religious novel" writers; but he never neglects to put in some clear gospel truth and temperance teaching. This tale is somewhat below the author's average as to instruction, and reads as if he had been industriously playing at book-making, during a well-earned holiday, on one of the Western Isles.

My Black Sheep. By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN. Charles H. Kelly.

A VERY odd and improbable tale of a singular youth and his benefactress, who was an equally singular specimen of the noble army of old maids. How, by the tact and Christian kindness of this amiable old lady, her former lover's orphan son is proved to be a gentleman and a hero, is told in Miss Green's usual society style.

Rich and Poor. A Tale for Boys. How one Boy climbed up, and another slipped down. By C. M. TROWBRIDGE.

Tuke. A Story for Boys. By ISABEL HORMBOOTH.

The Fairy Cobbler's Gold. By ETHEL PENROSE. Nelson and Sons.

THREE very nice story-books, from the press of Messrs. Nelson. *Rich and Poor* is a specially excellent story. It would make a splendid present for a boy, whether he be rich or poor.

Notes.



OUR son, THOMAS SPURGEON, is an old friend of the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel*. We cannot give a good portrait of him, because we have not one to give. This is the best we can find. The Lord, by his means, raised the Baptist Church in Auckland, New Zealand, to such prosperity, that it overgrew his strength. To build their noble sanctuary was no mean exploit. Our son was ill, and became depressed in spirit, and therefore felt compelled to retire from a post so arduous. He is now resting in Tasmania, with our beloved friend, Mr. Gibson; and when he has been thoroughly recruited, he hopes, for a while, to undertake evangelistic work in New Zealand. His lack of health will not permit of a pastorate in England; but somewhere in the southern hemisphere we believe there is a field preparing for him, where he will reap great harvests of souls. He is true as steel to the old faith, and full of a deep longing for conversions. We seek the prayers of the Lord's people, that his future steps may be ordered of the Lord, to the glory of our Redeemer, and the advancement of the cause of God and truth.

THE SURREY GARDENS MEMORIAL is not forgotten. The plans are being drawn, and purchase of land arranged. We are not pressing the subscription-list, because this is the season when the other institutions put in their claim. We have a little over £1,300; but as we cannot do with less than £3,000, our friends will see that we are not at the half-way house yet. We have no idea of going into debt. Unless friends come forward spontaneously, the matter must "wait a wee." We trust to see it carried through in due time without bazaars, or other means which are thought "generally necessary." If it is to be a thank-offering unto the Lord, there ought to be as little urging and begging as possible. "Freely ye have received, freely give."

MR. HUDSON TAYLOR'S "*To Every Creature*," is an appeal for China of unsurpassable power. He pleads for a thousand evangelists without delay, and he ought to have them. Those who cannot give £50, which will support a missionary for a year, might scatter this appeal, which can be bought for sixpence a dozen of *Morgan and Scott*. Every believer in the Lord Jesus should have this earnest and reasonable appeal brought under his notice. The proposal is practical, and is involved in our Lord's commission.

MR. PATRICK, our missionary at Tangier, has just written us:—

"During the last fortnight, we have endeavoured to leave a Gospel, with a bill announcing our meetings, etc., in every house in Tangier where Spanish is spoken. 1400 Gospels, and the same quantity of bills have been distributed. Both Spaniards and Jews have received us most kindly. Many of the homes have been entered; and in a few, hymns have been sung, prayer offered, or the gospel preached. The Jesuit priests collected some Gospels, and burned them. The people gave them up, fearing they would be turned out of their homes if they refused. Several of them have come to us asking for other copies. The priests could not have helped us more, for all Tangier has been talking about it. We know many homes where the Gospels are being read. One lad read the Gospel of Luke through the same day it was left at the house. We gave him a Bible two days later. Our meetings, considering the very bad weather, and dark and muddy streets, are most encouraging. Quite a number of fresh faces have been seen in our meetings this week. My dear wife and myself are in good health and spirits." The work seems very hopeful, but the labourers are too few for the vast field. We can only move as friends push the wheels, by affording us money.

The past few weeks have been very busy ones for the Editor, as the following record will show. It must be borne in mind that the meetings here reported are in addition to the regular services on Lord's-days and week-evenings, the usual duties in connection with the College, Orphanage, and other institutions, and the ever-increasing burden of correspondence, which is perhaps the most trying part of our labour. We hope friends will not ask us to do anything more, for we have reached the limit of our power, at least for the present, and must beg to be excused.

On Monday evening, March 24, various causes combined to make the attendance at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting smaller than usual. It was a very wet night, a church-meeting was being held at the same hour, and the Pastor was announced to preach for

Mr. Williams, at Upton Chapel, at eight o'clock, so some friends went there instead of coming to the Tabernacle. The Pastor presided at the first part of the meeting; and when he had to leave, Mr. William Olney took his place. After various brethren had prayed, Mr. Chamberlain sang the sweet hymn that contains the lines—

"I'd rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light;
I'd rather walk by faith with him
Than go alone by sight."

The Pastor commented on these words, and then asked Mr. Chamberlain to sing them again, in the hope that all present might join in the song, and in the sentiment too. Special prayer having been offered for the service at Upton Chapel, and for Mr. Williams and all his work, the Pastor went to Upton, which was well filled, notwithstanding the unfavourable weather. Concerning the service, Mr. Williams writes:—"All our people are deeply grateful to you, and myself most of all. The word was exactly the one most needed; I am sure the Lord gave it to you, and I rest confident that he will bless it." Mr. Williams is full of the essence of love. He is our very near neighbour, but his church is one of the most flourishing in the whole of London. It is no easy matter to gather and retain a large congregation so near to the Tabernacle year after year, but our brother Williams has done it; and better still, out of those who have come to hear the Word, the Lord has called many by his grace, so that a large working church exists as a blessing to the whole neighbourhood.

On Tuesday afternoon, March 25, Mr. Spurgeon fulfilled a long-standing engagement, by preaching for Pastor John Hillman, of Hampden Chapel, Hackney. The pastor and deacons of Victoria Park Congregational Chapel had kindly lent their spacious building, which was more than crowded by the multitude who gathered to hear the Word. It was a great pleasure to be in Victoria Park on a week-day afternoon, and see the people come trooping through like a vast army. Every face seemed eager, and each person moved with that quick, hearty step which seemed to say, "We are going where we love to go, that our souls may be fed." There were present a session of ministers, a synod of deacons, and an assembly of saints. An enthusiastic audience listened joyfully to the Word of life.

On Friday evening, March 28, Mr. Spurgeon delivered an address at Exeter Hall, in connection with the Annual Conference of the CHRISTIAN POLICE ASSOCIATION. This is a noble society, and is growing greatly from year to year. The number of Christians in the force is most encouraging. Delegates were present from all parts of the country, and many of their wives were with them. Miss Gurney, and her staff of friends, work

with much zeal, looking up to the Lord for blessing. The work is smiled upon by Christians of all denominations. Mr. J. Herbert Tritton was in the chair, and the Rev. H. Webb-Peploe gave the first address. This was only one of the meetings of the day. Our police friends began soon, and kept it up till late; and thus different sets of constables could be present. Our part in the matter was a very pleasant one.

On Monday afternoon, March 31, the annual meeting of the TABERNAACLE LADIES' WORKING BENEVOLENT SOCIETY was held in the lecture-hall, under the presidency of the Pastor. After tea, Mr. Harrold read the balance-sheet, which showed that about £70 had been expended during the year, and one hundred and fifty-six articles had been made and given away, together with six hundred and fifty-four yards of material not made up. In the course of his address, the Pastor pointed out that this was the oldest, but by no means the only, Benevolent Society connected with the Church at the Tabernacle, for nearly all the various societies and missions had their own benevolent ladies working and giving for the relief of the poor. The increase in the number of agencies had weakened the original Society, which needed to be strengthened by the addition of fresh helpers. Deacons Hall, Carr, and William Olney addressed the meeting, and at the suggestion of Mr. Olney it was agreed that all the ladies connected with the Tabernacle should be invited to tea, in the hope that many of them might be induced to become helpers of this Society. The poverty around us constantly increases, but the power to relieve it does not grow in the same proportion; on the contrary, as the richer friends move away, it decreases. Christian friends who have been brought forth into a "wealthy place" must not forget those who labour where there is a large preponderance of poverty. Churches near the centre of London will not be able to carry on their work unaided, for around them there will soon be unmet need, and none to furnish the necessary supplies. Friends cannot be blamed for living in the suburbs, but they must not forget the workers among whom they earned their substance.

In the evening, the annual meeting of the TABERNAACLE SUNDAY-SCHOOL was held in conjunction with the prayer-meeting. A contingent of the teachers and scholars occupied part of the lower gallery, and, at intervals, sang some of their hymns very sweetly. The Pastor said that he had just received a copy of *The Sword and the Trowel*, for September, 1880, in which the first article was a sermon on "The Covenant," on which was written—"This portion, read by my mother, 70 years of age, who had been praying for me 37 years, was the means of my conversion at the eleventh hour." The Pastor held up the sermon and rejoiced.

Prayer for a blessing upon the work of

the Sunday-school was presented by various teachers, and then Mr. Wagstaff, the secretary, read the annual report. This stated, that, in the home-school, there are now 104 teachers and officers, all church members, and 1,444 scholars, of whom 138 are members of the church, 42 having been received during the past year. Including the mission and branch schools, there are 5,513 scholars, and 644 teachers. £150 has been collected for home and foreign missions, in addition to £50 raised by Mr. Wigney's class for Mr. Easton in China, who was formerly a member of the class.

Pastor H. O. Mackey, of Peckham Park Road, then delivered an address specially to teachers. He began by referring to the fact that he was converted under Mr. Spurgeon's preaching at the Tabernacle, that he was baptized there, and that it was there that he had received the impressions that had led to his admission to the College, and his entrance into the ministry of the gospel. (His beloved mother was sitting in front, and listening to her son). Speaking to the teachers, he said that their work was *pre-eminently spiritual*; that it *depended more upon character and life than upon intellectual power*; that, as the work is *largely preventive*, its full results cannot be known here; and that it is *bound to succeed* because it is along the lines of the divine purposes. These points were all enforced by clear reasoning and apt illustrations, and applied with much earnestness and power to the many Christian workers present. In their name Mr. Pearce, the esteemed superintendent, heartily thanked Mr. Mackey, and also all who had helped in the furnishing of the new library, and seats for the school; and appealed for more male teachers. The Pastor, alluding to what had been said about the full results of Christian work not being known here, mentioned four instances of conversion through his grandfather's preaching, which had been told to his father in different parts of the country, but none of which had been made known to the dear old minister who so long preached the gospel at Stambourne.

On Tuesday, April 1, after spending the greater part of the afternoon and evening at the Tabernacle, seeing enquirers and candidates for church-fellowship, the Pastor went to Loughborough Hall, and addressed the workmen of Messrs. Holliday and Greenwood, and Messrs. H. and F. H. Higgs. The two firms had united for the evening, and had given their workmen and their wives a substantial tea, and some choice sacred music. Mr. Spurgeon closed the evening with a cheerful and earnest talk as to the reasons why working-men needed religion, showing that it would be a blessing for this world and for the next. Mr. S. specially warned his hearers against sham religion, which he likened to houses whose style was Queen Anne in front and Mary Ann behind. If more employers would give their pastors such an opening to

talk to working-men, much good must come of it.

Easter Monday, April 7, was not observed as a holiday at the Tabernacle. In the afternoon, the Pastor sat to see applicants for church-membership, having found on previous Bank holidays that there are many who can come at such times. Sufficient came to keep the Pastor fully and happily occupied until the usual hour of prayer. Many of the regular attendants were absent from the Tabernacle; but others, in consequence of the holiday, were able to be present, so that the numbers were as large as usual, if not larger. Many petitions were presented, especially for a blessing upon the previous day's services, when strangers to a considerable extent occupied the places of the ordinary congregation. One of the brethren who prayed, used the expression, "*There is a lot of self in us*," which the Pastor at once took as the topic of a brief address upon the evil of relying upon self. Mr. Harrauld read the special requests for prayer, and offered supplication. One of the workers in the lodging-houses in the Mint gave an account of his work, and in the course of his prayer for his fellow-labourers said, "*We leave ourselves with thee, O Lord; we cannot do anything better.*" This furnished the Pastor with the subject for a second address to the unsaved, to Christian workers, and to those who were burdened in any way. They were all recommended to imitate our brother, and say, "*We leave ourselves with thee, O Lord; we cannot do anything better.*" Incidentally, the Pastor quoted two verses of an appropriate hymn, and this led him to explain how he came to know so many hymns. When he was a boy, his mother offered him a penny for every hymn he learned; but he learned them so fast that she had to reduce the reward to a halfpenny. He thought his mother had spent her money very wisely, and he would recommend other parents to make a similar investment. After special prayer for the work of the various missions connected with the church, a very delightful meeting was closed with the singing, to the tune "Nottingham," of part of the Pastor's hymn in last month's magazine.

On Tuesday afternoon, April 8, the Pastor preached for Mr. Tuckwell, at Westbourne Grove Chapel. The spacious building was densely crowded, and there was an earnest spirit of hearing which gave promise of blessing to follow. Oh, that upon that sanctuary the dew of heaven would fall; for a fruitful gospel ministry is always needed in busy marts and crowded thoroughfares!

COLLEGE.—Mr. A. Curtis has accepted the pastorate at Braintree. Mr. C. Boyall, who has been for some time labouring in connection with the Evangelization Society, is returning to Australia, accompanied by Mr. Henry Clark, who came to us from New

Zealand, and who, having completed his College course, is going back to the southern land. Mr. F. J. Steward, of Corsham, has sailed for Australia, where we trust that he will be guided to a sphere in which his labours will be blessed. We commend these three brethren to all our friends at the Antipodes. They are worthy men.

The following brethren have removed, or will shortly do so:—Mr. J. E. Brett, from Eastcombe, to Tewkesbury; Mr. G. Goodchild, from Preston, to Waterloo, and to assist Mr. Carter in his pioneer work; Mr. T. Hagen, from Coalville, to Infirmary Street, Bradford; Mr. J. C. Hewson, late of Irvine, to Hornchurch, Essex; Mr. C. A. Ingram, from King's Sutton, to Leafield, Witney, Oxfordshire; Mr. A. Lester, from Wollaston, to Keppel Street, Russell Square; Mr. A. A. Saville, from Carlisle, to South Shields; and Mr. T. H. Smith, from Chatteris, to Walworth Road, Hitchin.

The death of our beloved brother, W. H. Burton, of Dalston, leaves a gap in our ranks that will not be easily filled. He was one of the firmest and most uncompromising of our friends. He was consecrated to his Lord, and knew him as "the way, the truth, and the life." He preached with awful earnestness, and yet he has long been far gone with diseased lungs. How he lived has been a wonder unto many. Bravest of the brave was Burton. Earth held not a truer man. Others failed us, but he never swerved. The Lord preserve his widow and fatherless children, and raise up for his faithful church a worthy successor!

The present number of the magazine will be in the hands of the printers before the Conference commences, so that we must postpone until next month the reports of the gatherings about to be held; but friends will see in the lists that donations for the College Supper fund are coming in very satisfactorily. The Lord be praised!

EVANGELISTS.—*Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* mission, at Leamington, was one of the most successful that they have held for a long time. No building in the town was large enough to hold the crowds that wished to enter. Warwick Street Chapel was filled for the afternoon Bible-readings, which were greatly appreciated. During the first ten days, hundreds could not be admitted into the hall that had been engaged, so the Spencer Street Congregational Chapel was secured, and this also was filled, and much blessing rested upon the Word. At Dale Street Wesleyan Chapel the power of the Lord was very manifest. It is believed that all the churches will reap a large spiritual harvest.

During the past month Mr. Smith has been obliged to rest. He has not been thoroughly well for a long time; and on going to the doctor, he found that he must give up all work for a while, and take immediate steps to prevent a serious malady.

Mr. Chamberlain accompanied Mr. Fullerton for parts of the missions at Ashford and Sutton-in-Craven.

Mr. Burnham had very enjoyable services at Wynn Street Hall, Birmingham, and there were "signs following." He has since been at Watchet; and after Conference will return to Shrewsbury. He is free for engagements during the summer.

Mr. Harmer had a successful mission at Riddings, Derbyshire, where a good number decided for Christ. He afterwards went to Wotton-under-Edge, where many came to the services, and several were converted. After the Conference he is going to Boston Road, Croydon, and to Kelvedon.

Pastor T. Hancocks writes concerning *Mr. Harrison's* services at Chatham:—"Our brother's spiritual mind, earnest aim, able preaching, and unmistakable gospel were much appreciated by the Christians, and his work was owned of God to many. The mission has done great good."

Mr. Parker's services at Sholing were blessed to many. He afterwards went to Brook Street, Tottenham. Concerning the mission there, Miss Howard writes:—"It has been very refreshing to believers, and not without marked blessing to the unsaved. Some have been sweetly led to trust in Jesus, and to rejoice in his salvation. Mr. Parker is just the man for the work, hearty, bright, and earnest. He has a powerful voice, which both in singing and speaking he uses for the Master."

COLPORTAGE.—The annual meeting of the Colportage Association will be held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on Monday evening, May 12th. A number of the Colporteurs will be present, and the President will take the chair.

ORPHANAGE.—The annual festival will (D.V.) be held on *Thursday, June 19*, the President's birthday. Our generous friend, Richard Cory, Esq., J.P., of Cardiff, has kindly promised to preside at the afternoon public meeting, and Sir Henry Doulton will be our chairman at the evening gathering. Further particulars will be announced in due time. As the festival comes this year on a Thursday, the usual service at the Tabernacle will not be held. A friend who was accustomed to send as many sovereigns as the Pastor had years, has now gone to his rest. When Mr. Spurgeon was fifty-four, this friend smiled, and said, "You are becoming more and more my dear pastor." He meant it in the sweetest sense. This year we shall miss the £56 which he would have sent in. We fear no one will aspire to his place and its duties.

PERSONAL NOTES.—Major General Haig, having paid a visit last May to Mr. and Mrs. Lethaby, who (single-handed) were working in Kerak, the Kir-hareseth of the

Old Testament, has issued a tractate describing his visit. It is deeply encouraging to find a Christian man and woman so consecrated, and so filled with faith, as to venture into the heart of the land of Moab, among the Arabs, to teach and preach Jesus Christ. They have survived very serious perils; but they are every day in danger, and owe their lives, hour by hour, to the Almighty Preserver of men. While reading Mr. Haig's brief account of his visit, we came upon the following, which gave us a leap of delight:—

"My first Sunday's rest in Kerak was an enjoyment indeed. Here, in this humble abode, in that far-away corner of Arabia, was an English home again, and English Sabbath rest, prayer, and praise, and happy anticipations of the eternal Sabbath, which is to follow time's little week of labour and suffering. . . . It was a red-letter day in the little mission-house; and, when night closed in, and the simple supper was over, and the lamp was lit, the old Moabite dwelling echoed to some of Wesley's hymns, and C. H. Spurgeon discoursed to us of heavenly things before we finally laid ourselves down to rest."

Mentioning the matter to Mrs. Spurgeon, she replied, "Oh, yes; I have sent the sermons to Kir-hareseth for years past, and I supplied Mr. Lethaby with Arabic books for learning the language." Here the Book Fund takes its place in the work of the Lord by helping his servants abroad.

In *The Life-Story of Salim, the Soudanese*, a little book published by Partridge and Co., but written by Mr. Linnell, the excellent vicar of Pavenham, we came across the following passage, which, coming close on the heels of the Moabite incident, gave us a very happy evening during a week of heavy toil:—

"Our next move was on to Stanley Pool. We were here told all manner of wild stories about the savageness of the people on the Upper Congo. On the road we came upon lots of skeletons that were said to be the remains of Soudanese who had perished while accompanying some African explorer. We were both so glad to get to the end of this painful and wearisome journey; it had told on both our bodies and minds. Stopping with one of the A. B. M. S. missionaries, we found, so far, far away from the place where their sentences had first been uttered, several of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. What an influence for good has God given this great preacher! And what numbers of souls have been converted or strengthened through words God has poured through his lips!"

Do our readers personally know the delight of doing good to their fellows? If so, they will sympathize in the thrill of joy which we feel when accidentally meeting with tidings from afar of this sort.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—
March 27, fifteen; April 3, twelve.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.
"Lizzie"	1	0	0
Pastor R. J. Williamson	1	0	0
Rev. Jno. Jackson	2	2	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Pastor J. L. Bennett	1	0	0
Pastor F. Durbin	1	0	0
Pastor A. H. Stote	1	0	0
Mr. J. Tansley	0	5	0
Pastor Jno. Horne	0	10	0
Part collection at Kent Street Baptist Chapel, Portsea, per Pastor J. Kemp	1	16	10
Pastor D. Tait	1	1	0
Mr. R. A. Pilcher	0	5	0
Miss E. C. Murdock	0	5	0
Mr. R. J. Beediff	0	2	6
Contribution from Calstock and Metherril, per Pastor A. Pidgeon	0	10	0
Contribution from Hampton Court Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. Hall	0	7	6
Proceeds from a reading, per Pastor F. A. Jackson	0	18	0
Mr. Dennison, per J. Tansley	0	10	0
"Elishama"	1	0	0
Pastor W. E. Lynn	0	2	6
Mrs. McLean	0	10	0
Rev. W. J. Styles	1	0	0
Pastor W. Fuller Gooch	0	10	6
Pastor Charles A. Dann	1	0	0
A friend	10	0	0
Pastor J. F. Avery	0	10	0
Christ Church, Aston, per Pastor George Samuel	5	8	0
Mr. Thomas Scouler	4	0	0

	£	s.	d.
A friend	5	0	0
Pastor H. H. Driver	2	0	0
Mrs. Baldwin	1	0	0
Mrs. Gray's grandmother	0	2	0
Thankoffering for the services of Messrs. Graham and Titmuss at Colingwood Street Mission	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Rutherford	5	0	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
Mr. D. W. James	5	5	0
Hill End	100	0	0
Mr. W. Johnson	100	0	0
P.	100	0	0
Mr. Charles Finch Foster	100	0	0
Mr. E. F. Duncanson	50	0	0
Mrs. Faulconer	50	0	0
Miss Steedman	50	0	0
E. H.	10	2	5
Mrs. Durrant	18	9	0
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	10	10	0
Mr. Fred. Howard	2	2	0
Mr. E. Ridgway	5	0	0
C. A. M.	25	0	0
Mrs. Bennetts	5	0	0
Mrs. Pepys	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Tawell	5	0	0
Mr. W. J. Evelyn	20	0	0
Mr. R. Cory, J.P.	25	0	0
Miss Heath	25	0	0
Mr. E. Marsh	20	5	0
Mr. Thomas R—	5	0	0
Mrs. B.	10	0	0
Miss Hadfield	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. W. H. Reburn	0	2	6	Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Mr. Lawrence Shepherd	0	10	0	Mrs. Bridgman and son	0	2	6
Mrs. Knapp	10	0	0	Proceeds of sale of photographs by			
Mrs. Manley	20	0	0	Pastor H. F. Adams, Nova Scotia	1	4	8
Mrs. York	0	10	0	Mr. P. Wallis	0	10	0
Mrs. Baldwin	1	0	0	Mrs. P.	1	0	0
Mrs. White	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. B. C. Allen	0	11	0
West Brompton Railway Mission Sunday-school	2	2	0	Miss Haddfield	10	0	0
Mr. A. White	0	4	0	Collected by Mrs. James Withers:-			
A special thankoffering for a special blessing	0	5	0	Mr. William Moore	5	0	0
Miss R. B. Stagg	0	10	0	Mr. H. Cooper	0	10	0
Executors of the late Rev. J. B. Tucker	10	0	0	Mrs. Collier	0	5	0
In memoriam, E.	1	0	0	Mrs. Whitfield	0	5	0
A friend	15	0	0	Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6
Mrs. Gray	0	5	0	E. J. E. M.	6	2	6
Mrs. Taylor	0	5	0	Mr. T. Muir Dalziel	5	0	0
Mrs. Clout	1	0	0	Mrs. Hector	3	0	0
Mr. J. MacPherson	0	5	0	Mrs. Williams	1	0	0
Mr. Braithwaite	0	5	0	Mrs. Dobbs	0	10	6
Collected by Miss A. Amey	5	1	6	Adelphi	1	0	0
Mr. J. H. Mills	0	5	0	Bogmoor Sunday-school children	2	2	0
A thankoffering from three	0	5	0	West Calder Free Church Sabbath School	0	8	0
Found on the road in Bradenham, Norfolk	0	2	0	T. R., Redruth	0	5	0
Mrs. Hart	0	10	0	Mrs. Reed	0	10	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6	Mr. Jno. Hooper	2	0	0
Sale of S. O. tracts	0	1	6	Mr. R. Greenwood	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Dora Sutherland	0	16	4	Mr. James Bain	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Perry	0	5	0	Dr. Alfred Pennings	10	0	0
Collected by M. and E. Chance	0	5	0	A friend	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Tullis	1	11	0	Mrs. Hicks	0	6	0
Collected by Mrs. Penning	0	5	0	Mrs. Brown	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Wilmott	0	8	8	A country minister	0	3	0
L. Fairhead (girl's card)	0	3	6	Postal order from Waltham Abbey	0	10	0
M. Unwin (girl's card)	0	5	0	Mr. G. Hicks	1	10	0
Ada Ellis (girl's card)	0	5	0	Mrs. Cooper	0	5	0
Jack, South Lambeth	0	4	0	Mr. Archibald Lang	2	0	0
Mr. T. D. Adams	1	0	0	Mrs. Lewis	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Jno. Lord	0	6	0	Mr. John W. Kirwan	1	0	0
Miss E. Marsh	0	2	6	Scott notes from Collace, Perth	2	0	0
Miss M. Shearer	0	10	0	Miss E. A. Fysh	0	1	0
"One of his stewards"	1	0	0	Mr. F. J. Rumsey	0	10	0
Mrs. Sparrow	0	10	0	Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	5	0
Sale of gold watch, from a friend in Combe Down	2	10	0	Mrs. Thomas and Willie	1	2	6
Sale of earrings, from a friend	0	2	6	Mr. J. Holt Skinner	3	0	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	19	0	Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon:-				Mr. James Kerr	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Daintree	1	1	0	Mrs. Watt	0	2	6
Miss Guerrier	1	1	0	Miss Thompson, per Rev. James Blythe	0	5	0
	2	2	0	Mrs. King	5	0	0
Mr. G. Unwin	0	10	0	F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Collected by the Misses Sunderland	0	12	0	Mrs. L. Belough	0	1	0
Mr. H. Wood	1	0	0	Mrs. N. Harrison	0	10	0
Mr. E. K. Stace	0	10	0	Collected by Mr. R. H. Tomkins	0	17	8
From loving and praying hearts at St. Leonard's	0	10	0	Collected by Mr. A. A. Jones	0	6	8
Mr. E. Cousins	0	10	0	Collected by Miss M. Martin	0	9	0
Mrs. Parker's 5 per cent.	2	5	0	Collected by Miss Gladwell	0	4	8
Mr. T. Vickery	1	1	0	Box at Orphanage Gates	0	6	2
Lizzie	1	0	0	Mr. S. Pearce	0	16	10
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0	Mr. O. R. Norrish	0	5	0
Executors of the late Mr. Daniel Miller	80	0	0	Mr. J. S. Crisp	0	10	0
Half proceeds of Mr. Chas. Cook's lecture at the Metropolitan Tabernacle	14	0	0	S. E. K., per S. R. P.	0	5	0
Mrs. Lumsden	0	5	0	Postal order from Stanwell	0	10	0
Mrs. Booth	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Grange	2	0	0
Mrs. Hague	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Whittaker	3	3	0
F. and P.	0	5	0	Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:-			
V. S.	10	0	0	Lake Road Chapel, Portsmouth, per			
Mr. Thomask	5	0	0	Pastor Charles Joseph	57	6	10
Mr. Samuel Barrow	25	0	0	Cookstown	21	7	0
Mr. Samuel Barrow	25	0	0	Sale of programmes, Stratford	3	6	2
A member of the Church of England	0	5	0	Sale of programmes, Crown Baths	0	13	0
Mrs. Beattie	1	0	0	Walthamstow (moiety)	5	5	0
Mrs. Hooke's Mothers' Meeting, Brentford	0	8	0	Towards expenses of meeting, Penrose Street, Walworth	0	12	0
				Towards expenses of meeting, Peckham	2	2	0
				Upton Chapel Sunday-school	2	2	0
							£489 6 6

List of Presents received, per Mr. Charlesworth, from March 15th to April 14th, 1890.—PROVISIONS: 24 quarterns Bread, Mr. J. Law; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; a quantity of Pigs' Fry, Lard, &c., Mr. W. J. Graham; 156 Buns, 43 Cakes, Messrs. Peak, Frean and Co.; 1,000 Buns, Mr. W. Medcalf; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 5 lbs. Tea, Mr. W. Jordan; 1 Cake, Miss Dawson.

Boys' CLOTHING.—24 pairs Socks, 1 Vest, Anon.; 1 Suit of Clothes, 1 Collar, and 1 Tie, Mr. J. Brown; 7 Articles, Anon.; 23 Flannel Shirts, 3 Cotton Shirts, 3 pairs Socks, Miss Steedman; 6 Shirts, a cottage working party, per Mrs. Curtis.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—7 Articles, Miss E. Marsh; 17 Ulsters, 12 Jackets, Mr. T. Yorath; 56 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 32 Garments, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 8 Articles, Anon.; 4 Handkerchiefs, Miss Dawson; 9 Garments, a Cottage Working Party, per Mrs. Curtis; 8 Articles, The Juvenile Working Society at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Woods; 6 Woollen Wraps, Anon.

GENERAL.—5 yards Unbleached Calico, Miss A. Milner; 1 pair Blankets, A Dorset Friend; 1 Quilt, Miss E. Marsh; 3 bottles Anti-Rheumatic Oils, Mr. J. Winfield; 1 Writing Case, 1 Scrap-book, Miss Dawson; 1 box Scripture Cards, Mrs. M. A. Keen; 1 Portrait, Mr. H. Wood; 1 load Firewood, Mr. J. Cooper.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
<i>Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—</i>				<i>Great Yarmouth Town Mission</i> ...			
Ladlow, per Mr. J. A. Evans:—				Essex Congregational Union, for Pitsea	7	10	0
Mr. Thos. Davies...	5	0	0	Horley District, per Rev. B. Marshall	7	10	0
Mr. Lang ...	1	0	0	South Devon Congregational Union,			
Mr. E. Day ...	1	0	0	for Newton Abbot	10	0	0
Mrs. Sice ...	1	0	0	Norfolk Association, for Neatishead	10	0	0
Mrs. J. B. Jones ...	0	10	0	Rendham District, per Rev. J. Hollier	5	0	0
Per Miss Fitzgerald:—							
Mr. E. J. Fitzgerald ...	1	0	0		£157	2	6
Miss E. Fitzgerald...	0	2	6	<i>Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—</i>			
		9	12	6		£	s.
Okehampton district ...	10	0	0	Mr. Thomas Scoular ...	1	0	0
Great Totham district, per Rev. H. J. Hawey ...	10	0	0	Mrs. York ...	0	10	0
Wendover and neighbourhood ...	10	0	0	A friend ...	5	0	0
Wolverhampton district ...	10	0	0	V. S. ...	2	0	0
Suffolk Congregational Union, for				Mr. Thomas R.—	5	0	0
Thurlow and Barrow ...	20	0	0	H. B. ...	50	0	0
Kent and Sussex Association, for St. Margaret's and Cowfold ...	12	10	0	Dr. Alfred Fennings ...	5	0	0
Mrs. H. Keevil, per Melksham ...	10	0	0	Mr. A. W. Penrose ...	5	5	0
Thornbury, per Mrs. S. Taylor ...	5	0	0				
Abercarn district ...	10	0	0		£73	15	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at John Street Chapel, Edgware Road ...	1	10	0	V. S. ...	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Parker's services at Sholing ...	2	10	9	Mr. Thomas R.—	5	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Parker's services at Tottenham ...	4	5	9	Mr. Spencer R. Turner ...	2	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Parker's services at Falmouth ...	2	10	0	Mrs. Martha Murray ...	2	0	0
Mrs. Hassall ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Markwick ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Rogers ...	0	10	0	Dr. Alfred Fennings ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Mitchell ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Wilkinson ...	2	10	0
A thankoffering ...	10	0	0	Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Leamington	30	0	0
					£71	6	6

For General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.
"With gladness" ...	1	0	0
H. M. ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Lewis ...	0	10	0
	£6	10	6



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JUNE, 1890.

*The Minister in these Times.**

AN ADDRESS BY C. H. SPURGEON, AT THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF
THE PASTORS' COLLEGE, HELD ON TUESDAY, APRIL 22ND, 1890.

BELOVED BRETHREN, I deeply feel the responsibility of addressing you on this occasion. Possibly I feel my responsibility too much. This is by no means a common failing, but yet it may become a real hindrance. It may become one's duty to moderate his sense of personal responsibility if it threatens to militate against his confidence in God. It is so great a thing to say a word with power, that I despair of it if left to myself; and, therefore, I cast myself on God the Holy Spirit, that he may give me what I should now say, and prepare me to say it in fit tone and spirit.

My first duty is to salute each one in the name of our gracious Lord, who has spared us all to meet again. To me, the sight of you all is an overflowing joy. Welcome, then, my brethren! Special welcome to you that have come from far. We have many brethren here from the ends of the earth. Brothers, we long to hear you tell of what the Lord has done for you! Welcome, also, to you of the Old Guard, who have been with me from the beginning. I hardly know some of you, because of the changes years have wrought in you. I think of you as I knew you in your College days; but, lo! instead of raven hair, I see silver locks, and the beardless chin is adorned with a flowing glory of hair. It was most sweet this morning to hear a young man pray, and then to remember, as he led us to the throne of grace, that his father, twenty years ago, stood among us in a like capacity.

* This has been revised by the speaker with the view of condensation.

I welcome most affectionately those of you who have come up from very difficult spheres—you that have suffered poverty and sickness, and persecution and discouragement. Your Lord knows what you have endured, and he will give you a rich reward “in that day.” Brethren, may the triune God be with each one of you! May Father, Son, and Holy Spirit bless you!

When I think of those who have fallen asleep, my mind especially lingers over our beloved brother Burton. God be praised that we had such a man among us! We have suffered an incalculable loss in his being taken up; but let us comfort ourselves with the thought of his great gain. May you, my brothers, long be spared; for there is need of you. When a prayer is half formed on your lips that you may “depart and be with Christ,” let it remain unfinished, for the sake of the church, for the sake of the world, and even for my sake also. Remain to be my valued comrades for many a year to come.

Coming to my address. I want to say something suitable for the times. I have never, according to the current phrase, preached *to* the times, but yet I would speak *for* the times, believing that a timely word may bless all times to come. The times impress me in so many ways, and in such various modes, that I must take up a roving commission, and touch briefly upon a wide range of matters, instead of confining myself to one subject. Accept from me “here a little, and there a little,” instead of much upon one subject.

I. First, let us reflect upon OUR LORD'S POSITION TOWARDS US. Here we have many points which must be boldly maintained in our preaching. Be assured that we cannot be right in the rest, unless we think rightly of HIM. In forming your system of astronomy, where do you put the sun? If you are not clear on that cardinal matter, your scheme will be a failure. If you have not found out the true “tabernacle for the sun,” I am not very particular as to where you put Mars or Jupiter. Where is Christ in your theological system? How does he stand in your thoughts? Whereabouts is Jesus in reference to yourself, and your work, and your fellow-men?

Many are the aspects under which we must regard our divine Lord, but I must always give the greatest prominence to his saving character as *Christ our Sacrifice and Sin-bearer*. If ever there was a time when we should be clear, pronounced, and vehement upon this point, it is now. Now the banner of the cross must lead the way. We cannot afford to put the atonement upon the shelf as a truth to be taken for granted, and left among the curiosities of unpractical belief. We cannot now afford to use orthodox words and phrases upon this subject as one might repeat the language of a liturgy: we must livingly and intensely believe the truth ourselves, and we must enforce it with the full energy of our being. The vital truth of our Lord's expiation must be preached often, clearly, and with emphasis; and, if it be not so, we have not correctly learned Christ, neither shall we successfully teach him. To attempt to preach Christ without his cross is to betray him with a kiss. I observe that certain persons claim to believe in the atonement, but they will not say what they mean by it. May not this mean that really they have no clear knowledge of it; and possibly no real faith in it? Every man has a theory of what he knows; at least he can give a

statement of what he understands. We have heard of the men of Athens, and of their altar erected "to the unknown God": in England we have philosophical people who believe in an unknown atonement. We conceive that in this they "ignorantly worship." Robertson, of Brighton, was orthodox compared with many in this advanced age; but one said of him that he taught that our Lord did something or other, which in some way or other was more or less connected with our salvation. Flimsy as that was, it is better than the doctrine of this hour. Some now think it absurd to believe that what was done at Calvary nineteen centuries ago can have any relation to the sins of to-day. Others, who speak not quite so wildly, yet deny that our sins could be laid on the Lord Jesus, and that his righteousness could be imputed to us: this, they say, would be immoral. The ethical side of the atonement is frequently held, and beautifully and strikingly shown to the people; but we are not satisfied with this one-sided view of the great subject. Whatever may be the shadow of the atonement—by which we mean its ethical influence—we believe that there was a substance in the atonement, and if that substance be removed, the shadow is gone also. We have no home-made theory; but our solemn witness is, that "He his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." Even if it be called immoral, as some have impudently asserted, we yet believe that "He was made sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." "The chastisement of our peace was upon him"; for "the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." It would do us all good to look through the texts in the Old and New Testaments which refer to this fundamental truth: they are many, and definite. If we use language in its natural sense, we cannot get away from the assured belief that the Scripture teaches us to come to God through Jesus Christ, believing that he took our sin upon himself, and suffered on its account, that he might render to God's moral government a recompense for the dishonour which man's rebellion had put upon it. Through his blood there is forgiveness, and by reason of his vicarious satisfaction, guilt is put away, and the believer is "accepted in the Beloved." Those who set aside the atonement as a satisfaction for sin, also murder the doctrine of justification by faith. They must do so. There is a common element which is the essence of both doctrines; so that if you deny the one, you destroy the other. Modern thought is nothing but an attempt to bring back the legal system of salvation by works. Our battle is the same as that which Luther fought at the Reformation. If you go to the very ground and root of it, grace is taken away, and human merit is substituted. The gracious act of God in pardoning sin is excluded, and human effort is made all in all, both for past sin and future hope. Every man is now to set up as his own Saviour, and the atonement is shelved as a pious fraud. I will not foul my mouth with the unworthy phrases which have been used in reference to the substitutionary work of our Lord Jesus Christ; but it is a sore grief of heart to note how these evil things are tolerated by men whom we respect.

We shall not cease, dear brethren, in our preaching, most definitely and decidedly to preach the atoning sacrifice; and I will tell you why I shall be sure to do so. I have not personally a shadow of a hope of

salvation from any other quarter : I am lost if Jesus be not my Substitute. I have been driven up into a corner by a pressing sense of my own personal sin, and have been made to despair of ever doing or being such that God can accept me in myself. I must have a righteousness, perfect and divine, and yet it is beyond my own personal creation. I find it in Christ : I read that it will become mine by faith, and by faith I take it. My conscience tells me that I must render to God's justice a recompense for the dishonour that I have done to his law, and I cannot find anything which bears the semblance of such a recompense till I look to Christ Jesus. Do I not remember when I first looked to him, and was lightened ? Do I not remember how often I have gone as a sinner to my Saviour's feet, and looked anew at his wounds, and believed over again unto eternal life, feeling the old joy repeated by the deed ? Brethren, I cannot preach anything else, for I know nothing else. New dogmas may or may not be true, but this I am sure of.

If anybody here is preaching the atonement, but does not like it, I dare not advise him to quit it, but the word trembles on my lips. I am firmly persuaded that the unwilling or cold-hearted preacher of any doctrine is its worst enemy. It comes to this in the long run, that the wounds of truth in the house of its false friends are worse than those given it by foes. If you do not love the cross in your heart's core, you had better let it alone. I can truly say that I preach the atonement *con amore*, with all my heart. Some seem to think that we poor souls, who are of the Puritanic school, are "cribbed, cabined, and confined" by harsh dogmas, from which we would gladly escape. They imagine that we have to check every rising aspiration of our nobler selves, so as to preserve the tyranny of a certain iron system. John Calvin is supposed to ride us like a night-mare, and we lead dogs' lives under his lash. Brethren, it is far otherwise. Little do these slanderers know of our happiness and peace. If they feel more joy in preaching than we do, their felicity is great ; but, from their tone and style, I should greatly question it. Observers will have noticed that the joyous element has gone out of many pulpits. The preacher does not enjoy his own subject, and seldom speaks of having been in the Spirit while he was discoursing. He likes twenty minutes' preaching a great deal better than forty ; and he is peculiarly apt to merge his two week-night services into one. Nobody enjoys modern doctrine, for there is nothing to enjoy. The people have to do their best with that soup of which our friend spoke last night so admirably—the soup made from a borrowed bone which had been lent out for that purpose on six previous days, so that the flavour of meat no longer remained upon it. No, my brothers ; let our opponents dismiss from their minds all pity for our enslaved condition under the old gospel. We are the free men, whom the Lord makes free, and all are slaves besides. I would like to rise from my bed, during the last five minutes of my life, to bear witness to the divine sacrifice and the sin-atonement blood. I would then repeat those words which speak the truth of substitution most positively, even should I shock my hearers ; for how could I regret that, as in heaven my first words would be to ascribe my salvation to my Master's blood, my last act on earth was to shock his enemies by a testimony to the same fact ?

Next, we hold that Christ Jesus is *the sole Mediator and High Priest*. And this makes us look with indignation upon the claims of superstition. We have in England still, what we thought, in our younger days, had become extinct, namely, the gospel of priestcraft—the priestcraft of old Rome, without its venerableness of age. There are men among us who claim to be priests in a sense other than that in which all believers are priests unto God. According to this dream, our Lord Jesus is not, in himself, an all-sufficient Mediator; that is to say, he may go a certain distance Godward; but manward, between sinful man and the Lord Christ, there is a gap which can only be filled by a participator in a fancied apostolical succession. Of course, the sacraments, duly administered, are described as certain conduits of grace. Still, we hear the words, “Baptism, wherein I was made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.” In priestly hands bread and wine undergo a miraculous change, very near akin to Popish transubstantiation. Sacraments are magnified, because they are administered by priests, and thus they are but a footstool upon which the priest can mount a little higher. The church, the altar, the priest, these are cried up beyond measure; yet these are not our Lord Jesus, but rivals to his priesthood. We hear it asserted, and our poor are continually taught it, that anyone who undertakes to teach the gospel, though he can prove his doctrine from the Bible, and may have an evident blessing resting on his ministry, is to be denounced as a schismatic, unless he has received episcopal laying on of hands. To break bread together as believers in the Lord Jesus is not allowable to ordinary Christians, and if they dare to do so, they are guilty of schism—an awful crime, which would seem to be several degrees worse than adultery or murder. You might be forgiven, and it might even be difficult to keep you from the sacraments, though guilty of fornication; but schism, if persevered in, puts you beyond hope.

Brethren, let us bear most earnest protests against this revived superstition. Let us tolerate nothing between the soul and Christ. It may be that, in London, this priestly assumption does not come so closely and vexatiously under your notice; but many brethren in this room have to see it before their eyes every day, and to feel its iron hand laid upon their poorer people. Wherever they go, they find claims put forth which uplift a certain class of men into Brahmins, whose blessing is indispensable. Sinners may not come to Christ directly, on their own account: the way to salvation is set forth as being by the appointed priest. Earnestly protest against this error. Even when it is accompanied by a measure of gospel teaching, it is deadly.

We must be zealous to have no measure of complicity in this superstition. My brethren, be not priests yourselves. It is very possible to give yourselves the airs of hierarchs, even though you are avowedly nothing more than nonconformist pastors. There is a style of dress—the affectation of it is not praiseworthy. There is a style of language—the imitation is not commendable. There is an assumption of superiority, looking down upon the common people as mere laity; this piece of pompousness is ridiculous. Avoid the way of certain clerics who seem intent to make their people feel that a minister is a dignified

individual, and that the rest of the church should hardly venture to differ from him. Say what we like about all believers in Christ being a generation of priests, we still find vain fellows among us who would be thought of as possessors of a mystic speciality. Our office, as pastors, deserves to be respected, and will be if properly carried out; but I have observed that some who are very intent to magnify their office, really try to magnify themselves. Yet as the official has gone up the man has gone down. One has wondered how so small a man has obtained so great an office. I heard yesterday a question to which I have not found a satisfactory answer; it was this: "Which is the worst, the man who can preach and won't preach, or the man who cannot preach and will preach?" We have, I fear, some of the latter sort among us; but if they suppose that the mere fact of their being chosen to a pastorate has endowed them with peculiar powers, they deceive themselves.

Let me say very softly and whisperingly, that there are little things among ourselves which must be carefully looked after, or we shall have a leaven of ritualism and priesthood working in our measures of meal. In our revival services, it might be as well to vary our procedure. Sometimes shut up that inquiry room. I have my fears about that institution if it be used in permanence, and as an inevitable part of the procedure. It may be a very wise thing to invite persons who are under concern of soul to come apart from the rest, and have conversation with godly people; but if you should ever see that a notion is fashioning itself that there is something to be got in the private room which is not to be had at once in the assembly, or that God is more at that penitent form than elsewhere, aim a blow at that notion at once. We must not come back by a rapid march to the old way of altars and confessionals, and have Romish trumpery restored in a coarser form. If we make men think that conversation with ourselves or with our helpers is essential to their faith in Christ, we are taking the direct line for priestcraft. In the gospel the sinner and the Saviour are to come together, with none between. You, sinner, sitting where you are, believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, shall have eternal life? Do not stop till you pass into an inquiry room. Do not think it essential to confer with me. Do not suppose that I have the keys of the kingdom of heaven, or that these godly men and women associated with me can tell you any other gospel than,—“He that believeth in him hath everlasting life.”

In the next place, let us see to it that we set forth our Lord Jesus Christ as *the infallible Teacher*, through his inspired Word. I do not understand that loyalty to Christ which is accompanied by indifference to his words. How can we reverence his person, if his own words and those of his apostles are treated with disrespect? Unless we receive Christ's words, we cannot receive Christ; and unless we receive his apostles' words, we do not receive Christ; for John saith, “He that knoweth God heareth us; he that is not of God heareth not us. Hereby know we the spirit of truth, and the spirit of error.” We must love and reverence all the teaching of our Lord; and we build our houses on the sand if we do not. It is as important to know Christ as the truth, as it is to know Christ as the way and the life. Some excellent

brethren would seem to think more of the life than of the truth; for when I warn them that the enemy has poisoned the children's bread, they answer, "Dear brother, we are sorry to hear it; and, to counteract the evil, we will open the window, and give the children fresh air." Yes, open the window, and give them fresh air, by all means. You cannot do a better thing, in view of many purposes; but at the same time, this ought you to have done, and not to have left the other undone. Arrest the poisoners, and open the windows too. While men go on preaching false doctrine, you may talk as much as you will about deepening their spiritual life, but you will fail in it. While you do one good thing, do not neglect another. Instead of saying that the life is more important, or the truth is more important, or the way is more important, let us be united in the firm belief that they are each one equally important, and that one cannot be well sustained and thoroughly carried out without the rest.

Some quit the teaching of Christ out of sheer wantonness, and childish love of novelty. To younger brethren, false doctrine comes as an infantile disease, a sort of inevitable spiritual measles. I wish them well through with the disorder, and I trust it will leave nothing bad behind it. With deep anxiety I have watched over minds infected with this raging epidemic, and I have rejoiced as I have seen the rash of unbelief come out beautifully, and have heard the patient say, "Thank God, I shall never go back to *that* any more." Still, it is a pity that so many should find it needful to traverse the foul way which has bemired others. They remind me of a certain worldly lady, to whom her minister, remarking her great gaiety, said, "Solomon has said, 'Vanity of vanities; all is vanity.'" "Yes," she said, "I know what Solomon has said; but he found it out by his own personal experience, and I should like to do the same." She was no Solomon, assuredly; for they that have wisdom will profit by the experience of others. If you have seen others go abroad for wool, and come home shorn, prudence would suggest that you need not go also.

Some fall into doubt through an inward crookedness. Certain men start new doctrines because "there is something rotten in the state of Denmark," and out of rottenness fungoid growths must come. You may have read Pliny's "Natural History." If you have not read it, you need not do so, for the history is not generally natural, but fabulous. Pliny tells us that when the elephant goes to a pool of water, and sees himself in it, he is moved with such disgust of his own ugliness, that he straightway stirs the water and makes it muddy, that he may not see himself. Such an elephant never lived; but I have seen men who have been very comparable to it. Holy Scripture has not agreed with them—so much the worse for Holy Scripture! Such and such doctrines do not suit their tastes, and so they must be misrepresented, or denied. An unregenerate heart lies at the bottom of "modern thought." Men are down-grade in doctrine because they were never put on the up-grade by the renewal of their minds.

Some, I doubt not, have tinkered up Christ's teachings, and Christ's gospel, from a desire to do more good. Things are allowed to be said and done at revivals which nobody could defend. Do you notice at the present moment the way the gospel is put? I am uttering no criticism

upon anyone in particular, but I continually read the exhortation, "Give your heart to Christ." The exhortation is good, but do not suffer it to cover over the gospel word: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." In the Sunday-school the teaching often is, "Dear children, love Jesus." Now, this is not the gospel. The love of Jesus comes as a fruit, but the gospel is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." If we think that we shall do more good by substituting another exhortation for the gospel command, we shall find ourselves landed in serious difficulties. If, for a moment, our improvements seem to produce a larger result than the old gospel, it will be the growth of mushrooms, it may even be the growth of toadstools; but is not the growth of trees of the Lord. Let us keep close to Christ as our infallible teacher in these days of peril, and be exceedingly jealous of the truth, else we may be duped, as Pompey tricked certain cities that would not admit his troops. He said, "I don't ask you to allow my armies to be billeted upon you, but here are a few sick and wounded men, for whom I ask that you allow them to rest among you." When the invalids were within the walls, they opened the gates, and the inhabitants were easily subdued. Keep out the little errors for which sympathy is asked; or, if not, your citadel will be captured before you are aware of the attack. Stand fast in "the faith once for all delivered to the saints," and let no man spoil you by philosophy and vain deceit.

Next, brethren, we must growingly insist that *Christ is the one law-giver and only ruler in the church*. We have systems of religion among us in which the whole organization is an invention: it could not have been discovered in the Bible, but has been brought to it to have a text hung round its neck as a label. We have religionists for our neighbours who would hardly attempt to prove that their system was ever sanctioned by our Lord and his apostles. This has been the case for so long a period that we have been obliged to tolerate all kinds of things; but to tolerate is not the same thing as to approve and imitate. We should, in our own churches, keep to apostolic precedent, and follow the rule of Christ in all things. No venerable name is sufficient authority for going aside from Holy Scripture. "To the law and to the testimony"; if a doctrine or a ceremony is not there, it is nowhere for you and for me.

Worse still will it be if we dare to make omissions in the known rules of Christ. I am sorry that there are disputes in the church as to Baptism and the Lord's Supper; but it is not a moot point in the church of Christ whether Baptism and the Lord's Supper are to be practised at all. How, then, can these ordinances be set aside by those who admit that they are scriptural? I heard of one saying, "If Jesus were here now, he would see the evil that has come from those two institutions, and he would set them aside." We cannot endure such a sentence. Surely, we are not revisers of the teachings and doings of our Lord. Have you not, in your congregations, good people, who will say, "Yes, dear sir, I know that believers' baptism is in the Word. I am quite clear upon that; but I have never yet attended to it"? Have you impressed upon that person's mind the wilful disobedience involved in such neglect? It is not the case of a person who says, "I do not see such an ordinance to be commanded in the Word of God"—that would be a sin of ignorance. But he says, "It is there"; yet he neglects it, and boasts that he

can be saved without it. Do not be in a hurry to confirm that statement, for it may turn out that the man who says, "I believe in Jesus," and then wilfully refuses to keep his known commandments, is not saved. Assuredly, such a man is not saved from wilful disobedience. What sort of faith is that which does not work by love, but sets up its own will in opposition to the precept of Christ? We must protest against all tampering with the law of the great Head of the church. I mention the point of baptism merely as an example; but upon every other point of sacred rule we must be earnestly urgent. Christ is Lord as well as Saviour. He has not come into his house to be trifled with, and to have his words shuffled like a pack of cards.

You may quit the rule of your Lord in another way. A brother is going to decide upon his course of action on a certain important Christian matter; but he first wants to know what is the opinion of gentlemen who subscribe considerable sums to church work. If any one of you does this, I shall cry, "Who is thy master, after all? Judas, with his bag in the corner, or the Christ whom he kisses with a traitor's kiss?" Be true, and dare all things. If we do not do so, Christ Jesus is not law-giver to us. Scorn the bribe, though it be a covert one, and lose all for truth, if need be.

Our Lord also stands before us as *our example and pattern*. We preach the grace of God, and the blood of Christ; but if any suppose that we do not preach Christ as an example, they know nothing of our ministry; for we insist upon it that faith must obey her Saviour's will as well as trust his grace. We have had some among us, like the old Scotch woman, who said, "It was a good sermon, all but the duties at the end." It may be possible that we put the precept in such a way that we countenance the suspicion that we are legal in spirit: this we must carefully avoid. We would preach Christ as the perfect pattern, that saints may long to be conformed to him. Men must have the spirit of Christ, or they are lost. There is no heaven to be found in a mere forensic justification, apart from a spiritual work within the soul—a change of heart, and a renewal of mind.

Once more, I trust that we shall always hold Christ as *Lord and God*. Whatever else he is, he is Lord and God to us. Therefore he is to be spoken of and thought upon with deepest reverence of soul. The spirit that trifles with the Word of God and the things of Christ is almost more vicious than the action which comes out of it. I have read many things which I have shuddered at; but I have shuddered much more at the state of mind into which a man must have come to be able to write them. Let us cultivate the highest reverence for our divine Lord, and the surest confidence in his power, and in his ultimate victory. Trust in that hand which he keeps on the helm. Have no shadow of a doubt that his wisdom and might will cause all things to end well. Go, therefore, and speak in his name. When you have done stating a doctrine, command a man in the name of Jesus to believe it. Be daring enough for that. As the apostles commanded lame men to stand, and even dead men to live, so in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, command sinners to turn unto him and to live. He who gives you faith will answer to his own word.

(*To be continued.*)

The Missionary a Man-of-all-Work.*

WE have heard that the latest work by Mr. Edwin Hodder, entitled "Conquests of the Cross," has not yet won such widespread popularity as others of Messrs. Cassell's serials; but if that is the case, it is not through any shortcomings on the part of editor or publishers. The reader has set before him a rich bill of fare; and the interest of the work is heightened by a choice gallery of engravings, of which we are enabled to reproduce a sample. We have a suspicion that the title of the book has failed, in some measure, to gain the popular ear. The term "Conquests of the Cross" is applied to a collection of adventures of Christian pioneers in all lands. These are often of romantic interest, and are as helpful to faith as they are otherwise instructive. When completed, the work will be of permanent value.

It is generally understood that men who go forth to teach Christ to heathen people in foreign lands, must be able to help themselves to a very special degree. The successful missionary must be prepared not only to be "a handy man," as certain advertisers for employment describe themselves, but he needs to be a man-of-all-work, and to be that in a literal sense. This will be intolerable to him, if heart as well as hand be not in the service.

As our engraving represents John Williams building a boat for service in sailing among the South Sea Islands, that great missionary may serve as our first example of a man-of-all-work.

Mr. Williams seems, not only to have been naturally industrious, but to have shown a liking for heavy manual labour. When he was apprenticed to a blacksmith, in the City Road, London, in 1814, he worked at the forge by choice, when not obliged to do so; and it was so with him to the end. While at Eimeo, studying the Tahitian dialect, he found, as it were, a healthful recreation in making the iron-work for a little vessel, with which King Pomare was enabled to open up a trade with the mainland of Australia. While he took part at meetings in the chapel, where eight hundred persons would assemble at one time, he did not neglect Mrs. Williams at home. When her first-born was needing her care, the missionary took his full share of the house-work.

When John Williams settled on the island of Raiatea, one of the chief obstacles to the progress of the islanders was their apparently incurable laziness. It was then that the missionary taught them by example, as well as by word of mouth, and thus he became an actor in one of those changes of national character which the gospel alone can effect—a delightful and striking proof that religion has the promise of the life which now is, as well as of that which is to come. John Williams put up for himself a house of eight rooms, constructed in capital style; he also made the furniture, and laid out the garden.

All this was as nothing, however, when compared with the missionary's feat of constructing the little vessel, the *Messenger of Peace*, in which he afterwards spent months at sea, in sailing from one island

* "Conquests of the Cross: a Record of Missionary Work throughout the World." Edited by Edwin Hodder. Vol. I. Cassell and Company. 1890. Price 9s.

to another, in one instance a voyage of eight hundred miles being made. Nothing like this, either before or since, has been done in a missionary vessel wholly constructed by the missionary himself.

In other days, or in the last century, when some of the roughest



JOHN WILLIAMS BUILDING "THE MESSENGER OF PEACE."

From a Collection of the Works of

Christian pioneering work was done by Moravian brethren, every missionary had to be a man-of-all-work necessarily, and had to endure much suffering besides among tribes whose homes were mere huts. When we think of the heroism which led Hans Egede to settle in Greenland,

and George Schmidt, without any companion, to make his home among the Hottentots of South Africa, we see that self-sacrifice means much more than many suppose.

How often has the Christian missionary been, in a very literal sense, the pioneer of civilization—in other words, as a man-of-all-work he has taught the heathen those arts which, though common-place enough to us, really show the difference between savage and civilized man.

When the Lily Fountain Mission, in the neighbourhood of Cape Town, was commenced by the Wesleyans, three-quarters of a century ago, the man who led the way was a Yorkshireman named Barnabas Shaw, who found the people willing and even eager for his settlement among them. Though the progress made was not at first very rapid, an excellent foundation was laid; the converts proved their sincerity by their lives, and the arts and customs of civilization soon changed the entire surroundings of the people. Of course, the missionary has, at the outset, to be a chapel-builder, profiting by such help as he can get from the men, who in savage life apportion all labour to the women, until they themselves are not disposed to work at all. This is how Mr. Shaw taught these people, when at last the four walls of his chapel were reared:—

“When the building was ready for roofing, it was necessary to fetch the timber from some distance, as the trees in the immediate neighbourhood were unsuitable, and Mr. Shaw had to teach the natives how to get down timber with a cross-cut saw. With assistance he felled a tree to the ground, to the amazement of the lookers-on, who took up the work, and overcoming their natural indolence in their anxiety to use the saw, soon got enough rough material, cut into joists of the proper length, and carried them to Lily Fountain. Mr. Shaw also taught the people to plough, and the plough astonished them as much as the saw. ‘See,’ the men said, ‘how it tears the ground with its iron mouth; it does as much in one day as ten wives!’ Digging in Namaqualand, when it was done at all, was performed by women.”

What a *mean* creature man is in his uncivilized heathen state! But how readily the gospel raises him above a grovelling animal existence, and frees the women from cruel bondage!

All agree in honouring the memory of the late Dr. Moffat; he ranks among great missionaries, and yet at the outset of his wonderful work in Africa, he could not even have made a commencement had he not been able to turn his hand to everything. Take the amusing picture which he gives of himself as a man-of-all-work, in 1818:—

“I have many difficulties to encounter, being alone. No one can do anything for me in my household affairs. I must attend to everything, which often confuses me, and, indeed, hinders me in my work; for I could wish to have almost nothing to do but to instruct the heathen, both spiritually and temporally. Daily I do a little in the garden, daily I am doing something for the people in mending guns. I am carpenter, smith, cooper, tailor, shoemaker, miller, baker, and house-keeper—the last is the most burdensome of any. . . . Lately I reaped two bolls of wheat from two hatfuls which I sowed. This is of great help to me. I shall soon have plenty of Indian corn, cabbage, melons, and potatoes. Water is scarce. I have sown wheat a second time on trial. I live chiefly now on bread and milk. To-day I churned about three

Scotch pints of milk, from which there were two pounds of butter ; so you may conceive the milk is rich. I wish many times my mother saw me."

Mr. Paton could tell of a similar experience in the South Sea Islands, and so, also, could the pioneers in New Guinea. It has been the same everywhere, and at all times ; the men who have gone forth with the gospel have, necessarily, been men of self-denial ; they have not been those who were merely looking after a profession, or who wanted ease and honour. Work in the foreign mission-field should not be undertaken lightly ; for the most successful workers in that field have been those who were willing, if need be, to sacrifice themselves, if thereby the cause they had at heart could only be advanced. If anyone has any doubt in reference to the hardships of the earnest missionary's life, it will be dispelled by reading "Conquests of the Cross," one of the most interesting and comprehensive works of its kind ever produced.

"Standing Without."

"FATHER, may I go out to play ?" The words were spoken in a loud whisper, whistling through the keyhole of the door. "Come in," said the father, "why stand outside and speak through the door ?" It was late in the afternoon of a damp, foggy day, and the company into which the boy wanted to go was unsafe. It was hardly likely that the father's consent would be given. The child felt this, and hence his reluctance to walk straight in and speak face to face. How many a child of God stands without, while between him and the Father there is a barrier less penetrable than a wooden door ! The child cannot see the Father's face, nor is there any effort so to do ; for there's more than half a suspicion that the petition to be presented, or the request to be made, is contrary to his will.

When God the Father is approached in a humble, dependent spirit, for the purpose of *ascertaining his will*, the hand of faith will open the door, and into the "secret place of the Most High" the child of the King will enter, and God will speak with him, as with Moses, "face to face." Oh, the privilege of saying with Elijah, "God, before whom I stand" ; or to do as David did, when he "*sat* before the Lord" ! If the heart is submissive, there is no reason why you should, like Christ's mother and brethren, stand *without*, desiring to speak with him. They could not come at him for the press (and sometimes to-day "*the press*" is a hindrance) ; but his desire toward you is expressed thus, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, wherefore standest thou without ?" Respond, and you will fully understand the following brief conversation.

Minister : "You seem to have done worrying, my friend, about that trouble of yours, and yet it is not settled."

"No," was the reply ; "for I have gone in and settled the matter with God, and my burden of trouble I have cast upon him.

F. E. B.

Timbertoes.

THIS may seem an unfit name for a clergyman, but such was he who bore it. Of course, it was not his real name, but it was one that he applied to himself, even using it as a signature in letters to familiar friends. It was just an instance of the humour of the man, who, though grave and serious in deportment, had such a vein of fun in his temperament that it would ooze out sometimes.

He was one of a cluster of Bavarian priests who, though they were, more or less, evangelical in their teaching, and suffered persecution and imprisonment for their practically Protestant doctrines and proceedings, continued, with one exception, within the pale of the Church of Rome, and died in her communion. The exception was the celebrated John Gossner, who has more than a European fame as a distinguished preacher and writer, and a world-wide repute as the founder of a Deaconesses' Home, and the centre of a missionary agency which has proved immensely successful.

Among the others were Martin Boos, whose life was written by Gossner; Sperl, the author of the hymn on "Ministering Angels," in "Hymns from the Land of Luther"; Sailer, who, after much persecution and trouble, became Bishop of Regensburg; and Michael Fenneberg, alias "Timbertoes." Sailer, whose name was also Michael, was a fast friend of Fenneberg's. They were both natives of Bavaria, and were born in the same year, 1751.

Sailer's father was a shoemaker, and a devout man as a Romanist. His mother was a woman of such excellence that, though he was soon bereaved of her, he ever remembered her; and so remembered her, that the glance of an eye, the touch of a hand, or any detail of her life, brought to mind at the distance of forty years, seemed to quicken in him a religious sense; and this profound feeling "no distance of time, nor press of sorrows, nor even sin itself, could weaken." The village schoolmaster taught him, and the chaplain grounded him in Latin, when it was plain he should go to college. But his father was poor, and the case seemed hopeless. A neighbouring carpenter, however, encouraged the shoemaker. "I am as poor as you," said he, "and my son is a student at Munich." The carpenter took a sanguine view of things, but he was not without tact and acuteness. "As for life," said he to his neighbour, "God gives that, and good men give the rest." The shoemaker and the carpenter started, with the future bishop, to Munich. Passing the house of a gamekeeper, the carpenter (Rieger) urged Sailer to buy a brace of snipe. He did so; and the snipe and the pleading words of the father opened the master's heart, and the shoemaker's boy was admitted to the University. He was introduced to a wealthy family, became companion to the son, obtained board and education for six years, and a friendship for life.

Sailer never forgot the snipe. He used to say among his friends, "It was by two snipe that God made me what I am." His seal was two snipe, with the motto, "*Under God's guiding.*" When the King of Bavaria raised him a statue, he ordered two snipe to be carved on the pedestal. In due time the snipe led him to Landsberg, where Sailer and Fenneberg met for the first time, to be friends for ever.

Fenneberg's father was a peasant farmer at Oberdorf. His advantages

and opportunities were few. To the dismay of his parents, he declared he must be a student. They had strong objections. They thought it would be a poor speculation. It would cost time, and labour, and money—and for what? Why, just to enable him to speak Latin. “The learned handicraft,” said they, “is uncertain; better be a farmer or a mechanic.” But the issue did not depend on them; and, if it had, Michael would not have been a scholar. A fire consumed all they possessed, and the boy’s hopes seemed crushed. But in some way his desire was granted. In his first school he was somewhat stupid; in the second he did not rise above mediocrity; but in the third he rose to be first in his class.

The Jesuit institution at Landsberg shared the fate of every other such institution in Germany, in 1773. Sailer afterwards wrote of this order that, “In its origin there was much that was divine; in its spread much that was human; in its suppression much that was neither human nor divine.” Ten years later Sailer and Fenneberg were together at the University of Dillengen; the one as Professor of Pastoral and Popular Theology, the other as Professor at the Gymnasium. They were both immensely popular, and they worked together in the greatest harmony. Rumours spread that they were not orthodox. So far as throwing aside the dogmatic positions of Rome, giving more prominence to Christ and divine love than to the canons of the church, and inculcating a reverent faith in the Bible as the Word of God, they had ceased to be orthodox in the Romish sense. Moreover, the students heard from them more of the writings of Lavater, Stelling, Fénelon, and Tauler, than of the Jesuit fathers. Accusations were made to the Government, and secret influences brought to bear, ending in their expulsion from the University. Sailer removed to Munich, Fenneberg to the vicarage of Seeg. Fenneberg had rare gifts of teaching, and an odd kind of discipline. While he resided in his native town as curate, he set up a school in his house, for he loved teaching for its own sake. He tells us he was “head-master and usher, *rector magnificus*, bedell, *house-father*, and often *house-maid*.” He composed hymns, and sung them to, and with, his pupils, and walked, studied, and played with them. One of his pupils tells us how Fenneberg cured him of his superstitious fears as to ghosts, by marching him up to the supposed spectre, as one would a shying horse. Another story is told of two of the boys, who would not speak to each other. Fenneberg’s method of reconciling them was, setting them down to their porridge with but one spoon between them.

Before Fenneberg had been long at Seeg, he completely won the hearts of most of his parishioners; and his kindness disarmed those that were prejudiced.

An event occurred here which must not be passed over; for it has to do with his queer name. Returning one winter’s evening from a neighbouring church, where he had been preaching on “the patience of the saints,” his horse fell on the icy road, and the rider broke a leg. A bungling country doctor, and two peasants, tried to set it, but miserably failed; and when an experienced surgeon could be obtained, the limb must needs be amputated. When he heard the surgeon’s decision, he gave himself unto prayer.

“Lord,” said he, “thou givest faith, but mine is very weak, even as this foot. Yea, it is thou who plantest faith, and causeth it to grow.

Give me faith. Nature would willingly keep the limb ; but not my will, but thine be done."

The leg was removed and buried, and a wooden one took its place. The humour of the man came out here, as he signed himself "The one-legged vicar," and sometimes "Timbertoes."

He was cheerful in the midst of all. "Dear heart," said he, in writing to a friend, "I used to be melancholy when I had two feet; I can now say, 'a broken leg is good medicine.'"

Favourite hymns and poems cheered his sick-room, such as those of Matthiæ Claudius, and others.

Writing to his friend Sailer, he said, "Happily, the horse was a neighbour's; so the credit of my old nag is saved." He used to moralize—some might say sermonize—on his wooden leg in an amusing fashion, dwelling on the *economical*, the *social*, the *religious*, and such like.

"There is the *economical*, for I need only one stocking and one shoe; there is the *social*, for I need go no more to court, for which nature never meant me," &c.

He had a curate named Bayr, who would take his crutches to show him how easily one might walk with them after all. "Ay, ay!" he would say, laughing, "if you have two sound legs, and go on a pair of crutches besides, no doubt you will go bravely."

Some years after, he had the strange fancy to have his leg disinterred, labelled, and placed on his study table. Once, at least, he made good use of it. A married couple, who marred their happiness with angry disputes, one day waited on him. He was very plain in his remonstrances and censure. "Look," said he, "at what the apostle has said. Has he not said, that 'a man will no more hate his wife than his own flesh'? Why, there is my leg, a dead bone, and yet I love it still, for it is part of my body. And you would hate one another! That leg will plead against you at the last day."

War was raging on the Continent. The revolutionary armies of France were turning things upside down, and some of his parishioners were called to join the army of defence. "Don't be backward to serve your country," he would say; "you fight in a good cause. Perhaps you may have a leg shot off in battle. What matter? Don't you see by me that one can get on in the world even with a wooden leg?"

Through all the changes of his life he was constantly learning, and he did learn, very deeply and thoroughly, that the grace and presence of the Master are the highest happiness and surest strength of the servant. "Oh, that I could draw nearer to the Lord!" he would sometimes say. "Lord, I would cheerfully give thee, not one foot only, but both; yea, my hands and my head."

Like many before him, and since, he had been seeking to draw near to God by self-denial, patience, diligence, and devotion. He had, then, no clear idea of justification by faith, and even the Bible was very much as a Book that is sealed. The loss of his leg was the beginning of great gain to him. He received clearer views of Christ, and gained fuller faith in him. By degrees, the living Word was the means of a gracious quickening of soul. At first, sin seemed nearer and stronger, and Christ farther off. Sin, indeed, became exceeding sinful, and guilt and terror seized him. Sin started up everywhere, and defiled his purest thoughts; it faced him at every turn, and even his virtues became as sins in his

view. Restless, and without satisfaction, he poured out day and night the cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

At this juncture of affairs he was visited by a brother clergyman, who told him the story of his great distress and merciful deliverance. He, too, had been trying in his own strength to lead a holy life. But the outcome of all his endeavours was, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?"

This was no other than Martin Boos, who had been long yearning after Christ, without knowing Christ's own way of faith. Austerities were the way prescribed for him by Romish teachers. So, he lay for years together on the cold ground, though his bed stood near him. He scourged himself till the blood came, and clothed himself with a hair shirt. He hungered and gave his food to the poor; he spent every leisure moment in the precincts of the church, confessing and communicating every week. As the result of all this trouble and endeavour after holiness, he was voted a great saint, but he felt himself a miserable sinner.

Boos went one day to visit a godly woman on her death-bed, who enjoyed a peace to which he was a stranger.

"Ah!" said he, in earnest tones, "you may well die in peace."

"Why?" "Why? Because you have lived such a godly life."

"What a miserable comforter!" said she, and smiled. "If Christ had not died for me, I should have perished for ever, with all my good works and piety. It is by trusting in him that I die in peace."

"The saying of the woman" was the harbinger of light. It answered his cry of misery. After staying some months with Fenneberg, at Seeg, and accompanying him on his first Sunday to church after the broken leg, he went to the village of Wiggensbach, where he had received a curacy. He began to preach Christ. His words were like fire and the people's hearts like straw. "What shall we do?" they cried, as he showed to them their sins. "Shall we confess, or do penance? Shall we do good works?" He gave them no answer until conviction was driven deep into their souls, and then his answer was, *Christ*. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Boos had a striking way of putting things, and used very homely illustrations. "They are dearer to God," he would say, "that seek something from him than they that seek to bring something to him." "He that *says* he is pious is certainly not." "The most people read their Bibles like cows that stand in the thick grass, and trample the finest flowers and herbs." "People think it a weakness to forgive an insult. Then God would be the weakest in heaven and on earth; for no one in heaven, or on earth, forgives so much as he." "The most learned declare they know nothing, and the most pious that they have nothing; therefore, the profoundest learning is in knowing nothing, and the profoundest sanctity in having nothing." A smart hit at the ostentation of wearing crosses was given in the following:—"A gentleman passed through to-day, and the people said, 'He wore the cross of St. Theresa; he must be some great man.' A cross was once a disgrace. Now, the larger the cross, the greater the man."

A man who preached in this homely style would have hearers. His chapel was thronged with men and women who had gone about anxious and heavy-laden and weary, for years, seeking peace, but finding none. Many found the Saviour, and rejoiced in salvation by grace.

Fenneberg heard of all this, and longed for more than he had yet found. He wrote to Boos, that he was like Zacchæus, "waiting in the tree till Christ should pass by." "Then wait quietly in the tree," Boos replied; "Christ will soon enter thy house and thy heart."

This was in the autumn of 1796, when Fenneberg was anxiously crying for light. In December, Sailer came on a visit, having been much disturbed by the news concerning Boos. "Let us send for Boos," said Fenneberg, "and hear it from himself." Boos came, and with him some of the awakened ones, to testify of their own experience.

What a strange Christmas party that was, assembled in that "lean and ugly, all-decaying haunt of loneliness," called the vicarage-house of Seeg! There was the vicar and his curates, Bayr and Siller, the future bishop, and the evangelist Boos; five Romish priests met to hear about an evangelical revival, begun by the preaching of one of their number. A peasant girl from Wiggensbach whispered Boos, almost as soon as she had seen Sailer: "That man has much that is childlike, and a good heart; but he is still a scribe and a pharisee, and must be born again of the Spirit." Boos was startled at this judgment concerning his old professor, and told the girl she must be mistaken. Before the evening was over, the same young woman said to Sailer, before them all, "Sir, you have the baptism of John, but not the baptism of the Spirit and of fire; you have drunk out of the river of grace, but not yet plunged into the sea. You are like Cornelius, and have done and suffered much for the truth; but you have not yet received Christ." There was a pause; no one knew how to reply; and all wondered at the boldness—some might say *impudence*—of the girl. At length, Boos spoke, urging the truth with great earnestness. Sailer sat silent and disconcerted, and presently withdrew. He left the next morning before the inmates were about. One of the peasants from Wiggensbach met him, however, and repeated the words out of St. John: "He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." "Good, good!" he replied; but his countenance was troubled, and he rode away.

The friends at the vicarage blamed themselves, and the young woman wept, fearing she might have done wrong. Presently, however, she lifted up her eyes, and said, joyfully, "Be of good comfort! Grace has met him on the way. God works wonders with him. The Lord will appear to his heart." Immediately a messenger arrived with some hasty lines written on horseback. "Dearest brethren," said he, "God has given me an unspeakably quiet mind. I do not doubt he has come to me in soft whispers; yea, is already in me. I believe that John baptizes with water; but Christ with the Spirit. Pray, brethren, that we may not fall into temptation. The rest we will give over to God. Farewell." Before the Christmas party dispersed, Fenneberg was filled with joy, and his two curates received Christ.

With the new year, 1797, a hot persecution broke out. The "Jesus preachers," as they were called, were driven from their cures; the converts were mocked, stoned, imprisoned, and thrust out of their homes. Boos had to flee, and took refuge with Fenneberg. Here they were not safe. A decree of the Inquisition was issued against them;

the Seeg vicarage was ransacked, all Fenneberg's papers were taken, and he and Boos removed in custody. One of Fenneberg's answers to his judges indicates the state of his mind, and the courage with which he was endued to confess Christ :

"Do you know why you have been cited here ?"

"Yes, I do. Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour, has fulfilled to me, a poor sinner, and more than a hundred others, his precious word that he spake at the Last Supper :—*He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.*" Fellowship with Christ had been his great desire, as it had found a large place in his preaching ; and now, in an unexpected way, he found it.

"The two great features of the preaching of Boos were, first, *Christ for us* ; second, *Christ in us*. Boos dwelt more on the first ; Fenneberg more on the last, laying stress on the presence of Christ in the heart. After his persecutions abated, he spent some years in calm and peace, praying always, however, for more light and knowledge in the mystery of Christ. He departed hence at the age of sixty-one.

Sailer writes : "It is a fine thing if you can say a man lived and never lifted up a stone against his neighbour ; but it is finer far if you can say, also, he took the stones out of the path that would have caught his neighbour's feet. So did Fenneberg."

Among the hymns he wrote, there is one in "Hymns from the Land of Luther," entitled—

LOVE AND THE CROSS.

"Love and a cross, together blest,
Bring to the Christian peace and rest :
Too sweet were love, if felt alone ;
Too sad the cross, with love unknown.
And so the two together come,
Sent by our God to lead us home,
And guide within the narrow way
Our footsteps, ever prone to stray."

Thus, we see the truth of the words of our blessed Lord, which hold good irrespective of church-surroundings : "Every man that hath heard and learned of the Father, cometh unto me." But we cannot forbear the thought, "Would God these men had all shook themselves free from the trammels of Rome, as Gossner did !" But we must still confess that we neither know nor see everything ; and that still,

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

We may solace ourselves, however, with the glorious truth, that "The Lord knoweth them that are his" ; and that, as Zinzendorf so beautifully wrote—

"Christ will gather in his own*
To the place where he is gone."

* This hymn was written in 1746, on the occasion of the death of the Moravian bishop, *Christian Gregor*. The hymn is commonly sung at the funerals of Moravians. It was a great favourite of the late Dr. Barth, and was sung at his funeral, in Möttlingen, near Calw, Wurtemberg, 15th November, 1862. For the hymn, see *Lyra Germanica*, second series, p. 120.

In Memoriam Pastor W. H. Burton.

THOU Life, that in thine all-encircling arms
 Even our dead ones ever dost embrace,
 From out our darkness we look up to thee ;
 Through death's black cloud we seek thy smiling face !

Nay, silly heart ! say not, " Our pastor's dead " ;
 He lives ! we know he lives, far more than when,
 Often with heavy heart and aching head,
 He laboured hard among his fellow-men.

Not dead ? What of the pale and icy brow,
 The closed eyes, once bright and full of life,
 The tongue once eloquent, but silent now,
 The fallen form upon the field of strife ?

Yet Burton lives beyond the veil that hides
 The heavenly homeland from our human sight ;
 Lifted up thither by the hand that guides
 His children to their Father's home in light.

Ne'er 'mid life's work and worry did he see
 The form of him for whom he loved to toil,
 Though oft he knew his Master near must be,
 And heard his voice break through the giddy moil.

Often at evening time, when work was done,
 He'd sit and sadly long to see his Lord,
 And face to face to tell him all his cares,
 And, looking on him, listen to his word.

Now, while *we* mourn, *he* walks with him in white,
 Wearies no more, nor can be reached by pain,
 Dwells now with him who reigns in perfect light ;
 No tear shall ever dim his eye again.

Never again 'mid earthly scenes we'll hear
 The accents of his welcome, kindly voice ;
 No more on earth his words of hope will cheer ;
 No more he'll help earth's sorrowing ones rejoice.

But sometimes in life's battle strong and stern,
 When, faint and weak, our weary steps we move,
 Some word of his once spoken will return
 Like a sweet message borne from heaven above.

He's reached his rest ; submissive, then, we'll sit,
 Nor to complain, repine, or murmur dare ;
 The widow and the fatherless commit
 To the great Husband and the Father's care.

The harvest's great. O loving Master, send
Some labourer forth to reap thy ripening corn,
As faithful and as earnest as the friend
Whose loss to-day so many hearts will mourn.

Thou Life of life ! that in thy mighty arms
Even our dead ones ever dost embrace,
Lead us, when life and work on earth are done,
With him we've lost to see thee face to face.

ALFRED J. BROWN.

Mossback Correspondence.

No. II.

HERE are some more fugitive pieces from the pen of our old-fashioned friend, Mossback. He says some stiff things; but no one need be offended at him; for we promise that this shall be the last time of asking. Inwardly digest what Mossback has baked for you; for this is the very last time that he will ring his bell, and come round with the muffins.

STUFFING A DEAD HORNET.

"A wise saying of Josh Billings, was, 'Thare iz no more real satisfackshun in laying up in yure buzzum an injury, than thare iz in stuffing a dead hornet, who haz stung you, and keeping him tew look at.'

"This is just as true as though Plato or Socrates had expressed it in classic phrase. How many people have a large and varied and exceedingly unpleasant assortment of these stuffed hornets on hand! There is an old church quarrel, for instance. It was dead, and ought to have been buried twenty years ago, but half the church members have stuffed the old dead hornets, and keep them to look at from time to time. There is our old personal grievance! Somebody slighted us, did not return our greeting, uttered a disparaging remark about our ability, interfered with our business success, beat us in politics when we ran for alderman! That happened long ago. Oh, yes; but the hornet which stung us so badly has been stuffed and set up by a skilful taxidermist, and really, after the lapse of all these years, looks just as natural as ever. One evil thing is, that these hornets, though dead, retain their sting. This is just about as sharp as when first it pierced us, and by looking at the stuffed insect, we recall the old pain.

"What is the 'satisfackshun,' as Josh Billings calls it, in laying up in one's memory a dead injury that should have been buried out of sight when it died?"

THE ANXIETY DEPARTMENT.

"'I do not need to do any worrying in this life,' said one friend, good-naturedly, to another; 'my wife attends to the anxiety department in our household.' I am quite sure that this particular friend does not

suffer; but I have an impression that in many households this 'anxiety department' is overfilled. Worrying, if indulged, gets to be a passion, and, just as some persons, with unconscious irony, say they 'enjoy poor health,' so there are others who are never quite happy unless they are miserable over some real or imaginary trouble.

"If they only made *themselves* miserable it would not be of so much consequence; but the fact is, they frequently succeed in annoying and exasperating other people who do not enjoy being miserable. There is no pleasure in worrying all by one's self. Somebody else must be dragged into the anxious circle to make the enjoyment complete. Another unfortunate thing about this anxiety department—it is constantly enlarging. "It begins, perhaps, with the baby's croup, but it extends its domain, until it takes in all the children and the husband and servants and the whole neighbourhood.

"I acknowledge that undue anxiety is often but an excrescence on other most admirable qualities—care and thoughtfulness, and loving self-sacrifice—but, on that account, it is even more to be avoided: a flaw in an otherwise perfect gem is the more noticeable. Let us curtail the anxiety department."

CONCERNING OVERCOATS.

"A Short Sermon out of Church."

"Paul, my beloved brethren, had something to say to his friends about the cloak he had left at Troas. If he had lived in America he would have worn an overcoat; and we do not see why we may not preach a short sermon on the overcoat. Not the overcoat that was left at Troas, but the one you brought to church last Sunday. You took it off during the first singing, and you carefully put it on during the singing of the last hymn, and at the same time you struggled into your overshoes, and stood up your umbrella in a convenient position to grab when the benediction should be pronounced.

"Now, beloved brethren, this overcoat is not only an outer garment, but it is a stumbling-block as well. In the first place, it destroys the appearance of reverence which I know you feel in your inmost heart for the house and worship of God. There is no more reason why you should use the time devoted to the closing hymn for dressing than the time devoted to reading the text. One is just as much a part of the worship as the other.

"In the second place, the overcoat distracts the attention of others. One can hardly follow the closing prayer or join in the blessing with which the service closes, if his neighbour is shuffling into a pair of tight-fitting rubbers, or throwing his arms about like a windmill, in his efforts to get into a refractory overcoat.

"In the third place, dearly beloved, you really save very little time by any such haste. You will not get home more than eight-tenths of a minute later by waiting with bowed head in reverent pause, after the benediction is pronounced, before putting on that outer garment.

"And now, dear brethren, I will bring my short homily to a close by begging you to leave that overcoat undisturbed until the service is wholly finished, and the time has come to depart from the house of God."

Ebenezer Richard.

THE late Henry Richard, for many years the much respected member for Merthyr Tydvil, was a son of Ebenezer Richard, of Tregaron, Cardiganshire. He was a much distinguished man, both as a preacher and a catechizer. Catechizing in Wales, especially at the early part of this century, must be understood to be something very different from the mere question and answer of printed books. It was, to a large extent, extempore, or, at least, *vivâ voce*. The Welsh ministers differed in their gifts and attainments; but, whatever they had or had not, they invariably possessed a deep experimental acquaintance with the Word of God, and the plain and earnest setting forth of its great truths was their vocation and aim; and in this consisted their great power as preachers and teachers. Ebenezer Richard was eminent in both departments.

A native of Pembrokeshire, where he was born in 1782, he entered upon his one and life-long charge at Tregaron in 1809. When the well-known Ebenezer Morris died, in 1825, Mr. Richard was regarded as his successor—a kind of apostle among the Welsh churches. He had already become conspicuous as a co-worker with Charles of Bala, in the cause of Sunday-schools; and, though eminent in ability to preach in the great associational gatherings, with sometimes overpowering effect, he thought it no condescension to go about advocating the cause of Sunday-schools, organizing them into unions, framing their rules, and leading in the work of catechizing both adults and children. "Often," says the author of *Sunday Schools in Wales*, "were the catechizer and the whole school seen bathed in tears when the examination in some scriptural topic, previously arranged, was being conducted; for it was the essential aim and purpose of these meetings to awaken the conscience as well as enlighten the understanding." His zeal for the instruction of the people in the truths of Holy Scripture often received a strong incentive as he witnessed the deplorable ignorance of many of the people. His heart was stirred to pity and to do all in his power to remove such gross stolidity as sometimes confronted him in his pastoral visits.

Near him lived an old woman named Martha Farrant. Her house was a small hut, whose walls were of earth, the roof covered with rushes, and its one window stuffed with rags to keep out the biting blasts of winter. After some common-place remarks, he tried, in one of his visits, to lead her thoughts to the things pertaining to her eternal salvation. Addressing her in his familiar manner, he said, "The earthly house is getting old and decayed, Martha, dear."

"Indeed, it is, sir," said she, "but the beam is pretty strong, still."

"Yes, yes, Martha," said he, "but it is the earthly house of this tabernacle that I mean; this will soon now be dissolved; do you think a little of securing a better home when you quit this?"

"Yes, indeed, it will come down before long," she replied; "and as the hens go to the top of it, and peck it, the fall will be somewhat sooner because of that."

"I fear," said Mr. Richard, "that it is very dark with you in matters relating to your eternal welfare."

"Indeed it is, sir," said the old woman; "the wind broke the window the other night; and being obliged to put in these rags to fill the holes, that is the reason why it is so dark with me."

It seemed impossible, in the use of such language, to lift her thoughts from the material and earthly to the spiritual and heavenly. Alas! there are tens of thousands of such cases, not so much, perhaps, in Wales, where the gospel light has shone very brightly, but certainly in England, both in the cities and in the country.

Ebenezer Morris and Ebenezer Richard laboured together in the gospel for sixteen years; and when the former died, the latter returned home from the funeral much cast down in spirit. There was one man, however, in the county of Cardigan, to whom he could look to supply the place of the deceased brother. That was David Evans, of Aberayron. On the Sabbath morning after the funeral, about eight o'clock, when Mr. Richard was preparing to leave home to preach at a chapel at some distance, a stranger came to the door requesting to see him.

"I am come, sir," said he, "to ask if you will please attend my master's funeral, on Wednesday next."

"Who is your master?" asked Mr. Richard, much agitated.

"Mr. David Evans," was the reply.

He almost fainted on the spot, and retired to his room, where he spent the morning in weeping and prayer. In the afternoon, Rev. John Williams, of Lledrod, who, either before or after this event, resigned his living, and cast in his lot among the Methodists, called on his way for the evening service at Tregaron. Apprised of his presence, Mr. Richard came down. As he entered the room, the venerable clergyman rose to meet him, and the two men flung themselves into each other's arms, and wept upon one another's necks, sobbing aloud, and unable to utter a word. Mr. Williams was the first to speak. "Oh, Eben., dear!" said he; "Eben., dear! what *shall* we do now?"

As Elisha took up the work of Elijah, so did Mr. Richard take up the work of Mr. Morris. An eminently great and good man, he had few equals in gifts, grace, and success. With a large and loving heart, of which the incident just related is an evidence, he was faithful to the great and glorious truths of the everlasting gospel. But his sun went down soon after mid-day. He returned home from the visitation of the churches in the district, on the 8th of March, 1837, and on the next day he died, when in his fifty-sixth year. Love of the brethren was one distinguishing feature of his character, as seen in the affecting interview with Mr. Williams. The incident is a beautiful illustration also—all too infrequent in these days—of the love of Christ overflowing the barriers of denominationalism, and bringing the beneficed clergyman, as Mr. Williams had been, or was, to weep on the neck of his nonconformist brother over a servant of God who owed nothing to episcopal ordination or ecclesiastical authority. Truly, in such cases the love of God is made perfect.

Noble is that Noble does.

OF the pitiful shifts to which pride puts its captives, it is difficult to say whether it is worse for a lowly-born man to be ashamed of his humble birth, or for a nobly-born man to taunt him with it. Those who from a low station rise to eminence are worthy of the most honour, if their moral and spiritual faculties rise with the physical.

The Countess Redfern, a lady of great attainments, was the daughter and heiress of a wealthy Hamburg merchant. Upon her marriage to Count Redfern, Lord High Chamberlain of the Emperor of Germany, when caste prejudice exerted absolute control over the court, she was presented to Frederick William IV., and he, never willing to miss a chance of saying a smart thing, regardless of any pain he might inflict on others, said to her, "Ah, Countess Redfern, by the way, tell me what your father dealt in!" The countess drew herself up to the full height of her splendid figure from the reverential attitude she had hitherto assumed, and answered, "My father, your Majesty, dealt in integrity and intelligence." A splendid answer, as the king afterwards confessed, and noble merchandise, whether dealt in by patrician or plebeian hands.

Amid the sometimes irksome tasks of every-day life, let us, as God's children, remember that nothing degrades us but what is evil; and laying aside fine airs, let us do noble deeds, "willing to fill a little space if God be glorified."

"Better not to be
Than not be noble."

For it is those who are taken up with great ideas who best perform small duties; and if our constraining motive be the love of Christ, that will ennoble even the otherwise most menial act, lighting it up with the glory of Jesus.

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
Makes that and the action fine."

"Why, you used to black my boots!" said an old member of the House of Commons to a new member about to take his seat. "And didn't I do it well?" was the instant and noble rejoinder. The only possible disgrace in the matter would have been if he had done it badly. To black boots is just as worthy an action as the governing of a kingdom, if both be the will of God.

And if, faithful in little, we at length have the opportunity of being faithful in much, there is in this, not matter for scorn, but for praise and congratulation. When Lord Tenterden, the celebrated judge, was reminded by some waspish man that his father had been a barber, he replied, "And if your father had been a barber, you would have been a barber too, sir." Which was another way of looking at it.

So, we conclude that if a man has had a noble ancestry, and is not himself noble, he is like a potato, the best part of him being underground. But if he himself be noble, whatever may have been the position of his forefathers, he is worthy of honour. "Ah!" said a vain, senseless fop to a worthy, intelligent man, whose father had been a

mulatto, "Your family is descended from the monkey, is it not?" "If so," was the rejoinder, "it began where yours has left off."

Merely to mention the notable men of history who have sprung from lowly birth, would take up many pages; but taking *The Kinship of Man* as our guide, we discover that "everybody is everybody's child, looking to a certain period in the past; and everybody is everybody's parent, looking to a time that is coming." For the author demonstrates that as we have two parents, four grandparents, eight of the previous generation, and sixteen of the generation before that, so each of us would have had, at the time of King Alfred, save for intermarriages, 2,147,483,648 ancestors, or more than the present population of the globe. Thus, each of us is related to all, and need despise none. We must henceforth say—

"My ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels since the flood."

The real noble man is the man in Christ: then we are joined to the highest royalty, and are ourselves heirs to a throne: each the King's son, as Billy Bray delighted to describe himself.

"How'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

All boasting is thus excluded, and any pride—whether pride of race, or pride of place, or pride of face, or pride of grace—is but vanity and vexation of spirit.

W. Y. FULLERTON.

"Too Busy to Look up."

BY JOSEPH W. HARRALD.

ONE morning, when Mrs. Spurgeon came into the study at "Westwood," with a lady's quick eye she noticed that the Venetian blinds had not been drawn up properly. When she called my attention to the fact, I remarked, without thinking of the double meaning that might be attached to my words—

"WE HAVE BEEN TOO BUSY TO LOOK UP."

I had scarcely uttered this short sentence before I saw in it a force I had not intended, and a lesson that I thought might be turned to good account. It was quite true that we had been "too busy to look up," for it had been a specially trying morning, even in our busy workshop; but it was a mistake, even under such circumstances, not to look up. If we had looked up, and had put the blinds in order, we should have seen our work better, and have been able to do it more efficiently.

There are many people who are "too busy to look up" beside John Bunyan's "man with a muck-rake," above whose head a crown of gold was hanging while he was fully and foolishly occupied raking among the dust. There is a simple, but sad story of a little girl, who was so

busy working a pair of slippers for her father, that she had no time to look up, and give him the smile and kiss for which his fatherly heart longed far more than for any number of pairs of slippers. If any Christians are making that child's mistake, they may be reminded that—

"God asks not of our hands such busy labour
As leaves no time for resting at his feet."

In Christian work, we cannot afford to be "too busy to look up." The Psalmist said, "In the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up," like an archer who has shot his arrow, and is watching to note where it strikes the target. The old proverb says, "Prayer and provender hinder no man's journey," and certainly prayer never hinders, but always helps the Christian worker. Fancy a reaper in the harvest-field saying, "I am so busy that I cannot stop to sharpen my sickle." His wiser neighbour says, "I am so busy that I cannot waste even a moment by trying to work with a blunt instrument. I will stop to sharpen my sickle, that I may be able to work all the faster when I begin reaping again."

On one occasion, David wrote, "Mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up." Nothing will blind the eye, and paralyze the hand of the Christian worker, like sin, when it holds him within its terrible embrace. Yet then is the time when our only hope lies in looking up. It is no use to look down, or behind, or around, or within. When poor Peter was being sifted in Satan's sieve, the sifting fiend must have felt that he had him within his grasp as surely as he had the apostate apostle, Judas; but if so, he was greatly mistaken. Sinful Simon was almost lost; but there was one thing still within his power—he *could look up, and he did*. After his third denial of his suffering Master, "the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter." If Peter had not been looking up to Jesus, he would not have seen that look of love, and grief, and pity, and compassion, that drove him out to weep with bitter but genuine sorrow over his awful fall. If any servant of the Lord Jesus has fallen as low as Peter did, let him look up to his loving Lord; for deliverance from the tempter's toils can come from no other quarter.

There are some who do look up, and yet fail to see that which is most worth seeing. When Elisha's servant rose early, and went forth in the city of Dothan, he saw nothing but the Syrians' horses and chariots; but when the Lord opened his eyes, "he saw; and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." Our Lord would have his disciples look up even in the darkest hour. He foretold the terrible tribulation that should come, and then said, "When these things begin to come to pass, *then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh.*"

Sometimes, looking up has produced deliverance from dangers that have not been even suspected. Archdeacon Prys, of Merioneth, in the sixteenth century, published a complete Welsh Psalter. His version of Psalm cxxi. is memorable from an interesting incident, which is thus related in Mr. H. Elvet Lewis's volume, "Sweet Singers of Wales," published by the Religious Tract Society:—

"One of the evangelist preachers of the eighteenth century ventured to cross over to Anglesey to publish the glad tidings of God. His appearance was the signal for violent opposition ; and how it fared with him on one occasion shall be told in the words of one who ought to know : 'Saul of Tarsus was never more determined to imprison the disciples of Jesus than I and the persecuting band that had gathered together, with staves, to meet the Roundhead, who was coming to preach at Penmynydd. We had all agreed, if he tried to preach, to make an end of him there and then. When he had arrived, we began to push forwards close to him ; and when he had mounted a large stone, which stood beside the house, and turned his face toward Carnarvon, and gave out this stanza, to be sung by his scanty followers—

"I lift mine eyes unto the hills
Whence willing help shall come,"

we, supposing him to be expecting some armed men from the hills of Arvon, began to retreat a little ; and after consultation, some of us decided to hear what the preacher had to say ; and so we went over the fence, and crept slowly and noiselessly, under cover of it, till we came over against where he stood. He could not see us, and we did not want to see him ; but we could hear every word he said as plainly as if we stood beside him. Under that sermon, on the most wonderful day of my life, I came to know myself as a lost sinner—lost everywhere, and in everything, outside of Jesus Christ, and him crucified.' "

A Minister's Impressions of the Conference of 1890.

THE approach of the Conference brought back very vividly to our memory the gracious experiences of last year's gathering ; but brethren who have assembled year after year tell us who are younger that each succeeding Conference is a "stepping-stone to higher things." Those who have only just discovered that this is "an age of progress," might have done so earlier had they attended a few of the twenty-four Annual Conferences of the Pastors' College. These seem, as one brother said, to get better and better every year. Thus, after the memorable meetings of last year, we did not feel that we had emptied the heavens, but rather had been shown the inexhaustibleness of the supply, and encouraged to hope for even greater things from the present assembly.

Monday, April 21.—By the invitation of the church and pastor, the first afternoon and evening were spent at Talbot Tabernacle, Notting Hill, of which our beloved brother, Frank H. White, is the honoured minister. The first engagement of the Conference is prayer. How could believers meet with hope of blessing without it ? A considerable number of ministers and friends assembled for the devotional service, from four o'clock to five. The President, after leading us in prayer, reminded us of the first meeting last year, presided over by our brother Burton, who so recently heard the Master's call, "Come up higher." In a few well-chosen words he bore testimony to the faithfulness of our departed friend. "He was a brave and valiant man ; straight as an arrow ; true to the core ; a martyr for years, testifying in the pulpit when quite unfit to preach through physical

weakness; he had indomitable courage, and a burning devotion to his Lord: his service of Christ was something for all to emulate."

Deep conviction and earnest supplication breathed in every prayer. "Father, glorify thy name," was the burden of many petitions. "May the meetings of the Conference be more than ever memorable!" "From first to last be present in the power of the divine energy!" "May this be a feast at which every guest shall be satisfied!" "Beyond anything we can conceive do we desire thy glory." These expressions serve as windows through which we may see the hearts that prayed. One expression, "Some are coming near the time when they shall see the King," brought a hush over us, as we reflected that probably some of our number would not be among those who will meet in the Conference of 1891.

When five o'clock came, we felt that the meeting had been a very good beginning, an earnest of good things to come. The church invited us to a well-arranged and well-provisioned tea, in the lecture hall.

A visit of the President to the West of London is evidently much appreciated. The public meeting was to commence at seven, but at six o'clock seats were being appropriated. We had time to take a good survey of the building. It is described as somewhat Byzantine in its architecture, with a semi-circular frontage of red brick and terra-cotta. Inside, the first questions suggested to us were: "Why was the architect so persistent in shutting out the light; and why was the congregation made to look at the bare and dismal wall behind the pulpit, instead of giving some such pretty effect as the preacher gets by looking at the other end of the building?" When, however, the large chapel was crowded to its utmost capacity, and at seven o'clock Mr. Spurgeon's entry was signalized by the vast audience rising to their feet, and cheering heartily, we forgot our mental designs for the further improvement of the handsome building, and shared in the enthusiasm which was exhibited from the commencement to the close of the meeting. After a hymn and a prayer came an address from the President.

After thanking the church for their royal entertainment, and testifying to the sweetness and power of the gospel, which it was the aim of the College to preach, Mr. Spurgeon told how the College was commenced with one student, and of its rapid growth until now: from it 828 ministers had been given to the world, of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some (72) are fallen asleep. 673 are at present in actual work in different parts of the world, 607 of whom are now in the Baptist denomination as pastors, evangelists, or missionaries. The earnest discourse, which closed with an appeal for prayer on behalf of the great work of the College, will long be remembered by those who heard it.

The speeches that followed were of a high order. Some sentences in the tribute paid by Mr. W. J. Styles, as representing the "High Calvinists," to "Our dear Pastor President," as he called Mr. Spurgeon, ought to live. He thanked the President for confirming his faith in the truth, "That the gospel is the *only* power to accomplish our work in this world"—for showing by his ministry that "Orthodoxy is not merely the negation of heterodoxy, but the clear, emphatic statement of the truth of the gospel enforced in the power of the Holy Ghost," and for "exhibiting what is real loyalty to Christ."

"Loyalty to Christ," said Mr. Styles, "is a beautiful phrase; but under cover of that phrase to-day, Moses is called a liar, Isaiah is again sawn asunder, Paul is pitted against his Master." The aptness of the remark that the "modern Paul is no more like the apostle than the effigy at Madame Tussaud's is like Mr. Spurgeon," will be appreciated by all who understand analysis and contrasts. This beautifully poetic address ended with the words, "God be thanked that we are kept on the old lines, and that our Lord is with us still."

Pastor T. Hancock's (Chatham) recital of instances where, in his own

ministry, the gospel had been the power of God unto salvation, was very telling and encouraging. Brother C. W. Gregory's account of his work, as district missionary in Southern California, where "the perfume of the orange-blossom is fit for angels," and "where men sin with all their hearts," was singularly bright and memorable. Pastor G. Wainwright's address on "the gospel a word of truth and power," were well worth recording, did space permit. To-night's speaking was characterized by the chairman as after the apostolic order, and a learned doctor on the platform said that each speech seemed better than the rest. The audience showed their appreciation of the College by a substantial collection, and the very happy and profitable meeting terminated with the benediction.

Tuesday, April 22.—To-day the Conference really begins. As usual, a good deal of conversation went on amongst groups of ministers as they gathered about the College buildings. A very happy and merry company do our brethren make as, once a year, they come to London to see each other. A very helpful brotherhood it is universally felt to be. Cheer, encouragement, and quickening, are what most need, and what most get. At 10.30, the spacious Conference Hall was well filled; while, on looking to the visitors' gallery, we were glad to find it occupied by a large number of ladies and friends. Again we saw that the first order of the Conference is prayer. The men of God are wise; for these gatherings mean much to the spiritual life, fidelity, and activity of those who attend. As the letter of invitation said, "We dare not rely upon the occasion, the brotherhood, the *esprit de corps*, or anything which is of ourselves; our help must come from above." The President, in opening the meeting, said, "What we now want is living, powerful, and mighty prayer"; and for an hour and a half the assembly seemed wrapt in the spirit of devotion. One of the earliest prayers was from Brother Bunning, of Melbourne, who had been absent from the Conference for eighteen years, and had travelled overland from Naples so as to be present. He could tell more than most what the value of the Conference was to himself, for he had so long been without the joy of attending it. We could record some remarkable expressions uttered during this hallowed time; but perhaps we should not note those which were most marked by "the Hearer of prayer." The wondrous blessing of last year's Conference was again remembered with intense gratitude. One spoke for many when he said, "We have longed for the moment when we could thus give ourselves in sweet abandonment to prayer and praise." One thanked God that we could not take the ministry easy. A prayer characteristic of this Conference was, "Help us to know the Word of God, whatever we do not know." For brethren not with us, the petition was, "Oh, thou ever present One, remember our absent ones!" Nothing was more affecting than the prayers of those who had suffered, and the petitions for those who still suffered. The indications of sorrow and trial on the Congo, in China, and at home, reminded us that "we have this treasure in earthen vessels."

Twelve o'clock found the assembly on their feet greeting Mr. Spurgeon with cheers as he rose to deliver what is always looked upon as one of the great events of the Conference—the President's address. The readers of this month's *Sword and Trowel* have the first part of the address before them, and therefore do not need any description of it; but we cannot help wishing that they could all have heard it; for, after all, reading is not like hearing the message from the speaker's lips and heart. "Let 'Hallelujah for the cross,' be still your song, and the Lord be with you. Amen!" were the closing words. "Shall we sing the doxology?" said one of our brethren, as the President resumed his seat, and at once the familiar strains rang through the Hall; for every man present felt that he had fresh cause to

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

As soon as the visitors had retired, the Conference business was transacted.

The principal items of general interest were as follows:—The adjudicators on the Prize Essays on the Sabbath awarded the first prize (£50) to Pastor J. W. Thomas (Willesden), the second (£30) to Pastor W. Williams (Upton Chapel), and the third (£20) to Pastor T. Greenwood (Catford Hill). These prizes are the gift of a London merchant who in many ways spends his wealth in spreading useful literature and in helping the Lord's poor. The deaths of four brethren were reported; the names of twenty-seven students, who have been in the College six months, were added to the roll; the officers were all re-elected; and the treasurer of the Assurance Community reported a balance in hand of £153 4s. 6d. At the close of the business, we adjourned to the Tabernacle School-room for dinner. What a love-feast it is! The hospitalities' committee seem well able to cater for the ever-increasing numbers present at the Conference, and all were speedily satisfied and on their way to the Orphanage. There are many links between the two principal institutions connected with the Tabernacle church, and on the Tuesday afternoon and evening, ministers and orphans appear equally pleased to have the opportunity of meeting each other. The boys were shouting and going through their athletic sports, and the ministers looked as if they were growing young again.

"By the work of the Orphanage our President touches the whole world," said Brother Bunning. There is always a jubilation among the children when "the great father of five hundred" makes his appearance among them.

The evening meeting was really a splendid missionary gathering. College men were there from North Africa, Congo, China, India, Jamaica, Missouri, Southern California, and Australia.

Mr. Bunning said that while rattling along through the glorious scenery of the Alpine valleys, he was all the time thinking of the Conference, but "the realization exceeded the expectation." Not the least interesting part of his speech was his humorous description of an acquaintance he made with two gentlemen on board ship, who possessed copies of the President's books, *Morning by Morning*, and *The Salt-Cellars*, which were to him the tokens that he had fallen in with congenial spirits. Mr. Bunning spoke in high praise of the work of our men in the Colonies, and said a little about each one of them whom he had met. The next speaker, Brother J. G. Potter (Agra) had been away for nine years. He made a bold stroke when, in his appeal for workers, he modestly invited Mr. Spurgeon to share the labours of the brethren in India. Brother H. R. Phillips, of the Congo, who, after so many fevers, is regaining strength, gave an encouraging report of work at San Salvador, and told how a boy who, a few years ago, sang the Congoese of "Come to Jesus," on the Tabernacle platform, was now a Christian leader on the Congo. Dr. Churcher, medical missionary in Tangier, was accompanied by an Arab teacher, dressed, like himself, in Moorish costume, whom he introduced as one of the firstfruits of Morocco for Christ. His explanation of his presence in England now was that, during this month, the Mohammedans will eat nothing from sunrise to sunset—it was, therefore, useless for the doctor to prescribe medicine for them. His glowing testimony to the work of Hardingham Patrick among the Spaniards was much appreciated. It was remarked that the speeches to-night were like a continuation of the Acts of the Apostles. Glory be to God for raising up such men, and giving them grace to serve him among the heathen!

Wednesday, April 23.—The first hour, this morning, was again given to prayer. From a sentence in the President's opening petition we gathered that he had not rested well after the labours of yesterday—"Thou hast made the night watches very terrible after a day of rich delights"; but a brother turned this to good account by prayer that, as in the night time the clouds are formed for the day's shower, so the agitated night might be followed by a sweetly refreshing day. Special prayers were offered, this

morning, for the wives, sons, and daughters of the pastors. "Give to each one of us in the faith those whom thou hast given us in the flesh," was a prayer to which all responded with a deep "Amen"; and the President's proposal to write a letter to the children of the brethren was received with great delight and expectation of blessing. The earnest cry, "So help us now that we may have a firmer grasp of infallible truth," was the key-note of to-day's session, for the papers that followed had this object in view. The one by Pastor T. L. Edwards (Stockton-on-Tees), on "His powerful Word," was very much appreciated. Pastor A. McCaig (Brannoxtown) followed with an exceedingly valuable and weighty paper, on "Verbal Inspiration Vindicated." (This paper has been published by Elliot Stock, at one penny. We hope large numbers will be circulated.) Pastors Hugh D. Brown (Dublin), John Urquhart (Weston-super-Mare), David Davies (Brighton), A. G. Brown, and the President followed with remarks on the Inspiration of the Word of God; and so closed another truly profitable morning.

In the Conference Hall, after tea, there was a large gathering of subscribers to the College. We suppose that the unusually happy aspect of the audience was an indication of the pleasure felt in being helpers of the College. It was a pleasant sight to see, side by side on the platform, George Williams, Esq., President of the Y.M.C.A., who presided, Sir John Kennaway, M.P., President of the Church Missionary Society, and the President of the Pastors' College. The President gave a brief account of the rise and progress of the College; the chairman expressed his hearty sympathy with the work; and the following brethren, from abroad, spoke as representatives of the 168 men from the College now in the foreign field:—W. Bunning, C. W. Gregory, Dr. Churcher, Dr. Edwards, and J. J. Turner, from China, J. G. Potter, and H. Ross Phillips, from the Congo. The Conference of 1890 has been called "The Bible Conference," but it might with equal truth have been named "The Missionary Conference," for we have never before had so many foreign brethren with us at our annual gathering. One said that it reminded him of Antioch in the days of the Apostles. Sir John Kennaway said that he had no idea that he was coming to a missionary meeting, when he was invited to the College. Is not the prominence given to intelligence concerning foreign work in this Conference a "sign of the times," a straw showing the direction of the current of thought and activity in our churches to-day? One of the last speakers was Mr. C. W. Goodhart, of Reading, in whose remarks on "Modern Thought" there was some of the most genial and genuine humour that we have heard for a long time. After a hearty vote of thanks had been accorded to the chairman, on the proposition of the President, seconded by the Vice-president, the company adjourned to the Tabernacle lecture-hall for supper. The scene cannot be described; it must be seen, or no idea can be formed of it. Contributions amounting to £2706 were announced, with grateful thanks to all the donors, and especially to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. Friends unable to be present sent their donations, bringing up the total to considerably over £2800. *Laus Deo!*

Thursday, April 24.—After prayer, this morning, Professor Gracey, Principal of the College, who, on rising, received quite an ovation, read a most valuable paper on "Some Features of Apostolic Doctrine in the year A.D. 52." (We are glad to know that Mr. Gracey's paper, and also Mr. Hooper's, have been printed in *Word and Work*. Brethren would do well to secure copies while they are to be had.) It was a masterly examination and exposition of 1 Thess. i. 1—10. The writer showed that, in those ten verses of the earliest epistle of Paul, there were, either by express statement, implication, or reference, nearly all the essential features of the Pauline Gospel. Referring to the prominence given this week to subjects relating to the Word of God, Mr. Gracey said that the large attention thus given to what to-day was engaging most thought made the Conference of 1890 an epitome of all

that was best in Christendom. It is not unworthy of remark that last year's Conference was memorable through the prominence given to the work of the Holy Spirit. This year will be remembered as "The Bible Conference." Is it not the work of the Holy Spirit to guide us into all truth? Men who have the Spirit are sure to value their Bibles.

Very able papers were also read by Pastor F. E. Marsh (Sunderland), on "Our Continual Need of the Holy Spirit," and by Pastor G. D. Hooper, (Hendon), on "The Word in Relation to Our Work." We all rejoice to see the associates of the College thus lending their welcome aid to this feast of mutual instruction.

We were glad to hear Pastor G. Turner (Tottenham), interpose some graceful references to Mrs. Spurgeon, and propose that the Conference send to her a message of loving esteem, and thanks for all her help to the brethren. "We can understand some things in Mr. Spurgeon, by knowing Mrs. Spurgeon," said Mr. Turner. The Conference gift of a noble volume, entitled, "The Hereafter," was referred to in grateful terms. The regard of the brethren was too tender for cheers; they signified their glad assent by silently rising to their feet. Hearty thanks were also given to the friends who had entertained the country brethren.

In the evening we gathered for the great public meeting in the Tabernacle, which was crowded. Those who came early, to get good seats, were treated with singing by the Orphanage children. Pastor Charles Spurgeon led us in prayer; and the singing of the hymn "Happy Day," suggested to the President, as the subject for his address, the happy day when he found the Saviour, the happy day when he began to work for the Lord, and the happy day when he was led to commence the Pastors' College. The Vice-president followed, with an address on "Success." Wise, cheering, and stimulating. Brother George Boulsher spoke, at length, of his pioneer work in Missouri. What a robust pioneer he has been! Mr. Bunning again gave interesting facts concerning colonial work. Brother C. W. Gregory told how, in Southern California, his work included the establishing of fifteen churches; and Pastor C. D. Crouch (Worthing), closed the meeting with a touching and powerful appeal to the unconverted; the best tail-piece that could have been imagined. During the evening, the hymn "Look, ye saints," was sung to the grand old tune "Calcutta," and the College National Anthem, "Hallelujah for the Cross," was pealed forth as only such an audience can sing, with holy exultation and delight. Mr. Smith's cornet we were glad to hear, for it told us that our beloved brother was recovering from his serious disease. He makes that trumpet talk! At the close, the ministers and students were entertained to supper in the lecture-hall. It is a high festival, and spirits overflow with a delight which needs no stimulant to draw forth exultant expression.

Friday, April 25.—The great event of to-day is the observance of the Lord's Supper, preceded by the sermon of the President. This is the last day of the feast, and generally proves to be the great day also. The visitor's gallery was again packed. After the usual season of prayer, Pastor J. E. Martin (Erith), read a paper on "The Word in Relation to Our Inner Life," which was followed by confirmatory remarks from several brethren.

The secretaries were requested to write a letter, in the name of the Conference, to brethren abroad, and also to convey to our venerable friend, Mr. Rogers, the loving sympathy and good wishes of the brethren in response to his kind message, through Brother Mackey. Pastor F. H. White reported the result of the informal conference with regard to holding meetings in the autumn. Without reference to other autumnal meetings, but purely for our own purposes of edification, we may yet hold a session in the country as well as in London, should the way appear to be open for such a movement. Mr. White also spoke of the willingness of the following ministers to help brethren in the country whenever they have the opportunity of doing so. It

is often a great help to a brother to know where to obtain a preacher for the week-day of his anniversary. Those who desire their services should correspond with them direct, giving them the choice of various dates, as they are all busy men. Pastors G. Turner, Tottenham; C. B. Sawday, Leicester; F. H. White, Bayswater; E. H. Ellis, Stoke Newington; H. O. Mackey, Peckham; W. Williams, Upton Chapel; G. D. Hooper, Hendon; E. Roberts, Peckham; Frank M. Smith, Peckham; J. Wilson, Woolwich; and C. Spurgeon, Greenwich.

The old curate, Pastor A. G. Brown, then opened the service proper by prayer, and reading, and exposition of parts of 2 Corinthians iii. and iv., after which, for an hour, we listened with intensest interest and profit to the President's sermon from Galatians i. 2. We were thankful to see him in such good health and spirits, after the heavy labours of the week. We would like to quote from the sermon, but must forbear; we hope we shall have the privilege of reading and preserving it. We then gathered around the communion-table. It was an affecting sight to see, and a remarkable experience to be among four or five hundred brethren, as, after the communion, they stood, with linked hands, and sang the Scotch version of the one hundred and twenty-second Psalm—

“Pray that Jerusalem may have
Peace and felicity.”

At the farewell dinner, Brother F. H. White, our faithful remembrancer, reported that, during the year, 216 brethren had collected or contributed £457 1s. 10d. for the College funds; the previous year's figures were, 169 brethren, £361 14s. 10d. Thanks followed to various friends who had not been previously mentioned, especially to the President, whose closing words upon the prospects of those who stand fast in these evil days will long be remembered; and with the doxology and benediction, “The Bible and Missionary Conference of 1890” was formally closed; but its influence will, we trust, continue to be felt to the utmost ends of the earth.

Notices of Books.

Mistaken Signs, and other Papers on Christian Life and Experience. By Rev. W. L. WATKINSON. Kelly.

WE again protest against the misleading plan of naming a volume of sermons or papers from the title of one of them. This book is not upon “mistaken signs”: the title is mistaken. Passing over this common error, for which we do not blame the author, we are free to express our high appreciation of his “papers”—which we should prefer to call discourses: they manifest both grace and gift of a high order. Bating the peculiarities inseparable from Wesleyanism, we are at home with the preacher in much of his experience and life. In the essentials of the evangelical faith we are at one. His comparisons are charming, his statements are clear, his convictions are strong, and his whole work goes to nourish an honest, healthy, heavenly, inner

life. We rejoice in such a preacher as Mr. Watkinson, and are glad to see that this set of short sermons is in its fifth thousand.

My Saviour, and Sixteen other Addresses. By the Rev. HENRY DENING. J. Kensit.

VERY seldom do we meet with a book so much to our own heart. Fresh, bright, sparkling, yet solid and thorough. Abounding in illustrations, earnest in tone, and sound in doctrine; it is so good that it could hardly be improved upon. Of course, the brother is of the Church of England, but he has only been sprinkled with it, never baptized into it. Into the truth of God he has been plunged, and his every word drips with the water of life. The little book is fit for readers of every class, and those who are most earnestly reaching forth to the yet beyond, will appreciate it most.

The Gospel according to St. John, with Introduction and Notes. Two vols. [Hand-books for Bible-classes.] By Rev. GEORGE REITH, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

WITHOUT endorsing all that is contained in every one of this excellent series of hand-books, we are, nevertheless, able cordially to commend them as an earnest endeavour to place exposition within reach of the many. These two books contain as much upon John as most teachers will need for practical purposes. We think our author is quite considerate enough of those who question the verbal inspiration of the evangelist—it is the fashion to give more heed to their doubts than they deserve. Of course, the work does not profess to be very deep; but for what it is intended to be, this Hand-book is worthy to be recommended to the many who need just such assistance as it offers.

The Writings of the Apostle John. With Notes, Critical, Expository. By the late JOHN TINDALL HARRIS. Two vols. Hodder and Stoughton, Harris, 5, Bishopsgate Street Without.

DEVOUT thoughts by one whom we should suppose to be a member of the Society of Friends. He is a thoughtful and instructed writer, and there is a fresh breeziness and life about him which we like. We could not warrant every observation, but the spirit of the author is admirable, and for the most part he only writes what every evangelical believer would accept. There are matters in which we cannot agree with our author, and some weighty matters too; but he is reverent in tone and spirit, and on the side of faith. That he understands the mysterious Book of Revelation is more than we dare to say or think.

The Pulpit Commentary. II. Kings. Exposition and Homiletics by Rev. G. RAWLINSON, M.A. Kegan Paul. Price 15s.

THIS huge enterprise proceeds, and we hope it will be continued to completion. It is not so good as it might be, but it is a considerable addition to the apparatus of exposition. This particular volume is of the best quality. The outlines by Dr. Thomas are

sufficiently caustic. Nobody can say that his opinion of modern churches is at all flattering. Some of his homilies contain charges which, if we had uttered them, would have brought down an avalanche of anathemas upon our head. If these accusations are received in silence, is it because they are true? If so, no fact can be more terrible.

A Homiletical Commentary on the Books of the Chronicles. By Rev. JAMES WOLFENDALE. R. D. Dickinson.

WE have so little upon Chronicles, that Mr. Wolfendale is filling up a gap which needed some such book. He has done his work very well: we have noted many most helpful homiletical suggestions in his pages. Here we have nothing very profound, but much that will be practically useful. A book worth buying.

Katherina Von Bora, Luther's Wife. From the German of Armin Stein. Translated by M. P. Houlston.

ANYTHING about Luther has a special vivacity in it; but on the domestic side he is peculiarly attractive. His Kate was, in all probability, far from being the master, or he would not so often have charged her with being so. Henpecked husbands say little about their oppressed condition. *Katherina Von Bora* yet speaketh. In these pages she is seen and heard as when alive.

Beata Spes. Some Reasons for the Blessed Hope of Everlasting Life. By JOHN WATKINS PITCHFORD, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

VERY good teaching. The language is too Latinized to allow of the work ever being a favourite with the many; but a certain order of minds will appreciate it. Mr. Pitchford advocates the Scriptural doctrine of the hereafter with considerable force, following the well-trodden course of those who have aforetime treated the subject. We cannot see that he adds much to the argument, but he restates it in a somewhat stately style. To those who have read little or nothing upon the subject, this work may be presented as an elaborate discourse upon the immortality of saints; but those who are established in the faith of the glory which remaineth, will be content with "The Saints' Everlasting Rest."

"*Out on the Ocean Sailing!*" A Sermon. By Rev. W. H. BURTON, preached in the Metropolitan Tabernacle. T. Hill, 36, Chancery Lane.

EVERY relic of our lamented brother, W. H. Burton, will be precious to his people; and, therefore, we are glad to see this sermon in print. It was preached at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and taken down by one of our own reporters. Mr. Burton was always at home with a seafaring subject, for he had in his youth been in the dockyard, and loved ships and sailors. His word was with power.

Religious Systems of the World, National, Christian, and Philosophic. A Collection of Addresses delivered at South Place Institute, in 1888-9. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.

WE do not believe in "the new Catholicity," which recognizes all religions as essentially divine. Those who accept it are usually persons to whom no religion whatever is divine in the true sense. The spirit which boasts this universal tolerance is usually more ferocious than bigotry itself. These addresses include one by Dr. Clifford, of which something was said at the time of its delivery. We do not value this volume, save that it enables the reader to see the various religions as they appear to Unitarian eyes.

The Book of Exodus. By Dr. CHADWICK, Dean of Armagh. Hodder and Stoughton.

A HIGHLY instructive volume, and as fascinating in style and matter as well can be. We read on and on as if under an irresistible spell, and we are the better for the exercise. Our author has fits of anti-Calvinistic mania, as some would think them; but having made allowances for these aberrations, we are not harmed by them. He reminds us of Robertson, of Brighton, who foamed at the mouth at an orthodox doctrine, fought tooth and nail against it, and then set up in its place his own form of teaching, which, though the words were different, was at bottom as like to the doctrine which he had denounced as two peas are like each other. Dr. Chadwick is more after the common orthodox order than he conceives himself to be. There is

more even of Calvinism in him than he knows or would admit. He will not think this a compliment; but as it is not meant for one, that will not matter. He is too rich in holy thought to need to spice his expositions with peppery allusions to truths dear to the ordinary Christian mind; but if he must have his little frolic, we can indulge him therein, and yet feel grateful for all the good and gracious teaching which he gives at other times. Few volumes of "The Expositor's Bible" have pleased us better.

Handbook to the Second Book of Moses called Exodus: the Text Annotated for Educational and Home Use. By the Rev. H. M. CLIFFORD, M.A. Henry Frowde.

IT is a cheering sign that manuals of Old Testament books can be brought out at eightpence, and that they find sufficient buyers to remunerate the publishers. In this "handbook" we have the text in one column, and certain brief but valuable notes in the other. We do not say that the annotations are very deep or full; but they will be of considerable assistance to young people who wish to understand what they read.

The Servant of the Lord in Isaiah XL.-LXVI. Reclaimed to Isaiah as the Author, from Argument, Structure, and Date. By JOHN FORBES, D.D., Emeritus Professor of Oriental Languages, Aberdeen. T. and T. Clark.

AT the age of eighty-seven our author completes his commentary on the last prophecy of Isaiah, in chapters xl. to lxvi., and reclaims for the one and only Isaiah the authorship of this second half of the book of the prophet. It is well done of the veteran professor. He says that the more the modern theory is examined, the more unsatisfactory does it become. We are greatly obliged to him for examining it, for to ourselves the task would be so repugnant, and so irksome, that we should decline it, even if we had all the scholarship of Cheyne or Driver. One Isaiah is enough for us, and we do not believe that the moderns will be a bit the better if they make for themselves two Isaiahs, or three Obadiahs.

Sermons, Addresses, and Charges. By the Rev. JOSEPH BUSH. 66, Pater-noster Row.

MR. JOSEPH BUSH has occupied the Presidential throne of Wesleyan Methodism, and it was meet that he should leave at the foot of the chair a memorial of the honour, in the form of a volume of sermons and addresses. Methodists have in Mr. Bush a man who is true to the old lines of definite doctrine, hard work, and gospel pleading. His words are full of force, because they mean business, and deal lovingly for the living God with dying men. To be practically useful would seem to be the great aim of the writer. Of course, much that is here said will be best appreciated by Wesleyans; but any worker who reads these pages must be incorrigibly dull if he is not the better for them. We think little of the agonies of oratory which some confound with the travail of the ministry; but good, plain heart-pleading always commands our reverence. If we have here little that is ambitious, we have much that is useful, and that is far better.

Beneath the Blue Sky: Preaching in the Open Air. By GODFREY HOLDEN PIKE. With Contributions by JOHN MACGREGOR, M.A., and GAWIN KIRKHAM. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS chronicle of the out-door crusade has been noticed by us before with hearty commendation. A second copy has been sent, and this gives us an opportunity of saying that the volume has been heartily praised by the ablest reviewers, and the Open-Air Mission has adopted it as one of the books which it endeavours to circulate. Now that the warm weather has come, let the bishops of the streets lift up their voices beneath the blue dome of their vast cathedral.

The Open-Air Preacher's Hand-Book. By GAWIN KIRKHAM, Secretary of the Open-Air Mission. Morgan and Scott.

THE Open-Air Mission does good service to its own workers by producing books helpful to speakers. In this case the secretary has put together outlines of addresses, definite directions, and practical remarks, and he

has thus made up a volume which is rather a medley, but altogether a practical, useful book. Those who know best the difficulties and requirements of open-air work will see how admirably this treatise is fitted to average London out-door preachers. Often at the commencement of their life-work these brethren are very poorly equipped; but practice trains them, and little by little they become exceedingly effective. A suggestion to such growing men is of the utmost value; and this hand-book will be all the more useful to them, because it is full of practical hints, which long service has enabled Mr. Kirkham to lay by in store. Open-air missionaries, you will not find this book too dear at two shillings.

The Brook and its Banks. By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A. With many Illustrations. Religious Tract Society. As an observer and writer, few men have ever equalled the late J. G. Wood in dealing with natural history. No one has excelled him. He had a natural fellowship with all "live things and critturs," as one was wont to call them. In his writings he is never dull, every line swarms with interesting facts. This is one of his last and best books. Alas, that there should be an end of his happy talks! In this case the subject was to his mind, and broad enough to allow him great variety. We have seldom had a happier task than the reading and re-reading of this really standard work. We mean to go through it again. It is so pleasant, and so profitable, so full of mirth as well as science, that we do not think we shall tire of it any sooner than we should be weary of White's "Selborne." It is a beautiful publication as it is produced by the Tract Society, and it ought to run into many editions. Its price is six shillings.

The Weekly Pulpit. Vol. VII. Elliot Stock.

THIS useful rivulet continues to flow on for ministers whose cups run low. It must be refreshing to men whose libraries can be contained on one shelf. It is by no means pretentious or pedantic, neither do we think its contents brilliant or striking; but it contains many good, usable things.

History of the Scottish Nation. By Dr. WYLIE. Vol. III. From A.D. 843 to A.D. 1286. Simpkin, Marshall.

THIS volume conducts the reader through a dim and difficult portion of Scottish history. Nothing but the most laborious research could have enabled Dr. Wylie to collect so much of interest. Lessons for the church of God arise plentifully out of the record—lessons which she refuses to learn, for she is bent upon repeating the errors of former ages. Iona, with its evangelical influences, disappears during this period; and the ever active and cunning emissaries of Rome quietly work their way. Supported by royal influence, and the wealth and the artistic spirit of the age, Popery climbs to high place, and pushes to the ground the simple disciples of St. Columba, and the spiritual worship of the Culdees.

This is the third part of a great history. May the honoured writer complete his arduous task. (Alas, he has gone home before this is issued !)

England and the Anglo-Norman Church. A History of Ireland and Irish Christianity from the Anglo-Norman Conquest to the Dawn of the Reformation. By Dr. S. T. STOKES. Hodder and Stoughton.

A MASS of historical learning. If everything about Ireland were not interesting we should think this volume a trifle dull. We do not refer to the style, but to the difficult, tangled story which it labours to unravel. It is sad to see how the Celtic church melted into the Roman, and the Culdee went down before the tonsured monk. The story of the Norman Conquest is set forth not only on its religious, but also on its secular, side. The work was delivered to a youthful university audience, and this has kept it going: had there been a dreary style, as well as a heavy subject, the lecture-room would have been a wilderness—our author says a *howling* wilderness; but who would have done the howling? Those who are interested in ancient Irish history will value this work as exciting a desire to know more of that almost unknowable subject. It is a help

towards the solution of that greatest of incarnate riddles—an Irishman.

The Word Opened; or, Materials for Bible Readings. By Rev. EVAN H. HOPKINS. (First Series.) Marshall.

VERY good indeed, Mr. Hopkins! With such aid, many can hold a Bible-reading, who else might have been too timid. The material provided is sound, spiritual, and suggestive. We greatly grudge certain pages which are blank. They are labelled "Notes"; but no one would think of writing upon them; we wish our friend, the author, had filled them up. We can always buy white paper; but we cannot elsewhere find such annotations and illustrations. The price is eighteenpence.

Noon Day Addresses, delivered in the Central Hall, Manchester. By the Rev. W. L. WATKINSON. Kelly.

THE speeches of a master. Of course, these addresses are not quite on the same lines as our teaching; but in the main the sentiments are excellent, and they are delivered in a manly and earnest tone.

Sermons on Several Occasions. By the Rev. A. BINGA, jun., D.D. (Richmond, Va.) With an Introduction by Professor J. E. JONES, A.M.

SERMONS by a coloured doctor of divinity. Lively, practical, and sound. We do not feel sure that John Calvin was the great propagator of sprinkling in lieu of baptism, though Dr. Binga tells us so. The evil was rife enough before our great Reformer came to town. Whoever was the first perverter of the ordinance in this way, he has a good deal to account for, since he despoiled the ordinance of the symbolism by which it teaches. We don't want this saddle to be put on the wrong horse: Calvin is kicked enough, without being held up as the inventor of sprinkling.

Our American friends who are coloured white must look well to their preaching, or they will be beaten by those of our American friends who are coloured black. One of the latter assures us that the Ethiopian is the man of the future. Be it so; Africa has waited long, and suffered sadly, and well will she deserve her hour of sunlight.

Roma Antiqua et Recens. Reprinted from the edition of 1732. Elliot Stock.

THE literal translation of the title is *Ancient and Modern Rome*. Then why not, it may be asked, inscribe the plain English words on the front page? Simply, we answer, because the Latin title is that of the original. This treatise had already run a course of nearly threescore years and ten when the edition of which this is a reprint was published, and that is more than a century and a half ago. It supplies us with a comparison, and shows us the conformity of Papal and Pagan religious ceremonies. Though the author is anonymous, the authorities he quotes are within reach and accessible to all scholars; and, so far as we know, they are unchallenged. With some of the facts of this book we are already familiar, as they have drifted down to us along the stream of current literature: it is well to see whence they came.

Old books, how greatly we favour them! Good old books, we mean—books that have been enjoyed by pious men of past generations. Their scent to us is as the smell of Lebanon. What volumes upon volumes of new literature grow up like Jonah's gourd in a night and perish like Jonah's gourd in another night! Give us a book that is like an oak or a cedar, under the shadow of which (*sub tegmine fagi*) our forefathers sat with satisfaction. A tree, a book that has weathered the storms and blasts of centuries and still puts forth its foliage fresh as of yore. Written evidently when the feud ran high between Catholicism and Protestantism, this work is remarkably calm and historical, not hot and controversial. The reader will find little that is exciting, but much that is edifying, in these 174 pages. Has he visited the continental churches of catholic countries? Has he been charmed by the venerable cults that have enjoyed the patronage of the Vatican? How shall we enumerate them?—architecture, sculpture, pictures, &c.: customs, vestments, ceremonials, &c.: altars, shrines, and votive offerings, &c. *Voilà!* Here is a key and a clue to these ecclesiastical

inventions. Book-lovers will prize this reprint.

A Consideration of Gentle Ways, and other Essays. By EDWARD BUTLER. Elliot Stock.

THIS is the kind of reading of which no one tires. The cake is full of plums, and the child rejoices as he comes upon them, and for their sake eats all the rest. The author is not squeamish, and therefore does not disdain the homeliest story when it will serve his turn. In this he is to be commended and followed. We do not think he is, in this instance, quite up to the mark of his former works, but he maintains a high level of instructive thought, and attractive illustration. Here is one of his "Parables." More correctly, it should have been placed with Fables; but it is good any way:—

"THE AGGRIEVED KITTEN.

"A cat had two kittens, which she named Ephraim and Judah. Judah was the elder and stronger, also the more greedy. Judah would lap up his own saucer of milk, and then lap up Ephraim's, who had none to spare. Ephraim, therefore, 'swore' at Judah. The cat said she trusted a time would come when Ephraim would not envy Judah, nor Judah vex Ephraim. Ephraim said, in an aggrieved tone, that he did not envy Judah, but he wanted his share of the milk, and there ought to be equality. Judah replied that he religiously objected to political controversy.

"*Moral.*—National funds should be equitably distributed for national purposes, and not appropriated to the aggrandizement of one religious body."

Parables in Song, and other Pieces.

By ISA GILLOW FERGUSON. Nisbet.

WE are greatly mistaken if we have not here more true poetry than is usual in such books. We are weary of rhymes and chimes. If friends who feel poetic pains were to try Turkish baths, or magnetism, or blue pill, or a month at the seaside, or having a tooth extracted, we would not object, so long as they did not send their poetic effusions to us with an insinuating request for our opinion.

The Psalter. With Introduction and Commentary from the "Teacher's Prayer Book." By the Right Rev. ALFRED BARRY, D.D. Eyre and Spottiswoode.

THE Prayer-Book version of the Psalter, with sufficient notes to help the reader over some of the hard places. Not an elaborate commentary, but a book of useful annotations. The Psalter in the Prayer Book is taken from the older version of the "Great Bible" of 1540. With that edition people had become so familiar, that it was felt undesirable to change it. We have great respect for the conservatism which holds to ancient versions; but when improvements are to be had, that grand argument for the antique is gone, which says, "the old is better." The Introduction to the Psalter, which Dr. Barry gives us, is singularly interesting.

Fifty Years of Presbyterianism in Victoria. A Jubilee Sketch. By A. J. CAMPBELL, D.D. Nisbet.

A FULL account of Presbyterianism in the colony of Victoria, written by one of its loving sons. Those who interest themselves in the condition of the churches—and we all do so, more or less—will value such a manual.

The Abolition of Suffering. By S. B. G. M'KINNEY, M.A. Elliot Stock.

WHAT next? If assertion were argument, this book would prove all who greatly suffer to be greatly guilty. The author goes the length of saying, "A great deal of scientific investigation will be necessary before we discover the means of preventing death altogether." Assuredly—a very great deal!!

Johnnie; or, Only a Life. By ROBINA F. HARDY. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

A TOUCHING story of how sweetness and light were carried into "the narrow closes and unsavoury stairs of Edinburgh." Miss Hardy has been called "the Dickens o' 'Auld Reekie'"; but there is in her natural and vivacious narratives a savour of godliness which it would be hard to find in the works of the great novelist.

Growth of Grace; or, the Saved Soul Seeking Glory. By the Rev. R. G. AMBROSE. Nisbet and Co.

A VERY poor affair. Sometimes we do not see the meaning of the words; at other times we cannot discover the run of the sense. The author means well, but he is not able to handle his subject aright.

Yours and Mine. By ANNA B. WARNER. Nisbet and Co.

A CHARMING book for children, by the authoress of "Mother's Queer Things," a book we commended years ago. Mrs. Warner has inimitable tact in instructing young people in the religion of every-day life.

Bible Principles and the Union of Church and State. By FRANCIS HOPE. Pacific Press Publishing Co., 48, Paternoster Row.

SUCH a treatise as we have desired. Not long ago, a Quaker gentleman wrote us for a book upon Church and State, which he could give to his son, who inclined to the Establishment; but we could not find a handy treatise which really dealt with the question. This goes to the pith of the matter, dealing with the scriptural aspect of the matter. Our Establishment friends prefer some other ground: even the good Lord Selborne scarcely thinks it worth his while to appeal to the Word of God; but after a few statements upon what is termed "the religious argument," he says, "I have bestowed upon this (so-called) religious argument more space than it deserves." Yet on this ground the question is determined, in the minds of spiritual men. We care not one jot for its party bearings, whether the settlement would benefit Whigs or Tories; we can only feel enthusiasm upon it when we think of the Bride of Christ in unchaste union with the State, and, consequently, in unholy subjection to human law. This is not the only great question of the time. Whether we shall accept a revealed gospel or believe in the inventions of men, is a far graver matter. Still, the union of Church and State must come up for discussion sooner or later. This treatise, post free for a shilling, will be a great help to the right side.

The Atheist Shoemaker. A page in the History of the West London Mission. By HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

A BEAUTIFUL story. It is a pity that the name and address of Herbert are not given, for it would make it fair, logical, weighty testimony with the man's former companions. We fail to guess the reason for making the convert anonymous when the name of his spiritual guide is given so openly; but that is a matter for Mr. Hugh Price Hughes to consider. The story is well told, and should be given away among atheistic shoemakers, of whom the world hath not a few.

From Printing Office to the Court of St. James. The Boyhood and Manhood of Benjamin Franklin. By W. M. THAYER. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE author appears to have followed the same plan in writing of Franklin as he adopted in preparing his so-called Lives of some of the Presidents: fact and fiction are so mixed together, that even an expert could hardly separate them. We do not admire this method.

As a patriot, a philosopher, a man of the world, we can admire what was admirable in the character of Franklin, who, rather than Washington, is said to have been the true father of his country. He was benevolent; in his way he was a pattern in the home; in business matters his common-sense advice has perhaps never been excelled. At the same time, we hardly know what to make of a Christian author holding up Franklin as "one of the noblest examples of success for the young of both sexes to study, his career being one of the brightest and best in American history to inspire young hearts with lofty aims." From our standpoint the life seems to have been too one-sided.

Many years ago, a more competent and trustworthy writer than Mr. Thayer, observed:—"The difference of Franklin's conduct in his treatment of things secular and things religious affords a melancholy but instructive study. In the one case all is consistency, in the other all inconsistency. . . . His religion is vague and unsatisfactory. Beyond the principles of

natural religion, nothing seems thoroughly ascertained and settled. . . . It is this world, this state, which fills the man's heart and mind." He was a great man who won all that he strove after; but many who have made a less figure in the world have been more worthy of imitation by young men, for they had this testimony, that they pleased God, and they sought blessings richer than this world can show.

Memoir of T. D. Hargood-Battensby, late Vicar of St. John's, Keswick; together with some account of the Keswick Convention. Preface by H. C. G. MOULE, M.A. Seeley.

"CANON BATTENSBY" and "The Keswick Convention," are terms which represent a great deal of Christian work of the highest order. They will recall, too, in many minds, pleasant memories, happy associations, and saintly lives. Among these last the subject of the book will be far from least. Canon Battensby was one of those excellent ministers of the Church of England whose sympathies and Christian love, like Joseph's fruitful branches, run over the wall. Happy are the people who are in such a case as to have such a man as their pastor: yea, happy are all those who are favoured with the friendship and fellowship of such a servant of God! Next to the best thing of having him and his companionship is the privilege of reading his memoir, prepared by the loving hands of two sons. Thus we may yet have fellowship with him in the truth, and, better still, with his Master, with whose name, and merits, and love, the book is perfumed from beginning to end.

Eminent Methodist Women. By ANNIE E. KEELING. Charles H. Kelly.

A FINE book for a lady—for a Methodist lady especially. The work of the Lord among our Wesleyan friends could never be fittingly described without large reference to the sisterhood; for among them there have been "honourable women not a few." For half-a-crown we here purchase some ten condensed biographies, all on fire with heavenly love.

My Friend Smith: a Story of School and City Life. By TALBOT BAINES REED. Religious Tract Society.

WITH the imprimatur of the R. T. S., and a commendatory preface by the Editor of "The Boy's Own Paper," this bulky book is bound to sell. It deals "with the failures and successes, the sharp struggles and ultimate triumphs of lads whose scholastic training was received at a modest establishment of the Dotheboys Hall order, and whose business career commenced on the lowest rung of the commercial ladder. The characters are not the unreal, immaculate heroes of the story-book type, but boys whose originals may be found any day in office, shop, and street." The preface further assures us that the story shows "that there is but one sure foundation upon which to build up one's higher nature, and that each must begin for himself the higher life at the selfsame place—the foot of the cross." We are glad of this assurance, as it had escaped our notice.

Mr. Wentworth's Daughters. By M. A. DIBDIN. Religious Tract Society.

THE first half of this book is the smallest of small talk. The time we have spent in trying to find profit or amusement therein is simply lost.

Thorndyke Manor: a Tale of Jacobite Times. By MARY C. ROWSELL. Blackie and Son.

THIS story of "Gunpowder treason, and plot," is marvellously well-constructed, and carried through as naturally as if every incident was veritable history. We have here the fruits of close study of the history of the period, and the creations of a rare imaginative faculty. We commend the tale to our story-buying friends.

Sir Aylmer's Heir: a Story for the Young. By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN. Nelson and Sons.

Miriam's Ambition; a Story for Children. Same Author. Blackie.

THE scenes of Miss Green's stories are, almost without exception, laid in the abodes of opulence and refinement, and her leading characters are heirs or heiresses to grand ancestral halls and estates. Presumably, she writes for the especial benefit of the children

of this class, illustrating the duty and pleasure of a right stewardship of wealth. Most boys and girls will aver that the precocious wisdom and perfection of character of these Little Lord Goodiboy and Little Lady Bllessemalls are unreal and unknown in their world. Even little people peep into newspapers, and see in the daily chronicle of our godless times the low standard of morals which obtains among many of the heirs to rank and title. May our author's well-intentioned labours tend to produce, in the rising generation of my lords and ladies, the virtues she inculcates!

Aunt Bell, the Good Fairy of the Family. With the Story of her Four-footed Black Guards. By HENLEY J. ARDEN. Nelson and Sons.

A GOSSIPY story of children for children; without any plot or plan, but such as a good nurse or elder sister could interest and amuse the little ones with. These were a clergyman's children, and one of them actually catechized a bishop when on confirmation business bent.

Holding On. A Tale for Boys. By F. T. HOPKINS. Nelson and Sons.

A SENSIBLE, solid American story, in which the actors meet with a host of troubles and perplexities, but find the saying of one of their number about her "Lord's dear hand" to be the secret of comfort and deliverance—"Hold on tighter the harder things pull."

Berne's Bargain. By JENNIE CHAPPELL. Shaw and Co.

ANOTHER tale of a nobody's child who turns out to be his father's son and heir. Around this little waif, *alias* "The marvel of the world," many marvels, or, as the writer would have us say, providences, gather. One of these, she is careful to tell us, is "a fact." The story is not lacking in sound Christian teaching, the christening of the "marvel" notwithstanding.

For the King and the Cross. A Story for Girls. By JESSIE ARMSTRONG. T. Woolmer.

OF the age of the French Revolution. Mild in flavour. We hope girls will take to it better than we do: it is by no means bad.

Geoffrey Hallam, Clerk of the Parish.

By J. JACKSON WRAY. Nisbet & Co. ANOTHER of Mr. Wray's racy little stories. We always thought our friend was a born story-teller, and now he confirms our opinion, by stating that his father, who knew "Jame Geoffrey," told him this story, "ah! so long ago."

A Hero of a Hundred Fights. By SARAH TYTLER. Ward and Lock.

HARMLESS and bewitching for young people; but we confess that long tales with many marriages, and all that leads up to them, do not fascinate us. The persevering painter, who at last sees his picture in a chief place in the Academy, may teach the beaten to be brave, and the whole story may show how misunderstandings may clear themselves up in time. How do people make up such stories?

Two Conceited Puppies: their Painful Experiences and Virtuous Resolutions. By the Rev. F. LANGBRIDGE, B.A. "Home Words" Office, 7, Paternoster Square.

WE cannot put ourselves in the position of children who would enjoy this book. Allowing all the latitude

we can, we are bound to say that it is rather silly. The printer, binder, and engraver have done their work admirably; but really—well! Reverence for the reverend author restrains our pen.

Total Abstinence. A selection of papers by GEORGE G. GRIDDALE. Unwin Brothers.

WE can seldom afford space for pamphlets. Mr. Griddale presents large value for sixpence. He writes with good spirit and graceful style, and his articles are always interesting.

Farmer Read's Kingdom: the Story of One Poplar Farm. By CHARLES R. PARSONS. Drummond's Tract Depot.

THIS gospel story is made to hinge upon a solitary stranger's preaching the Word on the village-green. By this ministry the place was turned upside down. The spiritual difficulties of awakened souls are dealt with by one who evidently has had long and wide experience with enquirers. A better book of the kind we do not remember, and it is as pretty and as cheap as it is good. Price 1s. 6d.

Notes.



Mr. T. W. MEDHURST was the first student of the Pastors' College. Well do we remember our first anxious enquiries as to whether we should launch upon the vast

enterprise of his support; little dreaming that he would only be Number One of an army of over eight hundred. He began almost at once to maintain himself through his preaching at Kingston, where the Lord greatly used him. With his pen and his voice he has served his Lord with undeviating faithfulness all these years, and we can bear testimony, from our own knowledge, that many have found the Saviour through his preaching of the Word. Having had a charge in Ireland, Scotland, and England, he now completes his witnessing to the United Kingdom by becoming pastor of a church in Cardiff, in Wales. Much of periodical literature has been aided by his occasional articles upon sacred subjects. He has not swerved from the old faith, and he has never ceased to be useful in soul-winning. May the Lord send us many more such, and long continue this first to be our friend, and helper!

This month we are obliged to keep back another Mentoue paper from want of room. Our readers this month get double quantity for their money, and we hope they will thereby be reminded of the College, and the

need of their regular and loving help to this great work.

Certain interpreters or twisters of our articles, who see in them allusions to this person and the other, should take warning from the blunder of one of their number, who supposes that an article in last month's magazine referred to an occurrence which happened days after. The said article was in print a fortnight before the event transpired. We cannot claim so much foresight. It is well we cannot, for the evil thing is sufficient for its own day, without its being permitted to cast its shadow over preceding days.

A friend asks what should be the posture at the communion. So far as we gather from the sacred Word, the guests *reclined* at that holy festival, and one of them leaned on the bosom of our Lord. We could not very well imitate this posture literally without its seeming indecorous, and inconsistent with Western notions of propriety; but if we follow the spirit of it, we shall assume that posture which is usual in our own country when a man sits at table, and is at rest. The Israelite stood at the Passover with his staff in his hand, for he was not yet in the place of rest; but we that have believed find in Christ our perfect rest, and we do well to express it by our posture, wherein we should be as much at ease as we may. We fail to see any precedent in Scripture for *kneeling*: if others do so, they alone are responsible for their own actions, and we certainly should not make it a subject of discussion. The glorious fact which we commemorate in the breaking of bread removes us out of the region of controversy into that of quiet fellowship with our Lord Jesus Christ.

It is proposed to raise a memorial to Dr. Carson by building a new chapel at Tubbermore, instead of the old one, which is decayed past repair. Every Baptist must honour the name of CARSON. He sacrificed everything for his convictions. He was not only a man of learning and of vigorous thought, but he was faithful to the Word of the Lord, and could never brook a compromise where truth was concerned. We have been so continually engaged that we have not had time to write a paper pleading the cause of this new chapel; but with all our heart we wish success to the needful enterprise. The Baptists of Ireland have a claim upon their brethren in England and America, and they ought to be largely helped. Now that they stand alone, they ought to have special consideration from all generous hearts. This particular enterprise, associated as it is with one of the most honoured names in our Baptist Israel, should be carried through with enthusiasm. Rev. E. H. Carson, the son of the great doctor, is at present the pastor of Tubbermore, and he states that a little over £1,000 will do the work completely. Contributions should be

sent to him, Tubbermore, County Derry, Ireland. We hope to return to this subject as soon as time is at our disposal.

On Monday evening, May 6, the Tabernacle prayer-meeting was principally concerned about sailors, as Mr. Matthews, the energetic Secretary of THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN SAILORS' SOCIETY, was present, with a number of seamen's missionaries from various home and foreign ports. In commencing the meeting, the Pastor said that he had been busily occupied for over four hours seeing candidates for church-fellowship. As the result, he was very weary, but as he had about twenty to propose for membership, he was very happy. He likened himself to a labourer in the harvest who had no time to be tired. The Pastor called upon Pastors W. C. Bunning and D. Tait to pray for sailors, but both the brethren asked allowance to speak a few words first. Mr. Bunning wanted to tell the story of the conversion of his niece at the Tabernacle service the previous evening, and also to mention some of his experiences with sailors; and Mr. Tait said that he had a very warm place in his heart for those who go down to the sea in ships, for he was the son of a sailor, and he had brothers on the sea. Mr. Matthews then gave an interesting account of the work of the Society, and appealed for funds for the distribution, by the missionaries, of the Pastor's sermons to seamen. Will not our readers help in this? He gave a touching account of his visit to the Dover sailors' missionary, John Gilbert, who always spent his holidays at the Tabernacle, and who reached the port of glory a few days since. Several of the missionaries prayed; Mr. Chamberlain sang the John o' Groat's fishermen's song, "Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land"; and the Pastor gave an address founded upon what he had seen the previous week by the sea-side—a large vessel on the rocks, and the coast-guards' rocket and cradle apparatus. From these he gathered many lessons as to spiritual shipwrecks and the work of saving souls. Mr. Harrauld presented a large number of special requests for prayer that had been received by letter, and the Pastor closed the meeting with earnest supplication for all sailors, and sailors' missionaries. With Bethel flags displayed, and hearty old mariners around us, many of us felt as if we had enjoyed an evening at the sea-side. A wave of blessing rippled at our feet.

At the close of the prayer-meeting, a large number of the members adjourned to the lecture-hall, where a special church-meeting was held for the purpose of deciding whether the church should apply for admission to THE SURREY AND MIDDLESEX BAPTIST ASSOCIATION. After a brief explanation from the Pastor, the necessary resolution was unanimously and enthusiastically passed, and the delegates were elected for the forthcoming meeting at

Guildford. The church is glad to hold itself in communion with other churches of like faith and order, without committing itself to an indiscriminate confederacy of the sort typified in the Baptist Union. Our object is not opposition, but testimony.

We stop the printer just to say that pastors and delegates went down to Guildford, May 20, and were received into the association. All enjoyed the ride, the morning meeting, the hospitality, and the return home. Mr. Spurgeon preached to a packed mass of humanity, in the County Hall, in the afternoon. The churches of this association are united in the truth, and are knit together in love; but most of the churches are needy, either through having newly built a chapel, or having soon to do so, or through the smallness of the church itself. This is of small consequence, for the Lord can work by our need as well as by our wealth; but friends who have substance, and take an interest in Surrey, Middlesex, and the suburban counties, would do well to send aid to the struggling communities, which find it hard to do their work. Other churches in London will, we trust, unite with this faithful association, and strengthen its hands in the Lord's work. But this is a matter which each one must weigh for himself.

On Wednesday morning, May 7, the Pastor took part in the annual meeting of THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY, at Exeter Hall. It was a very happy time. The speaking was, all through, under the divine blessing, and old friends of the Society declared that they had never enjoyed a better meeting in their lives. Each speaker bore testimony to the truth, the excellence, the power of the Word of the Lord. With such a subject, a sympathetic audience, and the divine presence, it is not wonderful that there was a delightful meeting. Some of the choicest spirits in all the churches were present.

On Monday evening, May 12, the annual meeting of THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION was held in conjunction with the prayer-meeting. The colporteurs had been previously meeting in conference with the committee. In the afternoon Mr. Spurgeon had addressed them, and had afterwards listened to the interesting accounts they had given of their work. At the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle, the Pastor presided, and again commended the work to the sympathy and prayers of the friends; supplication was offered by various members of the committee, and other brethren; Mr. Chamberlain sang, "How many sheep are straying"; and the secretary, Mr. W. Corden Jones, read extracts from the report, which will be published in full in next month's magazine. Then followed, what we always think is the most pleasing part of the proceedings, the addresses of

the colporteurs. Four spoke who are employed in Middlesex, Surrey, Suffolk, and Sussex. It was very cheering to hear of the holy ingenuity with which these earnest men carry out the objects of the Association by seeking to sell good books, and win souls. There is something so fresh and crisp about their talk, that no meeting can excel in interest that of the Colportage Society. May the Lord raise up a few friends, with overflowing pockets, to help this lowly, but most efficient agency! God is working by the colporteurs in a way which should make every heart leap for joy.

We thank C. B. for the books, which were duly received from him, and given to a poor country minister, who was very grateful for them. It would be well if all donors of books, or clothing, would enclose their full names and addresses in parcels sent, so that they might be acknowledged as soon as they arrive. Also, will friends who send money late in the month cease to expect notice in the next magazine? We must close the lists on the fourteenth.

COLLEGE.—Last month we reported that Mr. Henry Clark expected to go to Australia. Instead of doing so, he has accepted the pastorate at Queen's Road, Barking, where he has been preaching while in College. May this change of his purpose fulfil the Lord's purpose of grace!

Mr. A. Hall is leaving Hampton Court for St. Leonards; Mr. E. Osborne is going from Southampton to Ilfracombe; and Mr. W. G. Myles, of Morecambe, has sailed for the United States. Mr. C. W. Townsend is also on his way thither. Mr. H. Dunn, who went to the States some months since, has settled at La Salle, La Salle county, Illinois. Mr. S. C. Gordon has sailed for the Congo, whither Mr. H. R. Phillips is also returning.

We beg to remind all members and associates of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association that Monday, June 16, is the day set apart for united prayer by the churches connected with the Conference. We trust that it will be, as in former years, a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Will ministers who wish for Mr. Spurgeon's letter to their children send in Christian names and addresses of them all as soon as possible? Cards will do.

EVANGELISTS.—Pastor John Whitaker sends the following cheering account of MESSRS. FULLERTON and CHAMBERLAIN'S services at Ashford, Kent:—

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—We have had a most successful eight days' mission. Mr. Smith, under medical advice, was compelled to cancel his engagement, and this, at the outset of our mission, was a great disappointment; but we had an excellent substitute in Mr. Chamberlain. His very sweet singing of the gospel greatly charmed the people, while his simple and cheery talks produced the happiest results. The children

learnt to love him, and many of them will never forget his special address to them, for it led them to the Saviour.

"As to Mr. Fullerton, the people flocked together in crowds to hear him, and hung on his lips, eager for every word. His homethrusts awakened the sleepers in Zion. To those spiritually alive, his doctrine dropped as the April rain on sown gardens. His appeals to the unconverted were in many instances the word of life to the dead. Such earnest and faithful preaching of the old-fashioned gospel (it is the newest and best thing out), accompanied by earnest prayer, both before and during the mission, have again proved the power of God unto salvation to many souls. Every night of the mission souls were saved, and such a scene as that witnessed last Sunday night, when about a hundred filled the inquiry-room, made our hearts sing for joy. Many more will yet come forward as the result of the mission; and in the hope of this, with the great blessing already granted, my heart prompts me to shout—'Hallelujah!'"

The same brethren also conducted a mission at Sutton-in-Craven, Yorkshire, from which place we have received the following resolution:—

"This church desires to record its gratitude to God for the marked blessing granted in connection with a special mission, conducted by Mr. Fullerton, April 12 to 20, assisted by Mr. Chamberlain, in the absence, through illness, of Mr. J. Manton Smith. The faithful and powerful message delivered has been blessed to the refreshing of many believers, and to leading many, mostly from among the young, to avow decision for Christ.

"In sending to the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon a thankoffering of £13 13s. towards the Evangelists' Fund, the Church expresses the prayerful hope that his health may be long continued, so that he may yet carry on successfully his great work for Christ, and for his Church.

"JOHN ALDIS, jun., Pastor."

MR. SMITH was sufficiently restored to accompany Mr. Fullerton to Southport, where the services were encouraging, especially considering the season of the year, which is not favourable to evangelistic efforts in such a town. Our brethren have since been to Sudbury, and this month they are engaged at Sittingbourne, Whitstable, and Bishop's Stortford.

Pastor C. S. P. Wood writes respecting MR. BURNHAM's services at Wynn Street Hall, Birmingham:—"There were several decisions for Christ during the mission, and the plain, straightforward proclamation of the fundamental doctrines of the gospel by your evangelist must bear fruit wherever he goes."

Pastor R. B. Clare reports concerning Mr. Burnham's visit to Watchet:—"A very gracious influence pervaded the whole mission. Many of our own people have been

quickened, backsliders restored, and a number of young people went into the inquiry-room, and left rejoicing in the Lord. We think our brother well adapted for the great work in which he is engaged; and we were struck with the holy influence he carried with him wherever he went."

Since the Conference, Mr. Burnham has been again at Shrewsbury, and he is now taking needful rest by going for another sea-trip, as he derived so much benefit from his previous voyage.

Pastor R. C. Ford, M.A., sends us a long and interesting account of MR. HARMER's services at Riddings and Swanwick, Derbyshire; but we have only space for the following sentences:—"While the number of professed conversions has been beyond my anticipation, that is not the only blessing that has come to us. We have all of us been stirred up to greater earnestness and zeal, and a tone of hopefulness and joy now characterizes our church life. We shall be glad, at some future date, if Mr. Harmer can visit us again."

Pastor J. J. Knight, of Wotton-under-Edge, writes:—"Brother Harmer preaches the grand old gospel, and gives the people plenty of it. He was graciously helped in the delivery of his message, and from first to last held the attention of the people."

Mr. Harmer has, since the Conference, conducted special services at Boston Road Mission, Croydon; and Kelvedon, Essex.

ORPHANAGE.—We call the special attention of all our friends to the annual festival, on *Thursday, June 19*—the President's birthday. There will be large open-air meetings, if the weather is fine, at three and six, and we expect representative speakers from various branches of the Church of Christ. Mr. R. Cory will preside in the afternoon, and Sir Henry Doulton in the evening. In consequence of this gathering, the usual service at the Tabernacle will not be held.

On behalf of all the Trustees we very heartily thank the Mayor and Mayoress of Kingston-on-Thames (Mr. and Mrs. East) for inviting the Orphanage Choir, giving them a most enjoyable trip up the river, and paying all the expenses of the meeting held in the evening, so that the total amount received for tickets, £31 4s., should be given to the Institution. Mr. Charlesworth suggests that, possibly, other mayors would like to signalize their year of office in a similar fashion. If so, he will be happy to hear from them, and to make all necessary arrangements.

Many of our readers may be able to turn to practical account the suggestion contained in the following letter:—

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—I trust you will pardon me making a suggestion, but I do so in the hope of assisting your Orphanage. There is a Society which many of your friends may not know of, called "Odd

Minutes' Society," the members of which occupy all their spare minutes in working for the benefit of the poor. One has no idea how much can be done in this way, as, for instance, while waiting for breakfast, for dinner, for the carriage, &c., &c.

"I have begun to knit socks for the boys in your Orphanage in my odd minutes, and am astonished how much one can do in this way. If you should feel disposed to make a suggestion regarding this matter in *The Sword and the Trowel*, I feel sure your numerous friends would be only too glad to act on it. Of course, this Society only seeks one's odd minutes, and in no way interferes with one's regular duties."

PERSONAL NOTES.—Our friend, who continues the distribution of extracts from our works, has sent us another report of his service. It is so interesting, that we think our readers will be pleased to see it, and it may be the means of inducing others to "go and do likewise."

"Dear Sir,—During the last twelve months, ending 31st March, I continued to circulate 'Extracts from C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons,' and 'Spurgeon's Illustrated Tracts,' as in former years. The number deposited, one by one, in house letter-boxes, and otherwise personally distributed, since March, 1885, when I commenced, is 115,000; besides some thousands of other useful papers and periodicals. Last summer I saw, for the first time, cards entitled 'Jesus Saves Now,' 'Trust Jesus,' and have already distributed more than 3,000 of them to men and boys on their way to work, from 5 to 7 a.m. Almost always, when presenting the tracts and cards, I quote a verse from Scripture, or make one or two brief remarks, to fix the receiver's attention, believing that,—

"Not a word we say falls fruitless,
Not a deed we do decays;
Every thought, and word, and action,
Will be found in future days."

"As my years glide away, I feel increasingly anxious to be always wide awake, and alert to seize every opportunity for publishing the only divinely-appointed, efficacious, and infallible remedy for the terrible disorders and miseries which afflict sin-stricken humanity, being thoroughly convinced of the important truth proclaimed in this month's *Sword and Trowel*:—"If the world is to be won for Christ, it must be done by each child of God on earth doing his or her individual part in witnessing for Christ."

"When reviewing the past five years, I feel thankful for the sermon I heard in the Tabernacle, in March, 1885, which prompted me to begin this work on the following day. So limited, however, were my intentions then, that my first order was for only 200 of the extracts above-named: now I order 5,000 at a time. I also feel thankful for sufficient health to persevere, almost daily, for five years, in this effort to benefit my fellow-

men; and for my heavenly Father's goodness in guarding me from accidents while engaged in it; especially on frosty winter mornings, when the steps leading to many rows of houses are slippery, and their number sometimes reminds me of my climb up 'Cheops' years ago.

"To trace all the practical results which have followed this distribution of 120,000 tracts, cards, &c., and the oral testimony which has accompanied them, would be difficult; but I do expect to meet some redeemed souls in the palace of God on high, who were savingly converted by these means."

A soldier, in Ireland, writes of his conversion through reading our sermons in *The Christian Herald*. One of the officers lent him a copy, concerning which he says:—"This was the first occasion that I ever came across Spurgeon's sermons. I read them for six months for the purpose of finding fault. I thought they were all goody-goody, old woman's talk. It was for this sort of nonsense I was looking; but I did not find any of it in the sermons. It was in March, 1881, I began to read them, and in November the Holy Spirit showed me the way of salvation, and enabled me to accept Jesus as my Saviour."

One of our College brethren tells us of a relative in Canada, who had lost his wife, and who wrote to him:—

"I did not understand myself; the minister and church did not understand me; no healing balm in public worship or private devotion; no light from the Word of God or from other books. One friend lent me *Grapes of Eschol*, but there seemed nothing for me in it. At last I read Mr. Spurgeon's *Saint and his Saviour*, and his discourse from 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' ('Lama Sabachthani,' No. 2,133) and I found what I needed, and thanked God for his servant.

"Oh, the peace the Saviour gives!
Peace I never knew before;
And the way has brighter grown
Since I learned to trust him more."

Another of our brethren, who is now labouring abroad, writes:—

"My dear father did not give his heart to Christ until about three weeks before his death. No book, except his Bible, helped him so much as *Morning by Morning*. The portion for September 25th, 'Just, and the Justifier of him which believeth,' was specially blessed to him. The same book was also very precious to my dear mother. She was bedridden for three years, and read a portion from it each morning during that time with great profit. I still have the copy, and prize it highly."

A brother minister writes us:—"I have just returned from the funeral of a lady, who, for many years, lived a very worldly life, and wholly ignored the claims of the gospel, though she was the subject of many

earnest prayers on the part of her godly mother. She has been for some time afflicted with rheumatism, and, hearing often how greatly you suffered in the same way, she was led, from a feeling of sympathy with your affliction, to read your books, with the very happy result that she was brought to a complete surrender to Christ, and a rapid growth in the divine life."

Our invalid brother, John Green, writes to say that the two articles on "Gospel Light in the Lighthouses" have brought him many enquiries from those who, he trusts, will join him in his holy work; and he has also received various parcels of publications, and contributions for postage, which will help him to carry on his useful service. He writes:—

"Though the lightkeepers are nearest my heart, and have my first thought, other desert places are opening to me, where parcels of the sermons will be welcomed. A post-card, last month, from a settler near the Rocky Mountains, says, 'If you can extend your aid this way, I shall be glad. I live five miles from Calgary, in the N.W. of Canada, on a lonely prairie, and, with a few neighbours, meet for worship once a month, and can, I think, use such publications to profit, by distributing them where they will be greatly valued.' On the Island of Anticosti, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, is a handful of Protestants, in the midst of a population of Roman Catholics. One of the men wrote me, in the autumn, in these pathetic words: 'I have received your papers, and am very thankful for them. Please send me more—all you can—and a letter; for we have a long winter here, and no preacher and no school.' Another word, from another field, may I give? A sailors' missionary, in Smyrna—sacred spot!—says, 'I have received your nice parcel of Rev. C. H.

Spurgeon's sermons, and I assure you they are very acceptable, as there are many English ships here. I wish there were more thoughtful and generous souls like you, for I am willing to do anything for Jesus here, when the powder and shot are sent me.'

"You know the little island of Heligoland. Since re-reading the account of your visit there, in *The Sword and the Trowel* of 1867, I have felt greatly interested in the six English coast-guards who keep garrison there, and have often sent them sermons, &c. This morning I received from the chief officer a grateful acknowledgment of the papers, and especially of *All of Grace*, which, he says, he shall pass round, and also enjoy reading himself. He adds, 'I assure you, we look for your papers; it is generally the question, at evening muster, on post-days, "Anything from Mr. Green?"' As there is no English service on the island, it is not to be wondered at that these Englishmen are glad to read in their own tongue of the wonderful works of God.

"Let me say, my dear sir, that my delight in scattering your sermons about the world increases and deepens every year. Containing, in such richness, the Word of life, and pointing poor sinners to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world, they are just what men want *everywhere*. So I hope to go on posting them as strength is given; and, at the last, I fully believe many a seal to your honoured ministry will be found in saved souls among these men, now lonely and isolated, who keep nightly watch round the coasts of this great empire."

If any other friends wish to communicate with Mr. Green, his address is 9, Brockley Road, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—May 1, nineteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
From friends in Spain, per Rev. J. P. Wigstone	28	12	0	Mr. G. E. Horn	1	1	0
Mr. C. B. Vaughan	5	5	0	Pastor T. H. A. Court	1	0	0
Mrs. Frederick Heritage	2	2	0	Pastor Isaac Near	0	5	0
Mr. C. H. Price	5	5	0	Messrs. Morgan and Scott	5	5	0
Mr. H. Thomas	1	1	0	Pastor T. Yauldren	0	5	0
Dr. J. D. Swallow	3	3	0	Lady Gordon	2	2	0
Mr. Theodore Barnes	1	1	0	Mr. S. H. Pattison	2	2	0
Half collection Baptist Church, Town Hall, Southport, per Pastor H. A. Phillips	2	16	0	Mr. T. D. Atherton	2	0	0
A friend	1	1	0	Contribution from New Romney, per Pastor A. W. Welch	0	10	0
"Adelphi"	1	10	0	Mr. J. E. Potter	5	5	0
Mr. William Edwards	21	0	0	Mr. J. Garner Marshall	5	5	0
Pastor W. B. Nichols	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm	1	1	0
Mr. Edward Rawlings	10	0	0	Collection at Baptist Chapel, Leafeld, Oxon., per Pastor C. A. Ingram	1	0	0
Mr. J. Collingwood	3	3	0	Mr. F. Shields	1	0	0
Bromley Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. Tessier	2	0	0	Messrs. A. Straker and Son	2	10	0
Pastor J. C. Carlile	0	10	6	Contribution from Worthing Baptist Chapel, per Pastor C. D. Crouch	2	7	6
Miss Jones	0	5	0	Friends at Chatham, per Pastor T. Hancocks	1	5	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. W. B. Fisher	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Boot... ..	3	3	0
Friends, per Pastor J. Rankine... ..	0	17	0	Mr. G. Creasy, per Pastor H. Knee ...	1	1	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Bourne-				Pastor and Mrs. R. S. Latimer ...	0	10	0
mouth, per Pastor G. Wainwright ...	5	0	0	Collection at Octavius Street Chapel,			
Mr. S. Spurgeon	0	10	0	Deptford, per Pastor D. Honour ...	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Mallett	2	0	0	Dr. T. G. Churcher	0	10	0
Mr. J. Cooper	1	1	0	Pastor J. Bennett Anderson	1	1	0
From friends at Melksham, per Pastor				Contribution from Baptist Tabernacle,			
G. A. Webb	2	10	0	Southend, per Pastor E. Dyer ...	1	0	0
Mr. James Smith	2	0	0	Pastor J. Briggs	0	7	6
Mr. Edward Ingle	0	5	0	Mr. E. Rayner	5	0	0
Pastor W. Rithven	0	10	0	Contribution from Baptist Church, and			
Eythorne, per Pastor G. Stanley ...	4	1	0	friends, Elgin, per Pastor R. E.			
From Linsfield, per Pastor F. M.				Glendening	6	0	0
Cockerton	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Head	1	1	0
Pastor J. S. Hockey's Bible-class ...	1	0	0	Pastor James Roach	0	5	0
Collection from Dartmouth Baptist				Mr. and Mrs. A. Rust	5	0	0
Chapel, per Pastor F. J. Greening ...	1	5	0	Miss Dransfield	1	1	0
Part collection South Stockton Baptist				Mr. and Mrs. J. Brown	5	5	0
Chapel, per Pastor H. Winsor	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. Marden	1	0	0
Contribution from Henrietta Street				Collection at Lower Edmonton Baptist			
Baptist Chapel, King's Cross, per				Chapel, per Pastor D. Russell ...	2	4	6
Pastor W. Smith	1	1	0	Thankoffering from A. M. M. ...	0	5	0
Contribution from Baptist Chapel,				Young Men's Bible-class at Penknep,			
Southwood Lane, Highgate, per				per Pastor A. E. Johnson	1	5	0
Pastor J. H. Barnard	0	10	6	Mr. J. T. Tresidder	1	1	0
Rev. John Green	0	5	0	Mr. G. W. Russell, jun.	0	5	0
Pastor G. T. Ennals	0	10	0	Dr. S. H. Habershon	2	2	0
Pastor J. Bateman	0	5	0	Mr. John Hall	5	0	0
Contribution from Salem Chapel, Dover,				East Suffolk	0	2	6
per Pastor E. J. Edwards	3	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Coulson	1	1	0
Pastor J. M. Cox	0	10	0	Mr. W. C. Greenop	3	3	0
Pastor J. J. Kendon	2	2	0	Miss Greenop	1	1	0
Contribution from Goudhurst Baptist				Mr. A. Woollard	5	5	0
Chapel, per Pastor J. J. Kendon ...	1	1	0	Contribution from friends at Harrow			
Contribution from Stroud Baptist				Wealdstone, per Pastor A. W. Ager	0	10	0
Chapel, per Pastor W. T. Soper ...	2	2	0	Contribution from Shoreham Baptist			
Pastor Isaac Bridge	0	5	0	Chapel, per Pastor A. J. Reid ...	1	1	0
Collection at Lake Road Chapel, Land-				Contribution from New Brompton			
port, per Pastor Charles Joseph ...	14	0	0	Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. W. Block-			
Collection at Wycliffe Chapel, Reading,				side	2	6	0
per Pastor W. G. Hailstone	4	0	0	Collection at Grafton Street Baptist			
Part collection at Kent Street Chapel,				Chapel, Northampton, per Pastor S.			
Portsea, per Pastor J. Kemp	2	0	2	Needham	1	0	0
Pastor T. B. Field	0	3	6	Collection at Branderburgh Baptist			
Rev. E. J. Parker	1	0	0	Chapel, per Pastor T. A. Judd ...	0	10	0
A friend, Hawick, per Pastor W. Sea-				Collection at Ashdon Baptist Chapel,			
man	2	0	0	per Pastor R. Layzell	0	11	8
Friends at Shipston-on-Stour, per				Collection at Maidenhead Baptist			
Pastor R. T. Lewis	1	15	6	Chapel, per Pastor H. J. Frece ...	2	2	0
Collection at Clarence Baptist Chapel,				Collection at the Conference meeting			
Penzance, per Pastor W. Thomas ...	4	11	9	at Talbot Tabernacle, per Pastor			
Mr. C. H. Gray	1	1	0	F. H. White	20	0	0
Mrs. Jones	0	2	6	Pastor J. J. Irving	0	10	0
Mr. J. Cowdy	2	2	0	Pastor J. W. Genders	0	5	0
Mr. J. Whittle	5	0	0	Pastor G. H. Rumsey	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Annison	1	1	0	"Actuary"	2	0	0
Collection at Victoria Baptist Chapel,				Pastor J. Dupee	0	5	0
Windsor, per Pastor C. Cole	5	0	0	Contribution from Baptist Chapel,			
Collection at Faringdon Baptist Chapel,				Stockton-on-Tees, per Pastor T. L.			
per Pastor H. Smith	1	0	0	Edwards	5	5	0
Friends at Brighton, per Pastor C. S.				Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Dashwood ...	10	0	0
Hull	1	0	0	Mrs. J. Manton Smith	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Kelly	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Hill	1	1	0
Contribution from Broughton, per				Collection at Grantham Baptist Chapel,			
Pastor A. W. Wood	2	0	0	per Pastor G. Bowler	1	0	0
Pastor R. B. Morrison and friends ...	0	13	0	Contribution from King Street Baptist			
Rev. E. A. Carter	1	1	0	Chapel, Oldham, per Pastor W. F.			
Miss Parnell	1	1	0	Edgerton	1	1	0
Contribution from Burton-on-Trent				Pastor J. Chadwick	2	2	0
Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. Askew				Hope Chapel, Cardiff, per Pastor T. W.			
Contribution from Attercliffe Baptist				Medhurst	5	13	7
Chapel, per Pastor J. G. Williams ...	0	10	0	Mr. S. Gray, per Pastor T. W. Medhurst	1	1	0
Collection at Salem Baptist Chapel,				Mr. James Grose	2	2	0
Boston, per Pastor W. Sexton	1	0	0	Sir J. H. Kennaway, M.P.	5	0	0
Collection at Old Baptist Chapel, Rush-				Mr. John Rains	5	5	0
den, per Pastor W. J. Tomkins ...	2	10	0	Mrs. John Rains	2	2	0
Per Pastor A. McNig :-				Miss Rains	1	1	0
Mr. J. La Touche	5	0	0	Collection at the College Conference			
Mr. and Mrs. Boyle	2	2	0	public meeting, Metropolitan Taber-			
				nacle	42	6	0
	7	2	0		21		

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Pastor A. Knell	0	5	0	Mrs. Higgs and family	50	0	0
Mr. W. A. Lang	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgs	25	0	0
Rev. F. C. Carter	1	1	0	Mr. Thomas Greenwood	20	0	0
Pastor F. James	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. R. Miller	10	10	0
Collected at Waterbeach Baptist Chapel, per Pastor F. Thompson	1	12	0	Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hill	10	0	0
Pastor J. Wilson	2	0	0	Mr. Edmund Hill	2	0	0
Contribution from Thaxted Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. Goacher	0	10	0	Mr. George Higgs	2	2	0
Mr. George Lister	2	2	0	A friend	10	0	0
Collection at Orpington Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. Seilley	4	0	0	Miss Smallbridge	2	2	0
Pastor W. Hackney, M.A.	2	2	0	Mr. John Dyer	5	0	0
Per Pastor A. Macdougall:—				Mr. and Mrs. Goodhart	2	0	0
Mr. A. Macdougall	0	4	0	Mr. and Mrs. Joiner	2	2	0
Mr. J. Macintyre	0	5	0	Mr. W. J. Bigwood	5	0	0
Mr. A. Macdougall	0	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Read... ..	2	2	0
				Mr. and Mrs. R. Hawkey	5	5	0
				Mr. and Mrs. Warren	5	0	0
				Mr. W. Norman	1	1	0
Pastor N. T. Jones-Miller	0	10	0	Mr. James Tait	1	1	0
Collection at Ridgmount Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. J. Juniper	0	12	6	Mr. Edward Falkner	1	1	0
Pastor W. Gillard	0	15	0	Miss Falkner	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Carr	0	6	0	Mr. E. Wollacott	5	0	0
Miss S. L. Carr	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Kerridge	5	0	0
Contribution from Peckham Rye Taber- nacle, per Pastor Frank M. Smith	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Perry	1	15	0	Mrs. Haddon	3	0	0
Mr. W. Olney	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. A. Clark	5	0	0
Mr. W. Olney, jun.	5	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Green	2	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Olney	1	1	0	Mr. J. and Miss Upton	2	2	0
Miss S. K. Olney	2	2	0	Mr. Vinson	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Finch	1	1	0	Mr. Vinson	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Smith	2	2	0	Mr. Allsop	1	1	0
Rev. B. Collins	1	1	0	Rev. E. J. Farley	7	0	0
Mr. Herbert Virtue	0	10	0	Miss Buswell	1	1	0
Mrs. G. H. Virtue	2	2	0	Miss L. Buswell	1	1	0
Mrs. Moore	1	1	0	Dr. Dunbar	5	5	0
Miss F. Burdett	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. E. Fowler	5	0	0
Mr. G. O. Neil	1	0	0	Miss Fowler	1	0	0
Mrs. Ellwood	1	0	0	Mr. H. L. Bartlett... ..	1	1	0
E. R.	5	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Dipple	5	5	0
Mr. G. C. Heard	0	10	6	Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Caesar... ..	2	2	0
E. R. L.	5	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons	2	2	0
Mr. A. C. Pensam	5	5	0	Mr. George Andrews	2	0	0
Mr. James Clark	1	1	0	Mr. G. M. Rabbich	1	10	0
Mr. G. Hollands	20	0	0	Miss Wade	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Alderton	2	2	0	Rev. and Mrs. W. L. Lang	25	0	0
Mr. T. H. Cook	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Moss	3	3	0
Mr. B. A. Cook	2	2	0	Mrs. Norman	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Parker	1	1	0	Miss Norman and friend... ..	1	1	0
Mr. Henry Potter	5	5	0	Mr. Taylor	0	10	6
Mr. James G. Potter	2	2	0	Miss M. A. Norman	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Clarke	1	1	0	E. E.	0	7	0
Mr. and Mrs. Parker Gray	2	2	0	T. H. S.	1	10	0
Mr. B. A. James	5	5	0	"Degacher"	1	1	0
Mr. S. Irwin	2	2	0	Pastor and Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	6	0	0
Mr. Alfred Norman	1	1	0	Archie Spurgeon	1	1	0
Mr. Round	2	2	0	Daisy Spurgeon	1	1	0
Pastor C. A. Fellowes	2	2	0	In memoriam	1	1	0
Mr. E. Graves	1	10	0	Mrs. Arthur Cockle	3	3	0
Miss Morrison	1	0	0	Mr. Sidney A. Read	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Short	2	2	0	Miss Toward	5	5	0
Mrs. Kempster	1	0	0	Dr. T. J. Barnardo	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Harden	4	4	0	Miss Ada R. Habershon	1	1	0
Mr. B. V. Barrow, J.P.	40	0	0	Mrs. J. R. Davies	2	2	0
Miss Barrow	5	0	0	Mr. M. H. Hodder	2	2	0
Miss Edith Barrow	5	0	0	Rev. and Mrs. W. J. Mayers	2	2	0
Mrs. Bartram, per Mr. Geo. Redman	3	0	0	Mrs. W. F. Mayers	1	1	0
Mr. Geo. Redman	5	0	0	Mr. Alfred Wright	10	10	0
Mrs. Cuthbert	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Congreve	15	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. Johnson	5	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Everett	3	3	0
Mr. Thos. Underhill	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Hale	3	3	0
Pastor and Mrs. E. J. Edwards... ..	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. John Morgan	1	1	0
Pastor T. L. Edwards	1	10	0	Mrs. Grunnersen	2	0	0
Rev. J. M. Hewson	1	1	0	Mr. J. G. Taylor	5	0	0
E. J. E.	10	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. C. Bond	3	3	0
Miss Pearson	2	0	0	Mr. T. S. Price	4	0	0
Mrs. A. Boot	1	1	0	Mr. E. Frisby	10	0	0
Miss L. Boot	0	10	6	Pastor W. Williams	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Alldis	3	3	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Potter	10	10	0
Mr. H. Morgan	1	1	0	Mr. Opie Rodway	2	2	0
				Mr. W. Clissold	4	0	0
				Miss Clarkson	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Rev. and Mrs. A. A. Harmer ...	2	2	0	Mrs. J. S. Bruce ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Roberts and Miss Watson ...	2	0	0	Dr. E. H. Edwards ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Mills, sen. ...	2	2	0	Rev. J. J. Turner ...	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pitts ...	1	1	0	Mr. J. Buswell ...	5	0	0
In memory of the late Charles Davies ...	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Benson ...	3	3	0
Mrs. Newstead ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Melville ...	0	5	0
Mr. George Newman ...	2	2	0	Messrs. W. T. and A. Reeve Knapp ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Fisher ...	5	0	0	Mr. G. Pedley ...	5	5	0
Mr. J. Woodland ...	2	2	0	Mr. George Huntley ...	1	1	0
Mr. William Woodland ...	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Prentice ...	3	0	0
Mr. John Bygrave ...	1	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Gyles ...	3	3	0
Mr. H. Arnold ...	1	1	0	Mrs. J. T. Dunn ...	1	1	0
Mr. W. Abbott ...	5	0	0	Pastor C. L. Gordon ...	0	10	6
Miss Weight ...	0	10	0	Miss Spliedt ...	4	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Barrett ...	2	2	0	Mr. R. Collins ...	5	5	0
Mrs. W. Kent ...	1	1	0	Mr. G. Collins ...	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sortwell ...	6	6	0	Mr. E. Summers ...	5	5	0
A friend ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Tinniswood ...	3	3	0
T. W. J. ...	1	0	0	Mr. Hellier ...	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bellis ...	5	0	0	Mrs. Hellier ...	5	0	0
Mr. West ...	1	0	0	Mr. T. P. Coe ...	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. Ross ...	5	0	0	Mr. W. Sapsed ...	0	10	0
Mr. C. Waters ...	2	2	0	Mr. E. Romang ...	2	2	0
Mr. J. J. Cook ...	2	2	0	Miss Howard ...	1	1	0
Mr. T. H. Olney ...	25	0	0	Mr. M. Romang ...	2	2	0
Mrs. Rust ...	5	0	0	Mr. M. Romang, jun. ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Downing ...	3	3	0	Miss Martha Romang ...	1	1	0
Mr. H. A. Bowers ...	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Penny ...	2	2	0
Mrs. Buckmaster ...	1	1	0	Miss Darkin ...	1	1	0
Miss Croose ...	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Phillips ...	2	2	0
Mrs. Scard ...	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. F. Thompson ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Jenkins ...	3	3	0	Mr. and Mrs. B. Greenwood ...	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Winckworth ...	5	5	0	Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A. ...	2	0	0
Mr. W. Butcher ...	0	10	0	Mr. T. R. Warner ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Leaver ...	2	2	0	Mr. Henry Hoare ...	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Doyle ...	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. James Hall ...	20	0	0
Mr. S. Thompson ...	2	2	0	Miss Lydia Morgan ...	1	1	0
Mr. W. Johnson ...	10	0	0	Mr. Herbert L. Morgan ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Marsh ...	5	0	0	Mr. E. Watson ...	2	2	0
Mr. F. Rouse ...	3	3	0	Miss E. C. Sambourne ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Rouse ...	1	1	0	Mr. Arthur Morris ...	2	10	0
Miss Rouse ...	1	1	0	Mr. James Mote ...	1	1	0
Mr. Fredk. Mullis ...	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Nash ...	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. Essex ...	6	6	0	Mr. and Mrs. George Gould ...	2	2	0
Mr. M. Llewellyn ...	5	0	0	Mr. R. Abraham ...	5	0	0
A member ...	8	0	0	Mr. H. E. Kelsey ...	2	0	0
Mr. F. Sexton ...	2	2	0	Mrs. Calder ...	20	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lovell ...	5	0	0	Mrs. Ball ...	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Lovell ...	1	1	0	Pastor J. A. Brown, M.R.C.S. ...	6	6	0
E. M. ...	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. P. Mackinnon ...	20	0	0
Mr. George M. Carlile ...	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Huntley ...	21	0	0
Mr. J. C. Goslin ...	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Fox (for the sup- port of a student for a year) ...	50	0	0
Mr. David Elvin ...	1	1	0	Mr. T. W. Doggett ...	5	0	0
Mr. R. Stocks ...	1	1	0	Mr. F. G. S. Norris ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. J. Bunning ...	1	1	0	Mr. T. D. Galpin ...	10	0	0
Mr. F. Medhurst ...	1	0	0	Mr. G. Wheeler ...	2	0	0
Mrs. H. H. Garrett ...	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. Williamson ...	4	4	0
Mr. Thomas Boston ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Pearman ...	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Pearce ...	5	0	0	Mrs. Lane ...	1	0	0
Mr. E. Huit ...	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. James Withers ...	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. R. and Miss Thomas ...	3	3	0	Mr. H. R. Cooper ...	1	1	0
Rev. and Mrs. James Douglas ...	2	2	0	Miss S. Gould ...	2	0	0
Mr. W. S. Taylor ...	2	2	0	Mr. Enoch Keevil ...	1	1	0
Mr. Richard Evans ...	20	0	0	Mrs. Jennings ...	10	0	0
Mr. Alfred Buck ...	1	1	0	Mr. G. Harris ...	2	0	0
D. ...	0	3	0	Mr. Alfred Sykes ...	1	1	0
A. A. ...	0	5	0	Mr. William Blott ...	5	0	0
C. S. ...	3	3	0	Mr. A. Macnicoll ...	2	0	0
Mr. William Evans ...	15	15	0	Mr. Frederick Hunt ...	5	5	0
Mrs. William Evans ...	7	7	0	Pastor A. G. Brown ...	5	0	0
Mr. E. P. Fisher ...	16	0	0	Pastor J. W. Harrald ...	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Henderson ...	3	0	0	N. B. ...	25	0	0
Mr. M. T. Freeman ...	1	1	0	Mrs. May ...	10	0	0
Mrs. Raybould ...	5	5	0	Mr. John Anderson ...	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Payne ...	5	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. George Higgs ...	5	0	0
Mr. R. Knight ...	1	1	0	Mr. T. T. Price ...	0	12	0
Mr. S. Wright ...	3	0	0	Mr. J. Chamberlain ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Clewley ...	2	2	0	Mr. George Williams ...	105	0	0
Dr. A. H. Tubby ...	2	2	0	Pastor and Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon ...	100	0	0
Miss Miller ...	0	10	6	Pastor and Mrs. Charles Spurgeon ...	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. G. Priestley...	Mr. Wm. Hill	...	1	1
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Graham	...	5	0	A poor widow, per Rev. W. Tulloch	...	0	1
Mr. J. Wadland	...	1	0	Mr. T. Jephcoat	...	0	10
Mr. Smith A. Jeeps	...	0	2	Mr. J. P. Duggan	...	0	2
Mr. E. K. Stace	...	0	10	G. Gilb and friends	...	0	9
Part collections at breakfast table, Sunday mornings, per Mr. A. J. Green-land	...	2	0	"A lover of your Almanack"	...	1	0
Mr. A. W. Martin	...	0	10	Mr. J. Kipling	...	0	7
G. Sainsbury (orphan girl's card)	...	0	4	Miss S. Thompson	...	1	0
Mr. John Hill	...	1	0	For the late Mrs. Milligan	...	2	0
F. G. B. Chelmsford	...	0	2	Miss M. K. Milligan	...	2	0
Collected in a workshop at Great Missenden	...	0	0	From Devonport	...	0	10
Mr. C. Ibberson	...	0	2	Mrs. Keevil	...	5	0
Sabbath-school, Woodford, per Mr. W. French	...	0	8	Mr. S. H. Dauncey	...	0	2
E. A. R.	...	2	0	Mrs. Chapman	...	1	0
M. Patten	...	0	3	J. R. M.	...	1	0
Mrs. E. M. Moore	...	0	2	Mrs. Knott	...	1	0
Mrs. Cracknell	...	0	5	Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge	...	0	10
Mr. W. Kelley	...	0	10	Messrs. Alexander and Wood	...	5	0
Mrs. Spurrell	...	5	0	Mrs. Edwards	...	0	5
Mrs. Ventelow	...	0	5	Executors of the late Mr. J. H. Tarrant	...	10	0
Mr. W. Anderson, per Mr. C. Cornell	...	0	10	Mr. W. Bumpus	...	0	5
Mr. Walter S. Cowell	...	5	0	E. and C. J. Archer	...	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. George Gould	...	2	2	An old friend of the orphans	...	10	0
The late Mrs. Sinclair Stewart, Brae Rannoch, Kingussie, N.B. (The orphans' old friend)	...	3	0	Dumfriesshire	...	1	0
Mrs. Josiah Ruck	...	10	0	Collected at Richmond Street Sunday-school and Bible-classes	...	2	0
Mr. H. R. Kelsey	...	5	0	Mrs. Gunn	...	5	0
Mr. W. Squibb	...	0	7	Collected by Mrs. Lang:—			
Miss Jarman	...	1	0	A friend, Mrs. L.	...	1	1
Mr. T. H. M. Borrell	...	0	3	Mrs. A. Beckingsale	...	0	5
S. B., Blackheath	...	0	2	Mr. F. Beckingsale	...	0	5
Bank-note from Wellingborough	...	5	0	Miss Falkener	...	0	10
Lady West	...	2	0	Miss Wyatt	...	0	2
Mr. George Cooper	...	2	0	Mr. Whittard	...	0	5
Mr. T. W. Doggett	...	5	0				
Mrs. Dinham	...	1	0	M. M., Craigmore	...	2	8
Mr. Simon Jones	...	1	0	Mr. B. Dennison	...	0	10
A friend of the orphans	...	0	10	Mrs. Bell	...	2	0
Executors of the late Mr. Wm. Mills, Todmorden	...	45	0	Mr. W. Pickard	...	2	10
C. S., Cheltenham	...	0	5	South Street Baptist Sunday-school, Greenwich, per Pastor Charles Spurgeon	...	2	2
Mrs. Munro	...	5	0	A poor young man and wife	...	0	1
Mr. E. P. Fisher	...	6	0	Mrs. Bowie	...	0	6
Mr. George Sinclair	...	0	5	Mrs. Randall	...	1	0
Mr. Thomas Thomson	...	3	0	Mr. Alfred G. Gibbs	...	0	10
Per F. R. T.:—				J. S. W. A.	...	0	10
Mr. T. R. Johnson	...	0	10	R. P.	...	10	0
Mrs. Collingwood	...	0	5	In memoriam	...	0	5
Mrs. Mold	...	0	5	Sandwich, per Bankers	...	2	2
Mrs. Probin	...	0	5	Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
				Stratford Congregational Chapel	...	14	11
Miss E. Stewart, in memoriam	...	1	5	Baptist Total Abstinence Association	...	2	2
Mr. Wm. Brown	...	0	10	Arthur Street, Camberwell	...	7	10
A friend	...	2	0	Sale of programmes	...	1	0
J. F., 1869	...	0	10				
Mr. Joseph Crosier	...	0	2	Y. W. C. A., Upper Norwood	...	8	10
Collected by Rev. C. H. Chadle	...	1	0	King-ton-on-Thames, arranged by the Mayor, James East, Esq.	...	31	4
Rev. and Mrs. W. Pearce	...	0	8	Sale of programmes	...	1	11
Miss Hall	...	1	5				
						£301	3

List of Presents received, per Mr. Charlesworth, from April 15th to May 14th, 1890.—PROVISIONS:—92 lbs. Bacon, Mr. Samuel Barrow; 5 cwt. Potatoes, Mr. Gunn; 6 Stilton Cheeses, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 1 sack Potatoes, Mr. W. Cutler; 20 lbs. Butter, Mr. F. Barnes.

Boys' Clothing:—2 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. McDowell; 1 pair Knitted Socks, a Friend; 1 pair Knitted Socks, Miss Milditch; 1 pair Knitted Socks, Miss M. Cairns; 9 Shirts, 2 pairs Knitted Socks, Miss Hall; 6 pairs Knitted Socks, Miss S. R. Evans; 8 Shirts, Oaklands Baptist Chapel, Surbiton; 1 Vest, Mr. D. Wilkin.

Girls' Clothing:—33 Articles, Mrs. H. J. Brake; a parcel of Left-off Clothing, Anon; 1 Apron, Miss Hall; 18 Articles, Mrs. Rees; 11 yards Dress Material, 10 Handkerchiefs, and 3 pairs Gloves, Mrs. Hawkins; 10 Articles, Oaklands Baptist Chapel, Surbiton; 39 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 5 Articles, Miss M. Rouse; 6 Articles, Mr. J. Goodwin; 17 Articles (for No. 1 Girls), Miss L. Salter.

GENERAL:—1 Picture, "An Orient Liner," and 1 Orient Guide, Mr. David Elvin; 1 cwt. Blacking, Messrs. Carr and Son; 250 Books (for the girls), Mr. J. Daniells; 1 Croquet Set, 3 Maps, 1 Knife, Anon.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1890.

<i>Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—</i>			
	£	s.	d.
Oxford Association, for Stow and Aston district	...	10	0
Oorton, per Mr. Thomas Harris	...	10	0
Orpington, per Mrs. Allison's class	...	3	2
Mr. Thomas Greenwood, for Brentford	...	10	0
Friends at Maldon	...	15	0
Weston Turville Baptist Church	...	1	5
Fairford, per Captain Milbourne	...	10	0
Somers Town, per Miss Griffith	...	10	0
Chesterton district	...	10	0
Kettering district	...	10	0
Northallerton and Boroughbridge	...	55	0
Gildersome, per Rev. J. Haslam	...	18	15
Southern Baptist Association	...	50	0
<i>Bower Chalk District:—</i>			
Mr. Butler	...	1	0
Mr. Martin	...	0	10
Miss Hardiman	...	0	10
		2	0
Wilts. and East Somerset Association	...	25	0
	£240	2	0

<i>Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—</i>			
	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Raybould	2	0	0
Collection at annual meeting	17	6	9
E. H.	0	10	9
Mr. Pateman	0	2	6
Mr. J. G. Priestley	2	0	0
N. B.	5	0	0
Mr. A. Perrin	5	0	0
Mrs. Gunn	10	0	0
R. P.	10	0	0
<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>			
Mr. John Powell	1	1	0
Miss Newman	5	0	0
The Misses A. and E. Newman	2	0	0
Miss Norris	0	10	6
	£60	11	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Rotherham	20	0	0
N. B.	10	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Parker's services at Ball's Pond Gospel Hall	3	3	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Wotton-under-Edge	1	0	0
Mr. F. Dodwell	0	5	0
Postal order from Dunmow	0	5	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Wynn Street Hall, Birmingham	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haynes	0	10	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Chamberlain's services at Ashford, Kent	10	0	0
An invalid, Godalming	0	3	0

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Riddings	2	2	0
M.	50	0	0
A. H. S.	2	0	0
Mr. A. Perren	5	0	0
An old friend (with £5 for Surrey Gardens Memorial)	5	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Chamberlain's services at Sutton-in-Craven	13	13	0
Mr. James Wilson	0	10	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Executors of the late Mrs. Sandison	10	0	0
	£145	11	0

For General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. C. Hunt	2	0	0
Miss Walters	0	10	0
Miss Barrett	0	10	0
Sarah P., Warrington	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by a friend	0	3	0
	£9	13	0

£200 from "M" has been allotted as follows:—College, £50; Evangelists, £50; Surrey Gardens Memorial, £50; the Church Poor, £25; and Pastors' College Missionary Association, £25.

£50, received from the Executors of Mrs. Sandison, has been divided as follows:—College, £10; Evangelists, £10; London City Mission (Townley Street), £10; and Surrey Gardens Memorial, £20.

An International Money Order for 2s. has been received from Denmark. Will the donor kindly say how it is to be applied?

Received, with thanks, from B. B., Winchcombe, 5s. for Orphanage, and 5s. for Evangelists.

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 to Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums sent before the 13th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.

ANNUAL PAPER
CONCERNING
THE LORD'S WORK
IN CONNECTION WITH
THE PASTORS' COLLEGE,
NEWINGTON, LONDON.
1889-90.



Printed for the College by
ALABASTER, PASSMORE, AND SONS, FANN STREET, E.C.

1890.

COLLEGE BUSINESS OFFICERS.

President.

C. H. SPURGEON, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, S.E.

Vice-President.

J. A. SPURGEON, White Horse Road, Croydon.

Trustees in whom the Property is vested.

THE PASTORS AND DEACONS OF THE CHURCH AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

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J. PASSMORE.

J. A. SPURGEON.

J. BUSWELL.

Solicitor, and Secretary for Students' Applications.

Mr. T. C. PAGE, 92, Newington Butts, S.E.

Secretary.

Mr. H. HIBBERT, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

The work of the College has for many years been adopted by the Church at the Tabernacle as its own. The accounts are examined with the accounts of the Church by auditors chosen by the Church, and are read and passed at the Annual Church-meeting in the beginning of the year.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

*I Give and Bequeath the sum of _____
pounds sterling, to be paid out of that part of my personal estate which may by law
be given with effect for charitable purposes, to be paid to the Treasurer for the time
being of the Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, Surrey, and his
receipt shall be a sufficient discharge for the said legacy; and this legacy, when
received by such Treasurer, to be applied for the general purposes of the College.*

Short Plea by C. H. Spurgeon.

THE apostle said, "I magnify mine office." *He* needed not to do this because of any deficiencies in himself; but *we* may be pardoned if we feel compelled to magnify the service itself, because we are conscious of our own inability to set off the office by the officer. In the whole range of holy labour there is none more important than the training of young preachers. Under certain aspects, the work of Aquila and Priscilla, in teaching young Apollos the way of God more perfectly, is of greater weight than the eloquent service of Apollos which followed thereupon. To fashion the image is something; but to form the moulds, in which many images may be cast, is far more. He who converts a soul, draws water from the fountain; but he who trains a soul-winner, digs a well, from which thousands may drink to life eternal.

Hence we feel our work among our students to be the most responsible to which we have put our hand. If we furnish these young sowers with bad seed, acres of tares will be the consequence. If, by our precept or example, we lead them into proud, self-confident, idle, or careless habits, we shall have cursed a generation; and, perhaps, more than one. If we are to be careful in dealing with the world, and still more tender in treating with the Lord's chosen Church, we are to show a sevenfold anxiety when moulding those through whom the Lord himself will speak to the sons of men. To trifle here will be to touch the apple of the eye of Christ. If we preach as for eternity to the common mass, much more must we teach as for eternity when dealing with vessels preparing for the Master's use. One touch of wrong doctrine, one smear of ill example, one ill-judged finger-mark of unwise advice, and the vessel will be marred upon the wheel; and, what is worse, will, as the result, be injured in all its future uses.

Conscious of this, even to a painful degree, our appeal is to the people of God to pray for us, and all trainers of the rising ministry, that we may be taught of God, and instructed ourselves while instructing others. As pastors we have the prayers of the flock, but as trainers of pastors how few pray for us! Much better work would have been done in our Colleges, if there had been more prayer for tutors and students. In our own case, our many other labours prevent that concentration of every faculty upon the one work which would be so great a help to success: and hence, above all other Presidents of Colleges, our need is aggravated to a supremacy of necessity. If the Lord help us not, we are in a solemn case, and our responsibility will utterly sink us.

Yet the work has to be done by some one. It is of the last importance to churches holding sound doctrine, that they should know where to apply for a minister in time of need, and where they should send their young men without fear of their faith being tampered with. Happily, there are institutions of this sort which we would mention with pleasure; but for these many years THE PASTORS' COLLEGE has not been a whit behind the chief of them. It is well it should be so; for the times are evil, and much of the present peril began in the Colleges. If tutors go with a novel opinion for a mile, students will go with it

twain. When the master gives false doctrine his coat, the disciple will hand over his cloak also. We know of a case in which a student was so instructed by his tutor, and so illuminated by the lights around him in the College-hall, that he found himself unable to hold the faith; and, like an honest man, gave up all idea of the ministry, and went into business, where he now remains, grieving that he has lost his youthful joy and peace. A father declared to our knowledge that, whereas in Scotland it had been the ambition of the house to send a son to the University, that he might "wag his head in a pulpit," it was now looked upon as a grave danger for any young man, professing godliness, to enter the Divinity-hall. Any careful observer will note that ministers rise and fall in their doctrine according to the character of their tutors. One could almost conclude to a certainty the College from which a man has come if you weighed his doctrine during his first appearances, before he had been influenced by other forces, such as his association with preachers at their "fraternals," and the unavoidable friction with influential laymen. Unless the Colleges are kept free from erroneous teaching, the rivers which should flow with the water of life will be tainted at the commencement of their course. Only the grace of God can preserve young ministers true to their first faith, let them commence as well as they may; but if from their start they are twisted from the truth, what can we expect of them?

Our opinion is, that we are receiving better men than ever into *the Pastors' College*, that the tone and spirit within our walls are more and more firm and earnest, and that a bold protest against "Down-grade" tendencies has been a blessing to us at home, whatever it may have been to those abroad. Looking on the whole of the work, from the first day until now, and making every possible discount from the results, because of a few men of ours who have been carried away by the black torrent, we are filled with rejoicing that the overwhelming majority stand firm in the faith of God. Over those who left our Association two years ago, we sorrow not as those that are without hope. The larger part left under misapprehension, and are personally as loyal to the old faith as those who remain with us. When they see that they mistook us, they will probably return to their place in the brotherhood, and be heartily welcomed; but if they do not so return, so long as they remain faithful to the Word of God, we shall not reckon them as a loss, but as a gain. It was natural that some should think us too severe in our censures, though in this we fell short of all that was deserved; and it was equally natural that more should cling to denominational institutions, in the belief that rising evil could be cured. May the hopes of those who can hope be more than fulfilled! We are glad that they are able to be sanguine. With a wider and more painful knowledge, we could not stake our fidelity to truth upon a hope so hazardously uncertain, and we came forth. But we did not expect many to follow us; and we were not dismayed when we found that a few of our own long-loved comrades in the Conference preferred to quit our Association rather than bear witness against doctrinal error by a declaration which appeared to them to be needless. If they preach the gospel, though they follow not with us, we therein do rejoice; yea, and will rejoice.

To the dearly beloved friends who have stood by us so firmly and generously in all ill weathers, we tender our sincere thanks. Many of them we remember with tears, for their affectionate fidelity has been touching. To all helpers we tender sincere gratitude. They are "partners with Simon." In the day of account they shall not fail to receive with us the reward of those who have cared for the school of the prophets, for the sake of the Lord of the prophets.

Vice-President's Report.

THERE is no monotony in our work, as each day brings its new duties upon the old lines; yet there must be ever much of sameness in any Annual Report of long-continued and repeated labours. Happily, in our case, it is a continuation of steady, diligent study through the year upon the part of our students, and of faithful teaching on the side of the tutors. The moral tone of the College is good, and the spiritual life vigorous. A growing missionary spirit is manifest, and much earnest home preaching is being carried on by our young brethren. We have by no means escaped the prevailing epidemic of the year; for not a few of our number suffered from it, and some very severely.

The demands from the churches for our students have at times outrun the supply, and we have no difficulty in finding spheres of service for really good men. We are steadily watching against the inroads of the new version of the old truths, which is only another mode of rejecting them; and our efforts are more than ever directed to the inculcating of an intenser love for, and more full and tender exhibition of, "the truth as it is in Jesus." A vigorous, manly, and even original declaration of Bible Teachings we desire to cultivate in the ministry of our rising pastors; but "originated truths" are to us as "original sins" whenever we listen to them from any man's lips. We hope to avoid the futile task of "weaving the spider's web" out of our own minds, in order to make nets for fishers of men. The stones with which we build our altar of ministerial consecration must not be of human shaping, but only fashioned by a Divine hand, and as "once delivered to the saints." We more than ever aim to point the churches' future guides to the old paths, and to the Godward side of the grand old Doctrines of Grace. God grant that our men may be heralds of a needed and promised life, to be bestowed only in and through Christ Jesus; and not incubators, to go and hatch out a life, which is vainly supposed to be inherent in a race manifestly "dead in trespasses and sins." We teach only one salvation, through the cross of a risen Saviour, and no alternative deliverance through the penal fires of a future state. Earnestly do we urge our preachers to exhort men to believe that *now* is the accepted time, and *now* the day, and the only day, of salvation. Help us in this task of fitting out men to go everywhere warning all to flee from "the wrath of the Lamb," and to seek him while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near. For the past of the College we are growingly thankful, and for its future increasingly hopeful.

JAS. A. SPURGEON.

Mr. Gracey's Report.

OF the past year the history may be written in very few words ; but the service rendered has been good and effective, and will bear enduring fruit. In these respects, 1889 may compare favourably with the best of the years that have gone before. A healthy tone of manly piety has pervaded the work and College life of all the students. Earnest and self-denying labour has been done inside and outside the College, not only without a murmur or complaint, but with a cheerful and ready mind. Preaching-stations, young and struggling churches, have been ministered to with cheering success, and in some instances with abundant tokens of the Divine blessing. To meet the demands arising from these sources our utmost capacity has been taxed. Instead of feeling a difficulty in obtaining churches for brethren who are near the close of their curriculum, we have been often much tried to find men for the churches requiring pastors. The door has been kept open all round the year. For this sign of our gracious Master's approval and use of our efforts, as well as for the spirit of prayer, attachment to the vital truths of the Gospel, sympathy and love for the souls of men, we owe unbounded gratitude and praise ; and in the smoke of our sacrifice of humble thanksgiving we would let the year pass away from view to join the other "years of grace."

The special subjects I have placed before the students have been Systematic Theology in my own Lectures and in Dr. Hodge's Handbook, Homiletics, Church History, and Synonyms of the Greek Testament. The Discussion-Class has been well sustained. In the Greek Testament we have been reading in the Gospel according to Matthew, in the Epistles to the Hebrews and the Ephesians, and in the First Epistle of John. In the Hebrew classes we have had selections from Genesis, Isaiah, and the Psalms. In the classics our subjects have been the *De Coronâ* of Demosthenes, the *Cyropædia* of Xenophon, the first Book of Homer's *Iliad*, Cicero's *De Senectute*, Horace's *Ars Poetica*, and the *De Rerum Naturâ* of Lucretius.

DAVID GRACEY.

Mr. Fergusson's Report.

AT the close of this year we have every reason to be satisfied. The conduct of the students, the amount of thoroughly-executed work, and the steadiness with which all has been maintained, have left room for nothing but gratitude and sincere affection for all the workers. And, in looking forward to the coming year, should their lives be spared, and their health be preserved, and should divine grace sustain their fervour, we shall march on in certain hope of success.

In the past year many of our students have varied their College course by engaging in evangelistic work, such as house-to-house visitation, and preaching in some of the most destitute localities in the south of London. This is an education of immense value in the equipment of the minister of the cross; an education not to be found in books and class-rooms. Only in immediate contact with human nature soaked in sin and suffering can we really learn our work. This kind of training does more for men than any other in showing "how to put it." In actual practice they must acquire the art of making divine truth simple and winsome.

In our judgment, this has been of incalculable value in giving the men a foretaste of the practical part of their future ministry; and we are sure that it has also led some of them to esteem more highly than ever the help of the class-room and the text-book.

We feel it but due to our students not to pass over in silence their perseverance in keeping up their work during this year of epidemic and of suffering. Often they had to be compelled to see the doctor; and when sent home because of illness, they in every case obeyed with reluctance. To some this may appear a trifle not worthy of mention; to us it seemeth not so. Chips show the current of the stream. The above matter reveals, though in a simple way, that great principle of all Christian work—so to love Christ as to glory in infirmities for his sake. This principle, when strong in the soul, fits men for the Congo, or Northern Africa, or any field of labour under the sun.

The nature of the work of our department may be gathered from the text-books in use—Fleming's Analysis of the English Language; Bain's English Composition; Angus's Bible Handbook; Taylor's Elements of Thought; Whately's Logic; Sir William Hamilton's Metaphysics; Butler's Analogy; Wayland's Ethics; Blackie's Bible Geography; Green and Smith's English Histories.

ARCHIBALD FERGUSON.

Mr. Marchant's Report.

I THINK I may report unhesitatingly and truthfully of our College, much as Nehemiah reported of himself when he said: "Then I told them of the hand of my God, which was good upon me." We have had a monotony of old mercies, which have been "new every morning." They have been monotonous, for all has been set to the unvarying note of mercy for many years past, and this year has been no exception; but the old mercies have been very new for all that. They have been harmoniously and sweetly set to the variety of new and often deep necessities; for our God has not merely made his grace to abound, irrespective of who we are and where we are; but in these riches of his grace "He has abounded *toward us* in all wisdom and *understanding*."

For myself, illness in my family has obliged me to relinquish my long and loved work at Hitchin, and I am thus writing these few words of

report from a new home. This, to me, sore trial, not wanting in its supports, has had also and already its advantages from the College view-point. I have been able to visit and preach for several of our former students, and I have been not a little encouraged as I have seen the hand of our God good upon them. The hearty earnestness and spiritual longing of some of the churches, when welcoming our students at the time of their settlement, have been refreshing; and the marked success of others, who have long ministered to the same people, has been even more helpful. With such tokens of mercy outside, one cannot but come back to the routine of the class-room with new thankfulness, and faith, and zeal.

In the College itself, the prevailing epidemic has brought us, recently, an unusual amount of sickness. While this has kept several from the classes for days, and a few for a longer period, not much time has been lost; in some instances, to the best of their ability, the brethren have kept up their work at home during this period of enforced absence. A spirit of love to each other, of love to God and his service, of joy in our Lord Jesus Christ and in the exceeding riches of his grace, I sincerely believe, is felt by us all to breathe through the work of each day. In the *Sermon Classes*, an average amount of ability has been shown, while two or three of the junior students have preached with an unusual amount of insight and power, giving promise, as we all felt, of good things to come. The criticisms of a few of the seniors, too, have been marked by excellent penetration and wise judgment. The *discussions* have often shown considerable independence of opinion, and a fair amount of debating power, and have often been invigorating and brisk, although we are seldom dull. In all these things, and in many more, the hand of our God has been so good upon us, that, as they have so generously done aforetime, we may well believe it will be said of the supporters of the College, for a long time to come, as Nehemiah had to say of his helpers—"So *they* strengthened *their* hands for this good work."

In my own classes, besides the usual Grammar and Delectus work, and the use of Arnold's books, in both languages, a good amount of other work has been done. In *Latin*, Eutropius and Cæsar, Virgil's Eclogues, and the second Georgic, with the twenty-third book of Livy, have furnished us with texts; while in *Greek*, the Chapters of Curtius on Derivation, and the use of the Prepositions, have been carefully studied, and portions of Xenophon's Anabasis and several of Lucian's Dialogues have been translated. The usual work in Euclid has been done by the different classes; the middlemen being now engaged with Book III., and the exercises appended to previous propositions. The brethren have worked earnestly and well, and, I think, with a good amount of success; a few, whose early advantages were not great, have specially distinguished themselves by hard work and untiring perseverance.

F. G. MARCHANT.

Mr. Cheshire's Report.

AFTER many good Reports, it would be unfortunate could I make this one in any way a novelty. Our work, as heretofore, has been continued with regularity and heartiness, and with as much advantage to the brethren, I trust, as in former years. Ours is the Science Class; but it is our heartfelt desire that our studies may be conducted as befits renewed men, our object being rather to deepen reverence by increasing insight, and to give the preacher an abundant store of illustrations derived from the Divine thoughts, as revealed in the laws of nature, than to merely teach dry scientific deductions. In this we are constantly encouraged by the testimony of former students, now pastors, that their pulpit ministrations have been made more varied, and so, more attractive and useful, through the particular direction our work is made to take. During the past year a course on Chemistry, and another on Botany, the latter dealing mainly with the adaptations found in plants (flowers especially), have occupied much of our time; while a series of lectures, by the request of the students themselves, has been delivered on the Scientific bearings of the Temperance Question; these have given the opportunity for many experiments, and the introduction of matter which would greatly assist in the addresses so frequently undertaken by the students in various districts.

So far as is practicable, I endeavour to give information upon current scientific topics, especially upon remarkable inventions, or discoveries, which may at the moment be attracting attention. These have, from time to time, supplied us with a theme. The microscope is used, as has been my practice, during the tea-hour.

True Science must ever be the handmaiden of religion, albeit, "Science, falsely so-called," may be her open enemy. Feeling this, we bless God, and take courage.

FRANK R. CHESHIRE.

Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

THE demand for the services of the Evangelists has continued steadily throughout the whole year, and they have been fully employed in their happy, but arduous work. Most of the brethren have suffered at intervals during the year; for "the work of an evangelist" causes a great strain upon the system; but on the whole they have enjoyed good health, and better still, the Lord's smile and blessing have rested on their efforts. Eternity alone will reveal all that has been accomplished; but in almost every place that has been visited, the pastors have testified that souls have been saved, and the churches revived and strengthened; and they have constantly written in glowing terms concerning the fitness of our brethren for the work. Year by year we might repeat what we have formerly written about this evangelistic agency; for the need for it is as great as when we commenced it, the services are as acceptable as ever, and the Lord still owns them for the accomplishment of his purposes, and the gathering in of his redeemed ones. We append, as usual, a list of the places where

the evangelists have been, which will show that their labours have been spread over a large area, and that cities, towns, and villages have had the privilege of hearing the gospel preached or sung by them. To God be all the glory for all that has been accomplished !

Since last year's Conference, MESSRS. FULLERTON & SMITH have conducted Missions at Dr. Barnardo's Hall, "The Edinburgh Castle"; Kilburn Hall; Bath Street Chapel, Poplar (United Methodist Free Church); Mildmay Park Conference Hall; The Polytechnic, Regent Street; Falcon Square Chapel; Beulah Chapel, Thornton Heath; Paris; Tonbridge; Tunbridge Wells; Stowmarket; Hadleigh; Oxford; The Metropolitan Tabernacle; Carlisle; Gravesend; Bishop's Stortford; Weston-super-Mare; Stroud; Cleckheaton; Rotherham; and Leamington. MR. CHAMBERLAIN accompanied Mr. Fullerton at Ashford and Sutton-in-Craven, in consequence of Mr. Smith's illness.

MR. BURNHAM went for a cruise up the Baltic last summer, and returned greatly benefited by the voyage. He recommenced work by visiting the hop-gardens in Kent; and afterwards went to All Saints' Hall, Leicester; Sutton St. James; Dunstable; Buckhurst Hill; Canonbury Hall, Lewisham; Wrexham; John Street Chapel, Edgware Road; Ripley Street Chapel, Bradford; Sellindge, Kent; Shrewsbury; Wynn Street Hall, Birmingham; and Watchet.

MR. HARMER, during the past year, has been to Commercial Street Chapel, Whitechapel; Dartford; Crewkerne (with Mr. Chamberlain); Peckham (tent services); Stonebroom (with Mr. Chamberlain); Burton-on-Trent; Wisbech; Manvers Street Chapel, Bath; Kingston and Norbiton; Blackheath; Eynsford (2 visits); Willingham; Arthur Street Chapel, King's Cross; Redditch; Old Sodbury; Little Sodbury; Wickwar, Gloucestershire; Ely; Waterbeach; Riddings, Derbyshire; and Wotton-under-Edge.

MR. HARRISON has held missions or services at Kidderminster; Mr. Charrington's Hall, Mile End Road (two series of services); Clapton (tent services); Dartford; Windsor; Greenwich; Cross Street Chapel, Islington; The Polytechnic, Regent Street; Exeter Hall; Talbot Tabernacle, Notting Hill; Bath; Wandsworth; Northcote Road Chapel, Wandsworth Common; John Street Chapel, Bedford Row; Miss Robinson's Hall, Portsmouth; Victory Place Institute, Walworth; Swaffham; East Dereham; "The Welcome," Aldersgate Street; Lower Sloane Street Chapel, Chelsea; Vernon Chapel, Pentonville; and Chatham. It should be mentioned that Mr. Harrison's work has been self-supporting.

MR. PARKER has been at the following places, in addition to others of which no record has been received:—Gordon Road, Peckham; Waltham Abbey; Sandhurst, Berkshire; Edinburgh (Duncan Street Chapel, Carrubbers' Close Mission, &c.); New Battle, N.B.; Rochdale; Hucknall Torkard; Amersham; Burnham, Buckinghamshire; Peterchurch, Herefordshire; Sittingbourne; Hayle; Falmouth; Sholing, Tottenham; and Dalston.

Funds are needed for the extension of this useful agency. Some of the places that most need arousing cannot meet the necessary expenses, so we are grateful when friends send us contributions, or when the thankofferings after the services leave a surplus towards the general evangelistic work.

College Pioneer Work by Mr. E. A. Carter.

MR. CARTER felt called to begin Pioneer work, and he has carried it on most perseveringly. He commenced it with the following purposes:—

1st.—To endeavour, by God's help, to increase weak Baptist churches, and where possible to get them the help of a minister.

2nd.—To commence new Baptist causes in rising towns, or needy neighbourhoods.

3rd.—To generally evangelize in halls, tents, or by other methods to further the interests of this aggressive work.

He sends us the following brief outline of the work:—

"The *weak Churches we have helped* are at Farnworth, near Bolton, and Radcliffe, between Manchester and Bolton.

"*Farnworth*, in December, 1888, when we undertook the work, was in a very weak condition. In the course of four and a half months we had several conversions, and baptized eleven believers upon profession of their faith in Christ. We introduced Mr. F. G. WEST, of our College, who commenced his work last September. With much prayer and perseverance, the Temperance Hall, which was rented for Sunday evenings, became well attended. The work is now carried on in the chapel, and many souls have been saved. On one Sunday evening recently, no less than ten showed anxiety about their souls, and on another occasion four. Some young men, who had caused us much anxiety, have been fully brought out for Christ. Mr. West is reaching the young by a week-evening meeting, at which large numbers attend.

"While preaching in the Market-land last autumn, Mr. West had large congregations. On one occasion a stone was thrown at him, but no harm came of it. This church bids fair to be a prosperous one, although there is much work yet to be done.

"The other weak church we undertook was *Radcliffe*. This town has a population of 30,000, and no other Baptist church. It was a difficult sphere, owing to the weakness of the church, financially and numerically. In April, 1889, we began work there, and in August Mr. F. T. B. WESTLAKE, of our College, started his career as pastor, with much self-sacrifice. Thank God, to-day he is a success, and popular among both rich and poor; he has a large congregation, continual conversions, and much spiritual blessing.

"One man called upon him recently, requesting him to come and christen his child. Mr. W. told him that he had come to the wrong place. "No," he said, "I know what I'm doing; you are a minister." "Yes," Mr. W. replied, "but not a sprinkling one." "Well, can't you do something for us?" So Mr. W. went, and found the house full of the friends and neighbours, to whom he preached the gospel. At his next visit, two of those who had heard him speak were anxious about spiritual things.

"On one occasion, at a service, the congregation was startled by the cry of one of the audience, so anxious was she for salvation. Thus the Spirit of God is working among the people. Mr. and Mrs. Westlake have visited the mills and houses, and worked incessantly to bring sinners to the Saviour.

"*The following works have been commenced by us during this last winter:—*

"*New Brighton.*—Bills are posted, announcing Albert Hall, Victoria Road, as the place of meeting. 'How many will attend?' 'Will the Baptists rally round?' These are the questions which would perplex us, only that we believe God will give us favour, and send whom he will, if we are sure of his leading at the outset. We were greatly encouraged, or, to everyone's surprise, nearly forty met us on the first morning, and our boat was launched then and there. PASTOR E. MORLEY is preaching here for the present, and his services are much appreciated.

"*Waterloo* was the next place we commenced, in September last. This important town was without a Baptist church until we started. We meet in the gymnasium, where we trust many will be instructed in the holy art of spiritual gymnastics. 'Just like home,' was the opinion expressed concerning the first communion service. Many are thankful for this movement. PASTOR G. GOODCHILD, from Preston, is about to take charge of this important work.

"*Birkdale.*—This is a residential suburb of Southport, with a population of about 12,000. One friend, outside of our denomination, wishes us success, stating it as his opinion that there was more work needed in Birkdale than all the denominations could do. MR. PHILLIPS, of our College, who has settled at Southport, will help to superintend this work, and will preach on the Thursdays for the present.

"*Horwich*, near Bolton, was formerly a village, but now has about 12,000 inhabitants, and the number is constantly increasing. We meet in the Co-operative Hall. Three services and Sunday-school are carried on each Lord's-day by MR. BOSWELL, a young man whom I have taken from business, believing he is called of God. He received a cheque 'for expenses of work', and, on opening it, found it a cheque for a pot of beer. I should be very glad of some cheques of a more substantial kind. I believe this work will soon be a strong centre.

"In all these places we have had many indications of God's good pleasure, in the form of answers to prayer. Friends are working heartily, and we trust the spiritual blessing given will be increased until the little one shall become a thousand.

"A question of importance to me is—Who shall entertain the minister over the Sunday? This need in most cases has been supplied.

"Another difficulty is how to get musical instruments. We have no less than three lent to us free of charge

"We have carried on the work at a very low cost, partly owing to the help of the ministers of Baptist churches for many miles around the neighbourhood, who have given their heartiest sympathy and practical help, including Pastors Goodchild, Preston; Ensoll, Burnley; Latimer, Colne; Edgerton, Oldham; Cottam, St. Helens; Ney, Church; Williams, Sheffield; Plumbridge, Southwell; Whittle, Yalding; and others.

"We have developed plans (D.V.) to extend the work, as there is much land yet to be possessed. Will not the Lord's stewards help, as some have already done?"

EDWIN A. CARTER.

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

OUR *College Missionary Society* has its first missionary in *Morocco*, in connection with the North Africa Mission. Our hope is that this sapling may grow into a great tree. The following are a few items from the report of Mr. N. H. PATRICK's work among the Spaniards in Tangier. Mr. Patrick went to work among the Moors in January, 1889, but the Lord had evidently people of another tongue to whom he was about to send the glad tidings by his servant. Mr. Patrick was led to devote himself to the Spanish-speaking people, at first through an interpreter, and in addition to his labours among the Moors. He soon was convinced that his mission was to the Spaniards, and gave himself wholly thereto.

The work is located in the *Café Oriental*, which café we suppose was, before its conversion, something after the style of our London Music Halls; of it Mr. Patrick says:—

"We entered the *Café Oriental* on July 15th, 1889. It was well situated, admirably adapted for our work, and we needed larger premises, so we took it in faith. The place that had been a den of iniquity is now a House of Praise. We have platform instead of stage, and preaching in the place of acting.

"Where the money was to come from, to pay our heavy rent and other expenses, we did not know; but our trust was in God, and our every need has been supplied. Unto him be all the praise. The whole place was in a horribly dirty condition, and so the expenses for cleaning, etc., have been very heavy.

"Our Evangelistic Meetings, held on Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, have been well attended. One Sunday evening quite 150 were present, but this was exceptional. We believe that souls have been converted, and converts strengthened and comforted. I do not like to quote numbers, as the work is so new. There are quite a number that we believe are true Christians; but so many of them are *very* ignorant and *very* weak, that I often feel that the work in England most like my work here would be the 'infant class.' I trust that before next report we shall have a Church. The attendance at our Sunday morning service is still small.

"Every Tuesday night, a school for men is held. Reading and writing, in Spanish or English, are taught. We close with a gospel address, and know that this endeavour has brought great blessing to several young men.

"The *Café Dispensary*, connected with the Mildmay Mission to the Jews, is opened each Tuesday and Saturday from 3 o'clock to 7 o'clock. Our esteemed brother, Dr. Churcher, has treated a very large number of patients. This agency assists us greatly in winning the hearts of the poor of Tangier. The gospel is preached to all attending.

"At 5 o'clock each evening (Sunday excepted) we open our Coffee Bar. Tea, coffee, and cocoa are sold at a half-penny per cup, also lemonade, biscuits, etc., at low prices. Nothing is sold during the time

of meetings. Thus the attendance at our meetings is increased; we have better opportunities for conversing with our converts, and they can keep away from the wine-shops, etc., in the town. Our hall is brightly lighted, and our good caretaker, Mrs. Barnard, drives a brisk business, endeavouring at the same time to speak a word to her customers about the Gospel Feast."

In last year's Report we gave a list of the contributions we had received from April 17th, 1888, to April 15th, 1889. These amounted to £399 1s. 6d. From the latter date, up to April 14th, 1890, we have received £196 8s. 8d., making the total receipts £595 10s. 2d. All donations during the past year have been published, month by month, in *The Sword and the Trowel*. Our total expenditure, up to date, for Mr. Patrick's outfit, passage, salary, &c., and the rent of the *café* which he has secured in Tangier, has been £248 18s. 6d., leaving a balance in hand of £346 11s. 8d.

Friends will see that we have sufficient in hand for present needs; but we shall require greatly increased funds if we are to send out many labourers, either to North Africa, or to other unoccupied parts of the world. Without touching any other society there is room for all who can possibly enter the great field. Several of the students are preparing for the foreign field, and the cry, "Come over and help us," rises up from many quarters. We have need to repeat the old missionary watchword, "*Brethren, the heathen are perishing: shall we let them perish?*"

Mission Work in the Falkland Islands.

IT had been our lot to send ministers to St. Helena, but we little dreamed that we should have to do the same to the more remote Falkland Islands. A noble-hearted English brother pleaded hard with us to send a preacher to these islands, promising his best aid in his support. Our highly esteemed brother, Mr. George H. Harris, being unwell, we thought the climate would suit him, and possibly restore him to health. It has delighted us to find that he has been able to do a vast amount of work, involving travel by sea and land, and he has not only gathered a congregation, and received sufficient support to keep him in a frugal way, but the friends have also been able to send home for an iron chapel, which has been sent out to them packed up, ready for erection, and has doubtless by this time been hallowed by many a happy and holy gathering. Mr. Harris, having married, is now getting anxious to return, and is kindly waiting till we can place our hand upon a fit successor. We trust our Lord has such a one in reserve. In any case, Mr. Harris has done grand service to the cause of God, and the friends themselves are also worthy of all praise.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

SO far our Report has been taken up with the College and its own actual work, and much of this we have had to omit, because we have described it more fully in former years. The rest of our matter refers to work done by brethren after they have left our doors—work for which we claim no credit, but which it is a great pleasure to record. We receive so much joyful information that we wish we could afford to print a great volume; but, then, perhaps it would not be read. Apologies are due to many diligent and successful workers who have for years sent us their statistics, and interesting details of work done. They have cheered our heart, and we have not put all that they have written into print, simply, and only, because of want of space. We are sustained under many painful trials in connection with the College by the assured certainty that souls are being saved, and God is being glorified by the men who once studied in our classes.

The following are a few items taken from a great mass. It has needed no little pains to edit a Report, not because of scantiness of material, but because of the superabundance of it. We begin at home, and give two instances, out of many, of the formation of new Baptist churches, where our body had no footing.

Baptist Church, Warwick Square, Carlisle.*

"I want you to go to Carlisle, and see what can be done", was the request I received from our beloved President, August 19th, 1880, and to Carlisle I went on the 21st, arriving in the city, without the name of a single person to whom I might introduce myself. I enquired my way to the hall of the Y.M.C.A., which had been taken for six months. I was directed by the hall-keeper to one who had attended the services, and his surprise at seeing me was only exceeded by his kindness. On going to the hall on the following Sabbath morning, I found eight persons ready to receive me, in a place that would seat 400, and preached to them and myself from Heb. x. 18, and in the evening to about thirty, from 1 Tim. vi. 12.

"Ever since the bright days of the Commonwealth, when a church is recorded to have had a pastor, to the present time, the Baptists had made brave efforts to reach the people of Carlisle; but on the death or removal of their minister they had been scattered, largely owing to the fact that they never had a place of their own to worship in. I was assured on all hands that this attempt, like previous ones, would fail: the people were so poor that they could not keep a minister, or pay the rent (£65 a year), of the hall.

"Of their poverty I had ample proof, for all the property they owned consisted of a notice-board, which they were not allowed to fix, a collecting-box, and a small reading-desk, which in its better days had been a soap-box. Their faith I had to test, and their willingness to work to prove.

* This Report came last year, but we felt it was too good to lose.

"Was this my work? Were these the people God wished me to labour amongst? Was this the task I had been praying for? were the thoughts that filled my mind, and formed my prayers for the next week or two. The answer came in increased, but still very small, congregations. Twenty-one desired to be formed into a church if I would become their pastor. This was done on the 31st October, and I accepted their invitation without the mention of silver or gold; thus, in God's name, the 'Rubicon' was crossed. For months and months things grew darker, and candid friends foretold a speedy collapse, and advised me to retreat. I chose to bear the evils I knew, rather than fly to perchance greater. I remained with my faithful few, and to encourage them I fixed upon a splendid site on which to build, and spoke to the agent about it.

"About this time one of the members, a poor person, put 30/- in my hand, stating that over 40 years ago she had given 10/- towards the building fund of the Baptist chapel then being formed in Carlisle, but on its failure the money had been returned, which she had kept, adding a little as occasion offered, all the time praying and believing that God would send some one to commence the work again. This I felt was God's voice, and I accepted the money; but 30/- would not buy land and build a place; but 30/- was a beginning, and coupled with faith and hard work, the remainder would come.

"Brighter days were in store for us. The Rev. Charles Williams visited the church, and encouraged us no little by the deep interest he took in it, and the kindly sympathy he expressed towards us. He afterwards advised the Lancashire and Cheshire Association to join with our President in supporting the work at Carlisle as a Mission church. Since then they have proved the strongest possible friends to us; indeed, but for their timely assistance we would have been starved out.

"The work has had its pleasures as well as its trials, the greatest joy being found in pointing many to Christ. Some of them I baptized, and they joined the church; others left the city, and some went abroad; carrying the knowledge of salvation through faith in Christ to the Colonies. Several joined other churches, and some have been called to their rest, leaving us at the end of 1882 with over 70 members. Each succeeding year we seemed to lose in this way more than other churches, no less than five deacons being compelled to leave Carlisle with their families. Some thought the expenses which would be incurred through building would necessitate their giving, and quietly retired; others were nobler, and refused even to leave the city to better themselves, preferring to suffer loss for Christ's sake.

"Feeling the time had come to build, efforts were made to secure the freehold of the site I had spoken for. After long and earnest prayer I waited upon the Duke of Devonshire to try to get him to give the site; but here our poverty was in the way, we were thought far too poor ever to build; but I secured from him the freehold for £450, he making a reduction of £313 in the price. For five years this site had been kept for us, though many were anxious to secure it for building purposes. I afterwards learned that our old friend had been in the habit of going on to the ground, and asking God to keep it for us till we were ready to purchase it, which he did. But where the money was to come from was

the next question. We met week after week, and asked the Lord to open the hearts of his generous servants; and as we prayed for others to give, we felt led to give ourselves. Many were the cases of self-denial that took place: one member, a poor man, has given £25 by weekly instalments; another poor person, 72 years of age, and earning about 7/- a week, has given £3. I might tell of many more, did space permit. Friends were found in other towns who helped us largely, and on the 9th of May, 1887, we turned the first sod. The memorial stones were laid on the 21st July, the first being laid by Charles Spurgeon in the name of his father, who sent £150 to lay on the stone; others helped, and we felt the day called for great praise to God. After various delays, over which we had no control, the opening services were commenced on the 7th of November, 1888, the Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., preaching both in the afternoon and evening to crowded congregations. The President had been expected by all, but that was not to be; yet his loving and generous influence was felt by all when I read the following letter:—

Westwood, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood,
November 6th, 1888.

Dear Mr. Saville,—My heart is with you, and my body would be if I were able to do as I please with it. Alas, I am a poor cripple; and it is as much as I can do to sit up and write you!

May the Lord be with you! May your opening services be full of power from on high! You have laboured and have not fainted, and the Lord is mindful of your struggles and sacrifices. I believe you will have all the greater blessing because of the difficulties you have surmounted. I know of a truth that it is not the way of pleasing the flesh, which is fruitful to God's glory. To bear hardness is far better than to be pleasing men.

I have sent you an extra £20 as a love token for the opening morning, and I send special prayer to Heaven that the Lord may be graciously mindful of you.

Yours ever heartily,

C. H. SPURGEON.

"This letter I felt to be only second to himself, for it proved to all that he was still with us in our work.

"The building is a plain, substantial structure, with no attempt at display, being of red freestone, with tooled facings. The whole of the fittings are of pitch pine, which gives the interior a light and handsome appearance. The baptistery is under the platform, which is on a level with the vestries at the back of the chapel. Sitting accommodation has been provided for 425; and all arrangements have been made for galleries, which will give a total of 700 sittings.

"A site has been left on which to erect a Sunday-school and classrooms at some future time. The total for land and building is slightly over £2,700, towards which we have received in cash £1,500, leaving us with a much heavier debt than we expected.

"The situation is the best we could have got, being in a new and growing part of the city. We are twenty-eight miles from the nearest Baptist church, so that we cannot be charged with over-crowding our churches.

"Our future depends on two things—Faith in and work for God."

Yours in Christ's service,

A. A. SAVILLE.

The Story of the Baptist Church in the Town of Ayr.

THE history of the church at Ayr is soon told, but is a tale not wanting in interest. The town has a population of between 23,000 and 25,000 inhabitants; and until 1886, may be said to have been without a Baptist church. About thirty years ago, an attempt was made to found a church, but the effort did not succeed. One of the members of this little body, who preached for them when no one else could be got, survived to see the present church started and settled, and was then called home. Previous to the above attempt, however, Dr. Leechman, the celebrated logician and missionary, who was afterwards pastor of the Baptist church at Irvine, preached occasionally in the old Ayr theatre. The *North British Daily Mail*, in the course of an article on the present church, unearthed an incident concerning Dr. Leechman, part of which it may be worth while to reproduce. Here it is:—"He had a large, portable pulpit, which was duly wheeled on to the stage, and from which he delivered discourses of singular eloquence and power. The doctor, in after years, was wont to recall humorously the fate which overtook this Ayr pulpit. A company of strolling players had hired the theatre one season, performing in it on week nights, while the young Baptist evangelist took possession of the stage on the Sabbaths. But one Sabbath, when he arrived, it was discovered that the pulpit was gone! The players, who had been unfortunate, had made a moonlight flitting, and finding the pulpit a convenient receptacle for their properties, had hurriedly bundled up these in the preacher's tub, and bolted!" The pulpit was never recovered.

Since the attempt of thirty years ago, no effort was made to plant a Baptist church in the town until 1886. About the beginning of that year, a few brethren met in an evangelistic meeting, and during a friendly chat on the subject of baptism, it transpired that most of them had been baptized at various times and places. The upshot of this discovery was a resolve to meet and break bread together at a friend's house during the interval of services on Sabbath. This agreement was carried out. Others soon joined them, and after some time they determined to form a church. A meeting was arranged for that purpose, and two neighbouring Baptist ministers were invited to be present, and attended. The result, in brief, was a resolution to form themselves into a church. Shortly before this, MR. HORNE, a student of the Pastors' College, had been on a visit to the town, and had preached in two of the churches. The Baptists heard him, and asked him right off to become their pastor. The invitation was accepted, after the church had communicated with Mr. Spurgeon, who promised to help; and so the work went on.

The church first met in the "Sir William Wallace Hall", which soon proved too small. Exodus was made to the "Liberal Hall", which, in turn, also became inconvenient. An adjournment was then made to "The Queen's Rooms", which building was ultimately bought, and became the home and property of the church. This edifice was a

reconstruction of the famous old theatre, where Dr. Leechman preached, and on the boards of which Macready, Edmund Kean, G. V. Brooke (who went down in *The London*, in the Bay of Biscay), and Helen Faucit performed. The present building is in good order, and occupies the best site in the town. The price of site and building was £1,350; of this sum, £500 was paid to get possession. All alterations were paid for as they were undertaken, and over £50 more has been taken off the debt, which is now between £700 and £800. The church is paying in interest now what it paid in rents then; and is, in every way, more comfortable.

It is now over three years since the church began work. There were then 27 members. During the time that has elapsed, there have been 170 additions to the membership, which just now stands at 147. One of the first to be converted was a woman, who had not entered a place of worship for many years. When the pastor first visited Ayr, he spoke briefly in the open-air. This woman was passing; a sentence or two took hold of her; she entered the hall, where he was afterwards to speak, and became deeply concerned about her soul. This anxiety remained during the interval, and when the pastor started work afterwards, she went to one of the meetings, not knowing who the speaker was, and the word got the necessary grip of her heart, and brought her to the Lord. An almost similar case was that of an old man, who refused to see the pastor, if he called at the house, but being persuaded to attend one service, was laid hold of by the Spirit, and saved. His excuse for not going to the church was that he could not read; but after his conversion, his wife said, "He can read well enough now; and pray, too." His excuse had been a ruse. A young man, who is now a member of the church, acted like this old man, in his attitude to the pastor. He fled the house if he knew the pastor was coming, and preferred to wander the fields on the Sabbath, rather than hear the preaching of the Gospel. However, he became seriously ill; and, strangely enough, asked the pastor to visit him. During the visit, he gave his heart to the Lord. His father was called into the room, to whom he told his resolution to serve the Lord; and the three held a consecration meeting. He shortly after recovered, and was baptized, coming boldly out for the Master.

During the summer months, the town is crowded with strangers; Ayr being a favourite summer resort. Among those who thus come, and disappear again, are many who attend the services, and several cases of conversion have come about, which we cannot here relate. We will be content with one.

After the service one day, an old Crimean hero remained for conversation. He had been present the Sabbath before, and had been so upset, that he had to come back again. He was thoroughly aroused. Describing how he felt, he said, "I have been in battles, shipwrecks, and earthquakes; but this beats them all! I've never been so shaken in my life." Glory be to God, for such *shakers*! He afterwards believed, and was baptized.

The people have been very fervent and abundant in prayer, and the preaching has been pointed and rousing. Is it any wonder, therefore,

that sinners should be shaken? The wonder is that many more are not shaken. One of the "worthies", now gone home, told the Lord so one day, in a rather singular fashion. Thanking God for what was being done, he said, "As a man said tae me the ither day, Lord, 'If a person gangs tae hell frae the Baptist Kirk, they'll gang wi' their een open'; an', Lord, that's true!" Was not this a worthy, though odd testimony?

Conversions through means of personal conversation, have also, as may be supposed, taken place. Indeed, the personal word seems to be almost necessary, to make permanent the impression made by the preached word, or to prepare for it. Not a few have been added to the church, who have thus been personally influenced. One young man was recently baptized, who was thus spoken to by one of the Christian workers. They met at the house of the young man's mother. They went for a short walk, were overtaken by a gale of wind, which interrupted their conversation, took refuge behind an old tool shed, and there the young man yielded himself to God. While the storm was disturbing the calm outside, the calm was taking the place of the storm in his heart. Another—a man well known for his recklessness—was visited at his own fireside by one of the brethren. He was overcome by the Spirit, and gloriously saved. He is now a humble and genuine follower of the Master, and his invariable reply to all inquiries, uttered in truly characteristic Irish, is, "Never was happier in my life, sir!" One somewhat peculiar case was that of a woman, who became suddenly anxious about her soul, without any previous indication. She was one day preparing the dinner, when the thought darted into her soul, like a lightning flash, "I'm not saved!" She became so concerned that she had to get on her knees, and cry for mercy. A few personal words of direction afterwards brought her clearly into the light.

The weekly prayer-meeting has been well attended from the beginning, fifty or more being the average attendance. Often strangers who are in the town come to this meeting, and by presence and speech add to its interest.

Numerous facts and incidents might be added to show the interest and value of the work in Ayr, but the above may suffice.

The church has not been without its difficulties, but it has breasted them, and still struggles on heroically. It is the youngest Baptist church in the county—there are four—but it is already the largest by a good number. The pastor was recently called to Dundee, where he was offered double his present salary, but he elected to remain in Ayr to solidify and consolidate the church. He is surrounded by a splendid body of officers, who are very hearty and sympathetic, and undertake much of the work. He preaches often in the surrounding towns and villages. Thus far, the work has been a decided success, and we believe that carefulness and prayerfulness will make the success permanent, satisfactory, and extensive.

Having given specimens of work in Great Britain, we now cross to the United States, and quote instances of holy service rendered to the Kingdom in that vast area.

Report of Mission Work in Missouri, U.S.A.

By GEORGE BOULSHER.

I T was bad health, and the advice of my physician, which induced me to leave my native land. I went out in February, 1872, and I returned in August, 1889. Having lost my dear wife, and five children out of six, I came home for change and rest. In 1887, the house in which I was living was burned down, and with it most of the reports and memoranda of my work, so that I am deprived of many interesting records; but I can say—and this will be within the mark—that during those seventeen and a half years I have travelled 50,000 miles, have delivered about 4,000 sermons and addresses, and have been instrumental in the conversion of 900 souls, most of whom I have baptized. Such results as these prove, that in my going forth I was following the leadings of Divine Providence.

I reached Memphis, West Tennessee, on March 2nd, 1872, and laboured as pastor of two churches for nearly five years, but the intense heat and unhealthiness of the climate caused me to remove, with my family, to the State of Missouri, in December, 1876, and to accept an appointment from the Board of State Missions of Missouri, as an evangelist. My work was to travel over six or seven large counties, preaching the gospel; to help weak churches, to hold evangelistic meetings at important places, and to found churches and Sunday-schools in necessitous localities. I have preached in churches of nearly all denominations, and held evangelistic meetings in all sorts of places—in School Houses, Court Houses, Public Halls—in the homes of the people, in tents, and in the woods, and on baptismal occasions, by the rivers and creeks. I have held meetings in every month of the year, and in every month of the year I have baptized believers; many times in the depth of winter, when the ice, eighteen inches thick, had to be broken. In several places I was called the *Whalebone* Baptist, because I was supposed to be so tough and elastic; and on one occasion I was styled the "*deep water man*", by an Irishman, who said, if I stayed in the neighbourhood much longer I would carry the whole country with me.

The scenes witnessed are altogether different from our English experiences. In many places the roads run between thick woods, and in the open clearings made in these dark forests, the meeting-houses, or churches, as they are called, are found. Looking at the lonely position of the church (chapel you would call it), you begin to wonder where your audience is to come from; but as meeting-time draws near, you see men, women, and children coming from every quarter of the compass, on horseback, on mules, and in every kind of vehicle. Some will come from a distance of fifteen miles, and this night after night in the busiest

season—harvest-time—till they are literally exhausted ; when they will stay at home a night, and rest to recover strength, and then commence coming again.

I have been permitted to organize *three new churches*, and between 30 and 40 Sunday-schools, and also a good many Church and Sunday-school Conventions. Below is an extract from a report, preserved from the fire, of work in two Associations, viz. : The Missouri Valley, and Little Bonne Femme, from November, 1883, to July, 1889 :—

Professed conversions	526
Baptisms	409
Additions to churches	468

At *Hendrix* Station, in Wayne, I organized a church where no other church existed.

Also, the first Baptist church in the city of *Hale* was formed with 40 members. Before I left this Association it had increased to 90 members, had a good thriving Sunday-school, and a church-house, paid for. The church at *Hinton*, Boone County, originated from a tent-meeting. I organized this in April, 1889, with 17 members, in a wealthy farming community. The most of these were converted in the tent, and I baptized them. I also organized a Sunday-school at this place.

I have *re-organized* a great many churches. That at *Calvary* had only four members left when I commenced my meetings, namely, a deacon and his wife, and the church secretary and his wife. Conversion after conversion took place, and baptism after baptism. I stayed thirty-one days, and left a church of 24 members. There I formed a Sunday-school. I went back in six months, and the Lord gave me 14 more souls. They built themselves a new meeting-house, and soon their number increased to 60 members.

Providence.—This church had nearly ceased to exist when I visited it. This was in the depth of winter, with the snow eighteen inches deep. The people came from eight to ten miles in sleds and sleighs, and packed the building. Some of the hardest cases were converted ; one, an intelligent and well-educated infidel. Here I started a Sunday-school.

In the town of *Dewitt* I preached forty-eight days in succession, and joyfully saw just 48 additions to the church. A remarkable feature of this mission was that there were 25 young men among the converts, one of whom afterwards became a minister of the gospel, and I had the pleasure and privilege of preaching his ordination sermon. Altogether, I know of seven young men, converted under my ministry, who are now labouring in the vineyard of the Master, and who have been largely blessed ; so that I have not only children but grandchildren in the Lord.

Pleasant Ridge.—I preached here three weeks : results, 47 professed Christ ; 31 were baptized, and 35 were added to the church.

When labouring as a State missionary, I travelled, as I have before stated, over six or seven counties, and in some of these counties did not find a single Baptist minister who devoted his whole time to the work. The vast fields, spiritually destitute, impelled me forward—I had calls from every direction to preach, and to hold meetings. In some places

where I preached, the influence of the meeting was felt for miles round, and the power of God was so manifestly present that people would get there half-an-hour before the time, and would be praying and talking to enquirers, or they would form squads in the woods. Many times I have not been able to get away from the meeting till midnight, and then have had to leave the people while some were crying for mercy. There has indeed been praying grace—singing grace—shouting grace—and sometimes, jumping grace. I have seen sinners jump for joy. They used to come to meeting singing, and go home singing, some of them over the mountains, their path lighted by pine torches.

Amid all my labours and trials, God has been with me. But prayer is the secret spring of life which has kept all the machinery in motion.

No words can paint the scenes I have witnessed, or the joy I have felt. We shall have to wait till "The sweet by-and-by" to know all that God has done. I have been most happy in my work, and have never had an unpleasant word with any of the Board, under whose direction I have laboured. I have been left perfectly untrammelled to pursue the good work: I have been co-worker with some of the noblest souls who have ever blessed the earth. I feel I cannot speak in too high terms of the kindness, liberality, and hospitality of the American people.

Southern California.

NOTES BY C. W. GREGORY.

PIONEER work in Southern California takes its texture from the peculiar character of the country and its settlement. The overcrowded business and professional ranks of the Eastern States furnish a majority of the new society leaders, who get a fresh start in fruit-farming, which is peculiar to this country. To raise oranges, grapes, figs, and olives seems much more attractive than the old-fashioned drudgery of "corn, cattle, and hogs," the staple of other Western States.

The "Prairie Schooner", or emigrant wagon, is unknown. The railway is the real pioneer. It takes civilization by train-loads; and in a few months a desert is literally made to blossom as the rose; and instead of sage-brush and jack rabbits, we find organized towns with schools, churches, and houses, furnished with books, pianos, organs, pictures, and all the equipments of first-class English and American society.

The formative weeks are "the nick of time" for the Church and the devil; and as his Satanic majesty is said to ride on the "cowcatcher" of the first locomotive, Christ's servants must, if possible, be in the carriages of the same train. As organizer and Superintendent of Baptist Mission work in Southern California, a district about the size of England, we have had many earnest races with the dreadful foe.

In 1887, population poured into the country so rapidly that material for building could not be obtained fast enough. Towns sprang up like mushrooms, some few turning out, by forced speculation, to be toadstools. Denominational rivalry worked in the line of highest bids from landowners to the church which would erect the first church spire.

It was our ambition always to gather *first* a spiritual society of consecrated Baptists, around whom a material building marvellously grows. One group is heard to say, "We will furnish the foundations"; another, "We will be responsible for the walls"; a third, "We will put on the roof"; the women say, "Allow us to put in the doors and windows"; the children put in their prattle, "May we get the nails?" And thus merrily go up some of these Tabernacles for the Master. And truly we can say that the expansive powers of these gospel-loving Baptist churches are among the latest proofs of his creative might.

In *East Los Angeles*, with a new church of 25 members, and no property, the expansion has reached 100 members. Worshipping first in a hall, we soon secured building lots, on which was first constructed a baptistery, where new-born souls consecrated both themselves and the uncovered ground to the Master's service. With such a start, a commodious edifice, complete, with lecture-rooms and parsonage, soon rose upon the spot, and here souls are constantly finding the Saviour.

At *Allhambra*, a few miles from Los Angeles, I organized with 12 members, now grown sufficiently to build a good meeting-house, and support a regular pastor.

At *Redlands* I organized with 14 members in a school-house. Buying church lots in an orange-grove, we secured a pastor, for whose meetings a large tent was bought; and as the perfume of the orange blossoms did not put the people to sleep, the tent was soon transformed into a solid church structure, in which Brother W. W. WILLIS of the Pastors' College now ministers with success.

Instances like the above, without startling incident, but in the line of plodding progress, could be multiplied.

For our work there have been three principal centres. *San Diego*, on the coast at the southern extremity, with a population of 30,000, and one strong mother Baptist church; the centre of vigorous mission-work. In this district, half-a-dozen churches have been organized, and as many chapels built.

Los Angeles, with 80,000 population, and five good Baptist churches, is in the central district, and the principal point of activity. Of eight churches which I have organized, one-half have now church-edifices and pastors. *Santa Barbara*, with a population of 10,000, is the centre of the northern section, in which four churches have been organized, and three chapels built, and pastors secured.

Counting numbers, these 18 churches seem to be in the day of small things; but even half-a-dozen consecrated hearts we have learned not to despise, but rather to admire as among the great things in God's universe. They are the centres of miraculous power, telling so positively for Christ that many of our new communities are distinctively Christian, and thus in striking contrast with many of the godless gold-seeking centres of Northern California.

In this work we have travelled thousands of miles, usually by rail, but often by carriage, stage-coach, and steamer, finding it necessary always to cultivate the missionary's *eighth* sense, which enables him to detect Baptists, though hiding away among the bulrushes. Religion meets keen tests in new countries, and many do we find, who, crossing the

Rocky and Sierra Nevada mountains, then dropping down into the semi-tropical valleys of S. California, discover that somewhere on the journey, they, like Christian, have lost their parchment. Only one Tabernacle member have we found, Mr. Nutt, who, having crossed the Atlantic, and then three ranges of mountains, was in his place of prayer and service, fulfilling the good-bye wish of his beloved pastor, "Wherever you go, may the devil find out that you are a hard *nutt* to crack !"

First Baptist Church, Lawrence, Kansas, United States.

Pastor—AMOS H. STOTE.

FOR more than 20 years, Mr. A. H. Stote has been labouring in the United States, and has been largely used of God in several important spheres. He has been for the past five years pastor of the First Baptist Church, in Lawrence, Kansas, with a membership of nearly 500; fifty-seven of whom were added by baptism during the past year. We can only give a few sentences from his interesting report :—

"As you will see by the statistics, the Lord has been good to us as a church. We enjoy peace and unity, while the attachment between pastor and people is exceedingly strong. I am drawing near to the close of my fifth year of service, and can say that it has been the happiest, as well as the most fruitful, pastorate of my life. The church is one of the largest in the State, and has a commanding position; which we try to use for the honour of the Master. During the greater part of last year, we had a city missionary working under our auspices, and largely among the coloured people, of whom we have large numbers. There are two coloured Baptist churches in Lawrence, one of them having a membership of over 300. In various ways we try to help them. I have several times preached for them. We also have a Swedish Baptist organization here, but not any meeting-house, services being held in the Y.M.C.A. rooms. I have also tried to assist our Swedish brethren. Thus, you see, we have missionary work brought to us, and it abides constantly with us. Then, I preach frequently in the country districts on Sunday afternoons, where usually a Sunday-school is held before the service. School-houses are readily granted for these purposes. I have in my church several good lay-preachers, who often go to more remote places, which I cannot reach between morning and evening services. We also hold special meetings of an evangelistic nature in the country. The field seems ripe for a harvest. One of the deacons and myself are members of the State Board of Missions, which co-operates with the Home Mission Society of New York, in planting and supporting, in part, churches in needy and promising fields. Besides the English-speaking people, we have churches among the Swedes, Germans, Danes, and French. Kansas, however, has fewer of these than most States; and some give as a reason the prohibitory liquor-laws, which forbid the existence of a saloon or public-house within its

borders. Certainly, this fact has much to do with bringing some of the very best people to the State, who desire to raise their families aright. During the five years I have been pastor here, we have had nearly 300 additions, mostly by baptism; and we have granted letters of dismission to nearly 100. These have gone to Colorado, California, Montana, Nebraska, Alabama, Washington Territory, Louisiana, Arkansas, and England; besides many parts of our own State, and other States. In some cases, members who were not at all active here, have gone where they have felt a greater responsibility resting upon them, and have been made very useful. Some of our young men who are attending the State University here, have the ministry in view."

The Mariner's Temple, Park Row, New York.

Pastor—J. F. AVERY.

IT is nearly 15 years since our brother, Mr. J. F. Avery, resigned his Devonshire pastorate, and sailed for Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he did a notable work for God under difficulties of no ordinary kind. An earnest church, and a substantial building for its many useful organizations, are abiding testimonies to his hard work and implicit faith in his God. Yet Mr. Avery is a sickly man, and our wonder is, how he can work as he does. A Christian writer, in the *New York Weekly Express*, gives a lengthy account of Pastor Avery's new sphere of labour, from which we must find room for a few paragraphs. From the description of the surroundings of the Mariner's Temple, we should think it very much akin to Ratcliff Highway and its purlieus, as they were twenty years ago. Here is what the writer says:—

"A short, sharp walk, through one of the streets leading out of Broadway, brought us, on a recent Sunday evening, into Park Row just above the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge. The sharp contrast between the quiet and solitude just left behind, to the brilliantly-lighted street, with its open stores, its thronging crowds, and the ordinary noise and bustle of trade, made one feel almost that he had suddenly entered some other city, and that, too, on some other evening of the week than Sunday.

"In no other part of New York is just such a scene presented. Sunday nights are exactly like all other nights—perhaps a little more loud and pronounced. The sidewalks are crowded with motley throngs moving in all directions. Every nationality seems to be passing in procession, and few of them seem to be a credit to the one they have left, or the other they have come to. At almost every step the bloated visage of the professional tramp confronts you with the request for a few pennies with which to get a night's lodging. It is a brazen, bad neighbourhood, with but few redeeming features that appear upon the surface. Shooting-galleries, gambling-dens, vile variety-shows, and a multitude of other disreputable resorts ply their infamous vocation loudly and persistently and undisturbed on the sidewalk. The stores are open, the liquor-shops and gin-mills are filled with noisy drinking crowds of men and women.

Profanity and obscenity are heard on every side, and the scene presented is more like a pandemonium of devils than one of the arteries of a great Christian city.

"Park Row is the great rendezvous of the tramp, the loafer, and the professional 'bum.' Tramps' lodging-houses abound. Into some of these nests of crime, disease, and filth, hundreds are crowded every night the aggregate number in the various tramp lodging-houses, in and around Park Row, every night, is estimated at not less than from ten to twelve thousand.

"Many of these poor wretches have never been anything but professional tramps and thieves, and probably never will be anything else. Passing up the street, we could hardly help feeling that if there was one utterly God-forsaken district in the city, it was just here.

"As we neared the corner of Oliver Street, a sudden burst of sacred song rose in the air, mingled with the soft notes of the cabinet organ, and the bolder chords of the cornet. It fell upon the ear with strange effect, it was so utterly in contrast to everything else seen and heard around. Turning the corner, we came in sight of the Mariner's Temple, a grand, churchy-looking edifice on the corner of Henry Street. Back of the Corinthian columns stand a devoted band of Christian workers and singers, with the pastor of the temple, the Rev. J. F. Avery, in their midst.

"In front of the church, and on the sidewalk, on the opposite side of the street, were gathered a motley crowd of men, women, and children, very much the same as that which crowded and jostled you on the street, turned aside for the moment by the strange sight which confronted them, and the unusual sounds which fell upon their ears. A few earnest words from the preacher, and then a hymn was given out and sung. . . .

"Again the pastor's voice pleads and invites, and once more the soft wave of sacred song rises upon the air. . . .

"This service of song lasts half an hour, and then an invitation is given to all to enter the church, and attend the regular evening service.

"Mr. Avery came to the Mariner's Temple, in this city, in October, 1887, from Halifax, N.S. He had made a short visit previously, on invitation, to look over the ground. He saw what a hard, forbidding, and unpromising field it was. He saw the misery, the criminal viciousness, the intemperance and wretchedness, the utter indifference to everything grand that prevailed on every side. He looked down into the very depths, and counted all the bitter cost. Then, with a heroism born of faith in God and love for his fellow-man, he went back to his church in Halifax, where, for over fourteen years, he had ministered so happily and successfully, tendered his resignation, and made immediate arrangements for his removal to this city.

"Very slowly at first, and little by little, he gained a footing among the drifting, shifting mass of degraded humanity, for whom he had sacrificed so much that he might benefit them. His slight figure became a familiar one in the tramp lodging-houses.

"At first they sneered and scoffed, and 'didn't want any of the parson's palaver,' and then they began, even against their will, to respect the man who, they could not but feel, cared for them. And they went to the church, many of them to be entirely reclaimed, and transformed

by the power of grace into good citizens and Christian men. Scores upon scores of letters, dictated by grateful hearts, come back to Pastor Avery from these men, months after they have left, filled with expressions of gratitude and love for what he has done for them, and recounting oftentimes their admission to the church in the place where then residing. During the past year he has received into the fellowship of the church, 24 persons, 19 of whom, he was privileged to baptize.

"Pastor Avery is a busy man, as this imperfect sketch has already shown. Nearly every evening there are meetings in his church, one evening being devoted entirely to Temperance. Every evening he spends an hour in the tramp lodging-houses. Reading matter in the shape of newspapers, tracts, and magazines is distributed. In addition, he edits and publishes a beautiful magazine for young folks, entitled *Buds and Blossoms*. Every agency for good in his multifarious work is seized upon, and turned to account. Like all such men, he is poor in this world's goods; but even a little for God, when wisely used, does much and goes far."

Russell Street Baptist Church, Columbus, Ohio, U.S.A.

Feb. 8th, 1890.

HONOURED AND BELOVED MR. SPURGEON,

I ENCLOSE my annual report as nearly correct as I am able to make it at this time. By it you will see that we have a clear increase of 40 members, just the number I have baptized, and now we number 312 members. The Lord is richly blessing our work here in the Capital City of our great State, where I have just commenced the fourth year of my pastorate. Since coming to this church, I have been privileged to extend the right hand of fellowship to about 170 new members, and of this number to bury 120 in baptism. When the Lord called me to this place, the church was weak, and receiving assistance from the State Convention; it is now strong, and sustaining a flourishing mission in the northern part of the city, near the State University, and some £400 have already been collected towards a chapel building for its use.

My dear wife (whom you remember) has been the means of leading many to decision for Christ, and lately I am gratified beyond measure to find that many of my dear people are also coveting the honour of being soul-winners.

How delighted would I be to meet with you all in Conference! but I cannot. The happiest time in all my life was the few weeks I spent last summer in England, when I scarcely missed a service at the dear old Tabernacle, and received spiritual strength that abides with me still. Oh, how I envy the College brethren in and around London, who have Tabernacle privileges ever with them!

Praying earnestly that the choicest fellowship with Jesus that is ever granted to saints in the flesh may be your abiding portion,

I remain,

Yours ever faithfully in Christ,

PHILIP JAMES WARD.

We now give a very small selection from certain Missionary Brethren.

Letter from Mr. Bann, of Allahabad.

DEAR MR. SPURGEON,

AT the risk of repeating a thrice-told tale, I will try to give an idea of our "daily round." The main divisions of my work are, first, daily preaching in the vernacular, usually in the Lord's own temple—the open air. We do not wait for the people to come to us, but we go to the places where they congregate, and standing in the most favourable spot we can find, preach a sermon—not an elaborate discourse like those awful exercises we used to assist at in the College Sermon-classes, but a simple talk on the three great R's of the gospel. This work is, I believe, truly apostolic in its character, and I always feel surest of the Master's approval on this, the primitive kind of work handed down to us from New Testament times. It needs daily study of God's Word, else the preaching soon gets stale, and also good deal of acquaintance with native idioms, proverbs, superstitions, and (so-called) religions, or one may launch a grand oration at a crowd of people, only to find them dispersing, *nobody being hit*. Moreover, a little tact is needed to fence off would-be disputants, or to take advantage of their interjected sneers, questions, and objections, *for the furtherance* of the gospel.

During the hot weather, in the nearer villages, and in the cold weather, camping out among the more distant villages, we bring together all the people we can and talk to them of the gospel. We also visit the learned men and the chief men of the village, and, seated in the courtyards of their houses, usually have an opportunity of speaking to them, and their relatives and their dependents. I am a quack doctor too, and out in the district where dispensaries are unknown, I have much "practice", preaching to and physicking large numbers of people, from near and from far. Then I have two English services to conduct on Sundays. The church is a very weak one, though it was better years ago, before another place of worship of another denomination was built within a stone's throw, and before the place was so heavily chaplained. People are taught, by the chaplain system to pay nothing for their religious privileges, and hence the voluntary principle, whether financially or spiritually, does not flourish here.

We have a large College here, one of the "Godless Government Colleges", as certain people call them (although Protestants would very much object if Government, out of the taxes, heavily endowed the teaching of Roman Catholic dogmas). These Colleges are doing a great work, varying in its effect as the tutors are moral, respectable, Christian men, or otherwise. We are fortunate here in having no infidels or profligates in the Professorships. The students often come to see me, and I have much work among them in English, in the shape of lectures or private conversation.

Last but not least, comes the literary work. I am Secretary of the North India Christian Tract and Book Society, which publishes the

gospel in the languages of over one hundred and twenty millions of people. Last year I had the privilege of providing for, and superintending the publication of 508,000 books and tracts, aggregating seven million pages, nearly all in the vernaculars. The proofs of the majority have to be read and passed by me, and often manuscripts have to be thoroughly edited, and bad translations to be made intelligible and idiomatic. My latest task was a translation of portions of Angus's Bible Handbook, a work of immense labour, I can assure you.

This is a brief outline of my work. As for the rest, the chiefest of the apostles wrote: "Neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase."

I am alone for a few months, my wife having gone, with the children, to Australia, to see her friends, and to recruit her health, after five years on these burning plains. Love to yourself, Mrs. Spurgeon, the tutors, and all the brethren.

Yours affectionately,

GEO. J. DANN.

Letter from Cinnamon Gardens, Colombo, Ceylon.

Pastor—FRANK DURBIN.

THE Baptist church of Colombo is a very interesting one, it being made up of different nationalities—Europeans, Burghers, Singalese, and Tamils, all English-speaking. The church was formed nearly eighty years ago by one of our missionaries, a Mr. Chater, the first Protestant missionary who ever came to Ceylon. For many years the successive pastors were missionaries of the Baptist Mission, who, besides their regular native evangelistic work, carried on English work in one of the busiest and most thickly-populated parts of the town called the "Pettah", where ultimately a chapel was built. About thirteen years ago, the church became self-supporting, a pastor being chosen from England, thus liberating the missionary pastor for purely vernacular work; and it has remained so ever since, thanks to the generous liberality of the members, who, in spite of the failure of coffee, which caused great commercial depression for several years, have nobly given to its support. Soon after becoming self-supporting, a very nice Gothic chapel, designed by Mr. Waldock, which comfortably seats 400, was built at Cinnamon Gardens, about two miles from Pettah.

The present pastorate began in February, 1887, this being my first church after leaving the Pastors' College, and since then, as before, the church has had great cause for encouragement and thankfulness to God on account of continued and increased spiritual prosperity. Many have been led to Christ, some joining this church, and some other bodies; backsliders have been restored, and the Lord's people have been earnest, active, and prayerful. The membership at the beginning of 1887 was about 95. Since that date 70 have been received into church-fellowship, and to-day our membership stands at 147, after deducting all losses.

The church is decidedly a missionary one, for though nearly all the preaching is done in English, yet by this means we reach quite a large number of educated natives, who in many instances prefer to hear English addresses and sermons to those spoken in their own language. In Colombo there are three large Colleges where hundreds of Singhalese and Tamil young men receive a good education, and are taught English. Quite a number of these attend our services, especially on Sunday evenings, when very often special sermons are preached to young men. Since coming to Ceylon I have had the great joy of influencing many of these for good, and of leading some to Christ who once were Buddhists, or Sivites, and, one at least who was an atheist. Two or three have confessed Christ before men, but others have not had the courage to do so, having to sacrifice much if they do; but I am hopeful that one day, at all costs, they will. Those who have joined the church have caused me much joy, because they are anxious for the conversion of their fellow-men, and often take part in open-air and other services. Our work, too, has been most encouraging amongst the Burghers, of whom there are many in Colombo, who are mostly clerks in Government offices. Some of these are in good and responsible positions. Quite a number have given themselves to Christ, and are amongst our best workers in the Sunday-school and Band of Hope. Besides working amongst these, we are, by God's help, striving to reach soldiers, railway-men, and other Europeans, who are coming to Colombo in increasing numbers. Our work amongst the soldiers stationed here, and the drivers and guards of the railway, has been greatly blessed in conversions. Fifteen Highlanders have been immersed during the past two years: some of them have returned to England, a few have gone to Hong-Kong, and others are still here. Soldiers may be seen at nearly every service, though they have to walk two and a half miles.

But one of the most pleasing features of our church-work is that it is not only varied, but far-reaching; for some of the members, when they have gone to out-stations, make a point of extending the kingdom, and to this end are doing noble work for God. Again, there are members who reside up country on tea-estates, where hundreds of Tamils are employed under them, who endeavour to reach these heathens by holding services and starting schools for the children on the estates. In one instance a small Tamil church has been formed, and a good work is going on. Moreover, in two or three places up country our members have started English services for all who can speak English, conducting these themselves, and the Lord has given them much blessing. Twice a year, through the kindness of the church and the resident missionary, I am able to get away from the heat of Colombo to the bracing cool of the hills, to visit this portion of my flock; and usually two or three weeks are spent amongst them, going from place to place. At times I preach three times on Sunday, and five or six times during the week. In this way I seek to encourage, strengthen, and help them in this most splendid work. These services are attended by about twenty to fifty people, some coming long distances, and are very much like those conducted by Mr. Brown, of Darjeeling, on the hills of India.

The longer one remains in a heathen land like this, the more one feels the necessity of such churches as ours, where we combine with real missionary work the work of reaching our own countrymen. Here, in common with large centres of India, there are many Englishmen living most careless, godless, and wicked lives. Drinking, gambling, Sabbath-breaking, immorality, worldliness, you see side by side with ignorance, superstition, and heathenism; and these things indulged in by so-called Christians! To such sad examples the heathen are ever pointing, and if you speak to them about Christianity, with a sneer they answer, "Go and teach that to your own people."

The wickedness, godlessness, and carelessness of Europeans are the greatest existing hindrances to the success of the gospel. So that if we can only win our own countrymen to Christ, and help them to live out the true Christian life, and get them to work among the heathen, (following their calling in life, but becoming real missionaries as well,) then shall we be doing a lasting, and most effective missionary work. Thank God, we have some thoroughly consecrated Christian Englishmen amongst us, who rally round us and support us all they can; men whose lives are ever speaking to the heathen around, whose characters are a pleasing and striking contrast to the majority; but we want more such, and one of the great objects of the Cinnamon Gardens church is to find and raise up such, by God's help.

The work, though varied, large, and hard, is a very joyous one, for I have round me an earnest band of loving and willing helpers, and with me I have the loving Master himself; but we need the prayers of our brethren in England, in the great work God has given us to do in this sinning and heathen city.

Letter from Barisaul, East Bengal.

BELOVED PRESIDENT,

I AM at my old place again, but under very different conditions. I have Mr. Jewson and Mr. Carey as colleagues here; and at Madaripore, Mr. James and his three recruits. At Pirijpore, Mr. Teichman is building and commencing new work, after the example of Madaripore. We hope to occupy new centres like this, as men come out to join us. The four now at Madaripore will, as soon as they are ready with the language, divide, and two go to another centre, farther afield. But we are to be together once every three months, if possible, and thus help to strengthen one another.

I have a large house here all to myself, and plenty of room in it for four brethren, if you could send them. I know our Committee would accept as many on Mr. James's plan, if you had them. I, myself, am reduced to even less than the sum allowed to them, because of the expenses of my family in England. Now, I *do long* to be privileged to receive *two or four* brethren from our College to live with me here, to prepare them for work further afield. I am the only missionary in

Bengal from our College. It is possible, too, that this will be the great centre for work for the future in our mission, as the Serampore College work may be transferred to this place. Anyhow, it would be a great privilege and reward to me, if, during my enforced separation from my family, brethren could come to live and labour with me here.*

We have 47 stations now. I go next Lord's-day to dedicate a native pastor over a church numbering some three hundred members. We have an English service for natives crowded in a preaching-hall every Sunday-night. Large Bible-classes, for English-speaking Baboos, can be held two or three times in a week. There are two Colleges and three Government Schools, with some thousands of students, in this town. And it is easily seen, therefore, that brethren could plunge at once into work, and get the language at the same time. No one who has learnt Bengali at Barisaul has yet failed in the examinations. The stay would only be for two years with me, and we could share expenses together, and live free from all care, except that of "seeking the kingdom of God."

Mr. Baynes, I think, would rejoice in the offer of two or more men from our College. Do please put the matter before the brethren! Perhaps my exile from my dear ones was ordered for this very thing. We shall see.

With heartfelt gratitude for the books so kindly given me, and already in use here; and with affectionate regards for yourself, and kind remembrances to Mrs. Spurgeon,

I remain, as ever,

Yours faithfully,

ROBERT SPURGEON.

Letter from Mr. Weeks, on the Congo, concerning Congo Proverbs.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sending you herewith a few Congo Proverbs and Sayings, thinking they might be useful for *The Sword and the Trowel*. If they interest you sufficiently, kindly print them, as they may call the attention of some of your readers to this part of the world. To arouse interest in the people of Congo is the only object I have in view. If friends, after reading these sayings, etc., are led to pray for the welfare of those who use them, I shall feel well repaid for my trouble in collecting them.

CONGO PROVERBS, SAYINGS, AND SIMILES.

Congo people, as a rule, are born proverbialists.

It is as natural for them to speak in proverbs, and to make them, as it is for them to walk behind each other when travelling.

* The plan of sending out young brethren for a term of service, at a small salary, is an excellent one, and we wish we could make trial of it; but there are no offers at present.

Some of their proverbs are sharp, terse, and cutting ; others again are persuasive, gentle, and effective. I have seen the tears start, through the smart caused by a well-applied proverb.

Bargains are made in the markets by their use, and children are corrected and reasoned with by well-chosen proverbs.

To properly appreciate a proverb you must hear it in its own language and native setting.

The proverbs of Congo show a great amount of observation and intelligence on the part of those who make them ; and the more I know of the language and the people, the more certain I feel that these men have not been evolved out of a lower order of civilization, but, being left to themselves, they have fallen from a higher.

"Your eyes are rubbed with pepper." A Congo man never "feels shame", but always "sees shame"; hence, a shameless person is one whose eyes are rubbed with pepper. Just as among us a hard-hearted man cannot "feel shame", so among Congos one whose eyes are smarting from a plaster of strong red pepper cannot "see shame"; then, keeping up the idea that shame is something tangible and weighty, they say, "If your shame were in your feet, and not in your eyes, you would not be able to walk."

A great number of proverbs are hurled against pride and vanity, such as, "The cocks that crow have come from eggs." "If you are well dressed, don't walk proudly, because you still have rags about you."

A thing, or person, of good appearance only is likened to an "Onion leaf—green outside, but empty inside"; and a person who talks loudly and proudly, and tries to teach his betters, is said to be like "A little fowl trying to lay a big egg."

An utterly stupid person, or useless thing, is described as a "Blind man who put rotten nuts into a satchel filled with holes, and then took the wrong road."

A restless boy is sometimes appeased by the remark, that "A silly mouse may leave his home in vexation; but that does not change him into a rat."

A man who knows he is wrong, but will not accept good reasons in argument, is said to be "Like a sick man who refuses medicine because he feels his death is coming."

When a Congo man falls down, he consoles himself with the remark that "A full-grown man may fall, for his beard is not made of poles."

"He cuts his nose off to spite his face," is expressed in Congo by, "He burnt his house in anger, and now he has nowhere to sleep."

"If twins are born, don't despise the other of the two."

A son, who trembles in the presence of his father, is told not to fear, for "The son of a tiger should never be afraid of his father's stripes."

Gossips are instructed thus: "If you receive a message, deliver it; but if you are only told an affair, leave it there."

Gossips are called in Congo "akwa-kinua," possessors of mouths.

"A cat may be well-trained; but when a feast is spread on the table, it may steal." This illustrates that a change of heart is necessary, and education a fallacy.

"A rat and a snake cannot both dwell in one hole, one must surely

die." Neither can Christians and godless men dwell together comfortably.

"In the rainy season, if a man slip and fall, must he always lie in the mud?" Shall men fall, and not rise again? (Jer. viii. 4.)

In a native Christian prayer-meeting you will often hear the following words: "O God, we thank Thee, because we have eaten of Thy goats!" It is the custom here that, when a slave is dissatisfied with his master, he runs away from him, and gives himself to another master; directly he enters his new master's town, and tells the people the reason of his coming, they shout and dance, fire off their guns, and make as much noise as possible, expressive of their joy. The newly-arrived slave is led into the presence of the chief, where he prostrates himself in the dust. In a little time a piece of goat is offered to him, upon the eating of which he becomes the slave of the chief. So the native Christian means, when he prays the above prayer—"We were slaves to Satan; but we have now run away from him, and have come to Thee, and have eaten of Thy goat, and are Thy slaves for evermore." May the Lord Jesus own many more slaves among these people; for bondage under him is true freedom.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN H. WEEKS.

Summary of Results.

DURING the thirty-four years of our existence as a school of the prophets, eight hundred and twenty-eight men, exclusive of those at present studying with us, have been received into the College, "of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some (seventy-two) are fallen asleep." Making all deductions, there are now in the work of the Lord, in some department or other of useful service, about six hundred and seventy-three brethren. Of these, six hundred and seven are in our own denomination as Pastors, Missionaries, and Evangelists. They may be thus summarized:—

Number of brethren who have been educated in the College ...	828
„ now in our ranks as Pastors, Missionaries, and Evangelists	607
„ without Pastorates, but regularly engaged in the work of the Lord ...	30
„ not now engaged in the work, but useful in secular callings	27
„ Educated for other Denominations ...	2
„ Dead—(Pastors, 65; Students, 7) ...	72
„ Permanently Invalided ...	9
„ Names removed from the College List for various reasons ...	81

We cannot withhold one or two records from our Colonial friends. Mr. Whale is a strong man, and the Lord is with him.

Letter from Mr. Whale, of Brisbane.

BELOVED PRESIDENT,

I AM in a difficulty when asked to write about my work; for though one is always at it, there seems nothing very remarkable. I have been here about four years and four months; the post is one of importance, and its requirements are a constant strain on human powers. Wharf Street is the mother church of the colony, and has established two offshoots since I came. We have three mission-stations, which will some day become self-governing churches. I have had a wide range among the churches, seeing that I have preached in five of the seven colonies. In Queensland I have done something towards setting up our banner in Townsville, Charters Towers, and Gympie, where we are aiding good men to preach Christ. Brother Breewood, at Townsville, is a Pastors' College man, and as true as steel. Brethren Glover, Bonser, Young, and Higlett will probably write for themselves; Brother Young has recently met with an accident by falling from a horse, but is mending; Brother Higlett has been down with typhoid.

We have now for the first time in our history got over 400 members, 39 is the clear increase for last year. Our new chapel is likely to be ready in about six months; and I only wish, dear President, you were wise enough to take a long sea trip, and would come and preach the opening sermons. It is a great deprivation to us out here that we have no Annual Conference where you could come among us, and cheer us on. Last year was one of encouragement and progress beyond any since I came out. The spiritual tone out here is not high. There are many influences—climate, mixed population, drifting of the unsettled globe-trotters, speculation, general undevoutness of educational methods, lack of home influences, where so many are away from their friends—all adverse to the culture of piety. But where the heart and life are wholly given to Jesus, he is as precious here as in England.

We have a very large territory, and but few churches able to help in its evangelization. There is mission work to be done here requiring as much tact and heroism as on the Congo. Some of us have our hands full of such as we are able to attempt; but we are not fit for the high and holy task of going into the wilderness, and causing it to blossom as a garden of the Lord. Other denominations have been largely subsidized from England, and some are so still. This has given them great advantage. We must be content with a slower rate of progress. In England people are in masses, but here there are few populous centres, and a very, very large area but sparsely peopled, and if they hear the Gospel, it must be by a John Baptist sort of ministry. But among those born of woman none could render more worthy service than by *preparing* the way of the Lord away over the great Colony of Queensland.

Our Home Mission efforts extend to nearly 1,000 miles from Brisbane; but we have over 2,000 miles of coast-line, and only about three towns

of 7,000 to 10,000 northward of Brisbane. Ipswich and Toowoomba have about 7,000 each, and these, with Brisbane, are the great centres in a country ten or twelve times as large as England.

It is a high honour to serve the Blessed Redeemer where conditions are trying and the need so great ; and I humbly hope to have rendered a little help to the glorious cause. The matter of climate proves so overwhelming now and then as to suggest whether it can be long endured ; but we must just look up to God for sustaining grace.

My heart goes with this rambling sort of letter, and my warmest love and greeting to the brethren. May the dear Lord strengthen, cheer, and prosper our beloved President in all his work and conflict !

Ever yours faithfully,

W. WHALE.

Letter from Hobart, Tasmania.

I HAVE just completed the tenth year of my work in the Lord's service in Tasmania. When I came to Hobart, six years ago, I found there was no Baptist church, the old one having become defunct. It seemed a shame that in the capital of the country the Baptists should be unknown, and an effort was made to establish a church of our own denomination. The work has been slow, as everything moves here ; but after a hard struggle, we now number one hundred and thirteen in church fellowship.

Our new Tabernacle, a building which is considered one of the ornaments of the city, as well as a most attractive place for the preaching of the gospel, was opened by Rev. Samuel Chapman, of Melbourne, in January, 1889. Since then we have had a prosperous year. I feel very happy in my surroundings. I have good deacons, the members are consistent and spiritual, and there is a large and flourishing Sunday-school with a goodly band of teachers.

We are all united in the desire to bring sinners to the Saviour. We feel that that is the great purpose of our existence, and although the harvest, so far, has been comparatively small, we are confident that He who has given a gracious seed-time will also insure the crop.

There is no "Down-Grade" here, nor in any of our churches in the Island. We love the old gospel.

R. McCULLOUGH.

South Africa.

OUR brethren have been largely instrumental in the formation or upbuilding of Baptist Churches in the Colonies of South Africa. Our esteemed Brother, Mr. Batts, of King William's Town, has corresponded with us for the Association, and two brethren have been sent this year to commence new churches. Their progress has been most encouraging, and we doubt not that it will encourage further enterprises. Our Colonies ought to be more cared for by our denomination. We have done our best, but much more should have been attempted. The Cape and its sister Colonies must grow into an importance which is at present much under-rated.

Letter from our Brethren in New Zealand.

NEW ZEALAND,

December, 1889.

BELOVED PRESIDENT,

IT is three years since the Pastors' College students in this Colony sent you a united letter ; and as four of us were together at the recent Conference of the Baptist Union in Dunedin, we resolved to repeat our assurances of affection for yourself, and thankfulness for all the help you have given us in our life and work.

We desire to express anew, dear President, our unabated love for you, and our undiminished interest in the manifold and multiform agencies over which you have presided so long and so prosperously. From this remote corner of the globe we watch with deepest concern your brave defence of the truth of Christ. We trust that your strenuous and sustained championship of gospel verities, which have outlived the severest assaults of enmity all adown the ages, may be rewarded by grand success. It is our frequent prayer that you may be girt with Divine strength, and inspired with heavenly zeal, as you wage the holy war of truth and righteousness. Our King and Captain has seen fit to set you as a standard-bearer in the very forefront of the battle, where the fire is hottest, and the danger most fearsome ; and the courage of many wavering and faint-hearted warriors has been rallied and revived by your fearless leadership hitherto : so may it be to the end of your useful life ! We feel no fear that your hands will relax their grasp of the ancient and hallowed banner, or that your heart will lose any of its loyalty to King Jesus, in whose name you have thus far fought so valiantly ; but we think it may enhearten you to be informed of the prayerful sympathy of those who follow in your steps, albeit they form only the rank and file of "the sacramental host of God's elect." We ask that you may be "marvellously helped" by the enduement of power from on high, and so be made more than conqueror through Christ the Warrior-Lamb.

You will be pleased to learn that, as aforetime, so at this recent Conference, the men who have been under your influence and tuition have taken a leading part in the meetings. Mr. Dallaston, who is now in the thirteenth year of his ministry in Christchurch, was President, and thus held the highest office to which his fellow-labourers could raise him. His address was entitled, "Defenders of the Faith", and was a plea for allegiance to tried and tested truth. Mr. Dewdney had the honour of preaching the Union sermon, and discoursed from Isaiah's vision of God (ch. vi.) He acted during the past year as editor of our denominational paper, and was re-appointed to that post. Mr. Driver has held the Secretaryship of the Foreign Missionary Society from its formation, four years ago, and had the joy of announcing that the income last year had reached £600. He was re-elected Secretary. Owing to the likelihood of his withdrawal from the Colony, your son Thomas was asked to address all the evening meetings, and thus had a large share in the speech-making of the Conference. When we met, we feared that he was with us for the last time ; but the hope that his services might be retained soon took shape, and at length he was appointed, with the

utmost enthusiasm, as mission-preacher of the Union. Great hopes are entertained that his visits to the churches will, under the Master's blessing, quicken them to fuller vitality, as well as result in the ingathering of sinners.

We regret to report that, during the past year, Mr. F. W. Walker has proved recreant to our principles, and joined the Episcopal Church. Our brother, J. D. Gilmore, has toiled faithfully, and under much physical infirmity, at Ponsonby, but was unable to attend Conference.

We unitedly thank you and the brethren who met at your last Conference for the helpful letters you sent us. We reciprocate all their expressions of fraternal love, and of unfaltering attachment to the truths of the gospel. We deeply regret that we are too far away to join in your annual solemnities and holy festivities, yet our joys are closely akin to yours, and in all your gladness we unfeignedly delight. Would that we could re-kindle our flickering zeal by the same altar-fires that brighten and intensify yours!

With kindest remembrances to Mrs. Spurgeon, to whom we are all deeply indebted, and with heartiest prayers for your prosperity,

Believe us to remain, beloved President,

Always affectionately yours,

THOMAS SPURGEON.

ARTHUR DEWDNEY, Lincoln Road, Christchurch.

CHAS. DALLASTON, Christchurch.

JNO. D. GILMORE, Ponsonby.

HENRY H. DRIVER, Wellington.

Letter from our Brethren in India.

ALLAHABAD, N.W.P., INDIA,

January 28th, 1890.

DEAR PRESIDENT,

WE, the undersigned members of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association, hereby request you to convey our united hearty greetings to the Conference about to meet in London, according to the annual custom.

We are happy to be able to tell you that, in spite of the many trials and difficulties incidental to work in this land of idolatry, superstition, the oppositions of philosophy falsely so-called, and the False Prophet's blinding and soul-destroying imitation of the only revelation of God, we continue to labour in the cause of our common salvation, rejoicing to know that the Lord our Redeemer, whom we serve, will certainly own our efforts to declare his name to the nations. Instructed by his blessed Word of truth, relying alone on the Holy Spirit for power, and preaching constantly Christ only our Prophet, Priest, and King, whose precious blood is the only way of pardon and peace with God, we are praying for and looking forward to the manifestation of his mighty arm whose help is pledged to our weakness. And thus, scattered though we are throughout this great land, speaking for Christ in many tongues, we are able to join you in spirit, and rejoice with you in your joy, and sympathize with you in your sorrows.

Is our dear President troubled by disease or error of any kind? We, too, feel with him, and pray for him. Are our brethren afflicted and in sorrow? We sympathize with them. And when to us comes the news of spiritual prosperity and progress, we, too, rejoice with you; and, thanking God, take courage. Many of us were reminded of hallowed hours spent with beloved Mr. Rogers, by reading a short sketch of his life and labours in one of the religious periodicals, and we join with you in praying that the face of Him whom, all unseen, he has loved, may beam upon him through the veil to which he has now drawn so near, and may glorify the last days of his aged servant.

In conclusion, we would ask our dear brethren yet in College to think seriously when they see the small number of those who sign this paper, and to ask themselves if the Lord has need of *them* in this land. This is the day of the Lord's muster of his forces; may many be made willing to come hither to lift up the old, old standard, and to proclaim to India's dying millions "the only true and living God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent"! Never was there greater need than now of a strong band of men, firmly trusting in the merits and blood of Christ, not only for their own redemption, but also for the redemption of a great multitude, out of all kindreds, and tribes, and tongues. May our brethren press to the front, and come "to the help of the Lord" now, before the present crisis is past, and the minds of the people of this country, strangely stirred just now to think and search, be blunted once more, and sealed with the deadly seal of stubborn unbelief against Him who alone can save them!

With our united fraternal greetings, and fervent prayers for the presence of the Lord to be richly with you in Conference, and praying you to remember us, even us, at the throne of grace,

We are, dear President, Tutors, and Brethren,

Yours in our common Lord,

GEORGE J. DANN, Allahabad.

JAMES G. POTTER, Agra.

ALFRED DAY, Agra.

JOHN STUBBS, Patna.

W. S. MITCHELL, Gaya.

G. H. HOOK, Calcutta.

ROBERT SPURGEON, Barisaul.

H. RYLANDS BROWN, Darjeeling.

FRANK DURBIN, Colombo, Ceylon.

P.S.—Since the above was written, we are glad to find that Brother Potter hopes to be able to be with you at the coming Conference. We, therefore, send this letter through him, and ask him to tender to you our hearty greetings. Will you pray for him, that his health may be thoroughly restored by his furlough to England; and for us, that our physical and spiritual health, and that of our wives and families, may be preserved, so that our labours in this great harvest-field may be uninterrupted by sickness, and consequent enforced idleness?

Letter from our Brethren in Victoria.

Melbourne, November, 1889.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON,

BELoved PRESIDENT,

WHEN you receive this letter, you will be, with hundreds of dear brethren, assembling at the annual meetings of the Pastors' College Conference. We therefore avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded us by the presence in your midst of the Rev. W. C. Bunning, to send you heartiest greetings in the name of the glorious Master, whose service is our one common delight.

Who, that has been privileged to be present at "our own" Conference, can ever forget the hallowed seasons thus spent? Like a fragrant memory, even in this far-off land, the sweetness still remains with us.

From reports that reach us of these sacred times, they seem to get better and better each year, and we earnestly trust that in deepened spiritual tone, this year's series of gatherings will eclipse all the former.

We desire, beloved President, to express our unabated affection and admiration towards you, and to a man our unfaltering allegiance to those doctrines, for the defence of which, God has enabled you to prove so valiant a champion. Long may your bow abide in strength!

You will be glad to be assured of the fact that in both public and private prayer, you are being constantly remembered by us.

Our joy is great that our dearly-beloved, and highly-esteemed brother, Bunning, is able to be the bearer of this letter. He comes with our warmest commendation as a "brother beloved" for his own, and for his work's, sake. For more than seventeen years he has been with us in these southern lands, in "labours abundant." He seeks a period of rest after a long season of unwearying toil, and one of the best tonics of which we know for one who is run down, is a week spent in fellowship with yourself and the brethren at the Conference.

There is no need that we should speak of ourselves, or of our doings; we entrust this duty to our brother, knowing as he does the several spheres we fill, and the hunger of our hearts to bring glory to the Triune Name.

Grace, mercy, and peace from our covenant-keeping God be with you and all the members of the Association!

Believe us, ever yours in deepest affection,

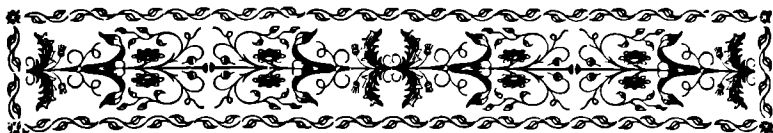
(Signed)

WILLIAM CLARK.
ALFRED BIRD.
JAMES BLAIKIE.
JAMES R. COOPER.
EDWARD ISAAC.
R. WILLIAMSON.
JOHN DOWNING.

STATISTICS.

Return for the year.	Number of Pastors making returns.	INCREASE.					DECREASE.					CLEAR INCREASE.	Total Number of Members in Church Fellowship.
		By Baptism.	By Profession of Faith.	By Letters from other Churches.	By Restoration.	Total Increase.	By Death.	By Dismission to other Churches.	By Exclusion.	By Erasure for Non-Attendance.	Total Decrease.		
1865	71	1,224	224	367	47	1,862	100	195	89	67	451	1,411	7,359
1866	101	1,774	218	544	51	2,587	133	309	168	111	721	1,866	10,222
1867	121	2,098	208	593	67	2,966	138	347	93	150	728	2,238	12,502
1868	140	2,175	186	529	43	2,933	158	364	92	257	871	2,062	14,716
1869	150	1,958	244	670	92	2,964	202	433	79	404	1,118	1,846	15,784
1870	157	2,032	236	602	73	2,943	234	460	84	511	1,289	1,654	17,536
1871	169	1,768	299	648	72	2,787	295	495	94	417	1,301	1,486	18,640
1872	172	2,053	222	741	98	3,114	255	580	95	416	1,346	1,768	19,925
1873	197	2,633	334	899	150	4,016	337	731	88	455	1,611	2,405	24,435
1874	230	3,173	358	1,134	109	4,774	368	813	134	486	1,801	2,973	29,746
1875	237	4,284	317	1,242	208	6,051	426	886	119	534	1,965	4,086	32,263
1876	264	3,752	456	1,322	148	5,678	446	943	172	902	2,463	3,215	35,812
1877	283	3,655	479	1,456	193	5,783	447	1,121	146	921	2,635	3,148	39,121
1878	296	3,600	557	1,655	142	5,954	487	1,097	114	1,095	2,793	3,161	39,951
1879	305	3,479	701	1,631	121	5,932	487	1,279	159	1,402	3,327	2,605	42,324
1880	330	3,950	699	1,723	156	6,528	500	1,386	156	1,354	3,496	3,032	46,185
1881	363	4,642	838	2,196	232	7,908	636	1,608	225	1,270	3,739	4,169	53,660
1882	387	5,000	935	2,014	203	8,152	654	1,650	200	1,670	4,174	3,978	56,264
1883	387	5,008	1,065	2,046	191	8,310	699	1,871	153	1,769	4,492	3,818	59,524
1884	397	5,338	880	2,126	257	8,601	738	1,788	174	1,959	4,659	3,942	62,478
1885	398	5,522	1,020	2,338	305	9,185	748	2,113	402	2,046	5,309	3,876	67,334
1886	421	4,852	968	2,451	236	8,507	829	2,167	246	1,964	5,206	3,301	71,266
1887	381	5,014	1,022	2,258	299	8,693	708	1,747	308	1,890	4,653	4,040	63,419
1888	391	4,180	1,029	2,121	200	7,530	674	2,019	245	1,871	4,809	272	61,010
1889	380	4,804	1,094	2,176	308	8,382	731	1,916	174	1,775	4,596	3,786	66,064
TOTAL . . .		87,968	14,589	35,472	4,001	142,030	11,430	28,318	4,019	25,696	69,473	72,557	

380 Churches furnish returns for 1889 : of these, 278 show an average increase of 15 members per church ; 75 an average decrease of 8 members per church, nearly ; 27 show the same numbers as in previous return ; thus giving an average INCREASE OF 10 MEMBERS PER CHURCH, nearly.



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JULY, 1890.

The Minister in these Times.

AN ADDRESS BY C. H. SPURGEON, AT THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF
THE PASTORS' COLLEGE, HELD ON TUESDAY, APRIL 22ND, 1890.

(Continued from page 265.)



ET us turn our earnest attention to the subject of OUR POSITION TOWARDS OUR LORD. The position of the Christian minister towards Christ is a theme upon which one might speak in many ways, and for many a day, and yet barely do more than touch the fringe of it.

The most striking view of it comes before us in meditating upon the fact, that, as he stood in our stead, *we also stand in his stead*. To our hearers we can truly say, "We pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." Our Lord Jesus lays his pierced hands upon our shoulders, and he says, "As the Father hath sent me into the world, even so send I you." We are commissioned to plead for Christ, even as he is commissioned to plead for us. For him we climb those stairs to point that sick and ignorant woman to the blood of reconciliation. For him we stand in the pulpit and speak of sin, and righteousness, and judgment to come. In his place we cry, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!" Beloved brethren, do we always feel that we are not only labouring for Christ, but in his stead? Could we set forth some of our sermons as having been preached in Christ's stead? Should we not expect our own conscience to cry out against us if we were to make such a claim for those discourses? Some of our hearers would think, if they did not say, "If that sermon is in

Christ's stead, there is an awful falling off from what it would have been had Jesus spoken on his own account." Of course, there would necessarily be a falling off in divine authority and ability; but there should be none as to truthful and earnest purpose.

We must plead with men in Christ's stead; and that will prevent partiality. We shall not give all our thoughts to the wealthy and educated few; but as Jesus did, we shall care for the many. James the Fifth of Scotland was known as "the poor man's king," because every peasant who desired it could get an audience with him. The Lord make us the poor man's preachers! for how else can we be in Christ's stead? In his ministry the poor had the gospel preached unto them. If there be one of our flock more sick, more poor, more ignorant than another, let us, for the Lord's sake, seek him first. Let us assume no upstart dignity, but feel at one with the forlorn, the poor, the fallen, even as Jesus did.

If we be in Christ's stead, we shall not bully, but tenderly persuade. We shall have true sympathy, and so we shall plead with sinners unto tears, as though their ruin were our woe, and their salvation would be our bliss. We shall weep over them, because Jesus would have done so; and we shall be patient with them, because of his divine long-suffering. We shall watch for opportunities, and use them with perseverance; for so would Jesus have done. We shall deal with them as a shepherd with his lost sheep, and we shall never rest till we have brought them home upon our shoulders rejoicing; for so was it with our Lord.

This position of ours in Christ's stead is greatly responsible: we shall need great grace to bear its weight. Behave yourselves, for you bear a great name. Do not disgrace the name of the holy Jesus. It was shameful of Sheridan, when he was picked up in the gutter, to give his name to the constable as "*Wilberforce*." What a cruel wrong to our Lord Jesus, for a harsh, or proud, or idle minister to give in his name as acting in the stead of Christ! God forgive the wrong: it is a very heinous one. If you are indeed in Christ's stead, what manner of persons ought you to be! May God help you to be worthy of the embassy on which you are sent!

Therefore, brethren, *we must love sinners for Christ's sake*. Are there not a great many in your congregation whom you could not love for any other reason? Could the Lord Jesus Christ ever have loved you for your merit's sake? He loved you and me for a reason which he found in his own heart; and so must we love hearers, from causes which are not so much in them as in our own hearts. "He loved me, and gave himself for me"; and if now he says to me, "Love others, and give yourself for them," shall I not do it? Every angry temper must be chased out. The fallen, the frivolous, the captious, the indifferent, and even the malicious must share our love. We must love them to Jesus. With bands of a man and cords of love must we draw them. Our mission is to perpetuate on earth the love of the Saviour.

Farther than this, your relation to Christ is of such a sort that you are to "*fill up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ* for his body's sake, which is the church." His atoning griefs are finished: into that wine-press none of us can set a foot. But those sufferings by which

men are won to Christ are far from being finished. All the martyr host have bled and died to keep the truth alive for us, that by the truth men may still be brought to Jesus. Every sufferer who bears pain, or slander, or loss, or personal unkindness for Christ's sake, is filling up that amount of suffering which is necessary to the bringing together of the whole body of Christ, and the up-building of his elect church. "Oh," cries one minister, "I have been shamefully treated!" Yes, and worthier men have been even more evilly entreated than you. You need not look among your fellow-soldiers for equals in suffering: consider how your Lord himself "endured such contradiction of sinners." When Alexander led his men into Persia, and they had to cut through a very mountain of ice and snow, they were ready to turn back, and therefore Alexander alighted from his horse, and took an ice-axe in his hand, and went forward, often up to his waist in snow, cleaving the blocks of ice, and leading the way. Then the Macedonians felt that they would cut the world through with Alexander in front. With Christ your Lord cleaving his way by the agonies on the cross, will not you follow where he leads, and fill up the measure that may be wanted of toil and labour for the salvation of those whom he has redeemed by blood? Nothing was more affecting in our supplications this morning than the prayers of those who had been great sufferers. Through suffering comes blessing. When our Lord means to give his household wine, that her festivals may be full of gladness, what does he do? He says, "Fill the waterpots with water." We must be filled with affliction to the brim. We must know as much of it as we can hold, and then he will say, "Draw out now." This is his beginning of miracles; and some of us rejoice that it is not only wrought at Cana in Galilee, but also in this island of the sea.

Do you not think that we all make mistakes as to what will be a blessing? In the matter of faith-healing, health is set before us as if it were the great thing to be desired above all things. Is it so? I venture to say that the greatest earthly blessing that God can give to any of us is health, *with the exception of sickness*. Sickness has frequently been of more use to the saints of God than health. If some men that I know of could only be favoured with a month of rheumatism, it would mellow them marvellously, by God's grace. Assuredly they need something better to preach than what they now give their people; and possibly they would learn it in the chamber of suffering. I would not wish any man a long time of sickness and pain; but a twist now and then one might almost ask for him. A sick wife, a new-made grave, poverty, slander, sinking of spirit, might teach lessons nowhere else to be learned so well. Trials drive us to the realities of religion. You may feed on chaff until you have real work to do, or real grief to bear; but then you want the old corn of the land, and you must have it, or else you will faint and fail. Our afflictions come to us as blessings, though they frown like curses. I have heard of one who was generous, but extremely eccentric. A man passed his door who was deep in debt, and he knew that the poor debtor was terribly exercised about the matter. One day this odd man of wealth, generous as he was, was so cruel as to throw a heavy bag at the poor debtor. The man was hurt by the missile, and looked round to see what it was. He saw no man who had inflicted the

injury. He picked up the bag. He heard the chink of the coin, and when he opened the bag, he found enough to pay his debt, and he heard a voice saying, "Keep it for yourself." He never summoned that man for an assault; but thanked him for the gift. Ofttimes has Providence, with a rough hand, thrown countless gain in our way in the form of the trial of our faith, which is much more precious than gold. Blessed be the Lord, our temporary bruise is soon forgotten, but the spiritual gain abides for ever. In any case, the cause of our Lord Jesus Christ is our cause, and we are linked with him in a fellowship which cannot be broken, whatever it may involve. We have counted the cost, and we can say, "From henceforth let no man trouble me. I am the branded slave of Jesus, and my ear is bored for him."

Brethren, furthermore, *our position towards our Lord will become most practical when we realize what he has done for us.* I do not think that we always clearly perceive what he has actually accomplished on our behalf. We say, "We are poor, but Christ makes rich." Why do we not say, "We are rich, for Christ has made us so"? Our poverty has passed away, and we have become rich in Christ. Brethren, he hath called us "out of darkness into his marvellous light." We are apt, when we preach from the text, to enlarge considerably upon nature's darkness; but would it not be as well to be even more full upon the "marvellous light"? Have we the present experience which would lead us to do so? Why do we make so very vivid that word of the apostle, "When I am weak"? Can we not equally dwell upon the next words—"then am I strong"? Our Lord's blessings are realities, and not fancies; let us so treat them. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled"; why spend all the time on the hunger and the thirst? Are we not filled? Lord, fill us. Let us feel and preach the sweetness of the heavenly bread, and commend it with glad hearts to our hearers. Brethren, let us get on the bright side of our religion, and not be always harping upon what we are in ourselves. "The darkness is past, and the true light now shineth." We are now in Christ Jesus. We were all that is evil, but we are washed, cleansed, sanctified. Oh, for the rich enjoyment of the present blessings of the covenant! Oh, for grace to speak as we find! As Abraham's servant took care to talk largely of his master's riches, and to show the precious things which he had brought with him from his house, so let us try to win hearts for our great Lord, by showing who he is, and what he has, and what we personally know thereof.

I think, again, that *we shall do well to stand towards Christ as those who are conscious of his power and presence.* Brethren, our Lord is with us. The best of all is, that he is with us indeed and of a truth. If we are with Jesus, and preach his truth, Jesus is assuredly with us; for he said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." That promise was not a pretty piece of romance: it is true that he is with us at this hour. Let us believe it, and act accordingly. If we do not always feel his brightness, let us, like the flowers, turn towards the sun. When the sun is not shining, the flowers know where there is most of light, and their faces turn that way. Let us be true heliotropes, or turners to the sun. When we get into the pulpit, let us look Christward and lean Christward. What a wondrous place the pulpit is when

Jesus is there! In the study, when we sit down and begin to rub our foreheads and anxiously enquire, "What shall we preach about?" let us turn towards our Lord, and pray with our window open towards his cross and his throne. May we ever feel an influence drawing us Christward when the Bible is open before us! If it be so, our weakness will all vanish, for his strength will be remembered. When you are contemplating the great struggle against sin, and are making up your account as to the forces that are on the right side, fail not to remember Jesus. You have put yourself down: that amounts to less than nothing. Now you put down your deacons: after estimating them lovingly, they are as nothing too. You have made an item of praying friends and workers, and so on; but the total sum is just a line of ciphers. What do all these noughts amount to? Your distrust cries out, "I have here nothing, and nothing, and nothing." That is a poor reckoning for you to rely upon. But you have not done yet. What are you going to put before all these noughts? Where will you place the Infinite One? If you put him after these ciphers, like a figure in decimals, you reduce the one to the ten thousandth! Each nought set before THE ONE robs him of glory, and diminishes him. But if HE be put first, before the ciphers, what a sum you have! This is not fancy; it is sound arithmetic. Go and test it, and see if it does not turn out to be mathematically true in the spirit world. Powerless as we are alone, our Lord is with us.

Some preachers evidently do not believe that the Lord is with their gospel, because, in order to attract and save sinners, their gospel is insufficient, and they have to add to it inventions of men. Plain gospel preaching must be supplemented—so they think. Bridget was very busy catching and killing flies. Her mistress said, "Bridget, what are you doing?" she said, "You see, ma'am, we have bought some fly-papers, and we must have the flies caught on them; and as they don't go of themselves, I am sticking them on." I should not care for fly-papers of that sort. If the gospel must be a failure unless we attract the people by some extraneous method, it is a poor business. If the fly-paper does not attract the flies, and hold them, we may as well burn the fly-paper. If your gospel cannot bring the people to hear you, and if, when they come, your gospel will not impress and convert them, well, then give it up. Open a coffee-shop, or start in the ginger-beer line; but do not call your useless talk the blessed gospel. If you are not conscious of a supernatural power and presence with the Word of the Lord, let it alone. A man said to me, "You told a dead sinner to believe." I pleaded guilty, but told him I would do it again. He said, "I could not do it, I should feel that it was of no use to do so." I answered, "Possibly, it might be of no use for you to do it, for you have not the necessary faith: but, as I believe that God bids *me* do so, I deliver the message in the name of the Lord, and the dead sinners believe and live." I do not trust in the dead sinner's power to live, but in the power of the gospel to make him live. Now, if your gospel has not the power of the Holy Ghost in it, you cannot preach it with confidence, and you are tempted to have a performance in the school-room to allure the people, whom Christ crucified does not draw. If you are depending on sing-song, and fiddles, and semi-theatricals, you are disgracing the religion which you pretend to honour.

Once more, dear friends, *our relation and position to our Lord is that of waiting for his coming.* I do not know how far the most of you are warmly affected towards the blessed truth of the Second Advent ; but I trust that many of you believe it, and are enlivened by faith in it. The great hope is gaining ground among lovers of evangelical doctrine. At first, ministers seemed half afraid of this grand belief, because of the fanaticism which is supposed to grow out of it. Certain charlatans also do great harm by pretending to know the day and the hour when the Lord will come. Times and seasons are not with us ; but *the Lord will come.* He is on his way even now, for he says, "I am coming quickly." Our Lord may come right soon : certain signs raise our hopes very high. The love of many waxes cold, and the devil is doubly busy ; and this last is no doubtful sign. When you see a farmer beginning to burn the gates, and break down the hedges, and unroof the barns, and so on, you say, "That fellow's lease is run out." Satan has great wrath when he knows that his time is short. In the case of the demoniac child, we read, "As he was yet a-coming, the devil threw him down, and tare him." He knew that he was about to be expelled, and so he did his worst. The double veiling of the heavens only brings on that darkest part of the night which precedes the dawn of day. When the tale of bricks is doubled Moses appears, and the same is true of our still greater Deliverer. Let us take courage, and be of good heart ; for while we lift Christ on high, and glorify his name, he is on the way to take up the quarrel of his covenant, and rout his foes.

Two or three words to finish with, upon OUR POSITION INDIVIDUALLY. Peradventure, some sentence may come with power to this man and to that.

Let me say, *be self-contained.* I would to God that we had more among us of men in the fulness of spiritual and mental vigour. The want of the period is brethren who know the gospel for themselves, who have had a personal experience of its power, who have tested it as silver is tried in a furnace of earth, and who have such a value for it, that they would sooner part with life than give it up. We have too many in our company who will go right if they are led aright, and are sure to swim in the right direction if the current is strong enough to carry them with it ; these are all very well when the wind blows from the right quarter ; but they are of small use in ill weather. At this hour there is a call for men who can breast the torrent, and swim up stream. We need heroes who would just as soon go alone, if necessary, as march with a thousand comrades. We need men who are doing their own thinking, and do not put it out as families do with their washing. They have thought out the truth, and, having gone to God about it, and felt the power of it in their own souls, they are not now to be moved from the hope of their calling. They are pillars in the house of our God, abiding in their places, and not mere caterpillars, crawling after something to eat. We need captains for the good ship who know their longitude and latitude, and can tell whence they came, and to what port they are steering. Our Commander needs warriors true as steel for this hour of conflict.

"Ye that are men, now serve him
Against unnumbered foes."

A man is now more precious than the gold of Ophir. To be dependent upon the judgment of friends or foes in these days, is to be but half a man. Let us stand before the living God in our integrity, and seek no patronage from societies or individuals. Are you all in this state? I fear that the God-dependent are still few. We have members of our churches who do not know a good sermon till they have consulted that dear old gentleman who is their oracle. Some ministers have no opinion till they have been to "the fraternal meeting": they must hear the bell of the leading sheep before they know which way to go; for the Master's voice they neither hear nor know. O brother, thou wilt need the Spirit within thine own soul; for the right path runs through a solitary land, and if thou darest not travel alone, thou wilt never reach the Celestial City!

In the next place, we must learn, in these times, to *be selective in our companionship*. When a man is right himself, let him not compromise himself by association with those who are not clear in their standing. Why be drawn down by holding on to the wreck which is sinking? Continual consorting with those who have no sympathy with the great truths of the gospel, is running into perpetual peril. For my part, I find association with persons of loose views a thing too painful for me. Worldly-minded men are wretched company for spiritual minds. Gordon Cumming describes a territory in Africa as "a forest of fish-hooks, relieved with patches of penknives." Men of new views, loose habits, and unspiritual talk, are quite as uncomfortable as acquaintances; especially when they pretend to be very orthodox, and yet believe nothing of the old faith. Clear yourselves of all connections which bring your own faithfulness into question. Do not talk about separation from that which is evil, and then remain in fellowship with it. Be as chaste in your companionships as in your own persons, or evil will come of it.

Furthermore, *be sanctified in life*. I cannot say that word with too much emphasis. I would drive that nail home. Be ye holy, for ye serve a holy God. If you were making a present to a prince, you would not find him a lame horse to ride upon: you would not offer him a book out of which leaves had been torn, nor carry him a time-piece whose wheels were broken. No, the best of the best you would give to one whom you honoured and loved. Give your very best to your Lord. Seek to be at your best whenever you serve him. Pray him to make you perfect in every good work to do his will, and then present yourself unto him a living sacrifice. Let no one of us preach a sermon, and have to feel afterwards, "I could have done better than that, but it was good enough for so poor an audience." On a Wednesday evening, in a cottage, with no more than half-a-dozen present, and those old women, do your utmost. Our richest fruit is poor enough. Do your second-best *never*. Keep you to the very first and fullest that you can produce for Christ; let your whole life be the noblest exertion of which you are capable. I said last night, that the minister who can do any more, and does not do it, is a sluggard. It is so. We must do all that we can do, and do it in our ablest way, or we are idle. He has come up to Christ's mark, who can truly say that he can do no more, and that, if he could do anything more, he would do it at once. How few of us could conscientiously claim to have come so far!

Be diligent in action. Put all your irons into the fire. Use every faculty for Jesus. Be wide awake to watch opportunities, and quick to seize upon them. Believe that the smallest sphere has in it or around it glorious openings for enlargement. In a very small village infinite results may be realized. If one place be evangelized, strike out for another; and ever, like the dwellers on a common, keep up a rolling fence, which encloses a little more and a little more. Content with what we are doing must be far from us while there is yet very much land to be possessed. May you feed your flocks as pastors, and increase them by being evangelists! In this respect be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth. We must use every energy and be of an adventurous and industrious spirit in these days, that we may checkmate the incessant activities of the prince of darkness.

Lastly, I desire to send you away with this in your ear, yea, with this in your heart: *be confident in spirit.* We are not going to show the white feather, nor even to tolerate a trembling thought. Years ago they used to charge me vehemently with being too flippant and jocose; but of late the charge has shifted, and I am reviled as despondent, bilious, and morose. I conceive that my innocence is clear. Have you read "*The Salt-Cellars*," written by a morose person who never smiles, who is a pessimistic alarmist, dreaming of awful catastrophes which never occur? The description must have been originally meant for someone else. I protest that I am quite as merry as may be fit. If I have undergone so great a reformation of manners as to have swung round from cheerfulness to gloom, it is singular that I am not in the least aware of it. I cannot endorse the statement that I have lost my tendency to humour, for I feel very much the other way; and were I not watchful I should become too hilarious. I have received a measure of pity because I am in opposition to so many; but the pity may be spared, or handed over to those on the other side. Years ago, when I preached a sermon upon Baptismal Regeneration, my venerable friend, Dr. Steane, said to me, "You have got into hot water." I replied, "No; I do not feel the water to be hot. The truth is far otherwise. I am cool enough; I am only the stoker, and other folks are in the hot water, which I am doing my best to make so hot, that they will be glad to get out of it." We do not wish to fight; but if we do, we hope that the pity will be needed by those with whom we contend. 'The hot water does not come near to me, nor even does a breath of steam blow in my eyes. I am content with that which must inevitably come to the man who protests in downright earnest: that is to say, I am content to be criticized, misunderstood, and misrepresented. 'The cost was counted long ago, and the estimate was so liberal that there is no fear of its being exceeded. "I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

There is no room for fear; at least, I see none while we hold fast to the truth. You never met an old salt, down by the sea, who was in trouble because the tide had been ebbing out for hours. No! He waits confidently for the turn of the tide, and it comes in due time. Yonder rock has been uncovered during the last half-hour, and if the sea continues to ebb out for weeks there will be no water in the English

Channel, and the French will walk over from Cherbourg. Nobody talks in that childish way, for such an ebb will never come. Nor will we speak as though the gospel would be routed, and eternal truth driven out of the land. We serve an Almighty Master. Pompey, when asked what he would do if his foes attacked him, replied, "Sir, if I stamp my foot, all Italy will swarm with soldiers." Thus he boasted; but it is no boast to say, that if our Lord does but stamp his foot, he can win for himself all the nations of the earth against heathenism, and Mahometanism, and agnosticism, and Modern-thought, and every other foul error. Who is he that can harm us if we follow Jesus? How can his cause be defeated? At his will, converts will flock to his truth as numerous as the sands of the sea. Is it not written, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning: thou hast the dew of thy youth"? Wherefore, be of good courage, and go on your way singing,

"The winds of hell have blown,
The world its hate hath shown,
Yet it is not o'erthrown.
Hallelujah for the Cross!
It shall never suffer loss!"

The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.

"So He giveth his Beloved Sleep."

Rest in the Lord, eat not the bread of sorrow,
Give him in confidence thy soul to keep;
Fret not thyself concerning the to-morrow;
"For so he giveth his beloved sleep."

Be not afraid when life's brief day is closing,
When round thy dying bed the shadows creep;
It is his voice that calls thee to reposing;
"For so he giveth his beloved sleep."

Call it not death, it is no longer dying,
To close the eye while Jesus watch doth keep;
They are not dead who in his care are lying;
"For so he giveth his beloved sleep."

Resting securely while the storm is sweeping
Across the sea, where angry billows leap,
Leaving for aye the toiling and the weeping;
"For so he giveth his beloved sleep."

Fear not to lie where thy dear Lord hath slumbered,
Although to sense the grave seem dark and deep;
Thence shalt thou rise, renewed and unencumbered;
"For so he giveth his beloved sleep."

A Discovery.

IT is quite the right thing to do, in the opinion of some critics of Hymnology, to depreciate Dr. Watts's hymns. A writer in a Baptist newspaper recently suggested that they should all, or nearly all, be set aside in favour of hymns by F. W. Faber, and translations of Latin hymns of the mediæval period ! The hymns of Watts are old-fashioned, and out of date. So these superfine writers plead.

We admit that some of Watts's hymns are poor, and that there are weak places in others ; but many of his hymns, and especially some choice ones, stand in no second rank among hymns designed for public worship. If the "Father of English Hymnology" is to be put out of court, and his hymns decently buried, what will become of the little hymn-makers of the hour ? This treatment of Watts is an ungrateful suggestion ; and if it does not betray a dislike to the evangelical tone and the frequent doctrinal statements of his hymns, it certainly betrays exceeding narrowness, if not shallowness, of judgment in the matter of poetry. Some people might object to the hymn beginning,

"How sad our state by nature is !
Our sin, how deep it stains !
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains."

But it is a true confession, as coming from the lips of sinners convinced of the evil of sin, and the depravity of human nature. It is not the present feeling of everyone who reads it ; but it expresses an important fact, which needs to be realized by all. In the hymn this verse is the background of a bright and beautiful picture ; or, in other words, the lower note of a song which reaches a high key, and swells out in sweet and lofty strains :—

"But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred Word ;
'Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord !'"

The last verse has been the dying utterance of many a disciple of Christ. "I wish," said Dr. Doddridge, when conversing with some of his students at Northampton, "I wish that my last words may be those lines of Dr. Watts :—

"'A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall ;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.'"

It will be remembered that it was the desire of William Carey that this verse should be inscribed on his tombstone, as exhibiting the hope and trust of his soul. And one whose manly form, majestic mien, and sonorous speech are still remembered by many—William Brock, of Bloomsbury Chapel—uttered these lines in his last hours as describing his faith for time and eternity.

A young woman, under deep anxiety of mind, had been visiting

Dr. Spencer, the author of "A Pastor's Sketches." One evening he announced this hymn, without at all thinking of the application it might have to her case. The next day she called upon him.

"Sir," said she, "I have made a new discovery."

"Well, and what is it that you have discovered?"

"Why, sir," said she, "the way of salvation; it all seems to me now perfectly plain. My darkness is all gone. I now see what I never saw before."

"Do you see that you have given up sin, and the world, and given your whole heart to Christ?"

"I do not know I am a Christian," she replied; "but I have never been so happy before. All is light to me now. I see my way clear; and I am not burdened and troubled as I was."

"And how is this? What has brought you to this state of mind?"

"I do not know how it is, or what has brought me to it; but when you were reading that hymn last night, I saw the whole way of salvation for sinners perfectly plain, and wondered that I had never known it before. I saw that I had nothing to do but to trust Christ.

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all."

"I sat all the evening just looking at that hymn. I did not hear your prayer. I did not hear a word of your sermon. I do not know your text. I thought of nothing but that hymn; and I have been thinking of it ever since. It is so full of light, and makes me so contented. Why, sir," said she, in her simplicity never dreaming that she was saying what had been told her a thousand times, "don't you think that the reason that we do not get out of darkness sooner is that we don't believe?"

The young woman was right. It is faith in Jesus, whose Person and work are set forth in that verse, that brought light and liberty to her soul. When the Holy Spirit shows us the Lord Jesus, we enter into rest. Let those who object to such doctrines as the atoning death, justifying righteousness, and saving grace of Christ Jesus, bring a parallel case of divine blessing on the shallow sophistries and vain speculations of which they boast as "a more excellent way." When does God bless their new inventions? Let good men who decry such hymns, whether Watts's or any other useful author's, just test their theory by the experience of men, who value at a high rate everything upon which God has set the seal of his approval. Meanwhile, let us poor, simple-minded people, who do not boast of being overwise, be thankful to enjoy all that bears the stamp of heaven's mint, whether new or old.

“The Christian Community”—Past and Present.

THE STORY OF A LIVE WORK FOR CHRIST.

THE Christian Community, which claims to have been a missionary society for more than two hundred years, shows none of the signs of old age; but, on the contrary, from its head-quarters in Bethnal Green evangelistic work among the poor is actively carried on by its three hundred unpaid helpers. In the reports, which are still issued annually, the age of the community is reckoned from 1772, when, according to common report, John Wesley started the work; but the belief now is, that the great Methodist simply re-organized a band of workers whose association had existed since the first settlement of the French Protestants in London.

The great exodus from France was in 1685, which was, in many respects, a remarkable year in history. In France, where the infamous Louis XIV. was at the height of his power, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes brought anguish and disaster to thousands of homes, those who were able to do so seeking safety in flight from their native land. As was to be expected, the crime brought its penalties. “What France lost by this exodus of her best and bravest sons is not easily determinable,” remarks Mr. Free in *Lux Benigna*. “Fleeing from worse than Egyptian darkness, these children of light spoiled the Egyptians ere they fled. Not, indeed, by demanding their gold and silver, but by taking with them what is far more precious, piety, industry, and ability. A hundred years later, France paid the penalty of her folly in the blood that flowed beneath the guillotine.”

These people were members of the Protestant Church of France, which seems to have been evangelical ages before the Reformation. The Albigenes claim to have received the gospel from the followers of Paul in Asia. With these were the Waldenses and the Vaudois, the latter being so ancient that it has been said of them: “Their religion is as primitive as their name is venerable; neither has their church ever been reformed. They are descended from those refugees from Italy, who, after Paul had himself there preached the gospel, abandoned their beautiful country, and fled (like the woman in the Apocalypse) to the wild mountains and valleys, where they handed down, from father to son, the gospel in its purity and simplicity, as Paul had first preached it to them.” We regard the Huguenots as the descendants of these evangelical teachers.

The main body of these refugees who came to England settled in London. The silk-workers resided at Spitalfields, and those who practised other arts connected with gold and crystal at Charing-cross. They were heartily welcomed; they were accepted as British subjects; and the profitable arts and industries they were willing to teach prevented their being looked upon with a jealous eye.

People who are willing to sacrifice country and worldly standing for their religion are always in earnest; and these French confessors, when they found themselves in a foreign land, showed their sincerity by their missionary spirit. They appear to have formed an association for the

religious teaching of the poor of London as early as 1685. When John Wesley began preaching in earnest in 1738, he came upon certain Huguenots, whom he hailed as brethren in the faith; and when, a generation later, or in 1772, certain members of this same stock consulted the veteran about their work, they came to him as members of the Christian Community.

It was time to work; for in 1772 the days were alarming. The European outlook was such that *The Annual Register* says: "No equal portion of time, in the most rapid period of conquest, has been so fatal to public liberty." *The Gentleman's Magazine*, for April, said: "The poor are everywhere ripe for riot and mischief, and it cannot be long before they break into outrage." In November, 1772, attention was called to the great number of beggars who swarmed in London, as well as in the towns and villages. The criminal courts bore evidence of abounding depravity. At the sessions which ended at the Old Bailey on September 17th, sixteen persons were sentenced to be hanged, forty-six were ordered for transportation, and four were to be branded. Such were the natural fruits of ignorance, and of the immoral or degrading pastimes to which the people were addicted.

In his early years, before he had quite broken away from the trammels of the Pharisaism which the Holy Club encouraged, John Wesley knew, from his own experiences as a visitor, what the inside of a prison was like; and knowing that the London workhouses were equally needy, from the standpoint of the Christian teacher, he decided to employ his young men volunteers in that service, which required faith, zeal, and perseverance in no common measure. At the present day, a "union" congregation is a very disheartening sight, and explains more forcibly than can be done by any words, the reason why the poorest of the poor often prefer any hardship to the horrors of "the house." In Wesley's day, the ignorance and degradation being greater than now, there was more prejudice against religious teaching; and the young men employed to visit such places found that they had chosen a very difficult service. How bravely they persevered is well known. Having gained an entrance to the workhouses and the lodging-houses, those earnest evangelists of the Revival established their preaching-stations in various parts of London. They preached in the open air in summer, and in the most suitable buildings that could be procured in winter; and the abiding nature of their work was shown by many of these stations becoming large and permanent congregations. Several persons, who, in after-life, attained to high honour and usefulness, commenced as Christian Community preachers. Among others of this class were the late Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool, and his friend, Dr. Leifchild, of London. In the early years of this century, the Community were, at times, hindered in their work by the unreasonable jealousy of those who should have stood by them; but the work still went on, with some fluctuation, until the society was reorganized on its present basis, with Mr. James Atkinson for secretary, and Mr. G. H. Seager for his assistant.

Certain incidents in the work of the Community, as it was carried on about seventy years ago, very vividly show us how degraded the people were. The neglected sinners of these Islands have again and again proved that savages, who have never heard the joyful news at all, are

not the only dangerous people whom ambassadors of God have need to fear.

Early in the reign of George IV., or about seventy years ago, Mr. Henry Webber was one of the band; and he has left a few autobiographical notes relating to his Sunday adventures. At that time, the workhouses in and about London were not often extensive buildings, and to provide for the overflow of inmates, a number of farmhouses were hired, one being in each of these suburbs—Hoxton, Islington, Mile End, Poplar, Stepney, and Bethnal Green. The fact that farmhouses existed so recently in these now densely-peopled quarters shows how rapidly a change has come over the scene.

On a certain Sabbath in 1822, Mr. Webber, with half-a-dozen of his comrades in service, had to visit the farmhouse at Islington, in each ward of which a separate service was held. In this house there was a ward for refractory men. "The monarch of the ward" was a stoutly-built giant, between six and seven feet high, who was armed with a stick like the bough of a tree, and who threatened to strike Mr. Webber dead by one blow if he attempted to preach Christ in his presence. He knew he should be hanged for it, but he had counted the cost. The preacher had counted the cost also, and having accepted this ward from a friend who was afraid to enter it, he would not draw back. He calmly, but decisively, remarked, "I came here to preach Christ, and Christ I will preach." The bully could not face this unyielding Christian courage. "His uplifted arm fell," says Mr. Webber; "his face was white as milk; he opened not his mouth." What was better, he never again attempted to hinder the preaching of the Word.

But men of this stamp were not the only "beasts at Ephesus" which the preachers had to fight; degraded women, whether young or elderly, were, if possible, even more Satanic in their behaviour. That same farmhouse at Islington, in which Mr. Webber cowed the bully, had also a ward for refractory women. That room was called "The Devil's Home," and Sabbath after Sabbath the Community preachers shunned the place, thinking it would be a waste of time to attempt to enter. Mr. Webber did not think that this was quite as it should be: he remembered how the Lord had helped him to conquer the raging giant in the men's ward, and in the same strength he would face the women. He accordingly, Bible in hand, on a certain Sabbath afternoon, boldly invaded "The Devil's Home," and describes what he saw:—"I found nineteen females, from eighteen to fifty years of age; all were making shirts. I told them I was about to read a portion of God's Word, after that say a few words to them, and then call upon God on their behalf. This statement was met by torrents of profane and obscene language. They tried to drown my voice by one and all shouting, 'Give us some gin and snuff, and we will hear you!'" Remaining cool and self-possessed, the preacher felt that Satan was really present to hinder the work of God, but he still believed that God would again put forth his arm. He spoke kindly to the women, but in a tone of some authority insisted on their ceasing work. He was not only obeyed, and enabled to carry on a service for half-an-hour; but from that day forward any one of the Community preachers was able to pray and preach in that part of the house without fear of insult or violence. There are people

who have feelings akin to despair when they think of the condition of London to-day; but compare these days with seventy years ago, when such things as we have mentioned were reckoned as common-place adventures, and we shall see that civilization, if not religion, has made some progress.

One of Mr. Webber's adventures, of a more comical kind, was in connection with a donkey at an open-air service at Islington, in the summer of 1823. Even at that time, Elder Walk, Lower Road, was thickly peopled; for there were courts within courts, "tenanted by sweeps, costermongers, brickmakers, and persons of other callings, with a sprinkling of men and women who obtained their living by less honourable means." Having selected his standing-place, Mr. Webber borrowed a chair for a pulpit; and during the singing of—

"Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing," &c.,

a donkey leisurely and meekly took up his place beside the preacher, remaining perfectly quiet during the prayer and the singing of another hymn. When, however, the text (Isaiah lviii. 1) was given out, Ned, as he was called, altered his behaviour. No sooner were the words, "Cry aloud," uttered, than he brayed heartily, and continued in still louder notes as the other words, "Spare not, lift up thy voice," were given out. The result was, that scores of people, who had not as yet left their houses, were attracted to the service; while others who were passing by are said to have been drawn to the spot. Better still, on that day souls were brought out of darkness into light. "In the very house from which I had the chair," wrote Mr. Webber, "I had the unspeakable happiness of uniting fourteen souls with the visible church of God; all of them, I believe, being truly converted."

The veteran Henry Webber, who gave the above reminiscences, was just about as old as the present century, when he died, on August 23rd of last year, after being associated with the Christian Community for nearly seventy years. To Mr. Webber the honour belonged of being the first to visit the common lodging-houses as a Christian teacher; and he continued to visit the workhouses until within a few days of his death. What changes for the better he saw brought about! Instead of having to incur risk of personal violence in the service, he was welcomed with delight by the inmates of St. Luke's workhouse.

The common lodging-houses continue to receive a large share of attention from the Community. There are nearly a thousand of these places in London, and the forty-thousand persons who nightly sleep in them, form the population of a considerable town. These "hotels of the poor," as they are sometimes called, abound in Spitalfields more than in any other quarter; and they are regularly visited by four companies of workers, many of whom are ladies. Short services are held in the kitchens, or common living-rooms of the lodgers; and although these may vary greatly in size, they are all very much alike. Although each individual lodger may have a separate life-story to tell, there is a monotonous sameness about them all. The fact of their being in such company shows them to be homeless. They have, commonly, no principles; they are ragged and dirty; oftentimes they carry the marks of the vice which has led to their fall; and, as regards this

life, there is, generally speaking, no hope for them. Those who regularly go in and out among them, know that a larger proportion than might be suspected have received a classical or university education, and from personal experience know all about the elegance and etiquette of high social position. Some are saved, and become transformed, so as even to become missionaries themselves; but in such a case, they flee from the lodging-house as quickly as Christian fled from the City of Destruction.

The way in which the inmates welcome the preachers is a contrast, indeed, to the old days, when a man needed no small amount of heroism in his nature to stand up and speak of Christ and his gospel in such places. Professed infidels are not often met with in these crowded kitchens. The appearance of the visitors on the scene, with their hearty greeting, is appreciated rather than resented. Those who are enjoying their evening meal, or who are engaged in preparing it at the great coke-fire, hasten their work. Those who are reading the Sunday journals fold up their papers; while others, who are engaged in various kinds of nondescript work, will lay their tools and materials aside. With more or less of apparent heartiness they join in singing the hymns; there is a hush during the prayer; and a portion of Scripture, as well as a short sermon, will be listened to with as much attention as elsewhere. Solos which lady visitors sing to these poor creatures are thought much of; and in many cases where they do not actually carry the arrow of conviction to the heart, they awaken tender memories. At the close of the service, not a few will come forward to speak of their sorrows; but if relief is given, the cases have to be enquired into on another day, at head-quarters.

The condition of children in these lodging-house kitchens is one of the most deplorable things in connection with them. In such a polluted atmosphere the boys and girls cannot but go to the bad; and such is their unwholesome and immoral condition, that they cannot be rescued merely by being boarded out; the only thing to do is to place them in a home provided for them, where they can be instructed and disciplined. Mr. Atkinson and his committee are hoping to found a home of this kind, in which the rising generation may find a door of escape from the vices which have cursed their elders.

Besides common lodging-houses, eleven workhouses are also visited, and four casual-wards, in all of which services are held after the old plan. The Community has eight mission-halls and eighteen open-air mission-stations. Free meals are given to necessitous persons; women and girls are rescued from a life of sin, or from perilous surroundings; and thousands of the utterly destitute are sheltered for the night, and, if possible, assisted.

The Christian Community is thus a comprehensive Home Mission, which adapts itself to the times. In addition to all this, the Community has during the last fourteen years developed an educational work in connection with its great Free Library, which is of first-rate importance now that secular education is universal. This is so much more effective and satisfactory than any work which can be done by libraries supported out of the rates, that something may be said about it in another paper.

G. H. P.

Drives at Menton.

No. II.—To ROQUEBRUNE.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WE are to go to-day to the Rock Town—the village of brown rocks. It stands on the mountain's side, where there has, in some past age, been a huge land-slip. Some say that the castle and the older houses descended bodily from the mountain-top; but this is hardly credible. The houses now stand among the masses of rock, or on them, or by the side of them, or in them—and in some cases one hardly knows which is natural rock and which is concrete wall. It is a quaint, queer village, with narrow streets, all up-hill and down-hill; and the streets are paved with round stones, all turned the wrong way upwards, so as to be obnoxious to the utmost to the feet of the lame. We have used the word "streets"; but really they are only passages of a narrow sort. However, we must not make our introduction so long as to include the subject, or we shall be like the clock in our room at the hotel, which takes so long to strike seven that one grows somewhat fearful that it will be eight o'clock before it has got through.



ROQUEBRUNE.

This time, drive right through Menton. Before you get to the barracks, note a wine-shop on the left, with a piece of fir-tree over the door—the usual sign of a country inn. "Good wine needs no bush," is a proverb which is at home here. If a man has good wine to sell, people will find it out, and come to drink it, without his hanging out the bush. Our modern traders do not think so, or else good soap, good chocolate, and good newspapers would not require so much advertising. Along our route the rocks are daubed over with advertisements, and with cautions against counterfeits. Is there any place secure against

the sticker of bills, and the worker with the stencil-plate? If one of these creatures could have been in Solomon's Porch, or at the Gate Beautiful, he would have stuck up a notice of a journal which has three millions of readers daily. Well, well; a good thing cannot be too much made known. Christian men should learn to be indefatigable in publishing the good news. If we could write the gospel across the sky in letters of fire, it would not be too conspicuous.

We pass among the finest and oldest of olives, and often see the young trees springing up around the old one, illustrating the Psalmist's words, "Thy children about thy table like olive-plants."

After you leave the *Hameau*, which is not yet a hamlet, but mainly consists of plots of land laid out for building, be sure to turn round, and look back on the landscape. To describe it is impossible; but there is sunny Bordighera, and all Menton, and the mountains above, and Castellar high up, nestling among its olives. You may well sing—

"We cannot climb where Moses stood,
To view the landscape o'er;
But this fair scene of sea and wood,
Suggests old Canaan's shore."

Soon we are at the point, and take the right-hand turning, and gaze upon quite another panorama of beauty. This time we spare our readers words which utterly fail. Close at hand note the fine carobs, or caroubas, whose pods are said to have been the locusts of John the Baptist. They are singular, and old-world trees. Their fading leaves are rich in colour—brown, red, green, gold. Our road runs between some of the huge masses of conglomerate rock, which evidently tumbled from above: you may trace them right down to the sea. Was it an earthquake which set them moving? This was a queer place to live in when the world was cutting its teeth, and had such convulsions.



ROQUEBRUNE, FROM THE MONTE CARLO ROAD.

Just look up, and note here and there a white villa in a garden, then brown rocks, brown houses, a couple of church turrets, olive-trees, more brown rocks, the walls of a ruined castle, huge cliffs; and, above all, the mountain's fir-clad brow. Is it not one of the queerest and quaintest of places under the sun? It is said to have a population of one thousand. What could have induced people to build houses here? When did the place spring up? It cannot be much less than a thousand feet above the level of the sea, and nearly as much above the railway-station. Were the inhabitants of an aspiring temper, or did they dwell on high to escape the pirates, who otherwise would have plundered them from the sea? This last is the most likely reason. The great family of the Lascaris, who were no relations of our modern Lascars, built yonder lofty castle in the middle ages, and afterwards ceded it to the Grimaldis; so that no doubt the people were plundered quite sufficiently from above without enduring further spoiling from below. They could save themselves from their enemies more easily than from their friends.

We turn out of the Upper Nice Road up a steepish bit of road, protected, as an Irishman would say, by mile-stones a few yards apart, and also by cast-iron crosses, and a florid representation of the Madonna. These country towns in France have more superstition, and, let us hope, more religion in them than the cities—and *they had need*.

Your carriage pulls up in the square, the *Grande Place* of the town. Here is the Communal School. We have watched the boys at drill with little sham guns, and we have seen the schoolmaster take them among the fir-trees to practise protecting the road, or storming a wall. Thus, literally, does the French schoolmaster teach the young idea how to shoot. One could see in those wooden swords and guns, and the marchings of the juveniles, the outcome of the martial spirit, and the nursery of it. Surely there can be little need to teach Frenchmen to delight in war; a Peace Society would be far more useful. The Gallic cock is a game bird; but it would do well to take a century of rest from fighting.

One seldom sees the *public-writer* in France now; the schools have extirpated him. The lasses write their love-letters themselves, and the lads read the daily papers, and discuss Boulanger, and Orleans, and Buonaparte, and all the other figure-heads of political parties. In Italy I have frequently seen a man with an American cut about him, surrounded by his old friends, whom he has come home to visit, giving the natives his experience of "the better land," and very successfully seducing them from their dear old hovels; but in France the people cling to the soil, and those babies in arms will go to that school; and, after a little while in the army, will cling like flies to these brown rocks, and drive their donkeys up and down these narrow streets, world without end. It is not true that Frenchmen do not love home. They are, heart and soul, lovers of the old place; and they will never make colonists, happen what may!

Yonder is a first-rate fountain, to which that girl, with a copper pail on her head, is making her way. We have seen the like of it in many a painting. The water is clear and cool, and, having come down from above, it is of that sort which has not been defiled by the loathsome ways of that creature man. There are several such fountains in high places

in this rocky town. One always admires the way in which almost inaccessible heights are found to possess an abundance of the great necessary of life. How the houses close at hand are squeezed up between the tremendous rocks! Like conies, these folk have their habitations in the rocks.

On traversing the pebbly street, one sees houses with sham windows and other decorations painted upon their fronts and sides; there are, or were, fine folk even here. Here is a house with massive iron bars to its windows. Ages ago there must have been something within which could tempt a thief; but there is no such appearance now.

Look at that man eating his dinner at the window, and now standing up with his knife in hand to look at us! I have met with him or his brother, in picture-galleries, time out of mind; and those cocks and hens, picking under the window, I have seen those very birds ever since I first saw a painting. Every foot of these old streets is a picture, when the sun is shining: in the shade it is a dust-heap, and very bad at that. I am sure I know that girl who is peeping out of the lattice—is it Maria, or Theresa? That shepherd—why, I saw him in Florence, at the Petti Palace, in a gold frame!

Look at these doors, and their big bolts, and special locks—not in the least Braminical or Chubby. In several cases the keys are outside; surely this one must be “the key of the street,” it is quite big enough. One might use it for a weapon of defence should any burglar think it worth his while to force an entrance—an idea of the highest improbability. A carpenter’s shop is on the right. Surely this is Nazareth, and Holman Hunt came to Roquebrune for his notion of Joseph’s workshop! All this country is a slightly altered edition of Palestine, and the proofs are everywhere.

Very different thoughts are aroused by the notice that the butcher comes here once a week! Do we not recollect the village of our childhood, in the wilds of Essex? And here, dearer reminiscence still, right in this high street we look through a square opening in the door of a lower room, and we see a litter of rabbits. The place is nearly dark; but when the eye grows accustomed to it, we see the gentle creatures munching away at their greenstuff, just as our black and white double-lop used to do when our father had a couple of boys, and they had a couple of hutches.


The church is dedicated to St. Marguerite. Who was the good lady? In 1889 it is under repair; but in former years we have gone over the edifice, and noted how it combined the tawdriness of the Church of Rome with the matter-of-fact oddity of a country Nonconformist meeting-house of the very old school. Those flashy colours on the ceiling, and the saints in blue and vermillion, belong to the Popish dispensation; but that gallery for the singers, and the stairs thereunto, are of aboriginal Dissent in its robust contempt of show. Carefully note the absurd notion of Baptism which pertains to this region—a region wherein baptisteries for immersion are common enough: so does Rome keep up her *semper idem*, by changing the law of the Lord, and even the custom of the ancient church. In a recess appropriated for the font, is a fresco of our Saviour wading in the water, and John the Baptist at a distance, keeping even the soles of his feet out of the stream, and holding in his

hand a shell, out of which he is prepared to sprinkle our Lord ! What was the use of our Lord's going into the river that John might sprinkle him on the head, does not appear to our dull comprehension.

There is a veiled painting, which you can see, if you can find the man to draw the curtain. Don't wish to see it. It is only a copy—a copy of a horrible picture. That picture represents purgatory, and the Virgin delivering souls out of its horrors. It is not for edification to the brain or heart ; but it may be useful to open pockets for the sayers of masses.

The image of the dead Jesus under the altar would seem to be much had in reverence ; but to us it is a hideous object, and we are glad to find that it is not always exposed to view. Pray do not wish to have it uncovered : indifference is the severest criticism.

A little drawing, hanging on the church wall, pleased us much : a peasant is in the field at the hour of prayer, and falls upon his knees. In order that he may not be a loser by time spent at devotion, an angel is going on with the ploughing for him. The moral is excellent—prayer hinders no man. Time spent in the worship of God is not wasted ; somehow, the work speeds all the better, and it is as if angels came in to work while we watch and pray. The idea may easily be pushed too far ; but within proper bounds, it contains the same truth as our old proverb, “ Prayer and provender hinder no man's journey.”

Coming out of the church, which is by no means a despicable structure for so small a town, we climb the ascending street, which is like going up-stairs, and we note, in the wall on the right, a piece of white marble, said to be part of a sarcophagus, which bears the ancient Christian monogram  That stone had never been noticed by us if it had not borne the sacred name. Concerning any man, it will be the most memorable fact of his being if he bears the name of Jesus. God himself has regard to the man on whom that name is named.

Turn to the right, and you behold the *Hôtel-de-Ville* ! Find no fault with the unpretending Mansion House ; but make the best of it—which is not much. Notice in front the *Journal Officiel*, which is issued by the Government for the instruction of the citizens. It is placed on a board, and hung on the wall for all to read. It contains a *résumé* of new laws and acts, together with information in reference to taxes, the marine, war, and agricultural departments ; information about diseases in vines or in cattle, and so forth. It is, in fact, the *National Gazette*, and a very excellent publication it is ; for thus all the populations, rural and urban, are informed of alterations in the law. In a country of newspaper-readers, like our own, it yet happens that many may not be aware of the nature of an Act of Parliament, and they need some plain statement about it. We have plenty of talk in the making of laws, and we get confused by the reading of it : we should be all the wiser if we had the law itself proclaimed in some official document, everywhere distributed. Along this street, which to the visitor's eye seems poor enough, there are two shops bearing the word “ *Coiffeur* ” : the people have their hair cut, if nothing else. There are shops which sell salt-fish, and ladies' dresses, and twine, and toys, and brimstone, and hardbake, and cheese, and Huntley and Palmer's biscuits, and American insect-killer : what more would you have ? A man is

diligently plying a loom of the orthodox, old-fashioned, lumbering kind; another is cobbling shoes in a sort of cellar; and another is clipping a donkey in the open street, and we pass in the rear of the animal very gingerly, for fear of any rapid movement of the creature's hind legs. At the end of this street is an open space, and a look into gardens of oranges and lemons, which would repay a journey of many miles. There is one fine palm-tree, higher up the hill, showing over the tops of the houses.

We return to the *Hôtel-de-Ville*, and climb another street, which is steeper. The lower parts of the houses are set apart for "the gentleman who pays the rent"; who is, in this case, not a pig, but an ass. The human inhabitants live up-stairs. This gives them the benefit of



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STREET IN ROQUEBRUNE.

the warmth and smell of the stable, but it makes the town look, from the level of the streets, more like a donkey-mews than a town of Mansoul. In the walls are large rings for tying up the useful four-legged servant, whose melodious voice from within is a welcome to a stranger who knew and loved the Earl of Shaftesbury.

Without waiting to reply, we tug up that stairway towards the old castle. We pass under a low archway, by another fountain, and are in the castle-yard, where once the gentlemen of the Lascaris family looked up as ladies of the same rank kissed their hands to them. A bulky form finds rest upon a mass of rock, which is like a plum-pudding, with

the plums thrown out, and the stones left in. By the way, while others climb the castle, I would invite you to pick out one of the round stones, and carry it home as a keepsake. Try again, if at first you don't succeed. Are you willing to ruin half-a-dozen good knives? If not, let the stone remain where it is: it does not belong to you.

The climbers follow a youthful guide, who unlocks a door, and leaves the gentlemen to mount at leisure. Some sixty rather rough steps take them up and up. They get peeps of the sea, and the red roofs of Roquebrune, and the olive-gardens; and through certain windows and openings their friend gets peeps at them, and is not envious at their rise in life. Like the celebrated King of France, after marching up they march down again, rejoin their less ambitious companion, and give their guide a recompense. Children are anxious for *sous*, and so is an extremely wizened and aged woman—who is certainly not more than five hundred years old; how much less I cannot guess, for I am specially careful as to what I say of ladies' ages. The present is a case in point. But who could refuse the great-great-grandmother her *sou*? Poor soul, I wish I could give thee the true riches!

The arch under which I pass from the castle-yard is thicker than I like to say. The Lascaris evidently took good care of themselves in the matter of defences. It is to be hoped that none of them had gout in their legs; if they had, when they once climbed to their rocky fortress, they richly deserved all they found there. I saw nothing worth staying for, and therefore came down to the carriage, and so to Menton, to take rest "in mine inn."

How Bad Reading bears Evil Fruit.

THAT saying of the Lord Jesus, "By their fruits ye shall know them," is peculiarly applicable to good and bad reading. The two trees, the one being pure and wholesome, whilst the other is loathsome and deadly, not only bear fruit in keeping with their nature, but bear it very quickly, as well as very fully. Young people who find a recreation in reading books of the best sort become braced up for the battle of life, and their self-improvement becomes, as it were, so much good capital which they can turn to account in after days. On the contrary, those who take the bait which the evil press holds out to them, are already on the broad road to perdition. Boys and girls naturally desire to become like the heroes and heroines of whom they read; and instances are continually coming to light of criminals becoming such because they act out in real life the principles laid down in the fiction they love. Since the establishment of Board Schools the demand for cheap reading has enormously increased; and, while we have opportunities for good almost beyond our powers of calculation in supplying this demand, the corrupt press is more active than ever; indeed, we believe that if an official enquiry could be made, the havoc wrought among the young would be found to be of an extent quite startling. We will give some illustrations gathered from witnesses, both in America and England, of what is being done in the way of influencing young and susceptible minds by this vicious literature.

BAD READING MAKES WAR ON SOCIETY.

About a year ago the son of a publican in Chicago read what the Americans call *dime* novels, until he resolved that he would become a hero after the pattern of his teachers, the criminal novel-writers, on his own account. The boy's father owned a rifle, and of this the youngster gained possession, and forthwith he went into the street to have some practice in order to get his hand in for more arduous business "on the road." Seeing a lad of about his own age standing near a house some distance away, the adventurer with the rifle took fatal aim, and then he fired at another boy, who was only wounded. This lad was one of a gang of youths who aspired to become wayside robbers. He had in his room what is called a Wild West outfit; and side by side with the knives and firearms was a collection of criminal or flash reading, which had, of course, inspired the entire business.

Is it any wonder that, as one observer says, the effect of such reading as this breaks out at times "like an epidemic among boys"? adding that "Some romance of a highwayman's career has intoxicated them with its lawless spirit; their hero is a thief and a cut-throat; and forthwith every variety of crime is bred among the ignorant and ardent for adventure. It is hard to believe, but it is a fact, that these penny sheets of evil and nonsense have deadened conscience, blinded the promptings of reason, blighted numberless lives at their beginning, and helped to swell the criminal class with men who might otherwise have lived by honest labour, upright and moral lives." Instances of boys who have thus had their heads turned by bad reading until their hands were turned against society, might be multiplied to an alarming degree. One writer, referring to this subject about five years ago, tells of "a youth who was so maddened by reading one of the tales provided for his entertainment that he shot dead his father and brother. Another young fellow, in the habit of purchasing these weekly 'dreadfuls,' was apprehended on a charge of unlawfully keeping firearms in his room. A clerk who had devoted his leisure to a study of Harrison Ainsworth's novels tried to induce his master to leave his bedroom by mewing like a cat at his door, and waited with a handkerchief charged with chloroform, that he might render his employer insensible, and steal the cash-box. His plan failed, and he was taken into custody."

CONFESSIONS IN PRISON.

There was once a boy named J. A., who ran away from his parents, and was convicted of housebreaking. First of all he enlisted, then he was bought off; but, instead of mending his ways, he frequented beershops of the lowest character, and associated with thieves. These men gave him lessons in crime by telling of their own adventures. "Now, I say," said this boy, when in Newgate, "all of these fine stories are listened to with greater attention than a sermon would be listened to preached by a parson, and that these have been my chief schoolmasters. Now I will speak a few words about reading bad books," he added. "There is a book called 'Newgate Calendar Improved.' It contains the lives of the greatest vagabonds that ever were. I used to call it my catechism; and I read in that book until I began to think honesty and industry a shame. The book

is a straight line for a young thief to work upon, and the first foundation and beginning of evil. I first began to read these bad books, until I thought it was a sin to be honest." He also mentioned the beershop, the low concert-room, and the dancing-school as stages on his way to gaol.

Before reading was as common as it is to-day, children who could not read would listen for hours, as if spell-bound, to these stories of criminal adventure, and those who could tell them were liberally paid for their pains. It must not be supposed, however, that only low-class boys are victims to this kind of reading. A young man who was arrested for stealing money from a London architect's office, traced his ruin to reading a book about highwaymen, and "life on the road."

AN AMATEUR HIGHWAYMAN.

On one occasion, the good people of Newbury, Speen, and that neighbourhood, were more than a little alarmed by news of repeated cases of robbery taking place in the secluded outskirts of their town, the robber being an armed man, who wore a mask. Only such persons as were likely to have watches and money were attacked. The popular uneasiness was increased by the mystery in which the whole business was enveloped. The magistrates made enquiries, and examined the police; a woman was arrested as a supposed accomplice, but still no real clue was obtained. Further enquiries were made in other directions, but still nothing was discovered. Then, at last, on an eventful Monday night, the adventurer, who desired to rank as a follower of Dick Turpin, was captured, and safely housed at the police-station. According to the local account:—"It seems that a young man, named S—, living with his father on a lonely part of the road between Speenhamland and Thatcham, was seized near his home on Monday night, by a man whose face was partially covered, and almost immediately a pistol was presented at his head. A scuffle between them ensued. S— struck his assailant's arm, and the contents of the pistol were lodged in the air. S— held tightly by the waist of the vagabond, and raised cries, which brought assistance; whereupon the delinquent was conveyed to the county lock-up, and it was then discovered that the scoundrel who had thrown the neighbourhood into a state of nervous excitement, was a youth of about nineteen years of age, named P—, and by trade a painter, harmless in appearance, and not in the least suspected by the police authorities."

The explanation of all this was just the kind that might have been expected. The youth had been a diligent reader of the literature which describes the adventures of highway robbers, or "Knights of the Road"; and he had even given himself the name of one of his heroes. In his heart he no doubt thought that he was a brave fellow to give expression in daily life to what he had read so much about in the penny numbers he had so diligently studied. He was not more deserving of blame than those who had provided for him the poison which had entered both heart and soul.

This is a danger which threatens every home; for years ago, when Newgate prison was in full use, the chaplain called attention to the fact that many lads were found there whose features were, in some degree,

refined, and who, when arrested, were well-mannered and well-clothed ; but who, nevertheless, were convicted of burglary, forgery, or some other crime. All of the boys who thus found their way into Newgate, "without one exception," were found to have been readers of polluted literature.

A MINISTERIAL STUDENT LANDED IN PRISON.

Some years ago, a friend at Manningtree wrote to Mr. Richard Turner, the secretary of the Pure Literature Society, which has done a great work in promoting the circulation of healthful literature among the common people :—

"I think the teacher of every school should see to it that the scholars are supplied with good healthy literature ; and I believe they would, if they understood the operation of your society. I never see a bad book amongst our scholars. . . . When at Westminster Training College, I saw a doubtful-looking book in the hands of one of the students, and openly denounced it in our day-room. About four years after, while visiting a friend who was more intimate with him than I had been, he showed me a paper containing the account of his trial for bigamy. It was a heartless case, and he was sent to Cardiff Castle. I asked my friend, the present teacher of a flourishing school, if he could account for it. His reply was very brief, 'Yes, *P—— Journal*.' If such be the pernicious influence on a man with character, position, all at stake, what must be the effect on the life and mind of boyhood ?"

We have sometimes seen these novels referred to as *cheap*, as though cheapness and badness necessarily went together. To show how little such writers know about their "cheapness," however, it may be mentioned that one notorious story, named after Dick Turpin's mare, extends to two hundred and fifty-four numbers, and costs over a guinea ! Fancy the children who purchase these books giving as much as would procure a first-class standard work, for a set of these poisonous volumes ! A gentleman encountered a boy in Lincoln's Inn Fields reading a book of the class we have indicated, and the only reply he received when he told the youngster that it was bad, was, that a sum of eightpence a week was expended in such reading.

DISCIPLES OF DICK TURPIN.

A short time ago, there was a certain chemist at Wincanton who employed a boy named C——, as a messenger, &c. ; and on a certain day, when a sum of £25 was entrusted to him to place in the bank, C—— met on the road a comrade named H——, and the two forthwith agreed that they would decamp with the chemist's money, in order to see a little more of life as adventurers on the road. Leaving Wincanton, they halted at Milborne Port, where they had refreshment, and spent part of the money at a tailor's shop. They then went on to Sherborne ; and as their minds were full of what they had read about various robbers, they determined to follow in the wake of their special favourite, Dick Turpin, as nearly as possible. After buying some other things, which were supposed to go towards a necessary outfit, they went to a saddler's, where each provided himself with a horseman's whip, and a pair of spurs. At a gunsmith's shop they were improperly served with an additional revolver,

at fifty shillings, and an appalling quantity of ball cartridges. They then considered that their outfit was complete, with the exception of Black Bess, or a mare which would, if need be, carry them from London to York in twelve hours; but as they could now shoot the first horseman they met, if he failed to yield to their demands, they sped merrily along now to meet the very person they were looking for, a gentleman riding a horse which would, if taken forcible possession of, at least serve as a substitute for Black Bess herself. The revolvers were at once presented, the rider was called on to deliver both horse and money; but seeing that his assailants might prove dangerous notwithstanding their youth, the gentleman galloped off, escaping with his life, though struck in the leg by a ball from one of the pistols. They do not appear to have taken the failure of this first adventure very much to heart. They supped well at an inn at Stour, and before retiring, ordered a good breakfast; but on coming downstairs to partake of this, a couple of policemen appeared on the scene to take them to a less luxurious lodging. Even at this stage, the boys were not put out of countenance, however; they wore their spurs, they carried their whips, and they had their revolvers at hand for instant use. When placed in the dock at Wincanton, they assumed those airs of importance which were evidently borrowed from the chief characters in their criminal romances.

These cases show what is going on; and when we remember that the issues of bad publications are really greater than they have ever been before in the history of our country, we shall see that there is, without doubt, some cause for alarm. There appears to be urgent need for parliamentary interference; but while waiting for that, the only plan is to supplant the bad by something better.

The colporteur with his pack is one of the readiest and most effective agents for doing this; and then the Pure Literature Society, which has its head-quarters in the Adelphi, London, with Mr. Richard Turner for secretary, has done an excellent work since the middle of the century. This is one of the agencies which Mr. John Macgregor has assisted in founding, the adventurous traveller who is more generally known as *Rob Roy*. Mr. Turner has, from time to time, visited a large number of shops in the three kingdoms, for the purpose of persuading their owners to sell wholesome papers. Besides this, a large number of magazine associations have been formed from one end of the country to the other. In each instance, a district is canvassed—hundreds of subscribers are more easily obtained than might be supposed; and when once a taste for what is good is created, people wonder that they were ever captivated by the bad, and will not be disposed to return to it. The quantity of wholesome reading which some of these associations scatter abroad is no less surprising than encouraging. The aim of the committee of the Pure Literature Society is that every publication in their catalogue should not only be entertaining and instructive, but also be of sterling merit, judged of from the Christian standpoint; and when the works sold come from a large number of publishers, this is alone no small advantage. Let everybody, therefore, do his part, and that more especially among the young, in striving, by all means in his power, to counteract the taste for bad reading, which we have seen bears such evil fruit.

G. H. P.

The Carson Memorial Chapel, Tubbermore, Co. Kerry, Ireland.

IT may seem strange to some of our friends in the North of Ireland that a great many people in England know little or nothing about Dr. Carson. "Carson, Carson," say they; "who was Carson? Who and what was he?"

Well, we can only say that, "if you do not know, you ought to. It may not be your fault; but, certainly, it is your serious loss." But we hardly need be surprised at this inquiry. Theology was Dr. Carson's forte, and theology is not popular in these days, especially such robust, and thoroughly Scriptural theology as his. Moreover, he has been dead nearly half a century, and his great and unanswerable work on the *Mode and Subjects of Baptism*, was published as far back as 1844. Turning to the long and very respectable list of subscribers to that work, we can count on the fingers of one hand all the surviving ministers, and on the other all the remaining laymen whose names appear in that list. So that, perhaps, after all, this ignorance is pardonable, though far from honourable. We *ought* to know him.

The Baptists of America are probably better acquainted with Dr. Carson and his works than the present generation of Baptists in England. Nevertheless, his name deserves to be held in honour as that of a man of unflinching integrity and uprightness, a scholar of great eminence, a theologian of the first order, a bold and faithful defender of Protestant principles, and a writer whose works against Arianism and Socinianism—then rife among the Presbyterians in Ireland—and in defence of the Plenary Inspiration of Holy Scripture, place him in the very first rank among valiant defenders and exponents of "the faith once for all delivered to the saints."

Dr. Carson was born in the North of Ireland, in 1776. He became one of the first, if not the first scholar in the University of Glasgow, and settled as a Presbyterian pastor at Tubbermore, in 1798, receiving £100 per annum from the Government. He was a Greek scholar of the first order, and might have become professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, on his signing the "Standards" of the Church of Scotland. His gradual adoption of Baptist sentiments prevented his accepting that office. A little later he resigned his living, and gathered about him a band of like-minded disciples of Christ. He became pastor of the infant church, though as yet they had no meeting-house. After a time, the present now decaying structure was built. This edifice has answered the purposes of the church, whose present pastor has served the people and his Master forty-five years in the same place. Bearing the family name of Carson, he is also honoured with the added name of his father's great friend, illustrious above many—the great and worthy Robert Haldane.

Dr. Armitage, of New York, gives one paragraph in the "History of the Baptists," to the memory of Dr. Carson:—

"The most illustrious of the Irish Baptists is Dr. Alexander Carson." And after remarking on his early struggles and deep poverty as a Baptist

minister, he adds :—"In his day he was probably the leading scholar in the Baptist ranks in Britain, and was a voluminous writer and profound reasoner. . . . Some have called him the 'Jonathan Edwards of Ireland,' and with reason ; for it is doubtful whether Ireland has produced his equal since the death of Archbishop Usher. He died in 1844, after nearly half a century spent in the ministry ; but his name is fragrant wherever his works are known."

Current reviews are not always reliable testimonies ; but it may be well to note, in a sentence or two, what some especially of his contemporaries thought of him.

"Dr. Carson's fame," says the *Banner of Ulster*, "as a divine, will chiefly rest upon the distinguished service which he rendered to the cause of Christianity, by his triumphant vindication of the Plenary Inspiration of the Scriptures. In this great undertaking he encountered and defeated some of the most learned and accomplished of the age ; and not in this country only, but in England, Scotland, and America ; and throughout the whole of Christendom, has been due homage rendered to the genius and success with which he demonstrated that 'every word of God is pure,' and that every page of revelation is radiant with divine majesty and glory."

"Dr. Carson," says the *Scotsman*, "has long been well known, not only in this country, but in Great Britain and America, as a first-rate scholar, a sound philosopher, an irresistible reasoner, and a profound theologian. His works shall be his monument—a monument of transcendental genius, of imperishable greatness, evincing to posterity that, with the strictest propriety, he has been designated one of the first Biblical critics of the nineteenth century."

All this is true, and more might be said in the same strain ; but, unfortunately, the monument raised by a man's works can very easily be overlooked, and words of lofty eulogy do not count when guineas are wanted. Our friends at Tubbermore would embody the memory of Dr. Carson in a chapel ; and to do this the guineas must be found somewhere. We hope some of them are in the present care of our readers, and will be applied to the work for which they are ordained.

Here is the ground of our appeal. The chapel where the elder Carson ministered so long and worthily, and where his son, with less of celebrity, has ministered the same everlasting gospel so long and faithfully, must needs be rebuilt. The appeal is to Protestant Christians of all denominations, to all who love the glorious gospel of salvation by grace through faith, to all who reverence and love the Holy Scriptures as the inspired Word of God, and especially to such who are also Baptists. Help to rear this memorial chapel, which shall be the means of doing what the silent marble of a stately monument cannot do—perpetuate the ministry of sovereign grace and redeeming love. Let the thing be done, and well done. As God has prospered you, give ; and give freely, and at once. Less than a thousand pounds, added to home contributions, will meet all requirements. Therefore, "Down with the dust."

Notes of Work in Calcutta.*

BY PASTOR G. H. HOOK, OF THE LALL BAZAR BAPTIST CHAPEL.

THERE is a greater need now than ever for the preaching of Christ in India. Men are waking from the sleep of sin and the night of idolatry, hungry and thirsty, like those that rouse themselves after the revels of the night. Now is the time for the bread of life, and the water of life, and the rest for the weary, and the hope for the satiated with sin. But how can this be done unless Christ be set before them? And how can Christ be set before them unless he be brought before them by those who already know him and his salvation?

In Calcutta we have thousands of those that hunger after something better than idolatry, of all classes and conditions of men; and there seems to be here, in this city, a sprinkling of all the nations of the earth, both from Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. One day, a Chinaman came to me for a book, and I gave him one, in Chinese, on "The rich man and Lazarus." He seemed greatly delighted to find a book in his own language, out of China, and promised to read it, and come to me again. I cannot tell whether that Scripture story, or the influence of God's Spirit upon his heart, wrought the change—both, I think; but from that day he forsook the idol temple, and came regularly to worship at the chapel. His friends were full of wrath and anger; they stormed and threatened; but he said, "I would rather be as poor as Lazarus, with none but the dogs for my friends, and the crumbs for my food, than go back to the evil I have left." Then they threatened to take his life; and it was no idle threat, for they have many secret societies, and never hesitate to take life, if they are ordered to do so. But he remained firm, and said, "The angels would find me, as they did Lazarus, whether I died among the dogs, or was slain by my own people. 'Tis not the poverty, or pain, or death of this life I fear, but the awful burning that is to come after, and the thirst that is never quenched." So he was baptized, and remained steadfast for nearly a year. No man could have been more sincere in his Christian life; no man could have been more quiet, and gentle, and full of the rest of Christian fellowship than he was. He was an example to me. He knew no doubt, nor fear; and I, who feared so often for his welfare and life, was verily rebuked by the perfect peace into which he had entered. But one day the news came to me of his death, and so suddenly, that I feared foul play. And even to-day I am not able to say that it was not so; for here, if people die in the morning, they are buried in the evening of the same day; and I shall not know till the judgment-day whether he laid down his life for Christ's sake, or not. I think he had a premonition of his coming end; for he came to me only the day before he died, and talked so long and so earnestly, like a man on the borders of the unseen world, that, as I recall his words, and the rapt attention with which I listened to him, I think the shadow of the angel of death was upon him while he talked with me by the way. How often will come back to my mind fragments of that conversation,

* This is one of the reports from former students, for which we could not find space in our Annual Paper. It is deeply interesting.

and the look from his eyes of the light that never shone on sea or land! They buried him as a Chinaman, with all the rites of idol worship; but I knew him to be a Christian, and shall look for him, at the resurrection of the last day, among those who will be for ever with the Lord.

The Singhalese are Buddhists. Seven of them, who had come from Ceylon as traders, came to me together on one occasion. They each wanted a Bible. It was not an easy thing to be able to give them seven Singhalese Bibles. So I gave them one, and said they must make that do, and read it by turns. Two of them became deeply impressed before they left for Ceylon. I shall not forget the joy of one, who said, "I have wept for my sins as the heaven weeps when there are clouds and blackness in the sky; but now the sun is shining on my tears, and I see a rainbow of many colours." And I said, "Ah! It is so! It is so! The black clouds of sin, that make the heart so sad, when they are passing away in the distance, make the rainbow, so full of the brightness of forgiveness and pardon." Jesus did for that man more than Buddha could do. He said, "I have tried, by alms, and patience, and good deeds, to reach Nirvana, the state of rest and peace; but all my efforts were hindered by the remembrance of my past sins, and the effect they left on my heart and mind. But now Jesus gives me a *new* heart, and all my old affections die, and now I have found Nirvana, the state of rest, in my God." That Bible I gave to the seven was a light—a *little* light, 'tis true—and I am praying that God would bless it, for there is light enough in it to light a nation from darkness into day. O Christ, when these poor souls shall try, by its feeble light, to find their way to thee, help them, and shield them in the hour of their darkness, till the day break, and the shadows flee away!

I do not always find that all the people are so ready to receive the truth; for sometimes, with a heart full of pain, I have to say as one of old, "Ye will not come that ye might have life." How well I remember preaching from these words to a crowd of Hindoos and Mahomedans at our vernacular service. They stood with eyes fixed, and not a sound was heard all the time, till, worn out with one's eagerness to touch them and win them for Christ, we had to give way and be silent. Then they followed us with silent looks, and some with tearful eyes, and "some believed the words that were spoken, and some believed not," and some said, "If I hear of Christ, shall I then be responsible to Christ for this hearing?" and some said, "If I refuse to follow Christ, my gods will protect me from him." Not long since I gave to a Hindoo a Hindi tract, and it was the Lord's Prayer. He read it through, and turning to his friend who stood among the crowd, he said, "He wants to make me a Christian. He would break down our idols, so I will destroy his book as I would like to destroy him." And he tore the book in pieces. I saw him, and heard him, and I said, "You have torn up the name of God! He made you, and he keeps you, and you have this day put his name beneath your feet. There is but one God. You worship him as a Hindoo, and I as a Christian. There is but one, and him you have this day despised and trodden under foot." I see now the look of shame that crept up over his face, and the colour deepening, and the eyes drooping, as he stood before me; for the throng parted asunder as I spoke,

and left him standing alone, to receive, as they thought, the Christian's curse, for the indignity he had offered to the name of God. But there was more love in my heart to this poor man than cursing. His brethren were more bitter at the shame he had brought on them, than I was. I felt with Christ in his crucifixion, "They know not what they do," and was ready to say, "Father, forgive them." And so he fell at my feet, and said, "There is but one God for you and me, and I this day have trampled his name under my feet, and if you think so much evil of it, what must God think, whose name I have dishonoured! Let me beseech you to bestow on me another, and I will guard it as great riches." He took it and went, and I thought, as he left the throng, and looked at the torn fragments of the book that were fluttering about, of the alabaster box broken, and the fragrance that filled the room—for there was a fragrance to me in those broken leaves—and I said in my heart, "Let this be for a memorial to him, and may the broken fragments lead to a broken heart"!

A Bengali Baboo one day came blustering and talking loudly about "the English people coming to this country, and reviling our gods, and making the people Christians, and changing our customs." I thought of the town clerk of Ephesus, and felt ready to say, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" only I was aware that he knew nothing of the Bible, and would not understand it, and so I held my peace. My silence emboldened him, and presently he said that there was a lot of heathenism in England, and very bad drinking customs, and that I ought to convert the people in England first, before I came to India. I said nothing, but gave him a tract entitled, "The Way to Hell." He took it, and began to read it, and to move away. Back again he came to me, in a great rage. "'The Way to Hell,'" he exclaimed, "you think we are all going to hell instead of yourselves. Many of your missionaries don't believe there is a hell, and I have heard them say so. I don't want to know the way to hell." So I gave him another tract, called, "The Way to Heaven." Then he began to abuse me, and said, "Can you take a man out of the way to hell, and put him into the way to heaven in so short a time? You are all deceivers! Some of you believe in hell, and some of you don't." Then the people began to interfere and say, "This gentleman did not say you were going to hell or heaven: he gave you a book to tell you of both. If you do not like his words, go away!" But he lingered till the open-air service was closed, and when they were all gone, he said, "There are two ways, and you know I am going to hell. Can I ever get out of this way to hell, or am I doomed to be for ever in this state?" We told him quietly of the One who came to save the lost. But to this day I know not the state of that man, whether the seed was like that which fell by the roadside, or that which fell on good ground. Only the harvest-time will show, and the reaping angels will know.

It is evident that the Spirit of God is working very mightily through the Scriptures and other gospel means; for the people cannot repress the anxiety they feel about their souls. It seems that no man can hear of Christ, and read of Christ, and be the same as he was before. A mysterious change takes place, and he is never afterwards the same. The sun produces a change upon the chemically-prepared plate when it is exposed to the light—a change that cannot be altered; so is

it with their hearts. Sometimes they come secretly, and quietly, to see me, not daring to let their friends know that they have been to the missionary. I think of Nicodemus, I think of Joseph of Arimathea, and those who were the secret disciples of Christ, and feel that there is going on, in secret, a work we know not of. All God's greatest works are silent in their operations. It is only the brook that babbles; the river runs deep and still. The sun rises in silence. The eagle sweeps majestically and silently down the mountain side; it is only the crows that clatter. God is working in his silent, majestic way. We must not lose heart, but work and wait, till the Lord shall reveal the seven thousand that have not bowed the knee to Baal! By night there came a young man to me, and I could not see his face in the darkness, for he had wrapped his mantle over his head, and in a muffled voice he said he wanted to see me alone. I took a light, and saw him in the vestry; and I shall not soon forget the anguish written upon his face. Flinging off his outer garment, in a heart-breaking voice he said, "I have come to you to save me! For days I have been as a poor lost soul, and I have thought to take my life, and die, if I cannot put away my despair." Gently and quietly I drew from him the story of his trouble, and pointed him to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. He went away, and promised to see me again shortly. But days and weeks passed away, and he came not. So I feared that the worst had come. But one day, among the crowd at our service, I saw him, and he came to me and said, "I have not come before: I could not. Do not think me untruthful. I am coming to you and to Christ. I believe in Jesus, the Son of God. But since I saw you I have gone through much trouble. My father is dead! I have just come from his funeral ceremony. They have burnt his body, and the ashes have been thrown into the river, and my heart is as dead as the ashes that are floating down to the great ocean. I cannot come to you now, nor enter your house, for I have touched his dead body, and am unclean; but when I have fulfilled my days of mourning I will come to you. Perhaps there is for one whose heart is broken, another who can heal that broken heart; and perhaps for one in darkness the light may shine. I will come! I will come!" As I am preaching to-night I shall look for him among the crowd, and watch again for his coming; and who knows if I shall see him there, or only again in that crowd around the great white throne.

Notices of Books.

The Great Alternative, and other Sermons. By the Rev. CHARLES MOINET, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

THESE are great sermons. If proof were needed that discourses full of vigorous thought, expressed in noble language, could be produced without the preacher's roaming into modern theories, we have it here. Though the preacher has not all the unction of

some of the elder evangelicals, he has more than their freshness and force. We are mistaken if these sermons do not rank with those of Hull and Ker, Raleigh and Martin. Our judgment is exceedingly impartial; for we regret that we have no acquaintance with Mr. Moinet, and are so uninformed with regard to him that we do not know whether he is an Episcopalian or a Nonconformist.

The Promised King; or, the Story of the Children's Saviour. By ANNIE R. BUTLER. Religious Tract Society.

THE life of the Lord Jesus is best told, both for old and young, in the four Gospels, and no human arrangement of its facts can ever equal the inspired narratives. Yet it is so wonderful a life, that even when set forth in the simplest children's language, it is not clothed in a foreign garb. Jesus and the little ones are well agreed. This is not so remarkable a version as to carry us away with its charms; but yet we can well believe that boys and girls will easily learn from it the story of Jesus and his love. The book is well printed, neatly bound, and admirably illustrated.

Pleasant Hours with the Bible. A Collection of Two Hundred Scripture Exercises in Prose and Verse. By LUCY TAYLOR. Religious Tract Society.

By these pleasant riddles and acrostics it is sought to make the young familiar with the sacred volume. The title of the book is old, but the contents are new, and to our mind they are very clever, and admirably adapted to their purpose. Before our young people read the Bible with spiritual understanding, it is well to make them at home with the histories of the holy page by some such processes as those involved in these "Pleasant Hours."

Messages from the King. A series of Short Stories, illustrative of Gospel Truth, for the Young. Holness.

RATHER antediluvian woodcuts; but good, striking gospel teaching. We rejoice to see Mr. Holness publishing such useful literature. Prosperity to him! This little shilling book will be appreciated by young people; and it cannot fail to do them good if they read it attentively. *Voices from Nature* is a similar little volume. We do not like it quite so well; but it is really instructive. We can speak well of the vivacity as well as of the spiritual excellence of a larger work from the same publisher, named *Real Life Stories*, which is full of telling stories and instructive parables. These books do not exhibit great talent, but their aim and spirit are so good that they

will effect far more than writings of a higher class, but of a lower tone.

Modern Ideas of Evolution, as related to Revelation and Science. By Sir J. WILLIAM DAWSON, LL.D., &c. Religious Tract Society.

OUR author is thoroughly scientific, and deals with the question of evolution thoughtfully and fairly. He is not dazzled by it, as mere tyros are, who are carried away from inspired teaching, and even from philosophical reasoning, by the fascination of this alluring hypothesis. He does not denounce, but he does better: like the angler with his worm, he handles it as if he loved it, but inserts the deadly hook with none the less resolve. We hope that candid readers, if they have been seduced by the invention of evolution, may here meet with disillusion, and may return to common sense, and then to Scripture. Sir J. W. Dawson does not fall into the trap which has caught Drummond and others: he does not seek to conform theology to a popular hypothesis; for he sees that when the dream of science vanishes, as it surely will, faith in Holy Scripture may prove to have been seriously injured by uniting its rock of divine revelation with the quicksand of human wisdom. We are grateful to the Tract Society for publishing so good a book.

In a Country Manse. Reminiscences of Life and Work. By Rev. J. W. TAYLOR, D.D., Flisk. Nelson.

READS like the familiar conversation of a retired minister, venerable in years, and superior in mind. Though written as papers, our description of the good matter of this volume is accurate. Our readers will be interested in the reminiscences of a good and gracious Scotch pastor, firm in the faith, and accustomed to look at matters from his own point of view—the view of a restful and quiet spirit. Here we have nothing very great or striking, but a good deal which is suitable to the present times in Scotland. Alas, for the land where once the truth was dear to its ministers! We trust the people still prize it. Their duty will be to let the unfaithful preachers know that there is a limit to patience, and an hour of decision.

Church History. By Professor KURTZ. Authorized Translation by Rev. JOHN MACPHERSON, M.A. In three volumes. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE know of no church history which affords so much condensed information in the same space. This work of Kurtz holds a foremost place among text-books of church history in Germany; and deservedly so. To read through these three volumes would be an admirable educational process for our younger ministers. We feel afraid of most German books, and overhaul them with anxiety, lest we should help to spread any doctrinal error by praising them; but without endorsing every word, we commend this history to theological students. The third volume, which deals with our own times, is written in a fair spirit—not with perfect knowledge, of course, but with respectable information. We are not greatly charmed by the brethren who have been called “the Darby-ites”; but they are snuffed out too curtly by Kurtz. Right is right all the world over. His description of Pearsall Smith and his muddle is graphic, and does not err in the direction of gentleness: we do not wish that it did. These are fine books for 7s. 6d. each; and we wish that the pockets of our brethren were full enough to allow them to indulge in the luxury of purchasing the three volumes which complete the work. Those who cannot buy should borrow if they can.

The New World of Central Africa. With a History of the First Christian Mission on the Congo. By Mrs. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS. Hodder and Stoughton.

Mrs. GUINNESS is queen of the pen. What with engravings, incidents, and descriptions, she has made up a wonderful book for the general reader, second to none in interest. But this is not her aim; she pleads for the souls of the men of Africa, and pleads right eloquently, like one whose soul is in the work, and who has taken a practical share in seeking to save the lost.

Those Portuguese—what is to become of them? They are as bad as the Arab traders. Ruling with a rod

of iron, Portugal has held provinces for three centuries without benefiting them even in the least degree. She is the gaoler of Africa, and she will not readily part with her keys; but civilized manhood cannot long look on, and see this debased nation holding down millions to serve the ends of the most cruel selfishness.

As for the Arabs, they are a woe in the land. They live by plunder, carnage, and man-stealing. Put Arabs and Portuguese together, and you have all the agencies needed to make the dark continent the abode of misery. Surely the great Lord will yet require the blood of Africa at the hands of these two peoples. It will be well if England, by the introduction of rum, does not add her name as a third inheritor of the curse of God.

This is a book to be passed round in every Book Society, and read in every household. It will nurture the missionary instincts of believers, and quietly work out the salvation of Ethiopia.

Watchman Series. Leaflets on Romanism. Packet of fifty for sixpence. Drummond's, Stirling. Partridge.

THESE packets of anti-Romish leaflets will do something to fan the old Protestant fire, which burns very low at present. Political Protestantism is not in our line; but protests against those errors which held the world in midnight during the dark ages, are peculiarly needful just now. We observe that some of the little tracts are by our late esteemed friend, Dr. Kalley, who had personal experience of what Rome will do wherever she can. He always wrote well.

Words in Season. Edinburgh. John Menzies and Co.

Life's Stages. By JAS. STARK. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson and Co.

Words of Life. By DAVID MERSON, M.A., B.D. R. D. Dickinson.

SERMONS and lectures: modest, well-meant, and in standing, rather above mediocrity. As such we commend them. They ought to command a ready sale in the circles where their several authors are known and esteemed.

Henry Richard, M.P. A Biography.
By CHARLES G. MIALL. Cassell.

MR. RICHARD began his public career as minister of Marlborough Chapel, Kent Road; he became secretary of the Peace Society; subsequently, member for Merthyr Tydvil, Glamorganshire. The son of a popular and worthy minister of the Calvinistic Methodists in Wales, he was very much of a Puritan, but with a good deal of modern polish. As an ever-active agent of the peace party, both in and out of the House, his voice was often lifted against war and oppression in all their forms. A sturdy Nonconformist, his soldier-like firmness and courage, attempered as they were with wisdom and business tact, made him a powerful friend of the right, and a determined foe of the wrong. His character was uniformly upright, his methods free from that double-dealing so common to statesmen; and his life, if no longer that of an earnest minister of the Cross of Christ, was consistently godly, and his end peace. A true patriot, a man with strong convictions, and honest devotion to the cause of peace, truth, liberty and righteousness, he is worthy to be remembered, and to have his name honoured.

The book, which is all that could be desired as to type and general get up, is very much more a history of the politician than of the minister and the Christian; and while it is interesting to have so much of the one, it would be more spiritually profitable if there had been more of the other to tell. In other respects it is well written.

None of these Things Move Me. A Brief Memorial of Caroline Cuerton Toomer. With Preface by Rev. FREDERICK WHITFIELD. Nisbet.

THIS volume has more of goodness than of greatness; and the same may be said of the lady who is its subject. It is eminently suitable for the young, especially the rising womanhood of the middle and upper classes; though the young of both sexes and all classes may profit by its perusal.

The compiling of the memoir is the work of a surviving sister, and the simplicity that marked the character

of the subject distinguishes the work of the author. Miss Toomer belonged to one of the county families of Berkshire. In addition to a touching record of her conversion and devotion to God, we have a narrative of her unpretending Christian efforts and lofty self-sacrifice. In these days, when so many seem to crave for "work," and to do that work under the eye of the public, while secret living to God is sadly neglected, it is refreshing to read of one who did real and acceptable work for God, and did it not "to be seen of man." The last words of Miss Toomer, softly murmured as her eyes closed in death, show what was alike the one aim and the sustaining power of her life, and her hope and joy in death: "Christ, only Christ now."

Horatius Bonar, D.D. A Memorial.
Nisbet and Co.

WITH a good photographic portrait for a frontispiece, this little volume is a memorial, rather than a biography, of a man whose work will abide for many long years. There are three funeral discourses by different preachers; and, better still, there are the first sermon which Dr. Bonar preached at Kelso, in 1837, and the last he gave at Edinburgh, fifty years later. Horatius Bonar will be remembered as the poet of the sanctuary; and for his loyalty to the gospel he will remain a bright example to those who come after him.

The Life of Thomas Truscott, Missionary to Sierra Leone. By JOSEPH KIRSOP. Andrew Crombie, 119, Salisbury Square.

THOUGH there is not much of striking incident in this memorial of one who passed away at the early age of forty, it presents a rare example of self-denying devotion to the cause of foreign missions. Mr. Truscott was converted early, and in connection with the United Methodist Free Churches he was very successful as an evangelistic preacher. He had his trials. In consequence of a severe illness, he lost his right hand; and afterwards his wife was taken away by death. The last seven years of his life were spent in earnest labour in Sierra Leone, which is often called "The White Man's Grave."

The Key-Note of Life; or, Thy Will be Done. By J. E. PAGE. Marshall.

A DEVOTIONAL book of a high order. It does not advocate the perfectionism which scorns to pray, "Forgive us our trespasses," neither does it foment that pride which cries, "I have attained." The submission of the will to God; yea, more, the delighting in the will of the Lord, is the elevated mark which is set before us, and to it we are stimulated to press forward. This book may not be all we could wish it to be; but we should have a very low opinion of any professing Christian who could read it without profit and pleasure. For a quiet heart which sits at Jesus' feet, there will be much music in these pages.

Evangelical Theology. A Course of Popular Lectures. By A. A. HODGE, D.D. Nelson and Sons.

THOSE antiquated beings who dare still to love the old gospel, will be pleased to have this volume from the pen of Dr. A. A. Hodge. It is his last legacy to the cause of truth. Time was when the Princeton school of theology was looked upon with reverence and love; but now we hear Hodge sneered at by men who would not be worthy to black his boots. The sneerers are usually persons who know nothing of theology, and make this gross ignorance of theirs a thing to boast of. Teaching what they do not know, we need not wonder that they learn only that which ought not to be taught. It is a noteworthy thing when we see the blind bat instructing the eagle how to look at the sun; and yet we do see it daily. In this volume the man of God will find both meat and medicine, arms and armour.

The Gospel of Luke. Studies on the International Sunday School Lessons for 1890. By GEO. F. PENTECOST, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE do not feel quite sure as to what Dr. Pentecost may yet say, for he is impulsive, and very liable to blunder; but so far as we have been able to investigate what he has written, and to judge of what he has said, we are able, in the main, greatly to rejoice in him. Many have been brought to Jesus by him, and more have been

urged upward to a diviner life. In the "Studies" now before us we find many valuable hints, and much information which must be exceedingly helpful to Sunday-school teachers. Let a teacher consult this book with discretion, weighing it rather than being weighted with it, and he cannot fail to be greatly profited. To preachers it will be an advantageous purchase at four shillings.

The Maiden Preacher, Wife and Mother. Miss Mary O'Bryan, Mrs. Thorne.

By S. L. THORNE. S. W. Partridge and Co.

Not devoid of interest, but yet we should hardly have recommended its publication. Among friends who knew the earnest lady preacher, the diary may be read; but we hardly think it will command attention elsewhere. It is all very good, but, as a rule, quite common-place.

The Smaller Cambridge Bible for Schools. General Editor, J. J. S. PEROWNE, D.D. Samuel I., Samuel II., Matthew, Mark, Luke. 1s. each. C. J. Clay and Sons.

WITHOUT endorsing every comment or remark, we nevertheless take pleasure in recommending these condensations of the Cambridge Bible for Schools. They contain about one third of the matter of the larger work. For a class reading through a book of the Scriptures this smaller form may be sufficient; and, if so, the price of one shilling puts it within the reach of all. Of course, the fuller work is much preferable where the price is not a great consideration.

Manuel Matamoros: his Life and Death.

By WILLIAM GREENE. A. Holness.

THOSE who have suffered for their Lord in Spain can never be forgotten. This accounts for this memoir being in a third edition. We do not understand how it was that Matamoros seemed to be under a cloud when he came from his prison in Spain to London; but we suppose he was, like many other pioneers, not free from impetuosity, and in a likely position to be misrepresented or misunderstood. The book does not greatly impress us. The fear of having one's memoir written adds a new terror to death.

The Illustrated Poetry Book for Young Readers. T. Fisher Unwin.

A SURPRISINGLY rich collection of juvenile poetry. We wonder at such wealth when we note that the editor has aimed at excluding all poems which have appeared in similar collections. Almost every verse is new for popular reading, though known in each case to the reader of its author's works. These are not religious poems; but as a secular series, they are most entertaining; suitable for children, but by no means childish.

Rescuers and Rescued: Experiences among the City Poor. By the Rev. JAMES WELLS, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE felt half sorry that Mr. James Wells should turn his pen from that line of things in which he figures as a literary prince; but we are now right glad, for he is an artist at description of scenes among the poor as well as a genius in instructing children. Live stories and true from the wynds of Glasgow cannot but be worth the reading. Mr. Wells tries to give literal facts, rather than dressed up ideals; and this is a hard task when your facts come from the slums; for if you did not *uncolour* them a little, people would never read them, or believe them. This book ought to be very instructive to those labouring among the poor, and it should send many an idler into that great harvest field. Mr. Wells well deserves his M.A., for he is master of the arts of writing in many forms.

India: Sketches and Stories of Native Life. By the Rev. J. EWEN. Illustrated. Elliot Stock.

THE author has resided during ten years in India, and in this volume he gives the results of his observation. Many of the stories illustrative of Mahometan or Hindu life are taken from native books, and published in English for the first time. The picture, as a whole, is so forbidding that it enables the reader to realize the horrors of paganism.

"No class is open, straightforward, honest, though individuals may be found whom you can trust implicitly," it is remarked of the Hindus. "I

think I have only met with two such. The system is . . . against their production, and the surprise is rather that any should rise above it than that the great majority fall to its level. The religious conscience, if I may be allowed the expression, is ever the highest; and if religion places no check on immorality, we cannot well be surprised at national debasement. Every class has its stories of trickery and deceit, in which it revels." In a short compass, the book gives a vivid view of Indian life.

White unto Harvest. A Missionary Service of Song. Compiled by ANNIE W. MARSTON. Shaw and Co. THIS might prove very useful in wise hands; but "services of song" are what people make of them, and some make them a mere amusement.

The National Temperance Congress, Birmingham, October, 1889. National Temperance Publication Depôt.

THIS record appears rather late. Those who were present will probably be glad to revive their memory of the remarkably good things which were set before them; but we have our fears as to the popularity of the book *per se*. Here are many solid and weighty articles, which may be greatly helpful to those who really work in the temperance cause. The added millions of the drink bill cry aloud to all lovers of their race to renew the war against the tyrant *Drink* with redoubled ardour.

The Way to Prove a Will, and to take out Administration. By ALMARIC RUMSEY. One shilling. John Hogg.

To those who are unfortunate enough to be executors this will be a valuable guide. We suppose it was not possible to unrobe the information of the legal language which veils its meaning; but if it could have been done, and the directions could have been given in plain English, it would have been better for simple folks, who love not the bar and its jargon. We confess that we do not find this little book to be pleasant reading; but if we were bothered by somebody's will, we should gladly peruse this legal guide. A wise man had rather not be executor, but would not object to be a legatee.

Old Crusty's Niece. By J. JACKSON WRAY and T. JACKSON WRAY. Nisbet and Co.

IF one Jackson Wray can write captivating stories—here irresistibly droll, and anon tenderly devout—what may we not expect from two Jackson Wrays? In this amiable mood we began the study of “Old Crusty” and his orphan niece, and made, as is our wont, sundry *mems.* as we turned over the leaves. Here are two or three:—“Very pretty”; “Jackson Wray’s wise, solid talk”; “‘Our Tabby,’ splendid!” and so on. After a few chapters, however, we fancied we saw, not the soft, pleasing rays of the spectrum, the violet and “the blue”—a favourite expression of J. J. W.’s—but the yellow, orange, and fiery red of jealousy, greed, villainy, blood. We know nothing more of the present-day sensational play but that which we are forced to see on the hoardings as we pass along our streets; but surely, few playwrights could compete with these united authors in the art of piling up the agony. For instance, we have a murderous raid of escaped convicts, swindling, forgery, burglary, a murder completed and another defeated; a suicide completed and another defeated. There should have been a trial and an execution; but the writers’ careful consideration for the feelings of their readers arranged that the chief villain—there are several—should hang himself in his cell. “He thus,” says the pious writer, “contrived to defraud justice in her own domain, and with his latest breath. Perhaps, however, it was the best thing he had ever done.” This is but a meagre account of a tale which embodies a romantic love-story, and has in it not a little of the “comic business,” and a chapter which we might entitle a “screaming farce.” And all this for three and sixpence!

For Honour's Sake. By JENNIE CHAPPELL. Partridge and Co.

A VERY elaborate story, of which the purpose does not appear until near its close. It is apparently meant to enforce the duty of a man who has deliberately pledged himself to a woman, rather to suffer himself than

to cause her mental distress through breach of promise. Subsidiary characters are introduced to illustrate ugly excrescences in social and religious life, to which are very effectively applied the cautery of the writer’s sarcasm.

It would be well if writers of so-called *religious* fiction would not try to “beat the record,” and make fiction more strange than truth. Had one or two of these chapters been improved away, the reviewer would have had no reason for fault-finding; and we do not desire to find even a grain of it in Miss Chappell’s stories.

Sub Sole; or, Under the Sun. Missionary Adventures in the Great Sahara. By the Right Rev. ARTEGALL SMITH, D.D. With an Introduction by the Rev. Philip Norton. Nisbet and Co.

WE cannot get along with this queer volume. It is a singular mix up. If the sailor who is said to have found the MS. of this wild tale in a Huntley and Palmer’s biscuit box, in the Bay of Biscay, had let the tin go down to the bottom, the world would not have lost much. The Wandering Jew is an important personage in this supposed missionary story, but we do not recommend our readers to wander after him.

Jack and his Ostrich: an African Story. By ELEANOR STREDDER. Nelson.

BOYS will find a fair amount of amusement and interesting information in this story of an English lad’s life on the South African plains. The tale is well put together; but some of the statements as to the doings of both Jack and his pet ostrich require a digestion of twenty ostrich power for their belief. This opinion may be owing to our ignorance; but we have to be more careful of our diet than when we were of Jack’s age: the average boy will take this all in, and ask for more.

Granny: a Village Story. By the author of “Great Englishmen,” &c. Nelsons.

AS simple and unsophisticated a story as ever was written, but very taking and touching.

The Child of God: his Life and Liberty; his Path and Glory. By H. F. WITHERBY. Holness.

GOOD, solid gospel teaching, in fine large type. The work is intended for younger believers, and it is of the kind which will make them grow strong enough to enjoy "the deep things of God." We write briefly; but we commend heartily.

Isaac and Jacob: their Lives and Times.

By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A., F.R.G.S. Nisbet and Co.

A CAPTIVATING story of the two patriarchal lives. We do not think the Canon sufficiently appreciates Isaac; but he comes very near it. His Jacob is also an admirable portrait. We shall never need to resort to fiction for a relief in reading while such books as this are to be had; for we have found rest while perusing these pages, and have felt refreshed at the close. The style is so easy, the matter is so full, the whole thing is so vivid, that to read is absolute recreation, and yet the recreation is more remunerative than the exhausting toil of turning over other men's

learned lumber. Give us a day at the seaside, and either this volume, or the same author's "*Kings of Israel and Judah*," and we will envy no monarch on his throne of ivory.

The Anti-Infidels; for the Advocacy of Truth, and the Exposure of Error.

Edited by W. R. BRADLAUGH. Vol. V. Snow and Co.

THIS is a powerful antagonist of infidelity. Mr. W. R. Bradlaugh is the brother of Charles, and a very striking contrast to him in all but his argumentative ability. In this periodical there is a mass of solid instruction; and, moreover, no mean supply of sarcastic wit of the kind which atheists are likely to feel. Mr. W. R. Bradlaugh deserves to be aided in his heroic exertions: he labours to meet the most blatant and blasphemous forms of unbelief, and the task is neither easy, pleasant, nor remunerative. Some one must do it; and when we meet with a man who is just adapted for the work, we heartily wish that he may be sustained in his costly service. We commend this literature to all who have to deal with the darker forms of modern infidelity.

Notes.



WE now give a portrait of the Senior Deacon of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, our friend and helper from the commencement of our ministry in London. Few men have such useful gifts, so precisely fitting him to discharge his office efficiently; and fewer still have his flaming zeal and persistent conse-

cration, so as really to fulfil his calling to the utmost. Every member of the Tabernacle church knows Mr. WILLIAM OLNEY, and knows that in countless ways he is a faithful servant of the Lord among us. His father, Thomas Olney, sen., now with God, was once our treasurer, and we might almost say "general manager." The treasurer's office is ably filled by the second Thomas Olney; but in the spiritual part of church work our friend Mr. William leads the way.

Great suffering he has sustained with amazing patience, and great service he has rendered with unflagging energy. He will soon be growing old; but no one would think it who observes his incessant activity. We have prayed him up more than once from the borders of the grave, and we unite now, as a church, in pleading with God to spare him to us for many a year to come. Haddon Hall owes to him a pastor, in the person of his eldest son, Mr. William Olney, jun., and a mother in Israel in the person of Mrs. Olney, his own indefatigable wife. He, himself, is a ready speaker, a diligent visitor of the sick, an incessant labourer for missions. Indeed, what is he not? Would that every pastor were privileged to have such a loving and willing brother at his right hand!

The papers have got hold of some story about our giving back a fortune which was left us. We had not mentioned the circumstance, so far as we know, to anyone likely to publish it, and we regret that it oozed out. Certain foolish persons suppose that we have given up legacies left to the Orphanage, College, or other charitable works. We have never done so; and never shall. A man may give away what is left to himself personally; but to do the same with money of which he is only a trustee would be clear robbery. Almost always, some relative, more or less remote, writes a begging letter when a legacy is left to an institution; but we can only reply that we have no power to do otherwise with money left to a charity than to use it for that charity: we cannot alienate a penny without acting fraudulently. We are driven to say this because we are asked to give to poor relatives moneys which were received years ago for the Orphanage, and have long been expended in feeding and clothing the children. Prompted by the paragraph to which we refer, persons who have not the shadow of a claim write to us as if we were bound to give to them anything and everything left by their uncles, or cousins, or great grandfathers, for quite another object. None but a thief could comply with such requests. Not a farthing will be used by us in any other way than the will of the testator prescribes.

The Editor has had another busy month, with much labour and much weakness, mingled with much mercy. Certain extra engagements have only been performed with painful effort, and with much wear and tear of body and brain. Our recent experience compels us to refuse all requests for services beyond our regular routine, which is more than enough for any one man to accomplish. We shall be very thankful if friends will not ask us to do what is absolutely beyond our power. Much precious time is wasted in needless correspondence, and much pain caused by sorrowful refusals. Every letter that can be saved is a decided gain. To all who are thinking of asking any extra labour of us, we most emphatically say, "Don't."

The *Times* of June 5 contains a passage which puts the late decision of the Free Church of Scotland in a clear light. The case is one for great sorrow and deep humiliation; and it is fairly stated in the following sentences:—

"From the decision it might almost appear that professors and ministers may be as heretical as they please, provided only that they cover their heresy with a gilding of orthodoxy. . . . The position in which the decisions of the Free Church (*vide* Dodds, Bruce, &c.) places its ministers and professors is—that they may speak freely of the 'mistakes and immoralities' contained in the Scriptures, may hold that belief in the

accepted doctrines of the atonement and the divinity of Christ is not essential to a true Christian, and may treat the books of the Bible as human productions, criticizing them as they would do any other books; may do and believe all these things without exposing themselves to process of libel, or incurring anything more serious than the mild censure of the General Assembly. . . . However little deserving of sympathy the narrowness of the orthodox party may be, their position is undoubtedly logical. It is not only illogical, it is also immoral, to accept and sign a confession of faith, and then call in question its doctrines."

Is it not natural that the following query should suggest itself?—Is it not a serious question for our country, how far existing want of honesty may be traceable to the corrupt examples set by the professing church, when, by its ministers and members, it sets aside solemn covenants, trust-deeds, and confessions of faith, and deals with them as current opinion demands? If the foundations of morality be destroyed, what can the nation do?

What will be done in the matter? We don't care to prophesy; but if our Scotch brethren have degenerated to the English level, they will do nothing. The sound will shield the unsound, the evangelical will pat the rationalistic on the back, and say that "they trust they will not go too far"; and all will live together in that form of peace which is not peace, but treachery to God and his truth. The scribes and priests of Israel are now linked in unhallowed confederacies in which there is unbounded toleration for error: at the rate at which they are now advancing, those same confederacies will soon have no tolerance for orthodoxy. Even now the sneers and sarcasms at the old faith are more than self-respecting and truth-loving men ought to bear. Yet behind the ruling cliques there are hosts of plain, godly men, who will be heard of before very long.

On *Whit-Monday*, May 26, there was the usual Bank-holiday attendance at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting. On such occasions we have generally more than on other Monday evenings, for, while the holiday takes some friends away, it gives far more the opportunity of being present. In the course of a brief address, the Pastor spoke of the large number of candidates for church-membership (thirty-four) whom he had seen during the afternoon, and on the previous Friday evening. This harvesting, he said, was very happy work; but it was also very hard toil, so that it was not surprising that he felt weary and weak. Prayers were presented by several brethren, amongst whom was Mr. C. W. Townsend, who was about to sail for the United States. The Pastor then mentioned two ways in which friends had been blessed lately in working for the Lord, and he recommended others to follow their example. One sister

plucked up courage, and spoke to one of her own sex on the Tabernacle steps, and so had the joy of leading her to the Saviour. A brother, who was anxious about a sceptic, did not try to argue with him, but prayed for him, and when he had the opportunity prayed *with* him, and so was blessed to his conversion. Other prayers followed. Mr. Harrauld spoke of the connection between prayer and the gift of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, and on those who were gathered in the house of Cornelius; and the Pastor gave an address upon the benefit of trials and troubles in keeping believers out of evil. He illustrated this topic by describing a horse that was shackled to keep him from jumping over the hedge, and also a soldier-plant that had to be kept in its proper position in the water by a stone being tied to it. Young Christians were especially bidden to rejoice if they had to endure persecution for Christ's sake; for it would tend to strengthen them, and fit them for wider service in the future. The meeting was about to be closed, when the Pastor called upon two of the students to pray briefly, and they were both so specially helped by the Holy Spirit that all felt their supplications to be a sweet conclusion to a season of high and hallowed communion with God. One friend said, "We had enjoyed a glorious meal, and then those two young men brought in a fine dessert."

On Monday afternoon, June 2, the annual meeting of the POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY was held in the lecture-hall. There was a large muster of the helpers of this good work, including a considerable contingent representing the warm-hearted and generous Shooter's Hill Auxiliary of the Society. After tea, and prayer by Mr. Llewellyn, the annual report was read by Mr. Harrauld. During the year, forty-nine parcels of the value of £274 1s. 1d. have been sent out by the Committee, who have received the most grateful acknowledgments from the recipients of their bounty. Many of the letters in the report told of the great need of this beneficent agency's continued operations. Addresses were delivered by Pastors C. H. Spurgeon and W. C. Bunning, and Messrs. A. A. Harmer and J. M. Hewson. The report referred, in grateful terms, to the large number of articles of clothing that had been received last year for the Society; and the Pastor said that, on the last Monday evening in July, another opportunity would be given to those who were willing to help in a similar fashion. *Will all who come to the Tabernacle on July 28 bring a garment suitable for a poor minister, or his wife, or child; and will friends who cannot be present send in their contributions on or before that evening? All parcels should be addressed to Mrs. Evans, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, London, S.E.* How we wish that every reader would send in some little thing! Dare we hope it? Our ministers are, many of them, in great poverty,

and gifts of garments are greatly valued by their families.

At the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle, special supplication was offered for a blessing upon the service to be held in Exeter Hall on the following afternoon. Mr. Chamberlain sang, with great pathos and power, the sweet hymn, commencing—

"It passeth knowledge, that dear love of thine,"

and the Pastor delivered a short address upon the same subject. Mr. Charles Cook gave an account of his recent visits to prisons in Germany and Russia, and told thrilling stories of the power of the gospel upon the most hardened criminals. Mr. Harmer described several cases of usefulness through the reading of the Pastor's sermons, and spoke of the words "blood" and "hell," giving instances of the usefulness of preaching what many nowadays ignore and despise. Mr. Bunning followed with a striking illustration of the blessings of the water of life founded upon his Colonial experience, especially at Christchurch, New Zealand. The meeting was, on the whole, rather one of testimony than of prayer; but many petitions were interwoven with the addresses, and a prayerful spirit pervaded the whole proceedings. On Monday evenings we try to have nothing stereotyped; no two meetings are alike, and the variety tends to maintain a continual interest in the gatherings. The Word of prayer is called out by descriptions of the Work of faith; and, on the other hand, the Work of faith needs the divine blessing which comes only to the Word of prayer. Our meetings are practical and prayerful: they are real business meetings, in which service done is presented in faith to the Lord, that he may accept it through the sacrifice of Christ.

On Tuesday afternoon, June 3, Mr. Spurgeon preached at Exeter Hall, in aid of the fund for reducing the debt on HINDE STREET WESLEYAN CHAPEL. The attendance was large, and the feeling devout and earnest: for the Lord was there. Yet it was to the preacher a serious effort. Those who are accustomed to speak to great audiences can bear witness to the drain upon the whole nature which such services involve, especially when the speaker is unwell. The essentials of the evangelical faith are dear to the friends whom we served. Our views of certain other great truths may differ, but to-day the conflict is not between Calvinism and Arminianism, but for the gospel itself, and those simple truths which lie at the root of all true religion. We trust that modern theories will not be allowed to corrode Methodism. The traces of the novel spirit are not very numerous or striking at present; but, like other bodies, the Wesleyans are here and there showing the action of the blight. May the Lord save them from more of its baneful influence!

On Monday evening, June 9, the senior Pastor was unable to be at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, as he had not recovered from the weakness which had prevented him from preaching on the previous Sabbath evening. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided at the meeting, and in the course of the evening gave an address upon the text, "God is faithful, who hath called you into the fellowship of his Son, Jesus Christ." Many prayers were presented for the complete recovery of the senior Pastor, and for a rich blessing upon every department of the church's work. Brother Hewson spoke concerning the great Anti-compensation Demonstration in Hyde Park, and also gave an account of the Gospel Temperance work in which he is engaged. It is well that temperance advocacy should be sanctified by the gospel—and very much gospel, too—lest it degenerate into Pharisaism, or curdle into a political propaganda. With much gospel, temperance work may be like the law, a schoolmaster, to lead men to Christ; but without the gospel, it may gender the worst form of self-righteousness.

On Wednesday evening, June 11, although physically unfit for the effort, Mr. Spurgeon attended and spoke at the annual meeting of DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES, in the Albert Hall. What a mass of life was packed into that great building! The scene was overpowering. The sight of the representatives of the various classes aided by the worthy doctor's Institutions must have made every generous spectator weep for joy and pity. Lord Lorne presided admirably. The leaders of evangelical religion were there in great force. Canon Fleming spoke right eloquently; but there was no need of anything except the children themselves, who spoke to every heart. It mattered little that the speaker, who had been so warmly welcomed, could hardly make himself audible, for the spectacle itself was enough. We trust and believe that Dr. Barnardo was much cheered and helped by that remarkable evening.

During the week ending June 14, two of the elders of the Tabernacle church fell asleep in Jesus. BROTHER HELLIER, who was in his 90th year, and BROTHER CROKER, who had attained to threescore years and ten. Both funerals were fixed for Monday afternoon, June 16th, at 3, Mr. Hellier's at Abney Park Cemetery, and Mr. Croker's at Nunhead Cemetery. Mr. Dunn conducted the service at the former place, and Pastor J. C. Carille at the latter. Several of the deacons and elders, and many church-members attended to show their regard for their departed leaders; and on their return to the Tabernacle the officers held a special meeting for prayer and praise. These were two good men and true: honoured and beloved. They were sustained by faith in the doctrines of grace, and they exhibited the grace of the doctrines. Both were

greatly useful in earlier days; but of late both of them had been infirm in everything but their confidence in God.

In the evening, the Pastor presided at the prayer-meeting, and reminded the friends that June 16 was the day set apart for united prayer by all the brethren in the Pastors' College Evangelical Association. Mr. Harrauld read the letter written by the President calling the ministers' attention to the matter, and prayer was presented by various brethren, including Mr. Carter, the "Pioneer" worker. The Pastor then referred to the deaths of the two elders, and testimony concerning their steadfastness in the faith was borne by Mr. William Olney, and Mr. Dunn. After more prayer and praise, the Pastor delivered an address founded upon our Lord's words recorded in John vii. 37-39. He exhorted sinners seeking salvation, and Christians longing for greater power in service to come directly to the person of Christ to receive from him the Holy Spirit, whose sacred aid they so much need. Three of the students prayed, and then Mr. J. C. Hoblitt, a deacon of Dr. Wayland Hoyt's church in Minneapolis, spoke of the affectionate regard of American Christians for the Tabernacle Pastor and Church. Part of the hymn, "For ever with the Lord," was sung, in solemn and joyful memory of the beloved brethren who had entered into rest. Mr. Harrauld presented several special requests for prayer; Mr. Hewson gave thanks that the Pastor had been able to preach twice on the preceding day, and related the experiences of some who had been present at the services; and a truly profitable meeting was closed with prayer by the Pastor. Those who despise prayer-meetings know nothing of the holy joy and sacred restfulness which are packed away in our "sweet hour of prayer."

COLLEGE.—The following students have accepted pastorates:—Mr. W. C. Minitie, at Arthur Street, Camberwell; Mr. H. Trueman, at Zion Chapel, Chesham; Mr. C. W. Vaughan, at East Hartlepool; and Mr. W. J. Wintle, at York Road, Leeds.

In connection with Mr. Carter's "Pioneer" work, new churches have been formed, with promising prospects, at New Brighton, Cheshire, and Waterloo, by Liverpool. Pastor E. Morley, of Manchester, has become pastor at the former place, and Pastor G. Goodchild, of Preston, at the latter. Friends may safely aid Mr. Carter when he seeks contributions.

Mr. A. Cooper, who went to the United States recently, has settled over the churches at Owl Creek and Martinsburg, Knox County, Ohio.

The following letter speaks for itself:—

"Baptist Anniversaries, Chicago,

"Illinois, May 22, 1890.

"BELOVED PRESIDENT,—Several of the brethren are here 'taking in' the meetings, and naturally their thoughts and words turn

towards the Old Country, and College, and President. Permit us to send you a brief word of greeting, assuring you of our continued love of the gospel, and our personal respect and loving esteem for yourself. We regret that it was impossible for us to be with you at the Conference, but still we delight to say that the loving words of the past years are still fragrant in our minds and hearts. We look forward to the time when we may have the pleasure and joy of again seeing you and the brethren face to face. Wishing you and dear Mrs. Spurgeon continued blessings,

"Yours in gospel bonds,
 "GEORGE H. KEMP,
 "A. H. STOTE,
 "J. COKER,
 "W. CLATWORTHY,
 "SIMEON HUSSEY (evening classes),
 "JOHN J. IRVING."

On Friday, May 30, the students spent a very happy day at "Westwood," with the President and Mrs. Spurgeon. A meeting was held in the study, in the afternoon, and brethren were encouraged to work with earnest spirit.

On the following Friday afternoon the College had the privilege of listening to addresses from Dr. Sinclair Paterson upon "The Sovereignty of God," Pastor W. Fuller Gooch upon "The Imputed Righteousness of Christ," and Pastor F. H. White upon "The Work of the Holy Spirit." It was a season long to be remembered.

The brethren are now away for their summer vacation, from which they will return on August 4th, when they will be accompanied by a number of fresh students. We receive hopefully a company of new men, because the churches apply to us for students at a greater rate than ever. Whatever members of the Down-Grade party may say, the churches do not care for their semi-infidels teachings, but look elsewhere when a vacancy occurs.

EVANGELISTS.—Pastor H. A. Phillips of Southport, writes:—

"My dear President,—It gives me much pleasure to testify to the blessing which was felt at the late mission of Messrs. Fullerton and Smith. Those who attended the meetings spoke of the great profit they had been to their souls, and very many were found seeking the Saviour. We can scarcely calculate the blessing in a town like Southport, as its population is so largely made up of friends who spend but a short time here, and then go to other parts; but I trust that the efforts of our two earnest brethren may by this means prove more widespread than if they had laboured amongst an altogether resident people."

Of Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's mission at Sudbury, Pastor Robert Jones reports:—"Through them, I am delighted to say, we have had souls brought to decision for God in the new building. There is, moreover,

a moving forward towards yet larger spiritual blessings among our people, and in this I exceedingly rejoice."

Our brethren have since been to Sittingbourne, Whitstable, and Bishop's Stortford. This month, on Saturdays and Sundays, they are to be at the Polytechnic, Regent Street, and on July 14 and 15, at Bassett Street Chapel, Chalk Farm.

Mr. Burnham has greatly benefited by his sea trip to Germany, Sweden, and France. He will be glad to hear from brethren desiring his services during the summer and autumn.

Mr. G. N. Moore writes, respecting Mr. Harmer's visit to Boston Road Mission, Croydon:—"Right welcome has been the presence of our earnest, whole-hearted brother. The services were excellent, well-attended throughout, and on several evenings the hall was filled. The presence of the Holy Spirit was felt, some came out on the Lord's side, and more were wounded. God's own children have been quickened."

Mr. Harmer next went to help the friends meeting at Easthorpe, near Kelvedon. The services were held in the farmhouse and barn, and several of the hearers were led to decision, many were deeply impressed, and believers greatly strengthened and encouraged. Mr. Harmer has some Sabbaths in July and August free, and he will be pleased to arrange for missions during the coming autumn and winter.

During the past month Mr. Harrison has conducted a very successful fortnight's mission at Mr. George Hatton's Mission Chapel, St. Giles; and he has also preached on two Lord's-days at Vernon Chapel, King's Cross. This month he is to be at the Great Assembly Hall, Mile End (Mr. Charrington's).

Mr. Parker has been for six weeks at the People's Hall, Millwall, where believers have been encouraged and helped, and sinners have been saved.

ORPHANAGE.—On Thursday, June 19, the President's fifty-sixth birthday was celebrated, and the annual festival was held. The weather was all that could be desired; some twelve or thirteen thousand persons were present, and the total receipts amounted to about £1,800. Great public meetings were held in the afternoon and evening, under the presidency of R. Cory, Esq., J.P., of Cardiff, and Sir Henry Doulton; and addresses were delivered by the President, Vice-President, and Revs. John Spurgeon, Charles Spurgeon, J. Baillie, John Bond, Evan H. Hopkins, J. Knaggs, Dr. MacEwan, W. Pettman, and W. Williams, and James East, Esq., Mayor of Kingston-on-Thames. Dr. Sinclair Paterson, and Canon Hussey were ready to speak if time had permitted. The programme for the day also included hand-bell ringing, singing, reciting, musical drill, and processions by the children; music

by Dr. Barnardo's band; singing by the Southwark Choral Society, under the leadership of Mr. John Courtney; a grand exhibition of Oriental curiosities, with descriptive addresses by Mrs. C. F. Allison; and the proceedings closed with a very tasteful illumination of the grounds. Everything passed off most satisfactorily, and caused us devoutly to thank our gracious God for his goodness to us in raising up such a host of friends to help us in caring for the widow and the fatherless.

The orphans will be away for their holiday throughout August. Several of the children have no relatives who can provide for them. Mr. Charlesworth will be glad to hear from friends who are willing to receive either boys or girls, for the whole or part of the month. *Dear Friends, look at this, and see herein a way of serving your Lord!*

The Orphanage has lost a generous helper by the death of Mr. Frederick Bradley, deacon of the Congregational Church, Fareham. The pastor sends us an interesting account of his life and work, but our limited space will not allow us to insert it. May the bereaved family be divinely sustained!

COLPORTAGE.—The Colportage Association is making progress towards the hundred men, which is the least number we judge should be employed. We pray that we may soon reach the full hundred.

Mr. Prentice has begun work, with encouraging prospects, at Hartest, in connection with the Suffolk Congregational Union, being the third colporteur engaged by this Union. Mr. H. L. Smith also renews the work in Wilburton and Haddenham district, Cambs., which was discontinued some time ago for want of funds. The Surrey and Middlesex Association also contemplate an addition of two men to the two already employed; these are giving satisfaction. At Disley, in Cheshire, a new district is being opened in connection with Rev. C. S. Macalpine, B.D.

As each new district involves additional outlay from the General Fund, to meet the inevitable deficiency beyond the local subscriptions, we trust that our friends will not forget to forward support for this fund. The Annual Report of the Association appears in the present number of this magazine. Secretary, W. Corden Jones, Pastors' College, Temple Street, S.E.

PERSONAL NOTES.—Colonel Morton, of the Mildmay Park Conference Hall, writes:—"Allow me, very late in the day, to thank you for the numberless times you have refreshed, and strengthened, and comforted us soldiers, who often in India and other countries, on the line of march, hundreds of miles from any place of worship or means of grace (in the ordinary sense of the word), have met under trees, some little distance from camp, and have, after prayer and hymns, introduced you as our preacher. We had a large Bible-class in my regiment, in those days, and many a blessing has been called upon your head by those dear fellows. 'In the Garden with Him' (Sermon No. 2,106), was my companion quite lately, going up Monte Pellegrino, near Palermo, en route from Malta to England. In what stray corners of the wide world, where soldiers and sailors are, do you not come, and bring messages of God's love and truth?"

A pastor in Spain writes to tell us of two German ladies who were brought to trust in Christ through reading our sermon "No. 1,500, or the Lifting-up of the Brazen Serpent." One of them recently died suddenly; but she was fully prepared to go, for she and her sister looked to Christ and lived on the self-same day in which they read that sermon.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—May 22, thirteen; '29, seven; June 12, twelve.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mills	10	0	0
Rev. John Markham	0	5	0
Pastors' College Evening Classes	8	8	0
Messrs. Alabaster, Passmore, and Sons	50	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Haydon	5	5	0
Mrs. Websdale, per J. T. D.	2	0	0
Contribution from Romney Street Chapel, Westminster, per Pastor G. Davies	1	1	0
Pastor Thomas Greenwood	10	0	0
Mr. Robert Miller	30	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. Elijah Bew	45	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Clarke	1	0	0
Mr. W. Woolidge	0	10	0
A friend	5	0	0
Mr. Giles Shaw	5	5	0
Mrs. MacGregor	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Gregory	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. R. B. Warren	5	0	0
Mr. J. S. Watts	1	1	0
Given to Mr. Spurgeon at Tabernacle, June 2nd	1	0	0
Mr. John Seiwright	5	0	0
Miss Adderley	2	5	0
Dr. H. E. Crossby	10	10	0
Mrs. Shearman	3	0	0
Mrs. Elgce	0	10	6
Devonshire Square Baptist Church, per Pastor E. H. Ellis	3	3	0
G. T.	100	0	0
A reader of "The Sword and the Trowel," Elgin	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Allison	20	0	0
Mr. H. J. Mansell	5	0	0
H. O. M.	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.		Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Mackey, sen.	0 10 6	May 18	33	0	3	
Miss M. E. Hadland	1 0 0	" 25	32	10	0	
Miss Chenoweth	5 0 0	June 1	33	0	3	
Miss Fortune	0 10 6	" 8	5	14	0	
Mr. R. J. Becciff	0 2 6						
Miss Fastier, per J. T. D.	1 0 0						
Collection at King's Road Chapel, Reading, per Pastor C. A. Davis	8 6 5						
Rev. E. P. Barrett	0 10 6						
							104	4	6
							£464	9	5

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
A friend	5 0 0	Miss A. Lloyd	0 10 0
"Go ye"	0 5 0				
Mr. C. F. Allison	5 0 0				
Mr. A. G. Jeynes	10 0 0				
							£220 15 0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Executors of the late Mr. John Clark ...	44	14	0	Mr. H. S. Haynes, per Mr. J. A. Abraham	1 1 0
Mr. H. Roff	0 10 0	M. C. S. F.	1 0 0
Christian Police Association, per Mrs. Dorin	0 10 0	Mrs. Smith	1 0 0
Mr. J. W. Moore	0 2 0	Mr. S. Priddy, sen.	1 0 0
Collected by Mr. H. W. Spice	0 8 0	Mrs. Thomas's children	0 12 0
A grateful father restored to health	0 10 0	Mr. H. Jackson	1 0 0
Collected by Miss Ellwood	0 7 0	The orphan's friend	1 0 0
Collected by Master A. C. Johnson (Sunday morning breakfast table) ...	1	0	0	Jim Crow	0 2 0
Mrs. Websdale, per J. T. D.	1 0 0	A mother and daughter, Hawera	2 0 0
Collected by Miss Spaul (No. 12 Boys)	0 6 0	Mrs. Higham	4 0 0
Collected by Miss Warren	0 10 0	Mrs. Norris, per Mr. Gill	1 0 0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2 2 0	North London Fraternal, per Pastor J. E. Shephard	1 9 0
Mr. D. Patterson	1 0 0	F. C.	0 2 6
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0 2 6	Mrs. Johnson	2 0 0
Mr. T. A. Fliton	1 0 0	Mr. J. S. Watts	1 1 0
Collected by Louie Page	0 3 1	Collected by Mr. H. Doorbar, jun.	0 5 0
Jack, South Lambeth	0 4 0	Abr.	0 6 0
Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon :—				Mr. L. Shepherd	0 10 0
Mrs. Colman ...	5	5	0	Miss B. Luffin	0 2 6
Miss Toward ...	2	2	0	Mrs. T. P. Clare	0 5 0
Mrs. Ferne ...	1	1	0	Coastguards and Coastguards' Sunday-school, Shellness, per Mr. T. McMahon	0 10 0
	8	8	0	Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0 13 0
Mr. E. K. Stace	0 10 0	Miss E. Thistle	0 2 6
A widow's mite	0 5 0	Holyhead	0 5 0
Miss Annie Rogers	0 2 6	Mr. Joseph Spurgeon	2 0 0
The members of "The Unity Bible-class"	1 1 0	Mr. E. Dodge	0 2 6
Postal order from Dartford	0 5 0	Mr. R. Beck	0 5 0
Mr. Robert Miller ...	40	0	0	Collected by Miss A. Cornock	0 12 9
Mr. William Thomas	1 0 0	Mr. W. Norton	0 10 6
A friend, Edinburgh	1 0 0	An old member of the Tabernacle	0 5 0
Mr. Joseph Wheatcroft ...	100	0	0	Mr. S. Coxeter	0 5 0
Executors of the late Mr. Elijah Bew... ..	90	0	0	Mrs. E. Hudson	0 3 0
S. and N.	10 0 0	Miss E. Crumpton	0 2 6
Mr. G. Emery	1 1 0	Mr. R. J. Moffat	5 5 0
Mrs. S. Pickering	0 5 0	Mr. W. E. R. Hoskin	1 10 0
B. B., Wincombe	0 5 0	Collected by Mrs. S. Potter (children's box)	0 13 0
Collection at Surrey Square Mission-hall	3 0 0	Collected by Miss D. Houston	0 7 0
Mr. H. C. Bridgman	0 2 0	E. B., Newport	0 5 0
Mr. T. Lawrence	0 2 6	Executor of the late Mr. Richard Palmer	18 0 0
Mr. D. J. Smith	1 0 0	"In memoriam 17th July, 1885"	1 0 0
Miss A. Smith	1 0 0	Mrs. Dale	1 0 0
Mrs. Megaw	0 5 0	Miss J. Beckerley and friends	0 5 0
Mrs. Sandes	0 10 0	Friends at Baptist Church, Clough, per Mrs. J. McClure	3 5 0
In memory of little Seymour	0 10 0	Collected by Mr. William Dixon	1 0 0
Mr. W. Whittingham	3 0 0	Mrs. Mason	0 10 0
Miss J. Allan	0 2 6	Mr. J. Woodward	5 0 0
Mrs. Patterson, per Miss J. Allan	0 5 0	Mr. D. Campbell	0 10 0
E. H.	0 4 0				
Trustees of the Helen Taylor Memorial Fund	2 0 0				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. R. Parsons	0	5	0	Mr. T. L. Hankin	1	1	0
Collected by Miss A. Ayliffe	0	2	6	Ruthie and Jackie	2	2	0
Mr. W. Blake Odgers	5	5	0	Mrs. Bell	1	0	0
Collected by Master A. Scales	1	0	0	Collected by Miss M. Smith	0	10	0
Mrs. R. Paton	3	0	0	T. T.	0	2	0
Miss S. Hadland	1	0	0	Mrs. Aaron Brown	2	0	0
Rev. E. P. Barrett	0	10	6	Eskdale Shepherd	0	10	0
Orphanage box at Tabernacle gates	2	7	11	Mr. R. P. Hicks	1	1	0
Mr. J. Wicks	0	5	0	Mr. G. Colyer	0	10	0
Miss E. Clover	0	5	0	Mr. J. Ramsay	0	7	6
Pastor S. Harry	0	5	0	Mrs. Fryer	0	10	0
Miss Mayse	0	5	0	Mr. Wm. Smith	0	10	0
Collected by Master Herries	1	7	6	Mr. G. Wight	1	0	0
Miss Mary MacDonald	0	3	6	Miss E. A. Fysh	0	1	0
Mrs. Garner, per Mrs. Baxter	1	0	0	Mrs. Webb	2	0	0
Mr. R. Greenwood	0	4	6	In memoriam, E.	0	10	0
Mr. John B. Greenwood	2	10	0	Mrs. Daniell	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cracknell, thankoffering	2	2	0	Mrs. Rogers	0	10	0
Mr. John Seivwright	5	0	0	Mr. G. Howes	0	10	0
J. R. A.	0	2	0	Mr. T. F. Munyard	2	2	0
Readers of "The Christian Herald"	28	16	1	Executors of the late Mr. Lionel Stowe	21	0	0
Mr. E. Ridgway	5	0	0	Rev. Wm. Farry	0	5	0
Irvinghoe-Aston, straw-plaiters	0	2	6	Miss M. Hay	0	6	0
Bessells Green Baptist Sunday-school	1	3	0	Mr. and Mrs. Scruby	0	10	0
Mr. F. J. Rumsey	0	10	0	Mr. J. H. Church	1	0	0
Eythorne, Ashley, and Woolage Green				Mrs. Baines	3	0	0
Sunday-schools	4	10	0	Mrs. Dodwell	0	10	6
Miss H. Roff	0	10	0	Mrs. Watson	0	5	0
Miss Barker	1	0	0	Miss E. Newing	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Brunton	0	10	0	Miss M. E. Jenkins	0	2	0
Collected by Mrs. James Withers:—				Stamps from a servant	0	1	0
Mr. M. J. Sutton	3	3	0	An Evangelical churchman	0	5	0
Mr. Alfred Sutton	1	0	0	Mrs. Atkinson	1	1	0
Mr. M. H. Sutton	1	1	0	Mrs. J. G. Skelly	0	3	0
Mrs. James Withers	1	1	0	Mrs. Munro	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Gregory	0	15	0	Mr. Geo. Smith	0	5	0
Mr. E. Harvey	0	10	6	Mrs. Gulliver	0	5	0
Mr. Herbert Sutton	0	10	0	Mrs. Lane	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Simonds	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Higgins	0	10	0
Mr. Alfred Palmer	0	10	0	C. Y. V.	1	0	0
Mrs. Walter Palmer	0	10	0	Mrs. Buik	0	10	0
Mr. Beecroft	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. John M. Cook	25	0	0
Mr. W. Cowslade	0	5	0	Mr. Geo. Tingey	20	0	0
Mrs. Collier	0	5	0	G. T.	50	0	0
Mrs. Lowsley	0	5	0	Mr. H. Coghill	100	0	0
Mr. Brigham	0	2	6				
Mr. Leslie	0	3	0				
Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6				
Mrs. W. Shepherd	0	2	6				
Mr. Ravenscroft	0	2	6				
Mrs. Parfitt	0	2	6				
	11	6	0				
J. S.	0	3	0				
M. N. W., Berbice	2	10	0				
Dr. H. E. Crossby	5	5	0				
Mrs. Shearman	13	10	0				
Miss S. Gould	3	0	0				
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6				
Mr. John F. Wilkinson	0	3	6				
Rev. Charles Miller	0	10	0				
Devonshire Square Baptist Church, per							
Pastor E. H. Ellis	2	2	0				

List of Presents received, per Mr. Charlesworth, from May 15th to June 14th, 1890.—PROVISIONS:—101 lbs. Butter, Mr. E. Sparrow; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 1 sack Potatoes, Mr. George Batts; 60 Pork Pies, and 6 Stilton Cheeses, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 2 lbs. Butter, Miss Dickson; 5 jars Jam, Miss E. Harris and Miss Jeffries.

Boys' CLOTHING:—3 pairs Boots, 1 Hat, 2 Vests, Mrs. Atkinson; 2 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. Coath; 3 Jackets and Vests, 1 pair Trousers, Anon.; 3 Vests, Mr. T. Birch; 6 Flannel Shirts, Miss Dransfield; 24 Bows, Miss S. E. Knight; 12 Shirts, Mrs. Holcombe; 2 Shirts, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce.

Boys' AND GIRLS' CLOTHING:—179 Garments, The Reading Young Ladies' Working Meeting, per Mrs. James Withers.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—19 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 1 pair Boots, 1 pair Slippers, 2 pairs Gloves, a Dorset Friend; 2 Articles, Miss M. Paton; 4 Articles, Mrs. Atkinson; 49 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higga; 54 Pinafores, Mrs. Moss; 7 Articles Mrs. Baines; 6 Articles, Miss Milner; 4 pairs Stockings, 2 pieces Print, A. D.; 7 Articles, M. A. M.; 6 Aprons, Miss S. E. Knight; 66 Articles, Miss A. E. Jones' Bible-class; 72 Articles, Miss E. B. Jones; 51 Articles, The Juvenile Working Society at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Woods; 13 Pinafores, a Cottage Working Party, per Mrs. Curtis; 46 Pinafores, Mrs. Williams; 6 Pinafores, Mrs. A. Butler; 4 Articles, Miss E. Wicks.

£750 10 9

GENERAL:—1 Scrap Book, Miss M. Paton; 3 Quilts, 6 Sheets, 1 Set Fire Irons, 1 Scrap Book, and 1 Album, Mrs. Atkinson; 3 Dolls, Miss S. E. Knight; 3 Books, 3 Dolls, 9 Balls, &c., Miss A. E. Jones' Bible-class; 2 cwt. Soap, A. C. T.; 1 Scrap Book, Mr. Jas. Trickett.

SALE-ROOM:—8 yards Tatting, Miss Dobson; 1 Night Shirt, 1 Day Shirt, 2 pairs Baby's Shoes, Mrs. Hitchman; a few Fancy Articles, Miss J. Workman; 8 Fancy Articles, Mrs. Vowles; a Baby's Basket, Mrs. Green, per Mrs. James Withers.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1890.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Wilts. and East Somerset Association	4	3	7
Thornbury for 1888, per Mr. G. Whitfield	5	0	0
Worcestershire Association	30	0	0
Devon Congregational Union, Newton Abbot district	10	0	0
Ludlow district for 1889	3	0	0
Portsmouth district:—			
Miss K. Dollman	1	0	0
Mr. W. Spelt	0	5	0
	1	5	0
Sellindge, per Mr. Thomas R.	10	0	0
Western Association, Chard district	10	0	0
In memoriam	40	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school for Tring	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
M. A. H., for Orpington...	5	0	0
	£128	8	7

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Robert Paton...	2	0	0
Mrs. Kent	0	5	0
Friend in Weekly Offering Box, Metropolitan Tabernacle	0	2	6
Mrs. Webb	0	10	0
G. T.	30	0	0
Mrs. Websdale, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
	£33	17	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Parker's services at Hayle, Cornwall	1	0	0
Mrs. Websdale, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at White House Farm, Eastthorpe, Kelvedon	1	5	0
A constant sermon-reader, at Tunbridge Wells	3	0	0
B. B., Winchcombe	0	5	0
A friend	5	0	0
Mrs. Binck	1	0	0
Mr. R. K. Juniper	5	0	0
Mrs. Sutton	3	0	0
J. T.	50	0	0
J. B. G.	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. S. Cole	0	10	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Sudbury	3	0	6
John F. H.	1	0	0
Mrs. Shearman	2	0	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
Miss L. Haward	0	5	0
Mr. G. Mitchell	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Ripley Street Chapel, Bradford	5	0	0
	£88	16	0

For General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. R. J. Thorne	0	10	0
M. A. H.	5	0	0
Stamps	0	5	0
Mr. G. W. Slater	0	10	6

	£	s.	d.
Mr. William Crawford	0	10	0
	£6	15	6

£5 Bank of England note, from Glasgow, has been placed to the Church Poor Fund, with heartiest thanks to the unknown donor. £6 given to Mr. Spurgeon at the Tabernacle, May 23, was put into the Weekly Offering for the Pastors' College. £1 from Seaton, for the China Inland Mission, has been sent to Mr. Hudson Taylor, and the other £1 will be in next month's list of the Pastors' College Missionary Association.

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 to Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums sent before the 13th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.

THE
TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE
Metropolitan Tabernacle
COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION,
1889.

President.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Vice-President.

REV. J. A. SPURGEON.

Hon. Treasurer.

MR. C. F. ALLISON.

Committee.

MR. J. BUSWELL.

„ J. J. COOK.

„ J. T. CORSAN.

„ G. EVERETT.

„ G. GOLDSTON.

„ J. HALL.

„ S. JOHNSON.

MR. M. LLEWELLYN.

„ WALTER MILLS.

„ J. PASSMORE, Junr.

„ S. R. PEARCE.

„ F. THOMPSON.

„ WOOLLARD.

General Sec.

REV. W. CORDEN JONES.

OFFICE AND DEPÔT:—

TEMPLE STREET, ST. GEORGE'S ROAD,
SOUTHWARK, S.E.

THE OBJECT OF THIS ASSOCIATION

Is the increased circulation of *religious and healthy literature* among all classes, in order to counteract the evil of the vicious publications which abound, and lead to much immorality, crime, and neglect of religion.

This object is carried out in a twofold manner :—

1st.—By means of Christian Colporteurs, who are paid a fixed salary, and devote all their time to the work, visiting every accessible house with Bibles and good books and periodicals for sale, and performing other missionary services, such as visitation of the sick and dying, and conducting meetings and open-air services as opportunities occur. This is the most important method, enabling the Colporteur to visit every part of the district regularly.

The average total cost of a Colporteur is from £75 to £80; but the Committee will appoint a man to any district for which £40 a year is guaranteed, if the funds of the Association will permit.

2nd.—By means of Book Agents who canvass for orders for periodicals, and supply them month by month; these receive a liberal percentage on the sales, to remunerate them for their trouble.

This second method is admirably adapted to the requirements of districts where the guaranteed subscription for a Colporteur cannot be obtained. Shopkeepers or other persons willing to become Book Agents may communicate with the Secretary.

The Association is unsectarian in its operations, “doing work for the friends of a full and free gospel anywhere and everywhere.”

RATE OF PROGRESS.

This may be seen from the following Table :—

Date.	Colpor- teurs.	Sales.	Visits to Families.	Date.	Colpor- teurs.	Sales.	Visits to Families.	Services and Addresses
		£ s. d.				£ s. d.		
1866	2	927 18 1	114,913	1878	94	8,276 0 4	926,290	
1867	6			1879	84	7,661 16 0	797,353	8,244
1868	6			1880	79	7,577 7 10	630,993	6,745
1869	11	1,139 16 3	91,428	1881	78	7,673 3 6	624,482	7,544
1870	9	1,056 11 4	92,868	1882	79	8,038 2 2	620,850	7,149
1871	10	1,110 3 4	85,397	1883	76	7,921 9 3	592,745	7,514
1872	12	1,228 10 11	121,110	1884	78	8,760 15 9	626,348	7,627
1873	18	1,796 2 2	217,165	1885	76	9,525 16 2	552,677	8,458
1874	29	2,937 1 7	217,929	1886	87	9,601 13 7	560,750	11,952
1875	36	4,415 8 7½	360,000	1887	80	9,166 8 3	831,130	9,742
1876	49	5,908 1 9	400,000	1888	80	8,916 11 1	624,989	9,352
1877	62	6,950 18 1½	500,000	1889	84	9,688 13 7	698,272	9,866

Cheques may be crossed London and County Bank, Newington Butts; and Post Office Orders made payable to W. C. JONES, at the Chief Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand. All communications should be addressed to Rev. W. CORDEN JONES, Colportage Association, Temple Street, St. George's Road, Southwark, London, S.E.

Metropolitan Tabernacle
COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT,
1889.



IN reviewing the work of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association during the past year, and looking at its present position and prospects, the Committee feel glad that they are able to report, that in every department there is cause for satisfaction and gratitude.

It always affords pleasure when a Society can show progress and efficiency, as well as financial stability, to its friends and supporters. While thanking God for the continued blessing which He has graciously given in the past, the Committee feel encouraged to persevere, and to attempt greater things for Him in the future.

Special attention is called to the fact that there is an appreciable advance on the previous year, both in the number of districts occupied, the value of the sales effected, and in the financial aid received.

The average number of Colporteurs employed during the year was about 80, but the year closed with 84, as against 74 in 1888; and at the time this report goes to press there are 87 actually at work, being a clear addition of 13. This encouraging increase has been aided in several instances by the strongly expressed appreciation of Colporteurs already labouring with marked success and blessing, and an earnest desire to obtain the benefits of the same valuable agency in other localities.

The value of the sales realized during 1889 was £9,688 13s. 7d., being the largest amount yet reached, and an increase of £772 2s. 6d. for the year, which progress, it is hoped, will continue. The consequence of this increase is, necessarily, that the fundamental object of the Association has been greatly furthered, by a corresponding expansion in the circulation of books and periodicals throughout the country; and thus providing a more extended antidote to the injurious literature so prevalent all around.

The total numbers sold were:—

Bibles, 8,782.

Books, 220,713.

Testaments, 11,379.

Magazines, 365,788.

More detailed statistics will be found on page 10.

Financially, it will be observed that the current income from subscriptions, &c., has not met the expenditure by £629 15s. 11d. This, of course, would be unsatisfactory, but for the fact that the condition upon which the legacy of the late Edward Boustead, Esq., was received was that the money should be devoted to current expenses, and not capitalized. Hence the deficiency has been met from that source, and so a large amount of useful work accomplished, which otherwise could not have been attempted.

The Committee are thankful, however, to acknowledge the kind aid of subscribers and donors to the General Fund, which shows an increase of £210 on the previous year, which they trust will be maintained.

The Committee also desire to convey an expression of their sincere gratitude to all the subscribers to local funds, also to local Superintendents, many of whom are unknown to them personally, but render valuable aid to the work of the Association. Thanks are also due to the Committee of the Religious Tract Society, and the Stirling Tract Enterprise for valuable grants of Tracts, and to the British and Foreign Bible Society for special terms in the supply of their publications.

In conclusion, it must not be overlooked that Colportage has satisfactorily proved itself to be not only the best method of disseminating the Holy Scriptures, and reliable and moral Christian literature, but also an admirable agency for carrying the Gospel to all classes of the people. The Colporteurs are not only book-hawkers, but true Evangelists, who carry the "good tidings" to every house, and utilize every opportunity afforded by their vocation to speak to the heart and conscience of those whom they visit.

The President of the Association, C. H. SPURGEON, remarked, at the last Annual Meeting, that—"Colportage was a necessity of the Christian Church; they must meet bad literature with good. The Colporteur did more than counteract the influence of bad literature; he was the Agent of the Church, and where he could not sell a book he left a tract, thus speaking a word for Christ and comforting and instructing the sick and dying."

Great has been the blessing on these efforts during the past year, and the Association earnestly desires to extend the benefits all over the land.

There are about 2,500 villages visited monthly now; but how many are totally neglected!

We earnestly bespeak your kind aid to further extend our operations.

Below will be found many interesting records of good accomplished, and souls saved.



EXTRACTS FROM COLPORTEURS' LETTERS, REPORTS, &c.

Last year special prominence was given to work done in connection with County Associations, with the result of a considerable increase of Colporteurs being applied for. This year reports are appended from agents in districts where the entire subscription is furnished by one friend.

REPTON, Burton-on-Trent, partially supported by a gentleman who subscribes anonymously.

THE COLPORTEUR THE ONLY SPIRITUAL ADVISER.

Mr. ALLEN, who has laboured in the district for many years, reports success in visitation, specially among the afflicted ;

He writes :—" We have had much sickness and many deaths in this neighbourhood during the past quarter, and, in many cases, my visits have been much blessed to the sick. In the case of an old man whose business life (I am told) had been anything but honourable, I visited him several times, and after a little conversation, each time succeeded either in reading a portion of the Scripture, or praying with him, until, at last, he looked forward to my visits with pleasure ; and about a week before he died told me the doctor had told him he must prepare for another world ; and that was all the advice he had from anybody but myself. I believe he found peace with God, through sins forgiven, before his death."

VISIT TO A BLIND WOMAN.

" Another case, of a poor old blind woman, who seemed to forget the voice of her friends. Just before her death, when I called to see her, she said she was sure it was the postman. After assuring her several times it was me, she said, ' Well, if it is Mr. Allen, pray with me, then I shall know it is him.' I prayed with her ; and when I rose from my knees, she said, ' Ah ! you have comforted me many times, but you will see me no more : I'm dying.' She continued, ' The Lord bless you, and make you a blessing.' A few days later she passed peacefully away."

WITHOUT A BIBLE.

" I have also succeeded in selling four wall texts to the wife of an atheist, and he allows them to be on the wall ; and I have also persuaded two young people (servants) *who had no Bible*, to purchase one each. May God bless his own Word !"

Mr. BEARD, of SWADLINCOTE, is also partly maintained by another anonymous friend, and is useful in attending the market, beside his other Colportage work.

FRITHAM, Hampshire.—Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, of Lyndhurst, kindly supplies the subscription for this district, which embraces some spiritually dark places in the New Forest.

Mr. R. BELLAMY is the Colporteur, and reports :—

HELPING THE ANXIOUS.

" I am thankful that there are still a few encouraging results from my work. Some weeks past I sold a book—' Plain Words for the Anxious '—to an old lady and her grand-daughter. A few days ago I called again at this house, and the young woman

said, 'That is a beautiful book you sold to us last time; we have read it over and over, and it has been a blessing to us, and we are so thankful for it.' I sold them several others this time, and they hoped I would always call and have a word with them."

CONVERSION AT A COTTAGE MEETING.

A NAIL FASTENED BY THE MASTER OF ASSEMBLIES.

"Some ten months ago, at one of our cottage meetings, the Lord gave me much power in prayer, and I was led to pray for one young man's conversion. I felt sure the Lord had driven 'the nail,' and that it was 'sure.' *All left the meeting, but no one came out for salvation.* I looked for many weeks to see this young man come again; but he did not, nor go to a house of prayer for ten months. I tried to sell him books when I saw him; but no: 'I do not want such dry stuff.' And so time passed. I could not speak to him; he would get away from me; but I still looked for his conversion. I was much encouraged one day by what a woman told me. This young man said to her: 'I went to one of Mr. B.'s meetings one night, and he thought he was going to get me converted. He did pray for me, but I did not mean he should have me.' I blessed God for this, and prayed on. A few weeks ago he went to see some friends, and they all went to a meeting together. This was the first since the cottage meeting, ten months ago. Some Christians prayed, and the young man broke down, and sought salvation there and then—came home, and told us he had found Christ. He is now the first at the cottage meeting, and lights the room for the old lady, gets the stools out, and is a bright young Christian. My books are not dry now; he would like them all. The first I sold him since the change was a *Bible*, and the 'King's Son'; and monthly, *The Christian Herald*."

SALVATION BY BOOKS.

GOOD RESULTS FROM THE PENNY BOOKS.

"Some few months ago, a Sunday-school teacher bought two dozen of Penny Stories. He then gave them away in the Sunday-school; the books were taken home by the children, read, and lent to others to read. In one case this was the means of leading the child to seek salvation. This troubled the mother and father, who were very careless people, and never went to any place of worship. They read the book, and became still more troubled about their souls. They then went to a Primitive chapel, and there sought salvation. A few days after, a second child of the same family was brought to the Lord through the little book. The same teacher had tried to get these people to the House of God, but could not; but the little book did it. They are now true, earnest Christian workers and members of the same chapel. This he told me a few days ago. I get much cheered, from time to time, as I go to the homes of the people, and receive a kind hearty welcome from so many, and very often hear them say, 'The Lord bless you in your work, Mr. B——; we are always glad to see you, though we cannot buy many books.'"

HORLEY, Surrey.—Mr. J. J. Tustin, of Burstow Hall, guaranteed £40 for this district, where the work is under the superintendence of Rev. B. Marshall.

Mr. CHILLMAN, the agent, writes:—

"The past few months have not been so eventful as some months are; still, I am thankful to say, I have had manifestations of the Master's blessing in my efforts for His glory in these dark and barren parts. Very truly did our beloved President say to me, at the Conference: 'Yours is a tough district, and no mistake.' And tough it is. Many Christian workers lose heart and also 'turn tail.' But, as my superintendent says, 'Are the villagers to be left without the light, because they are so trying to those who have salvation of souls at heart?'

"And so we work on, pray on, and trust on, and are cheered to know that it is to be 'Well done, good and faithful,' *not* successful servants."

THE COLPORTEUR AS A PREACHER.

"Am thankful to report a case of genuine conversion at Merstham Baptist Chapel, which place I am supplying. At the close of an evening service, a young woman stayed behind for prayer and conversation, expressing herself anxious to find Jesus. I pointed her to the Word, and prayed with her, and soon had the joy of seeing her accept Christ as her own Saviour."

"The young woman referred to above has been received into fellowship at the Lord's table, and gives evidence of becoming an earnest and consistent disciple of Christ."

BOOKS SOLD A COMFORT TO BELIEVERS.

"At Copthorn I learned that the book 'A South Window' has been very much used to bless God's children there, some having been greatly helped and cheered by it, and have recommended it to their friends."

USEFUL CONVERSATION.

"Have just received a letter from a young woman (aged about 20) which commences thus:—'I hope you will excuse my writing, but I feel I must tell you the struggle is over. Christ has won. I cannot thank you enough for your kind words; but He will reward you'; &c., &c."

"This young woman had spoken to me after my service on the Sunday before. She was passing through a very severe temptation, and felt she must surely fall. To make matters worse she was going to spend the next Sunday with her brother, who is an infidel, and she dreaded to encounter him in her present trial. I had a lengthy talk with her, and prayed earnestly and often for her, and, of course, was delighted to have this note from her, and to know Christ had conquered. I thank God that he has made me of great help and comfort to several of his loved ones. To him be the glory, while ours is the blessing."

BETHNAL GREEN.—Messrs. Fox, of Bethnal Green, have for many years generously aided the Association in this locality, with good results.

THE SWEATING SYSTEM.

Mr. A. WAGON, who succeeded Mr. Thorn as Colporteur, reports:—

"Bethnal Green district I find to be an extremely difficult one to work. Very seldom can I get persons to speak at their doors (even where sales are effected), as at nearly every house work is carried on at home under the sweating system, men women, and children being engaged in boot-making and cabinet-making, and time will not and cannot be spared from work. Where I am silent, have prayed that the silent book sold, or tract given, God will bless."

WORK AMONG THE JEWS.

"June 1st.—A Hebrew Christian, who purchased a 'Charlie Coulson' from me at the stall, was blessed by reading same, and ordered two dozen to give away amongst Jews. Obtained numerous signatures to Sunday Closing petition at stall."

RECLAIMING BACKSLIDERS.

"July 10.—During my visiting in Virginia Row, called upon man and wife, who had been members of a Christian Church, spoke to them, and have since had the joy of knowing that they now regularly attend chapel, and the man, when able, the prayer meetings."

DRINKING CLUBS.

"Gave address to Band of Hope. The great curse of this district is the drink; Saturday and Sunday the streets abound with drunken men and women, lads and lasses. Great amount of Sunday drinking owing to the great number of so-called political clubs, and social ditto, all more or less established for drinking purposes."

VILE LITERATURE PREVALENT.

"The visiting in this district is very discouraging, and I have to rely more than ever upon God to bless the printed page, as the opportunities to speak are very rare, and the desires of the people to listen are *nil*."

"I feel justified in doing this, from the fact that there are numerous agencies at work, such as City Missionaries and Bible Women, and some who are especially welcomed because they have something to give, and also *because the vile literature is sold in great numbers round here.*"

CASTLETON, Cardiff.—Mr. John Cory kindly pays the local subscription for this district.

Mr. SABIN, the Colporteur, sends the following report :—

A YEAR'S WORK.

"The report of sales during the year in my district is here appended: Cash sales amount to £107 10s. 2d., and include Bibles, 124; Testaments, 123; Books under Sixpence, 2,816; Books Sixpence and upwards, 788; Books in Packets, 819; Cards in Packets, 1,913; Magazines, 1,317; Scripture Texts, 639; Almanacs, 17. I have also paid to families about 4,370 visits; given addresses or conducted services, 154, and have travelled, mostly by walking, 2,550 miles.

"There have been many proofs during the year of good resulting from each branch of work. For instance, on November 9th, a young man came, with joy in his face, and voluntarily told me that while I was preaching at Marshes Road, he was led to decision for Christ, and having several times since seen him, I am persuaded the change was real. *This is only one among many.* A young man bought one of Kirton's 'Cheerful Home' tracts, and sent it away to a friend of his, who, though a Christian was engaged to be married to a young man who had no love for religion. The result was, that her eyes were opened to the serious error, and she gave up her young man at the cost of much sacrifice of worldly prospect. Several people again and again have testified to the good received through reading Horner's 'Stories for the People,' and other books. Great good has been done this year by visiting the sick and aged."

ILKESTON, Derbyshire.—The subscription for this district was, until recently, paid by the late Mr. W. H. Roberts, a warm and interested friend of the work. A gentleman in New Zealand now continues the contribution.

Mr. ROBERT HALL is the Colporteur. He has been laid aside by severe affliction part of the year, but continues the work with fair success. He writes :—

COLPORTEUR WELCOMED.

"The people in my district all gave me a hearty welcome that I am able to resume my labours once more, and hoped and prayed that by God's blessing I might continue for years to come to be able to visit them, with their best wishes for my temporal and spiritual success in my labours as a colporteur."

HOW TO SELL THE BOOKS.

"October 26th.—Visited 60 families, labouring hard all day without any apparent success. Night came, only sold one book, 'Stray Leaves'; was very much cast down on that account. Called in at a grocer's shop, and pressed proprietor to have a book in my pack. He replied, 'No, you need not be at any trouble, I shan't buy any to-night.' I told him that I had a book or two that would be very suitable for him. He wanted to know what they were. I replied, 'Cheque Book of the Bank of Faith,' and 'Farm Sermons,' by Mr. Spurgeon. I asked him to allow me to just read the portion for to-day. He said, 'You can read if you think well, but I shall not buy to-night.' I read the portion for the 26th; I then sold him three books—'Cheque Book,' 'Farm Sermons,' and 'Golden Alphabet,' by C. H. Spurgeon, amounting to 10s. 6d. My sorrow was turned into joy. I have no spiritual results to report to my knowledge, except that a lady in my district says that when I am dead and gone, the books that I have been able to sell will be blessed to many souls who read them. May it be so in my earnest prayer!"

UXBRIDGE, Middlesex.—The subscription for this district is kindly found by Mr. D. White, and the colporteur is Mr. Samuel Parkes, who sends the following account:—

"As I was standing at the door, and was recommending a book to the woman, I heard a voice from within faintly speaking to her mother as she stood at the door. I then asked the mother if she had someone ill. She then told me it was her daughter that I heard speaking, and that she had been ill a long time. I said, 'If it is convenient to see your daughter, I should be pleased to do so.' She said, 'I will ask her.' I was then invited into the room where the sick person was, and began to speak to her in reference to her soul's salvation. I found that she was in spiritual darkness, and she admitted that she was in an unprepared condition. I then told her of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of his willingness to save all who came to him truly repenting of their sins, and resting entirely upon his finished work for their salvation. As I was speaking to her, she wept bitterly on account of her sins. I then prayed with her, and asked if I might sing with her. She said, 'Oh, yes!' I began to sing that beautiful chorus, 'Only trust him.' Thank God, before I left the room she could trust and rejoice in a sin-pardoning God. The same day I have every reason to believe that the Lord was pleased to use me as an instrument in his hands in pointing another woman to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, for which I feel that I cannot sufficiently praise him.

"At a place called Wetom, a poor old woman, when I began to call at her home, at first would not even listen to a word about Jesus, but delighted in shutting the door in my face, and would steel her heart against the One who had purchased her with his own precious blood. Her home is some distance from the roadside; and had it not been that the love of God had been shed abroad in my heart, I should not have had the desire to continue my calls there. I well remember one day I called, she was not at home. So I put a tract under the door, and then I knelt down on the doorstep, and prayed that God would bless the message to the good of her soul; and I had faith to believe that he would. When I called the next time, I found there was a change. The poor old lady did not shut the door in my face now, but she appeared to be pleased to see me. She had some sad news about her dear husband, who had been called away from her rather suddenly. After listening to her story, I said that I was very sorry for her. I then told her of One who had greater sympathy for her than I could have. I prayed with her, and also sang that beautiful hymn, 'There is a fountain filled with blood,' &c.; and when I came to the chorus, 'I do believe,' &c., she helped to sing as well as she could; and, when we left off singing, she said, 'I do believe that Jesus sets my heart free from sin.' Oh, how the poor old lady did praise the Lord, and thanked me for being so patient with her! It was, indeed, a precious time to my soul. Surely she was brought to Jesus in the eleventh hour of her life, for she is seventy-seven years of age. Whenever I call now, her countenance is lit up with heavenly joy. Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?"

There are several other Colporteurs supported by private donors, whose work is equally interesting, but details cannot now be given. The Subscription required is only £40 per annum.

TABLE OF COLPORTEURS' SALES.

A complete list is impracticable, on account of the number and variety of Books sold; but the following table indicates the number of Books and Periodicals sold in considerable quantities during the year 1889:—

BOOKS.

Bibles... ..	8,782	Books under 6d.	143,513
Testaments (various)	11,379	Books over 6d.	77,200
Mr. Spurgeon's Book Almanack	1,673	„ in Packets	71,185
„ John Ploughman's do.	8,300	Scripture Texts... ..	70,555
„ Books (various)	2,163	Cards in Packets	150,097
Almanacks (various)	7,102		
TOTAL BOOKS AND PACKETS		551,949	

MAGAZINES.

A I, The	4,116	Mothers' Companion	11,253
Adviser	3,809	Mothers' Treasury	5,264
Appeal	2,914	Notes on Scripture Lessons	4,818
Band of Hope	14,085	Old Jonathan	2,163
Child's Own Magazine	6,816	Prize	10,980
Herald of Mercy	3,899	Sunshine	13,819
Baptist Messenger	4,718	Good Tidings	8,841
British Workman	9,932	Chatterbox	5,313
British Workwoman	9,669	Our Darlings	3,019
Child's Companion	7,639	Sword and Trowel	5,037
Children's Friend	13,134	Young England	3,091
Cottager	6,669	Boy's Own Paper	5,568
Family Friend	18,747	Girl's Own Paper	13,402
Friendly Visitor	5,335	Quiver	15,765
Home Words	4,435	Spurgeon's Sermons... ..	17,557
Infants' Magazine	5,018	Sunday at Home	8,794
Mothers' Friend	5,304	Cassell's Family Magazine	3,841
Our Own Gazette	7,124	Miscellaneous Magazines... ..	86,364
Our Little Dots	7,796		
TOTAL MAGAZINES... ..		365,788	

These figures give some idea of the sales made by 84 Colporteurs. In addition to this, they distributed gratuitously upwards of 153,000 Tracts, made about 698,272 visits, and conducted 9,866 gospel services.

Value of Sales from the commencement of the Association:—

£131,490 os. 2d.

LIST OF COLPORTEURS, WITH DISTRICTS,

OCCUPIED DURING 1889.

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT OR GUARANTOR.
Warminster ...	Wiltshire ...	S. King ...	1867	Mr. W. O. Toone.
Swindon ...	Do. ...	B. Slatter ...	1869	W. B. Wearing, Esq.
Ross ...	Herefordshire ...	W. J. Singleton...	1872	Thomas Blake, Esq.
Riddings and Il- keston ...	Derbyshire... ..	Robert Hall ...	1872	Mr. Perriam.
Cheddar ...	Somersetshire ...	E. Garrett ...	1873	Rev. J. B. Field.
Dorking ...	Surrey... ..	H. Witton ...	1873	Mr. O. Peirson.
Maldon ...	Essex	J. Keddie ...	1873	Friends at Maldon.
Cardiff ...	Glamorganshire...	S. Shaw ...	1873	R. Cory, Esq., J.P.
Ryde ...	Isle of Wight ...	H. Mabey ...	1873	Mr. Jacobs.
Minchinhampton .	Gloucestershire ...	W. Ford ...	1874	Rev. W. G. Smith.
Kempsey ...	Worcestershire ...	R. H. Thorn ...	1874	} Local Committee.
Alcester ...	Warwickshire ...	C. Skinner ...	1874	
Evesham ...	Worcestershire ...	T. Boulton ...	1874	
Droitwich ...	Do. ...	J. Wharmby ...	1874	} Southern Baptist Association.
Downton ...	Wiltshire ...	C. Mizen ...	1874	
Brentford ...	Middlesex ...	H. Mears ...	1874	
Wellow ...	Hampshire ...	W. Hodge ...	1874	Southern Baptist Association.
Witney ...	Oxfordshire ...	L. W. Smith ...	1874	Oxfordshire Association.
Stow and Aston ...	Gloucestershire ...	O. Bartlett ...	1875	Mr. J. B. Ransford.
Castleton ...	Glamorganshire...	T. Sabin ...	1876	John Cory, Esq.
Wolverhampton ...	Staffordshire ...	A. Frost ...	1876	Mrs. Thomas Bantock.
Ironbridge ...	Shropshire ...	J. Gilpin ...	1876	A. Maw, Esq.
Pewsey Vale ...	Wiltshire ...	R. Moody ...	1876	Mr. Sharman and Local Committee.
Wincanton ...	Somersetshire ...	A. J. Compton ...	1876	Mr. W. Hannam.
Fritham ...	Hampshire ...	R. Bellamy... ..	1876	R. W. Griffith, Esq.
Lymington ...	Do. ...	G. Botwright ...	1876	Rev. J. Collins.
Ludlow ...	Shropshire ...	S. Cornock ...	1876	James Evans, Esq.
Hadleigh ...	Suffolk ...	E. Paine ...	1876	R. H. Cook, Esq.

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT OR GUARANTOR.
Halesowen and Harborne ... }	Warwickshire ...	A. Gould	1877	Local Committee.
Poole	Dorset	W. Lloyd	1877	} Southern Association.
Salisbury	Wiltshire	T. Richards	1877	
High Wycombe ...	Bucks	D. Witton	1877	Rev. G. Wearham.
Newton Abbot ...	Devon	H. Turner	1877	Josh. Bolton, Esq.
Bower Chalk ...	Salisbury	E. G. Lawson	1877	Mr. Welch.
Gt. Yarmouth ...	Norfolk	W. McDowell	1877	Town Mission, S. W. Page, Esq.
Newbury	Berkshire	H. Grimwood	1878	A. Jackson, Esq.
Pitsea	Essex	M. Frost	1879	Essex Congregational Union.
Bethnal Green ...	Middlesex	A. Wagon	1879	Messrs. Fox. Super., Rev. W. Cuff.
Kettering	Northampton ...	A. Portingall	1879	Rev. J. M. Watson.
Gresley	Derbyshire	R. Beard	1880	Anonymous.
Orpington	Kent	T. Bignell	1880	C. F. Allison, Esq.
Swaffham	Cambridgeshire ...	F. Collier	1880	Cambridge Association.
Repton	Staffordshire ...	J. P. Allen	1880	E. S., Anonymous.
Sandown	Isle of Wight ...	W. Coleman	1881	Major Justin.
Cowes	Do.	W. Salter	1881	Mr. G. Sparks.
Sellindge	Kent	J. W. Andrew	1882	Mr. Sharwood.
Tewkesbury	Gloucestershire ...	J. Hines	1882	Rev. A. Graham.
Thornbury	Do.	C. G. Hicks	1882	Mrs. S. Taylor.
Tring	Herts	J. Appleby	1882	Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School.
Calne	Wilts	{ E. J. Hill and W. New }	1883	J. Chappell, Esq.
Neatishead	Norfolk	W. Slaymaker	1883	Norfolk Association.
Great Totham ...	Essex	T. Bendall	1883	Rev. H. J. Harvey.
Penrkyber	Aberdare	J. W. Kneé	1883	Messrs. J. and R. Cory.
Wendover and Aylesbury ... }	Bucks	J. Smith	1883	J. E. Taylor, Esq.
Meysseyhampton ...	Gloucestershire ...	C. Macey	1884	Captain Milbourn.
Borstal	Kent	E. R. Nearn	1884	Lieut.-Col. Plummer.
Melksham	Wilts	A. Walker	1884	Rev. G. Webb.
Stratford-on-Avon	Warwickshire ...	S. Bartlett	1884	Mr. W. E. Edwards.
St. Luke's	London	E. J. Heath	1885	Rev. E. J. Farley.

Bromley	Kent	W. Hardiman ...	1885	Rev. R. H. Lovell.
Okehampton ...	Devon... ..	G. J. Whiting ...	1886	Mr. R. V. Bray.
Portsmouth Sol- diers' Home ... }	Hants	B. Neal	1886	Miss Robinson.
Thurlow	Suffolk	H. C. Waller ...	1886	Rev. G. Cakebread.
Littledale	Lancashire ...	F. W. Singleton...	1886	J. Dodson, Esq.
Uxbridge	Middlesex	S. Parkes	1886	D. White, Esq.
*Maidenhead ...	Berks		1886	Miss Lassells.
Greenwich	Kent	W. Beer	1886	Rev. C. Spurgeon.
Estover	Devon	H. Cope	1887	H. Serpell, Esq.
Peckham	Surrey... ..	J. Holloway ...	1887	Rev. F. M. Smith.
Langham	Essex	F. Hyatt	1887	R. Scott, Esq.
Somers Town ...	Middlesex	R. Edgson	1887	Miss Griffith.
Boroughbridge ...	Yorkshire	J. Powell	1888	Yorkshire Association.
Burstow	Surrey... ..	W. H. Chillman...	1887	J. J. Tustin, Esq.
Bethnal Green ...	Middlesex	J. Stops	1888	Miss Macpherson, "Home of Industry."
Rendham	Suffolk	W. Bird	1888	Rev. G. Hollier.
St. Margarets ...	Kent	L. W. Reed	1889	Rev. E. J. Edwards }
Cowfold	Sussex... ..	W. Brooker... ..	1889	Rev. J. S. Geale } Kent and Sussex Association.
Hampton Hill ...	Middlesex	F. Cander	1889	Surrey and Middlesex Associations.
Egham	Surrey... ..	H. G. Bird	1889	Ditto ditto
Chard	Somerset	J. Atkins	1889	Western Association.
Corton	Wilts	Thos. Haines ...	1889	Thos. Harris, Esq.
Abercarn	Monmouth	H. J. Cernock ...	1889	D. W. James, Esq.
Barrow	Suffolk	A. Grant	1889	Suffolk Congregational Union.
Gildersome	Yorkshire	John Ford	1889	Mr. Sharpe.
East Church	Sheppey, Kent ...	Jarvis Smith ...	1890	Rev. J. Crompton.
Henfield	Sussex... ..	Chas. Payne	1890	Mr. Johnson.
Chesterton	Cambridge	Chas. Rudd... ..	1890	T. T. Ball, Esq.
Northallerton ...	Yorkshire	F. Fuller	1890	

No. of Districts occupied during 1889 :—84.

* District marked with an asterisk has been discontinued from lack of Local Subscriptions.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS

Received from 1st January to 31st December, 1889.

FOR DISTRICTS.				£ s. d.	Portsmouth District :				£ s. d.	
Abercarn District	10	0	0	Miss Robinson	5	0	0	
Bethnal Green :					Mr. T. Tuffnell	3	10	0	
Mr. C. E. Fox ...	25	0	0		Subscriptions	12	10	0	
Mr. W. R. Fox ...	25	0	0		Mr. T. Hogben	3	0	0	
				50	0				24	0
Rorstall District	60	0	0	Repton and Burton-on-Trent, per E. S.	...	80	0	0	
Brentford, per Mr. Thos. Greenwood	40	0	0	Rendham District, per Rev. J. Hollier	...	20	0	0	
Bromley, Kent, Congl. Church...	...	30	0	0	Ross District, per Mr. Thos. Blake	...	20	0	0	
Burstow and Horley :					Southern Baptist Association	200	0	0	
Per Mr. J. J. Tustin	40	0	0	Stratford-on-Avon District	30	0	0	
Bower Chalk District :					Somers Town, per Miss Griffiths	...	40	0	0	
Miss Hardiman	0	10	0	Sellindge, per Mr. Thos. R—	...	40	0	0	
Mr. Martin	0	10	0	Suffolk Congregational Union, for Gt.					
Mr. Thos. R—	...	5	0	0	Thurlow	40	0	0	
Bower Chalk Baptist Church	5	0	0		Sandown and Ventnor :					
				11	0	Per Colonel Birney	...	9	10	0
Bushton and Corton District :					Per Major Justin	...	20	0	0	
Per Mr. Thos. Harris	10	0	0					29	10
Cambridgeshire Association	40	0	0	St. Luke's, per Rev. E. J. Farley	...	30	0	0	
Castleton, Cardiff, and Penrhiwceiber,					Surrey and Middlesex Association	...	35	8	4	
per Messrs. J. and R. Cory	130	0	0	Tewkesbury District :					
Calne District	37	10	0	Per Mr. Thos. White	...	30	0	0	
Cheddar District :					Per Rev. A. Graham	...	3	0	0	
Per Rev. T. B. Field	4	18	0					33	0
Dorking District	30	0	0	Tring District, per Metropolitan Taber-					
Devon Congl. Union, for Newton Abbot	...	30	0	0	nacle Sunday School	40	0	0	
Essex Congregational Union for Pitsea	...	40	0	0	Thornbury District, per Mrs. S. Taylor	...	5	0	0	
Estover District :					Uxbridge, per Mr. D. White	...	40	0	0	
Per Mr. Serpell	60	0	0	Wolverhampton and Shipley	...	50	0	0	
Fritham, per Mr. Griffith	...	50	0	0	Weston Turville, Friends at	...	5	0	0	
Fairford District :					Wilts and East Somerset Association	...	105	0	0	
Per Captain Millbourn	...	35	0	0	Wendover and Neighbourhood	...	40	0	0	
Great Totham, per Rev. H. J. Harvey	...	42	0	0	Worcestershire Association	...	120	0	0	
Greenwich, per Rev. C. Spurgeon	...	40	0	0	Western Association for Chard District	...	10	0	0	
Great Yarmouth Town Mission...	...	37	10	0	Yorkshire Association for Boro-bridge...	...	40	0	0	
Home of Industry, Bethnal Green	...	30	0	0						
Halesowen District :					Total ...	£2,641	12	11		
Per Mr. C. Clewes	23	8	9	Differences between arrears and ad-					
Harborne, per Mr. Harwood	7	10	0	vances at the beginning and end of					
High Wycombe District :					the year	5	13	8	
Per Rev. G. Wearham	40	0	0						
Ilkeston, per the late Mr. W. H. Roberts	...	20	0	0	See General Account	£2,647	6	7		
Ilkeston and Riddings, per a friend New										
Zealand	40	0	0	GENERAL FUND.					
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale	30	0	0						
Kettering District	40	0	0	Annual Meeting Collection	21	14	0	
Kent and Sussex Association :					Armstrong, Mr. Warrambeen	10	0	0	
For St. Margaret's and Cowfold	...	38	11	0	Boustead, Mr. Ed., Exors. of the late...	...	20	18	4	
Langham, per Mr. R. Scott	...	40	0	0	Britain, North	5	0	0	
Ludlow District :					Banfield, Miss	0	10	0	
Mr. E. Fitzgerald ...	1	0	0		Birt, Miss A. G., Executor of	5	0	0	
Per Mr. Jas. Evans ...	20	0	0		Billing, Mr. J.	1	0	0	
				21	0	Baker, Mrs....	...	2	10	0
Little Dale, per Mr. J. Dodson	40	0	0	Casson, Mr. W.	0	10	0	
Melksham, per Mrs. H. Keevil...	...	40	0	0	Cockrell, Mr. F. H.	5	0	0	
Maidenhead, per Miss Lassells	32	10	0	Cockrell, Mr. F.	0	5	0	
Maldon, friends at...	...	30	0	0	"Christian Herald," Readers of	...	29	7	6	
Minchinhampton District...	...	20	0	0	"Christian, The," Readers of, per					
Newbury District	40	0	0	Messrs. Morgan & Scott	...	4	10	0	
Norfolk Association, Neatishead	...	40	0	0	Coghill, Mr. H.	10	0	0	
Oxfordshire Association :					Cook, Mr. John M.	5	0	0	
Stow and Aston	40	0	0	C. A. M.	25	0	0	
Witney	40	0	0	Councillor J. Crighton, Mr.	...	5	0	0	
				80	0	Dransfield, the Misses	...	1	1	0
Orpington District :					Dalton, the late C. W., Balance					
M. A. H. ...	20	0	0		Residuary Estate	1	15	2	
Mrs. Allison's Bible Class	21	14	10		Drayton, Mrs.	0	10	0	
				41	14	D. E. G., Wilts	0	5	0
Okehampton District	40	0	0	Erin	1	0	0	
Peckham and E. Dulwich, per Mr. Geo.					E. K. G.	20	0	0	
Williams ...	2	2	0		Evans, Mr. Richard	0	7	6	
					Friend, "Hyssop Growing"	...	1	0	0	

	£	s.	d.
Friend A ...	2	0	0
Friend A— ...	0	5	0
Gibson, Mr. J. ...	10	0	0
Gibson, Mr. R. ...	10	0	0
Gunn, Mrs. ...	10	0	0
Gardiner, Mrs. ...	2	2	0
Howard, Mr. W. ...	1	0	0
Hector, Mr. John ...	1	0	0
H. A. B. ...	1	0	0
Hall, Mr. A. ...	1	1	0
Howard, Mr. W. ...	1	0	0
Heelas, Mr. D. ...	1	0	0
Hackney, A Friend ...	2	2	0
H. E. S. ...	10	0	0
Hassall, Mrs. ...	1	0	0
Hadfield, Miss ...	5	0	0
H. B. ...	50	0	0
Jacob, Mr. E. W. ...	0	5	0
Jones, Mr. W. ...	5	0	0
Kingerlee, Mr. G. ...	1	0	0
Knott, Mrs. ...	1	1	0
Kenderdine, Dr., per Pastor Thomas			
Spurgeon ...	5	0	0
Lang, Rev. W. L., and Mrs. ...	2	2	0
Lister, Mr. John ...	2	0	0
L. K. D. ...	0	10	0
Macfie, Mr. W. A. ...	1	0	0
McKinnon, Mr. P. ...	10	0	0
Mackenzie, Mrs. ...	5	0	0
M. W. R. ...	1	1	0
Miller, Mr. and Mrs. ...	1	0	0
Mounsey, Mr. E. ...	2	0	0
Mouston, Mr. John ...	3	0	0
Mainwaring, Mr. William ...	0	10	6
Mills, Mr. Walter ...	3	0	0
Memory, in loving... ..	50	0	0
M. C. S. F. ...	0	10	0
M. R. ...	1	0	0
Newell, Mr. E. ...	2	10	0
New Zealand ...	3	0	0
Osmond, Mr. H. ...	4	0	0
Owens, Mr. T. G. ...	5	0	0
O. B., per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Olney, Mr. William, 1888-9 ...	2	2	0
Olney, Mrs. John ...	2	2	0
Olney, Mr. Thomas H. ...	10	0	0
Parlane, Mr. W. ...	10	0	0
Perren, Mr. A. ...	8	0	0
Priestley, Mr. J. G. ...	2	0	0
Postal Order, New Bond Street ...	0	10	0
Raybould, Mrs. ...	3	0	0
Roberts, Mr. C. W. ...	2	0	0
Roberts, Mr. W. H., Executors of the late ...	100	0	0
R. P. ...	10	0	0
Sixty Eight ...	1	0	0
Sisters two ...	0	10	0
Stockwell Orphanage Young Christian's Band ...	0	4	6
Todd, Mr. A. ...	2	10	0
Thomas, Mr. R. ...	15	0	0
T. G. T., Birkenhead ...	5	0	0
Thankoffering, A ...	0	10	0
Thankoffering, A ...	0	5	0
Townsend, Mrs. ...	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
T. A. ...	0	5	0
Valuation Fee, part ...	5	0	0
V. S. ...	2	0	0
York, Mrs. ...	0	10	0
Wilson, Mrs. ...	1	0	0
Webb, Mrs. ...	0	10	0
Websdale, Mrs., per J. T. D. ...	1	0	0
Wharmby, Mr. J., a Friend, per	0	10	0
Watcham, Mrs. ...	1	10	0
Williamson, Mrs. ...	0	15	0
Wakeling, Mr. Henry ...	3	11	6
Watts, Mr. and Mrs. ...	0	5	0
Ward, Miss, collected ...	0	3	0
Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Henry ...	1	1	0
Willcox, Mr. W. N. ...	1	1	0
Sums under ss. ...	0	15	0

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Buswell, Mr. J., for 1888 ...	1	1	0
Bilborough, Mrs. B. P., 1888-9 ...	2	2	0
Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. ...	1	1	0
Brayne, Mr. E. ...	0	10	6
Calder, Mr. G. A. ...	5	0	0
Cook, Mr. J. J. ...	1	1	0
Cassell & Co., Limited, Messrs. ...	2	2	0
Ell, Mr. W. H. ...	1	1	0
Frearson, Mr. H. B. ...	15	0	0
Fox, Mr. W. ...	5	0	0
Fox, Mr. C. E. ...	5	0	0
Fox, Mr. W. R. ...	5	0	0
Fishwick, Mr. F. ...	2	2	0
Hodder & Stoughton, Messrs., 1888-9 ...	4	4	0
Harrison, Mr. W. ...	1	1	0
Izard, Mr. W. W. ...	2	2	0
Jenkins, Mrs. ...	1	1	0
Kent, Messrs. W. & Co. ...	1	1	0
Lloyd, Mr. F. W. N. ...	10	0	0
Liberty, Mr. Chas. ...	0	10	0
Marshall, Mr. ...	1	1	0
Macdowall, Miss E. M. ...	2	0	0
Macgregor, Mr. W. G., 1888-9 ...	2	2	0
Norris, Miss ...	0	10	6
Newman, Miss ...	5	0	0
Newman, The Misses A. and E. ...	2	0	0
Parry, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. ...	0	10	0
Powell, Mr. John ...	1	1	0
Payne, Mr. W. ...	1	1	0
Penston, Miss ...	0	10	6
Palmer, Mr. George, J. P. ...	20	0	0
Partridge, S. W., & Co., Messrs. ...	2	2	0
Passmore, Rev. J., Junior ...	1	1	0
Rouse, Rev. G. H., M.A. ...	1	1	0
Rodgers, Mr. J. J. ...	1	1	0
Stiff, Mr. J., 1888-9 ...	2	2	0
Satchell, Mr. G. F. ...	2	0	0
Spurgeon, Rev. J. A. ...	0	10	6
Stevens, Mrs. E. ...	0	5	0
Tucker, Mrs. E. H. ...	0	5	0
Thompson, Mr. F. ...	1	1	0
Waters, Mr. C. ...	1	1	0
Wayre, Mr. W. ...	1	1	0

Total ... £715 19 0

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

Dr.		General Account, December 31st, 1889.						Cr.		
		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Colporteurs—										
Wages		5,149	4	3						
Expenses		433	5	10						
New Packs and Repairs		30	0	0						
		<hr/>			5,612	10	1			
To Dépôt and General Expenses—										
Salaries—Secretary and Assistants		562	15	0						
Printing, Stationery, and Annual Reports		36	15	3						
Postage and Telegrams		27	6	1						
Cleaning and Sundries		7	11	11						
Advertising and Travelling		10	1	6						
Annual Meeting and Conference		18	16	10						
		<hr/>			663	6	7			
		<hr/>			£6,275	16	8			

Balance Sheet, December 31st, 1889.

To Creditors—		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
District Subscriptions (in advance) ...	96	13	4				
Publishers, Printers, &c. ...	1,484	1	1				
				1,580	14	5	
To Capital Account—							
Balance, December 31st, 1888 ...	5,330	5	0				
Balance Deficiency, December 31st, 1889 ...	629	15	11				
				4,700	9	1	
				£6,281	3	6	

By Stock—		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
At Depôt ...	531	2	9				
With Colporteurs ...	1,249	13	7				
				1,780	16	4	
By Debtors—							
Colporteurs' Balances (in transit)	658	16	5				
Book Agents' ...	16	16	0				
District Subscriptions (due) ...	217	11	8				
				893	4	1	
By Investment—							
Victoria 4 % Stock ..				1,200	0	0	
By Cash—							
At Bankers and on Deposit ...	2,377	3	1				
With General Secretary ...	30	0	0				
				2,407	3	1	
				£6,281	3	6	

W. CORDEN JONES, General Secretary.
April, 1890.

Examined with vouchers and found correct.

JAMES A. SPURGEON,
BENJN. WILDON CARR. } Auditors.



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

AUGUST, 1890.

God Confessed by the famous African Explorer.

A BRIEF NOTE BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE two volumes of Mr. Stanley's new book will be viewed from different points, and judged accordingly.* In any case they will be read, and will be remarked upon; for they are not of the chip in the porridge order, weak and flavourless. To us, as men, they have the same interest as to others; but we feel that, as Christians, they have a special and touching charm for us, since they reveal the power of God over his forgetful creatures, and his readiness to hear and answer their prayers.

Unbelief sits enthroned in the high places of the earth. The philosophers sneer at the notion that prayer is of avail with heaven; in fact, they know no heaven, and believe in nothing but their own wisdom. Foolish persons are informed that the discoveries of scientists have made faith in such things as a Bible, a Providence, and a mercy-seat, altogether impossible to practical minds! The effect is staggering to them. And yet infidelity cannot have it all its own way. From unlooked-for quarters come testimonies to spiritual facts, and declarations from actual experience of the power of prayer with the Lord God. It must be very awkward for sceptics and agnostics: it certainly is very cheering to believers.

In the case of the famous Stanley, it came upon us with startling effect, when we read, in his prefatory letter to Sir William Mackinnon, the following sentences:—

“You who throughout your long and varied life have steadfastly believed in the Christian's God, and before men have professed your devout

* In *Darkest Africa*. By Henry M. Stanley. Sampson Low, Marston and Co.

thankfulness for many mercies vouchsafed to you, will better understand than many others the feelings which animate me when I find myself back again in civilization, uninjured in life or health, after passing through so many stormy and distressful periods. Constrained at the darkest hour to humbly confess that without God's help I was helpless, I vowed a vow in the forest solitudes that I would confess his aid before men. A silence as of death was round about me; it was midnight; I was weakened by illness, prostrated with fatigue, and worn with anxiety for my white and black companions, whose fate was a mystery. In this physical and mental distress I besought God to give me back my people. Nine hours later we were exulting with a rapturous joy. In full view of all was the crimson flag with the crescent, and beneath its waving folds was the long-lost rear column."

We thought it would interest those of our readers who cannot spare two guineas if we gathered out of the narrative some of the points in which the traveller came into personal dealings with the Lord our God. We wish we had met with some words about the Mediator, and the sacrifice for sin; but possibly a book of travels might not very readily allow the writer to bring into relief those grand and saving truths. Of course, an advanced believer in the Lord Jesus would have revealed his confidence, unconsciously, if in no other manner; but we may not expect so much from one whose personal communion with God has but newly commenced. Our expectation is that out of a real and practical discovery of the goodness of God there will come a deeper conviction and a clearer view of the atoning blood, and so the believer in God in the matter of daily providence will rise into a truster in the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This, at any rate, is the way in which the believing mind is sure to lean. The God who teaches one truth to experience will reveal the rest, "from faith to faith."

Here is an interesting record:—

"On the 7th of October (1887), we began at 6.30 a.m. to commence that funeral pace through the trackless region on the crest of the forest uplands. We picked up fungi, and the *matonga* wild fruit, as we travelled, and after seven hours' march, we rested for the day. At eleven a.m., we had halted for lunch, at the usual hour. Each officer had economized his rations of bananas. Two were the utmost that I could spare for myself. My comrades were also as rigidly strict and close in their diet. . . . We were sitting conversing about our prospects . . . and they desired to know whether, in my previous African experiences, I had encountered any so grievous as this?

" 'No; not quite so bad as this,' I replied. 'We have suffered; but not to such an extremity. . . we had a little of something, and, at least, large hope. The age of miracles is past, it is said; but why should they be? Moses drew water from the rock at Horeb for the thirsty Israelites. Of water we have enough and to spare. Elijah was fed by the ravens at the brook Cherith; but there is not a raven in all this forest. Christ was ministered unto by angels. I wonder if any one will minister unto us?'

"Just then there was a sound as of a large bird whirring through the air. Little Randy (my fox-terrier) lifted up a foot and gazed enquiringly; we turned our heads to see, and that second the bird dropped beneath the jaws of Randy, who snapped at the prize, and held it fast, as in a vice of iron. 'There, boys,' I said, 'truly the gods are gracious. The age of miracles is not past'; and my comrades were seen gazing in delighted surprise at the bird, which was a fine fat guinea fowl. It was not long before the guinea-fowl was divided, and Randy, its captor, had his lawful share; and the little

doggie seemed to know that he had grown in esteem with all men ; and we enjoyed our prize, each with his own feelings."

The expression used was an awkward one when he spoke of "the gods"; but it was probably only a hasty mode, such as the black men would themselves have used. We see more of Stanley himself, and learn more of his religious habits, as we read further on—

"Before turning in for the night, I resumed my reading of the Bible, as usual. I had already read the book through from beginning to end once, and was now at Deuteronomy for the second reading, and I came unto the verse wherein Moses exhorts Joshua in those fine lines, 'Be strong and of a good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them: for the Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee; he will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.' I continued my reading, and at the end of the chapter closed the book, and from Moses my mind travelled at once to Mazambori. Was it great fatigue, incipient ague, or an admonitory symptom of ailment, or a shade of spiteful feeling against our cowardly four, and a vague sense of distrust that at some critical time my loons would fly? We certainly were in the presence of people very different from the forest natives. In the open our men had not been tested as they were to-day, and what my officers and self had seen of them was not encouraging. At any rate, my mind was not occupied with a keener sense of the danger incurred by us in adventuring with such a small force of cowardly porters to confront the tribes of the grass land than I remember it on any previous occasion. It seemed to me now that I had a more thorough grasp of what might be expected. Whether it followed a larger visual view of land and population, or that I was impressed by the volume of human voices, whose uproar yet seemed to sound in my ear, I know not. But a voice appeared to say, 'Be strong and of a good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them.' I could almost have sworn that I heard the voice. I began to argue with it. Why do you adjure me to abandon the Mission? I cannot run if I would. To retreat would be far more fatal than to advance; therefore your encouragement is unnecessary. It replied, nevertheless, 'Be strong and of a good courage. Advance, and be confident; for I will give this people and this land unto thee. I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee; fear not, nor be dismayed.'"

It is not easy for the reader to put himself into the traveller's position; and yet everything in his estimate of the man's faith will depend upon his power of realizing the surroundings of it, and the kind of man to whom it had come. That which was nothing less than heroic in a man suffering from starvation, and surrounded by scores of perishing men, may seem almost commonplace to the gentleman who reads about it in the ease of his study. A cold-blooded theologian might severely criticize expressions which the God of grace interpreted in love. We confess that these passages impress us, and cause our heart to rise in reverent thankfulness to the great Father of spirits, who reveals himself to men in the hour of their distress.

Here is another extract in which we see the fulfilment of that ancient word, "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

"We mustered every soul alive in the camp on the morning of the 15th. Sadi, the Manyuena headman, reported fourteen of his people unable to travel; Kibbobora reported his sick brother as being the only person of his party too sick to move; Fundi had a wife and a little boy too weak for the journey. The expedition was obliged to leave twenty-six. Forty-three persons verging on dissolution, unless food could be procured within

twenty-four hours. Assuming a cheery tone, though my heart was well-nigh breaking, I told them to be of good courage, I was going to hunt up the absentees, who, no doubt, were gorging themselves; most likely I should find them on the road, in which case they would have to run all the way. Meantime, pray for my success. God is the only one who can help you! We set out at 1 p.m. on our return journey towards Ngwetza. . . . We travelled until night, and then threw ourselves on the ground, each silent and sad, and communing with his own thoughts. Vain was it for me to seek for that sleep which is 'the balm of hurt minds.' Too many memories crowded about me; too many dying forms haunted me in the darkness; my lively fancies were too distorted by dread, which painted them with dismal colours; the stark forms lying in links along the path, which we had seen that afternoon in our tramp, were things too solemn for sudden oblivion. . . . The poor hearts around me were too heavy to utter naught but groans of despair; the fires were not lit, for there was no food to cook—my grief was great. . . . The sigh of the wind through the crowns of the thick, black bush seemed to sigh and moan, 'Lost! lost! lost! Thy labours and grief are in vain. Comfortless days upon days; brave lives are sobbing their last; man after man roll down to the death, to mildew and rot, and thou wilt be left alone!'

"'Allah ho Akbar,' was the cry that rang through the gloom, from a man with a breaking heart. The words went pealing along through the dark, and they roused the echoes of 'God is great!' within me. Why should a Moslem recall a Christian to thoughts of his God? 'Ye fools, when will ye be wise? He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? he that formed the eye, shall he not see?' And, lo! worthier thoughts possess the mind, the straining of the eyes through the darkness is relaxed, and the sight is inverted to see dumb witnesses of past mercies on this or that forgotten occasion; one memory begets another, until the stubborn heart is melted, and our needs are laid as upon a tablet before the Great Deliverer. Towards morning I dozed, to spring up a few hours later, as the darkness was fading, and a ghostly light showed the still groups of my companions. 'Up, boys, up! to the plantains! up! Please God, we shall have plantains to-day!' This was uttered to cheer the sad hearts. Within a few minutes we had filed away from our earthy couches, and were on the track in the cheerless light of the morning, some hobbling from sores, some limping from ulcers, some staggering from weakness. We had commenced to feel warmed up with the motion of the march, when, hark! I heard a murmur of voices ahead. Little Saburi held the rifle ready, observant of the least sign of the hand, when I saw a great pile of green fruit rising above the broad leaves of the phrynica, that obstructed a clear view, and intuitively one divined that this must be the column of foragers advancing to meet us; and in a second of time, the weak, the lame, and the cripple, the limping and moaning people forgot their grief and their woes, and shouted the grateful chant which goes up of its own accord towards the skies out of the sensitive hearts, 'Thanks be to God!' Englishman and African, Christian and Pagan, all alike confess him. He is not here or there, but everywhere, and the heart of the grateful man confesseth him."

We have not quoted these passages as though boasting that Stanley had become an advocate of orthodox views. We do not conclude that he has reached that point. We rejoice to see faith in God, resort to prayer, and gratitude acknowledging the Lord's gracious answer. Faith has grown scarce on the earth, and yet nothing great and good is ever done without it. God has decreed that the dark continent shall not be explored without a measure of faith in the breast of the bravest of its pioneers. If divines become doubters, the Lord will find believers among explorers; and these shall go into the darkness of Africa, that

they may see the light of his presence. Munzo Park was comforted by the Lord by a tiny morsel of moss, and Livingstone was preserved by him when most people gave him up for lost; and now, from the awful gloom of endless forests, Stanley cries unto the living God, and lives to bear witness to the faithfulness of the prayer-hearing Jehovah.

Our courage fails not for the cause of faith—we mean the cause of God. He is the Creator of faith, and he will not cease to raise up believers who shall bear witness to his name. These may have many imperfections, as had Gideon, and Jephthah, and Samson, but the possession of faith in God ennobled them, and made them of another race than godless men of the world. Their follies were to be deplored, for they were but men; but their faith was all the more remarkable, since it made such faulty ones to be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. Faith is the evidence of a life which sees the invisible, and grasps the spiritual. It may be found in connection with much that is erroneous in thought and wrong in act; but it is of a purifying and elevating character, and is man's wing by which he rises to higher and better things. Given faith and you have the beginning of all the graces, the germ of perfection. In itself it is a virtue, and it becomes the mother of virtues. Because it came from God it knows its Creator, and all its breathings are after him. Love cannot be far behind where faith leads the way; and after love comes gratitude, and then obedience, and consecration, and holiness, are sure to follow. In bearing his testimony to God and prayer, Stanley has done more good to the world than could have been wrought by a thousand down-grade discourses, and we even venture to say that God has received more true worship from the utterances we have quoted than from all the organs that ever pealed forth their wind-made music beneath the vaulted roofs of cathedrals and temples. The sigh of a wearying heart is a grander thing than the choicest product of mechanical skill; but the song of the believing soul is most sweet to the ear of God. May the Lord who has brought an intrepid spirit humbly to bow before him, lead him trustfully to rejoice in salvation through the Son of God!

Make a Good Job of Me.

IN the *War Cry* there is a picture of a man kneeling at a table, and praying, "*Lord, make a good job of me.*" The words are rough enough, but the meaning is in many respects admirable. The poor man feels that he is a failure, and that he needs new making. His feeling is that none but the Lord can accomplish the necessary renewal. His fear is lest he should not have the full work wrought upon him, and that his conversion should not be thorough and complete. He has no need to fear that the Lord would not operate effectively, for the great Worker never leaves his work half done. Still, the very fear of being but partly sanctified shows his earnestness and his desire to be truly and fully converted from the error of his ways.

There are some professors who have need to offer a similar petition, for as yet they are no great credit to their religion. Lifeless, questionable religion is poor stuff. Oh, that the Lord would make a good job of some of our church-members!—C. H. S.

The Christian Community—Past and Present.

II.—THE BETHNAL GREEN FREE LIBRARY.

(Continued from page 368.)

THE lower part of the building, erected by the Christian Community in London Street, Bethnal Green, is occupied as a mission-station; but the upper part serves as a free library and reading-room, the history of which is, in all respects, a remarkable story. When the ratepayers' vote, as to whether the Libraries Act should be adopted in the parish, was taken, it was a very natural thing that the already over-taxed people should reject it, feeling that their burdens were already as much as they could bear. Statistics that have come from other quarters have also shown that free libraries, when supported by the rates, and managed by parish officials, are not always unmixed blessings. Where infidel, or otherwise pernicious, books are not actually introduced, the preponderance of fiction supplied and asked for by the readers makes some of these institutions of very questionable benefit. Our own notion is, therefore, that for the popular free library to attain to its best, it must be a private enterprise, under Christian management. Those who are responsible for the whole business must feel that they are not hampered by being subject to an adverse popular vote, nor by being answerable to people of inferior principles to themselves. This is the happy state of the rapidly-growing Bethnal Green Free Library. It is a development of missionary enterprise, and is managed accordingly. When the start was made, fifteen years ago, with about five hundred books, no one could have foreseen whereunto the thing would grow; for the library now consists of more than thirty thousand volumes. The books, which are really a rich collection, are not allowed to be taken away, but are available in the reading-room for all comers.

The beginning of this institution, soon after the passing of the Public Libraries Act, is interesting. There were certain Christian gentlemen, including Dr. Tyler, and his brother, Sir James Tyler, the present Lord Kinnaird, and Mr. F. A. Bevan, who subscribed towards the putting up of a building for the benefit of the poor of Bethnal Green; and this was at length erected in London Street, near that junction of the Great Eastern Railway which, a generation ago, was called Mile-End. In the old days Mile-End was a straitened little station, surrounded by squalid streets, such as the friends of the poor looked upon with hopeless dismay. Of late, a change has come over the spirit of the scene. The broadened railway, with its extensive station, has let more air into the over-crowded quarter; and here, as in other places, there is a tendency for rows of cottages, put up when land was less valuable, to give place to immense piles of buildings, called model dwellings. In outward appearance the change is for the better; but the people who are still there sadly need that very much shall be done for them by Christian friends. Hence the action of the gentlemen already named, who put up the building, which has since been used by the Christian Community, who stocked the library with five hundred volumes. It was confessedly an experiment that was being tried, and it was by no means

certain whether the new house of entertainment would successfully compete with those low and debasing pastimes to which the people had been accustomed. The enterprise soon succeeded beyond all expectation. Authors, publishers, and others, from the Queen downwards, sent their books, until the five hundred became more than twenty thousand. The reading-room soon became well filled of an evening; and large congregations were attracted to the scientific and other lectures. The library, with its classes and lectures, and with its special opportunities for technical study, thus became something like a local university. Meanwhile, its growth and extended usefulness were, in large measure, owing to the energy and perseverance of Mr. G. F. Hilcken, the librarian, whose requests for books have met with a general all-round response. Though associated with the Christian Community, the library is regarded as a distinct institution, which issues a separate report annually, each successive number of which bears testimony to its surprisingly rapid growth. In point of fact, the books have quite outgrown the shelves provided for them, and the desire of the managers is now to provide, at a cost of £20,000, a larger building, on a more eligible site. Who can estimate the benefits which such a literary lighthouse as this will confer on the densely-peopled district of Bethnal Green and Whitechapel? It will be nothing less than a People's Palace, conducted on Christian principles, apart from which such institutions are by no means an unmingled blessing.

We have been interested in taking notice of the different classes of readers who make use of this free library. To see this miniature British Museum Reading-room to the greatest advantage, it must be visited in the evening, when the day's work is over, and when, in an atmosphere of light and warmth, such as most of the readers could not enjoy at home, they feel no restraint, while they find the most wholesome of recreation. The reading really begins in the street, before eight o'clock in the morning, when the advertisement-sheets of the morning papers are posted outside the building for the benefit of persons out of employment. Throughout the day those who have no work can while away the hours here more profitably than they would do at a street-corner, or in a public-house, and better tastes will be formed for better days. In the evening, many of the readers will find what they want in magazines and newspapers; but others, we are glad to find, aim higher. There are people who come here who really read for a purpose, and choose standard works, the field of selection being as extensive as they could desire. There are young people who are bent on improving their knowledge of languages and of sciences; while others engaged in trade are equally desirous of acquiring a technical education. Students of this latter class have access to all the Specifications from the Patent Office, as well as to other works, making the advantages much the same as those offered by South Kensington. Thus, the Library, with its ample stores of reference-books, classes for improvement in the arts and sciences, and what may be called University lectures by eminent specialists in their several departments, is hardly less than a literary store-house, or local university for the common people. Even the illiterate are not proof against its attractions. As might be expected, a large proportion of the more elderly of the people cannot read at all;

but even these find pleasure in looking at pictures in the illustrated newspapers and magazines. These are the grown-up babies of the community, and they are what they are through the gross neglect of former generations.

This work of the Free Library is quite a new departure in the general operations of the Christian Community; but the rapid growth of the enterprise, and the spread of its good influence in many directions, seem to tell that greater things may be expected in the future than in the past. What Wesley would have thought of all that is being undertaken, we cannot say; but we believe that the outlook would have gladdened his heart. It is education throughout viewed as supplementary to the earnest evangelistic work which is always in progress. No attempt is made to provide mere amusement for the people, much less would the managers tolerate anything like those frivolous entertainments which in many churches seem to be superseding the week-night services. They never forget that theirs is a Christian mission to the common people.

That the Library is directly and indirectly useful to a large number of persons might be illustrated in various ways. In one instance, there were three young men who were church members, and who were desirous of entering upon Christian work suited to their talents. They were invited to teach in the Sunday-school, and especially to join a band of preachers who proclaimed the gospel in the open air. There were difficulties in the way of their preaching, because, if done at all, the work needed to be done well, and the young men had no books. Because they were thus unable to qualify themselves, their first thought was to decline the work; but being directed to the Bethnal Green Free Library, they there found all the books which they needed, and thus gradually qualified themselves for any Christian work which offered itself. They became not only successful preachers in the open air, and earnest Sunday-school teachers, but they were recognized as the most active and successful of their class in the region.

A City Missionary who is at work in the neighbourhood assures us, that the benefits arising from a free library in such a poor quarter cannot be over-estimated. That same friend has made very careful enquiries in and about Bethnal Green; and, according to his calculations, he finds that eighty per cent. of the adult population are either unable to read at all, or they can only painfully spell out the words with less intelligence than a child would do in the second standard. Still, while the education of the young is now general, there is a greater desire after knowledge on the part of their elders than was the case when universal ignorance and neglect were the rule. It is found that, through their attending the reading-room to look at illustrated papers, even imperfectly-educated men have desires after knowledge, until, in time, they master the art of reading, and then go on to become fairly well educated. In all cases of this kind, the morals of the men are found to improve, and their homes become the gainers also. In judging of such people, we have to take their disadvantages into account. The majority of them live in single rooms, and, in that case, the home cannot but be very comfortless. What should we do in their case when the only choice was between a forbidding room and the public-house?

The warm and cheerful reading-room of the Free Library offers just what is wanted, and just what these poor fellows gratefully accept. When once they are attracted into this congenial atmosphere the missionary assures us that "they are soon weaned from public-houses, and their social condition rapidly improves."

But if the Free Library is a help to such grown-up persons as never enjoyed any school advantages in their youth, it is of still greater benefit to working lads after they have left the Board Schools. Such of these as desire to go on improving in education find in the reading room their only study, and there they get the books which will help them, which would otherwise be out of their reach. Those young persons who thus turn their leisure to account instead of idling their time away, as they might be tempted to do, reap very substantial benefit. Many instances might be quoted by way of illustration.

The first example we are enabled to give appears to us to be no less striking than encouraging. A poor boy of the name of W—— was one of ten children, and his friends had no better home than a single room in a cottage near the library. This room was partitioned, and was not only uncomfortable, but was a deplorable-looking place altogether. Despite all disadvantages, young W—— showed a great desire to improve in learning; and as he could not study at home, he gladly became a regular attendant at the library as a student. His progress in the art of drawing was so rapid that, at length, he was able to take a situation in a city house as a draughtsman. The result has been that W—— has not only made a position for himself, but he has assisted his parents and their large family, and raised them from a condition of hopeless poverty to a state of comparative comfort. In the future such a youth will probably make his mark; but he will always recognize in the Free Library the school which, in the good providence of God, enabled him to escape from the bondage of grinding poverty.

There was another young lad named James W——, who, through an accident in infancy, lost his left leg, and whose father, as a poor dock-labourer, was able to do little for him. The family were very badly off, and poorer than they would otherwise have been, because their afflicted son was unable to undertake any kind of manual labour. The lad was, however, very persevering in improving his mind, and like the young fellow to whom we just referred, he showed a great talent for drawing. The Library afforded him just such an opportunity for study as he needed, and in time he became quite skilful in his favourite art. According to the last news we heard of this crippled lad, it was expected that on account of his proficiency a situation would be found for him in which he would be enabled to earn a livelihood, notwithstanding his wanting a principal limb. Surely it is a legitimate thing, as an auxiliary of evangelistic work, in this way to encourage the poor to help themselves.

Whatever is done, is done in a Christian spirit, and whether in the reading-room, at the classes, or at the lectures, all must come within Christian influence. This influence extends not only to the young, but to the more intelligent of the working-men of the neighbourhood, who bear grateful testimony to the boon which, in their case, the Free Library presents.

In one instance, a youth who had attended the shorthand class sent a post-card to tell that the instruction received had been of permanent benefit to him. "As an old pupil of your own," he remarked, "I thought it would be interesting to you to know that I am now engaged in teaching the shorthand classes at the Webb Institute, Oxford University Club, Bethnal Green. I must thank you for taking such pains in my education, and for teaching such good outlines. I am enabled to write from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty words per minute, and I think my progress has been so far satisfactory, considering that I knew absolutely nothing of shorthand when you first took me in hand."

The more we look into the working of such an institution, the more shall we admire the shrewd foresight of Dr. Tyler, Mr. F. A. Bevan, and others, who found the means wherewith to give practical expression to the idea. There is no truckling to the world by dragging religion in the mire. So far is this from being the case, that we should be glad if those who think that they can advance religion by pandering to a taste for theatrical entertainments could learn a wholesome lesson from the present management of the Bethnal Green Free Library. Such an institution produces an impression in favour of pure religion which is both lasting and far-reaching. The people are made to see that Christians are not afraid of light, but wish the common people to be instructed: this tends to keep them from the nets of infidels, who try to catch men's souls in the entanglements of false science. Let us also remember, that if such supplementary educational work is not undertaken by Christian people it will be done by others who will not be at all scrupulous as regards the means used for gaining an ascendancy over the working classes. Secularism, or unbelief, is actively at work on every side; it has its preachers, tract distributors, and, although it seems too horrible to be believed, we have even heard of infidel Sunday-schools. At all events, we all know that infidelity is seeking, by every seductive bait, to attract the working classes, and make them reject the Bible. It has its clubs, which, by encouraging Sunday drinking, are even more demoralizing than ordinary beershops; it has its lectures, its reading-rooms, and other attractions. In a word, it is seeking to extend its empire by methods which are a copy of those adopted by Christianity itself.

In such an institution as the Bethnal Green Free Library, we have that which is at once aggressive and counteractive, and which, taking it altogether, is a fitting complement of that earnest evangelical mission carried on, both by night and by day, by the Christian Community in one of the most crowded quarters of London. The Community, by its varied enterprise, is keeping pace with the times in the best sense; for whether by education, or by direct preaching of the gospel, the aim is to bring the common people from their native bondage into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

G. H. P.

Mr. Chamberlain's Story of Himself and Mike and the Fruit-pickers.

ONE Sunday afternoon we went to hold a gospel meeting among the fruit-pickers, a somewhat difficult task ; for most of them were Roman Catholics. On the way to the field, we overtook a tall Irishman carrying a stone bottle and a large can of beer. " Good afternoon," said I, " will you be good enough to tell me where to find the fruit-pickers ? " " Fat should yer be afther wanting thim for ? " said he. " Oh, I've got some good news for them, that's all." " Fat news ? " " Oh, news from a far country called heaven, and its King, Jesus. I want to tell them how to get there." " It's religion you'll be afther talking to us, is it ? Shure, an' I can tell yer more about that than ye iver knew, or are iver likely to know ; but come on wid ye, I'll take yer to 'em, and tell yer about the Blessed Virgin as we go along. He picked up his can and bottle, and started off at a good pace. I walked beside him, and he began some confused talk about saints and the Virgin ; but it did not last long, for in a few minutes we arrived at the place we sought ; and getting through the hedge, and walking about twenty paces, we were among the huts. People were sitting in groups, some chatting, some cooking their dinners, others lying down sleeping. " Here's a live gintleman I've brought yer," says my guide, introducing me to the pickers. " He says he's going to tell yer some good news, mates, and begorra, if he don't, let him look out ! " and shaking his great fist at me, he said, " Now, have yer say." " All right," said I, trying to be brave, and silently seeking God's help, " we'll have a song first, if you have no objection " ; and without giving them time to object, I started singing, with a good deal of tremolo in my voice (No. 51, Sankey's)—

" I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true,
It satisfies my longing
As nothing else can do."

By the time I had finished this verse, the people had gathered around me, forming quite a decent congregation, and were fairly quiet, save an ejaculation here and there, such as " Who's he ? " " He's going to make a collection, I s'pose ! " " Hold yer row ! " " He can do it, he can ; go on, gov'ner " ; so I went on.

" I love to tell the story,
More wonderful, it seems,
Than all the golden fancies,
Or all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me ;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee."

My big Irish friend now jumped up from his seat on a fruit-basket, and throwing up his long arms, shouted, "Hould on, gov'ner! Hould on a bit, while I talk to yer"; and, coming up to me, and taking hold of my arm roughly, and glaring at me with his blear eyes, said, "Are you a godly man—eh? Tell me, are you a godly man?" "Well, yes; I hope so," said I, looking him fearlessly in the face—"Are you?" "Shure, an' I am, thin," said he; "are you shure you are? because nothing will hurt a godly man; he can pick up snakes, and they won't bite him; or pick up fire in his hands, and it won't burn him; are you sure you're a godly man?" he said, putting his face close to mine. "Yes," said I, "I'm quite sure about that." "Come here, thin"; and, pulling me by my coat-sleeve, went toward a fire, over which a large pot was boiling. On coming close to it, he repeated his question, "Now, are ye sure you're a godly man?" I replied, "Yes, by God's mercy, I am." "Then, pick up that," he said, pulling my hand near a piece of burning wood; "pick it up, I say; and if you're a godly man it won't burn you." I snatched my hand from him, and said, "Not I; I'm not such a fool as that. I know if I pick up fire I shall be burned, godly or not godly; but you are a godly man, you pick it up!" "Sure an' I will; and I'll show yer that fire won't burn a godly man." So, picking up a hot ember, and dancing it about, and changing it from one hand to the other, he brought it to me, saying, "I told yer it wouldn't burn me. Here, you take hold of it." "No," I said, "you don't call that holding it, do you? Hold it tight, and show it to your friends, to prove what you say."

"Drop it, you fool," said someone; and so he did. "Godly men don't get drunk, and whack their kids, Mike," said a woman behind me; "go and lie down wid yer." He went, and threw himself down under the hedge, a few yards off, and began blowing his hands with his mouth. There was a hearty laugh at Mike's discomfiture, and then a bit of a lull. "If yur please, will yer go on wid yer song, sur," said an old woman, who sat smoking a short pipe. "Yes, that I will; sit yourselves down." And inwardly praising God for what he had done, and relying on him for further guidance, when they had gathered around me I proceeded:—

"I love to tell the story,
 'Tis pleasant to repeat
 What seems each time I tell it
 More wonderfully sweet."
 I love to tell the story,
 For some have never heard
 The message of salvation
 From God's own holy word."

"That's why I've come to see you to-day; to tell you this 'old story' of God's wonderful mercy to you, because I fear some of you have not heard it; or, if you have, it is forgotten. So I begin by saying, 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'" Just then, as I had got the attention of the people, a boy came along the edge of the field close to us, leading a donkey, drawing a coster's barrow full of empty fruit baskets. "Whoa! Hould on! Whoa!" shouted

somebody in the rear of us; and, to my surprise, troublesome Mike was soon to the front again. He seized the donkey's rein, and brought him in front of me. "Hould on, now! Look here, af yer can tell me how thim black strokes came on the moke's shoulders in front there, I'll listen to yer, and believe ivery word ye say about religion afterwards."

Turning to the people, I said, "You hear what Mike says; I look to you to make him keep his promise, if I answer the question."

"We'll make him, sir," said a chorus of voices.

So, pointing, to the mark on the donkey, I said (looking at Mike), "Your people say that mark was not there before the time of our blessed Saviour; but was made there when he rode into Jerusalem on an ass, followed by multitudes, who shouted, 'Hosanna to the son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.' Then the ass on which he rode became marked, and every ass has borne that mark ever since." "Blessed if you ain't roight, gov'ner," said Mike; and giving the rein to the boy, who drove quickly away, sat down and quietly listened while I went on with the Old Story. "Yes, they might well say, 'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!' He came to earth laden with blessings for poor, sorrowing, suffering sinners, and said, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.' He came to bless you, my friends, with repentance, with pardon, and with eternal life: will you have this blessed Christ of God?"

Then, after telling them the gospel, as plainly as I knew how, I sang them 67, Sankey's:—

"There's a beautiful land on high,
To its glories I fain would fly;
When by sorrows cast down I long for my crown
In that beautiful land on high.

"In that beautiful land I'll be
From earth and its cares set free;
My Jesus is there, he's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me."

I do not know what good was effectually done; but I know that hearts were softened. I noticed tears trickling down the cheeks of men, as well as women. "The day shall declare it."

Christ under Water.

AT a prayer-meeting a brother exclaimed, "O Lord, I bless thee that I have enjoyed thy presence *on* the water, and *in* the water, and *under* the water." A friend thought this a singular remark, and so he followed the good man, and sought an explanation. "Why," said the brother, "I was once a sailor, and I found the Lord with me on the water in many a voyage; I was wrecked, and he was my friend in the water; and after that I became a diver, and, blessed be his name, the Lord Jesus has been precious to me when I have been fathoms down." Where can a believer be cast in providence, and find it impossible to abide in fellowship with his Lord?—C. H. S.

Encouragement for the Discouraged.

BY THE REV. GEORGE ROGERS.

A PAPER READ AT THE SECOND CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE
EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, 1889.

I AM glad to be permitted once more to take part in the annual convocation of the Pastors' College. There are subjects in which *all* are alike interested on such occasions, and there are others which are directly applicable to *some only*.

My present address is intended to be a word of encouragement to some, and of instruction, by way of sympathy and concurrent testimony, to all.

You who are in positions of honour and extensive influence, and have all the comforts of this life that you could reasonably desire, need no encouragement from me. You are content with your spheres of labour, and can hold on your way with rejoicing. "The lines are fallen unto you in pleasant places," and you have a "goodly heritage." You have succeeded, it may be, where others have failed. Thou wilt say then, "The branches were broken off, that I might be grafted in." Well, because of unbelief they were broken off, and thou standest by faith. "Be not high-minded, but fear."

With others, and perhaps the majority of you, the case is far different. You are not so favourably circumstanced, either for comfort or usefulness, as you could desire, or, it may be, as you think you deserve to be. There may be good reasons, nevertheless, why you should be content with the present and hopeful for the future. Some of these I am now about to suggest.

I have learned by experience to sympathize with such, and am anxious to do my best to encourage them. I have known what it is to contend with difficulties and discouragements, and, perhaps, to think more of myself than others appeared to think of me; and can, therefore, feel for those who are in similar circumstances, who are "faint, yet pursuing." I now see that I have gained, rather than lost, by the discouragements of the past; and so, I am persuaded, it will be with most others. My advice to you, therefore, is—

I. *Look upon your present position as divinely appointed for you.* It may not be what you would have chosen for yourself, or your friends would have chosen for you, but it is what *He* has chosen for you whose you are, and whom you are bound to serve. Never mind the second, or third, or hundred causes that contributed to it; whatever they were, they were over-ruled for that end. Should your present position have resulted from your own neglect or folly, or from that of others, or from the most trifling accident, it is no less just where you ought to be. We often think we could better bear our disappointments and privations if we were sure they were appointed for us by infinite wisdom and love; but they have been so much dependent upon human wills and accidental causes, that the divine will appears to have been thwarted by them. This, however, is but "the hiding of its power." The hand of God is in the smallest, as well as in the greatest, event of our lives. The freedom of the human will is no limit to his control. There are good

reasons, therefore, for your being where you are; and if you know it not now, you shall know it hereafter. The mere fact that you are where you are is sufficient proof that you are where God would have you to be. Be content for the present, and converse with God more than with men upon the subject of going elsewhere.

II. *Make the best of your position, whatever it may be.* Throw your whole soul into it; for something may be made of it, or you would not be there. If you deem it to be far below your intellectual acquirements, it may be the very place you most need to bring great and lofty truths within the comprehension of ordinary and uncultivated minds; that the common people may hear you, as they heard your Lord and Master, gladly. It may be, too, that you may be spiritually qualified to kindle devotion in others, rather than to be enkindled by them. There may be opportunities for usefulness within your reach, yet undiscovered; and you may reasonably conclude that if no further good can be done where you now are, you would not be suffered to remain. To turn the wilderness into a fruitful field, and plant vineyards which may yield fruits of increase, is more honourable than to be a keeper of the vineyards of others.

Your present position may have been selected for your own good, as well as for the good of others. It may be that which was most needed for the formation of character, for self-knowledge, for establishment in the faith and hope of the gospel, and for deeper and more enlarged experience of the secret operations of providence and grace. Retirement and service are the two principal parts of your ministerial office. "We will give ourselves," said the apostles, "continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the word." These are in different proportions, according to natural or acquired abilities, and according to practical use. The apostles needed more retirement, at first, than in after years. They tarried at Jerusalem that they might obtain more of the Spirit of God in private, and in fraternal intercourse, before they went forth, or rather, were driven forth, by persecution, to their different fields of labour. Retirement is more required, at first, as a preparation for service, than in after years. Facility, both in the acquirement and communication of the Scriptures that are able to make wise unto salvation, is gradually obtained. The mechanical part of the exercise has to be overcome, the mental operation to become almost unconscious as we grow more absorbed in the spiritual, and thoughts of ourselves lost, in concern for the welfare of others. Hence the need of more retirement at first, than of active service. Afterwards the time comes in which more active service is required. When our Lord—who had long been in retirement, that he might grow up into thorough manhood—entered upon his years of active service, his opportunities for retirement were few, and occasional only. If he retired to a mountain to pray, no sooner does he see his disciples in distress upon the sea, than he hastens to their aid to quell the tempest and their fears. From the Mount of Transfiguration, where Peter proposed to build tabernacles that they might remain, he quickly descends to cast out an evil spirit, which his disciples had endeavoured to do in vain. It might be supposed that he had sent all his disciples into the city of Samaria to buy bread, that he might be alone for a time at the well; but, no! it was that he might do good service to an

undeserving woman, and, through her instrumentality, to the inhabitants of her city. When he appeared to Mary after his resurrection, and said to her, "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father," it was not to rebuke her liberty of approach, or to resent further intercourse with her, or because she would have other opportunities of seeing him; but, as has been well observed, "that there might be no delay in informing his disciples that he *was* risen from the dead, to comfort their hearts and banish their fears." "Go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God." We must not be content to be alone with Christ, when opportunities offer of making him known to others.

III. *Keep to your one work of preaching the gospel.* Let all your personal concerns, social duties, and public engagements, be subservient to this end. The whole commission given by Christ to his apostles, in relation to the "all the world," and "to every creature," and to the "end of the world," was included in the one commission, to *preach the gospel*. He says, not *a* gospel, but *the* gospel. There is but one gospel; not by comparison merely, but in contrast with all others. There is one Mediator between God and man, and one only; one atonement for sin, and one only; one righteousness for the justification of the ungodly, and one only; one Spirit for regeneration and sanctification, and one only; one eternal life for those who were dead in trespasses and sins, and one only; and these are all included in the one word "Christ." There is only one gospel, because there is only one Christ. "Philip went down to the city of Samaria, and preached Christ unto them." This is all that is said upon the subject of his preaching: and well would it be, if it could be said of some in our day. The most intellectual and successful of all the apostles gloried in the fact, that from one extremity of the Roman empire to another, he had fully preached the gospel of good tidings concerning Christ; not in part merely, so that men "might be saved yet so as by fire," but fully, that they might have strong consolation while on earth, and an abundant entrance into heaven. His gospel was the gospel of Christ, and that only. His creed was, "In *him* dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." Not God merely, but the Godhead, or Deity itself; not the Godhead merely, but its fulness; not its fulness merely, but all its fulness; not for a season merely, but *dwelleth* in him; not bodily, as though all the fulness of the Godhead could be contained in a human body, but substantially and essentially in him as God as well as man, as the original word implies. This is the one gospel which Paul preached wherever he went, and would have done if he could have gone into all the world and continued to the present day; and, consequently, if he had been where each one of you now is, would he have been influenced, think you, by the advanced intelligence of the present age? Not he! It would have been but as the dust of the balance in his estimate of the glorious gospel of the blessed God, with its far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Preach as Paul would have preached, if he had been in precisely the same circumstances as you are; and do not pretend to know the gospel better than he did.

IV. *Be not discouraged by apparent want of success.*

We are not the best judges of the success of our ministry, nor are we

altogether responsible for it. Hearers have their responsibility as well as preachers ; and, besides both these, there are other and yet higher influences to be taken into account. We are responsible for preaching the one gospel which is the power of God unto salvation ; and a more fearful responsibility is incurred by those who withhold it. "Preach the gospel," and, "Lo, I am with you." But the converse is not less true. Preach any other gospel, and, whoever else may be with you, Christ is not. He is in his own gospel, and in no other : his name may be there, but he *himself* is not there. It is not in the word "gospel" that Christ is, but in the truths respecting him, which are so-called, in the New Testament. The gospel is not Christ ; it is Christ who is the gospel. It is in the truths of the gospel (in whatever language they are expressed) that the saving power resides. The nearer our words come to those in which they were originally made known, the more clearly and fully are those truths contained in them made known. The nearer our own words are to those in our own Scriptures, the nearer they are to those in which the saving truths were first revealed ; and, consequently, more of the promised blessing is contained in them. They are disfigured by the language of science, and are best known in their own idiom. If, like the apostle, you are not ashamed of the gospel of Christ ; like him, you will find it to be the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. The simple and prayerful preaching of the gospel has the promise that it shall never be in vain. We *must* not judge of the extent of our usefulness by all that we see and hear. Men are more inclined to conceal their religious impressions than any other. If you preach a sermon upon any of the political, social, moral, or scientific questions of the day, it will be talked of by the whole town or village during the whole week. If it be a heart-searching discourse upon the great salvation, much less will be *said*, but much more has been felt. Of the saving effects of your ministry, you are less likely to hear than of any other. Where good effects *are* known, there are, probably, far more that are *not* known. The less some hear of their usefulness *now*, the more they may hear of it hereafter. You sow the seed, and it springs up you know not how, and it continues to grow whether you are awake or asleep ; and that which you supposed had been lost, is seen by you in full ear, after many days. How often have I met with corn fully ripe where I had concluded that the seed had been sown in vain ! and at times I have met with it in those who had long been sowing the same seed in the hearts of others. Such disclosures are hopeful indications of others yet to be revealed. It often happens that a preparation work has been secretly accomplished by some which has led to the recognized usefulness of others. The good ground has been prepared by some, and the good seed sown by others. The good seed, too, may have been sown by some, and the harvest have been reaped by others. The first preparation, though less seen and acknowledged, may have been the most essential in the whole process. "I have laid the foundation," says Paul, "and another buildeth thereon ;" and styles himself, on this very account, a wise master-builder. The foundation is more important than the building, but is less seen, and, therefore, less commended. Paul plants and Apollos waters ; and, as men seldom see beyond the prominent or immediate causes, Apollos gets the credit of the whole.

V. *If you have not full scope for your energies where you now are, qualify yourselves for something better, and something better will come.*

This advice I have often given, because I have observed it to be often needed. They who remain through life in humble positions are generally those who have not qualified themselves for any other. They suppose the hindrance to their promotion to be in others, when it has really been in themselves. They who have risen from a humble station to great eminence in social and public life have generally risen by their own merits. It is so with the Christian ministry—at least, among Non-conformists. They can do for themselves far more than others can do for them, and a village pastorate presents both an opportunity and a necessity for that end. Better finish your education in a country retreat than in a university. More knowledge may be gained in green fields than in halls of science, and in the retired study of the Scriptures than in the class-rooms of dignified professors—more, we mean, that is adapted to your particular office of winning souls for Christ, and leading them in green pastures and beside still waters. From positions of more retirement and less service, to those of less retirement and more service, you may continue to advance until you have finished your course with joy. “This kind goeth not forth but by prayer and fasting.” “He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.” There is nothing in the humblest town or village to hinder the attainment of qualifications for more extensive and more honourable service. Will such opportunities occur? We reply, they have almost invariably occurred, and can scarcely fail to do so in the future. The preacher who is too good for his position (in the opinion of others, we mean, not in his own) is sure to be known beyond his own sphere. Like his Master, wherever he “goes he cannot be hid.”

A Word of Encouragement to Open-air Preachers.

A FEW weeks since a friend of mine, a Christian brother residing in London, was summoned in haste to a western town to attend the death-bed of his dearly-loved mother. She had been the subject of many earnest prayers, and much anxious thought; for through a lengthened life she had never given any evidence of a change of heart, or made it manifest that she had a personal interest in the saving work of Christ. On his return home, my friend told me, with much joy, the glad tidings of his mother's conversion, the particulars of which I now narrate, in the hope that some weary and discouraged worker for Christ may be cheered and helped thereby. It appears that Mrs. C., in her young days, was a member of a God-fearing household, and had every advantage of religious teaching and Christian example; but as, alas! so often happens, she failed to yield herself to Christ in early life, and when, on reaching womanhood, she suffered much ill-treatment at the hands of some professing Christians, she set her face against all religious bodies, and regarded their members as false and pharisaical. Even to advanced life she maintained the same hardness of heart, and though residing with her son-in-law, a truly humble and spiritually

mindful follower of Christ, resolutely refused to believe in the reality of his professions. Some two years ago, on the occasion of her son from London paying her a visit, she said to him, "You sent a man here to preach the other day." He declared he had not done so. "Then Mrs. H. (naming a Christian friend), must have sent him." No, she had no knowledge of the man's coming, either. "Then," said Mrs. C., "*God did.*" When pressed to speak further on the matter she firmly declined doing so, and turning at once to some other subject the incident was forgotten. A short time since it became apparent to the friends around her, that the end of life was drawing very near, and many a prayer went up in her behalf. Her son-in-law, with whom she lived, held a Bible-class for men at his own house at stated intervals. One day, when Mrs. C. was lying very ill, he requested the class to make her case a matter for special prayer. This was done, and the Lord was fervently implored to grant that before she was called hence she might give some token that she was trusting in the Saviour, and leave a testimony to the power of saving grace. How blessedly this prayer was answered the reader shall now see. The following Monday morning, to the infinite rejoicing of all, she called her son-in-law (whose true worth she now fully recognized) to her bedside, and, grasping his hand, proceeded to open her heart to him, and to speak, as she had never before spoken to any living being, of her spiritual experiences and hopes. She told him that about two years ago a man came and preached under her bedroom window. She refused to listen, and ordered the window to be shut. After a time, however, finding he still kept on, and hearing that he had not a single listener, she said to her daughter, "It is too bad that the man should talk there, and no one stay to listen; put out the light and open the window, I will hear what he has to say." Her daughter gladly did so, and for a whole hour the man preached on, with only this single unseen, but attentive listener. He preached Christ, and the word was with power: the Spirit of God wrought conviction, and she was led to see her lost and hopeless condition out of Christ. A year passed away, deepening her convictions, but bringing no peace. When again the preacher appeared in the same place, and again failed to attract an audience; but, as before, the blessed Spirit caused the word spoken to be the means of blessing to his one hearer, and her troubled heart was filled with joy and peace in believing. And now, having broken the ice, and told this wonderful story of amazing grace, her whole remaining strength was spent in speaking of his love, and in singing the praises of her dear Redeemer. For five hours she poured forth the long pent-up story of all her trust and peace and triumphant hope. At length, utterly worn out, she fell into a deep sleep, from which she never woke on earth, but passed into the presence of her Saviour and her God.

Truly, the Lord is gracious. His ways are wonderful. Could the preacher, whose word was thus owned and blest, but know the story, how great would be his joy and gratitude!

Dear reader, have you laboured long and apparently without result? Be not discouraged: the gospel is the power of God unto salvation. He will not suffer his word to return unto him void, and those that sow in tears shall surely reap in joy.

E. P.

Canada and Kangaroo.

THE connection between these two words may not be, at first sight, very apparent; but though kangaroos are not found in Canada, there is a point of contact in the fact that both names originated as a misunderstanding. Let this teach you, in passing, firstly, that if sometimes you cannot perceive any connection between the firstly and secondly of your minister's sermon, there may, nevertheless, be some subtle juncture; and secondly, that even when we do not quite understand, it is yet possible to make a very practical application.

It is said that, when Canada was first visited by the Spaniards, and they were disappointed in their search for gold, the Indians, who watched them closely and constantly, heard them say, "*A can nada*," found out, at length, that it meant, "There is nothing here." So, when the French landed, the wily Indians, thinking they were on the same errand, and wishing to get rid of them quickly, frequently repeated to them the Spanish sentence, but with another result than they anticipated; for the French, supposing this was the name of the country, named it Canada, and as such it has been known ever since.

Our second name had its origin in a similar way; for when some of the early navigators visited Australia, and saw these curious pouched animals, they asked the aborigines the name of them. The Maoris, not comprehending the question, replied, "*kangaroo*," meaning, "we do not understand"; but the strangers, thinking that was the name of them, have handed it, as such, down to us. Hence this curious title for this curious animal. Next time you visit the Zoological Gardens, ask the keeper, as a favour, to show you how the kangaroo can stand on its tail, and on its tail only, while it fights the keeper, in an amicable way, with its hind legs; and as you look at it, remember that some public speakers do the same thing, though the spelling needs to be a little altered.

Thus names are often given in this world the very reverse of the reality. Canada, with all its riches, says, "There is nothing here," and the most intelligent kangaroo says, "I do not understand." Strange, is it not? So you need never mind what name the populace applies to you, for it is just as likely to be false as true. They may call you a wise man when you are only a booby, and they may think of you as a fool when you are most divinely guided. Take care of your character, and let your reputation take care of itself. In the long run, whatever name may have been given you, the truth will out, and the old meaning of it will be lost in the glory which shall shine on it from your righteous life. For thus have names, flung first as mud is flung, become at length, as mud may, bright jewels, whose price is great. Perhaps the name "Christian" was, at first, a taunt, as "Methodist" was; but now they are both taken to the heart of those who bear them. And "Puritan," once a name of derision, is now the choicest title we have for those heroes of God. We might add to the list almost endlessly.

So, "What's in a name? Call a rose by any other name 'twould smell as sweet." Only be a rose, and exhale the fragrance of a holy life; and then, whether men say there is nothing in you, or they cannot understand you if there is, you will at length as a rose be acknowledged, whatever your name.

W. Y. FULLERTON.

A Joyful Day at the Stockwell Orphanage.

"ALL work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." This old adage was a favourite argument with me when I was desirous, as a school-boy, to get a day's holiday. Though I trust I was not altogether like the farmer's boy, who was told by his employer that he could not do too much work for a good master, and replied, "No, sir, and I will not neither," still there are times when we all feel a day's change would do us good; and this was quite my feelings the other day, and the idea came into my mind at once to run up to London for the day. "The very thing," said I to myself; "the 19th of June." So I treated my wife and two of my sons to a trip to London, to join the thousands of happy faces who made for the Stockwell Orphanage, *to celebrate a birthday, to enjoy a holiday, and to commemorate a thanksgiving-day*; and if one may speak for the many, it was indeed a real *Sun-day*, though it was called Thursday in the almanack. There was sunshine in the homes of the institution; also in the hearts of the orphan boys and girls, as in the faces of the twelve thousand visitors, who came together to keep the fête-day with them. We saw what real pleasure Christianity can give, and what a true holiday a Christian can have.

To the onlooker there was a striking proof of *answered prayer, active faith, and practical religion* all combined surrounding you on every side. Personally, I came in for more than my share of joy on the occasion, for, beyond the pleasure of greeting the president, vice-president, and many old friends, a working-man, who had come, with others, some distance to share the enjoyment of the holiday, accosted me on the lawn, after the afternoon meeting, and said,

"Mr. Manton Smith, will you allow me to speak to you for five minutes?"

"Certainly," said I.

He then began as follows: "Oh, sir! I want to tell you how your cornet has been used in the salvation of an infidel. You remember being at Southampton some six or seven years ago?"

"Yes, friend, I do."

"Well, sir, I am a railway man, and one of our drivers who works with me used to laugh at religion, and say there was no God. One Saturday, while you were there, he took an excursion train into Southampton, and the next Monday said to me: 'Bill, you ought to have been at Southampton last Saturday night.'

"Why should I have been there, Tom?" said I.

"Well, there was a man playing a cornet at the Baptist Chapel; and my word, the singing, and playing, and talking was just proper. I was delighted with it."

"You don't mean to say you went to chapel, Tom?"

"No, Bill, not inside; but I was walking by the Portland-street Chapel last night, and heard a man playing his cornet. I went to the door, and heard him sing, and two men talk, and it was just fine like. I tell you, mate, I liked it so much that, if you will run down with me after we have done our work to-night, I will go inside the chapel to hear them."

"Will they be there to-night if we go?"

“‘Yes, they are going to be there all this week.’

“I was glad to go with him, though the distance was over fifteen miles; so, as soon as our day’s work was over, we mounted an engine going into Southampton, and off we made for Portland-street Chapel. But it was an evening well spent, for my companion was more than interested in what he saw and heard; and at the close of the service, something you said touched his heart, and he turned to me, and said,

“‘Mate, if you will go with me, I will go into that inquiry room to-night, and make a clean sweep of it, and give myself to the Lord, and seek his pardon for all my sins.’

“‘Yes, mate,’ said I; ‘indeed I will go with you with pleasure.’

“‘Well, Bill,’ said he, ‘you go first, then, and I will follow you.’

“This I did, and was delighted to see Tom follow me. Poor chap, how he did tremble and cry! His was a tough case, though.

“Mr. Mackey spoke and prayed with him for a long time, and then you and Mr. Fullerton had a turn with him, but he went home in a sad state; but, sir, real work was done that night: and about a week after you had left Southampton, the light came into his soul, and liberty into his life, and he could with confidence say, The Lord hath saved my soul. And, my word, sir, ‘The Lord has indeed put a new song into his mouth,’ and real joy into his home.

“The next week after our Southampton experience he said to me, ‘Mate, I wish you would take this sovereign and get me three Bibles with it. One for my wife, one for my daughter, and one for myself.’

“I did so, sir, and three nice ones they were, I can assure you.

“Previous to my friend’s conversion, he used to give his wife fifteen shillings per week to keep the house and clothe the chicks with; but ever since he gave himself to the Lord he has not only come out boldly on the Lord’s side and shown his colours before all his mates, but he has given his wife three pounds per week ever since, to keep house with. And it is indeed a change all round, I can assure you.

“You should just see that man’s home to-day, sir. They have a nice harmonium, and a beautiful parlour filled with beautiful things, and as bright and happy a home as any man on this earth.

“I thought, sir, though I am a stranger to you, you would not mind my stopping to tell you about my mate, sir.”

“God bless you, my dear friend, and thank you for telling me. These are the things that make preachers and evangelists glad in their work, and help them along to future service.”

Who would wish to count the converts at a mission after this, and say, only so many were saved, or only so much good was done at such-and-such a mission?

Fellow-worker, let us remember that we are responsible for fidelity, and not for success. If I am a faithful witness for God, and proclaim the simple gospel of Christ crucified for sinners, and tell it out clearly in the language of the people, then, like the Master himself, the common people will hear us gladly, and Jesus himself will gladly bless the telling of our simple message to the salvation of the people.

Like many others, on the evening of the nineteenth of June, I returned home with a full cup—not only to wish Mr. Spurgeon, but myself also, “Many happy returns of the day.”

J. MANTON SMITH.

Drives at Menton.

No. III.—To GORBIO.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

ONE of the best drives you can have in this region is to follow the valley which leads up to the ancient town of GORBIO. The road now goes all the way. It has been long in the making, but it is a great gain now that it is made. For years we drove as far as the villa which has a horse's head over the stable-door, and there was an end to it. The road was commenced further on, but a brook was in the way, and as no bridge was forthcoming, we had to leave the carriage, get over the chasm, and walk. Some few years ago, the brook was spanned by a bridge, and we could go forward another mile or so; but then the way came to a sudden pause. In this year of grace 1889, we found the way cast up even to the village itself, which we had long seen from afar. So far was so good, but to the end is better.

Go through Menton till you reach the *Bureau de l'Octroi*, and then turn to the right, leaving on your left the *Palais Carnoles*, which was once a palace of the princes of Monaco. The name Carnoles is said to be derived from the same root as our word *carnage*, and to have been given on account of some ancient battle in the days of the Roman emperors. Let that pass, and the princes of Monaco also. It was a great relief to Menton to be eased of the family of the Grimaldis, whose reign had been grim enough. We cannot discover that these lords of the land ever did anything to distinguish themselves beyond taxing the people inordinately, and wasting the result in profligate expenditure. It is of one of these gentlemen that the story is told that he caused his carriage-horses to be shod with silver, each shoe fastened by a single nail, that it might be easily dropped, and ostentatiously replaced. In those days there was some luck in finding a horse-shoe; but it meant ill-fortune to the poor ground-down wretches who had to hand out the silver for the shoes. Princes who shoe their horses with silver generally have an iron heel themselves; and their subjects know it. The very bread of the Mentonese was taxed to keep these palaces going. This palace seems to be a white elephant. The town tried it for a while as a public garden and casino; but nobody cared about it. It is to be let or sold. Someone who anxiously aspires to sleep in marble-halls will be welcomed as a purchaser.

The King of Wurtemberg has, at times, resided in the large house on the other side of the entrance to the valley. Remark the very large umbrella pines in the garden. It is the *Villa Madone*. Under this house is a small chapel, which bears the inscription, *Adeamus cum fiducia ad thronum gratie, ut misericordiam consequamur*. "Let us come with confidence to the throne of grace, that we may find mercy." This is a good invitation; but within, everything has to do with the Virgin Mary, *La Madone*; and surely she sits not on the throne of grace! A Mr. D'Oridant has placed his name over the door. Can this be the same gentleman who kept the Pavilion at Folkestone, at whose house in Menton we once assisted at a dinner of such overwhelming profusion

that we called round in the morning to assure him that we were yet alive, which we could not have hoped to have been had we not most rigidly abstained from one half of the sumptuously-furnished courses? This gentleman and his lady were well known in Menton for their hospitality. M. D'Oridant has passed away.

There are in Menton many small chapels, which would appear to be occasionally used, and at other times closed. What is the particular use of them we do not know; but we suppose them to be commemorative of departed friends, or votive offerings to special saints.

Pass under the railway. Note the decorated summer-house on the wall, and the approach to the *Alexandra Hotel*. How do they keep the grass so green on either side of their road? It is a great difficulty to find anything like an English lawn in these regions; but this is a capital substitute. Is it our grass? Or is it perpetually watered? The hotel itself is worthy of a visit. We shall never forget afternoons spent in a room in the tower, which is a perfect circle. Being enriched with works of art, and lit up with windows all round it, we had only to revolve upon a music-stool, and change the point of view, and still be interested. Placed in the centre of a circle of friends, a lame man could have a talk with everyone without tiring his trembling knees. Fine institution, afternoon tea in such a place! Certain loving Dutch friends made time pass very pleasantly and profitably in their cheerful company; but the hand of affliction has been using the knife in the garden of that family.

Take the right-hand turning between the *Villa Innominata* and the *Villa Marguerite*, and as you follow one of the many twists of the road, notice the tall bamboos growing over the garden-wall. They must be from 20 to 30 feet high, and thick in proportion. Soon the road runs under an archway, supporting an aqueduct connected with one of the many olive-mills with which this valley abounds. Like "Helen's babies" with the watch which they opened, you can "see the wheels go wound"; and you can both hear and see the splashing water and the muddy stream which flows away from the bottom of the mill. This valley is full of fruit—olives, almonds, medlars, oranges, lemons, vines, and so forth. Here the natives sit under their own vine and fig-tree, and we should think are plentifully bitten by their own mosquitoes, and serenaded by their own frogs; for those huge tanks, which look so blue, are the nurseries of these two plagues. As for the first, until you are well inoculated with their poison, you will find them a grievous torment; and even then you will do well to keep your blood cool with some one of the saline mixtures, or you will find your face and hands wretchedly inflamed. A few fish in these tanks might help to keep down the pest. As for the frogs, as the spring comes on, you will hear enough of the "Dutch Nightingale." We now understand why the peasants in the olden times were compelled by law to flog the ponds with long sticks all through the night, lest the croaking should disturb the sleep of their noble masters. It is hardly a matter of disturbing sleep, for the croaking creatures drive all hope of sleep away till you grow used to them. We have wished them all in Egypt many a time. We cannot forbear quoting the legend of St. Benno and the frogs, which Mr. Baring Gould has turned into verse. The saintly bishop, walking

by the brook-side, was interrupted by the croaking of frogs while endeavouring to repeat his *Benedicite*, "O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ever!" The frogs irreverently went on with their crack, crack, craak—

"With their voices very shrill,
In a loud, prolonging thrill,
Half a chirrup, half a cry;
Every little gullet shakes.
As its clamour from it breaks,
Deafening the passers-by."

Whereupon the bishop solemnly banned them in the name of the church, and they were silenced. He proceeded with his singing; but when he came to the words, "All ye that move in the waters, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ever," his heart smote him, and he reflected that the croaking of the frogs might be their song of praise, which he had no right to hinder. So—

"Turning to the swamp, he cried,
'Sitters by the water-side,
Do not ye your hymns forego.
I release you from the ban,
Praise the God of frog and man,
Cantate, FRATRES, Domino.'"

By the way, some people sneer at Frenchmen for eating frogs; but the sneer is a piece of old-fashioned stupidity: frogs are not everyday food, but expensive luxuries. That noted naturalist, Rev. J. G. Wood, says:—"Many years ago, when I was living in Paris with a French family, we occasionally used to have frogs as a special treat. But, in order to procure them, it was necessary to be in the market by daybreak, in order to anticipate the stewards of the hotels, who had generally swept the market before six a.m. So we used to undertake the task in turns, being forced to get up at half-past four, so as to be in time." What does our dear old Tory friend think of an Englishman being up at half-past four in the morning to get a dish of frogs? The same writer also says:—"I cannot understand why in this country we should so persistently neglect the frog as an article of food. Our common frog, though not so large as the French species, is, when cooked in the same manner, every whit as good; and, indeed, except for the difference in size, it would be impossible to distinguish between them. In America, the frog is rapidly taking its place as an article of food, and I have often seen, in the markets of Boston, New York, and other large cities, frogs' legs exposed for sale at so many cents per pair." We might as fairly make sport of our American cousins as of our French friends for their frog-eating propensities.

You will see *the Castle of St. Agnes* high up on the mountain's brow, and many of the highest of the mountains, as you proceed; but the valley itself is full of beauty. The lemon-trees are specially attractive here; and it is pleasant to see, on the same tree, buds, flowers, small green lemons, and the ripe golden fruit. Often have we here repeated George Herbert's lines—

“ Oh, that I were an orange-tree,
 That busy plant !
 Then I should ever laden be,
 And never want
 Some fruit for him that dresseth me.”

Yet sometimes even these apples of Paradise are bitten by the frost, or blackened with blight, and thus are the fitter symbols of the varied condition of the most fruitful trees in the garden of our Lord.

In the banks of this valley we used to find the trap-door spiders, and we dare say they can be discovered still ; but as some ferns have quite disappeared through the diligent appropriation of strangers, so may the trap-door spiders, for aught we can see. In former days anemones grew here in armfuls, and you might gather them as you chose ; but



now they are articles of commerce, and the lemon-gardens are guarded with that French inscription which is equivalent to our own inhospitable TRESPASSERS, BEWARE ! The day may come when the happy liberties which the peasants everywhere allowed us at the first will be lost through the intrusiveness of visitors, and the desire of gain on the part of natives. We could go across the country everywhere, and never feared any interruption except from the proprietors' dogs, which often entered serious protests with their bark, but never came to real bites. Soon the whole country will be fenced in. The more's the pity ! In this valley we have spent many a happy day, just climbing to any terrace we preferred, and sitting down to read. We once left *Menton on Psalm CXIX.* by the roadside, and before the next morning it was returned to us.

Here, too, on Christmas Day, 1879, I learned what it is to "Walk in the Light." I had been ill with gout, and on recovering, arranged to drive up this valley as far as the road would serve, and then send away the carriage, walk further on, have our lunch, and, in the afternoon, walk gently back to the spot where we left the conveyance, the man having orders to be there again by three. Alas, I had forgotten that, as far as the upper portion of the valley is concerned, the sun was gone soon after twelve! I found myself in the shade before lunch was over, and shade meant sharp frost; for wherever the sun had not shone, the earth was frozen hard as a rock. To be caught in this cold would mean a long illness for me; and so, leaning on the shoulder of my faithful secretary, I set forth to hobble down the valley. The sun shone on me, and I could just move fast enough to keep his bright disc above the top of the hill. He seemed to be rolling downward along the gradually descending ridge, like a great wheel of fire; and I, painfully and laboriously stumbling along, still remained in his light. Of course, it was not the time for our Jehu to be at the appointed spot; and so, with many a groan, I had to stagger on until a stray conveyance came in our direction. Out of the sun all is winter: in the sun alone is summer. Oh, that spiritually I could always walk in the light of God's countenance as that day I managed to keep in the sun!

"Like Enoch, let me walk with God,
And thus walk out my day;
Attended still with heavenly light,
Upon the King's highway."

Pausing at one of the turns of the road, we see Gorbio full in view, with the mountains beyond it, and on either side; itself standing on a rocky hill of its own, which rises some one thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea. It will be a pull to get up there. We are informed by a French guide-book that a desperate battle was fought at Gorbio, in 1746, between the French and the Austro-Sardinians, and that the Austrian leader was here slain. What business had he here? What a place to fight in! What a pity to make these rippling stream-lets run with human gore! May the clarion of war never wake the echoes of these hills again!

But now before us is another olive-mill. Step in, if it is working, and see the berries crushed beneath the great revolving stones, and then put between circular pads, and pressed till all the oil is made to flow forth. The millers always appear glad to see you, and they will explain more than you will understand; for *their* French is not of the sort which is spoken in Paris; and perhaps yours also is not absolutely perfect. It took me down a good deal when, upon repeating a sentence about which I felt wholly sure, I found that the good woman whom I addressed was not enlightened thereby; but said to me, in her own tongue, "Ah, Monsieur, I do not understand your *patois*!" Think of my very best French being called *patois* by one who herself confessedly used a *patois* of her own! My chief regret is, that what she said was altogether too true.

The terraces here look narrow enough; but one day I saw a man ploughing with a yoke of oxen. Think of there being a field here large

enough for that operation ! No sooner did the oxen start, than they stopped, and were turned round. It would have reminded me of a squirrel in a cage, only the slowness of the pace forbade any such comparison. See a man going for a walk, up and down the top of his front door, and you may imagine how frequent were the turns !

Look down on the rippling stream ; listen to the music of the waters ; mark the aqueduct across the road festooned with maiden-hair ferns ; note the profusion of vegetation on either side. If you get out at that little aqueduct, and walk along the old path, you will save a cold corner, and pass a very aerial bridge, a relic of old times. If you keep on riding, you may hear the crisp sound of frost under the wheels, and see snow lying on the little gardens down in the left-hand ravine below.



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When you get up to where the old road crosses the new, be sure that you look down towards the sea. Here, again, pedestrians have a chance. They can climb that stony road, and reach Gorbio before the carriage. It is steep in parts, but it is reported to be a good road *for donkeys*. None of that race will read this book ; or, if they do, they will ride.

The new road crosses to the main mountain upon the other side of the right-hand ravine ; for Gorbio hill stands up like a promontory between two gorges. It may be said to stand upon an island between two branches of a stream which unite further down. We cross the ravine near an olive-mill, which bears in the iron ties which hold it together the memorials of the earthquake. Out with your sketch-book, and copy another fairy bridge, which looks as if a man of "sixteen stone" ought

not to trust his weight to it. Now we turn our backs on Gorbio, and yet we go the best way towards it. Thus some men, in their masterly craftiness, are never more aiming at the object of their ambition than when they profess to turn away from it. There is also a saving of the life which is a losing of it, and a losing it which gains it to life eternal. "Things are not what they seem"; so we go to Gorbio by turning away from it.

We zigzag up the side of the hill, and see our friends marching directly upon the town, along a good path on the opposite side of the ravine. The natives of these parts seem to grow our old-fashioned broad-bean pretty plentifully. One dish of them in a year is to me a change, and a treat: those who like them well may have my share on the second occasion. Here, too, grows our old friend, borage. It is a



weed in these parts. They used to say, "Borage to give courage"; but we suppose that the wine into which it was immersed had more to do with courage-raising, of a sort, than the herb itself had.

But we are near the end of the ravine, and close to the great rampart of the mountains, and we cross by an excellent bridge to the hill whereon the little city is built. Truly the road is well made; but what a pity it is not wider! What should we do if we met another carriage just here? We could not one of us lie down and let the other go over; and we should not like to fight it out like the two goats on the bridge in the famous story. Happily, nothing does meet us, and so we will not puzzle ourselves over the question until it has arisen: still, we wish the road had been made wider; for when there has been a fall of stones on the road, our driver goes dreadfully near the edge. Or are we getting nervous?

Here we are, at length, in the *Grande Place* of Gorbio, the open space wherein the people assemble on their festive occasions, and where the children are playing every day. Here one may see travelling professionals at work : one day an artiste blocking hats, or taking the grease out of old coats ; at another time a tallyman with his wares, or a couple of coopers repairing the tubs and pails of the villagers. Intently regarding the scene is a goat, which appears to know all about it, and to be able to take very good care of itself amid the throng of children. A fine old elm stands in this place : it is a pity it is cut about so much ; but perhaps the winds have torn it. On the stonework, which makes a seat at its base, we see that it was planted in 1713, and on the wall we learn that the piazza was rehabilitated in 1804. It is important to every village to keep up its *Grande Place*, for here the sports and dancing of the fête-days will be carried on.

The people of Gorbio claim to have been converted by Barnabas. We greatly question the correctness of the statement ; certainly, if Barnabas and Paul came this way again, they would vehemently protest against an altar and an image to the Virgin, which make a feature in the square. The inscription upon the church, SOLI DEO, if it were understood, might well put the Virgin into her proper place. God only should be worshipped.

Opposite the church is a little chapel, with slits in the doors, through which can be seen painted on the walls all the instruments of our Saviour's passion—the ladder, hammer, nails, spear, reed, pincers, sponge, crown of thorns, and dice. Over the doorway of this building is a cross, with the words, IN HOC SIGNO VINCES. These signs are all very well. Oh, that the people knew their meaning, and could enter intelligently into the teaching of that cross, which is to all true believers the ensign of the greatest of all victories accomplished, and of many another victory yet to be achieved !

Just off the public place there is a *café*. Would you believe it ? there is a piano ! We did not see anybody likely to play upon it. There is not much to see in the town ; but from it there are magnificent prospects. Find your way to the *Château*, and look toward the sea, and you will see Grimaldi and Bordighera. This *château* of the Countess of Alberti was, of course, once a castle of those famous Lascaris, who seem to have had a stronghold on every high hill throughout this district. Where are they now ?

We cannot wait to answer the question. We are off with a pack of boys after us for half-pence. We are descending right speedily ; and though we meet another vehicle, the road happens to be wider than usual just at that point, and we pass after a little careful manœuvring. We were unwise to be nervous, for there really was no cause for it. We have had to rebuke our silly fear scores of times, and yet it is not ashamed to return again. Perhaps the reader can sympathize. Let him then unite with the writer in a prayer for more serenity through more faith.

With the Hop-pickers.

BY JOHN BURNILAM.

BY the Editor's kind indulgence we have been permitted to plead the cause of the "Hop-pickers' Mission," for thirteen successive seasons, in the pages of *The Sword and the Trowel*; hence, it is unnecessary to describe its operations again. But we may be allowed just a brief space for a reminder to many of our friends and supporters, who have made our acquaintance through these pages in former years. We could not plead with such persistency for ourselves; but for the multitude of immigrants to the Kentish hop-gardens in September, who are not, at other times, so easily accessible, we do most earnestly plead.

FIFTY THOUSAND OF THE POOREST

from our crowded centres will find their way into the heart of Kent, just for the month's healthy and invigorating work of gathering in the hop-harvest; and if you, courteous reader, could take but a casual trip with us in our work among them, you would at once understand, better than pen can describe, how much they need your help, and how warmly such help is appreciated. How much suffering and privation have been prevented, or alleviated, by the kindness of our friends, in past seasons, it would be impossible to calculate—eternity alone holds the record; but it is not too much to say that, in many cases, life has probably been saved by the timely help rendered; and, better still, by the acceptance of the gospel message which has been delivered, many hearts have been renewed. He that giveth to the poor is not only fulfilling a divine commission, but, in all probability, opening an avenue to the heart, that the word of God may find a ready entrance, and the life be ennobled and saved. "The poor ye have always with you," said the Master; but we venture to think that they are not always to be reached so easily as with us in Kent in a sunny September. Moreover, we do well to remember that he who thus makes the wants of the poor and despised of earth his own peculiar care, lendeth to the Lord. That God has evidently set his seal upon this work we have abundant proof. The following is but one out of many unsought pleasing testimonies that our work has "not been in vain in the Lord"; whilst a reference to volumes of *The Sword and the Trowel* for the past twelve years must surely satisfy those who subscribe to the "Hop-pickers' Mission" that they make a splendid investment when they help us.

[Copy.]

"To Rev. J. J. Kendon.

"September 19th, 1889.

"Dear Sir,—Enclosed you will find a postal order for 'Hop-pickers' Mission.'

"In the summer of 1883 I was in London, reduced to destitution by a reckless indulgence in strong drink. I heard of hop-picking, and found employment at Marden. The bailiff and home-dwellers were kind to me, and one day told me of the meetings in the village. . . . I went one Sunday to the meeting at the end of the village. In a trap, with lighted lamps, a rather tall and dark young man was speaking.* I do not remember his text; but the hymn rang in my ears, as I lay in the barn that night, 'Ye must be born again.'

"I cannot tell you how often during the next two years God spoke to me by his servants, pointing to Jesus Christ as 'the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' To hear of the deadness of my heart to the love of Jesus would weary you. . . . By the sudden death of a sister I was led to seek for mercy, and was brought to a knowledge of the truth of the glorious gospel. . . .

* This was the last message by our dear brother Mather in connection with the Mission. Ere another season came round, he was summoned home to "the Father's house."—J. B.



I know the people to whom you and Mr. Burnham will speak, and what great faith you will need. Christ is 'able to save to the uttermost,' or I should not be writing this. We shall pray daily for you, sir, that God will bless his own Word to the salvation of many souls. I saw the account of the Mission in Mr. Spurgeon's *Sword and Trowel*. May God bless him in his sickness! Often have his sermons lifted my heart in praise to God as I have read them. What other gospel is there, than that which he preaches, for a man like me? Pray for me, sir, that, 'forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those which are before, I may press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.'

"We thank you for ourselves, and for those who yet do not know how to do so, for what you are doing for the poor hop-pickers.

"Yours respectfully,

"W. D."

We are anxious to seize this golden opportunity of bringing the gospel to bear upon these poor pickers; for each returning season we miss some names from our list of subscribers, and occasionally from our staff of workers, and we feel growingly anxious not to let such an opportunity for service pass, but rather to make the best use of it for the Master's sake, and for the sake of these perishing souls.

Before another season rolls round, our turn may come to "give an account of our stewardship"; and we would wish to hear the Saviour's "Well done!" and out of very love to our friends, we trust that they also will hear the Master's word of commendation, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Cash, clothing, tracts, pocket editions of the New Testament (or portions) will all be welcome. Please send in help promptly to either of the under-named.

Parcels, carriage paid, only to J. J. Kendon, Marden Station, S.E.R. Contributions to C. H. Spurgeon, Westwood, Upper Norwood; Rev. J. J. Kendon, Goudhurst, Staplehurst, Kent; or to the secretary, John Burnham, Fern Bank, Brentford. Last year's balance-sheet, or any details of the work, may be had upon application to the secretary.

Notices of Books.

The Pilgrims and the Anglican Church.

By WILLIAM DEVERELL. Remington.

OUR writer is an out-and-out Nonconformist in his views, and regards the Anglican Establishment as the outcome of Norman supremacy, and the embodiment of the tyranny of caste. His history will be novel to most readers: he regards the dethronement of James II. as the result of his not siding with the persecuting church, but endeavouring to suspend the odious laws on which the despotism of Anglicanism was founded. Mr. Deverell does not believe in the glorious memory of William of Orange, but thinks the Revolution was intended to maintain the menaced monopoly of political and sacerdotal

power. It may be so; but then again it may not be so: the historical problem is a very interesting one. Mr. Deverell is as sure as the striking of a clock: we are not so sure, but wait the verdict of future investigation. Further historical research may prove the old interpretations of history to be wrong, and we shall not be surprised if they do; but the thing has not yet been done. We have been interested by this book, full of bold, dashing, straightforward, Ironside blows and knocks; but it can never command a sale at the prohibitory price of half-a-guinea. Five shillings would have been nearer the mark. The story of the Pilgrims is well told. We should think this book would please the Liberation Society.

Regent Square Pulpit. Sermons by the
Rev. JOHN McNEILL. Vol. I. Nisbet.

IN Mr. John McNeill we have a great preacher; not for depth of thought or doctrine, but for earnest, vivid utterance. God bless him! He is a marked addition to the witnesses for the gospel in London. The bands of the modern school will do their best to carry him captive, but our faith in him is that the Lord will continue to deliver him out of their hands. He is destined, as we believe, to great usefulness. These sermons are mostly of the narrative kind, and are, to a high degree, fresh, pungent, and bold. Possibly they are a little too wild here and there; but this is the luxuriance of a goodly vine, which will endure pruning, and pay for it.

Left Alone with Jesus, and other Poems.

By EVA T. E. POOLE. Nisbet.

CONTAINS some delicious pieces. Certain of the hymns will surely be placed among the golden currency of the accepted songs of the church.

The Poems of William Leighton. Complete edition. Elliot Stock.

A HANDSOME and complete edition of William Leighton's Poems. He came of a poetical family, was himself a true member of the minstrel band, and, had he lived, might have pressed forward into front rank among our bards. Our venerated friend, Dr. W. M. Taylor, now of New York, conducted this sweet singer's funeral, some twenty years ago, when he was yet at Liverpool. William Leighton died at twenty-eight. His verse is sweet and flowing, and its stream shimmers with the poetic light. The volume is well produced by Mr. Stock, and interestingly illustrated by Mr. John Leighton.

"*Until the Day Break,*" and other Hymns and Poems left behind. By HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

A SOLEMN interest attaches to the last songs of so great a poet of the sanctuary as Horace Bonar. One hears the Master saying, "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." One's own family circle seems to have been invaded by the death of this dear Asaph of modern times. Scotland could ill spare him

just now. Of a race of champions, he has brought up the rear-guard; and now there follow hordes of camp-followers, who have little left them but the tradition of a glory which used to be. And yet—who knows?—the Lord may raise up out of the stones of Scotia's brooks children unto Knox and Chalmers.

The Jews under Roman Rule. By W. D. MORRISON. T. Fisher Unwin.

WHILE all the twenty-four volumes of "*The Story of the Nations*" will be found to be of deep interest, this has a peculiar value of its own. To understand Judaism as our Lord found it, it is essential to know something of the religious and political parties of the time. Who was Herod, and what was his general character? and questions of a similar sort, are answered in this admirable volume. Till the people were utterly scattered and their land desolated, we trace them in these pages. What a story! How sorrowfully does it attest the truth of prophecy! How strangely does it indicate the blindness which has happened to Israel! How earnestly does it make us sigh for the second coming of the Prince of the House of David!

All readers will be pleased with the history, but the children of faith will be edified and saddened by it.

Rambles and Reveries of a Naturalist.

By the Rev. WILLIAM SPIERS, M.A. Charles H. Kelly.

THIS would have been a good book if the fallacy of evolution had not spoiled it. The author writes:—"The idea, once common, that each star, each species of plant and animal, was made separately, by a sort of mechanical process, is, we think, quite obsolete; and deserves to be. It never had a better foundation than a gross misinterpretation of the language of Genesis. And although it is to science that we owe the explosion of the error, now that it is exploded we wonder it could ever have been maintained." Cool, is it not? Mr. Spiers argues for God, and revelation, and all matters on the right side; but we think his evolution notion will do more harm than all the rest he has to say can do good. Evolution is an idle dream.

Story of our English Bible: its Various English Translations, its Separate Books, Writers, &c., with other Biblical Information. Holness.

THERE is no uncertain sound here. Mr. Scott believes, and therefore writes. In certain other treatises upon this subject, of which there are many just now, we are struck with an unbelieveing *something*—be it undertone, insinuation, hesitation, or what it may—which tends to breed doubt; but the author of this good little book is heart and soul on the side of faith. If he were better known, he would probably be assailed by men of the present dominant Destructive School, but this commends him to that despised minority, to whom the Word of the Lord is still as precious as ever. The story here told is full of engrossing interest to those who prize every letter of the inspired page. God has guarded his own Book, and he will guard it, though churches become unfaithful, and evil professors and critics wax worse and worse.

The Word in the School. By ANDREW SIMON LAMB. Nisbet and Co.

OUR worthy author wishes for the very thing which we would above all things desire, namely, religious education in our public schools. But the wish will not be realized: how can it be? When Board Schools were first advocated, we found many Dissenters opposed even to the reading of the Bible in them, and certain of us had to fight a stern battle to secure that minimum of religion—the reading of the Bible. It seemed as if certain political sectaries would give up every religious element in education if they could but score a party triumph. We are sure the Secular Nonconformists would never endure to have a creed taught which would suit the Evangelical Alliance; for they fought tooth and nail against such a confession when we recommended it in another case, which had nothing to do with Church and State. The School Board, even with Bible reading, is not only training up a godless generation, but it is rendering truly religious schools impossible. Under the notion of religious liberty religion is banished. The sect which has no specific views of the

gospel is educationally endowed, and the rest are left out in the cold. In our own case, this system has stamped out our day-school, where the gospel has been taught. While people can get teaching for their children for a small fee, they will not pay a price sufficient to maintain a schoolmaster. When they can get education for nothing religious schools will cease to exist. One of these days Christians will wake up to the mournful fact that schools which are not religious are irreligious; and they will begin, at any price, to found schools where the most essential element in education will not be excluded. At the present moment, our excellent author will not find that he prophesies to willing ears, while he advocates religion in public schools. He will be regarded as a worthy citizen of Utopia, and dismissed accordingly.

The Sermon Bible (Vol. V.). Matthew I—XXI. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS helpful compilation is kept up to the mark as to quality, and it is increasing in quantity; for while there are only four volumes of it to the whole Old Testament, the single Gospel of Matthew has a volume to itself; nay more, that volume only goes to the twenty-first chapter. Sermons are, we suppose, more abundant upon New Testament texts. The selection is a varied one; and the many sources which are merely mentioned tend to make the range of helpful homilies exceedingly wide. On the whole this will be a great addition to a preacher's private books.

The Century Dictionary: an Encyclopædic Lexicon of the English Language. Prepared under the superintendence of WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY, Ph.D., LL.D. In six volumes. Vol. II. T. Fisher Unwin.

THE second volume of this stupendous work is now ready. We cannot conceive of a Dictionary more full or more accurate. The six volumes will be a library in themselves, and suffice a student for reference for the next half-century, unless some great discovery should come into collision with language, and let in a deluge of new words.

Outlines of Christian Doctrine. By the Rev. H. C. G. MOULE, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

A COMPENDIUM of Christian doctrine of the very highest excellence. It is well fitted to be of the greatest service to those who are seeking to lay hold of the fundamental and vital truths of the gospel in a systematic form. It enables the reader to see the various doctrines in the light of Scripture, and as resting on divine authority, while in a most instructive manner sidelights are cast upon them from history and Christian experience. It goes without saying, that when Mr. Moule handles the doctrine of the Church and of the Ordinances, members of Free churches generally are not likely to accept his conclusions on the one subject; nor are Baptists, in particular, likely to acquiesce in his views on the other, believing that there is a still more excellent way than that indicated by the able and devout president of Ridley Hall, whose name is to us fragrant beyond our power of expression.

Ecce Venit. By A. J. GORDON, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

THESE pages sparkle with thought, and are rich in persuasiveness. Dr. Gordon holds that the advent of the Saviour will take place before the millennium, and this view is presented throughout the volume with the skill of a thoroughly able and well-furnished advocate. On his showing, both Scripture and the purest piety of ancient and modern days would all seem to speak this way. The reader, therefore, who would maintain the contrary doctrine, must be well assured as to his standing-ground both from Scripture and the history of this question; and here the book, copious as it is, leaves much unsaid. Nevertheless, the volume is so instinct with devotional feeling, that the reader, whatever his opinion may be on these points, may find much to help him towards a more ardent longing for that coming which is the great hope of the church. Dr. Gordon himself shows admirably, in one of his best chapters, that the Saviour's second coming is so revealed in Scripture that all believers may hasten towards it,

and feel its elevating power quite independently of the question of time, whether they regard it as more distant or nigh at hand—to come in a thousand years, or in one day.

The Days of the Passover. By THOMAS NEWBERRY. Hodder & Stoughton.

MR. NEWBERRY'S immediate object is to fix the exact day of the death of the Lord Jesus, and then, through it, the time of the resurrection. He rejects the commonly-received opinion that Friday was the day of the Crucifixion, and decides in favour of Thursday, supporting his decision by a large induction of passages from the Old Testament and the New. If he does not clear away all haziness, and reach absolute certainty, he yet builds up a very strong probability on his side. The subject, be it remembered, travels beyond points of chronology, and involves, beside the fulfilment of the ancient type of the Passover, a prophetic ordinance, and also the prophecy uttered by our Lord concerning his own resurrection. The reader will find the manner of treatment eminently suggestive, and will be amply repaid by a careful perusal of this interesting booklet.

The Credibility of the Christian Religion. By SAMUEL SMITH, M.P. Marshall Brothers.

WE have aforetime thanked Mr. Smith for his book when we saw it in larger form. He has in this edition left out some chapters which were not essential to the argument, that his treatise might be made cheaper, and have a wider circulation. We trust it will be helpful to people who are on the turn, and lead them to a firmer faith.

A Life Story. By Rev. FREDERICK WHITFIELD, M.A., Vicar of St. Mary's, Hastings. Nisbet.

WE heard one say, the other day, that he always gathered sermons when he read Mr. Whitfield's writings. We know that this witness is true. This brother is always rich in exposition, and in hints at Biblical lines of thought. In this twopenny tract he sweetly discourses upon four great *musts*. His teaching is sound and deep, and at the same time simple and full of earnestness.

The Language of the New Testament.

By the late Rev. WILLIAM HENRY SIMCOX, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

"THIS little book," according to the preface, "does not profess to be a complete grammar of New Testament Greek." From the same source we also hear, "It will appear that I take a large view of this liberty of the non-grammarian, that I look for little gain to theology, and hardly any to devotion, from the minute verbal study of the language of the New Testament." The object, therefore, being neither primarily grammatical, nor subordinately theological or devotional, appears to be to trace the form, or rather the forms, the Greek language assumed at the time when it was used by the writers of the New Testament, and to compare them with those of the language of earlier and later periods. In working out this purpose, the author has treated the language of the New Testament too little as the vehicle of ideas—ideas which constitute a new revelation—and too much as a development of mere forms of words, and their formal connections. Nevertheless, those who have a passion for all the phases of Greek speech may find interesting hints in this treatise, which ought to be called, *The Forms of the Language of the New Testament*, rather than *The Language of the New Testament*. The puzzle is, how such a book strayed into a series published under the name of *Theological Educator*.

Hidden Treasure; or, the Unrecognized Quotations of the New Testament from the Septuagint Version of the Old. By RICHARD HARRIS HILL. Cassell and Co.

IN these days of microscopic criticism of Scripture, which is sought to be utilized on the side of unfaith, one is inclined to welcome every honest effort which may truly support faith in the Word of God. Mr. Hill's brochure is a contribution intended to show how closely interwoven by subtle and minute threads is the union of the Old and New Testaments. In it he has collated out of the New Testament 101 passages, which have their chief

points of identity in the Greek version of the Old, and which are, more or less, disguised in their English dress. He proceeds on the maxim, "The more light we can obtain from Scripture to illustrate its own pages, the better"; and the most of his instances corroborate this. But there are some—as, for instance, Hebrews viii. 2—which show that the utmost care must be taken with such work, because the use of the same words does not always prove that an allusion is intended to the Old Testament; nor can a point or two of external resemblance warrant us in deciding that a given expression is a quotation of the Older Book, without some collateral authority in the drift of the reasoning or purpose of the two passages.

The Church of the Firstborn: a few Thoughts on Christian Unity. By the late Rev. WM. PENNEFATHER, B.A. New Edition. Shaw and Co.

WHOEVER wishes to understand the first principles upon which the blessed communion enjoyed at the Mildmay Conference is based, should read this little book. Mr. Pennefather was a man of God who had outgrown his gown and bands, and believed in the one true Catholic and Apostolic Church—the Church of which the Lord Jesus is the Head. Around him others gathered; and though he has gone home to his Lord, thousands of the choicest of all denominations still meet in holy, happy fellowship, to minister to each other in Christ, to win souls to his kingdom, and to wait for his appearing. We value the book most as a testimony for union in the truth, and as an introduction to the fellowship of Mildmay.

The Bible: how it was Compiled. Holness.

A PENNYWORTH of most needful and seasonable information for the general reader. It will lead on to the purchase of fuller books upon the subject.

Service for the King. J. F. Shaw.

A MAGAZINE of special interest to the frequenters of Mildmay, but also of such general excellence as to be worthy of a wider circulation.

Max Müller and Religion. By G. GREENLEES, Member of University Council, Glasgow. Simpkin.

"To beard the lion in his den," and to assail Max Müller on questions of philology, would appear equally full of risk. Mr. Greenlees, however, does not venture on so dire or so stupid a venture. He frankly accords all honour to Max Müller in his own peculiar province. But he finds the lion has left his den, and roamed into hunting ground where he is a stranger—yea, rather, he discovers the noble animal, though belonging to the dry land, recklessly putting out to sea, and essaying, while he can hardly keep his own head above water, to be a pilot to other sinking creatures. Under these circumstances Mr. Greenlees seeks to allure the forest king back to terra firma. Himself eminent in philology, he finds Mr. Müller deserting the first principles of the very science he has created, in erroneous speculations on the origin of religion; and yet using the authority of his place in the one subject to give currency to his opinions on the other. This is the double error Mr. Greenlees observes in the *Giffard Lectures*, delivered by Max Müller; and he exposes it with clearness, and endeavours to counteract it with great abundance of evidence and persuasion. Mr. Greenlees writes with the confidence of ripe scholarship in the philological branch of his argument, and with the settled calm of assured faith in the religious. To all who have listened, or are inclined to listen, to Mr. Max Müller, we would earnestly say, let Mr. Greenlees also have an attentive hearing. He can speak with authority on the evolution of language; but what is of more moment, after many years of life's stress and burdens, he can speak of peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, because he has known it.

The Synagogue, not the Temple, the Germ and Model of the Christian Church. By the Rev. JAMES GALL. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

A THOROUGHLY readable book: it attracts by its style, and repays by its merits. Its aim is to strengthen the cause of a free and expansive

evangelism in the Christian church generally, and especially in those sections formed on the model of the Temple, and ruled in a priestly spirit. In Mr. Gall's view the Temple is the type of the Redeemer's work; the synagogue is the form of Christian worship and organization. The fixed and exclusive forms of the Temple are incompatible with evangelism; the spontaneous and free methods of the Synagogue favour and incite to expansion. The subject is handled under the influence gained from these days of mission work at home and abroad. Mr. Gall thinks a radical change is gradually passing over the churches established at the Reformation, forcing them more and more unto the lines of freedom; and he here very clearly and forcibly expresses his opinion of the ideal that ought to be kept in view in the new reformation to which these churches are travelling. Coming from a Presbyterian, it is a notable volume, a sign of the time. Without pinning ourselves down to every position taken up, we heartily welcome the volume as a substantial contribution to the cause of free churches, and trust it may receive a candid and extensive reading.

The Hebrew Bible and Science. By the Rev. W. COLLINS BADGER, M.A. James Nisbet and Co.

WE have been hearing so much of the antagonism of the Bible and science, that a brief pause is welcome, that we may hear *alteram partem*. It is by no means, however, as a special pleader Mr. Badger writes; but in the true interests both of science and revelation. He draws from his store of knowledge gathered from what he calls his "diggings," in ground unknown to those unacquainted with Hebrew, with the result that the reader is presented with valuable and curious information on the harmony of Scripture and science on such subjects as the earth's suspension, rotundity, motions, the atmosphere and circular motion of the winds, Joshua's miracle, geology, &c., &c. In such a clear, interesting, and unaffected style has Mr. Badger done his work, that we trust he has not thrown away his spade; but will continue to "dig," and tell the reading public of his findings.

Seven Years in Ceylon. By MARY and MARGARET LEITCH. Partridge.

FULL of true stories of missionary life, and profusely illustrated with striking engravings. No one, unless he has done similar work, can form an idea of the labour involved in collecting such a number of drawings, so vividly descriptive of the country and its inhabitants. It is pleasant to read of conversions as they are here rehearsed; but it is to the last degree painful to note how largely the influence of our country in India is on the side of evil. Under our guidance, "a nation of abstainers is fast becoming a nation of drunkards." The religions of the Hindoos, Buddhists, and Mohammedans forbid the use of strong drinks; but in Ceylon, and in the rest of India, the British Government, for the sake of revenue, has made intoxicating drink to be cheap and plentiful. Do we not blush to belong to a mighty nation which debauches those it subdues? It is said, that for every Christian we have made, we have made a hundred drunkards. We have been tempters to our feebler brethren, and herein we have been servants of the devil.

This book upon Ceylon ought to interest everybody in its missions. To begin to read it, is to be held in bonds: to have read it through, is to feel more than ever a debtor to the heathen, to send them the light from heaven. Our copy of the book is bound in a neat paper cover, and it only costs half-a-crown. Lovers of foreign missions, here is a treat for you; when you have enjoyed it, you will be in good trim for helping the Jaffna College and the General Medical Mission.

Striking Events in Irish History. By C. F. DOWSETT. Kegan Paul & Co. OURS is not a political magazine; but as we are pressed to notice this book, we need say no more than that the author ably pleads on the Unionist side, and in so doing cites a number of terrible facts. Whatever may be the judgment of the reader, the facts make up a history with which all should be acquainted, and they are told in a way which enables the reader to follow them without weariness.

Little Folks: a Magazine for the Young. Cassell and Co.

ANOTHER volume of "Little Folks." Capital! One would have thought that it was the first that had ever appeared; it is so fresh and varied. Indeed, we think this magazine is just better and better; and little folks think so, too. Nothing can beat it.

The New "Little Folks" Painting Book. A series of Outline Engravings for Painting in Water Colours. Cassells.

Oh, the delight! Get me my box of paints, and my brush! Why, here is joy for a long evening. Alas, nurse will make me go to bed, or else I would paint till my eyelids needed propping up with bits of stick! Father gave a whole shilling for this book. I never had such a nice painting-book before. So says, *One of the Little Folks.*

Blackie's Modern Cyclopædia of Universal Information. Edited by CHARLES ANNANDALE, M.A., LL.D. Vol. VI. Blackie and Son.

VOL. VI. of this very useful work has come to hand. We wonder more and more that such a mass of solid information can be bought for six shillings; especially when we remember how the ordinary discount cuts the price down to 4s. 6d.

Mrs. Solomon Smith Looking On. Links in Rebecca's Life. Chrissy's Endeavour. By PANSY. Partridge and Co.

THE editor cannot read tales himself; but he is informed, by one who knows, that he may say as much as ever he likes in favour of the Pansy books, and yet he need never be afraid of saying too much. Dear reader, take it as written; and if you must read fiction, keep to such books as these. This edition costs only fourpence.

Memoirs of Mighty Men: John Bunyan; Robert Moffat; Livingstone; Luther; Knox; Wesley. One Penny each. Holness.

THESE are first-rate publications at the price. We do not know how so much can be given for a single copper. The lives are likely to produce their own like. With God's blessing, these little books will be fine seed with which to sow the whole country.

The Apostle of Burma. A Memoir of Adoniram Judson, D.D. By the Rev. JABEZ MARRAT.

Elizabeth Gaunt: a Tale of Monmouth's Rebellion. By FANNY SOPHIA HOLLINGS.

King Alfred's Last Christmas; and other Stories. By FANNY SOPHIA HOLLINGS.

Heartsease and Morning Glories. By JENNIE CHAPPELL.

Under the Juniper Tree: a Story for Boys. By WILLIAM J. FORSTER.

The Knight's Move; and other Stories for Boys and Girls. By WILLIAM J. FORSTER. Charles H. Kelly.

THESE shilling books, though uniform in size and style, are far too diverse as to their subjects to be fairly dismissed with words of all-including praise. That they come from the Methodist Book-room is a guarantee that each one is good of its kind.

The Apostle of Burma claims the first place; for it is truth, while the others are mostly fiction. To compress the story of Adoniram Judson's life and work into the compass of this little book is simply an impossibility, and it must have taxed Mr. Marrat's utmost ingenuity to have given so good an outline of "The Karen Apostle," who was second to none of the pioneers of modern missions in grace, and gifts, and zeal. It will do good service if it shall lead to the study of such biographies of Judson as those by Wayland and Conant. We would commend the study of Judson's life to our Pædobaptist friends, that they may ponder the reasons he gives for his "change of views" on baptism, which, for obvious reasons, could have no place in these short chapters.

Mr. Marrat has, unintentionally, doubtless, misrepresented Judson's views, and indeed the principle of our position as Baptists, when he states that "Mr. Judson came to the conclusion that immersion of *adults* was the only Scriptural method by which the rite could be administered." Judson says that "after many painful trials . . . he settled down in the full persuasion that the immersion of a *professing believer in Christ* is the only Christian baptism": the italics are

ours. Well-informed persons ought not to countenance the popular fallacy that we only baptize *adults*: as if *adult* and *believer* were synonyms. We draw the line where the Holy Spirit draws it, at faith in the heart and confession with the mouth; and where Pædobaptists themselves draw it in the matter of fitness for sitting at the Table of the Lord. That children, and some even of tender years, are among those who obey their Lord's command to be baptized, the rolls of our churches will abundantly testify. And here let us say that the prejudice arising from anti-scriptural teaching is not the only reason why multitudes of believing children are not baptized, but the positive prohibition of parents, who nevertheless charge us with only baptizing adults.

Elizabeth Gaunt, by Fanny Hollings, is a very well-written and interesting story of the times of James II., and especially of certain martyrs, whose Christ-like deeds are commemorated in the frescoes at Westminster.

King Alfred's Last Christmas, and other Stories by the same author, is a collection of tales of different degrees of interest, mostly for little people. The few pages about *Mother Shipton's Prophecies* may not be without interest at the present time, seeing that we have some of the old lady's successors very much *en évidence*.

Heartsease and Morning Glories is a love story, good of its sort; Christian in tone and teaching.

Under the Juniper Tree, by W. J. Forster, is a made-up story for boys, including temperance, brotherly kindness, and charity. By the same author is *The Knight's Move, and other Stories*—a baker's dozen of them—mostly of the Temperance order.

Moral Muscle, and how to use it; a Brotherly Chat with Young Men. By FREDERICK A. ATKINS. With an introduction by Rev. THAIN DAVIDSON, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

VERY good indeed. Mr. Atkins here proves that he is fit to be editor of the journal which is entitled, *The Young Man*. He writes in a pleasing, earnest style, and says briefly just what one would like to have said to our rising youth. Only one shilling.

Quaint Themes and Queer People. A Series of Straight Talks with the Crowd. By C. E. STONE. Ashfield and Young, Bridge Road West, Battersea.

IF we could conquer our serious aversion to half-religious lectures on a Sunday, we should take kindly to these "talks." Forgetting for the moment the genus in the species, we are able to praise these deliverances: they are really "all alive" addresses. There is a fulness of wit in them; but the gospel is fairly and squarely set forth, and the conscience is dealt with in right worthy style. Without avowing a design to preach Christ, the preacher really does evangelize. He inveigles his hearers into listening to his sound sense intermixed with nonsense, and then he suddenly springs the gospel upon them. We look for good results from these lively articles in their printed form. There should have been a Paternoster Row publisher for this book, since collectors for the trade will never trot all the way to Battersea for a shilling pamphlet. Mr. Stone has much in him, and will be sure to be heard of in bolder ventures than this.

The Miracles of our Lord. Expository and Homiletic. By JOHN LAIDLAW, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton. A HURRIED survey of this work leaves upon our mind the impression that here we have a devout, sensible, and solid exposition. We are not worried with a swarm of German gnats, nor made uneasy by the apparition of the black snake of modern thought. Mr. Nicholl did good service to interpretation, and to homiletics, when he started Dr. Laidlaw on this track. Since the priceless work of Trench, there has been nothing upon the Miracles equal to this volume. Three half-crowns will be well spent in its purchase.

St. Paul: His Life and Times. By JAMES IVERACH, M.A. Nisbet.

THE Life of Paul is by no means a novel subject. Mr. Iverach has produced an excellent book for half-a-crown, which may amply serve students of small means. Much of what others have said is here condensed; but there is much about the

book that is fresh and original. Though pretty well posted up upon the subject, we could read this treatise with pleasure and instruction. Certain silly critical theories are mentioned; but they are not allowed much space. Possibly, it is useful to kill these blow-flies; especially if you smash them into nothing. We like the tone and spirit of this work, and wish it a large sale.

Biblical Commentary on the Prophecies of Isaiah. By FRANZ DELITZSCH, D.D. Vol. I. T. & T. Clark.

THAT Delitzsch was one of the foremost of scholars no one questions. Our joy in him was that, for the most part, he was thoroughly on the right side. In his later days he seemed to have yielded somewhat to the new-fashioned school; but he never went so far as they desired, or even expected. He was open-minded, but he did not suck in everything, like a street-grating. Although he seems to have wavered about the Pentateuch, he wavered through weakness, and not from perversity of unbelief. We fail to see in this first volume of Isaiah that he had gone aside to any great extent, though assuredly the names which he uses in his dedication are more famous for learning than for orthodoxy. His Isaiah is indispensable to scholars. This new edition does not entirely supersede the former one; for the author says, "I always leave so much that is special to the former editions of my Commentaries that later editions do not completely antiquate them."

Tried by Fire. By F. B. MEYER, M.A. Morgan and Scott. Price 2s. 6d.

MR. MEYER always writes to edification. His doctrine is not so strong and thorough-going as we could desire; but it is deeply evangelical and practical, and its tendency is to lead the soul nearer to God. For the many this book will be an exposition of the First Epistle of Peter of the kind they need—plain, practical, and gracious. Of profound thought we have nothing here, nor do we wish for it; it would be out of place in a popular exposition which has already appeared in *The Christian*.

Mr. Holness, 14, Paternoster Row, sends four admirable shilling books for the juveniles, which deserve to be patronized by Christian people :—

May Beaufort ; or, The True Story of a Hymn. Anon.

The Good Shepherd and his Lambs. Anon.

Dark Clouds with Silver Linings. By the author of "Gracie and Grant."

The Homeward Journey. By A. T. S.

THE same publisher sends large texts for the wall, at a penny each ; striking and practical.

Hungary in Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern Times. By ARMINIUS VAMBERY, with the Collaboration of LOUIS HEILPRIN. T. Fisher Unwin.

A STORY worth the telling. Romance has no charms with wise men, when compared with sober fact. We promise the reader who wishes to acquire information while he is being interested, that this book will meet his largest desire. Knowing little of Hungarian chronicles, we have perused this volume with delight. We suspect that the bulk of our subscribers are in much the same benighted condition as ourselves, and to such we boldly predict a great treat when they turn to Prof. Vambery's flowing pages. Lovers of the old evangelical faith should read it, to see how truth, when crushed, still lives, and in due time gathers new strength. The charming series of "The Story of the Nations" shows no sign of falling off.

A History of Presbyterianism in Dublin and the South and West of Ireland.

By CLARKE H. IRWIN, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS will be mainly interesting to our Presbyterian brethren in Ireland. We have tried to read it ; but not knowing the places, we have not been captivated by the record. Yet are we fully persuaded of the historical value of such books as these, and we are glad that they can find a market. We should have liked more about the spiritual life of the good people mentioned. For the common and non-Irish reader, the book deals too much with the external and the ecclesiastical, and too little with the inward and

gracious. Still, for its own people, it is a valuable chronicle.

The Christian Travellers' Continental Handbook. Edited by R. S. ASHTON. Elliot Stock.

WHEN you are abroad, if you have this book with you, you will know where to find a religious gathering. You are not of the base sort of people who leave their religion when they leave their country. If you are of such, where will you go when you leave the world ?

The Choice, and other Poems. By M. L. PARKER. Kingsbridge : J. Taylor, Fore Street.

CONTAINS pleasing and gracious verse, and far more poetry than more pretentious works. Still, poetry is "a drug in the market," and all who write it must be prepared to find in their work its own and only reward.

Walks in and around London. By UNCLE JONATHAN. C. H. Kelly.

FULL of information. Teeming with engravings. A handsome volume. A guide-book for visitors who would make the most of a visit to the world's greatest city, which is far finer than grumbling Englishmen suppose.

Sam Silvan's Sacrifice : the Story of Two Fatherless Boys. By JESSIE COLMAN. Blackie and Son.

THE book is written for children, and they will read it ; and that is more than can be predicted of every book. It describes the miserable life led by two little fellows whose mother was obliged to place them with poor folk, that she might support herself and them by "going out to service." Unhappily, there is too much foundation in fact for such a story ; for, alas ! many fatherless and motherless children are placed by their friends with fair-spoken but cruel women, who ill-treat them, and prevent their sad story from reaching the ears of friends.

Little Minnie : or, Good out of Evil.

By N. D'ANVERS. Shaw and Co.

Noël and Geoff ; or, Three Christmas Days. A Story for Children. By

FRANCES ARMSTRONG. John Hogg. TWO fairly good stories for the small fry of the family, not calling for the reviewer's panegyric.

Dorothy Belle; or, This Side and That.
By Mrs. G. S. REANY. Hodder and Stoughton.

DEEP solicitude for the present and eternal happiness of her younger sisters is seen in every chapter of this brief story, which is a saturated solution of matronly wisdom and Christian teaching. It is specially directed to those on the threshold of matrimony; and, although it may fairly be classed among "girls' books," the chapter on "The Ideal Husband" is worthy the study of any man who is unconverted. The references to the intemperance question, also, we commend to the serious consideration of all non-abstainers; in short, we commend the book unreservedly.

One feature of Mrs. Reany's stories is especially noticeable—namely, that while the wife of a Nonconformist pastor she should have ignored the existence of any religion or religionists except of the "Established"

order. She is especially careful to present "the old rector," or "the vicar," as her ideal Christian minister, and "the rectory" as the ideal Christian home. This was much more observable in a story written long ago than even in this one; so that we may reasonably suppose that Mr. Reany's better half was ahead of him in his progress towards Mother Church. Severe critics will think they see in her husband's secession the leadings of providence—and of Mrs. Reany; while more generous ones will congratulate the Anglican communion on the accession to its ranks of two earnest workers for the common good.

Lilian's Hope. By CATHERINE SHAW. Shaw and Co.

FOR purity of style and fidelity to truth, Mrs. Shaw's stories are second to none of their class. While they are always interesting, they are never extravagant and sensational.

Notes.



On Thursday morning, June 23, the Editor had the privilege of again assisting at the MILDWAY PARK CONFERENCE, by speaking

upon "Christ our Leader in Darkness." He was weak and trembling, but grace was so abundantly given that the assembly was

refreshed. Scarcely to any other effort of the speaker has so much testimony been borne as to this address. By numerous letters we are assured that many of the weary were refreshed, and not a few captives were loosed. We have placed an engraving of the platform at Mildmay at the head of our notes, that our readers who do not frequent that hallowed place may have some idea of the pulpit from which the Word is spoken. When one speaks in the great hall, the audience is a specially-prepared one. Not a word need be wasted in the attempt to gain or retain attention: all *are* eager to hear, and nearly all are prepared to appreciate spiritual truth. Mildmay is a marvellous institution. That man of God, Mr. Pennefather, when he commenced it, could have little dreamed to what it would grow. It is the focus of Christian fellowship, and the fountain of gracious influence. The fellowship is all the more hearty because there is a hearty agreement upon vital truth; and the influence is all the more healthy because it comes forth from lovers of gospel truth from among all denominations of Christians. We sing, with Dr. Watts and the boys and girls—

"I have been there, and still will go;
'Tis like a little heaven below."

GENERAL OUTLOOK.—We see tokens for good, mingled with sad signs of evil. Not a few preachers of the Word are more clear and definite in their statements of truth than they used to be; and some of the modern men are less lofty in their tone. When a Down-grade teacher vacates his pulpit, we meet with abundant evidence that the people very seldom have a desire for another of his class. The hunger for the old gospel is on the starved congregation, and there is an eager demand for a minister who will give the bread of heaven. It is pleasant to observe in some cases that all trace of the former talk vanishes when the gospel returns. It is to be feared that in other places the mischief may be of a more enduring character. Were it not for the coalition of good men with the false teachers, the novel gospel is so feeble that it would not long stand alone.

Nothing is more astounding than the way in which the false and the true are mixed up at this present. Men who venerate the Bible are now in religious association with those who regard it as of little more authority than any other book; and many who are themselves sound in the faith, are "hail fellow" with the most outrageous dreamers. In every case the result must be mischievous. The union thus formed is a mere name, the pretended fellowship a sham; and all shams are evil. There are two parties, and they can no more become one than oil and water. The confederacy will, therefore, be merely nominal, or else the weak minds which once rejoiced in the truth will yield to the more

active intellects on the wrong side, and become advocates of the falsehood which once they dreaded, generally making up for their lack of ability by an extra dose of bitterness.

As things are at this moment, a compromise between truth and error is being maintained with great dexterity; but it is hollow as a drum. Beneath the semblance of triumph which this combination wears, there are, thank God, forces at work which will ensure complete defeat for the conspiracy. Our people still love the old gospel, and those who now ride them, like the old man of the mountain, will find their seat very difficult to keep as the days roll on. If the matter be carefully looked at in the light of truth and a clean conscience, it will be seen that to escape complicity in a treacherous betrayal of the truth, many an old tie must be broken, and many a pleasant connection must be rent asunder. Those who will follow the Lord fully will have ease of conscience, and a recompensing fellowship which will be as sweet as it is true. Dishonour among men may be the momentary portion of the faithful, but eternity will furnish a superabundant reward.

On *Monday evening, June 23*, the prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle was opened with singing, and prayer by the Pastor, and a peculiarly touching supplication by Elder Cockrell. Through failure of sight, our friend had to be guided to the front of the platform, but he knew his way to the mercy-seat, and there was no failure in his spiritual vision. It did us all good to listen to his petition, and to unite with him in it. The Pastor mentioned that, on the previous Monday evening, there were so many candidates to come before the church, that Deacon Pearce had been in the chair from half-past six till half-past nine o'clock; so that this evening he had asked Deacon William Olney to take part of the meeting, which had already commenced, and would go on at the same time as the prayer-meeting. Mr. Olney prayed before he went downstairs; and then Mr. Chamberlain sang, "I know whom I have believed," and, at the Pastor's request, related a number of interesting incidents which had occurred in his evangelistic work in various places. Some of these we present to the readers of this month's magazine. Several short, fervent prayers followed; and Mr. Smart, missionary from Madeira, spoke of his work there, and asked for prayer for greater blessing, and the removal of hindrances to his usefulness in that island.

On *Monday evening, June 30*, the Tabernacle prayer-meeting was a very special one, for fifteen girls from the Stockwell Orphanage were then baptized. Such general interest was taken in this event, that the building was full in every part. Most of the orphans were present, and they sang at intervals during the evening. In

opening the meeting, the Pastor said that if the girls had not been present, he could have said more about them; but he could testify that they had passed most satisfactorily through the very thorough examination that had been made into each case, and their matrons and the officers of the church had no hesitation in recommending them for baptism. Others had previously found the Saviour in the Orphanage, and it was believed that many more, both boys and girls, would, before long, come out and publicly profess their faith in Christ. Prayer for the orphans, and for all children, was presented by Mr. Charlesworth, Pastor J. Wilson (Woolwich), and Messrs. Wigney, Pearce, and Hely. Miss Robinson, of Portsmouth, was on the platform; so Mr. Harrauld, on her behalf, gave a brief account of her great work for soldiers in building "The Speedwell Coffee Palace and Gospel Hall," and prayed for a blessing on her efforts. Dr. Churcher, of the North Africa Mission, spoke and prayed; and the Pastor specially addressed the orphans and other children and young persons present, urging them to immediate decision for Christ, and to a Scriptural profession of their faith.

Just before the baptism, the orphans sang, "Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?" Mr. Charlesworth baptized the fifteen girls, and the whole service was one that will long be remembered by all who were present. Our friends, who have helped us to maintain the Orphanage, will rejoice with us that the Lord is saving the children while they are under our care. We shall soon have a little army of boys uniting with the church; for there are seventy in the Young Christians' Band, who have stood well for a considerable time. We must be personal, and ask the reader of these notes whether he or she has made the necessary confession of faith in the Lord Jesus; for the promise is to faith openly confessed, and it will never do to neglect any part of the gospel command.

On Tuesday afternoon, July 1, Mr. Spurgeon preached a sermon in connection with the annual meeting of MR. CHARLES COOK'S MISSION, at the Metropolitan Music Hall, Edgware Road. There was a tempest before the gathering, yet the hall was abundantly full; and we may add there was a tempest during the service, yet no one's attention failed. This was the more notable, since it was a trial to the preacher to speak; and had it not been for the divine blessing, it would have been a weariness to the people to hear. The personal testimonies of Mr. T. A. Denny, and Mr. Paton, to Mr. Cook's work, were very cheering; and the fact that the gospel is so perpetually preached in Hyde Park and in this Music Hall, and that Mr. Cook has enlisted such a band of helpers, goes far to show that there are bright signs even amid the surrounding gloom.

The more of open-air work the better. We have personally met with instances of

conversion under the Hyde Park ministry. It is well that infidels and politicians should not have the vast area all to themselves.

On Lord's-day evening, July 6, at the Tabernacle communion-service, seventy-three persons received the right hand of fellowship. There should have been eighty-two, but nine were unable to be present, and would be received on subsequent Sabbaths. Thus, in one evening, as many members as many churches contain were added to our number. To God alone be praise!

On Monday evening, July 7, the Pastor was not at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, as he was taking a brief rest in Essex. Mr. William Olney presided, and the meeting was mainly of a missionary character. Prayer was offered by Mr. Harrauld, Pastor T. Hancocks (Chatham), and Mr. Elvin. Mr. Glenn, the secretary of the North African Mission, who has recently returned from that region, spoke of the urgent need of more missionaries there, and introduced Mr. Van Tassel, who has laboured for three years and a half in Northern Arabia. This brother gave a most interesting account of his work among the Bedouins, in whose costume he appeared. He wants to induce other workers to go with him when he returns. Two sisters from North Africa, Miss Read and Miss Day, were also present, and Dr. Churcher, who was sailing for Tangier the same night. Prayer for them was presented by Dr. Eccles, the treasurer of the mission, and other brethren; and a brief season was spent in silent supplication on behalf of missions at home and abroad. Pastor J. Bennett Anderson (Liverpool) spoke of his approaching visit to Australia, New Zealand, &c., and pleaded for the mission to work-girls in the city; Mr. Olney presented the special requests for prayer; and Deacon Frank Thompson brought to a close a truly profitable meeting.

On Monday evening, July 14, the members who have been recently admitted into the church met for tea, with the Pastor and officers. 286 were eligible, but rather more than 200 attended, the early hour at which the meeting had to be held preventing the others from being present. The Pastor presided, and in the name of the church welcomed the new members, and counselled them with regard to the duties and privileges of their position. Addresses were also delivered by Rev. Clarence Chambers, and Deacons Hall, Thompson, and W. Olney; and Mr. Chamberlain sang, "Tell Jesus," which he was afterwards asked to repeat in the Tabernacle. Our deacons spoke so ably, and with such a holy anointing, that we could do no less than bless the Lord for such well-instructed brethren. May the new members prove themselves to be good and true, and may the church bring all the more glory to God as its numbers are increased!

The prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle

was commenced before the other meeting was closed, so that, when the friends came upstairs, we might appropriately have sung about

"Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh."

Several of the new members engaged in prayer, and then the Pastor took as the subject of a brief address, the words of a minister who had recently died of cancer, "Much pain: more Christ." Other brethren prayed, Mr. Burnham sang, "In the hollow of his hand"; Dr. Park, son of Dr. Park, of Andover, U.S.A., spoke and prayed; and Mr. Bunning, of Australia, presented a special request for the recovery of our brother Harry Wood, who was reported to be very ill in Tasmania. The Pastor quoted the remark of a good country woman, who said to him, "I heard you well." She did not say, "You preached well." Mr. Spurgeon discoursed therefrom upon the importance of hearing well. He then asked for special prayer for the boys, as well as the girls, at the Orphanage, and also for a change in the weather, that the crops might be ripened, and the farmers saved from ruin. Mr. Howe, from Cape Town, gave a cheering account of the mission in which he and others had been engaged among soldiers, sailors, railway-men, policemen, young women, and others, in South Africa; and we all remembered Mr. Spenser Walton in his bereavement. Mr. Harrauld offered prayer for several special cases, and the Pastor closed, with a brief supplication, another real business meeting at the throne of grace. This was followed the next day by eleven coming forward to confess Christ, mostly men. What are we, and what is our father's house, that the Lord should bless us after this fashion?

Our esteemed elder, J. T. DUNN, and his family, have our sincere sympathy in the bereavement they have sustained through the death of his daughter, Annie. Less than a year ago she went out to China, as a missionary of the China Inland Mission, and now she is "for ever with the Lord." About the time of the College Conference we had a letter from her, in which she said, "It has been for years my happy privilege to attend some of the meetings, and although I should like, if it were possible, to do so again this year, day by day I grow increasingly thankful for the reason which prevents me from doing this, and being in my accustomed place at the Tabernacle on the Lord's-day. I cannot describe to you what a blank it seemed when first cut off from all the happy associations, especially from your ministry, which has for so long been such a blessing to my soul. Before coming to China, I knew a little of the needs of the heathen; but had I ever realized how great were the darkness and degradation, my seat at the Tabernacle would long since have had another occu-

pant. I am praying very earnestly that many of our members may, this year, be led to obey the command of our Lord, 'Go ye into all the world'; and consecrate their lives to his service, and thus hasten the coming of his kingdom. Out of a church of over five thousand members, how few, comparatively speaking, have done this! Hundreds of souls, in this land alone, who have never heard the name of Jesus, are perishing daily."

Who will respond to the call that comes from our sister's grave in China? Who will be baptized for the dead, and go out to take her place?

Our brother Manley has fallen asleep—a man held in high esteem by a large circle of acquaintances and friends. A multitude gathered at his grave. The Lord support the bereaved one, and make up to his church the many gaps which death continues to make!

COLLEGE.—Mr. H. B. Case has settled as pastor at Commercial Road, Oxford; and Mr. D. Loinaz, at Providence Chapel, Hounslow.

Mr. W. A. Martin has removed from Bovingdon to the Tabernacle, Dover; and Mr. W. A. Biss, from Ransomville, to Mannsville, Jefferson County, New York, U.S.A.

Our readers will be interested in the following extract from a letter recently received from Mr. J. A. Clark, one of our brethren engaged in the Congo Mission:—

"My colleague is Mr. Scrivener, now an associate member of the Conference. We are both getting a hold of the language now, and go into the towns very frequently, often trying to tell the people, as well as we can, the glad tidings we have come to bring.

"We have started a Sunday-morning service, but at present we have to hold it in our house, so that we get very few besides our boys; but we are building a large school-chapel which will accommodate all who care to come, and we hope very soon to open it.

"We have a school of about twenty boys. These I have divided into three classes. The first class consists of three boys who have been with us the longest, and are our house boys. They are beginning to read and write fairly well. The second class, having mastered the alphabet, is concentrating its attention on strokes and pothooks, varied by a course of 'ba, be, bi,' etc. The juniors are still endeavouring to solve the mysteries of A B C, or rather, as there is no C in the language, of A B D.

"Every evening we have a short service with these boys. We have paraphrased a few hymns with lively tunes, such as 'When Mothers of Salem,' and 'What a Friend we have in Jesus!' We are well aware that the language into which we have put them is by no means perfect, but hope in time to correct any blunders we may have fallen into. In a translation of the

popular hymn in Sankey's collection, 'Wonderful Words of Life,' we found that instead of 'Words of Life' we had been singing 'words of the stomach,' which must certainly have seemed more 'wonderful' (though perhaps not quite so 'beautiful') to the boys than the more correct form. The boys are beginning to sing quite nicely now.

"I have attempted a translation of portions of the President's 'Catechism,' compiled from the 'Shorter' and 'Baptist' Catechisms, and am getting the boys to memorize them. I hope to begin one of the gospels before long. The lack of words to express spiritual things is a tremendous difficulty with us, but I suppose in that respect we are no worse off than many missionaries labouring in heathen lands.

"Mr. Wade, of Halifax, having generously given us a printing-press, we are having an office built for it.

"At Irebu, not very far above us on the river, the natives are giving the State a good deal of trouble, and at Chumbiri's, near a station of the American Baptist Union, where Mr. Billington is located, there has been a sad fracas, in which a captain of a steamer was killed. We are very thankful that the people here are quiet, and peaceably disposed. They are very friendly towards us.

"I had a rather long fever at the beginning of the year, but a trip up river in the 'Peace' quite set me up again, and I have had the best of health since. Two brethren will probably proceed up river shortly, to open the new station at Upoto."

COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—We shall need more help for our missionary fund, for we have now undertaken to support Dr. Churcher as well as Mr. Patrick in Tangier. This arrangement will not affect our brother's connection with the N. Africa Mission, and he will continue his medical mission work as before, but we shall relieve the society of the responsibility of maintaining him. Mr. Patrick has had many difficulties in his work among the Spaniards, but the Lord is blessing his efforts. At this time of the year the heat is very trying, and the unsanitary condition of Tangier makes it very liable to take the cholera, which is just across the Straits of Gibraltar. Our brethren and sisters in N. Africa need our special prayers and help just now. The growth of our part of this mission depends, under God, upon the readers of this magazine. They will help us in this new work, if it be indeed of the Lord that we should carry it on on a wider scale.

EVANGELISTS.—Summer time is not the season for evangelistic missions on a large scale, so our brethren have been mostly resting, and preparing for the autumn campaign. Messrs. Fullerton and Smith have been at the Polytechnic, Regent Street, for

the Saturdays and Sundays of July, and Mr. Harrison has been at the Great Assembly Hall, Mile End Road, all the month.

PERSONAL NOTES.—One of our College brethren sends us the following cheering letter:—"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—When visiting a sick woman to-day, she said, 'I take in *The Christian Herald*, and oh, how I do enjoy Mr. Spurgeon's sermons! My poor brother, many years ago, was on his death-bed. Consumption was killing him. One day we heard him call out, 'I've found him! I've found him!' 'Found who?' said mother, speaking up the stairs, 'Found my blessed Saviour.' Up ran mother, and I followed, and when we got to his bedside, tears were streaming down his face, and he was holding in his hands one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. 'Look, mother, look! Mr. Spurgeon has led me to Jesus! Oh, how blessed! I see him! I see him!' Then, weak as he was, he would have us sit down, and read aloud to us the sermon that led him to Jesus."

"The number of the sermon she could not remember, but its influence, these many years after, was plainly seen upon this sister. 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days.'"

A friend writes:—"Dear Mr. Spurgeon—This may interest you. My father-in-law, twenty-five years ago, lived in London, and on one occasion went to hear you preach. Your text was Nathan's words to David, 'Thou art the man!' He had been exercised as to doing some little preaching, and as you went on with your sermon, he thought, 'Well, there is nothing for me here.' You went on, however, to picture the Plague of London, and asked, 'What would you think of a man who, during the time of the Plague, had a *specific* for it, but kept it in his pocket?' Then, after a pause, and with outstretched finger, you called out, 'Thou art the man!' This went right home to my father-in-law's heart, and he thought, 'That's for me! I've got enough!' From that time he began to preach, and has continued to do so ever since, the result being blessing to many souls, and much glory to the name of Jesus. His thought was that he had the *specific* for the plague of sin in his pocket, but that he was failing to administer it; and one of his favourite illustrations of the simplicity of the gospel message is the story of your own conversion, 'Look unto me, and be ye saved,' which story I once came across in my reading, and showed to him.

"Let me thank you for your 'Down-Grade' articles, and pray God's help and blessing for you in witnessing for the truth as it is in Jesus, and the ministry of the gospel to the salvation of many souls."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—June 26, twenty-two; 30, fifteen; July 3, sixteen, including one from the Orphanage.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss Dawson	Mrs. Yates
Pastor H. H. Driver	Mr. John Barton
Mrs. Bulley	S. and C. Marlow
Miss Dawson, for Mr. Young, St.	Mr. William Hamilton
Helena	Miss Jephys
Rev. J. E. Somerville, B.D.	Miss B. Hoering
Mr. Daniel Thomas	S. H.
Mr. Daniel Dougall	Capt. J. W. Eno
Mr. C. W. Roberts	Mrs. Cross
Mrs. Grimshaw	Mrs. Tidswell
Mrs. Clements	Mrs. Soady
Mr. C. J. Curtis	"The Freeman" dividend
Mr. George Harris	Mrs. Smith
Miss E. A. Tunbridge	Mr. John Hosie
Mrs. J. V. Ambler, per Rev. H. L.	Mrs. Muir
Wayland, D.D.	Miss Vowles
A friend, per C. L.	Mr. Chas. Jones
A sermon-reader	Mr. and Mrs. Miller
Miss E. Gray	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :-			
Mrs. Drayson	June 15
Mr. H. Watcham	" 22
Mrs. C. Norton	" 29
Friend, N. Z.	July 6
An aged believer	" 13
Mr. R. J. Beecliff				170 7 8
Mrs. Maclean				£229 12 1
Mrs. Welch				
Pastor W. A. Biss				

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from June 16th to July 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss Dawson	Postal order from Seaton
Miss Dawson (for Spanish Missions)				£6 10 0
Mr. Alexander Christie				

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from June 16th to July 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. B. Carey	Collected by Miss L. Staveley :-			
Rev. S. R. Young	Mr. and Mrs. Southwell
Collected by Miss F. E. Barker	Mr. A. W. Staveley
Mrs. Spindler	Mr. Joseph Edginton
Mrs. Pester	Mr. F. J. Gardiner
Collected by Mrs. M. Penning	Mr. Matthew Le Pla
Messrs. Shaen, Roscoe, Massey, & Co.	Mr. A. E. Staveley
Collected by Miss Sharp	Mr. John Cockett
Collected by Mrs. P. Wooltorton	Pastor J. W. Campbell
Collected by Mr. Short	Mr. J. F. Tyar
Mr. C. Ibberson	Mr. A. Staveley
Collected by Mrs. E. N. Long	Mrs. Gardiner
Mr. John Lane	Miss Gardiner
Collected by Mrs. H. Critch	Miss Bellars
Collections at Baptist Chapel, Wishaw,	Mrs. Bolton
per Pastor George Whittet	I. and E. E. Growitt
Collected by Miss M. Knights	E. A. Hewitt
Collected by Miss E. Moase	L. S.
Collected by Miss Waterman				4 0 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Pastor W. T. Soper	D. L.	5 0 0
Collected by Mr. Thomas Morris	0 7 2	P. O., Wandsworth	0 1 0
Mrs. Jenkins	2 2 0	Mr. Noble (excursion fund)	1 0 0
Collected by Mr. T. M. Oxenbridge	0 5 0	Miss Lewis	1 0 0
Collected by Miss F. Jeffery	0 4 9	Per Mrs. Blant (birthday gift, collected on the day of prayer, at Derby-street, Burton-on-Trent)	0 13 0
Collected by Mrs. F. Battam	1 5 0	Mrs. Milton	0 2 7
Mr. J. Cooper	1 1 0	Collected by Harry, Charlie, and Bertie Curtis	1 10 0
Collected by Miss S. H. Pickering	0 9 0	Mr. S. Herbert	0 2 6
Collected by Miss Fitzgerald	0 3 0	Mr. W. Newton	0 5 0
Collected by Mrs. J. L. Blake:—	Jack, South Lambeth	0 4 0
Peterborough box	1 15 0	Collected by M. and E. Chance	0 10 0
Claxton box	0 10 0	Collected by Miss E. E. Epps	0 5 6
	2	5	0	Mr. J. W. Mothershead	0 10 0
Collected by Mr. A. B. Miller	5 11 0	Mr. Philip Hooper	0 5 0
Collected by William, Charles, and Emily Jackson	0 10 0	Mrs. Clews	1 0 0
Collected by Mr. C. Warner	0 4 0	Rev. J. E. Somerville, B.D.	2 10 0
Collected by Mrs. Fakeley	0 3 6	Mr. C. Barker	1 1 0
Collected by Mr. James Simpson	0 10 0	B. G., Norwich	1 0 0
Collected by Mr. J. Campbell	0 2 6	Rev. J. M. Hewson	0 10 0
Collected by Miss F. E. Greenop	1 0 0	H. M. F.	0 3 0
Collected by Mr. Thomas Greening	1 6 0	Mr. P. Cockerill	0 10 6
Collected by Miss M. Goetz	0 7 6	Mr. G. F. Pringle	1 0 0
Collected by E. Clarke	0 17 6	Miss B. Johnstone	0 5 0
Collected by Miss S. Howard	0 10 0	Mrs. Warriner	0 2 0
Collected by Mr. W. B. Mortimer	1 0 0	Pastor A. Tessier	0 10 0
Collected by Effie and Sydney Dice	3 12 0	Miss Stedman	0 10 0
Mr. J. H. Padgett	0 10 0	Pastor J. E. Cracknell, Sunday penny offerings	0 10 6
Mr. George Tolly	0 5 0	Mrs. Knott	0 5 0
Mr. Thomas Pask	0 5 0	Mrs. Richard Rodgett	19 0 0
Collected by Mrs. Roberts	0 7 6	Mr. Thomas D. Galpin	10 0 0
Collected by Mrs. Rowbotham	0 17 6	Mr. J. Cuthbert Axtens	1 1 0
Collected by Master W. Downen	0 7 0	H. E. S.	10 10 0
Collected by Mrs. Bullock	0 3 6	Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Fox, for the support of one orphan for a year	20 0 0
Collected by Miss C. M. Stevenson	0 13 7	Collected by Miss Newbold	1 5 0
Collected by Mrs. B. Bidewell	0 10 0	Mrs. J. G. Blake	0 5 0
Collected by Mrs. Gallyon	1 3 9	Mr. William Tennant	0 5 0
Collected by Mrs. Welford	0 12 0	Miss Blake	0 5 0
Collected by Miss Cox	0 9 0	Mr. Thomas Chamberlain	0 5 0
Collected by Miss S. J. Jones	0 8 9	Collected by Miss M. J. Ashton	2 16 2
Collected by Miss Bennett	0 10 0	Lilla, Bertie, Jessie, Arthur, and Winnie Nash	1 13 6
Miss Martineau	2 2 0	Mr. John Wood	0 10 0
Executors of the late Mr. James Kerr	9 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Robertson	0 2 6
Collected by Miss K. R. Smith	0 2 0	Mrs. Calder	21 0 0
Collected by Miss Pepler	2 2 0	Miss J. Harding	0 10 0
Mr. J. Bristow	2 2 0	Mrs. Owen	0 3 0
Collected by Miss Soulsby	0 12 0	Mrs. Fraser	0 7 6
Young Women's Bible-class, Baptist Chapel, Leyton, per Mrs. Bull	0 6 6	Mr. E. Longmore	1 0 0
Collected by Mr. James Harman	0 5 0	Mrs. Couttie	1 0 0
Collected by Miss E. Oxford	0 15 0	Mr. Edward Williams	2 2 0
Collected by Mrs. Perry	0 7 6	Miss Turner	0 15 0
Mr. J. F. Verry	0 5 0	Mrs. Roleston	1 1 0
Collected by Miss E. Hinton	0 7 6	Mr. Jas. Watson and mother	0 10 0
Collected by Miss C. Pain	0 7 0	Miss E. A. Sale	0 5 0
Collected by Miss Allen (No. 4 Girls')	0 11 8	Mrs. Boyle	0 5 0
A Dorset friend	0 2 6	Collected by Miss I. Harding	0 10 0
Collected by Miss A. Sillitoe	0 3 4	Mr. W. T. Phillips	0 8 6
Collected by Miss M. A. Nunn	1 0 0	Collected by Mr. John Robinson	0 5 0
Collected by Mrs. Jarman	0 5 0	Collected by Miss E. Botting	1 12 9
Collected by Mr. L. Collins	0 10 0	Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Hewat	2 0 0
Collected by Miss Laura Scutt	0 4 0	Rev. R. Shindler	0 5 0
Collected by Mrs. Barraha	0 12 6	C. E. P.	0 4 0
Collected by Mrs. Walker	0 7 6	Alpha	0 1 0
Collected by Mr. C. B. Casey's children	1 5 0	Sir Henry Doulton	25 0 0
Mr. G. Cox	1 1 0	S. B.	0 2 4
Collected by Mrs. E. R. Tiddy	2 8 6	P. G.	1 0 0
Collected by Mr. James Hooker	0 8 6	Miss Clara M. Smith	0 1 0
Mr. R. Dawson	0 10 0	A servant	1 0 0
Miss A. Roberts, per Miss Maxwell	2 2 0	A reader of "The Sword and the Trowel," King's Lynn	0 2 6
Mr. R. H. Webster	1 1 0	J. H.	0 5 0
Mr. Griffith Jones	5 0 0	Miss Jackman	0 2 6
Collected by Miss E. Jenkin	1 6 3	Mr. Jas. Alabaster	25 0 0
Collected by Mr. A. Hoyles	0 10 6	Pastor W. Fuller Gooch	1 1 0
Collected by Mrs. E. J. Burton (school-room box)	0 10 6	Mr. Frederick Mullis	1 1 0
Stamps from Lesbury	0 5 0	Miss Morrison	1 1 0
Mrs. M. Neil	0 2 6				
Collected by Mr. A. S. Barter	0 10 0				
Mr. A. B. Pierce	0 5 0				
Mr. F. Thompson	1 1 0				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Jeffery ...	1	1	0	Collected by Mrs. McSkimming ...	1	1	6
Mr. Thos. Weir ...	0	10	0	Mr. Wm. Longhurst ...	0	5	0
Miss Ada B. Rees ...	1	0	0	Miss Ware ...	0	2	6
Pastor and Mrs. D. Sharpe ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Royle ...	0	5	0
Adelphi ...	2	12	6	Per Mrs. Edwin Smith:—			
Miss Porter (for spots on the table-cloth) ...	0	10	0	Papers and rags ...	0	3	4
E. B. Y. ...	0	10	0	Bottles ...	0	1	9
Mr. H. Proctor ...	1	0	0	Farthings ...	0	8	2
Rev. Wm. and Mrs. Pearce ...	0	5	0	Threepennypieces ...	1	1	3
Mr. C. F. Aldis ...	1	1	0	Winnie Longley's eggs ...	0	8	10
Mr. Martin Hope Sutton ...	5	0	0	Mrs. Crowe ...	0	2	6
Pastor D. Taylor ...	0	10	0				2 0 10
Mrs. Latimer ...	0	10	0	Mr. H. R. Cooper ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Cooper and friends ...	0	15	0	Mr. Geo. Saunders, M.D., C.B. ...	1	0	0
Miss M. B. Dupont ...	0	10	6	Miss M. C. Irwin ...	0	3	0
Miss H. Fells ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Trim ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Clements ...	1	1	0	Miss Jones's Evening Class ...	1	0	0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson ...	0	5	0	Ernie and Clarrie's Sunday dinner collection ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Lutley, Sunday gatherings for the Orphanage ...	1	8	0	Mrs. Jones, for the late Mr. Briers ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Lamb ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Rabson ...	0	2	0
Mrs. Mills ...	2	2	0	Collected by Pastor G. Turner's children ...	1	15	0
Mrs. Howard ...	100	0	0	Mrs. Rankine's collecting-box ...	0	8	0
Mr. A. C. Johnston ...	0	4	0	Mr. Jas. Johnman ...	0	2	5
Miss Eveline Davies ...	1	1	0	Collected by the Teachers and Scholars at Halbeath Sabbath School ...	0	3	3
Mrs. Dickey ...	0	10	0	Mr. W. J. Cutts ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Lennard ...	0	10	0	Mr. E. Webber ...	0	15	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Cowell ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Smith ...	0	10	0	Miss J. Chalmers and friends ...	0	3	2
Mr. A. Pearson, son ...	1	1	0	Mr. R. Jeffery ...	0	5	0
Friends at Leafield, per Pastor C. A. Ingram ...	1	10	0	Miss J. G. Nichol ...	0	6	6
Mrs. Boulton ...	0	2	6	Mr. Wm. Ings ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Frank Dodwell ...	0	5	0	Miss E. Botsford ...	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bell ...	3	0	0	Per Mrs. Evans:—			
Miss M. Symington ...	1	0	0	Mrs. J. A. Fash ...	0	10	0
Mrs. McKenzie ...	0	10	0	Mr. G. Hadnutt ...	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Essex ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Evans ...	0	10	0
Rev. C. B. and Mrs. Lewis ...	2	2	0				1 10 0
Mrs. Heffer ...	2	0	0	Mr. George Harris ...	1	0	0
M. L. ...	0	4	6	Mr. Wm. Graham ...	1	0	0
Rev. Jno. Bond ...	2	2	0	Collections at Beulah Baptist Chapel, Thornton Heath, per Pastor J. W. Harrald ...	3	14	0
Miss Ellis ...	0	5	0	Miss Janet Wood, per Mr. Gwillim ...	1	17	0
The Masters and Pupils of Bethany House School, Goudhurst, per Pastor J. J. Kendon ...	4	0	0	Mrs. Bonsema ...	2	0	0
For Jesus' lambs ...	0	5	0	Mabel, John, and Duncan Matheson ...	0	10	0
Mr. H. W. Hoar ...	0	10	0	Widow Smith ...	0	2	0
Mr. E. M. Absolon ...	0	10	0	C. L. and friend ...	0	9	0
Mr. I. D. Walters ...	0	10	0	Collected by Miss Kate E. Buswell:—			
Mrs. Baker, for Almanacks ...	0	8	4	Mr. Henderson ...	1	0	0
"In ever-loving memory of the best of mothers" ...	0	5	0	Mr. E. Pocock ...	1	0	0
Mr. Robert Byman ...	5	0	0	Smaller sums ...	1	12	6
Mrs. Williams ...	0	5	0				3 12 6
Mrs. Belough ...	0	1	0	Mr. G. H. Quincy ...	2	0	0
W. T. ...	0	5	0	Mrs. England ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Taylor ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Drayson ...	0	10	0
Miss Adams and her Bible-class ...	0	6	0	Mr. H. Watcham ...	1	10	0
Miss A. Broom ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Watts ...	1	0	0
Miss F. E. Perrett ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Walker's collecting-box ...	5	3	0
Mr. C. J. Curtis ...	1	0	0	Mrs. C. Norton ...	0	5	0
Rev. B. Senior ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Williamson ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Ebenezer Underwood ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Morden ...	0	2	0
Miss Sarah Gray Hill ...	2	2	0	Mr. George Palmer ...	60	0	0
Miss A. M. Morris ...	0	5	0	Friend, N.Z. ...	6	0	0
Miss B. A. Thomas ...	1	0	0	Mr. A. Glastonbury ...	0	17	6
Master George Edwards ...	5	0	0	Mr. Caleb Smith ...	0	2	6
Mrs. S. Titcher ...	2	0	0	Mr. William J. Baxter ...	1	0	0
Mr. S. Lord ...	0	4	0	Mrs. Cox ...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Baker ...	0	10	0	Mrs. B. Foster ...	1	0	0
A thankoffering from three ...	0	5	0	Sale of S. O. Tracts ...	0	3	0
Miss E. A. Tunbridge ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Steele ...	0	2	6
In loving memory of Frankie Joscellyne ...	1	0	0	The Misses Hill ...	10	0	0
Mrs. and Miss Creasey ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Bridgman ...	0	2	0
Mr. Jas. Campbell ...	2	0	0	Per F. R. T.:—			
Mr. D. Stewart ...	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Smith ...	0	10	0
Mr. R. Middleton and family ...	0	14	6	Mr. and Mrs., Miss Grace and Master Cecil Benson ...	1	0	0
Miss M. A. Hardy and friends ...	0	4	0				1 10 0
				Mrs. Barnes ...	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss H. A. Cunningham	1	8	0
Mr. Philip Cheek	2	2	0
M. D.	1	0	0
Mr. Eaton	0	5	0
K.	1	0	0
Collected by Miss A. L. Boyd	0	14	6
Mr. H. J. Yeldham	1	1	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	1	10	0
Mr. George A. Hulbert ("Excursion Fund")	0	5	0
Mrs. Berry	1	0	0
Mrs. Claxton	0	16	11
Mr. E. K. Stace	0	10	0
F. G. B.	0	2	6
Collected by Masters H. and F. Hoyles	0	6	0
Collected by L. and J. Cairns	1	10	0
Mrs. C. J. Whittuck Rabbits	10	10	0
The Young Women's Bible-class, Lewin-road, Streatham, per Miss Davis	0	12	8
Mr. R. Bate	1	0	0
"Kings Langley," per Mrs. J. Timber- lake	0	6	0
Miss J. Jordan	0	14	0
Children at Bouverie-road Baptist Chapel, per Mr. John Fowler	1	1	0
Friends, per Mr. E. J. Robson	0	7	0
Mr. Denham	1	0	0
Mr. R. Harding	1	1	0
Mr. Waters	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas Vickery	1	1	0
Mr. Ed. Jenner	2	2	0
Mr. J. C. Wadland	1	0	0
Mr. Dale, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Mr. W. B. Strong	1	0	0
Mr. I. Watts	2	2	0
Miss Dawson	0	5	0
Mrs. N. Sparrow	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. H. Andrews	1	0	0
Mr. S. Blodden	0	2	6
Miss J. F. Maynard	0	2	6
Collected by Miss J. Cockshaw	1	16	9
Collected by Miss Cockshaw	0	9	0
Mrs. Tyson	1	0	0
J. F.	0	1	0
Executors of the late Mrs. Charlotte Mills	100	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. Stuart Henry Low	100	0	0
J. N. and J. A. N.	1	0	0
Mrs. Ballard	1	7	6
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Mr. James Smart	0	10	6
Mrs. F. Bateman	0	10	0
T. F. B.	0	5	0
Mr. James Miller	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Albert P. Beare	21	0	0
Mr. William Phillips	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Kelly	1	1	0
A grateful one	1	0	0
Collected by Master W. L. Reynolds	0	2	0
Collected by Master O. J. Rossiter	6	15	0
Collected by Miss I. Gardiner	1	3	6
P. and P.	0	5	0
Mrs. Fraser	0	5	0
Mrs. Jones	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Newman	0	10	0
Miss Munro	0	10	6
A. P.	0	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Baker	1	0	0
Putney Baptist Chapel Bible-class	0	3	0
E. J. W.	0	1	6
Miss Bessie G. Keylock	0	2	6
E. H.	0	2	0
Miss Hamblen	0	5	0
S. H.	0	10	0
Mr. J. Roberts	0	2	0
H. H.	0	3	0
St. John's Men's Bible-class, Newport,			
Isle of Wight	1	18	0
Capt. J. W. Eno	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
A constant and grateful reader of "The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit"	1	0	0
Miss Sprot	5	0	0
Mrs. Cross	0	5	0
Miss Shaw	1	0	0
Mrs. and Miss Bayley	3	0	0
Rev. S. Cowdy, LL.D.	2	0	0
Mrs. Maxwell	1	1	0
Mrs. Walker	2	2	0
Mr. J. Sutherland	1	0	0
Mr. William Landells	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Jones	0	10	0
Mrs. Willis	2	2	0
Mr. E. L. Hopkins	0	2	6
Postal order from Bishop's Stortford	0	5	0
Pastor J. A. Brown, M.R.C.S.	2	2	0
Mrs. Cooper	0	5	0
Mrs. Hallett's children	0	10	0
Mrs. Barry	1	1	0
Mr. John Hosie	0	10	6
Mr. L. A. Dunbar	0	10	0
Mr. S. D. Lamb	0	10	0
A country minister	0	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Watson	0	10	0
Mrs. Spencer	0	2	6
Mr. William Simmons	2	0	0
Mr. E. Brown, per Rev. Robt. Spurgeon	2	10	0
Miss Ellis, per Mr. Albert White	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Miller	0	15	0
Collected by the Misses Crumpton:—			
Mrs. R. C. Drew	1	1	0
Mr. J. Mackintosh	0	15	0
Mr. J. Jones	1	0	0
Miss Belton	1	0	0
	3	16	0
Post-office order from Denmark	0	2	0
Dividend on £5000 Debenture Bonds, Cory Bros. and Co., Limited	121	17	6
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Bromley, per Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	5	0	0
Collection at Walworth Road Chapel	7	12	6
Cornwall Road Chapel (for expenses)	1	16	0
Herne Bay (for expenses)	2	0	6
Sale of programmes	0	11	0
	2	11	6
Sale of programmes, New Brompton	0	13	10
Received at the Annual Festival, June 19th:—			
Collecting Boxes:—			
Akast, Master W. F.	0	8	8
Armstrong, Mr. T. G. C.	0	19	2
Arlotte, Miss K.	0	6	11
Attwater, Miss E.	0	12	1
Allen, Miss	1	4	0
Apted, Mr.	1	0	8
Anthony, Mrs.	0	9	7
Aldridge, Miss	0	2	11
Atkinson, Master E.	0	0	9
Doot, Miss N.	1	0	1
Bartlett, Master E.	0	10	0
Buckstone, Master	0	2	7
Butler, Mrs.	0	7	6
Bygrave, Masters H. and A.	0	5	1
Burgess, Misses A. and E.	0	5	4
Buchanan, Mrs.	0	3	0
Beale, Miss	0	5	1
Beaumont, Mr.	0	3	7
Blogg, Master C.	0	10	1
Burrage, Mrs.	0	5	1
Baldock, Master	0	8	0
Bridge, Miss E.	0	6	6
Becciff, Mrs.	0	11	0
Branscombe, Master	0	5	0
Brown, Mr. I.	0	5	2
Boswell, Mrs.	0	5	1
Brice, Masters C. and P.	0	3	8
Brake, Miss G.	0	10	0
Bell, Mrs.	0	3	2
Baskett, Mrs.	0	7	11

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Black, Miss ...	0	4	3	Charles, Miss L. ...	0	3	4
Brown, Mr. E. F. ...	0	8	11	Cane, Mr. ...	0	6	7
Burnham, Miss ...	1	11	3	Crawford, Mrs. ...	0	5	8
Bucknoll, Miss ...	0	8	10	Combs, Miss ...	1	1	6
Beaven, Master F. ...	0	3	4	Castell, Mrs. ...	0	2	7
Bagshaw, Miss ...	0	7	9	Colley, Mr. ...	0	7	6
Breading, Mrs. ...	0	3	5	Day, Mrs. ...	0	5	0
Ballads, Miss A. ...	0	5	11	Davie, Master H. ...	0	5	7
Buswell, Miss ...	1	2	5	Davey, Miss ...	0	4	3
Baldock, Master H. ...	0	10	11	Dury, Mrs. ...	0	6	1
Brice, Master A. ...	0	1	0	Deacon, L. and F. ...	0	18	3
Belleini, Miss P. ...	0	1	8	Dunsdon, Master F. ...	0	1	3
Buckingham, Miss M. ...	0	5	8	Deakin, Miss ...	0	5	10
Belleini, Miss C. ...	0	2	4	Druce, Miss ...	0	4	3
Baxter, Miss E. ...	0	9	7	Debenham, Mrs. ...	0	7	10
Beaven, Master A. ...	0	3	0	Dolling, Master A. ...	1	11	9
Beaven, Master P. ...	0	1	6	Dale, Miss S. ...	0	8	5
Brooks, Miss ...	0	6	10	Elborough, Mr. ...	0	5	8
Box, Mr. J. H. ...	0	2	6	Esling, Miss E. ...	0	3	6
Brewer, Misses A. and L. ...	0	8	5	Essex, Mrs. ...	0	13	2
Bailey, Mr. G. ...	0	5	4	Elliott, Mrs. ...	0	2	1
Box, Mr. J. ...	0	5	3	Everett, Mrs. ...	0	11	9
Bruin, Miss E. ...	0	10	3	Everett, Miss E. ...	0	10	1
Bowes, Mrs. ...	0	8	2	Foster, Miss E. ...	0	2	8
Bowles, Mrs. ...	0	3	5	Fuller, Miss ...	0	7	0
Brice, F. and G. ...	0	3	7	Farrelly, Miss ...	0	5	9
Box, Miss J. ...	0	3	5	Fraser, Miss ...	0	13	10
Brice, G. and B. ...	0	2	1	Fenn, Mrs. ...	0	7	11
Bates, Miss ...	0	4	10	Frisby, Miss ...	0	8	6
Beard, Miss E. ...	0	2	10	Fisher, Masters B. and H. ...	0	9	10
Betts, Mr. W. ...	0	1	10	Forsdike, Mrs. ...	0	5	1
Bygrave, Master C. ...	0	0	8	Fremlin, Miss ...	1	0	3
Bull, Master A. ...	0	5	3	Furness, Mrs. ...	0	10	11
Banks, Miss L. ...	0	3	5	Field, Miss ...	0	8	7
Betts, Miss M. E. ...	0	3	1	Forsdike, Mrs. ...	0	11	0
Bennett, Mrs. R. ...	0	1	11	Finnis, Miss ...	0	4	7
Barnard, Mrs. ...	0	5	11	Froggett, Master J. ...	0	1	5
Butler, Miss E. ...	0	2	4	Fitness, Master R. ...	0	0	2
Barber, Miss ...	0	4	0	Fitness, Master S. ...	0	0	3
Buckman, Master W. ...	0	5	3	Fuller, Miss C. ...	0	6	0
Burgess, Mrs. H. ...	0	2	11	Fenner, Master W. ...	0	4	0
Beavis, Miss N. ...	0	2	0	Fellowes, Mrs. ...	1	3	0
Barnes, Mr. T. ...	1	0	0	Fowler, Miss E. ...	0	0	7
Barnard, Pastor J. H. ...	0	4	6	Field, Mrs. ...	0	10	9
Cullum, Mr. A. ...	0	5	0	Family box, Woodend, Dulwich ...	0	15	1
Chisholm, Mr. ...	0	15	0	G. B., Upper Tooting ...	0	13	0
Cooper, Mr. J. ...	0	6	8	Gillan, Master ...	0	4	11
Chapman, Miss H. E. ...	0	11	5	Giles, Master H. ...	0	6	9
Crowley, Master W. ...	0	0	5	Gage, Master S. V. ...	0	4	3
Chandler, Miss E. ...	0	2	1	Gowers, Mrs. ...	0	12	4
Callow, Mrs. ...	0	3	7	Grimes, Mrs. ...	0	1	7
Cairns, Miss C. ...	0	11	7	Godbold, The Misses ...	0	6	6
Conquest, Mrs. ...	0	7	4	Grimes, Miss ...	1	2	1
Comber, Miss E. G. ...	0	8	8	Goslin, Miss A. E. ...	0	13	6
Court, Mrs. ...	0	3	8	Gray, Mr. A. ...	0	4	5
Causton, Miss E. ...	1	1	0	Graves, Master P. ...	0	2	0
Chandler, Miss M. ...	0	4	1	Goodwin, Miss ...	0	10	2
Carter, Miss ...	0	12	0	Green, Miss R. ...	0	16	2
Cook, Miss ...	0	9	2	Goslin, Master B. ...	0	9	0
Cranch, Master H. ...	0	1	7	Goslin, Master S. ...	0	3	0
Collier, Mrs. ...	0	6	5	Green, Miss K. ...	0	0	5
Cairns, Miss E. ...	0	11	5	Gardner, Master A. ...	0	2	9
Charles, Miss L. ...	0	3	9	Grant, Miss ...	0	11	6
Cockshaw, Miss J. ...	0	1	7	Gant, Mrs. ...	0	3	8
Chapman, Mrs. ...	0	8	9	Higgs, Master W. ...	1	9	11
Crickmer, Mrs. ...	0	19	3	Harrauld, Miss Lily ...	3	1	0
Collins, Miss ...	0	3	2	Harrauld, Miss May ...	1	10	9
Collins, Mrs. ...	0	8	6	Harrauld, Master C. ...	1	8	7
Cross, Master W. ...	0	2	10	Harrauld, Master E. ...	0	12	1
Cairns, Miss N. ...	0	9	11	Hunt, Mrs. ...	0	14	9
Cocking, Master ...	0	1	4	Herman, Mr. ...	0	8	0
Crow, Mrs. ...	0	0	8	Harris, Mrs. ...	0	13	5
Craggs, Miss A. ...	0	0	6	Hawgood, Mrs. ...	1	6	2
Chamberlain, Miss ...	0	12	8	Hawes, Master J. ...	0	3	1
Call, Miss ...	0	14	1	Hollobone, Mr. H. ...	1	3	4
Collins, Mr. S. J. ...	0	5	1	Henderson, Mrs. ...	0	2	4
Chester, Master ...	0	3	6	Hartley, Mrs. and Master F. ...	0	1	3
Clark, Miss ...	0	0	7	Hicks, Miss E. ...	0	3	7
Clark, Master A. ...	0	0	8	Holland, Master J. ...	0	2	2
Clode, Mrs. ...	0	3	8	Huitt, Miss E. ...	0	6	0
Craggs, Master C. ...	0	3	7				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Hill, Miss B.	0	1	5	Platt, Mrs.	1	5	3
Honey, Master	0	0	4	Payne, Miss A.	0	2	11
Huitt, Miss L.	0	5	1	Parker, Master A.	0	3	4
Honey, Master	0	1	8	Probyn, Miss G.	0	2	8
Hillen, Mrs.	0	4	8	Powell, Mrs.	0	4	8
Hutchinson, Miss D.	0	3	0	Pinnegar, Mrs.	0	3	9
Hudson, Miss	1	11	6	Pawsey, Misses A. and E.	0	4	4
Inwood, Mr. T. E.	0	13	0	Powell, Miss F.	0	2	1
Ivimey, Miss (Mothers' meeting)	0	17	2	Pritchard, Master A.	0	0	6
Ince, Miss T.	0	1	4	Parker, Miss	0	4	8
J. S.	0	9	0	Parker, Miss E. F.	0	3	0
Joyce, Mrs.	0	3	8	Pike, Mr. G. H.	0	7	6
Johnson, Mrs.	0	4	6	Pankhurst, Mrs.	0	10	9
Jeffs, Miss	0	5	3	Pearmain, Miss	0	6	8
Jones, Master H. A.	0	5	4	Quennell, Mrs.	0	4	0
Jarvis, Miss... ..	0	3	0	Revelly, Mrs.	1	0	11
Keevil, Miss L.	0	9	6	Roper, Mrs... ..	0	3	3
Kirby, Mrs... ..	0	1	7	Robin, Mrs. E.	1	10	9
Keys, Mrs.	0	5	2	Russell, Mrs.	0	2	4
Kerridge, Master S.	0	12	6	Roberts, Miss	0	3	10
Knight, Miss M.	0	1	9	Robson, Master H.	0	6	8
Keys, Miss C.	0	3	0	Rugg, Mrs.	1	6	8
Lee, Miss C.	0	10	5	Rogers, Mrs.	0	18	9
Lance, Mr. H. W.	0	7	3	Ransom, Miss C.	0	2	2
Laver, Miss... ..	0	5	0	Ricketts, Master W.	0	7	4
Long, Mrs.	0	2	9	Roberts, Mrs.	0	5	3
Lewis, Master D.	0	6	7	Round, Miss L.	1	6	10
Ling, Master H.	0	4	4	Rousham, Master ...	0	0	11
Larkman, Miss B.	0	7	0	Roberts, Mrs.	1	3	6
Little, Miss	0	5	11	Ransom, Master E.	0	1	7
Lowne, Mrs.	0	1	11	Robert Street Sunday-school	0	16	5
Letley, Master A.	0	0	7	Rawlins, Miss	1	7	9
Lansdale, Master ...	0	1	7	Stone, Mr. C.	0	8	6
McDonald, Mrs. J.	0	10	0	Saunders, Mr.	1	10	6
Medland, Mrs.	0	12	1	Staines, Miss	0	2	11
Marland, Master F.	0	10	9	Stokes, Miss E.	0	3	2
Mann, Miss... ..	0	19	0	Stewart, Mrs.	1	12	11
Miller, Mrs.	0	6	1	Sutherland, Miss D.	0	9	3
Morgan, Mrs.	0	14	3	Speh, Miss	2	14	5
Morgan, Miss A.	0	10	7	Saunders, Misses E. and N.	0	2	5
Madge, Mr. and Mrs.	0	4	7	Stubbs, Master W.	0	3	9
Mandrell, Mr.	0	15	5	Standing, Master F.	0	3	6
Mills, Mrs.	1	1	9	Smith, Mrs. C. J.	1	9	1
Morgan, Master J.	0	13	2	Slade, Mrs.	0	13	4
Mathews, Miss E. L.	0	10	6	Spiller, Mr.	1	11	6
Mansfield, Miss L. A.	0	1	8	Sullivan, Mr. W.	0	5	11
Mathews, Miss F.	0	4	1	Shepperd, Master ...	1	5	9
Monkton, Miss J.	0	1	6	Sidery, Mrs... ..	0	10	0
Monkton, Miss E.	0	3	11	Smith, Mrs. E. H. E.	0	5	6
Mycroft, Miss	0	9	5	Selth, Miss	0	4	0
Mills, Master A. W.	0	3	10	Staniland, Master W.	0	0	11
Morris, Miss	0	2	0	Spooner, Mr. G.	0	7	0
Mills, Mr. W. R.	0	3	11	Smith, Mrs.	0	2	5
Moore, Miss E.	0	3	11	Syrett, Masters F. and K.	0	3	6
Miller, Miss M.	0	2	7	Sochon, Misses F. and L.	0	5	4
Moppett, Miss	0	2	5	Smee, Miss C.	0	3	8
Mundy, Mrs.	0	4	7	Stocks, Miss	0	12	3
Mills, Mr. F. C.	0	1	6	Swain, Miss	1	3	9
McCombie, Mrs.	0	13	7	Smith, Mr.	0	9	10
Mackay, Mrs.	0	8	5	Sullivan, Miss L.	0	0	8
Merritt, Miss	0	12	3	Sullivan, Master H.	0	0	4
Maxwell, Miss	0	1	9	Shenton, Mrs.	0	4	1
Neden, Mrs.	0	3	1	Seacombe, Mr. W. W.	0	8	10
Neap, Miss J.	0	3	9	Stanley, Master C.	0	1	2
Oliver, Miss T.	0	5	7	Saunders, Miss	0	4	0
Oliver, Miss... ..	0	4	10	Sculfor, Miss	0	3	8
Oxenford, Mrs.	0	13	0	Smee, Miss E.	0	3	7
Pitt, Miss	0	1	10	Seward, Miss	0	12	3
Pearce, Mrs.	0	13	9	Sheard, Miss F.	0	0	3
Perkins, Miss W.	0	3	7	Spink, Mrs.	0	11	0
Price, Miss E.	0	6	3	Smith, Master E. L.	0	3	1
Pearce, The Misses J. and L.	0	18	3	Sour, Master W. E.	1	13	1
Pearce, The Misses C. and P.	0	12	1	Stocks, Mrs... ..	0	3	3
Pry, Mrs.	0	6	2	Saunders, Mrs.	0	4	6
Page, Miss M.	0	2	7	Thomason, Miss	0	11	4
Prebble, Mrs.	1	4	4	Thomas, Miss	0	3	2
Peters, Miss F. W.	0	3	8	Tyson, Mrs.	0	3	3
Porter, Mrs.	0	2	11	Toms, Miss L.	1	7	1
Pavey, Mrs... ..	0	9	0	Turner, Miss M.	0	4	5
Platt, Miss	0	5	2	Taylor, Master L.	0	3	0
				Trim, Mrs.	0	2	10

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Jackson, Mr. James ...	1	1	0			
Lamont, Mr. J. ...	1	0	0			
Lockett, Miss K. ...	0	10	0			
M. A., per Miss Higgs ...	5	0	0			
Manning, Miss F. ...	1	0	0			
Miller, Mr., per Mrs. Mott ...	0	10	0			
M. N., Clapham ...	0	10	0			
Maynard, Mrs. ...	1	0	0			
Norris, Miss ...	0	5	0			
Offer, Mrs. ...	0	5	0			
Olney, Mr. T. H. ...	10	0	0			
Pearce, Mr. Ed. ...	5	0	0			
Romang, Mr. ...	0	10	0			
Raybould, Mrs. ...	1	1	0			
Smithers, Mr., per Mr. Cockerell ...	1	1	0			
Sawyer, Venus ...	0	10	3			
Smith, Miss ...	0	2	0			
S. B. ...	0	5	0			
Tinniswood, Mrs. ...	1	1	0			
Turley, Mr. ...	1	0	0			
Townsend-street Sunday-school, per Mr. J. Wilton	4	7	6			
Williams, Miss ...	0	5	0			
Wayre, Mr. and Mrs. ...	2	2	0			
Wayre, Miss and Master ...	1	1	0			
Williams, Mr. H. ...	0	10	0			
Collection at tea-table, per Mrs. Jackson ...	0	15	3			
Collections at afternoon and evening meetings, and musical drill ...	45	5	0			
Cash received in addition to the above ...	0	16	0			
			167	5	11	
Mr. Passmore (bookstall) ...			5	19	6	
Mr. Pascall (confectionery) ...			7	17	3	

Given to Mr. Spurgeon, at the Orphanage, June 19:—

Mr. Walter Mills ...	5	0	0
Rookery children's box ...	0	8	0
Clapton Hall, per E. B. ...	25	0	6

List of Presents received, per Mr. Charlesworth, from June 16th to July 14th, 1890.—PROVISIONS:—40 Brown Loaves, Mr. N. Read; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 6½ cwt. Ice, Mr. Stevenson; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 200 Cabbages, Mr. C. W. Crawley; 10 sieves Strawberries, Mr. George Redman; 63 pecks Strawberries, 2 pecks Gooseberries, Mr. Ross and friends.

Boys' CLOTHING:—1 Article, Miss Bennett; 6 Night Shirts, S. H. L.; 30 Bows, Anon.; 1 box Bows, Anon.; 2 Boys' Caps, Miss Dickerson; 11 Articles for No. 7 Boys, Miss Salter; 4 Articles, from a friend; 3 pairs Boots, Mrs. Pottinger; 2 Hats, 1 Coat, Mrs. R. Allen.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—2 Articles, Mrs. Ellis; 23 Articles, Miss C. Mears; 1 Apron, from "a Dorset friend"; 2 Pinafores, Mrs. R. Oakley; 3 Articles, M. B. C., Dundee; 1 Pair Stockings, Miss Dickerson; 50 Articles, The Fleet Baptist Chapel working-party, per Mrs. Aylett; 31 Night Dress Cases and Comb Bags, 5 Aprons, the Juvenile Jubilee Working Society, per Miss Woods; a few fancy Articles, Miss F. Goodchild; 204 White Ties, Miss Higgs; 31 Articles, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 114 Articles, for No. 1 Girls, Miss Salter; 4 Dolls and some Left-off Clothing, Mrs. Wilmshurst; 61 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Kenyon Chapel, per Mrs. Douglas; 179 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 30 Articles, Miss Dawson; 4 Articles, Miss B. Laffin; 4 Articles, Miss Bennett.

GENERAL.—56 Sunshades, Mr. J. Cooper; 9 Fancy Articles, Miss M. Howard; 1 Bookmark, a friend, per Miss Hillier; 2 Canaries, 1 Doll, Mrs. Hughes; 1 Quilt, a Dorset friend; 2 Lesson Pictures, the Bouverie-road Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. J. Fowler; 4 Books, Anon.; 1 Scrap Book, Mrs. Allen; 12 Fancy Collars, Mrs. G. Best.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from June 16th to July 14th, 1890.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham ...	10	0	0
Borstal District ...	10	0	0
Newbury District ...	10	0	0
Cambridge Association, for Swaffham Prior ...	10	0	0
Bromley Congregational Church, for West Wickham ...	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Old friend, Park Street, 1853-6, D.S. ...	2	0	0			
Mr. Robert Johnson ...	1	0	0			
Mrs. Halcrow ...	0	10	0			
Mrs. Ellwood ...	5	0	0			
Miss Dransfield ...	1	1	0			
Mr. S. Cornborough ...	5	0	0			
A friend ...	0	10	0			
Miss Newman ...	5	0	0			
The Misses A. & E. Newman ...	3	0	0			
Miss Curling ...	5	5	0			
Miss Walker ...	1	10	0			
A country member ...	1	0	0			
Miss Dickerson ...	0	10	0			
A friend ...	0	1	0			
Mr. Walton ...	0	2	6			
Mrs. Scard ...	1	1	0			
Miss Croose ...	1	1	0			
Mr. F. R. Ginn ...	0	10	0			
Mrs. Houghton ...	0	3	0			
Pastor E. J. Farley ...	10	0	0			
Pastor J. H. & Mrs. Barnard ...	1	0	0			
A country minister ...	0	16	6			
Miss Tilley ...	5	0	0			
Archie Hammond ...	0	10	0			
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd ...	5	5	0			
Mr. H. S. Pledge ...	3	3	0			
Mr. Wilson ...	5	5	0			
Mr. Yarrow ...	0	2	0			
From Hampstead ...	1	5	0			
Mr. Pullen ...	0	10	0			
Mrs. Frank Smith ...	0	10	0			
A commercial traveller ...	20	0	0			
Per Mrs. East:—						
Rev. D. J. and Mrs. East ...	1	0	0			
Mrs. Butcher ...	0	10	0			
Mrs. Oughton ...	0	5	0			
Miss Oughton ...	0	3	0			
Anon. ...	0	2	0			
			119	19	6	
			£1573	18	3	

ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE,

1889-90.

Trustees and Committee of Management.

C. H. SPURGEON, *President and Treasurer.*

J. A. SPURGEON, *Vice-President and Acting Treasurer.*

WILLIAM P. OLNEY.

JOSEPH PASSMORE.

THOMAS H. OLNEY.

B. WILDON CARR.

CHARLES SPURGEON.

CHARLES F. ALLISON.

JAMES STIFF.

WILLIAM HIGGS.

JOHN BUSWELL.

JAMES HALL.

JAMES E. PASSMORE.

WALTER MILLS.

FRANK THOMPSON.

SAMUEL R. PEARCE.

Hon. Consulting Physicians.

HENRY GERVIS, Esq., M.D.

JAMES HERBERT STOWERS, Esq., M.D.

Hon. Consulting Surgeon.

ARTHUR E. DURHAM, Esq., F.R.C.S., M.B.

Hon. Consulting Ophthalmic Surgeon.

E. NETTLESHIP, Esq., F.R.C.S.

Dentist.

W. O. HINCHLIFF, Esq.

Medical Officer.

WILLIAM SOPER, Esq., M.R.C.S.E., L.S.A.

Head Master.

VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

Secretary.

FREDERICK G. LADDS.

London:

PRINTED BY ALABASTER, PASSMORE, & SONS, FANN STREET, E.C.

The Stockwell Orphanage,

FOR 500 FATHERLESS CHILDREN,

CLAPHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

Applications for the admission of destitute Fatherless Children (boys between the ages of six and ten, girls from seven to ten), should be addressed in writing to the Secretary, and full particulars must be given. As the number of candidates is far in excess of the accommodation, the Trustees may decline to issue a form of application. If a form should be granted, it must not be regarded as a guarantee that the application will succeed.

The questions must be fully and frankly answered by the applicant, and the form of application should be returned as soon as possible. The slightest untruthfulness will necessitate the rejection of the case. Unhealthy, deformed, and imbecile children are not eligible. Only children born in wedlock can be received. Children whose fathers are living cannot, under any circumstances, be admitted. Whatever the plea may be, no exceptions can be made to this rule, as the trust is definite and unalterable.

If the case is entered on the list of approved candidates, the Trustees appoint a visitor to make personal enquiries. Should these be satisfactory, the child will appear before the Committee in due course; and if it is then among the most needy and deserving, it may be nominated for admission to the Institution, as soon as there is room.

Friends who are only acquainted with the case in which they are specially interested must not be surprised at its rejection by the Trustees at any stage if it proves to be less necessitous than others; nor must they wonder if the child is declined because of unsuitability; for the Institution is neither Hospital, Reformatory, nor Idiot Asylum. The Trustees maintain the strictest impartiality while considering the claims of the various applicants, and the greatest need always has the loudest voice with them; hence many needy ones must be refused because there are others in still more deplorable circumstances.

Applicants are requested *not* to call upon the Trustees privately, as they are bound *not* to attend to them otherwise than officially. Cases will be considered on their own merits, and applicants will derive no advantage from personal solicitation. Mr. Spurgeon cannot personally see any applicants, and should not be written to. All letters on this business must be addressed to the Secretary at the Orphanage.

Subscriptions will be gratefully received by C. H. SPURGEON, Westwood, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, S.E. Gifts of food, stores, clothes, books, toys, and useful articles, are always welcome, and should be sent to the Head Master, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

NOTE.—Letters requiring an answer should contain a stamped directed envelope.

ANNUAL REPORT.

1889-90.

THE Report of an institution must be written, whether there is anything to say or not. Making bricks without straw is nothing to it : you must make them even without earth. The larger and better part of the work of a benevolent institution can never be recorded. You see the haulm of the potato, but the root, which is all-important, is out of sight. Even that which can now be put down in black and white had to lie a while in the uncoloured region of "the yet to be," and in that state it cost thought, and prayer, and effort. We must be content to plan, and fashion, and pray about "something attempted" before we can claim the crown of "something done." When the "something" is done, we cannot always write about it, lest we should seem to be glorying beyond our line. Suffice it to say, that the good work of the Lord goes on, and he honours us to be his instruments as aforetime. Year by year we "keep on keeping on," which is the Saxon way of expressing continuous perseverance ; but we dare not keep on writing the same things in our Report, or our readers might not keep on reading. We have, however, somewhat to say worth the saying, and we beg our subscribers, now that they have found a budget of cheering facts, to make a note of them.

It is impossible to read into the statistics of a year the fulness of meaning which the words contain. The addition of *forty-two boys and forty-nine girls* to our orphan family during the year is a commonplace sort of statement to all but the children, and their mothers, and the staff who have to look after them. It will be dismissed as a fact of small importance, unless the mind sets itself to consider what it means. Every child is fatherless, and some have lost both parents : to ninety-one of the fatherless and the orphaned, the blessings of this Orphanage have been newly given. They come to us from homes upon which the dark shadow of death has fallen, eclipsing family joys, and blighting happy hopes : they come to a sunny spot where all is lively cheerfulness. Young as these children are, they have been brought into contact with the grim facts which surround the grave. Perhaps, after a lingering illness, or with the suddenness of a lightning-flash, the father has departed. In several instances, death has happened by drowning, and father's return from sea has been watched for in vain till the sad news of his loss has become all too sure. Privation, if not absolute poverty, has followed ; and then have come upon the widowed mother the anxious struggles for the children's bread, and the sacrifice of all home treasures to pay the rent. The favoured ninety-one have quitted the house of mourning, and the place of straitness of bread, and their merry voices can be heard shouting in the playground, or singing their hymn of thanksgiving. What a change for them ! It is as coming out of the wilderness into the land which floweth with milk and honey.

To many a new-made widow, care darkens into heart-break or despair, as she contemplates the awful possibilities of the future to herself and

her children. Will our readers picture the lonely woman's distress, and remember that desolate hearts like hers are cheered by seeing that their little ones can be received into a home even better than that which has been broken up? A sight of the widow pleading for us to take her boy or girl might cause tears to flow down the cheeks of Nebuchadnezzar's brazen image; and a further view of the grateful woman, when the child is received, might make the owls of the desert exchange their hootings for the carolling of birds at heaven's gate. Having seen both sights, we have dived into the depths in sympathy with misery, and anon we have soared into the heights in the congratulations of gratitude.

No one can realize the value of the help given by such an Orphanage as ours unless he has enjoyed it. We, therefore, drop our pen to give place to Mr. Harry Golding, one of our old boys, who, of his own accord, sent us the following paper, which does as much credit to his head as to his heart. It may serve a double purpose, not only stating the widow's case, but also showing what sort of men can be grown out of Orphanage material. He proves the nobility of his character by never concealing the fact that he has the Stockwell Orphanage for his Alma Mater. Like all our right worthy sons, he is as proud of Stockwell as the young nobility are of Eton or Harrow. We have put to his capital paper the title of

THE WIDOW'S STRUGGLES, AS SEEN BY AN ORPHAN BOY.

Of the many charitable institutions which have come into being in this age of wide-spread philanthropy, none can be more deserving of support than those which have for their object the relief of the widow and the fatherless. The work is essentially a sacred one, and has been so considered by the Christian Church from the earliest times. But apart from this fact, the very helplessness of the little ones, and their oftentimes timid and delicate guardian, constitutes an appeal which few but the most hard-hearted can resist. The widow's trials, however, are mostly of a secret nature, and known only to a select circle of intimate friends; so that frequently those who, if they knew her true position, would willingly do something to help her, pass over her claims in favour of more clamorous, but it may be less deserving, forms of charity. Feeling this, and having the memory of my own mother's struggles fresh in my mind, it has occurred to me that a short sketch of some of the difficulties which a poor widow with a number of children dependent on her has to face, coming from one who was, until a few years ago, a boy in the Stockwell Orphanage, might not be unwelcome to the friends of charity at large, and might even serve to some extent in securing further support for the excellent institution to which I and hundreds of others—mothers and children—owe so much.

When the father of a family lies dying, no amount of personal pain or fear can banish his anxiety as to the future of those he is leaving. If they are unprovided for, his last hours must inevitably be saddened

by the thought of the poverty, and perhaps misery, that will be their lot. His wife's trials are even greater. On her will fall the burden of the fight, and, weary as she is with watching and sickness, she has at once to soothe the last hours of her dying partner, to care for her children, and to lay plans for the uncertain and gloomy future, which she cannot but dread. If at this time the thought that possibly one or more of their children can be got into an Orphanage occurs to either father or mother, what consolation it affords them !

The man being dead, it is of course absolutely necessary that he should be buried in as expensive a style as possible, or his friends will take offence ; and no matter how pressing the need for bread may be, the poor widow is practically compelled to sacrifice the whole of her available funds for this purpose. Why on earth John Jones's children should have to go supperless to bed, in order that John Jones's dead body may be followed to the grave by a paltry half dozen carriages, is a matter that I have never been able to understand.

If her late husband was insured, or held any property, such as Building Society shares, &c., the widow must take out letters of administration to his estate, and incur still more expense. It is quite true that special arrangements are supposed to be made for her benefit at Somerset House, and that she is charged a merely nominal sum ; but let those who are acquainted with these matters say how many needless journeys and unnecessary delays are involved, unless she can secure the intervention of some legal friend in carrying her business through.

The funeral expenses paid, and all other obligations discharged, the widow has probably very little left for her own necessities. But the children must be fed somehow, and work of some sort found. Many occupations are tried ; but a glance at the few principal ones will be sufficient.

If the widow happens to be a woman of education, she perhaps endeavours to support herself by giving music lessons, and keeping a small school. But this is a very uncertain means of livelihood ; and with the growth and increased efficiency of Board Schools is fast dying out. With the limited means at her command, she cannot hope to compete successfully with these formidable rivals, and it is usually only with the utmost difficulty that a few pupils can be kept together. Her only chance lies with those good people who wish their children to be "select," and who prefer to pay any fees, and to put up with the most indifferent instruction, rather than have their sons and daughters grow up with the common herd. But to attract such people, it is necessary to keep up a good house and appearance, and to have a staff of assistants, which can only be done by those with a little available capital.

Dress-making is another common occupation for widows. Here again, to make a comfortable living, a certain amount of capital is generally necessary. The business, too, is dreadfully overcrowded, and only those with a wide circle of friends, and some previous experience, can hope to succeed. For the ordinary, unattached needle-woman, there is really little or no chance. She can "stitch, stitch, stitch," both day and night, and then gain but a bare subsistence.

But of all the occupations which are open to destitute widows,

perhaps none is more frequently resorted to than laundry work. It is terribly hard and unhealthy, and involves a considerable amount of worry ; but once the few necessary utensils can be got together, and a fair start made, it is fairly lucrative. Of late, steam laundries have taken away much of the work that used formerly to be given to the ordinary laundress ; but many of the large houses and schools still prefer their things to be done by the old methods ; and even if this class of business cannot be secured, the widow is nearly sure to find amongst her friends some who are willing to give her their work.

Of course, there are hundreds of poor women, in a still lower rank, who can never hope even for such a business as this for themselves, and who are compelled to go out washing or charring for other people, at a miserable wage of two shillings or half-a-crown a day. The majority of those who belong to this class, however, are not widows, but women whose husbands are either out of employment, or—as is very frequently the case—too lazy to work when they have the chance. The lot of these poor creatures is very hard ; but many of them have known no other, and are fairly inured to their life of toil ; and their case does not seem to me so bad as that of the tender and shrinking woman whose husband has always borne the brunt of the battle, and who has so far had no experience of difficulty, except in connection with her household work.

These are a few of the common resources of the widow. None of them can be considered particularly attractive ; and it can be easily imagined with what eagerness the poor woman looks for help in other directions. Let her work ever so hard, and undergo all sorts of privations, she can scarcely hope to scrape sufficient together to educate, clothe, and feed her children as she would like. Perhaps some friend suggests at this time that she should try an Orphanage. At first, she listens to the proposal with reluctance. The thought of parting with her dear ones is more than she can bear. But the struggle to maintain them is really so hard that she soon gives way. Application is made, and then, for the first time, perhaps, she learns that she is only one amongst hundreds in a similar position.

The vacancies in many institutions are filled up by election, and the almost heart-broken woman is very likely told that she must take her chance with the rest. Votes must be got, one here, another there ; and the recently-started business, upon which she depends for her livelihood, has to be neglected in order that she may go through the humiliating ordeal of soliciting support from those who have it in their power to help her. Cards must be printed, and considerable expense in postage incurred. Then comes the day of election, and in a vast majority of cases the poor creature finds her efforts have been fruitless, and her money simply thrown away. Oh, bitter disappointment ! Who can describe it ?

At the Stockwell Orphanage, happily, no such system prevails. The cases are enquired into simply on their merits, and the most necessitous are invariably selected. Even if success does not attend the widow's application, she is at least put to no expense in the matter.

But suppose for a moment that the widow is able to get her child elected to one of the institutions referred to. She consoles herself,

probably, for the grief of parting by looking forward to the time when she will see her boy or girl again. The visiting-day is perhaps once a month, or it may be only once in three months. The long-expected day comes round, and she sets out eagerly to meet her child. She is a mother, let it be remembered, and sensitive, although the recipient of charity. She reaches the place, and a few moments later clasps in her arms, what? the boy or girl she has so fondly loved? Yes, but how changed! No longer her own; a transfer of proprietorship has taken place, and is apparent at the very first glance. Her child is now a charity child, and is dressed as such, in a degrading uniform, against which all the finer instincts of her nature revolt. It is all very well to say that such silly scruples should not be indulged, and that she ought to be very thankful for the help that is given her. So she no doubt is: but why endeavour to choke her gratitude by insulting her? Can governors, and patrons, and treasurers never be made to understand that the widow, poor as she is, has as much feeling as themselves, and is quite as proud of her children as they are of theirs? Is it not just as cheap, and a hundred times more kind, to clothe orphan children like any other children? It is done at the Stockwell Orphanage; why should it not be done elsewhere?

"The Lord preserveth the strangers; he relieveth the fatherless and widow," his Word says; but the work is frequently delegated to his servants, who are the stewards of his bounty. I have described, from personal knowledge, as best I could, a few of the widow's trials, both necessary and unnecessary, and need only say further that the Stockwell Orphanage is an institution which aims at relieving her of both, and is therefore worthy of all support. It is conducted by gentlemen whose one object is to use the means at their disposal in conferring the greatest good on the greatest number. The widow is treated as a widow, kindly and compassionately, and helped if possible: her children are treated as children, not as juvenile soldiers or thoughtless dummies, and trained to become useful men and women. Mr. Spurgeon is always glad to receive contributions, and no better charitable investment could be made than by sending a donation to the Stockwell Orphanage.

H. G.

We may add to all that Mr. Golding has so wisely written, that children who are left to be barely kept alive by a widow's earnings are likely to fill our hospitals, and increase our death-rate. If they escape physical disease, they will be exceedingly liable to moral pollution. Who is to look after them? They have the run of the streets, and the streets are growingly impure. Mother is away earning the scanty crust, the children know no check, and are morally certain to go from bad to worse after the manner of the lowest of their companions. From the constant occupation of their mother, they miss the softening influence of her loving conversation, and tender admonition. They will cost the State a round sum in prison discipline before all is done, unless Christian love can step in, and snatch them from their perilous surroundings. All that it may take fitly to feed, and properly to train a boy or girl, will be economy itself compared with what it will cost the nation to grow without effort shiftless paupers, or pining invalids,

unruly anarchists, or habitual criminals. Prevention may mean silver, but neglect will mean waste of more than gold. Manhood and womanhood are precious things ; and to save these from devilry is worth any effort or outlay.

Our boys and girls are not only rescued from degradation, but they are introduced to comfort, to religion, and to every hope of success in life. Ours is no prison for the hungry, where they may practise gratitude on starvation rations, in the guise of little charity gays. No ; we have a mind to be bountiful without grudging. We want the children of the Father of the fatherless to have as fair a chance as the offspring of our average church-members. They are not to be clothed in scarlet and fine linen, but at the same time their clothes shall show no meanness, their diet no stint, and their education no scantiness. Our desire is that our children may be happy, and may learn to be holy. We would have them manly, that they may be true, brave, and gracious. We would have them free and unconstrained, that they may be genuine, and independent. We would keep clear of all artificial discipline, lest we force a number of plants in a hothouse, only to see them die as soon as the chill breath of the outside world blows upon them. We challenge our friends to look in at the Orphanage at any odd time they choose, and see if it is not the abode of as free and orderly a set of boys as ever lived. Let them also pop in upon a sudden upon our girls, and bear witness to their liveliness, their mirth, and yet their ready obedience. Of course we shall be thought partial ; and *we are partial* ; but, at the same time, masters, teachers, and children of other Orphanages can be found to support our partiality ; for often and often have we heard their expressions of surprise that things should be done on the face of this earth as they are done at Stockwell. Grumblers no doubt there are ; God bless them, and mend them ! But it is so seldom that anyone does lift up the voice of complaint, that it is a sort of tonic to meet with it, and only braces us up to try again.

Thanks be to God for an unrivalled staff ! The Vice-President is the indefatigable watchman of expenditure and income, and discipline, and things in general. The Trustees are the pick of men (so says the President) ; but the working staff, from the Master downward, are all conscientiously doing their best, and acting in the spirit of love, and this gives a tone to the whole institution which no rules and regulations could of themselves create. On the whole, and all things considered, our difficulties are few and healthful, while our mercies are so many as to be countless, and so rich as to be priceless. Those who have watched the Stockwell Orphanage from the first hour until now will say, "The Lord hath done great things for them."

We are constrained to thank God and take courage, and to give to our beloved co-workers no other word of command than "*As you were.*"

TABLES REFERRING TO ORPHANS.

The following tables, while they tell of want relieved and sorrow solaced, also show how impartial the Committee have been in their selection of inmates, and how wide is the range of their choice.

ADMISSIONS IN 1889-90.

FROM LONDON DISTRICTS :—

Battersea ...	2	Hackney ...	1	Peckham ...	3
Bayswater ...	1	Holloway ...	2	Pentonville ...	1
Bermondsey ...	4	Hornsey ...	2	Pimlico ...	1
Brixton ...	4	Hoxton ...	1	Rotherhithe ...	1
Bromley ...	1	Islington ...	3	Southwark ...	2
Brondesbury...	1	Kennington ...	1	Stratford ...	1
Camberwell ...	2	Lambeth ...	3	Vauxhall ...	1
Clapham ...	1	New Cross ...	1	Walworth ...	1
Clapton ...	2	Norwood ...	1	Wandsworth ...	2
Forest Gate ...	1	Notting Hill ...	3		
					TOTAL ... 50

FROM COUNTRY TOWNS :—

Abergavenny ...	1	Faygate ...	1	Putney ...	1
Bexley ...	1	Grays... ...	1	Reading ...	2
Bristol ...	1	Great Braxted ...	1	Stowe... ...	1
Childrey ...	1	Grimsby ...	3	Southsea ...	2
Chesham ...	1	Hastings ...	1	Sutton ...	1
Cambridge ...	1	Luton ...	1	Tewkesbury ...	1
Cheltenham ...	2	Lyme Regis ...	1	Wisbech ...	1
Croydon ...	1	Leytonstone ...	1	Walthamstow ...	1
Fairford ...	1	Maindee ...	1	Woodford ...	2
Fremantle ...	1	Old Hampton ...	1	Waterlooville ...	1
Fulham ...	1	Oxford ...	1		
					TOTAL 38

Scotland, Larbert ... 1 | Wales, Dowlais ... 1 | Wales, Cilgerran ... 1

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION OF PARENTS :—

Church of England, 40; Baptist, 28; Congregational, 7; Wesleyan, 6; Friends, 1
Scotch Church, 1; Not Specified, 8. Total 91.

SOCIAL RANK OF PARENTS :—

Mechanics, 23; Manufacturers and Tradesmen, 10; Shopkeepers and Salesmen, 11;
Labourers and Porters, &c., 10; Warehousemen and Clerks, 9; Mariners, &c., 5;
Ministers and Missionaries, 2; Commercial Travellers, 3; Railway Employés, 3;
Farmers, &c., 7; Cabmen, &c., 2; Police, 1; Postman, 1; Surgeon, 1; Auctioneer,
1; Cook, 1; Bandsman, 1. Total 91.

TYPICAL CASES RECEIVED DURING THE YEAR :—

F.B., Leytonstone. Second of six children under 11 years of age, one posthumous.
Mother has no means of support but her own earnings. Father was a confectioner
in good circumstances, but committed suicide whilst temporarily insane.

D. B. J., Brixton. Second of six children, one posthumous. Father a School Board Visitor. Cause of death, consumption. Visitor writes: "I should not think a more worthy case was ever entertained at the Orphanage."

E. S. E., Islington. One of seven children under 15 years of age. A well-known journalist writes: "The father died of consumption, leaving seven children quite unprovided for. . . . If you could find room for one of her little ones at Stockwell, it would be an act of real charity."

H. W. B., Fremantle, Southampton. Second of seven children under 11 years of age. Baby 8 months old. Mother earns only 8s. weekly.

G. S., Linton, Cambs. One of nine children under 15 years of age. Father was once a farmer in comfortable circumstances. Died insolvent. Mother carries on a small business. Visitor writes: "She hardly appears to make ends meet, although she works hard in the shop."

C. H., Reading. Second of seven children under 10 years of age. Wholly dependent on mother. Income 6s. 6d. weekly.

R. F. B., Fairford, Gloucestershire. One of five children under 11 years of age. No provision except £10 from insurance.

W. L., Childrey, Berks. One of nine children under 12 years of age; youngest 7 months old. Both parents deceased.

H. V. L., Dowlais, Glamorganshire. Third of six children under 12 years of age; youngest 10 months old. Mother earns 5s. weekly.

F. R., Hornsey. Third of seven children. No provision whatever. Father died of cancer.

S. R. H., Notting Hill. One of six children. Both parents deceased; father burnt to death in Philadelphia, U.S.A., where he had gone to start in business. Children wholly dependent on aged grandfather, now in straitened circumstances, once in good position.

H. F. S., Hoxton. One of five children under 14 years of age; one a cripple. Mother earns 5s. weekly.

C. H. B., Clapton. Fourth of six children under 16 years of age. Only one able to earn anything.

A. B., Sutton, Surrey. One of seven children under 13 years of age. Father a miller. Mother writes: "I have sold up my home, and have lived on the proceeds of the sale."

L. C., B. C., and K. H., Grimsby. Three children from two families; five young children in each. Fathers drowned in a gale at sea. Only means of support a weekly allowance from a temporary relief fund.

A. G. G., Woodford. One of seven children under 14 years of age. No provision whatever. Father a carpenter.

A. E. B., Bexley. Third of six children under 13 years of age unprovided for. Father a gardener.

A. C., Faygate. Third of six children under 12 years of age. No provision. Father a goods porter, committed suicide.

E. E. M., Westminster. One of six, five children totally unprovided for; the mother not able to work owing to ill-health; eldest boy earns 5s. weekly. Visitor writes: "The home a scene of poverty; mother and six children live and sleep in one room."

A. M. W., Southsea. Second of five children under 10 years of age. Father a sergeant, Royal Marine Artillery. Visitor writes: "Her's is a hard lot, struggling to maintain herself and five children by the labour of her hands."

E. P., Great Braxted. One of thirteen children; mother earns 7s. weekly to entirely support seven of them.

G. C., Cheltenham. Second of six children under 11 years of age unprovided for. Father killed on the railway.

FOURTEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY ORPHANS

Have been received into the Institution to the end of March, 1890.

PARENTAGE OF THE CHILDREN :—

Mechanics... ..	330	Commission Agents	12
Manufacturers and Tradesmen ...	213	Postmen and Sorters	9
Shopkeepers and Salesmen ...	201	Soldiers	8
Labourers, Porters, and Carmen ...	197	Solicitors	7
Warehousemen and Clerks ...	151	Surgeons and Dentists	7
Mariners and Watermen ...	51	Journalists	6
Ministers and Missionaries ...	36	Architects and Surveyors ...	3
Farmers and Florists ...	35	Cooks	2
Commercial Travellers ...	32	Fireman	1
Railway Employés ...	32	Photographer	1
Cab Proprietors and Coachmen ...	28	Butler	1
Policemen & Custom House Officers	21	Auctioneer	1
Schoolmasters and Teachers ...	18	Bandsman	1
Accountants	15	Gentleman	1
TOTAL... ..	1,420		

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION OF PARENTS :—

Church of England ...	554	Presbyterian ...	26	Bible Christian ...	2
Baptist ...	358	Brethren ...	7	Society of Friends ...	2
Congregational ...	152	Roman Catholic ...	3	Salvation Army ...	1
Wesleyan ...	132	Moravian ...	2	Not specified ...	181
TOTAL... ..	1,420				

PLACES FROM WHICH CHILDREN HAVE BEEN RECEIVED :—

Balham	8	Haverstock Hill	3	Pimlico	7
Barnsbury	2	Highbury	2	Plaistow	1
Battersea	23	Holborn	9	Poplar	6
Bayswater	8	Holloway	19	Rotherhithe	12
Bermondsey	86	Homerton	3	Shadwell	1
Bethnal Green	6	Hornsey	6	Shoreditch	4
Bloomsbury	2	Horselydown	6	Soho	2
Borough	10	Hoxton	12	Southwark	34
Bow	15	Islington	34	Spitalfields	1
Brixton	37	Kennington	18	Stepney	6
Bromley	2	Kensington	7	Strand	2
Brondesbury	1	Kentish Town	9	Stratford	4
Camberwell	44	Kilburn	9	Streatham	3
Camden Town	7	Kingsland	3	Stockwell	5
Chelsea	7	Lambeth	65	Stoke Newington	8
Clapham	14	Lewisham	5	St. John's Wood	1
Clapton	8	Limehouse	6	St. Luke's	2
Clerkenwell	12	Marylebone	20	St. Pancras	5
Dalston	3	Mill End	8	Sydenham	2
Deptford	8	Newington	15	Vauxhall	6
Dulwich	6	New Cross	13	Walworth	49
Finsbury	4	Norwood	12	Wandsworth	19
Forest Gate	1	Notting Hill	13	Westminster	10
Hackney	20	Nunhead	2	Whitechapel	3
Haggerston	1	Old Ford	1		
Hammersmith	5	Paddington	6		
Hampstead	4	Peckham	45		
Hatcham	1	Pentonville	4		
				LONDON... TOTAL	888

<i>Bedfordshire</i> , Bedford	5	<i>Essex</i> , Loughton	1	<i>Kent</i> , Cranbrook	1
" Luton	2	" Maldon	8	" Crayford	1
<i>Berkshire</i> , Maidenhead	2	" North Woolwich	2	" Deal	2
" Childrey	1	" Paglesham	1	" Dover	2
" Newbury	2	" Plaistow	1	" Eltham	1
" Reading	25	" Rayleigh	1	" Eynsford	2
" Slough	1	" Romford	3	" Eythorne	1
" Uffington	1	" Southend	1	" Folkestone	2
" Wantage	1	" Upminster	1	" Goudhurst	1
" Wokingham	1	" Walthamstow	7	" Gravesend	3
" Wargrave	1	" West Ham	1	" Greenwich	12
<i>Buckinghamshire</i> ,		" Witham	2	" Maidstone	3
" Chesham	1	" Woodford	3	" Margate	7
" High Wycombe	1	<i>Gloucestershire</i> ,		" New Brompton	5
" Princes Risboro'	1	" Bristol	5	" Northfleet	2
" Winslow	2	" Cheltenham	2	" Orpington	1
<i>Cambridgeshire</i> ,		" Cirencester	2	" Plumstead	4
" Cambridge	5	" Fairford	1	" Ramsgate	2
" Cottenham	1	" Gloucester	2	" Rochester	1
" Histon	1	" Nailsworth	1	" Sittingbourne	3
" Linton	1	" Painswick	1	" Swanscombe	1
" Soham	1	" Stroud	2	" Tonbridge	1
" Wisbech	2	" Tewkesbury	1	" Tunbridge Wells	1
<i>Cheshire</i> , Birkenhead	1	" Weirstone	1	" West Wickham	1
" Chester	1	" Wotton	1	" Woolwich	5
<i>Cornwall</i> , Falmouth	3	<i>Hampshire</i> ,		" Wrotham	1
" Penzance	3	" Bournemouth	2	<i>Lancashire</i> , Ashton-	
" Porthleven	1	" Christchurch	1	under-Lyne	2
" Truro	2	" Fremantle	1	" Blackpool	1
<i>Derbyshire</i> , Belper	1	" Farnborough	1	" Bolton	1
" Derby	5	" Hayling Island	1	" Liverpool	5
" Matlock Bath	1	" Landport	1	" Manchester	4
<i>Devonshire</i> , Appledore	1	" Lymington	1	" Morecambe	1
" Bideford	1	" Newport, I. W.	1	<i>Leicestershire</i> ,	
" Brixham	2	" Pokesdown	1	" Leicester	1
" Devonport	3	" Portsmouth	3	" Lutterworth	1
" Exeter	1	" Portsea	1	<i>Lincolnshire</i> , Boston	2
" Plymouth	1	" Ryde, I. W.	1	" Grimsby	5
" Stoke	1	" Romsey	1	" Lincoln	1
" Torquay	4	" Sandown	2	<i>Middlesex</i> , Acton	1
<i>Dorsetshire</i> , Poole	2	" Southampton	6	" Barnet	1
" Lyme Regis	1	" Southsea	4	" Chiswick	1
" Portland	2	" Totton	1	" Ealing	1
" Swanage	1	" Waterlooville	1	" Edmonton	2
" Weymouth	2	" West Cowes, I. W.	1	" Finchley	1
<i>Durham</i> , Durham	1	" Winchester	1	" Fulham	2
" Stockton	4	<i>Herefordshire</i> ,		" Hampton-Wick	1
<i>Essex</i> , Barking	1	" Ledbury	1	" Harlington	1
" Boxed	1	<i>Hertfordshire</i> ,		" Harrow	2
" Braintree	1	" Borkhamstead	1	" Hendon	1
" Brentwood	1	" Dunstable	1	" Hounslow	2
" Chelmsford	1	" Hoddesdon	1	" Isleworth	3
" Chingford	1	" Redbourne	1	" Old Hampton	1
" Coggeshall	1	" St. Albans	1	" Tottenham	6
" Colchester	3	" Ware	1	" Walham Green	1
" Dunmow	1	<i>Huntingdonshire</i> ,		" Whetstone	1
" East Ham	1	" Fenstanton	1	" Wood Green	1
" Grays	1	<i>Kent</i> , Ashford	3	<i>Monmouthshire</i> ,	
" Great Braxted	1	" Bexley	3	" Abergavenny	1
" Halstead	1	" Boughton	1	" Blaenavon	1
" Hatfield Heath	1	" Bromley	3	" Maundee	1
" Ilford	1	" Canterbury	1	" Newport	1
" Leyton	3	" Charlton	3	<i>Norfolk</i> , Dereham	1
" Leytonstone	6	" Chatham	5	" Holt	1

<i>Norfolk</i> , Lynn ... 1	<i>Suffolk</i> , Aldborough... 2	<i>Sussex</i> , Faygate ... 1
" <i>Norwich</i> ... 1	" <i>Bury St. Edmunds</i> 1	" <i>Hailsham</i> ... 1
" <i>Yarmouth</i> ... 1	" <i>Fressingfield</i> 1	" <i>Hastings</i> ... 4
<i>Northamptonshire</i> ,	" <i>Halesworth</i> ... 1	" <i>Lewes</i> ... 1
" <i>Brackley</i> ... 1	" <i>Ipswich</i> ... 6	" <i>Newhaven</i> ... 1
" <i>Kettering</i> ... 1	" <i>Southwold</i> ... 1	" <i>St. Leonards</i> 1
" <i>Northampton</i> 1	" <i>Stanstead</i> ... 1	" <i>Seaford</i> ... 1
" <i>Oundle</i> ... 3	" <i>Stowmarket</i> ... 4	" <i>Worthing</i> ... 1
" <i>Peterborough</i> 1	<i>Surrey</i> , Addlestone ... 1	<i>Warwickshire</i> ,
" <i>Thrapstone</i> 1	" <i>Barnes</i> ... 2	" <i>Birmingham</i> 4
" <i>Walgrave</i> 1	" <i>Bletchingley</i> 1	" <i>Coventry</i> ... 1
<i>Northumberland</i> ,	" <i>Catford</i> ... 1	" <i>Leamington</i> 1
" <i>Newcastle</i> ... 1	" <i>Croydon</i> ... 14	" <i>Oxhill</i> ... 1
<i>Nottinghamshire</i> ,	" <i>East Moulsey</i> 1	" <i>Quinton</i> ... 1
" <i>Nottingham</i> ... 1	" <i>Godalming</i> ... 1	" <i>Wolverhampton</i> 1
" <i>Retford</i> ... 1	" <i>Godstone</i> ... 1	<i>Wiltshire</i> , Calne ... 1
" <i>Sutton</i> ... 1	" <i>Guildford</i> ... 1	" <i>Chippenham</i> 1
" <i>Worksop</i> ... 1	" <i>Horley</i> ... 1	" <i>Pinton Stoko</i> 1
<i>Oxfordshire</i> , Banbury 1	" <i>Kingston</i> ... 3	" <i>Salisbury</i> ... 2
" <i>Chipping Norton</i> 3	" <i>Leatherhead</i> 1	" <i>Summerford</i>
" <i>Kidlington</i> ... 1	" <i>Norbiton</i> ... 1	" <i>Magna</i> 1
" <i>New Headington</i> 1	" <i>Penge</i> ... 1	" <i>Swindon</i> ... 1
" <i>Oxford</i> ... 2	" <i>Putney</i> ... 1	" <i>Warminster</i> 1
" <i>Thame</i> ... 1	" <i>Red Hill</i> ... 1	" <i>Westbury</i>
" <i>Witney</i> ... 1	" <i>Reigate</i> ... 1	" <i>Leigh</i> ... 1
<i>Rutlandshire</i> ,	" <i>Richmond</i> ... 1	" <i>Wroughton</i> ... 1
" <i>Uppingham</i> ... 1	" <i>Surbiton</i> ... 1	<i>Worcestershire</i> ,
<i>Salop</i> , Aston-on-Clun 1	" <i>Sutton</i> ... 4	" <i>Cradley</i> ... 1
" <i>West Felton</i> ... 1	" <i>Tooting</i> ... 3	<i>Yorkshire</i> , Bedale ... 1
<i>Somersetshire</i> , Bath ... 2	" <i>Wimbledon</i> ... 1	" <i>Burley</i> ... 1
" <i>Taunton</i> ... 3	" <i>Woking</i> ... 1	" <i>Leeds</i> ... 1
" <i>Yeovil</i> ... 1	<i>Sussex</i> , Brighton ... 8	
<i>Staffordshire</i> , Bilston 1	" <i>Chichester</i> ... 4	COUNTRY...TOTAL 503

<i>Wales</i> , Aberystwith 1	<i>Wales</i> , Dowlais ... 1	<i>Wales</i> , Llanelly ... 1
" <i>Bridgend</i> ... 1	" <i>Haverfordwest</i> 2	" <i>Rhyl</i> ... 1
" <i>Builth</i> ... 1	" <i>Hay</i> ... 1	" <i>Swansea</i> ... 3
" <i>Cardiff</i> ... 5	" <i>Llanbister</i> ... 1	
" <i>Cilgerran</i> ... 1	" <i>Llandudno</i> ... 1	WALES ... TOTAL 20

<i>Scotland</i> , Dunfermline 1	<i>Scotland</i> , Larbert ... 1	<i>Ireland</i> ... 2
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SUMMARY OF ADMISSIONS.

London ... 888	Wales ... 20	Ireland ... 2
Country ... 508	Scotland ... 2	

TOTAL ... 1,420.

ACCOUNT OF EDUCATION.

While the Committee are anxious that the children should receive a thoroughly sound education, they are still more concerned that they should, in early life, be brought to a knowledge of saving truth, and to faith in our Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour and Lord.

The education of the children is a matter of difficulty, from the facts that many are of delicate constitution, and that their schooling was neglected during their mother's widowhood. Still, we have great cause for thankfulness that the boys and girls succeed so well in learning useful things, that there is no difficulty in procuring situations for them.

Our subscribers will be interested in the following tables:—

SCRIPTURE EXAMINATION, MARCH, 1890,

In connection with Brixton Auxiliary Sunday School Union.

Subject:—"The Early Ministry of Christ."

Number of children presented:—Girls, 60; Boys, 122.

RESULTS.

	Girls.	Boys.
Prizes, with First-class Certificates	0	10
First-class Certificates only	5	29
Second-class Certificates	37	74
Failed	18	9
	<hr/> 60	<hr/> 122

Percentage passed—Girls 70; Boys, 92·6.

BIBLE-READING ASSOCIATION.

Members:—Boys, 178 Girls, 200; Total, 378.

BAND OF HOPE. Number of enrolled members, 286.

SCIENCE AND ART EXAMINATION, MAY, 1889.

Boys' Division.

Science Teachers: Mr. J. J. Thompson and Mr. A. Simmonds.

Subjects: Geology, Physiography, Magnetism, and Electricity.

Advanced Certificates	2
First-class Certificates (Elementary)	3
Second-class ,,	95
Total	<hr/> 100

Classes were held during last winter, and the Examinations took place in May, 1890. The results will not be known till July next.

GIRLS' DIVISION.

Extract from Examiner's Report:—

"Work of thoroughly good general merit and promise is being done. . . . The tone of the girls was quite first rate. Everywhere were signs of painstaking work and admirable influence. . . . The note singing does particularly high credit to the special teacher. . . . The needlework was exceedingly good."

MEDICAL OFFICER'S REPORT.

307, Clapham Road, S.W.

Gentlemen,—In submitting my Annual Report, I am thankful to have but a slender record of disease. During the year I had under treatment several cases of hooping cough, not of a serious nature; minor ailments do not call for special mention. The only accident to report was that of a fractured collar-bone, but no permanent ill effects remain. I regret to report the death of one girl from internal abscess; but the regret is weakened from the certain conviction I have that, had she survived, her brain must have given way eventually, and she would have been a lifelong sufferer.

The general health of the children has been well maintained, and is in a satisfactory condition. Constant attendance and prompt action prevent any case escaping notice; and the hearty co-operation of the officers ensures the carrying out of my orders. My best thanks are due to them, and to the Trustees, for their uniform courtesy and readiness to sanction every necessary proposal I may make in the discharge of my duties as Medical Officer.

Your obedient Servant,

WILLIAM SOPER.

The President and Committee cannot be too thankful for the kindness and skill of the Medical Staff. The members of our Consulting Honorary Staff rank high in the profession, and we are most grateful for their generous services. The health of the children is a matter of primary importance, and the officers are unremitting in their efforts to promote it. We warmly thank all. But thanks to the most skilful and watchful of fellow-creatures will not express our gratitude. We have been under the peculiar watch of heaven, or we could not have enjoyed so long a freedom from contagious disease. Earth has on it no spot whereon there is so little of fatal or even of serious disease. Thanks be unto God!

LETTERS FROM CHILDREN WHO HAVE LEFT.

Hitherto, we have included in the Reports letters and papers written by Old Boys: we now give several recent letters written by *Girls* who have gone forth to take up their life-work. They breathe a gracious spirit, and our subscribers will read them, and thank God for the grace which is thus manifested.

My dear Miss ———,

I was so sorry to leave you at the last. I could not bear the thought of never living with you again; but I did not shed any tears hardly—at least, not till I was in bed. I thought such a lot about you, especially yesterday. I spent a very happy day. Mother and all my friends seem so glad I have come home. I don't know why that should be so. I have not done *much*, if any, good to them. I am

glad some one loves me. I shall never forget some of the things you said to me while I was in the Orphanage. Only last night I felt rather downcast; but all at once I said to myself, "Why should I feel this, when only yesterday Miss —— said, 'God bless *you*'? That did not mean somebody else, but *me*!" Why should I doubt HIM who is *able* and *willing* to do *all* for us, if we only trust ourselves to him? I do want to be and do better. I should like to live every moment so that, if my Master were to come, he would find me on the watch-tower, always waiting, always longing. Yes, I do long for the second coming of Christ. There will be no sin then, no tempers, no black looks. Yes, I remember it all; and all the trouble, pain, and anxiety I have caused you by my faults, which, at one time, did not cause me the least trouble.

I remain,

One of your girls,

* * *

Dear Mr. Spurgeon,

Please excuse me taking the liberty of writing to you, but I felt as though I must, to tell you what a blessing the Orphanage has been to me. I was there for four years, and it was there I found the Lord. I am now living with Mrs. M——, as a house-maid, but I still look upon the Orphanage as my home. But, thanks be to God, I can say from my heart,

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

The Lord has brought me out of the miry clay and set my feet upon a rock. Your sermon on Sunday night did me much good. "Thanks be unto *God* for his *unspeakable gift*."

I must close now with my warmest love to you.

I remain,

One of the old Orphanage girls,

* * *

My dear Miss——,

I opened your loving note this morning, and was so pleased to have it. It does me a lot of good to read such sweet and encouraging letters from you. I think I shall get on very nicely here: it is very comfortable.

I received a nice little letter from mother this morning, and she says she does feel so grateful to you for your kindness toward me, and that Jesus will give you your reward. My second birthday is on the 27th of this month, and then I shall have professed to love him a year. I do wish I could love him and shine more brightly for him than I do; but Jesus knows how frail I am, and I take my troubles and my joys and lay them at his dear feet. Oh, my heart's desire is, that I may love my Jesus more and more, and that I may serve him better; I do need Jesus every hour—every moment of my life.

Do you read "Morning Bells" and "Evening Pillows" to the girls now? I often think of you all while I am reading mine.

I had a sweet letter from Miss —— the day after you brought me to my situation: it cheered me up. We have prayers morning and evening

here : my mistress takes them in the morning and my master at night. I went to the Tabernacle on Sunday with my master and the two eldest children, and we saw Mr. Spurgeon coming along in his carriage. We waved our hands to him, and he did the same to us, and said " Good morning." I shall go to the Tabernacle in the evening sometimes, and I shall look for you. I shall try and come and speak to you if I can. Mother is coming to see me very soon ; and when she does, I will ask her to come and see you if she can.

Closing, now, with my best love to all the girls, and kindly accept the same yourself,

I remain, etc., etc.

* * *

Dear Mr. Spurgeon,

You must excuse the liberty I am taking in writing to you ; but you will not mind when you know the reason. I must, first of all, tell you that I am one of your old orphan girls ; but the Lord having found me, and made me his child, before I left the Orphanage, I knew it would cheer your heart if I wrote and told you. I thought, when my father died, I could never have another to equal him ; but when I came to your Orphanage I found out my mistake, and found a better and truer Father, who will never leave me nor forsake me, and to whom I can take my every trouble, however small it may be. It seems almost too good to be true that Jesus was really crucified to *save* me. When I think of all the years I grieved and pained him, it only makes me want to try and please him ever so much more for the future. I must tell you I was an inmate of No. — house, and I was in the Orphanage seven and a half years, and was very happy indeed, and wish myself back again now. I think I must close, thanking you for your kindness in giving us such a beautiful home to live in. It will always be something to look back on with pleasure for the rest of our lives, and for which we can never thank you enough. I myself hope shortly to come forward, and, by baptism, publicly let the world know I have accepted Jesus as my Saviour ; or, I should say, he has accepted me as his child.

I remain,

One of your old orphan girls,

* * *

SUPPLY OF FUNDS.

We are thankful to record that, during the year, the orphans have known no lack : every need has been fully met. This has been done without pathetic pleadings with a stony-hearted public. We have asked of the Lord, and he has answered in a way which is just like him. We close the year with a balance to credit ; but this would not have been the case had it not been for the amount received from legacies. It must be a matter of regret, when money left by our friends who have passed to their rest and reward, is absorbed for current use. Such amounts are, in most instances, designed to yield an income in

following years, and it is desirable that they should do so. We shall be thankful if our friends will bear in mind that our supplies must be as constant as our needs. "Day by day the manna fell," and "day by day" our children must be fed. It would greatly rejoice the heart of the President if the current income were equal to the current expenditure, so that any legacies might be reserved to supply the falling off in donations when old friends go home. Still, the Lord will provide: we can have no doubt as to *that*. His way of providing is usually through his stewards, and therefore we boldly let his wealthy servants know what we need. How else can they tell where to send the portions which they give in their Master's name?

Our collectors, with boxes and books, have, during the year, brought in the sum of £892 1s. 9d. *There is room for an increase in this department.* The collectors meet together from time to time, when the President rejoices to see his enthusiastic band of willing helpers, and personally to thank them for their efforts for his great family of little ones. Many more of our young people might help us by joining this Sustentation Army. Come along, Master John and Miss Mary! We have several vacancies both for Majors and Minors just now. Friends living miles away, who are not able to attend the meetings, write to the President personally, and have special collecting-books from him. He has quite a large connection of loving friends whom he would never have known had it not been for their coming to the help of the Lord in this matter. This is very pleasant, and brings the Pastor and his people, the Preacher and his readers, into a holy fellowship which will last through time and eternity.

The children in the Orphanage took cards, and their friends collected £246 4s. 3d. This is a precious contribution, for it was for the most part gathered up in pennies, and was in almost every case a genuine expression of gratitude. The mothers of our children are not ungrateful women. Far from it. We frequently have very warm-hearted, thankful letters from them. God bless them, every one!

Altogether, the amount received during the year from collecting-cards, books, and boxes reached the noble sum of £1,138 6s. 0d. This is substantial help: but could it not be very easily doubled? Surely there is no great difficulty in the way. We wish more of our friends would lend a hand. O best and kindest of readers, will *you* take a card or a box yourself?

The Young Ladies' Working Associations at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Brixton, Reading, and other places, continue to give splendid help by their brilliant needles; and their services are greatly valued by us. But "the more the merrier." Could not more societies be started? Who will organize one? Friends who have not a wide range of acquaintances can work single-handed, and do a good deal for us if they make up articles of clothing suitable for boys and girls between the ages of six and fifteen. Please use strong material, and throw in good work. Do not make the garments fine, but fit. This is not looking a gift-horse in the mouth, but merely saying what kind of a pony we should like to see trotting down the Orphanage avenue. *Sometimes send the children a treat.* The friend who gave a Strawberry Feast is gone to heaven, but the Festival will not drop! We are open

to receive fruit of all kinds, and sweets, and buns, and sugar and spice, and all things nice. Little Master Tommy at the Orphanage says—

“ When cakes you see,
Remember me ! ”

He has a fine mouth for tarts—two-penny or otherwise !

During the year, Mr. Charlesworth has invaded many places with a Choir of Boys, and he has never been repulsed : in fact, he has carried all before him. The addition of £688 10s. 5d. to our funds from this source, after deducting not only the immediate expenses, but also the cost of the musical training of the boys, moves us to say, very earnestly—“ Thank you heartily, beloved friends, for thus helping us ! ” Could not friends in other places arrange for the boys to visit them ? In many districts, where the boys have once been, there is a desire for a second visit ; and in some towns they are expected at least once a year. These are gratifying facts ; and it is a joy to us to know we have the practical sympathy and prayers of true friends all over the country. It is the Lord’s will that “ pure religion and undefiled ” should find its illustration in care for the “ widow and fatherless,” and we are thankful when the help comes to the special objects of our charge. Friends are not helping the crotchets of sectarianism, but the Christ-like work of love and mercy, against which there is no law.

DESCRIPTIVE REMARKS.

Experience confirms the practical superiority of THE SEPARATE HOME SYSTEM over every other. The loss of parental influence is a calamity to a child, and the wisest course is to make that loss as little as possible by keeping up as much of the family form and spirit as is possible in a public institution. Covering an area of nearly four acres, in one of the healthiest suburbs of London, the Orphanage is admirably adapted for its purpose. Each home is complete in itself, and each family has its own “ mother.” The boys dine in one common hall according to families ; the girls’ meals are all prepared in their respective houses ; and it is a rule that both boys and girls assist in all the domestic duties of the establishment. Family worship is conducted in each department morning and evening, and the children learn the text for the day from Mr. Spurgeon’s Almanack.

Though we cannot change human nature, nor make even good children perfect, we can do better for them in family groups than in indiscriminate crowds. Individual character is damaged, if not destroyed, in huge barracks. The teachers of our Sabbath-school can bear witness that our children are the best of pupils, and that a spirit is seen within our little kingdom, which it is hard to find anywhere else. Eyes are bright, hearts are light, and minds are free within our gates.

The institution is UNSECTARIAN. No child is injured as a candidate by the creed of his parents. Why should he be ? In a matter of pure charity, sectarian preferences have no weight. Although the characters of the parents and their usefulness in the church of God may constitute a plea for a more speedy reception of certain little ones, yet the lack of grace in the father must not be visited upon the child ; on the contrary,

there may be all the greater need that the little one should come under godly training.

The supreme desire of the Committee of Management is that the children shall be thoroughly fitted for the struggle of life, by being instructed in the truths of our common Christianity, renewed by the Holy Ghost, and brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. We are more concerned that the children should become disciples of Christ than members of our church. We long to see them healthy, intelligent, and gracious.

Ours is a work for Jesus, carried on in the spirit of faith and love, and in it we have the hearty love and practical aid of Christians of all denominations. Upon the ground of our common faith in the cross, and our possession of the one life whose very breath is love, we unite in helping the widow and the orphan for Christ's own sake. His approval is our reward. It is no small pleasure to know that the Orphanage is a nut which cavillers cannot crack; they hate zeal for the doctrines of Scripture, but charity to poor orphans they cannot speak against. Infidelity itself feels the power of 500 living arguments. We do not care much what opponents say; but still it might do them good to take a course of our Stockwell Life Pills, and start an Orphanage of their own. We care both for the bodies and souls of men, and try to show our love of truth by truthful love.

The institution is OPEN TO ALL CLASSES OF THE COMMUNITY. It will be seen in the table that, while almost every grade of society has been represented, by far the greater proportion of children belong to the most needy classes. When a family has been dependent upon the weekly wage of the father, and there has been no margin for laying by, the whole of the income ceases at his death, and the savings scarcely suffice to pay for the funeral. When the income has been larger, a long illness, which often attends consumption, has eaten up all the savings, and left the store-room empty. But for the Orphanage, a widow with many helpless little ones would despair. What can she do? She is, herself, weakly, it may be; how is she to earn bread for so many? Oh, that our friends could see the widows! They would be ready to give all that they have to help them. We should have to hold them back from too lavish a generosity. Frequently have we seen the hand of the Lord helping choice saints by means of our institution, and then we have been exceeding glad. These sisters of ours, is it not a joy to make their burden lighter? Are there not thousands who will share with us the work and the blessing? Will not our readers begin to give if they have not done so already? They will do well to send in a big nugget to make up for past forgetfulness. Our faithful subscribers may rejoice with us that the Orphanage has received 1,420 fatherless children up to April, 1890. Some institutions report larger numbers; but, then, they are more of the nature of temporary receiving homes, and the children remain only a few months, while ours are retained for five or six years at least.

To secure the admission of a destitute fatherless child, NO PATRONAGE IS REQUIRED, AND NO PURCHASE OF VOTES IS POSSIBLE. The inmates are *selected* by a Committee, who give the first place to the greatest need. This is our rule, and we desire ever to abide by it. In

this way help is given to those least able to help themselves. Applicants are put to no expense, beyond providing needful certificates. It is better that the admission of a child should be an answer to the bitter cry of need rather than a reward for writing letters, or making calls upon holders of votes. Let no friend attempt to put pressure upon President or Trustees by boring them with calls and talk. We are awfully stubborn folks, and we ought to be, so that the most needy and not the most noisy may get the benefit.

The President feels that it is no more than bare justice to say that his brother and the Trustees manage all the interior arrangements of the Orphanage, while he is, himself, only the General Manager, and the Receiver of gifts by which the institution is carried on. (By the way, this post is no sinecure, but involves continual sticking to it.) The Trustees deserve great honour for their continuous labour in carrying out the details of the work. The Chairman thanks them with tender affection. Nor would he forget the Head Master, matrons, and staff. What a grand body of workers they are! We have said this before, but we repeat it, because we mean it.

The Children are NOT DRESSED IN A PECULIAR UNIFORM, to mark them as charity children. We have no admiration for this bit of absurdity. Orphanhood is a child's misfortune, and he should not be treated as though it were his fault. In a garb which marks him out as poor and dependent upon charity, it is not easy for a child to acquire self-respect. We wish some of the older institutions could break through the ancient folly which turns their children into "objects" of charity. We steer clear of peculiarities which degrade.

In the arrangements of the Schools our object is to impart *a plain but thorough* ENGLISH education, to fit the boys for commercial pursuits. In addition to the ordinary subjects, they are taught elementary science, drawing, shorthand, and vocal music. As the boys attain the age for leaving, it is easy to find employers who will receive them. Many of the old boys are now occupying good positions in large houses of business, and not a few are engaged in works of usefulness; a large number are members of Christian Churches, and several are Ministers of the Word. Even while with us our children show a Missionary spirit: we subjoin the table of their contributions. It is well for them to begin early to give.

SUNDAY SCHOOL, 1889-90.

Collected and contributed by the children:—

	£	s.	d.
Baptist Missionary Society	13	9	8
North Africa Mission (Dr. Churcher's Work) ...	1	9	2
Continental Sunday School	1	8	0
Temperance Hospital and Band of Hope Work ...	11	4	6
	£27	11	4

For the girls, a good solid education is attempted in the Schools, and thorough domestic training in the Homes. The Trustees will be glad to give special training where there are special capacities, and as openings occur for female talent they will prepare girls to enter them.

The special vocation of the girls must be left to their friends to determine on leaving: our usual plan is to fit them for domestic service in good families, but we are anxious to be guided by the providence of God, and the opportunities which offer themselves. No doubt, the better the education, if it be of a really practical kind, the better is the child's chance in life, and we would not have girls placed at a disadvantage.

The moral and religious training of the children is a matter of primary concern; and the earnest efforts of the matrons and teachers are supplemented by the labours of a goodly band of Sunday-school teachers. Detachments of the children attend the Tabernacle and the neighbouring chapels on Lord's-day mornings, and Special Services are conducted at home, morning and evening. A children's week-night service is held every Wednesday. Several earnest friends give diligent attention to this department of the work. Once a quarter the entire household is assembled to hear a special address. Leading ministers and distinguished laymen have rendered important help in this matter.

A Young Christians' Band holds a monthly meeting, and there are frequent meetings for the Members of the Band of Hope.

As the Orphanage is maintained by free-will offerings, we may indicate several methods by which our friends help us:—

(1.) By **Donations and Subscriptions.** All sections of the Church and of the community contribute to the funds of the institution, not by constraint, but willingly.

(2.) By **becoming Collectors.** Mr. SPURGEON will be glad to send special Collecting-books. Collecting-boxes and cards may also be obtained on application to the Secretary.

(3.) By **arranging for Public Meetings**, to be conducted by the Head Master with a choir of Orphan boys. The entertainment given by the boys is of a first-rate order, and is calculated to do moral and spiritual good. Our bell-ringers add to the attraction of the singing, and greatly delight the assembly. Mr. V. J. CHARLESWORTH will be happy to give information in the profitable art of hospitality.

(4.) By **Gifts of Useful Articles.** Sometimes a friend can spare material who could not give actual cash; let him be so kind as to give in kind. Food, clothing, toys, fuel, furniture, books, and other useful articles can be consumed at home, while fancy goods can be sold at the annual sale. We are universal consumers. No reasonable offer is refused. All is grist that comes to this mill.

(5.) By **Birthday and New Year's Offerings.** A festive season suggests a fitting opportunity for sending help to those whose orphanhood calls for special tenderness. Christmas gifts are in season, but we are willing to receive "out of season." Our mercies are doubly sweet when they are shared with those who would otherwise feel the bitterness of want. We should minister not to ourselves alone, but to the poor and needy also. The Lord accept our work of faith and labour of love!

A WORD TO OUR DONORS.

(1.) The name should be legibly written, and a sufficient designation should be given that the reply may be rightly directed.

It is unfortunate when *Jones* is mistaken for *Thorns*, or *vice versâ*. Where an *initial* only is given, we may not know whether to address the reply to Mr. or Mrs, or to any other designation. We should be sorry to right *Miss* and find that we had written amiss.

(2.) As two persons may bear exactly the same name, it is important that the residence should be added. Where a donor has a *business* and a *private* address, it is desirable that one or other should be uniformly used when several parcels are sent. If not, we may accidentally treat our friend as if he were cut in two.

(3.) Change of address, or the death of a donor, should be promptly reported for the correction of our books. We cannot be omniscient, but we should like to be accurate.

(4.) We would respectfully urge our donors to advise us of the despatch of goods by letter or post-card. We can often make more economical use of gifts when we know that they are coming.

TO INTENDING BENEFACTORS.

Follow slavishly the regular form of a legacy, and do not try to be original. Persons deviating from legal form are likely to prevent their intention from being carried out; and no sane person would wish to do that. It cannot be too clearly understood that bequests of land or houses for charitable purposes are null and void. By forgetting this fact, friends have worried and disappointed the President, involving him in lawsuits, and all sorts of anxieties. He has too much to do as it is, and ought not to be called upon to battle with law and lawyers. Those are wisest who distribute their money in their own lifetime; but if this cannot be accomplished, friends should at least make their wills at once, and see that they are plainly drawn up, and properly executed.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I Give and Bequeath the sum of pounds sterling, to be paid out of that part of my personal estate which may by law be given with effect for charitable purposes, to be paid to the Treasurer for the time being of the Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, Surrey, and his receipt shall be a sufficient discharge for the said legacy; and this legacy, when received by such Treasurer, to be applied for the general purposes of the Orphanage.

Stockwell Orphanage.

GENERAL ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED MARCH 31st, 1890.

	£	s.	d.
To Maintenance and Education :—			
Salaries and Wages	1,996	2	0
Provisions	4,961	9	0
Clothing	1,732	14	5
Laundry	435	4	2
Fuel, Gas, and Water	843	5	2
Books and School Requisites	172	7	1
Medical, Hospital, and Convalescent Expenses	206	12	3
Excursions and Travelling	49	12	0
Situations, Outfits, Gratuities, &c.	82	0	11
Gardening and Sundries	74	19	11
	<u>9,954</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>11</u>
„ Printing, Stationery, Publications, Office Expenses, Collecting Boxes, &c.	570	5	8
„ Repairs and Alterations	1,099	13	11
„ Furniture, Bedding, &c.	479	1	4
„ Poor and General Rates	175	12	6
	<u>12,269</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>4</u>
„ Balance at Credit, March 31st, 1890	2,564	14	11
	<u>£14,833</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>3</u>

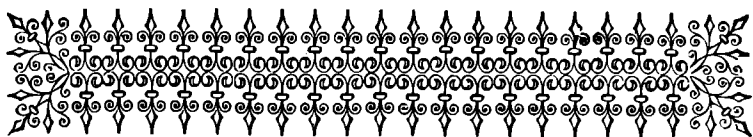
	£	s.	d.
By Donations and Subscriptions :—			
General	4,998	19	4
Boxes and Books	1,138	6	0
Services of Song (less expenses)	688	10	5
	<u>6,825</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>9</u>
„ Legacies	3,795	1	6
„ Balance of Dividends and Rents (less Repairs, Rates, and Taxes, &c.	1,619	1	5
	<u>12,239</u>	<u>18</u>	<u>8</u>
„ Balance at Credit, March 31st, 1889	2,593	16	7
	<u>£14,833</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>3</u>

Audited and found correct, this 6th day of June, 1890.

JAMES A. SPURGEON, }
Acting Treasurer, } *Trustees.*
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 WILLIAM HIGGS,

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THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

SEPTEMBER, 1890.

The Time of Jacob's Trouble.*

SHORT SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Alas! for that day is great, so that none is like it: it is even the time of Jacob's trouble; but he shall be saved out of it."—Jeremiah xxx. 7.

WE will not talk about the Jews, to whom this promise first applies; neither shall we view the text in all its spiritual bearings, as it may have reference to others. When God means to save a man, it often happens that the sky is darkened over his head, the earth trembles beneath his feet, and his whole soul is filled with terror. Then is it to him "the time of Jacob's trouble."

When we go to a doctor, he examines our symptoms, gives a statement of the case, and then proceeds to deal with it. We will first state the case, and a very dark one it will be; but, remember, it is the case of one who will be saved. If I paint the background very black, it is that I may lay on the bright colours with a happy hand.

Let us EXAMINE THE CASE ACCORDING TO THE CHAPTER BEFORE US.

This time of trouble here spoken of was a day of *discovery of the wounds of sin*. Turn to verse twelve: "Thy bruise is incurable, and thy wound is grievous." You have found out that sin has stabbed you. You see now that your nature is depraved. You used to laugh at that old-fashioned doctrine; but you tremble before it now. Your heart is estranged from God, and your carnal mind is enmity against him.

* I should be glad if every subscriber would read this short discourse to some friend in trouble. The Lord might make it the breaker of bonds.—C. H. S.

Your former sins are like open wounds, through which you are bleeding to death. You hoped they were healed; but now you perceive that they have become corrupt, and threaten to mortify. This may well be the time of your trouble.

Now, also, it is your time of trouble, because *there is a failure as to every plea in prayer*. In verse thirteen you read: "There is none to plead thy cause, that thou mayest be bound up." Once you thought salvation very easy; you could go on in sin just as far as you pleased, and then you would repent at pleasure, and find mercy. But now you cannot plead with God, as you boasted you should do. You do not know how to pray: you have no plea to urge; you have no faith; you have no feeling; you have nothing good. The heavens seem brass above you, and words fail you. It is an awful state to be in—full of sin, and yet unable to plead with God. "It is even the time of Jacob's trouble."

Now you learn *the inefficiency of outward means*. The prophet goes on to say, "Thou hast no healing medicines." You were foolish enough once to trust in your baptism and your confirmation: you dare not trust in these things any longer. You have even come to the sacramental table, though you are not a believer in Christ, and you have hoped to find a healing medicine there. Vain hope! Your coming there unpardoned was itself a sin; how could you expect to obtain grace, when you were eating and drinking condemnation to yourself? In no outward rite is there any power to heal the wound of the soul; and you begin to see that it is so. You once thought that you had only to go to a revival meeting, or to attend a pure gospel ministry, and you would be made whole. You do not think so now. On the contrary, you feel that all your prayers, tears, church-goings, chapel-goings, sermon-hearings, and the like, can do you no good whatever, apart from the Lord. Yours is a desperate case; the thought of it makes you groan—

"No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within."

Now *you have come into solitary distress*; even as the prophet puts it, "All thy lovers have forgotten thee; they seek thee not." Former friends have dropped off one by one. The comrades of the wine-cup are gone. Old chums in vice now shun you: they call you melancholy, and dub you a "kill-joy." In the day of your sorrow they quit you: they cannot understand you, and so they leave you to yourself. The ungodly forsake their boon companions when the arrows of God wound them; they love not such dull company. The young man gets the cold shoulder from his former acquaintances when he begins to think of heaven, and hell, and God, and eternity. The woman under concern of soul is lonely: all those with whom she once could chat so lightly now keep out of her way; for they do not want to be made miserable by her. "It is even the time of Jacob's trouble."

Now *your sin stares you in the face*. Read on in the chapter: "I have wounded thee with the wound of an enemy, with the chastisement of a cruel one, for the multitude of thine iniquity; because thy sins were increased." A neighbour came in here one Sunday night, and then he judged that he was the best man in Newington; but when he went out, he knew that he was the worst man in the world; for the Word

of the Lord had turned him inside out, and made him see his inward vileness. It may be the like is happening to some of you. May you feel that your righteousnesses are unrighteousnesses, and your merits demerits ! It is a terrible thing to be hunted by your sins. I see before me a Russian traveller pursued by wolves. Do you hear their cruel howlings in the distance ? Do you hear their quick bark as they hurry on ? Do you hear their demon feet upon the snow ? They are near ! They are here ! They are leaping upon the horses ! They tear them down ! They hasten to devour the traveller ! Such are the packs of our sins. In the distance, if we think of them, it is with dread ; but when they are upon us, how can we escape ? Are you in such a plight ? Then, indeed, "it is even the time of Jacob's trouble."

Once more : this case of Jacob's trouble is saddest of all, because *God has come to blows with him*. Hear these words of the Lord : "I have wounded thee." "I have done these things unto thee." Often, when I have preached the law of God, I have failed ; but when God preaches his law to the heart, he cuts to the quick. Your bones turn to jelly when the Lord makes you afraid. It is no laughing matter to have the Lord's hand heavy upon you. There is no escaping from the arrows of his bow : they drink up the blood of the heart. "If God will not withdraw his anger, the proud helpers do stoop under him." Life fails before the strokes of divine wrath. A man becomes like a field dried up in the hot wind of the desert. My friend, I deeply pity you, for there is no peace for you when the Lord contends with you.

This is the saving clause that, when the Lord finds his creature broken and wounded, he will bind him up, and heal him. There is a decree of everlasting life concerning the man who is thus troubled in heart on account of sin : he that has slain him will make him live. See the tempest of this verse, and then the calm that follows :—"Alas ! for that day is great, so that none is like it : it is even the time of Jacob's trouble ; *but he shall be saved out of it.*"

I have described the time of trouble in the prophet's words ; remember the word of promise, "He shall be saved out of it." Hallelujah !

Now we will DESCRIBE THAT TIME OF TROUBLE AS IT HAPPENED IN OUR EXPERIENCE.

It was a great day indeed, altogether unparalleled in our lives. As a matter of fact, it was not one day ; it was a time of trouble. It lasted for years with some of us. The greatest day of our life was the time when we made the acquaintance of ourselves, and our forlorn condition. "Alas ! for that day is great, so that none is like it." No other day can compare with it for greatness, save that greater one in which we came to know the Lord Jesus as our Saviour and God ; and we should not have known that joyful day, if we had not first known the time of our trouble ; for, unless a man is wounded, he will never seek healing.

It was an awful day to us, for *it was a time of terrible memories and regrets*. We remembered the sins of our youth, and our former transgressions. The iniquities of our budding manhood accused us, and we could not forge an excuse. We tried to forget them, but they would not be buried. We thought God had forgotten them, because we had done so : this was our ruin. We now sorrowed as we remembered them ; but it was the way to our salvation. How good it would be

for the giddy and careless, if, for a day or two, they were forced to think ! Now they are hurrying down to hell with their eyes shut ; and may be, if they were compelled to look upon their way and their end, they might escape for their lives. When God requireth that which is past, it is a grim time with an awakened soul.

To us, also, *it was a day of fear*. We felt that God must punish sin, especially such sin as ours. We thought rightly, too. We feared that we might die there and then, and we knew that only hell awaited us. We read of the lake that burneth with fire that never can be quenched, and of the worm that dieth not ; and these became very real to our apprehension, so that we were full of dread. A horrible sound was in our ears concerning approaching destruction, and we longed to flee from the wrath to come. John Bunyan's picture of Christian flying with the load on his back was the photograph of our condition. In the time of Jacob's trouble, unhappy memories and dreadful fears come rolling up like the black clouds which gather in the day of storm.

Then we saw in that day all our hopes broken, as the ships of Tarshish are broken in the tempest. We had many hopes, but they were all founded upon ourselves, and so they vanished. What *we* could do ! What *we* could be ! These melted away like the hoar-frost of the morning when the sun has risen, and we were left without a confidence or a hope. We felt left, lost, and totally ruined.

Above all this came an awful sense of hopelessness. We were told to pray, and we did pray, but we said to ourselves, "What kind of prayers are these ? How can the Lord have respect unto them ?" We were told to repent, and we did repent ; but we feared that our repentance needed to be repented of. We were told to believe, and rightly so, and in our poor way we believed everything we could find in the Word which we dared believe ; and yet we did not believe anything in the right way, so as to find peace through it. We could do nothing. We were without strength, and in a helpless case.

Over all this was a deep, dark sense of self-condemnation. We felt that if we were in God's place we must condemn such a guilty wretch. I, Charles Spurgeon, sat on the throne of judgment, and held the scales, and, partial as I was to myself, I condemned myself. I had sinned against light and knowledge, against a mother's tears, and a father's warnings. I had violated conscience. I had done evil, even as I could. I had rejected Christ, I had resisted the Holy Spirit. All this I was bound to admit ; and I had no excuse, neither could I think of any. It was the time of Jacob's trouble. I did not know then what I know now—that God had said, "But he shall be saved out of it." I did not dream that I was one upon whom God would shine in fulness of grace.

I have said as much as is needful about this time of trouble, and I invite each tried soul to ask himself, "Do I know anything about it ?" I think I hear somebody say, "I know nothing about it, and I do not want to know." Pray for that man, brethren ! Pray for him. When a man is mad, he counts himself rich, though he is naked and poverty-stricken ; and when a man is mad in sin, he does not feel his condition, nor desire to know the truth of his case.

Now we will CONSIDER THE HEAVENLY PROMISE OF SALVATION. "It is even the time of Jacob's trouble ; but he shall be saved out of it."

"He shall be saved out of it." Who says so? The Lord himself declares it. "*He* shall be saved out of it." For the tried one I want to turn this third person "*he*" into the first person "*I*." Say, dear friend, "It is the time of my trouble—such trouble as I have heard described—and *I* shall be saved out of it." Out of the depths I cry to God, and claim his promise. Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief!"

Why will it be so? *Because God says it.* That is quite enough for a man who has reasoning faculties, and knows God to be true. God's testimony is infallible truth. Believe it. Believe it. Believe it as it stands. "This is the time of my trouble; but I shall be saved out of it." God declares this of every believer. Trust in him, and he will bring it to pass; and the sooner you believe, the swifter the rescue.

The Lord declares it, because he intends to work it. Read on in the chapter, and you will find twice that he says, "I am with thee to save thee." God can save you. Those who lie at hell's dark door, God can save. Though every devil in the bottomless pit were sworn to slay you, they would fail when God promises to save you. Though your sins be more than the sands on the sea-shore, God can save you. Though your helplessness amount even to spiritual death, God can save you. Though you now stand on the very brink of perdition, and one push will send you over, God can save you. "He shall be saved out of it," is a promise given by One who is able to carry it out. He even states the manner of his working, by using the expression before us, "*he* shall be saved out of it." Not, "*He* shall save himself," but "*He* shall *be* saved." Something is done for the perishing one which he cannot do for himself. He is, in a measure, passive, and God is active: "*He* shall *be* saved." Oh, how much we try to save ourselves! But in very deed, and of a truth, salvation is received by us as the gift of God. "*He* shall be saved." O my dear hearer, if it were said, "*He* shall save himself," I can understand your saying, "That is impossible"; but when it is written, "*He shall be saved out of it,*" a power beyond yourself engages to work your salvation, and there remains no room for doubt.

Now, I am thinking, while I am talking to you, of a time when I went into one place of worship after another, with all my burden of sin upon me; and it seems to me that if I had heard these things preached, I should have found immediate comfort, God blessing them to me. As it was, I did find comfort through that blessed text which we sang just now, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." I did look, and I was saved; and I am hoping that my young friends before me, who may be of the same age as I was at that time, will look also. Are you sixteen or seventeen? May the dear Saviour lead you now to look to him, and live!

Remember, God not only tells us this, but *he has prepared for it.* Come and believe the gospel promise, and you shall be saved; for Christ has died. Your sins were numbered on the scapegoat's head of old. For you the Saviour paid the price of redemption. For you he was buried, and rose again. For you he has gone into the highest heaven. For you he pleads. For you he has all power before the throne. O my dear hearer, if you are one of those whom I so dolefully described in the first part of the sermon, then this promise really belongs to you! Grasp it. Let no man take it from you. "*He* shall be saved out of it." You

shall be saved ; for God has provided Christ to be a ransom for you, and his preparation shall not fail. Moreover, he has provided the Holy Spirit to change your nature, to renew your heart, to make the sinner into a saint, to turn the wanderer into an obedient child. I am so glad it is written, "This is the time of Jacob's trouble ; but he shall be saved out of it." The Holy Spirit shall regenerate him, shall sanctify him, shall preserve him, and shall present him "without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing," before the throne of God at the last.

Now, dear friend, *believe this*. Believe this. It is of no use for me to tell you this truth unless you will believe it. Believe it, and grasp it now. You are the person described. This is the time of your trouble, and you shall be saved out of it. Believe it. Believe in him whom God has given to be his witness, even his Son Jesus Christ. Commit yourself to his hand now to be saved, *and you are saved*. Believe this, and you shall be comforted. I like Martin Luther's bluff way of putting it. He said something like this—"I shall not save myself. Christ is a Saviour. That is his business. I will trust him to attend to it. He came here to save, and I give myself up to be saved by him." Do that, dear troubled one ! Do it now. No sooner is that done, than you have passed from death unto life, and you shall never come into condemnation. Let me know if you come to Christ at once ; for I shall be overjoyed to hear of it. Let me know if you find rest : I know you will. I have no question about our Lord's willingness to receive you *now*.

I have done, only it came to my mind that I ought to say a word about other kinds of trouble, such as happened to Jacob. "It is even the time of Jacob's trouble ; but he shall be saved out of it." Listen. You have left home ; you are in a strange place ; you are all alone, and in a good deal of trouble. Did you never read of Jacob leaving his father's house, coming to a lonely place, taking a stone for a pillow, and lying down to sleep, and God's meeting him there with an opened heaven, a way to climb to it, and a covenant of grace ? Young man, are you in Jacob's difficulty ? Turn to Jacob's God. You hardly know what will become of you : "This is the time of Jacob's trouble ; but he shall be saved out of it." God will help you, if you take him to be your God. Look to the ladder that Jacob saw—the Christ that joins earth and heaven, men and God ; and be comforted. If God makes a covenant with you in the night of your trouble, he will give you bread to eat, and you shall come to your Father's house in peace. In all your ways acknowledge him, and he will direct your paths.

By-and-by Jacob fell into a worse trial. He came back from Laban with his family ; and his offended brother, Esau, came to meet him with armed men ; and Jacob thought, "He will slay the mother with the children." Do you see Jacob there, by the brook Jabbok ? He is about to spend the night in prayer ; and there wrestles a man with him. It is the time of Jacob's trouble : the angel has touched him, his sinew has shrunk. He can wrestle no longer. As he falls, he lays hold on the angel, and he cries, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." That was the time of Jacob's trouble ; but he was soon out of it. He had prevailed with God. Esau met him in a friendly spirit : the trouble was all over. Peniel had dignified Jacob into Israel : the afflicted one had seen God face to face, and his life was preserved.

Listen, ye older men. It came to pass, farther on in life, that Jacob lost his well-beloved Joseph. Ah me, how heavy was the father's heart! There came a famine, and he sent his sons into Egypt; and when the rest of them came back, one had been detained a prisoner, and there was a demand that next time they went down, their younger brother must go also. Then the old man cried in anguish, "Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and now ye will take Benjamin away. All these things are against me." This is the time of Jacob's trouble. It may be we are getting old; and many trials assail us when we are least able to bear them. Let us hold on to that precious word, "He shall be saved out of it." Yes, when grey-headed Jacob has been seventeen years in Egypt with his dear son, whom he thought to be lost, when he finds Simeon and Benjamin at his bedside as he blesses them, then he knows that God, the God of his father Abraham and his father Isaac, was with him; and that he was saved out of all his troubles.

What a blessed thing it is to be in the custody of God! Put yourself there, whether you are young or old. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." Such is my witness unto this day. Trust in the Lord, my God. May the Holy Spirit work this trust in you! I would like to come round, and ask every unconverted person here whether there is not some sweetness to him in all this, and whether he does not desire to have God for his salvation. Thou mayest have Christ to be thy Saviour if in very truth thou desirest to have him. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved; for he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."

Wanted—a Paul.

"**B**ARNABAS *was carried away with their dissimulation*": Gal. ii. 13. He was a good man, but apparently not a man who could easily see the principles involved in a certain line of conduct, nor foresee the issues and the ends to which it tended. So long as he could act in whole-hearted simplicity, and follow the dictates of his loving heart, all went well with him. Let the simplicity of his consciousness be broken up, let opposing principles arise, which must lead to divergent lines of conduct, and such a man will fall into doubt, hesitation, pain; a good man will be anxiously afraid lest he offend other good men. He found that his conduct at Antioch was considered blameworthy by those who came from James, and he withdrew in order not to give them pain. Unthinkingly he had thrown himself into the movement; unthinkingly, also, he withdrew from it. Good men of his type are not uncommon in the history of the church; men, good, self-denying, lovable, but men who are not made of that stuff which enables them to meet and rule a crisis.

Happily for the future history of the church, a man was on the ground who was made of sterner stuff; a man equally great in thought and in action; a man who could act on principle, and would not yield to impulse. Paul had his hand on the helm.—*James Iverach, in "St. Paul, his Life and Times."*

London in the Past—Tyndale on the Embankment.

MR. RICHARD LOVETT'S volume* comes to us as another reminder that the London of our forefathers exists no longer except in books. This being the case, we are thankful for the recording work of authors and artists. Especially may one welcome this volume, which outlines the great subject so admirably. Country friends can, by means of this glorious volume, see London amid the quiet of their sylvan shades.

"London, Past and Present" is an immense subject. An interest is associated with the past which the present cannot rival; at all events, it is easier to understand the past than the present, which is altogether too vast for the mind to apprehend. As John Bright once remarked, "It is so large, that nobody knows much about it." The town has become a mystery to those who live in it; for "London is not one, but many towns"; on which account "Hounslow is, for all practical purposes of life, as far away from, and as little known to, the dwellers in Blackheath or Aldgate, as Rome or New York." The most startling thing about London is its immense growth in the course of a century. We lately came upon figures in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, for May, 1790, which show that at that time the entire population of London, Westminster, and the county of Middlesex amounted only to 830,000 souls. The total population of England was 6,700,000, or only a million more than the area of Greater London will contain by the census of next year. This is a great fact, and it is a very serious one.

As regards the city which has passed away, we are disposed to think that if it were possible to look upon the London of three centuries ago, we should find its one bridge across the Thames and old St. Paul's to be its most interesting objects. The cathedral, with its wonderful spire and ancient monuments, was certainly the great landmark of London—one which could be descried from afar in a way that is not true of any building now existing. The cross on the top reflected the sunlight; and a contemporary informs us that this symbol rested on "a pommel large enough to contain ten bushels of corn"; and being well gilt, this was seen as a brightly-shining ball high aloft in the air.

This grand work all passed away in the Great Fire; but there were elderly persons living at the opening of this century who well remembered Old London Bridge before its street of houses was taken down, about 130 years ago. These houses formed one of the rarest relics of the mediæval city; and, with their disappearance, some of the ancient gates also disappeared, and the modern era of improvements and innovations may be said to have set in. The bridge, which contained a community in itself when its gates were closed, represented a formidable danger to all boats and barges, so that drowning accidents became so frequent, that the tenants of the houses became almost indifferent to them. Pennant, who remembered the street as it was in its original condition, leads us to infer that the thoroughfare over the bridge—"narrow, darksome, and dangerous to passengers, from the multitude of

* London Pictures, drawn with Pen and Pencil. By Richard Lovett, M.A. With one hundred and thirty illustrations. The Religious Tract Society. Price 8s.

carriages"—was nearly as much to be dreaded as the confined arches and shooting cataracts below. Nor were the dangers from a crowded and ill-regulated traffic the only ones to be encountered; for the very houses "leaned in a most terrific manner"; and if a dwelling fell into the river, or across the roadway, the occurrence occasioned little comment or surprise.

If we could have passed over this historical bridge two centuries or so ago, we should have felt a keen interest in the inhabitants of the antique houses. We have a suspicion that the most trustworthy of the city traffickers did not reside on the bridge. At all events, in the year of Bunyan's death, and ten years after the first publication of the greatest English allegory, we find the respectable Nathaniel Ponder, of the Poultry, protesting against the tactics of certain dishonourable competitors—"ballad-sellers about Newgate, and on London Bridge," who put Bunyan's initials and portrait "to their rimes and ridiculous books," with the shameful object of deceiving and defrauding the public.

Religiously, London was far more interesting in the past than it can possibly be at present. In the olden times, and even so late as the half century which succeeded the Revolution of 1688, when people had begun to speak about the great size of the town, London was a compact place, in which thriving merchants and tradespeople found their residence. One after another churches and chapels which were once centres of religious activity, have been "improved" away, and very convenient, as well as very uninteresting structures occupy their sites. If we could have taken a survey during the reign of George I., how much we should have seen and heard that cannot be preserved in books! Though his abilities are said to have been extremely poor, we should have found Dr. Sacheverell at St. Andrew's Holborn. The centres of Nonconformity were at that time of great interest. At Crosby Hall—that unique example of fifteenth century domestic architecture—we should have found a Presbyterian congregation, and we should have been told how, years before, the great Puritan, Stephen Charnock, had there delivered his classic Discourses on the Attributes of God. The old Weigh-house Chapel; the celebrated meeting-house in the Old Jewry; Pinners' Hall; the costly sanctuary in Little Carter Lane; Salters' Hall; the chapel at Devonshire Square, and many others, were among the wonders of London to visitors from the country. The quaint little chapel erected for Dr. Isaac Watts in Bury Street, St. Mary Axe, in 1708, at a cost of some £700, survived until our own day; and the fact that a site was found for it in a garden shows that London in the last century retained many of its old-time attractions. How different are the ideas about buildings which now rule among Nonconformists! The Metropolitan Tabernacle cost more than thirty thousand pounds, exclusive of buildings put up since its opening; the City Temple cost fifty-five thousand pounds, while the Memorial Hall was a still more costly enterprise.

Many of the remarks which apply to the religious history of the past also apply to its literary life. Such literary meetings as we read of in Boswell's "Life of Johnson" can never take place again, the conditions of existence being so different. The old times were not better than these, but no one acquainted with the circumstances of the case will

doubt that the facilities for social enjoyment offered by the City of London one hundred and fifty years ago were greater than those of to-day. As we meet the shades of Johnson and Goldsmith, Reynolds and Hogarth, Charnock and Baxter, and many others, we realize that although our progress in the arts and sciences may be greater, our



TYNDALE'S STATUE ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

forefathers had still many advantages and enjoyments which have passed away with them.

The volumes of the Pen and Pencil series have hitherto, with the exception of the one on the *Sea*, been devoted to descriptions of countries; but in the one devoted to London we have a change. The volume

was also published in the summer instead of in the autumn, so that persons who came up to the May meetings might have a souvenir of the great city to take back with them to the country.

We hope that a good proportion of our summer visitors have not returned home without having previously paid a visit to the statue of Tyndale on the Thames Embankment.

As we look at that statue, and think of what that man was enabled to do in the Lord's strength, we see before us one of the greatest characters in our country's history. Born about the same time as Luther, Tyndale took the martyr's crown in 1536, ten years before the German Reformer's death. With the certain prospect of a violent death before him, he persisted in doing his holy work. He not only translated the New Testament and the Pentateuch, but several other books of the Old Testament. As chaplain to Sir John Walsh in Gloucestershire, he began to be "a suspected heretic"; and when he removed to London to preach at St. Dunstan's, and to work at his translation, he gave still greater reason for the suspicion. In the middle of his reign, Henry VIII. had not finally quarrelled with the pope, and therefore it was impossible to publish the Scriptures in English in England. The translator became a fugitive on the Continent; now visiting Luther at Wittenberg, and then settling down to work at Antwerp; until, at last, he was arrested, convicted of "heresy," and burnt in 1536.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the rooms of Alder's Gate were occupied by John Daye, the printer of the Reformation. He there gave employment to John Foxe. There the first edition of the *Book of Martyrs* was printed, and from the same press there came forth the works of Tyndale in 1573.

Tyndale is justly regarded as the great pioneer of the Reformation in England. As Mr. Demaus shows, others may have preceded Tyndale "in condemning the doctrines and practices of the church as unscriptural and superstitious, but their voices were feeble and ineffectual. His was the first voice that was raised in accents loud and clear enough to penetrate the ears and touch the hearts of the nation." The picture of Tyndale is one of the most suggestive in Mr. Lovett's book.

Crowded Round the Door.

TWO Welsh ministers, one old, the other young, were walking over one of the Welsh hills, and talking as they went along of faith and good works. Said the young minister, after discussion; "I'll tell you what I think of it. We get to heaven, just within the door, by faith; but it depends upon our good works how far we shall advance from the entrance." "If that be the case," said the aged sire, "I fear it will be very crowded about the door."

It was a good answer to the folly of the young man; but the error lay deeper than this reply. Who that trusts in this fashion to Christ for a bare salvation, and to himself for a higher degree of it, can be said to trust Christ at all? If any rise to greater heights than others, is it not because, "he giveth more grace"? What hast thou that thou hast not received?—C. H. S.

The College-men at Westwood.

BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.

WEDNESDAY, 6th August, was a day of days at Westwood. It was what our American brethren would call the "Commencement" of the Pastors' College Autumnal Session. After a vacation of six weeks, the old students were back, and the twenty new men were all present to be formally received into the College by the President. It certainly was in every way a very pleasant gathering, and the happy meetings which came out of it will be remembered as long as any of the company survive.

It used to be Mr. Spurgeon's plan to take the men out for an excursion to some pleasant spot, and with them a company of Tabernacle friends. This involved considerable expense, which was for a number of years met by the contributions of the invited guests. By degrees these donations became less than sufficed to pay the cost; and as the President is not a man to make light of what relates to ways and means, he devised another plan. The expense is now very small, and the enjoyment very great. His own beautiful grounds have been utilized for the happy occasions, and the cry has been "Westwood Ho!" What better place could be selected? What more beautiful, or more appropriate? For an out-of-doors gathering on a fine day, no spot could be more full of delights. The views are far-reaching; the many nooks and corners, and bright summer-houses, give opportunities for quiet; while the lawns and meadows afford space for healthy recreation, which the men are not slow to enjoy. One could be quite alone, or in lively company, according to his bent.

At a few minutes after eleven o'clock, the men arrived, mostly in a body, and were regaled with biscuits and cheese on the terrace in front of the house. This ended, they passed round to the open space in front of the study, outside of which the President was seated. Mrs. Spurgeon was sitting just within one of the open French windows. The proceedings commenced with the hearty singing of—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!"

to the inevitable "Miles' Lane." After prayer, the President gave a short address, in his characteristic style, weighty words being spoken in a pleasant manner, with the usual flavouring of humour. To the old students he said many cheering words, telling them he was glad to see them back, but hoped the day would soon come when he should see the back of them. He was glad to see them sharpening their sickle, but would be still more rejoiced to see them bringing in sheaves. It was well to have them in College; but it would be better to see them in their churches, proving the value of what they had learned.

The twenty new men were then received, one by one, with pleasant words of cheer, and personal hints for each one. At the end of the first six months, the President said they would be reduced to about half the size they might now think themselves to be, and afterwards he hoped they would gradually diminish to nothing, and then there would be hope that the Lord would make something of them. During the first year a man finds out that he is a fool, and in the following period he learns that he is not the only one. The men were urged to work hard, to

bear severe criticism without wincing, and to watch well their personal condition before God.

The twenty new men came from various parts of England, from Scotland, from Ireland, and one from Germany. We rejoiced to see a son of Pastor Sawday, of Leicester: "instead of the fathers shall be the children." After prayer from the old students for the new men, and then from the new men themselves, the gathering dispersed, every man doing that which he chose.

At one o'clock the bell rang for dinner, and the men gathered under an awning in the rear of Westwood. A plain meal is all that is attempted: the cost is thus kept down, and the men can have the treat all the oftener. Dinner being over, there was an interval for speechifying. But we must not so describe the admirable address of Principal Gracey, who, in his usual clear, logical, and forceful style, dwelt upon the importance of a full and comprehensive utterance of divine truth—of the gospel message—in the preaching of the Word. He urged them to preach a full-orbed gospel, and keep back nothing which would be profitable to souls. Pastor W. C. Bunning, of West Melbourne, Victoria, followed with a timely speech, and the company dispersed again to their recreations, or, as in the case of the President and tutors, to pursue more important avocations in connection with the opening of the College for the new session.

The day was all that could be desired. If the mist was thick enough partly to veil the more distant portions of the view, it was also just dense enough to act as a screen from the oppressive heat of the sun. In those peaceful hours old friendships are renewed, and new ones formed, and holy is the fellowship which sits beneath the greenwood tree. There was just a sprinkling of London and suburban pastors, and only a sprinkling, August being the month when City pastors take their holidays.

After tea, the evening meeting was convened outside the study; and this was the most important and enjoyable assembly of the day. A short address from the President, which it is impossible to reproduce here, but which was timely, appropriate, and lively, was followed by singing, which, indeed, formed a considerable item in the evening's proceedings. Very reluctantly, as it would seem, Professor Fergusson was drawn forth, with the result that he gave us an address worthy, not alone of the professorial chair and of the pulpit, but of any platform, from the House of Parliament upwards. He spoke like a man inspired. It would be well if he would put his address into some form in which it could be read and pondered. "On the way God makes Ministers" might be the title of it.

After more singing—singing in solo by Mr. Byard, singing in chorus, and singing continuously all together—the President called on Mr. Shindler, well known to readers of *The Sword and the Trowel*, to give a short address. His theme was *sympathy*: sympathy with Christ, sympathy with the truth, sympathy with the work, sympathy with the church, and sympathy with the world—with the world as exposed to the curse denounced on impenitent transgressors, from which the Lord promises deliverance through faith in the sin-atoning Lamb.

The attention of the men to the addresses, especially to that of Professor Fergusson, was deep and solemn; and with one heart and

voice they sang the songs of Zion. As is known to many, Westwood is very near the Hydropathic Establishment of the Beulah Spa. Mr. Spurgeon stated that, last year, their singing out of doors was the means of comfort and help to a gentleman lying paralyzed in that establishment, too ill to sing or read. He had sent him his love and thanks.

Mr. Bunning, of Melbourne, sang a solo, of which the chorus was well taken up by the assembly, he having related how he had sung it in the prison at Geelong, at the request of the inmates, several of whom had been given him as the seals of his ministry when he preached to the prisoners :—

“ A long time I wandered in darkness and sin,
And wondered if ever the light would shine in ;
I heard Christian friends speak of raptures divine,
And I wished—how I *wished* !—that their Saviour were mine.
I wished he were mine, &c.

I heard the glad gospel of ‘ Good-will to men ’ ;
I read ‘ Whosoever,’ again and again ;
I said to my soul, ‘ Can that promise be thine ?’
And then began *hoping* that Jesus was mine.
I hoped he was mine, &c.

Oh, mercy surprising ! He saves even me !
‘ Thy portion for ever,’ he says, ‘ will I be ;’
On his word I am resting—assurance divine—
I’m ‘ hoping ’ no longer—I *know* he is mine.
I know he is mine, &c.”

Later in the meeting, Mr. Bunning took his farewell of the President and the friends, as he had arranged to sail for his distant home on the 12th August. The President said he hoped Mr. Bunning might be spared to visit his native land again in ten years’ time, and that he might be spared to see him, though he would then himself be sixty-six, and getting to be the old man. Mr. Bunning’s stay has reminded us of our Australian brethren, and led us heartily to pray for them.

A brother played upon the cornet with special skill and taste ; and the President, noting this, and perceiving his remarkable ability, gladdened his heart with the promise of a better instrument, which he could use in the work of evangelization. We have quite a contingent of men able to conduct special services with speech and song. Mr. Byard sang like a bird, with rare feeling, and beautiful expression. A new-comer from Birmingham, Mr. Griffiths, reminded us in his song that we must “ Believe, and keep right on believing.” The Secretary, Mr. Godfrey, gave a grateful speech, full of wit and wisdom : we do not think it could have been excelled. The good and joyful day closed with more prayer. The men stayed as long as the light sufficed ; and then went on their way rejoicing.

This is put into our chronicle to remind our friends to help this important work by their generous gifts. We have a dull season as to income just now, and twenty new men mean increased outlay. But beyond money we need more and more the prayers of lovers of the old gospel. The men are now hard at their studies ; and if the Lord will bless them, and raise up among them true Defenders of the Faith, the hearts of the faithful will be made glad. Send it, O Lord, for Jesus’ sake ! Amen.

“The End of the Sea.”

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

IT was a dreary voyage that ! The wind was abeam : a “soldiers’ wind,” as sailors call it, which is equally advantageous to vessels going in opposite directions. Advantageous it may have been, so far as speed was concerned, but comfort it made impossible. The vessel was all too light, and rolled unconscionably. One felt inclined to growl out (for singing was out of the question) the Jubilee refrain—

“I’m rolling, I’m rolling, through an unfriendly world.”

And it was cold and wet to boot !

Those passengers who, like certain pianos, have “specially-constructed frames,” managed to be up and about ; but it must be confessed that they looked pictures of misery. One of them, a foreigner, said to me, “I do feel somesing shust here, likes a loomp in mine throat—it vill not go down, nor it vill not come oop. It is dere all de time !”

But some there were to whom battling with *mal de mer* was out of the question. They gave up the unequal contest straightway. And who would be cruel enough to blame them ? Only those, surely, who have never suffered similarly, or those whose business on great waters has made them used to being rocked in the cradle of the deep. “This sickness is not fatal,” you say. That is true for the most part, though some have been known to succumb ; but it is sufficiently serious to weak bodies to claim for them far more pity than they usually receive.

On this same voyage, early in the morning of the fourth day out, I heard a little fellow, in the next cabin, cry in childish glee (he had been very ill), “Oh, auntie, auntie, I can see the end of the sea !” The shrill voice in which this announcement was made readily penetrated the thin partition ; but auntie’s answer did not reach my ears. Perhaps she, too, was ill, and, feeling *hors de combat*, was not inclined to argue the point with her juvenile nephew. Certain am I that she did not credit his proclamation. Her reply would have been audible if she had. But she knew too well that the end was not yet. She knew that the dim and undulating *horizon* was only a few miles distant ; and that, whereas the port-hole faced the South Pole, there were leagues on leagues of open water, and then miles and miles of frozen sea beyond. The end of the sea ! Ah, no ! No such sweet release from “rough tossing” was possible, for a while at least. It was well she did not jump for joy at the youngster’s joyous exclamation, for great would have been her chagrin to find that hundreds of knots had to be recorded on the log ere the voyage was o’er.

I have known some sufferers who have looked through the sea-splashed porthole of their anguish, and thought that their end was nigh. They mistook the horizon for heaven, and were sad, if not rebellious, when they found that beyond that seeming boundary there was another waste of waters.

Lay back thy head, dear voyager, and listen for the voice which says,

“Not now, my child ! a little more rough tossing,
A little longer on the billows’ foam ;
A few more journeyings in the desert darkness,
And then the sunshine of thy Father’s home !”

Wait, wait patiently, till "the look-out" cries, "Land ahead!" and the kind captain sends word to thee to prepare to go ashore. For the present say, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord."

Fresh converts, too, have made a similar mistake. For years they have been fighting against a sea of troubles and temptations; but as soon as they found the Saviour, and knew their sins forgiven, they exclaimed, as it were, "I can see the end of the sea!" Dear heart, it is not so! When once you have taken Jesus as your pilot, you have seen the end of shipwreck and disaster; but trials and temptations will still assail you. "With Christ in the vessel, you'll smile at the storm"; and so long as the storm lasts, and longer, the smile will live. But between you and the haven of rest there are many angry billows. "Ye are not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance which the Lord your God giveth you." Breast the wave, Christian! It is not the last, ay, and perhaps it is not the least, but every one over means one less, and each victory will help you some other to win. So long as life continues your watch lasts.

"Christian, seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes,
Watch and pray: watch and pray."

I have met some godly folk who seem to think that they have seen "the end of the sea" in another sense. They have not forgotten the things that are behind; for they are continually recounting their exploits in the past, and their attainments at this present. But to hear them speak, one would imagine that all possibility of further and nobler experience was out of the question, and that only the weight of their boots prevented them from soaring straight to glory. What is there left for those who are already perfect? But surely they are mistaken. Down in the cabin, through a narrow port, their vision is circumscribed. Were they up the rigging, they would see better and farther. Then they would know, at least, that the horizon, as it appeared through the bleared glass, so close to the surface of the sea, extends as one ascends; and perhaps the fresher air of the maintop would enable them to understand that the horizon, in any case, is *not* "the end of the sea." The fact is, that the higher they climb, the more they see of what is yet to be obtained and attained. The sea of God's grace and love is not a Mediterranean nor an Atlantic. Shall we ever see its shores? Has it any? Don't shorten sail yet, dear reader! Don't tell the engineer to "stop her." Thank God, there is more and more, and grace upon grace!

The Alabaster Box.

ON Monday, August 18, a note, containing a sovereign, lay on the table at the Tabernacle Prayer-meeting. We saw no name, but we read these words: "She brake the box, and poured the ointment on His head. Mary is very sorry that there is so little of it. For the College, please." God bless thee, Mary!—C. H. S.

Our Foreigners' Fête.

A PLEASING MEMORANDUM BY J. SALTER.

FOR many years past the missionaries of the London City Mission labouring among the foreigners of London have been invited, by some large-hearted lover of foreign missions, to bring together in one gathering some of the foreigners among whom they labour, to receive an illustration of Christian sympathy and hospitality. The first gathering at which the Asiatics appeared was in the year 1872, on the grounds of the late W. M. Leaf, Esq. This was during the Franco-Prussian war. But the war on the Continent did not interfere with the cordiality of French and Germans, and other foreigners of Europe and Asia, at this great gathering. Since then, the missionaries have been indebted to their late aged and valued friend, R. C. L. Bevan, Esq., for an invitation to conduct the foreign flocks to Trent Park. But more especially have they been under obligation to R. Barclay, Esq., of High Leigh, for his repeated receptions of them in his spacious grounds.

The invitation was again issued for the twentieth of the month of June, and accordingly on that day the foreigners of London were again brought together, under the direction of the missionaries of the society. The gathering on this occasion did not exhibit the full influence of the society's work among the foreigners of London as it could have done, for the French and Italian elements were not there. But Europe was sufficiently represented by the presence of Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese, Norwegians, and others. America, too, was there by the presence of Chilians, Peruvians, Brazilians, and others from the new world. Africa was represented by visitors from Zululand, the Cape, Yaruba, and other places on the west coast. But Asia claimed the largest share of the gathering, and the gay attire in which the Asiatics were clad created the greatest attraction. These had come from Japan, Malacca, Ceylon, and from various points in India; but chiefly from Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta. Not the least attractive among the gathering were the ayahs, or female nurses from India, decorated with their nose jewels, bangles, &c. An ample repast under a spacious tent was provided, according to the tastes and customs of these nationalities. Thanks for the food was offered in Hindustani, Spanish, Danish, and other languages; and then they assembled at their various tables according to their language. They fell to with an earnestness becoming the occasion. Some Japs, however, with religious or other scruples, hung back; but the example of so many feasting foreigners, and especially the argument of a keen appetite, overcame their scruples, and they soon became as earnest in the enterprise as the rest.

After the repast, which all pronounced to be excellent, they spread themselves over the spacious grounds for various sports. Some of the Asiatics tried their skill at cricket, but their many failures caused more amusement than their successes. They did better at *bana* and *talwar bazi*, for these were national sports. But the implements for these sports had to be extemporized. *Bana* is played with one or two poles about six feet long, with large knobs at the ends. On the present occasion two poles were used *sans* knobs. The actor grasped one in each

hand, midway. These he flourished about with wonderful dexterity—above his head, before him, behind, right and left; and yet the poles never came in collision. *Talwar bazi* should be performed with two swords; but on the present occasion two tough sticks were used. The performers approached each other with the appearance of a deadly feud. They advanced and retired as the rapid blows were exchanged, but only the sticks were injured; and finally the assailants retired without a scratch. Very curious were these displays, and their chief use lay in making the men feel at home.

An open-air meeting was held near the mansion, for the English visitors, to explain to them the nature of the foreign work of the London City Mission. The generous host was in the chair, and introduced the subject; and the rector of Hoddesdon spoke. Naturally enough, his mind saw a parallel between Pentecost and this foreign gathering; for there were Jews and proselytes, and dwellers from every nation under heaven, who had been told in their own tongue the wonderful works of God. And he might have added, "they had all come up to the feast." Perhaps there was the less need to add this, as the strangers had an inward witness of that fact.

The next person called upon to speak was one of the oldest missionaries of the society—the missionary to the Asiatics of London. He spoke of London as a most important centre of foreign mission work, of which the nationalities brought together that day was a proof. It were well if the churches remembered this fact both in prayer and in effort.

Mr. Gillman, an old and tried missionary, who, for many years, has laboured among the Spanish-speaking foreigners of London, next spoke. He gave several interesting illustrations of his work. One case deserves special notice:—The Bible is prohibited in the Philippine Islands; but a stranger from one of these islands had, while in London, learnt to value the Word of Life, and knowing that on his return home his precious treasure would be taken from him, he learned a chapter by heart, and said, "They can take away the book from me, but they can never rob me of that chapter."

The Rev. T. S. Hutchinson, secretary, followed. He spoke of the main work of the society, and then of the foreign portion of it. These are important and interesting points to be noted, for the work among the foreigners of London was not originally contemplated by the founders of the City Mission; the object being to carry the gospel to the cellars, to the courts and the slums, and wherever masses of fallen humanity could be found in our metropolis. But within the area of its operation a huge foreign element was discovered, unvisited and uncared for: the resorts of these were as little known as the jungle-land of Africa. Thus the foreign work of the society is an outgrowth, called forth by heathen claiming help and sympathy at the very doors of the mission-house. The society has responded to this appeal, and entered on the work.

Mr. J. M. Weylland was the last speaker; but as his address was about money to carry on the work, we will not say more about him, except that his office is at the Mission-house, Bridewell Place, E.C.; and as he said he was willing to receive any amount to carry on and extend the work, we hope some of our readers will put him to the test.

The doxology concluded this meeting; but there was more to follow.

The military band struck up, and the foreigners continued their sports till the bell announced that tea was ready in the tent; an announcement quickly responded to, for a refreshing cup was very acceptable. During the tea, gospels, in Arabic, Guzerati, Hindustani, and other languages, were given away: many of which will be kept as a memento of the visit.

After tea, a short address was delivered to the foreign guests, in which the Christian welcome and sympathy they had received that day were explained as the outcome of the Christian faith which commands us to love one another. God was set before them as a God of love, manifested in the gift of Jesus for our salvation.

An hour and a half remained before the decline of the sun warned us to be on the move. A hearty "Hurrah!" for the generous host and his kind lady, in which commingled Asiatic and African voices, and the company retired to the railway-station, and from thence, with joyful hearts, to their ships, or to their homes in the east of London.

A White Bird.

A BIRD to my breast I have taken;
It came by the way of the cross;
From my soul it will never be shaken;
For that were to suffer great loss.

'Tis whiter than snow, and so gentle;
It singeth sweet songs in my soul;
Brings peace from the glory eternal,
And maketh my broken heart whole.

This bird, which has come to my bosom
By way of the blood-stained cross,
Sings sweetly of peace and salvation,
And maketh earth's gold seem as dross.

It comes as the gift of my Saviour,
Its wings are all silvered with love;
A sense of the Father's good pleasure,
A foretaste of heaven above.

Though it fills me with heavenly pleasure,
To keep it ensureth a cross;
E'en then I am never a loser;
My soul findeth gain in each loss.

Wouldst thou have this dove of the olive?
It comes o'er the waves unto thee.
Thou shalt float in thine ark o'er the deluge,
Till God hath assuagèd the sea.

Clapton.

R. M.

A Shock of Corn fully Ripe.

THE pastor of the place is an old friend of mine ; therefore I promised him the first Sunday in my summer holiday for his Sunday-school anniversary. I had to journey night and day in order to keep my promise ; but that is nothing, for numbers of the Lord's servants have often to step into a train instead of a bed after a mission, to enable them to fulfil the next engagement without breaking faith with the public. An engagement, like a marriage, is a sacred thing, and when once the word is pledged it must be honourably kept at all costs.

I arrived on Saturday night, and received a warm welcome, and enjoyed a good night's rest before the duties of the Sunday commenced. The place is known as the Mill Road Mission, and was packed with people at each service. It was a red-letter day to the children, but much more to the teachers and pastor. The building looked quite gay ; for, what with bright texts hung round the walls, and a rich display of flowers, together with the sunny faces of the children, it was quite a pleasant picture. I was invited to inspect the various classrooms ; the infant class, which was a very fine one, interested me much, and reminded me of the time when I was the centre of a similar circle. The teacher of this class was introduced to me as a most indefatigable worker, whose tact and talent seemed very suitable for that sphere.

"Really," said my friend, "God has been wonderfully good in giving us such a teacher ; for what we should do without her I cannot tell !" He little thought that within a few hours that problem would have to be faced. The Sunday was full of sunshine both for body and soul.

On the following day I was invited to stay and take tea with the teachers and scholars at their annual treat, in a field a few miles away. We started by train for the treat, all in good spirits, and took tea in the farmer's barn, when this young lady turned to me, and said, "Now I must have a romp with my dear chicks," for so she named her infant flock ; "for," said she, "I love these dear little lambs whom Jesus has given me charge over" ; and she had not gone five steps from my side before she fell at my feet. I saw she was near to death, and bid the children go to the end of the field while we attended to their teacher, and sent for the doctor. He soon came, but his services were not required ; the Great Shepherd had called this under-shepherd home whilst attending to the flock below. Our sunshine was suddenly blotted out by this thick, black cloud, and all the dear children became full of grief. We were forbidden to take the body back in the train, and were compelled to leave it to await the inquest in the public-house parlour for the night. Four strong men came up from the village, saying they had been sent to bear the body away. I thanked them for their offer, and said, "We cannot allow you to perform this service ; this dear lady was a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, and she has fallen among friends, and her body must be borne to its resting-place by those who knew and loved her."

Most willingly did we bear her body, though with deep sorrow of heart. Arriving at the place appointed for the inquest, the smokers and drinkers were turned out, and the place was made as tidy as possible, the

body resting on six chairs, and the room closed for the night. Outside the house most of the villagers had gathered; they stood round the door in deep silence. This, I thought, was a time when a word might be spoken with profit; therefore, raising my hat, I addressed the crowd, the men standing with bared heads, and listening with breathless silence to my few words on the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of being ready to die. I told them that, though it was a great sorrow to us, it was sudden glory to the one so summoned. "It would be, I fear, a disaster to many of you standing round if called away in like manner, because you are not ready for the change; but to her it was a grand end to a useful life, just what I would like myself; for to be allowed to die in harness is a grand way to be called home."

"Her change was, indeed, a sudden one; she was on Sunday teaching the lambs about Jesus and his love, to-day she was busy cutting up cake and serving tea for the same flock, and to-night she has been called to the land of light, to be shepherded by the fountains of living waters." And then we returned homeward in deep silence, the children instinctively withdrew their wickets and put away their bats and balls, and walked, in an orderly way, without a word, to the station, awaiting the return of the train. Even the very throbbing of the train seemed to say to us, "Work! work! work! while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work."

As we listened to the pulsations of the ponderous engine, our thoughts lingered around that spot where lay that pulseless hand which had, in its brief life, in Christ's name, ministered to so many.

J. MANTON SMITH.

Prayer and Providence: a Story of a Wreck.

BY REV. R. SHINDLER.

THE wreck of the *Loch Earn* will be in the memory of some of our readers. The vessel had become so damaged that she was utterly unmanageable, and, with its crew and passengers, was at the mercy of the winds and waves. So, at least, we are accustomed to say in such cases, forgetting, it may be, that there is One above who rules both winds and waves, and whose will and power are mighty still to calm the billows of the furious ocean, as his voice once hushed the tempest on the little Sea of Galilee. In this case human help failed, and the wind drove the ship northward, out of the usual track. The passengers and crew were in the greatest state of alarm and distress. Far from land, and with no sail in view, there seemed nothing but death before them, as the vessel was so damaged that she could not hold out many days.

Among the passengers were two ministers of the gospel. One of them, an earnest man of God, did all in his power to encourage and help the disheartened company. Every day, at noon, he gathered them together, and earnestly strove, by prayer and exhortation, to lead them to the Saviour; continuing the same until help came.

The condition of the ship became more and more fearful: it could not possibly float much longer, and there seemed no hope but that they

must all go down with her. The wind had, indeed, changed, bringing them nearer the track of ships, but none appeared in sight.

Mr. C., the minister, told them of their danger, and of his own hope, believing as he did that, should death come, it would be to him the beginning of eternal life. He earnestly entreated them, therefore, to put their trust in him who is "mighty to save." He, however, told them that he had an assurance that they would be delivered, and that even then a vessel was speeding over the waves to save them; and that in this way God would answer the prayers that had been put up to him. He was confident in this assurance, that as the morning dawned they would see a ship coming to their help, though there was no vessel in sight. The night that followed was one of deep anxiety, of mingled hope and fear. As morning broke, all eyes were turned eastward, westward, northward, and southward, to descry the promised ship. They did not look in vain. The *British Queen* soon hove in sight, and bore down upon the wreck; and every soul was rescued. With hearts overflowing with thankfulness and joy they left the *Loch Earn*, and were soon landed at Plymouth.

But there is another aspect of this incident which we must take. The officer in charge of the *British Queen* relates that that night he had a strange and unaccountable feeling that there was something for him to do, and that during the night he changed the course of the vessel three times, still bearing northward. He commanded the watch to keep a sharp look-out; and when the *Loch Earn* hove in sight, he at once bore down upon her. At first he thought that the wreck had been abandoned, as she lay helpless in the trough of the sea; but when they saw her signals of distress, they knew that there were living beings on board in imminent peril, and so preparations were made for the work of rescue. A pilot-boat brought the rescued into Plymouth, about noon the same day; and their first work was to unite in thanksgiving for their merciful deliverance. The minister read to them the account of Paul's shipwreck, and then, commending them to God in prayer, they separated, many of them to meet no more until the earth and the heavens pass away.

This incident illustrates, not only the power of faith on the one side, but the guiding hand of Providence on the other; both co-operating to bring about the fulfilment of the divine purpose, and a gracious answer to believing prayer. The supremacy and all-controlling providence of God is to be traced very clearly, as also his sovereign grace. God taught the minister to pray, and to help others to pray; God gave him the confidence he so honoured; God influenced the commanding officer of the *British Queen*, in relation to the course of his ship; and thus God wrought the deliverance. To him, therefore, be all the praise! To pray, to trust, to hope and wait, are the lessons we ought to learn and lay to heart from the above true story, related by the mother of one of the rescued. And, though not in trouble alone ought we to call upon God, but to cultivate the habit of daily prayer and thanksgiving, yet in seasons of special need—whatever the trouble or difficulty may be—we should specially cast our care upon him, and exercise confidence in his love, and power, and delivering grace; for none of them that trust in him shall be confounded.

“Straight from the Rock.”

“**STRAIGHT** from the rock.” So said a little boy, as he brought a pitcher of pure cold water to his dear sick mother. “Thank you, my dear,” responded the suffering one; “I hope you, too, will drink ‘straight from the Rock.’” By the lad’s quiet, thoughtful look, it was evident that he had interpreted his mother’s meaning.

Does every reader of *The Sword and the Trowel* know what it is to drink “straight from the Rock”? Have the eyes now reading these lines been supplemented by an inward power of vision called “the eye of faith,” with which the soul has seen “the smitten Rock” in Jesus Christ, from whom there flow “rivers of living water”? We read of one, in olden days, whose eyes God opened, “and she saw a well of water.” Have your eyes been thus opened? Have you heard—reader of these lines—with other ears than those of your head, the voice of the Son of God, as he says, “Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst”? If not, listen—*listen*—**LISTEN NOW!** “Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.” “If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink.” “Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.” Come at once, “straight to the Rock” Christ Jesus, and drink from the spring of eternal life. Drink freely: as freely as the cattle standing knee-deep in mid-stream on a hot, sultry day.

“I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 ‘Behold, I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live.’
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in him.”

The little lad may not have known, yet, in very deed, Christ’s own desire, “Give me to drink,” was being gratified; and the gift of this small cup of cold, clear water shall in no wise lose its reward. And when you come “straight from the Rock,” bring with you, fellow-Christian, a pitcher for the thirsty; a cooling draught for someone who cannot reach the fountain-head. Many of the Saviour’s little ones, and sickly ones, and aged ones, cast longing eyes toward you, and Jesus is saying, “Give ye them to drink: freely ye have received, freely give.”

The old book, God’s Word, is a rock, from which the streams of his refreshing grace are ever flowing. Yet how few, alas! are found habitually going “straight to the Rock” to drink. So many rest content in having “the truth” *brought to them*. This, we know, is oftentimes blessed, and sometimes necessary; but how delightful, how refreshing, how invigorating, when, by the cool, sweet, bubbling spring, the soul sits down beneath the shadow of the rock, and soaks her dry, hot lips within the flowing stream, and drinks of “the water of life freely”!

“What rest for the burdened heart! What shade in the weary land!
 The riven rock, with its living streams, for ever unmoved doth stand.”

A poor man, with a clean, warm heart, and an abiding love for God’s

own Word, said, "Sometimes, when I do shut myself in with my God and my Bible, I become so chock-full of prayer and praise, that I can't get it out. I be like a full bottle, uncorked, turned upside down." His simile and figure may look ludicrous, but the man's meaning is clear. He goes "straight to the Rock," and comes away presently with his cup running over. How often has such an experience happened with the reader?

A hint to preachers will not give offence. When people come together, and deep within each bosom throbs the prayer, "My—soul—thirsteth," tantalize them not by merely *saying* pretty things *about* "the unhewn rock, whose waters flow in living rivulets among the mossy boulders; leaping on with pearly spray adown the ferny glen," but, like a faithful under-leader of God's host, bring the weary souls "straight to the Rock," that they may *drink*. And let the man, or the woman, who would be a soul-winner, learn, as never to forget, that only as the perishing are led "straight to the Rock" will their thirst for "the water of life" be appeased. "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him," says he who is the Rock of Ages, "shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

"Jesus, our dying, buried, risen Head,
Thy church's life and Lord, Immanuel!
At thy dear cross we find the eternal bread,
And in thy empty tomb the living well."

F. E. B.

Assailing the Centre.

WHOEVER, in this day, sees the opposition of men directed against the *outworks*? Is Satan's malice directed against religion, morality, prayer, purity, election, free-will, or any such as these? We may cheerfully hold any or all! No; but nearly all the literature of the day, and much of its preaching, is directed against the Atonement, Inspiration, the fall of man, the divinity of Christ, and the judgment to come. It is against the *foundations* of truth. Under the most plausible exterior, the whole malice of the Evil One is put forth thus to destroy the faith. And this, too, not so much through *error plainly stated* as through *truth omitted*. Nor is it new. It had an early origin, and in a disciple of Christ, too. What a noble confession to the divinity of Jesus, Peter made (Matthew xvi. 16, 17)! But when the Lord declared, almost in the same breath, the great truth of his atoning death (verses 21—23), Satan, in the person of this disciple, sought in the most charitable and courteous, but crafty way, to overthrow it—"Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall not be unto thee." Is Satan not doing the same thing at this very day? Is he not doing it through *disciples*, too? Are we ignorant of his devices? Shall the barque containing all the best and brightest hopes of truth be thus wrecked? Will the faithful ones and true of the Lord Jesus stand calmly looking on! At this very moment thousands are looking one upon another, and are saying to themselves, with perturbation, "Is there *anything* beneath our feet?"—*Frederick Whitfield, in "A Life Story."*

Bribes at Menton.

NO. IV.—TO CAP MARTIN, AND OVER IT.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

CAP or CAPE MARTIN, is one side of the West Bay, and is not only pleasant as a rocky point running into the sea, and a fine position for views ; but also a bit of wild, herby, rocky ground which will well repay an hour or two of sauntering leisure.

The drive to Cap Martin is not a serious affair. It will cost you, according to the tariff, eight francs if you have one horse, ten francs if you have two. If you prefer shade, keep along the streets till you come to the very end of the town in the direction of Nice. But, as you come hither for warmth and air, you will be wiser if you keep along the



Promenade du Midi, and enjoy the sun and sea. You will be pretty sure to see from a dozen to a score of fishermen, fisherwomen, and fisher-children laboriously drawing to shore a huge net with nothing in it. Or you may see the same unwearied souls busy, like the sons of Zebedee, in "mending their nets." There will also be equally sure to be dogs in all manner of canine occupation ; for, as our German friend once remarked, "There is too much dogs in Menton." If the road were continued a little further, we could go all the way to Cap Martin along the sea-shore. This will be done one of these fine days. We speak hopefully, because the bridge over the Borrigo has lengthened the drive during the last year or two, and from one improvement we argue another. There is a sad disease known as *Want of Money*, which

hinders public improvements ; but, despite this malady, new roads have been made, and bridges built, and why not more ?

As it now is, we turn from the shore to the road ; and just after passing a couple of very-much-painted houses, we are about to drive under the railway. The lions on the left, lying down upon the two pillars of an entrance-gate, are worthy of remark. They are original lions : their author has not borrowed an idea from the animal known by that name, but has constructed these plaster monsters out of his own unaided consciousness. Like two green lions near the *Hôtel Splendide*, they do credit to the imagination from which their fabricator was able to draw his plans. When passing the plaster specimens, I very seriously remarked to the late Dr. Hanna that I had it on undoubted authority that neither our own Zoological Gardens, nor the *Jardin des Plantes*, at Paris, possessed a specimen of the species of lion to which these belonged. The excellent doctor seemed a little surprised, and remarked, "Indeed," or something equally solid. Content with having imparted such valuable information, I said no more. The next day my venerated friend no sooner saw me than he commenced laughing. "Aha !" said he, "I did not see what you were at till I woke in the middle of the night. How could you thus wantonly be endeavouring to insert your joke into a Scotchman's skull ?" To which I replied by reminding him that perhaps it was the smallness of my wit rather than any want of quickness in his brain ; for when an Englishman said that it needed a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's brain, he was delightfully answered by Sandy's saying, "Yes, an English joke." However, never will myself or my friends cease to think of the honoured Dr. Hanna so long as the lions remain.

But we are going to Cap Martin. Turn to the left, just as the plane-avenue ends. Down that lane by the side of a wall, with olive-trees on your right. Notice that grand entrance to a garden. Somebody that *was* somebody once lived in these parts. What grand old olives on the left ! Right in front, the French authorities have placed barracks, which appear to be rather for making soldiers than lodging them. The men we saw were, we suppose, raw material in the process of being worked up into men of war. Poor creatures ! Those blouses, which look like the canvas dress of our convicts, are enough to take all the smartness out of them. They seem to be always drilling, drilling, drilling. Oh, that it would end in drilling !

You turn sharp to the right between the barrack-wall and the railway. Now for your nerves. The driver says his horses have no fear. Believe him when you have seen that it is true ; for, as a rule, the poor creatures are in a terrible state when they hear and see the iron horse so closely side by side with them. If you are at all nervous, only go along that bit of road when there is no train coming. Carry a little time-table with you. But then, it is probable you are laughing at the writer as an old woman. You may be one yourself before long. Go ahead !

Pass under the railway towards a Restaurant, where you are invited to eat oysters at sixpence a dozen, or shoot at a mechanical pigeon—two great treats ; but we resist temptation, and pass on. On the right, some person, who had quite as much silver as sense, has built up the terraces of a vineyard in good stone-work. It makes us think of the

beginning of the Tower of Babel. What scraps of land were gained by all those tons of masonry ! Every place has its *Folly*. How often we spend much to gain little !

Up a very short hill, past three large, painted, but apparently damp houses, which are always in the shade, and always shut up, and before you is a grand gateway, which is magnificent in its suggestions. Who built it ? Why did he build it ? Why did he not finish it ? It is not quite a pompous introduction into nothing ; but it is a concern which nobody expected to see there, and hence each one says, " Why is it there ? " The unexpected wins attention.

Never mind that arch, look between the pines, and see the sea, and Menton, and Bordighera, as a delightful panorama. What do you think of *that* ? The road is as bad as it well can be. You are down on the native rock, and very hard rock it is. Nobody ever thought that the roads on Cap Martin could be excelled for medical jolting. Only believe in the curative effect of being shaken, and then get a ride through that part of the Cape which is enclosed for the chase, and you will be cured, if tossing about will do it. This piece of road along the beach is very superior. Hold hard, or you will be jolted out of your seat !

Below you, on the left, are ragged rocks innumerable. One of them, which projects into the sea, and is frequently washed by the waves, is like the Queen's head on a postage-stamp. Among those rocks you will usually see several very patient fishermen : their very long rods are an outward and visible sign of how long they expect to wait before they catch anything. I once saw a fish caught here ; but it was not large enough for me to tell what it was. I have two or three times seen porpoises pass in the distance, but I cannot suppose that these men with rod and line have any designs upon game of such dimensions.

Now we are at the end of the road, and can understand why the *Cap* is a favourite resort. No, we do not mean because there is some sort of a restaurant there, for it looks to be very slenderly patronized ; but pray drink in the view. You had Menton, Ventimiglia, and Bordighera on your left as you came along ; now gaze the other way, to Monte Carlo and Monaco below, and old Turbie tower and the fortifications of the Dog's Head on high. You can probably see, like a dream, the Estérel mountains, and the Island of Marguerite. One can very well stay here an hour or two. If the sea is rough, you have here a " Splash Point " ; and if the weather be fine, just throw yourself down on some of those masses of shrub, and find, to your surprise, how full of spring they are. " Also our bed is green." Thyme and mint are our pillows, myrtle and rosemary compose the bed, wortleberries and sarsaparilla make the coverlet. Take care, for there are a few very ugly thorns ; and the spurses, as they break, pour out a glutinous milk, which does not improve ordinary clothing. In years past, before the Cape was enclosed, we delighted to come here, and read, and make sermons, and sing, and talk ; and sometime half-a-dozen of us would join in a service, and never have a fear of disturbing anyone, nor of being disturbed. It is a pity the Mentonese did not buy it, for now, we are told that it belongs to Monte Carlo people, and they shut us out to preserve the woods for the chase. Pretty chase ! They turn down rabbits, hares, pheasants, &c., and then go out and shoot the pretty things. An English sportsman

is not a person whom we could fall down and worship; but the rangers of this paltry enclosure—Well, well! That's enough.

We will leave the Point, with the hope of coming to it again. Bump; jump; thump! We are going back, and when we duck under the railway, instead of turning homewards to the right, we turn sharply to the left, and keep among the olives. Passing a nursery of young orange-trees, and climbing a hill, we go by a quarry, and cross over the railroad, which here enters a tunnel. When the very top is reached, pause a while. Make your man pull up by the low wall on your right, and take a survey. Where will you find such another view, from Brodighera right away along the mountains to Roquebrune, a scene to make a man adore the Lord, who created all these things—

“Thus wondrous fair! himself how wondrous then!”

We are at the other end of the wonderful enclosure, preserve, or park, which now keeps us from enjoying the lanes and alleys of the old Cape. We used to examine certain very considerable ruins near the tower of the Semaphore Signal; but we are not allowed to enter now, for we might disturb the meditations of *un lapin sauvage* (a wild rabbit). Before us are kennels for the dogs of the chase, but the animals are roaming other woods. There is also a *Pheasantry*, but it is empty and void, and waste. Yet we have here seen, in the heyday of the sport, an army of beaters, gorgeously arrayed, accompanied by a troop of dogs, all waiting to accompany the noble bearers of the deadliest of weapons. It is marvellous what importance can be attached to the most ridiculous pursuits. To hunt the wild boar, the wolf, or the lion, is a sport worthy of a man; but to go forth armed to slay tame cocks and hens, is childish, and worse; yet it pleases big boys.

Leave the pheasantry on the left, and drive through a remarkably picturesque olive-grove till you come to the three arches, which are the remains of a *Roman Tomb*.

Who they were who thus thought to preserve the memory of their departed friends, we cannot tell; and the old masonry remains dumb as to the names and characters of those it was intended to immortalize. How often have storied urn and animated bust made an equal failure as to their fashioners' purpose! Yet men desire to be remembered. How can it be ensured?

To live for God and for our fellow-men is the surest way to secure an honoured memory.

“Only remembered
By what I have done.”

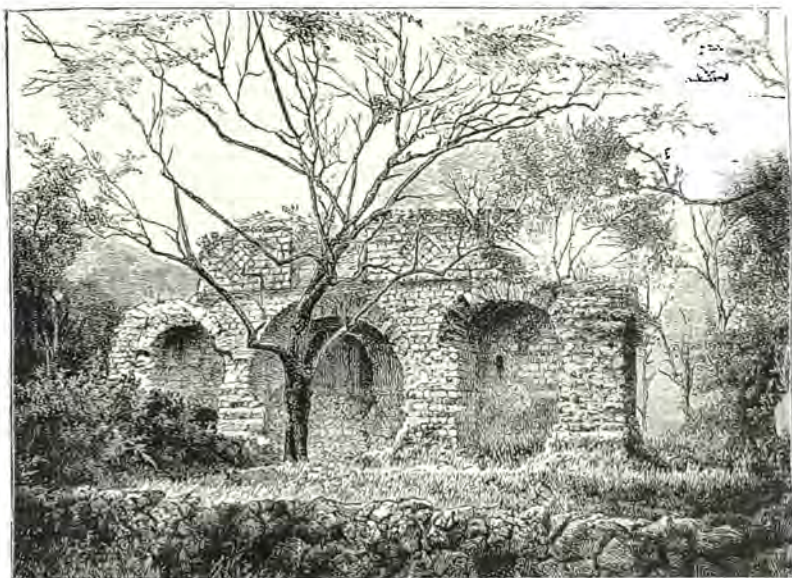
Yes, if I have done well for my God and my generation, I cannot desire a better form of remembrance. That name is immortal which is written upon the breastplate of the Great High-priest; and every believer's name is there. That name will never be forgotten which is written in the Lamb's book of life, written among the living in Zion, written in heaven. When this is secured, the next business is to become ourselves epistles of the Holy Ghost, for what he writes will never be erased or destroyed. All the epistles of the Holy Spirit are still extant. Souls saved by us, griefs assuaged, vices conquered, wants

relieved—all these will immortalize, in the book of remembrance, the chosen from among men.

Come, brethren, let us pile up living arches, memorials of love, monuments of benevolence. Teach the ignorant, gather in the fatherless, relieve the widow, spread the truth, battle with error:—be these our head-stone and foot-stone, a record which shall need no repair.

After all, it is of small account how we are remembered or forgotten among men, so long as the Lord thinks upon us. Here, then, is our prayer, which we borrow from the lips of the dying thief: "LORD, REMEMBER ME WHEN THOU COMEST INTO THY KINGDOM."

On the left, gardens of roses, carnations, marguerites, narcissus, &c., deserve to be noted, and, on the right, the *Reservoir* of the Company,



which has given to our little town an abundance of excellent clear water. What greater earthly good can be bestowed?

Keep on along the narrow and precipitous road. Roquebrune stands out boldly before you, and down on the left you gaze upon the sea far below, and look again on Monaco and Monte Carlo, a vision fit for an angel's eye. Alas, that the fallen angel should also have an eye to it! Pause here a while, and mark all the details of the picture. Soon you are out on the lower road to Nice; you turn up the hill to the right, look down on the *Cap*, which seems a sea of olives, drive through the *Hameau*, and are back into Menton again. You have had a dainty ride at small expense if you have bargained with your man, for an extra franc, to give you the additional ride over the hill.

The Answer.

Do fears disturb thy soul ?
 Art thou by cares oppress ?
 Just whisper softly, "God is love,"
 And be at rest.

Does aught that he has said
 Hard or obscure appear ?
 Just write above it, "God is love,"
 And it is clear.

Hast thou rebellious been,
 And chastened of thy God ?
 Only remember he is love,
 And kiss the rod.

There is no time or place,
 No depth of pain or grief,
 But the remembrance of his love
 Will bring relief.

Yea, though the coffin-lid
 Hath shut from thee thine own !
 Still say, "Thou didst it all in love ;
 I'm not alone."

There is no question broached
 In earth, or sea, or sky,
 To which thou canst not, in his love,
 Find sweet reply.

Cynthia Hannon Wilson, in "Doves' Wings."

Pessimism.

NOAH was a pessimist to the antediluvian world ; Moses was a pessimist to Pharaoh in Egypt, and to the rebellious Israelites ; Samuel was a pessimist, and his very first prediction foretold the downfall of the aged Eli and his godless family ; Jeremiah was a pessimist, constantly foretelling evil and danger ; Jonah was a pessimist, who disturbed the peace of the city, crying, "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown" ; Nahum was a pessimist, crying, "Woe to the bloody city !" Micaiah was a pessimist when he foretold the overthrow of Ahab, the guilty king, who complained that he never prophesied any good of him ; the Saviour was a pessimist, for he foretold the overthrow of Jerusalem, and the calamities that were to come upon the world. The apostles Peter, James, John, and Jude were all pessimists, for they were constantly foretelling perilous times, departure from the faith, and the coming judgment upon the godless world ; the great preachers and poets of the ages have been pessimists, for they were ever warning men of present evil and coming wrath, of predicted calamities and judgments overhanging the godless and profane.—*Christian Repository.*

“No Surrender !”

OR, A WORD ABOUT CHINESE ANCESTRAL WORSHIP.

I HAVE been tempted to suggest this heading on account of what has recently transpired at the General Missionary Conference held in Shanghai during the month of May.

Much interest was taken in the event ; some four hundred and twenty missionaries met together, from all parts of China, for mutual edification, conference, and prayer. From day to day, subjects of special moment came up for discussion, and very many exceedingly helpful essays were read on a variety of topics, such as, native church government, school management, Bible translation and distribution, methods of teaching, preaching, &c., &c. Many of those present were workers of vast experience in Chinese matters, successful workers, earnest, devoted children of God ; and the result will doubtless be a quickening of spiritual life, and a deeper yearning to be more than ever consecrated to the one great work of winning precious souls.

My object now is not to enlarge upon the Conference proper, but to call attention to a very important essay on “Ancestral Worship,” which engaged the attention of the members during the closing days of the Mission. I think your readers will the more clearly understand the subject-matter, and will be able far more intelligently to plead with God about it, if I quote from those who have given the subject their special study. The essay, which called forth a most vigorous protest, was that written by Dr. Martin, of Peking, on “The Worship of Ancestors—A Plea for Toleration ;” and the way it was received fully proved that the Conference was wide-awake to the vast importance of such a subject to all the *Evangelical missionary* bodies throughout the length and breadth of China.

If in the home-lands you are still troubled with down-grade teaching, here also we are face to face with various pleas for toleration ; but, thank God, we are alive to these tactics, and in God’s name we intend to cry, “No Surrender !”

I cannot, in so small a space, give you in detail Dr. Martin’s essay. In the introduction the doctor says : “If I were called on to name the most serious impediment to the conversion of the Chinese, I should, without hesitation, point to the worship of ancestors. Gathering into itself all that is deemed most sacred in family or state, it rises before us like a mountain barrier, hoary with age, and buttressed on the bed rock of the empire. Strong in faith, the missionary may summon it to surrender in the words of the prophet, ‘Who art thou, O great mountain ? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain.’ But if he employs no other tactics than those of direct and undisguised attack, he will have to look to the distant future for the fulfilment of his expectations,” &c., &c.

From all I can gather, the great majority of missionaries in this land have all along decided to resist any and every attempt to tamper with ancestral worship in any form. At the last general missionary conference, held in 1877, a most instructive paper was read by the late Dr. Yates on this very subject. I have gone over this essay with great interest, for I understand he has always been considered an authority on ancestral worship. On page 5, Dr. Yates says, “The Chinese sages have either perpetuated or inaugurated a system that has, during successive dynasties, fastened upon the millions of its inhabitants a most degrading slavery, the slavery of the living to the dead.” Further on the doctor proceeds, “As a system, ancestral worship is tenfold more potent for keeping the people in darkness than all the idols in the land not connected with it,” &c., &c.

Just here, many may be led to ask, “What do the Chinese really believe ?” To answer this query, I cannot do better than quote again from Dr. Yates.

On page 9, he proceeds—" (1.) They believe in the existence of two states of being, the world of light, and the world of darkness. (2.) They believe that those who have passed into the spirit-world stand in need of, and are capable of enjoying, the same things—houses, food, raiment, money, &c.—that they enjoyed in the world of light (*i.e.*, this world); and that they are entirely dependent upon their living relatives for these comforts. (3.) They believe that, as the dead have become invisible, everything intended for use, except food, must also be made invisible by burning. (4.) They believe that the dead ancestors who are neglected by their living relatives, as well as the spirits of those whose families have become extinct, become beggar spirits in the world of darkness, and are forced, in order to secure even a wretched subsistence, to herd with the spirits of the multitudes who have died in war, at sea, of starvation, or in foreign countries, who, in consequence of their burial-places not being known, or having no relatives to sacrifice to them, are entirely dependent upon public charity. From this belief has arisen the custom of contributing, three times a year, immense quantities of paper cash and paper sycee (*i.e.*, gold and silver paper ingots or shoes), which are transmitted, by burning, to the Chinese purgatory for their use."

Methinks I need quote no further, for the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* will have read enough to convince them that no loyal soldier of Jesus Christ could for a single moment allow it toleration in any sense whatever. Evidently, the Conference was in no mood to trifle with the subject; for in answer to a call from the beloved J. Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, to protest against Dr. Martin's conclusions, the Conference rose almost to a man, and thus strongly condemned the whole thing. Finally, it was voted—that Dr. Martin's paper be not published in the records of the Conference.

As I read the signs of the times in China, I am more than ever convinced that we are on the eve of stirring times; but right away on to the end, we must, in God's name, have inscribed on our banner, "NO SURRENDER!"

The Chinese are not to be liberated from sin's bondage by tolerating ancestral worship in any form—neither education, commerce, science, nor civilization, will accomplish this change. Nothing short of regeneration by the Holy Spirit will ensure this. As Dr. Yates says, it must be a complete turning from all superstition, all former objects of worship and fear, and through the merits of Christ's death and resurrection, trusting alone in the living and true God.

I am indeed thankful such a noble stand was taken by the assembly, who evidently thought it was time to enter a most solemn protest. In these days of universal laxity in belief, it behoves the child of God to be on his watch-tower, and mark carefully each attempt to surrender precious truth.

The field we work in is vast indeed, and the character of the millions among whom we work altogether unique; but these reasons should only make us feel our responsibility the more. To us, the stewards of God, has been committed the word of reconciliation. Moreover, it is required in stewards, that a man may be found faithful. In the name of the triune God, let our motto ever be—"NO SURRENDER!"

Yours heartily,

JOHN A. STOOKE, CHINA INLAND MISSION, CHEFOO.



Mr. Frank Smith at Peckham Rye.

PERSONS who, within the last few months, have passed the corner of Rye Lane, by Peckham Rye, will have noticed a chapel in course of erection on a freehold site. This building, it is hoped, will be opened before Christmas, for the church and congregation of Pastor Frank M. Smith. When completed, the building will be a handsome and substantial one (as shown in our engraving), the accommodation being for 1,250 people. The cost will, altogether, be about £5,000, of which, at the present time, hardly more than a third has been secured. The case is one for outside help, the work being of that aggressive kind which, in the best sense, may be called home missionary enterprise. The chapel is surrounded by a large working-class and trading population; and in a very encouraging degree the people show a disposition to hear the gospel when faithfully preached. You may walk down long streets of small houses; and, in the course of five minutes, you may pass from a comparatively good neighbourhood to one that is lower and more needy. Both of these districts will help to furnish a congregation. The preacher will give them the faithful word, and no compromise.

On Sundays the picturesque open space of the Rye, extending over one hundred acres, has great attraction for conveners of open-air meetings—religious, political, and irreligious; and of late the County Council's Sunday music has been added to the programme. The scenes to be witnessed here on the Sabbath are not creditable to a Christian country; but, it may be hoped, that many who come to take part in frivolous pastimes, will turn into an adjacent house of God, and there be arrested in their course of carelessness and sin.

Mr. Frank Smith's experience has been that of one who has received a call to preach the Word. As a mere boy he preached in the villages of Cambridgeshire—his native county—drawing full congregations. He entered the Pastors' College in 1867; and, while a student, he ministered to a congregation in his native village. After leaving College he began to preach in a chapel without a congregation at Hornsey Rise; but before leaving there, he admitted between seven and eight hundred persons to church-fellowship, and put up a substantial chapel on the site of the old building. In England and Ireland Mr. Smith has also done effective evangelistic work. He is a man of whom Mr. Spurgeon says, "I value him greatly. He has been true right along, and that at the expense of large help which.

by judicious trimming, he might have gained. He ought to be liberally helped."

About three years ago Mr. Smith removed to Peckham, to commence work in Norfolk Street Chapel, which, however, soon became too small to accommodate those who came to hear. The services were then removed to the Public Hall at Peckham, and were there, as a local paper testifies, "carried on with remarkable success, and a new permanent building was frequently talked about." After quoting Mr. Spurgeon's remarks—"Mr. Frank Smith has a hard struggle before him in the attempt to build a chapel for a congregation at Peckham. . . . He deserves to succeed"—the same paper adds: "Mr. Smith is succeeding. Three years ago he came a stranger to Peckham; now he has three hundred in church-fellowship." This is evidently a work on which the Lord's blessing is resting; and so thought the friends who assembled in June to lay the three memorial-stones of the new building. The matter is, however, in its struggling stage, and greatly needs immediate assistance.

The conditions under which the work is now carried on are, in themselves, a strong plea for help. The Public Hall, seating about eight hundred, is crowded on Sunday evening; but while it costs three guineas each time, it has to be vacated at a quarter to eight o'clock, as others then take possession. The Sunday-school has no better meeting-place than a railway-arch, and suffers greatly in consequence. There is no convenient meeting-place for week-night services, or prayer-meetings. Bible-classes and other societies for young people are greatly hampered for want of room. It is felt that help given now will be doubly welcome, because the financial strain is so great that some are becoming discouraged; and not being desirous of contracting a heavy debt, only the first section, costing £3,350, will at present be proceeded with. When the building is opened, the pastor's desire is, that all expenses shall be met by voluntary offerings. The enterprise is an arduous one; but it is full of promise. Mr. Spurgeon has given £100, and has conditionally promised another £100; Mr. R. Cory, of Cardiff, £50, with a promise of £50 more; and Mr. W. Vinson, £25. It would be a noble testimony to the vitality of those who protest against the "Down-grade," if this chapel should be largely aided, and speedily carried to completion.

Notices of Books.

The Salt-Cellars. Being a Collection of Proverbs, together with Homely Notes thereon. By C. H. SPURGEON. Vol. II. M to Z. Passmore and Alabaster.

THE second of our *Salt-Cellars* is certainly better than the first volume. To complete the work, friends who have bought Volume I. should send for Volume II. It is a curious fact that second parts seldom sell to the same extent as the first. One would have thought that no one would care for half a work. We have no cause for complaint; but think it well to intimate that our collection of proverbs is now all published. We do not pretend to have included all

proverbs in our list; for it was never our aim to do so. We have weeded the beds of flowers, and we hope that only sweet-smelling ones are left. The two volumes have been highly prized by brother ministers when presented to them. They are published at 7s., and the discount makes them still cheaper. One who means to buy when a cheaper edition is issued, will probably die without them; for the price is as low as it could be placed.

A friend sent the two volumes to his son in Japan, and he wrote to his father, "If you had searched Pater-noster Row from end to end, you could not have found two books capable of giving me more pleasure, and, I hope, instruction as well."

The Gospel of Matthew. By JOHN MONRO GIBSON, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

DR. MONRO GIBSON does not worry us with the names of learned sceptics, or bewildering critics; but he goes straight to his work of exposition. His is a paragraph commentary; not taking up verse by verse, but carefully handling distinct sections of the Scripture. No one can read this volume without gaining fresh and useful thought. We do not profess to have studied it all, but we have made selections, and given these as much attention as we could, and our verdict is—good, very good. Some of the *touches* are exceedingly valuable, opening up with a word long avenues of truth. Much as there is on Matthew, this could not have been spared. This is a precious portion of *The Expositor's Bible*.

After the Exile. Part II. The Coming of Ezra to the Samaritan Schism. By P. HAY HUNTER. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

WE could not get on with the first volume of this work; and we like the second far less. We are coolly told that the Book of Jonah contains the imaginary adventures of an imaginary prophet, and Ruth is a drama of domestic life, enacted on the narrow stage of a Jewish village, but by no means an actual history. Most authors, who propound theories far apart from those generally received in the church, give us some semblance of argument, or of apology; but this gentleman states his opinions as facts which none would think of questioning. We admire his courage. His view of Ezra and Nehemiah may or may not be correct; but he writes with authority, and such a thing as diffidence is far from him. To his ability we defer, but to his infallibility we give place not even for a moment. The book is clever, and to the same extent dangerous.

Studies on the Epistles. By F. GODET, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

MOST striking, pleasing, and instructive studies. He says quite sufficient about the German muddlers; but

Godet has small sympathy with them, and scarcely the least agreement. He makes us live in the times in which the epistles were written, and thus he helps us to see turns of expression and windings of thought which else might not have been observed and valued by us. An earnest reader will find his eyes twinkling with pleasure as he notes what Paul wrote, and how he worded it, and why. This is true exposition. His reasons for judging that Paul was *not* the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews are weighty; but, as we judge, by no means decisive. Paul does not say in Heb. ii. 3 that "he was taught the gospel by them that heard it from the Lord's own mouth." The passage bears no such meaning. He was speaking of *us* in general, and he spoke of *confirmation*, which he would never have repudiated, though he was very earnest in declaring that he himself at first received it by revelation. Even to him the testimony of other apostles was a *confirmation*. This is an instance of insufficient reasoning. There is nothing in that verse which Paul might not have written.

The volume, taken all in all, is one which we should have been sorry to have missed.

Revelation and the Bible: a Popular Exposition for the Times. By Rev. W. D. THOMSON, M.A. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

WE do not like this book. It will serve the purpose of a bridge between the doctrine of the infallibility of Scripture and the dogma of its partial accuracy. If the original Bible is wrong in its history, or in any other minor point, how can it be trusted with regard to higher things? The writer argues for truth itself in a way so guarded that he buries it beneath the weight of his shield. Side by side with his true statements there runs a stream of something which either destroys his testimony or means nothing at all. His object may be good, but the result of his teaching must be still further to shake the confidence of plain people in that Word of the Lord which is true and righteous altogether.

The Lord Jesus Christ as Leader. An Address at the Mildmay Conference, 1890. By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster.

MUCH blessing having attended this address, we have been requested to publish it separately; and here it is for one penny. We trust our friends will not allow our publishers to be losers by this republication; but they will be so, unless copies are purchased for distribution. After being printed in several journals, our issue will have little sale, unless those who desired to see it in a separate form will remember to buy it. On several occasions we have printed on urgent requests, and friends have not purchased enough to pay expenses. This is rather too bad.

The Minor Prophets ("Men of the Bible" series). By Rev. F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S. Nisbet.

REMARKABLE for Farrar's charm of style; but not at all to our mind as to tone and spirit. The unstable reader will be still more unsettled by noting the Archdeacon's free and easy way with divine revelation; with its supposed interpolations and editings. On the other hand, if the wise man comes to this pot, he will take off the scum from the surface, and will be rewarded by what he finds beneath. He will study to profit, because he uses discrimination; but yet he will be often pained as he comes across remarks which detract from the certainty and fulness of books which he prizes, because they were written by the inspiration of God.

The Nature of the Atonement. By JAMES MORRISON, D.D. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, and Co.

A BRIEF treatise on a great subject; the fruit of earlier thought, retouched by the mature hand of a veteran expositor. It will be widely welcomed because of its clear discrimination of many vital truths; but chiefly because of the wholesome air of faith which breathes throughout its pages. Even though we differ widely from his main position, we cannot but admire, and unfeignedly rejoice in Dr. Morrison's spirit and manner in handling this profound theme.

Studies in the Spiritual Life. By the Rev. JOHN BAIRD. Edinburgh: James Gemmell.

THE subject of the spiritual life has been so bandied about, and confused, and entangled, that it is almost impossible even to read the most judicious book without wondering whereunto its teachings will lead. This work seems to us to be at once temperate and bold, earnest and measured. It can be readily twisted into the support of views which the author would not endorse; but read without prejudice, and without the side-lights which ignorant zeal will cast upon it; it seems to us to be well-balanced, true, humbling, and stimulating. We have been accustomed in these weary days to hear men boast of their own attainments, and call it "testimony to the power of grace": there is nothing of that sort here. These studies make an almost complete text-book on the precious subject so wisely handled. We might not have used every one of the author's expressions, but we think we agree with almost everything he intends. We recommend brethren of the fanciful company to read it; brethren of the doctrinal school to study it; and brethren of the highest spiritual order to weigh it. It is a feast to the heart to feed upon such a treatise.

The Servant of the Lord in Isaiah XL. —LXVI. Reclaimed to Isaiah as the author from Argument, Structure, and Date. By JOHN FORBES, D.D., LL.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

DR. FORBES sets small store by the dotings of the critics as to two Isaiahs. What they regard as settled, he altogether denies; and well he may. The more he examines the theory, the less satisfactory it appears. Dr. Forbes has little hope of setting those right who go in for "the foregone conclusion"; but he hopes to convince younger scholars. At eighty-seven, like a hero, he shoulders his gun, and shows fight for Isaiah. Personally, we are sick of critical maunderings, and are glad to see them answered by sound scholarship; though they hardly deserve the honour.

The Sabbath for Man. An inquiry into the Origin and History of the Sabbath institution, with a Consideration of its Claims upon the Christian, the Church, and the Nation. By Rev. WM. SPIERS, M.A. Charles H. Kelly.

THIS is an essay forthcoming from the competition arising out of Mr. Morton's prize-offer to Wesleyans. We do not remember anything better upon the Sabbath. Our first duty to God and man at this hour is to keep off profane hands from our Bible and our Sabbath. Mr. Spiers is out-and-out in his reverence for the sacred day, and he pleads for it with arguments which no gracious mind would wish to answer. Amusement on the Sabbath for one class of society means slavery for the rest; and as Britons never will be slaves, let them not forego the day of rest. Even irreligious men have confessed that there is need for a frequent rest-day; and will Christians, who have it as their heritage, lightly cast it to the dogs? Let us each one try to prevent secular work on the Lord's-day; and let us labour to enter into the rest of God in Christ Jesus, which is the Sabbath of sabbaths.

An Evangel of Hope: or, Readings in the Spirit. By ALEXANDER WINTON BUCHAN. Digby and Long.

PARTLY didactic, and partly rhapsodical. Some will think it very good, and we shall not contradict them; but to us it is, in parts, involved and obscure, and nowhere very remarkable. The teaching is commonplace, and in general sound; but we cannot receive the author's notion of everlasting punishment as described in Matt. xxv. 46, being reformatory rather than purely retributive. If our subscribers do not get this book, their loss will not be overwhelming.

An Hour with George Herbert, the Poet of Devotion. By CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. "Home Words" Office, 7, Paternoster Square.

CHURCHMEN! Here you have devout sentences by a thoroughly good churchman upon another good churchman. Here you have a Low churchman praising a High churchman; and stranger still, in these few lines you find a terrible Dissenter in love with

them both. The ever-ready pen of Charles Bullock here writes an encomium on George Herbert. He does not delight in Herbert more than we do; to us he is, indeed, "The Poet of Devotion." This very tasteful book, all in marriage white, and royal gold, will win many a lady's hand, and will, we trust, enthrall many a gentle heart with the highest of all loves. To us Herbert is a poet of no mean order; but yet much more—a pastor feeding, a prophet warning, and a psalmist helping us to praise.

The Subject-Testament; or, the New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ (References only) arranged according to the subject. By WILLIAM FOSTER, F.S.A.A. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

TEXTS placed under subjects. It may be of service to those who are little acquainted with the Scriptures; but we confess we do not set much store by it, although the author regards it as "a complete arrangement of the whole of the New Testament upon a methodical principle."

Scenes and Stories of the North of Scotland. By JOHN SINCLAIR. Edinburgh: James Thin. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

LOTS of topographical lore of the quaintest character. There are a few rather mouldy Joe Millers among the rare and racy things; but not enough to make the mixture taste. What an interesting shire is that of Ross! One is made half envious of a man in good-enough health to travel in the out-of-the-world places here described. These pages are full of lively stories and descriptions.

The Story of my Wanderings in "The Land of my Fathers." By ISAAC LEVINSOHN. Holness.

MR. LEVINSOHN was one of our students, and we take a great interest in all that he does and writes. He desires to be a blessing to his brethren of the seed of Israel. As a missionary, he paid a visit to Jerusalem, and then travelled to other parts of Palestine: here are the notes of his journey. He moved about with his eyes open, and what he saw was worth jotting down. This is a tasteful book.

Socrates and Christ. By R. M. WENLEY, M.A. W. Blackwood.

To those who receive with intelligent faith the Scriptural account of the Lord Jesus Christ, this book has no very special significance. By such its highest teaching is classed among the rudiments of their faith. But to the occupants of that peculiar stratum of the intellectual world wherein the Lord Jesus is imagined to be more Greek than Jewish, a spiritual successor if not a spiritual descendant of Socrates, Mr. Wenley would seem to address himself; and in these he finds his chosen audience. At great length he discriminates between what he is pleased to call the contents of the Jewish religion and Greek philosophy, the supposed formative factors in the life and teaching of Socrates and the Lord Jesus Christ, and builds up a moral demonstration of propositions abundantly self-evident to all but the favoured denizens of the intellectual regions above-mentioned—that Socrates is Greek rather than Jewish, and that the Saviour is rather Jewish than Greek, in doctrine and life. It is truly philanthropic in Mr. Wenley to go after those lost sheep, or must we call them wandering stars of the world of philosophic religion; but with what result? Is his argument likely to convince the wanderers? Perhaps a little more religion and less philosophy might give more point and reach to his reasoning. Is it such as to satisfy the faithful? Can they approve of his methods? Is it quite fair, in comparing the Saviour with Socrates, to put in evidence on the side of the Lord Jesus only what is most human, and leave in the background his special claim to the supernatural and divine, while on the side of Socrates his intellectual ethics are thrust into prominence, and a single hint is never once given of his notorious immoralities? Whatever Mr. Wenley's supposed audience may admit or reject, the wider Christian public may ask—and they have a right to ask—would Socrates have dared to claim what is assigned to him here? Would the Saviour have been satisfied with this presentation of himself? Is it thus the Evangelists and Apostles set him forth

to the world? To avoid controversy may be good or it may be bad, it may be wise or short-sighted, but to drop essentials in order to escape the inevitable clash of argument, or obtain acceptance for a kind of Christian minimum, is scarcely a sound or safe course in a Christian apologist or expositor, on an occasion when the total sum of Christianity is supposed to be displayed. As to style, the reader is taken up into an exceeding high mountain of phrase and verbiage, and shown all the philosophies of the world, and the glory of them; but the clear and certain sounds that reach his ear are few, and the voices of divine wisdom that might instruct are drowned or confused in a Babel of human dogmas.

The Lord's Prayer, and other Sermons, for Children. By A. HASTINGS ROSS. R. D. Dickinson.

VERY fair talks to children. The large number are moral lessons, with a tincture of gospel in them; but others are more to the point. They are suited to the boys of a village church school. We do not see any special genius in them; but to compensate for this, they are plain, pointed, and practical, and they are suited to the average rustic mind, for which they were intended. We should not go to church to hear these "sermons"; but being in church, we should probably be more pleased with what the good man said to the children than with any other part of the service.

The King's People; or, the Glorious Citizenship of Zion. By the Rev. CHARLES NORTH. Edited, with Preface, by the Rev. W. UNSWORTH. C. H. Kelly.

THIS book is well intentioned, and has some good points; but it is such a mixture of allegory and fact, that we cannot get along with it. Some readers may take pleasure in it, and find profit in its perusal; but we cannot think that this will be the case with very many. It falls to the lot of few to write a long-sustained allegory, and Mr. North is not one of the few. Good as his aim must have been, he would have reached it more surely by plain speech than by this singular circumlocution.

A Layman's Protest against Modern Ministerial Speculation, as displayed in Mr. Ballard's "What are Churches for?" By F. W. W. HOWELL. Birmingham: Sidney Smith, 2, Broad Street Corner. Price 1d.

MR. HOWELL writes indignantly; and we do not wonder. We did not think that Methodism had in its midst a man of Mr. Ballard's type; but it is evident that the new theology is more or less tainting every denomination. Apart from his being a *Wesleyan minister*, there is nothing in Mr. Ballard's remarks at all uncommon in these "Down-grade" days; but it is needful that faithful Methodists should have their attention earnestly called to teaching so contrary to that which is generally received among them. Mr. Howell is a fair specimen of those men who are the real backbone of the churches, and he feels that he cannot bow before the false gods of "modern thought."

Friendly Greetings. Vol. XX. Religious Tract Society.

GOOD reading for cottage or hall. A marvellous book for half-a-crown, embellished with a profusion of fine engravings, and splendid coloured illustrations. Well done, Tract Society!

Books for the People. Religious Tract Society.

A DOZEN or more of the best of tales, such as "Christie's Old Organ," "Jessica's First Prayer," and "The Dairyman's Daughter." Bound together, these make up a volume crammed with reading; for the type is closely packed, and there is as much letterpress as would make half-a-dozen fair-sized books, and all for two shillings. What would you more?

On Light: and from Darkness to Light. On God's Wonderful Trees. On Building Houses; or, from the Sand to the Rock. On the Voyage and its Perils. Talkings in the Twilight. By JANE LEAKE (J.J.J.) Alfred Holness.

FIVE good books, at 1s. 6d. each. Not, perhaps, of the first order in their style, but Scriptural in matter, and well illustrated with anecdotes

and emblems of the kind which young people enjoy. These are not poisoned sweets; and we are glad of it, for more than enough of these articles are now in the market. A tale which incarnates lying doctrine is a horrible invention.

Passing Thoughts of a Working Man. By HUBERT CLOUDESLEY. Elliot Stock.

WE do not think that this is up to the mark. As compared with some others of the series, it is poor and dreary.

Cattle Ships. Being the Fifth Chapter of Mr. Plimsoll's Second Appeal for our Seamen. Kegan Paul and Co.

MR. PLIMSOLL again makes terrible revelations. May he be as successful in dealing with cattle-ships as with coffin-ships! We feel as miserable as if we had been beaten with whips, after looking through this pamphlet. It is a very big shilling's worth of heart-ache. Alas, for the cruelties of man to the cattle under his ferocious sway! Can nothing be done?

Health at Home Tracts. 1—12. By ALFRED SCHOFIELD, M.D., M.R.C.S. Religious Tract Society.

THESE tracts make up a very useful book. The Tract Society does well to publish it, and we must all form a society to distribute it. Heads of families should keep such a book by them, where they can lay their hands upon it in a moment; but they should first lay it up in their own minds and memories. The little treatises deal with everything, from Babies and their Bottles, to Stock-pots and Soup. The remarks strike us as being eminently wise and reasonable. The author is not shooting at the moon; but writes for common mortals, and their homes, even when the home is but one room.

The Missionary Controversy: Discussion, Evidence, and Report. Wesleyan Methodist Book Room.

WHY should all this *rumpus* be thought worthy of letterpress? Mr. Hughes meant well; but he was more swift than sure. Those who want to see *how not to do a thing*, will here find a remarkable example.

Protestant Truth Society's Publications: *Burning Answers on Burning Questions. Sacerdotalism. Crosses, Crucifixes, and Musical Services, &c., &c.* Pamphlets in great variety, from a penny to threepence each. Kensit.

WE are sorry that there should be such abundant need for strong Protestant publications like these; but we are glad that such vigorous writing is forthcoming when required. Those who wish to oppose Ritualism and Popery should scatter these pamphlets thick as the leaves of autumn. We do not agree with the politics of those Protestants who would subject Romanists to disabilities; but, although we altogether agree with those who would allow neither of the forms of Popery the special favour of the State, we believe that the chief part of the warfare against Rome must be carried on by spiritual means. Bring daylight, and bats fly; preach the gospel, and monks and priests must go their way.

Daybreak in North Africa. An Account of Work for Christ begun in Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, and Tripoli. By Mrs. F. T. HAIG. Partridge.

OUR readers would be greatly aiding the North Africa Mission if they purchased this shilling book; and at the same time they would get full value for their money. People need to learn about Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, and Tripoli; for, if they knew more, they would feel more pity for these nations, which are sitting in darkness. The gospel can convert Mahometans: it has been tried. Will not the Church of Christ arouse itself to plough this nearest of all missionary fields? If we leave out lands which are nominally Christian, this is the first portion of the great field of the world which we can reach. It is so close at hand that a few days will bring us to it. Let us evangelize it, in the name of our Triune God.

Ritualism, Romanism, and the New Testament. By Rev. JAMES CARGIN, Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Londonderry. Menzies and Co., Edinburgh. 2s. 6d.

THIS is a temperate but forcible attack

upon Romanism, and a hearty defence of the Presbyterian position. Ritualism comes in for a thorough exposition and condemnation, in the course of which the evil is traced to the Prayer-book, as, indeed, it must be by all impartial minds. We commend the author, as a Presbyterian, for vindicating his faith; and we could wish that all who have convictions would speak them in the same courageous manner. True union is not promoted by abstention from testimony; but by a fair examination of points of difference, and an open expression of belief: those who cannot bear this are not ripe for unity. Would to God that the Bible, and the Bible alone, were the religion of all the churches!

An Appeal to Unitarians. By a Convert from Unitarianism. Longmans.

THIS thoughtful person had too much natural reverence to have made a real dry-bone Unitarian. As it was, the new Unitarianism killed the old, and he found himself as much at war with the modern school as with the old orthodox party. He struggled hard, but felt compelled to yield at last. We hope it was not a mere intellectual persuasion; but less is made of the work of the Holy Spirit in enlightening the soul than we should expect in general in a deep conversion. It is not ours to judge, and therefore we refrain; but assuredly we rejoice to see how clear the convert is from that particular form of error by which he was once entangled. We hope that some who were his brethren in his false opinions will hearken to his appeal. We have more hope of the conversion of an honest Unitarian than of the regeneration of those in our orthodox churches who profess to hold the truth, and all the while hide away a lie in their right hand. These are legion.

The Last of the Macallisters. By AMELIA E. BARR. James Clark.

NOT a religious work; but an absorbing story of the days of Prince Charlie, when the Macallisters, and other clans, proved their loyalty to the Stuarts under peril of their lives. May the Highlanders prove true to King Jesus in these days of treachery!

Notes.



In the July number of the magazine we gave a portrait of our Senior Deacon, Mr. William Olney; this month we present our readers with an excellent likeness of our Senior Elder, Mr. JOHN WARD. He joined the church by baptism in October, 1835, and consequently has been in its membership for nearly fifty-five years, and is the first male member now upon the church-roll. He was among the first brethren who were elected to the office of elder when the church was led to see that the two offices of deacon and elder were needful to a Scriptural church. This was on January 12, 1859. Of nine then chosen, he is the only one who continues in the office. Few men attain the age of eighty-five, and yet retain so much of clearness of mind and comparative vigour of body. When seen walking to and from the house of God, one would think him far younger. Mr. Ward had no desire to be seen in our pages; for he has been a quiet and retiring helper of the work; but his name has appeared in almost all important documents recording our church history, from the fact of his being the Senior Elder; and for that reason we felt that he must be placed in this "magazine of memorial," for many would naturally inquire, "Who is Mr. John Ward?" Our personal esteem for him suggested the request for his portrait, and his hearty affection made him send on the photograph at once; otherwise he would have preferred to be passed over. He has seen the church in prosperity and in adversity; he stuck to her gates when she was minished and brought low, and as a reward he sees a blessing upon his family, of whom the most are followers of the Lord.

To our surprise we read one morning that C. H. Spurgeon was very ill, and that his friends had arranged for his taking a long sea-voyage. As C. H. S. has preached

every Lord's day for about seven months, and has never, even in his dreams, thought of a long sea-voyage, this information came to him with a singular freshness, not always found in what is called *news*. Who is the ingenious inventor of these announcements? A weakness has happened to our voice on several occasions; but we hope to keep our place in the pulpit, not only while most ministers are away, but for a while after their return, until the fogs of November warn us that our time for holiday has fully come. To continue at his post, even when in weakness and measurable pain, is the preacher's earnest endeavour, and friends may rest assured that he will never be absent while he is able to hold on.

The Illustrated London News has an amusing bit from the pen of Mr. James Payn:—"The clock let into Mr. Spurgeon's pulpit, presumably with the object of timing his discourses, has been stolen by a humorous burglar, upon the plea that the reverend gentleman was less concerned with Time than with Eternity. 'A deacon,' I read, 'now hands the great preacher his watch, which is deposited upon his hymn-book.' If the burglar is a constant attendant at the Tabernacle, and recognizes the merit of its sermons, there is some excuse for his conduct; but in a general way it would be very hard upon a congregation to take an extempore preacher's clock away. 'As I turned my text over last night,' said Mr. Spurgeon to his flock the other day, 'it appeared to resemble a gun that loaded itself, and kept on firing as long as you liked.' No doubt they liked it, but the misfortune is that, in the case of other divines, the text goes on firing, whether the flock likes it or not."

The burglar put in no such plea; but he stole two clocks, one used in the pulpit, and the other at prayer-meetings. Did the abstraction of the last give a license for long prayers? We hope not. If Mr. Payn's informant had watched carefully, he would have seen another clock in the table; but then it was new to its work, and speedily stopped altogether—no hint, we hope, to the preacher to go out for a long sea-voyage, as the newspaper suggests. Any pawnbroker who has taken in one of Benson's chronometer clocks, in a round brass case, may now guess where it came from. Thieves are hard pressed when they enter places of worship, and plunder them of articles so likely to cause their detection. Two generous friends have already supplied our wants as to time-keepers.

Next month we shall have to press upon our friends the work of the *Surrey Gardens Memorial*. We have been hindered by the plans being under discussion by the Vestry and County Council. We shall be able to present a drawing in our October number. We are in for this work now, and have

some £1,700 out of £3,000, which will be required. It will be a great solace if this work can be carried through readily, and without any anxiety. We had trial enough when commencing work at the Surrey Gardens, but we hope the memorial schools will be a joy, and only a joy. It will be so if there should be a resolve on the part of all our friends to have this matter settled off at once.

On *Monday evening, July 21*, a long church-meeting was held simultaneously with the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle, and, therefore, those who first prayed thanked the Lord for those who were joining the church. The reapers and the sowers stood side by side, praying and praising. The Pastor gave an address upon believing the promises, and Mr. Chamberlain sang the well-known hymn, "Happy day," and supplemented it with the story of the finding of a very valuable diamond, which gave him the opportunity of urging his hearers to seek the pearl of great price. Pastor W. C. Bunning very appropriately followed with an account of the finding of a golden nugget by three cool-headed men, who returned to England with it, set up in business, and never speculated more; while another so set his heart on gold that, when he had sifted out a panful, he kept at his gold-washing all night, and in the morning was raving mad. If our gains are mastered, it is well; but, if they master us, it is terrible. More prayers were presented, and then the Pastor, referring to the subject of the previous morning's discourse on the miracle at Cana, recommended all Christ's servants to imitate those mentioned in the gospel. When Jesus said to them, "Fill the water-pots with water," we read "they filled them up to the brim." Oh, for prayers, and holy endeavours to be brimful of holy desire and faith! Even if we ourselves become brimmed with the waters of grief, it will not matter if the Lord turns all into the wine of his glory.

One of the new members offered prayer on behalf of those who had recently confessed their faith in Christ, and special petitions were presented for the Tabernacle Evangelists' Association, which is greatly in need of gratuitous workers. Mr. Chamberlain again sang, and the Pastor read the written requests for prayer, and pleaded with the Lord for answers to them, and closed with special supplication for sufferers, amongst others mentioning the leader of the singing, Mr. Frisby, Mr. William Olney, junior, and Mr. Abraham, his Oxfordshire farming friend. May God restore all three!

Monday, July 28, was the evening appointed for the bringing in of the garments for poor ministers, and long before the prayer-meeting commenced our good sisters were busy unpacking the parcels which had been sent from the country, arranging the articles, and making as complete a record as

they could of what had been received. Unfortunately, their work was made more difficult through the visit of thieves to the Tabernacle on the previous Sunday night. They opened parcels, and threw the contents into hopeless confusion. In consequence of this, it is probable that some kind presents have not been acknowledged; but, wherever we had the donor's name, a letter of thanks has been sent; and to all helpers we now express our hearty gratitude for their generous gifts to the Lord's poor servants. We have reason to believe that none of the garments were stolen: the thieves were in search of more precious spoil, but were not much rewarded for their trouble.

The Pastor, with friendly helpers, was on the platform at six, and received parcels of clothing as fast as possible. The givers came in a continuous stream, each one saying a kind word to him, and receiving his hearty thanks. It was a festival of love. The platform and pulpit stairs were covered again and again, and the ladies worked very hard at clearing away and counting the goods. Up to the time of writing, they have reported the receipt of 1,362 articles and about £29 in cash; and a large box, without donor's address, has since come from Ipswich. Some of the garments were allotted to the society for clothing the colporteurs; and some, hardly suitable for ministers, were assigned to a mothers' meeting; and thus many will be benefited through the liberality of our friends. We must make an annual feast of St. Dorcas, sacred to garment-giving, for this is a pleasant way of doing a necessary work. Many gave a piece of work who could not have given money. Here we had all the good of a Bazaar with none of its evils.

The Secretary of the Poor Ministers' Clothing Society asks us to call special attention to the following note:—*All parcels of clothing should be addressed to Mrs. Evans, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, S.E. Each parcel should contain a card bearing the name and postal address of the sender. In addition, a post-card, addressed, Mrs. Evans, 61, Gurney Street, New Kent Road, S.E., should be sent, apprising her of the despatch of the parcel, in order to ensure due acknowledgment.*

At the prayer-meeting which followed the offering of clothing, considerable reference was made to the work on behalf of poor ministers. It is a pity that help of this sort should be so much needed, but it is a great pleasure to observe how much joy is caused and gratitude expressed for a method of help which gives everyone an opportunity of having a finger in it. Poor churches must have ministers as well as rich ones, and if they will but feed them well, we will continue to help to clothe them.

Mr. Bunning gave an account of his visit that day to the Bank of England, where he had met with a Christian friend who had been a fellow-apprentice with him. He related

the details of this friend's conversion near the Tabernacle door under a sentence from Mr. Spurgeon, and also that of a brother minister in Australia. He felt a hope that some who heard him might be blessed in a similar manner. Mr. Chamberlain sang, "Show me thy face," which Mr. Spurgeon declares is always a great means of grace to him. It is a charming piece when sung in Mr. Chamberlain's almost angelic manner. This was a specially good gathering for prayer, and it was more largely attended than usual, though the number is always very great. Each meeting differs from every other. Without previous arranging it drops into shape, and presents a new form of happy fellowship. We have many things to pray for, and to praise for, and, by making real business of these topics, freshness is kept up. We do not pray for the sake of filling up time, but have usually more real petitioning to do than there is time for. Our brethren are not often long and formal in prayer; numbers of friends come in from different parts of the world either to salute us, or to seek our prayers, and these help us to keep up the interest by adding new features to the engagements of the assembly. Mr. Ford, one of our best workers, stood up to speak of his conversion under the Pastor, and of the faithfulness of God which had kept him till he was now celebrating the 25th anniversary of his joining the church. Others spoke of the grace of God to them, testimony and prayer were sweetly blended, and we went home feeling that it was no mere sentimentalism which made the poet sing of the "sweet hour of prayer."

On *Monday evening, August 4*, we had hardly our usual number at the Bank Holiday prayer-meeting. Many hundreds of our friends were away for their holidays, and the fine day, doubtless, enabled others to get into the country; but we had a large gathering of praying brethren and sisters, and an earnest spirit prevailed. The opening petitions were for a blessing upon the services of the previous day, then on behalf of various suffering members of the church, and afterwards for the churches at home and missions abroad. The Pastor mentioned a letter that he had received from a brother who recently came a long distance to be baptized at the Tabernacle, and who gave a very graphic description of the joy he had experienced in keeping Christ's commandment. This suggested, as the topic of a brief address, the close of the narrative of the eunuch's baptism, "He went on his way rejoicing"; and those present who, like him, had believed in Jesus, were exhorted to follow his example, and confess their faith, that they also might go on their way rejoicing. The unconverted were bidden to come to Christ, that he might give them rest, and then to take his yoke upon them that they might find rest unto their souls.

Several prayers for the unsaved were

offered, Mr. Harrald presented the requests that had been received, and the Pastor closed the meeting by referring to the expression which several friends had used to him in speaking of their conversion—"I gave my heart to Jesus." He was not going to censure them for using that expression; but he wished to remind them that it is not what we give to Jesus that saves us, but what Jesus gives to us. We have to receive Jesus, to accept him as God has set him forth, as our Surety and Substitute. When we have received Christ by faith, love follows as the natural result. Trusting in Jesus, we must love him; and "we love him because he first loved us."

"Tis not that I did choose thee,
For, Lord, that could not be;
This heart would still refuse thee,
But thou hast chosen me."

The prayer-meeting gives the Pastor opportunities of touching upon the foibles and the tendencies of the hour, and of hinting at a fashion before it is developed into an evil. From the pulpit there cannot be such detailed guidance as from the chair of this happy family assembly.

On *Monday evening, August 11*, Pastor J. H. Barnard, of Highgate, and an American friend of his, led us in prayer. Mr. Harmer gave an account of the services recently conducted by him in Mr. Charrington's Hall, and prayed for the workers among the masses of people in the East of London. The Pastor pleaded specially for those who had been at the Tabernacle the day before, some of whom had been impressed at the services, and had told him that it was so. Mr. Chamberlain sang the hymn commencing, "Oh, the clanging bells of time!" rendering the solemn refrain "Eternity! Eternity!" with such pathos and power, that, after praying for a blessing on the singing, the Pastor asked him to repeat it. The College session having commenced, several of the students were present, so four of them were called upon briefly to pray; three others followed, and one of them sang the hymn with the chorus, "Believe, and keep right on believing." The presence of our young brethren reminded the friends of the continual need of earnest supplication on behalf of the work of the College. Mr. Harrald presented the requests for prayer, and in doing so mentioned that there were several cases of anxiety about temporal affairs that could hardly be read out in public—persons in financial troubles, seeking employment, or in domestic difficulties. This suggested to the Pastor the remark that the Lord usually removed temporal trial when it had produced its due effect; and that very often temporal troubles, which seemed a man's greatest burden, have disappeared altogether when he has come to a right state spiritually. He described a man, whom he knew, who, before his conversion, was not

prospering. He was an opponent of the truth, and spoke very bitterly to a Christian man whom he employed, but he was quite broken down when he heard his workman and some of his companions pleading for his conversion, and through their instrumentality he was led to the Saviour. After that everything seemed to go well with him, and he became a generous helper of the Lord's work. The Pastor closed by urging any who were in temporal trouble to think more of their spiritual condition in the sight of God than of their worldly prospects; for if they were once right with the Lord, it would matter little what burdens they had to bear in this life, for an hour with their God would make up for it all.

On Monday evening, August 18, in commencing the prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle, the Pastor reminded the friends of the need of faith if prayer is to be effectual, and also of the importance of everyone praying fervently and heartily. One cold, unsuitable prayer might sit right down on the meeting, and seem likely to crush out its life. It was a great blessing when the meeting was strong enough to throw off such a prayer, and not suffer from its intrusion. Every one who does not pray, either aloud or silently, to that extent, robs the prayer-meeting of part of its power. Mr. Harrauld prayed first, then one of the students, then our relative, Mr. Bell; the prayers being interspersed with a verse of a hymn, to allow late-comers to take their seats. Many friends can only come for part of the time, but they are always welcome, even if they can only be with us for a few minutes. Mr. Chamberlain sang the hymn with the chorus, "Not half has ever been told," and then related an incident concerning an old Methodist, who always gave out at the prayer-meeting—

"No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness:
A poor, wayfaring man."

After a cottage and land had been given to him, he continued to give out the same hymn, for he said they had only been lent to him for a little while by his heavenly Father, and he would not get his real possessions until he reached his home in heaven. This seemed to us rather a subtle way of putting things.

Other prayers followed, including one from our friend, Mr. D. McLaren, of Putney. He alluded to the supplications of parents for their wandering children, which led the Pastor to tell a story, which he had heard on the previous day, from one who came to join the church. It was an Essex woman who prayed in faith for all her children. Her eldest boy ran away to sea, and she would wake at night, and open the door that he might get in when he came back, as she was sure he would. He did return, but he was wilder than ever, and again went away. She died in the full conviction that

he would be saved; and so he is, and he is now the backbone of the church where he lives in America. The Pastor also mentioned that five children of one of the members had just been received at the church-meeting, and he asked their father to offer praise on their behalf. He did so with deep feeling, and Mr. Dunn followed with thanksgiving for children saved, and prayer for those still unsaved. Two of the students then sang solos from Mr. Sankey's book, very much to the joy of those who desire the College to be useful. The Pastor prayed for several special cases of afflicted, bereaved, backsliding, and depressed persons. Mr. William Olney gave an account of the work at Haddon Hall during his son's enforced absence, and then said that he thought we ought to praise the Lord more for all the thousands of mercies we were continually receiving from him. When he was ill, he asked the Pastor to sing Psalm 34,—

"Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ."

After the congregation had very heartily sung this Psalm, the Pastor closed with an earnest appeal to the unconverted to begin to pray at once, and exhorted all who prayed to be sincere in their supplications, and not pretend to an experience which was not their own, nor to come before the Lord with any falsehood in their petitions; otherwise they could not expect him to grant their requests.

COLLEGE.—Mr. W. E. Wells has completed his course, and taken charge of the work in Azof Street Mission Hall, East Greenwich, which has lately been built and paid for by our son Charles and his friends at South Street Chapel. Mr. Wells has distinguished himself during his College course by carrying on many works of usefulness, therefore we hope much from him.

Mr. G. Pring has removed from Aylsham to Sayer Street Mission, Norwich; Mr. W. H. Smith, from Haddenham, to Cotton End, Bedford; and Mr. R. Lennie has returned from Nevada, U.S.A., to his former pastorate at New Westminster, British Columbia.

Mr. W. C. Bunning, who has been with us almost continuously since the Conference, has sailed for Melbourne during the past month. It has been a great joy to us to have such a renewal of happy fellowship with one of the earlier members of our College brotherhood. He has helped us at the Sabbath services, and at the Monday and Thursday evening prayer-meetings. Many friends will remember with interest his stories of colonial experience, and his illustrations of the Scriptures drawn from his travels in many lands. We follow our beloved brother with heartfelt prayer, and with him we remember all our brethren at the Antipodes. Peace and prosperity be to them all as they toil on for their Lord!

COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—Dr. Churcher reports his safe arrival at Tangier, where he has settled down to his regular medical mission-work again. In a letter recently received, he says:—"It is nearly five years since I came to Tangier; for the first two of these I had private patients as well as mission-work, endeavouring to emulate apostolic example; but I came to the conclusion that Paul, when he was preaching and earning his bread, did *not* have to learn Arabic.

"My 'practice' flourished; but my mission-work languished. I found that I was trying to sit upon two stools at once, and the position was uncomfortable. Now, wholly given to medical mission-work, I have much more peace of mind, and joy in the Lord.

"The sphere here is intensely difficult, spiritually, entirely and manifestly beyond human power; so we lean back with joy upon that *divine* help for which nothing is too hard. It is seed-time still; we see 'the blade' of gratitude and kindly feeling in many hearts; but no 'full corn in the ear' yet; but his word shall not return unto him void, seed-time and HARVEST shall not fail, and we shall reap if we faint not."

Our brother Patrick has been passing through a season of great trial. He has lost his little baby girl, and at one time he feared that he would have been bereaved of his wife also, but the Lord mercifully spared her.

Will our readers remember these beloved friends in their prayers, and also not forget to help us in supporting them? If we can maintain these two brethren, we will send out another. *The North Africa Mission*, in the whole of its work, deserves the help of Christian people. May the Lord bless the region which it seeks to evangelize!

EVANGELISTS.—Our brethren are now all in full work again after their rest; and we trust that they are all in good health and vigour for another season's campaign.

Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's engagements for this month and next are as follows:—September 6 to 21, Bradford; September 27 to October 5, Portsmouth; October 11 to 19, Forest Hill; and October 26 to November 2, Fulham.

Mr. Burnham spends September, as usual, among the hop-pickers in Kent. In the first week of October, with Pastor W. H. Broad, he is to conduct a mission in connection with the Brentford Theatre Services. He will be glad to hear at once from any brethren desiring his help after that date, so that he may arrange times and places in the same districts, as far as practicable. Early application enables the evangelist to fit in his engagements to the best advantage.

Mr. Harmer is now holding services at Whitstable. After he has finished there, he is going to Chesterfield, and probably to other places in the district. He is booked

for a good way ahead, but he also will be glad if those who desire a visit from him during the winter will apply soon. He had very successful services for a few evenings during the past month at Mr. Charrington's Great Assembly Hall, where *Mr. Harrison* also preached, with much acceptance, during July and the greater part of August. Mr. Charrington's paper says:—"Our brother Harrison is a good solid preacher, and speaks the truth with power." Friends who can get a visit from him will find him a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. This month he is to be at Miss Watney's Hall, at Croydon.

There is need of continual help for the Evangelists' Fund. The income lately has been small, but the expenses go on all the year round. No work is more deserving of the support of the Lord's stewards. We knock at their door in the Lord's name.

COLPORTEAGE.—Progress is still being made by this Society. Ninety men are already at work in various districts, and intimation has been received that several more are required, so that the prospect of not less than a hundred men seems near realization. Will our readers prayerfully ponder the state of many of the villages of England, and speedily apply for another half-a-dozen men? No agency surpasses that of the colporteur for practically getting into contact with the people at their employment and in their homes. His efforts to sell the Scriptures, and good books and magazines, take the colporteur away from the beaten track into "the highways and hedges" where seldom is the Gospel message heard, or spiritual consolation afforded. The constant remark is made, "If it were not for your visits, no one would come to speak to us about our souls." The Great Day alone will show the large number who have been brought to Christ from scattered districts through the instrumentality of the colporteur. He is a house-to-house visitor, bookseller, and itinerant evangelist, all in one. For £40 a year such an invaluable worker may be secured in any suitable district; but subscriptions are also needed to the General Fund to supplement those given in the districts. W. Corden Jones, Secretary, Pastors' College, Temple Street, St. George's Road, S.E., will give all particulars.

PERSONAL NOTES.—During the past month we received a letter from the Punjab, written in Urdu, and upon the same sheet was a translation of it in English. It was from a native catechist, who wished for permission to translate fifty-six of our sermons into Urdu, in the hope that they might be printed and published for the benefit of the native Christians, and other readers. As the catechist's pastor was able to vouch for the ability of the translator, the needed permission was cheerfully given, with earnest prayer that the work might be

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. E. S. Roberts
Box at Orphanage gates	0 12 0
Mr. H. J. Strong	0 5 0
"Ebenezer"	5 0 0
Mr. R. S. Thomas	0 0 6
Collected by Mrs. Batt	0 8 6
Mr. A. Storr	1 1 0
E. C. C.	2 10 0
Mr. F. Hallett	0 5 0
Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon:—			
Mr. J. Pelton, J.P.	...	2 12 6	
Mr. E. J. Reed	...	2 2 0	
Mr. H. J. Atkinson, M.P.	...	5 0 0	
			9 14 6
A well-wisher	0 4 0
Jack, South Lambeth	0 4 0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0 18 5
Collected by Professor Talbot	0 9 0
Mr. J. M. Morgan	1 0 0
Mr. Thomas Penny	2 2 0
Mr. T. Jephcott	1 0 0
Friends at Halbath, per Mr. B. Morris	0 5 0
Bethesda Free Chapel, Sunderland, per Mr. H. W. Cothay, jun.	0 1 6
Orphanage box at Tabernacle gates	0 19 0
Sandwich, per bankers	2 2 0
Mr. E. K. Stace	0 10 0
Collected by Miss E. A. Sturton	0 2 0
Rev. W. Harris	1 0 0
Per Pastor W. Burnett:—			
Pastor W. Burnett's box	...	0 12 5	
Mrs. Burnett's box	...	0 12 7	
Mr. Perry's box	...	0 5 0	
			1 10 0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0 2 6
Miss Arnot	1 0 0
Mr. Kenshaw	1 0 0
Mr. M. Romang	0 10 0
An old Sunday-scholar, per Miss Knott	0 1 0
Miss F. Good's Bible-class	0 10 0
Mr. T. W. Beveridge	1 0 0
"In memoriam"	1 0 0
Mr. John Cory	50 0 0
S. B. H.	0 2 0
Mrs. Donaldson	1 0 0
Mrs. S., a teacher	0 7 0
Mr. J. Wilson	0 10 0
Mrs. Alexander	2 0 0
Mr. F. H. Butler	1 0 0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0 2 6
Mrs. Birrell	2 0 0
Mr. James Lundie	0 5 0
Mrs. Lundie	0 2 6
Mrs. Dunn	0 10 6
Mr. Huckselsby	0 5 0
Miss Scoles	1 1 0
Mr. Walter Heath	0 5 8
Mr. Robert Fergus	5 0 0
Dr. Beilby	2 0 0
Miss Harris	1 0 0
Miss Sarah Brown	0 10 0
Miss Faulding	0 10 0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0 7 0
Share of residue of the late Miss M. Henderson's estate	43 12 9
Mr. F. Heath	0 5 6
L. O.	0 2 6
H. E.	0 2 6
Mr. G. F. Dean	1 1 0
Mrs. Hollis	0 5 0
Collected by the Misses Emma and Maria Smith	0 10 0
Mrs. Moubray	1 0 0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. MacDonald, per Miss I. Gardiner	0	8	0
Miss Pearce	2	0	0
A friend, Berwick	0	10	0
Mrs. Allan	10	0	0
Mrs. Hatcher	0	5	0
Mr. E. Newell	5	0	0
Miss R. A. Thomas	2	0	0
E. G. M.	5	0	0
Mr. Edwin Davis	1	10	0
Mr. R. Beattie	0	10	0
A. B.	10	0	0
Friend of orphans	0	15	0
Mrs. E. Thompson	0	5	6
Willing tribute	1	10	0
L. & A., Postal order from Hastings	0	5	0
In loving memory of Pattie	0	11	6
J. S.	5	0	0
E. Emsden and H. Pawsey	0	5	0
Executors of the late Mrs. Edmonds	10	0	0
St. John's Green Sunday-school, Colchester	0	10	0
Mr. Edward Adam	1	0	0
M. J. S.	0	1	6
Mr. H. Wood	1	1	0
A friend, Glasgow	0	2	0
E. B.	2	2	0
Mrs. Turner and Charlie	1	0	3
Mr. and Mrs. W. Williamson	2	2	0
Mrs. Napier	1	0	0
Mr. Robert Morgan	0	13	6
A widow, per Mrs. Ward	2	0	0
Mrs. Smith	1	0	0
J. H. W.	1	0	0
E. G.	3	0	0
S. B., Blackheath	0	2	0
Carlos, Erith	2	0	0
Maggie	0	2	6
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	7	6
A friend at Wellow, per Pastor James Smith	0	5	0
Miss Seivwright	0	2	0
Mr. F. J. Rumsey	0	5	0
Southernwood	0	3	0
Mr. A. M. Alexander	0	10	0
Mr. J. F. Milne	0	10	0
Mrs. Steele	0	5	0
Mrs. Davies	0	1	0
Miss M. Tillotson	0	5	0
Mr. L. Shepherd	0	10	0
W.	2	0	0
Mrs. Orr	5	0	0
Mrs. H. M. Watts	0	10	0
Mr. F. Edwards	0	10	0
Mr. J. G. Casswell	5	0	0
Collected by Master M. Herries	0	2	6
E. H.	0	2	0
W. R. P.	0	5	0
Mr. William Page	1	0	0
The Dowager Lady Abercromby	1	1	0
Mr. R. Rockcliff	5	0	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
M. A. H.	0	2	6
Mr. W. Gardiner	1	0	0
Mrs. Marsh	0	14	0
Collected by Mrs. Maxted	1	19	4
Master S. M. Day	0	1	0
Collected by Mr. Plant	0	4	0
Meeting by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Surbiton	3	0	0
	£250	1	—

List of Presents received, per Mr. Charlesworth, from July 15th to August 14th, 1890.—PROVISIONS:—104 lbs. Gooseberries, Mr. D. Camps; 1 box Black Currants, Mr. W. D. Garrood; 12 pecks Strawberries, Mr. G. P. Carter; 2 jars Black Currant, 1 jar each Raspberry and Gooseberry Jam, The Misses M. Jefferys and Harris; a quantity of Cabbages, Mr. H. Watts; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—2 Vests, 1 pair Trousers, Mr. T. Birch.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—14 Articles, Anon.; 111 Articles, Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff; 1 parcel Clothing, Anon.; 14 Articles, Mr. A. G. Gasking; 2 Trimmed Hats, Mrs. S. A. Mumford; 12 Articles, Mrs. Kidner; 27 Articles, 25 Silk Ties, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 6 Articles, Miss Shepherd; 1 parcel Clothing, Anon.; 10 Articles, The Juvenile Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Woods; 13 Articles, Miss Smith.

GENERAL:—1 parcel of Articles, Mrs. J. Batt; 1 Doll, F. S. L. S.; 2 bales Firewood, Mr. F. Fisher; 1 Doll and a quantity of Cards, Miss Shepherd.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1890.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Tewkesbury District:—			
Collected by Mrs. Lawrence	4	0	0
Per Mrs. Robinson	5	0	0
	9	0	0
Corton District, per Mr. Thos. Harris	10	0	0
Great Totham, per Rev. H. J. Harvey	5	0	0
Horley, per Pastor B. Marshall	7	10	0
Dorking District	15	0	0
Honfield and Worthing, per Mr. Dukes	10	0	0
Oxfordshire Association—Stow & Aston	10	0	0
Kettering District	10	0	0
Ross, per Mr. Thomas Blake	10	0	0
Worcester Association	30	0	0
Portsmouth Soldiers' Institute Thanksgivng Band	10	0	0
Cheddar District, per Pastor T. B. Field	3	0	0
Aylesbury, per The Baron De Rothschild	2	0	0
Witney District, per Mr. R. Abraham	10	0	0
Weston Turville Baptist Church	1	5	0
	£142	17	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
K.	2	10	0
The Misses Van Notten Pole	1	0	0
Dr. Beilby	2	0	0
Mr. E. Newell	2	10	0
J. S.	2	10	0
Mr. H. Wood	1	1	0
Miss Desroix	0	2	6
Mrs. Raybould	1	1	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. G. F. Satchell	2	0	0
Mrs. Jenkins	1	1	0
Mr. H. M. Watts	0	5	0
Half-Yearly Subscription:—			
Mr. H. B. Frearson	7	10	0
	£23	10	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.
S., per Mr. Harmer	1	0	0
K.	2	10	0
Mr. T. W. Beveridge	0	10	0
Mrs. Lloyd	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Fergus	5	0	0
Dr. Beilby	2	0	0
Balance of offerings at Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Bishop's Stortford	0	16	6
Mr. J. Cameron	5	0	0
Mrs. Allan	50	0	0
Mr. Samson Lucas	0	10	0
	£116	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at the Polytechnic, Regent Street	30	0	0
J. S.	5	0	0
Mrs. Robert Wilson	2	0	0
Miss Heath	10	0	0
Mr. H. Wood	1	1	0
Mr. James McElkinny	0	10	0

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write to Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums sent before the 13th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

OCTOBER, 1890.

The Months of Spiritual Harvest.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.



THE harvest of the church does not come at the same time as the harvest of the field. Some preachers of the Word are always sowing and always reaping, all the year round; but in many localities there would seem to be necessary times and seasons. All through the summer it is difficult to get the people together in the town; for they work late, or are away by the seaside, or find pleasure in a walk in the cool of the day. In the country, labourers on the farm must give themselves long days in haying and harvesting, and none can find fault if the attendance at week-evening services grows scanty. When the later autumn comes, and winter shortens the laborious day, then is the pastor's time for action. Now is the time when kings go forth to battle.

When we reach October, we may judge that the campaign of the winter, so far as spiritual work is concerned, should fairly set in. If the meetings for prayer are not now largely attended, when will they be? If the season for special services does not now begin, when will it? Every pastor, evangelist, teacher, and private member should now hear the sound of the rustling leaves, and begin to bestir himself. We write not now for the crowd, but for our believing reader, who reckons himself to be wholly the Lord's. Now is the time for him to bestir himself. "What would the Lord have me to do?" should now be the enquiry of each one who belongs to Jesus. If no Christian remained "out of work," but every member, without a single exception, would commence earnest action, what glorious times we should see!

Should not this time be entered upon with special prayer? Might we not fitly, each one, renew his consecration vow? It would be no empty form if, just now, all the faithful set apart a quiet season for drawing near to God, and pleading for a more than ordinary blessing. We never needed it more. There is no reason why we should not have it to the full. The Lord is able to do great things for us; but for this he will be enquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them. Something will be gained if, in all our churches, at least the more spiritual sort will get together, and present united supplication.

Let us begin the new season with joyful expectancy and believing hope. There is much deadness around us; but the quickening Spirit is still mighty. Error abounds, and a subtle spirit of unbelief, more false than error itself, seems to fill the air; but no single truth is altered, no word of the record has fallen to the ground. Though men, and even ministers, believe not, yet God remaineth faithful, and his word is settled in heaven, unaltered and unalterable. Have we been sad about the sin of the age? Let us be still more sad, and from our very hearts be mourners before the Lord; but let not our mourning dispirit us. Have we mingled unbelief with our humble confessions? Then let us be ashamed, and repent of this our folly. There is no fear for the truth: it is impossible that there should be. There is no fear for the eternal purpose of Jehovah; for what he has said he will make good. None can defeat or even hinder him. The gospel of our Lord Jesus is still the power of God unto salvation; and if we preach it with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, it will cleave its own way, even if its path were blocked by northern iron and steel. There are no ill times with God. Nothing is more difficult now with him than it was in former days. To Omnipotence all things are easy. Unbelief is to-day as inexcusable as ever it was. Our difficulties may have assumed new shapes; but they are the same difficulties, and they must all vanish before the might of the unchanging Jehovah.

It will be well to commence our campaign with all our wits about us; for trust in God does not put out of court the use of common sense and inventiveness. On the other hand, the more a man trusts in God, the more will he labour to reach the end which his faith looks for. May not our plans of former years need revision, or require addition? Are there no forgotten spots which we can cultivate, or neglected methods which we can revive? We may have failed to reach our neighbours because we have not gone to work in a suitable manner. Let us look ourselves over, and see whether the cause of partial disappointment may not be removable. Before we begin fishing, let us mend our nets. A few hours spent in thought may make our after-action far more successful. The Spirit of God can lead us into all truth of method as well as of doctrine, and we shall do well to wait upon him for guidance. Will each worker do this on his own account at once?

Not without grave importance to a church or an individual is the position which we occupy. If we stand in avowed connection with error or sin, we may by that fact shut out a blessing from our work. There is a position of dependence, loyalty, truthfulness, and submission towards God which is of the highest necessity in reference to special blessing. The Lord may withhold his choicer gifts, because he sees

that we are not prepared to receive them. Our bearing towards our Father may necessitate his closing his hand. He may have to walk contrary to us, because we walk contrary to him. So, too, our position towards the world—both religious and irreligious—may involve entanglements which defile; and when this is the case, we cannot expect Pentecostal blessings. How long will it be ere churches and individuals remember the call of the thrice-holy Lord, “Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty”? If those who are deluding souls by their dream of Universal Fatherhood, would only feel the value of this special Fatherhood, it would be a great blessing. To-day many churches are striving to their utmost to become one with the world, and they are fatally successful in their effort. They seek to do good in a way which is diametrically opposite to that which the Lord has appointed; can they prosper? Will they be able to show that they understand the matter better than the Lord God Almighty? Assuredly not. Be it ours obediently to follow the law of separation. In spirit, aim, and method, let us walk as far apart from the way of the world as possible, and then shall the great Father recognize us as his children, and enrich us with a heritage of grace worthy of the heirs of God. One act of conformity to the world in the way of conducting a bazaar, or in the tolerance of frivolous amusement, or in the tricks of management by committees and wire-pullings, may estrange the Spirit of God from a community, and do far more mischief than months of special service will ever do good. Before we go in to minister before the Lord, let us wash in the brazen laver which stands at the entrance of his courts. Yea, Lord Jesus, wash thy servants’ feet, that they may be clean every whit.

If to this be added full consecration, we may expect great things. We need a determination which will never tire, a devotion which will never shrink, a dedication which will know no reserve. We must plunge into our sacred enterprise, and no longer dabble about its margin. The truth must be preached, and error must be rebuked, if it cost us our last penny, and the last shred of honour among worldly-religionists. Our all must be upon the altar of God, as a whole burnt-offering; and we must stand to an unconditional surrender at all times, and in all ways; for so only can we expect the Lord to grant us the joy of his salvation, and baptize us into his free Spirit.

Should the Lord Jesus tarry for a while, it behoves his waiting servants to make the best use of the time. The Lord’s long-suffering means salvation; and it is for us to translate that meaning into actual results. Oh, to win souls! Let this be granted us, and we seek nothing more. The architecture of religious edifices, the eloquence of sermons, the music of psalmody, the wealth of adherents—what of all these? If souls be not saved, this next year will be as the desert of Sahara, and the golden colour of the sands will be no relief to their dreariness. But if the Lord will go forth with us in his chariots of salvation, we shall find the flowers of Eden springing up at our feet. Oh, for the days of the Son of man!

A Sacramental Hymn.

O SAVIOUR Christ, the living bread from heaven,
 God's sacred gift for our redemption given,
 Be present with us now.
 And as we call to mind thy deep affliction,
 Grant us each one thy holy benediction,
 While at thy feet we bow.

Behold the bread now waiting to be broken,
 By thee of old ordained the constant token
 Till thou again return.
 And as our love for thee we come confessing,
 Let all our hearts while waiting for thy blessing
 With holy fervour burn.

Come as thou camest to the broken-hearted,
 Sad with the fear that they from thee had parted,
 To meet on earth no more.
 And—our fond fears by thy dear presence chiding—
 Show us thy wounds in hands and feet abiding,
 And so our faith restore.

Here, at thy table, we would see thee only,
 Not as thou wert on earth, despised and lonely,
 Deserted by thine own,
 But as thou art, the risen Lord of heaven,
 By whom our souls are saved, our sins forgiven,
 Wearing thy kingly crown.

Then, in the joy of that transcendent vision,
 Let us go forth to meet the world's derision,
 Before its scoffing dumb;
 Content to bear our daily cross with meekness,
 Till he who died for us in shame and weakness
 Shall in his glory come.

Sidcup.

E. A. TYDEMAN.

"The Work of an Evangelist."*

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

NO. I.—INVERCARGILL AND CAVERSHAM.

MONDAY, June 2, 1890, is not likely to fade from my memory so readily as other days of the year. It was on the evening of that day that I arrived on New Zealand's shores again, after a few months' absence, to undertake "the work of an evangelist." Never have I felt more grateful to the kindly moon than on that occasion. We had been tossing not a little for several days on a stormy sea, and must have had another night of it had not the silvery queen come forth in her most glorious array, and so illuminated the Bluff harbour, that its crooks and rocks were plainly visible, and its navigation became as practicable as at noonday.

The little township of The Bluff is hardly an inviting landing-place, and gives new arrivals a very poor first impression of New Zealand. Its chief distinction seems to lie in the facts that it boasts among its buildings the most southerly bank in the world, and that it does a very large share in the work of keeping the London market stocked with mutton. It is well named The Bluff, and the welcome it gave us was of the bluffest sort. How razor-like was the wind, fresh from the ice-clad continent of the south!

But if the place received us roughly, some of the people welcomed us warmly. Two Baptist friends, who have opened a Coffee Palace there, brought the greeting of their pastor in Invercargill, as well as their own; and, soon after, the Primitive Methodist minister of the place, and "his dear partner in life," called, and finally took me into their own house. It was not till next morning that I could get a train from the harbour to the city of Invercargill, where the Rev. J. Standing awaited my arrival. It must be admitted that the Baptist church there is not a remarkably flourishing "cause." We must say of it, as Lot said of Zoar, "Is it not a little one?" Nevertheless, like the little city of the plain, it has proved a place of refuge and of salvation. The population of Invercargill is essentially Scotch. At every street corner you may hear the Scotch bodies "crackin' awa'" in their broadest brogues, and two or three large kirks proclaim that the great majority of folk thereabouts are of the Presbyterian persuasion. This, perhaps, is one of the reasons why the Baptists have made comparatively little headway. Moreover, they have not been very long united in Christian fellowship. It was in January, 1877, that a few baptized believers combined to hold services, and appointed a Mr. W. Green their evangelist for three months.

* Dear Mr. Editor,—It has occurred to me that your subscribers may not be uninterested in tidings of their Baptist brethren in New Zealand. As I have lately been appointed by our Union its visiting preacher, and am hoping to "do the work of an evangelist" in all the churches, I may combine with the history of each "cause" a report of my special work. I desire also to take this opportunity of enlisting the prayerful sympathy of God's people in the dear home-land, for their far-distant brethren, and for the success of this "Forward movement." Oh, that, month by month, I may have news of the gladdest sort to tell "to the praise of the glory of his grace!"—I am, yours lovingly, "Son Tom."

In the following July it was resolved to build a place of worship, and it was opened ere the end of that year. The Rev. J. A. Davis, who was then pastor of the nearest Baptist church (Dunedin, distant about one hundred and thirty miles !) conducted special services on the occasion, and gave the right hand of fellowship to seven brethren and three sisters. Mr. Geo. Johnstone, Rev. T. Harrington, and Rev. J. T. Hinton have succeeded each other in the ministry of the Word, and Rev. J. Standring—from the East London Institute—is the present pastor. The church was little more than four years old when an unfortunate disagreement and disruption took place, and no less than twenty-six members were lost to the little band. (Oh, these divisions, how disastrous they are !) Early in 1887 the church (building) was enlarged, its seating capacity being doubled ; but what with an interregnum or two between the pastorates, and the recent exodus from New Zealand, the membership has remained small. Even at present it numbers only twenty-five, six of these being non-resident.

It was among this little band that my labours as an evangelist were to begin. There the forward movement of the New Zealand Baptist Union was to be launched. Nor could there have been a better place selected, as it turned out, notwithstanding that, from a human standpoint, surrounding circumstances did not seem of the happiest. The sphere was certainly small, and the labourers few ; but they were in downright earnest. More fervent pleading I have never heard than from that little company. The weather, too, seemed to be against us ; for it rained almost incessantly. But I am not sure but that the winter is, after all, the best season for such work. Surely, it is not without reason that it is recorded in the gospel that "*it was winter*, and Jesus walked in the temple, in Solomon's porch." Is it not added, "Then came the Jews round about him" ? Perhaps better work was done amongst the comparatively few in the porch than could have been effected among the thousands on the sun-lit hillside in summer time. At all events, despite the cold and wet, those gathered with us night after night were certainly in earnest, and we "got round about" each other better than had been possible if a multitude had congregated. Each evening of the week of my arrival we met for prayer and preparation for our special work, and on the eve of the Sabbath we brought our banners, as it were, to God, to have them blessed for the battle of the morrow. And he *did* bless them ! Most of our meetings were held in the Baptist church (you notice that they call all their chapels churches here. Is not Tabernacle better ? I think so). But for the two Lord's-day evening services the Theatre Royal was engaged. At all of these meetings the Master was graciously present, and stretched forth his hand to heal. The people of God were not slow to testify that they were greatly strengthened and stimulated, and some backsliders owned to joyful restoration. When one of these latter testified, not without emotion—"This thy son was dead, and is alive again ; he was lost, and is found," we "began to be merry," and "Praise God," &c., rang forth with no uncertain sound.

Without tabulating results, for who can tell whither the blessing tends, much less where it ends, I may say that God gave us to see signs following, and assured us that a glad key-note had been struck for a

mission which, with his blessing, cannot fail to be an anthem full of praise to our Lord of love.

Mr. Standring writes me, more than a month after the mission, "Our young converts are very promising. They generally say a word for the Master in our meetings for prayer and testimony. The spiritual tone of the church is good."

Ere I left the city I made at least four hundred of the citizens glad by showing them "John Ploughman's Pictures." The commodious Presbyterian church was generously placed at our disposal. (See how these brethren love one another.) If the audience was not very demonstrative—they were mostly Scotch, you must remember—it was certainly most appreciative; and when a portrait of John Ploughman, in his Sunday-go-to-meeting suit appeared, the applause broke forth spontaneously, albeit the show was in the kirk.

John Street, Caversham.—It will seem strange to English readers to hear of a railway journey remarkable chiefly for the intensity of its coldness in the middle of June. But it must be borne in mind that I write from and of the uttermost parts of the earth, where the order of many things is reversed. Certain it is that never have I felt colder travelling than on this trip from Invercargill to Dunedin. The distant mountains were white with snow, and the hail came pelting down at intervals on the roof of the carriage. Nor had we the luxury of foot-warmers, as they have who journey "from Westwood to Menton." As I write, a motion is before the House of Representatives suggesting that the Railway Commissioners supply this "felt want." A most important measure this, in my humble opinion. I have no desire to journey again in a carriage whose temperature cannot be much higher than that of the refrigerating cars which convey carcasses from the freezing works to the home-bound ship. So, may the measure pass in double-quick time, *i.e.*, before I have to go behind the iron horse again. Eight hours of this inclement travelling sufficed to bring me to Caversham, a suburb of Dunedin. Here was a welcome as warm as the weather was cold, from two pastors and a pastor's wife. The pastors were Rev. A. North, of Dunedin (the indefatigable secretary of my mission, and the faithful friend of the missionary), and Rev. J. T. Hinton, the pastor of the church at Caversham, to which I was about to minister. The pastor's wife aforementioned was a lady who rejoices in the name of Spurgeon, and well deserves the same. I had been unavoidably sundered from my "better-half" during my first mission, and great was our joy to be re-united. That was the only *meeting* I had that evening! To recount the experiences of the rest of that week, and of the whole of the next, would be only to repeat the tale already told; with this addition, that we had larger audiences and greater blessing. Of the work, the pastor writes: "It has been a time of deep impression and gladness. The immediate result has not quite met our eager desires, but we look for further acknowledgments, and thankfully recognize the blessing of the mission on the church." One happy outcome of the week's work is the establishment of a Young Christians' Band, an institution which cannot fail to give blessed results.

The church at John Street, Caversham (as often, though erroneously, called St. John's) was erected as recently as May, 1887, the church

proper having been formed some five years previously. Its origin was scarcely of the happiest order. It was born in a storm, the original Oaversham church being divided against itself. Some seventy-two members and the pastor (Rev. C. Bright, now of Sydney) commenced services in a public hall, in April, 1884. Mr. Bright was followed by Rev. C. Carter, of Ceylon, whose name is well-known and highly honoured in missionary circles. He it is who has furnished by far the ablest translation of the Scriptures into Singalese. He retained the pastorate for three years, and was instrumental in erecting the present building, capable of holding about three hundred. He has since returned to the lovely island, to complete the Dictionary on which he has been working since the Bible was translated. May he live long after he has finished it !

During the six years of the church's history, one hundred and forty-eight persons have been admitted into fellowship ; but so fluctuating is the population of the suburb that sixty names have been removed. Eighty-eight, therefore, stand now on the roll, but fourteen of these are absentees, or country members. The numbers, then, are few ; and, it must be added, that they are far from being wealthy. Yet they struggle bravely on ; and with so energetic a leader as Mr. Hinton—a son, by-the-way, of the renowned John Howard Hinton—they are not likely to struggle unsuccessfully. One of their greatest encouragements is the Sunday-school, which is “in splendid order,” with two hundred and thirty scholars, and a staff of twenty-five teachers and officers. It augurs well for the church itself when the state of its nursery is so satisfactory.

May the membership of that church soon be multiplied, and its mortgage diminished.

So endeth my report of my two earliest efforts in connection with the New Zealand Baptist Home Mission. I am glad and grateful for what has been accomplished ; but I think I hear a voice saying, “The Lord is able to give thee much more than this.”

My Debts are Paid.

IN the churchyard of Coggeshall, Essex, there is said to be on a tombstone the words,

“Lord, thy grace is free ;
Why not for me ?”

As the party died greatly in debt, his creditors managed to get the following profane lines added.

“And the Lord answered and said,
‘Because thy debts a’n’t paid.’”

This is not fair reasoning if grace is free. But it assuredly does not in the least apply to the man who believes in Jesus, for his debts are paid in the highest and most emphatic sense. Hence he is not to be dismayed, even when he remembers how great a debtor he has been to the justice of God. Thus we get honey from a nettle.—C. H. S.



Surrey Gardens Memorial Hall.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

A SHORT time ago I penned an article upon my preaching in the Music Hall, Surrey Gardens, and mentioned the fact that a project had been set on foot to commemorate the years of my labour in that place. That prospect is now fairly upon the way to accomplishment. This is no fancy scheme, or egotistical device. There is great need for the Mission Hall and Schools which we are about to erect. It is no speculation as to whether children can be gathered; for we have the children at this present time, and as they are meeting in the uncomfortable rooms of a London School Board building, they and their teachers are very anxious to get into a home of their own. Perseveringly the teachers have kept their youthful flock together for many years, and they deserve to have a permanent fold. Formerly they met in the Lecture Hall of the Carter Street Institution; but this was bought over their heads, and they had to turn out. I do not think that there is a single Nonconformist meeting-house in the parish; for those which were formerly existent, have, by degrees, been bought up by those who think

such places an injury to the religious unity of a district; or they have died out from sheer exhaustion. The dwellers in that region who are Dissenters go out of the parish to worship; but they are by no means a small company. Even our own members make a considerable band. It is high time that the Tabernacle workers had a permanent footing in this region, that they may help the minister of the Establishment in his spiritual oversight of so many souls; and may also labour with their many fellow-members who are dwelling near the site of the glorious gatherings of years gone by.

I am now able to give my readers a drawing of the elevation of the proposed Memorial. It promises well. The fore-front is kept down because the local authorities will not allow the main building to be brought forward. This room, on the ground-floor, will make a very useful school for the infants. The rest of the building is admirably adapted for Sunday-school and evangelistic purposes. Mr. Higgs, one of my beloved deacons, has, in the most generous manner, pledged himself to hand over the building and the freehold land for £3,000. Thus, I know the extent of the need; and having placed the entire work in the hands of one who takes the utmost interest in it, and can in all things be relied upon, I shall escape all the numberless worries which take so much out of a man who needs all his energy for more spiritual business. The place will be a worthy memorial of work done, and a valuable sphere for work still to be carried on. It will be cheap and substantial, simple and handsome; and being upon freehold ground, will be likely to abide so long as the present dispensation continues. Worked by earnest spirits, we may hope to see children and adults gathered to hear the Word of the Lord, thus adding another to the many institutions which now surround our church as the tents of the tribes surrounded the Tabernacle in the wilderness. May the Lord, who has smiled upon the effort to build it, give further tokens of his good pleasure as it advances from stage to stage, and may he make the house, in years to come, a house of mercy both to young and old!

In the Music Hall so many found the Saviour, that if they were all to aid the memorial, we should have a surplus. Some from remote places have already forwarded their share. All classes heard the Word in the great Hall—from the prime minister downwards. At no time have so many of the aristocracy made acquaintance with Nonconformist worship. As for the multitude, they were always there in force; and these, not only from the religious section of society, but largely from those who never went to public worship. The reading of newspapers before the commencement of service, though in itself objectionable enough, was the proof that those were present for whom the services were designed. The additions to the church were very numerous, and they were mainly from that stratum of society which is not touched by ordinary religious services. Though the Hall is so swept away that not a wreck remains, it will never cease to hold a place in the memory of those to whom it was their spiritual birth-place, and they are very many. Some of them, on reading this paper, will feel pleasure in sending their quota. No event connected with the religious movement connected with C. H. Spurgeon better deserves commemoration than the sojourn of the church among the wild beasts and the players on instruments. Without

again alluding to the painful point of interest which arose out of the terrible accident, the happy side of that wonderful period should never be forgotten.

Very curious is the story of the Surrey Gardens. Everybody has heard of the elephant and other animals which were to be seen at Exeter Change, near Waterloo Bridge. Mr. Cross, the proprietor of that exhibition, removed his menagerie in 1831 to the Surrey Gardens, where he had a lake of three and a half acres, and pleasant walks and lawns. There were fountains, and caves, and summer-houses, and all the paraphernalia of public gardens—such as are represented in our wood-cuts. To gather the crowd, there were exhibitions of fireworks



TERRACE IN THE ROYAL SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

in the evening. In Dr. Montgomery's "History of Kennington," we read: "Perhaps the most remarkable fact for temperance folk is, that the proprietors of the gardens never made application for a license to sell drink. It was started and made a success without the sale of intoxicants. This is a noteworthy fact. I do not know what happened in later years, but during the time of Mr. Cross, up to 1844, no license was ever applied for. The hours kept were early. At the latest, in the middle of summer, the gardens closed at 10 p.m., and in the autumn at 7 p.m. Our Queen, when she was quite a little girl, came here with the Duchess of Kent, and was shown over the gardens by Mr. Warwick."

When I first came to London, the Zoological Gardens were a very respectable and quiet resort; but few persons availed themselves of them.



The age which could be content with quiet amusements, free from loose associations, was passing away and giving place to a generation which looked for more flavour in their recreation. Yet under the auspices of M. Jullien, the monster concerts in

the vast hall, which was soon built, were far superior to the staple of the attractions provided in these days; but when he left it, and the place was opened by ticket on the Sunday, I felt that it was time to be gone also. The Sunday before the gardens were opened to the public on the Lord's-day, we cleared out of the place, and with our occupancy there departed from the company its chief source of revenue. Its downward way to ruin was rapid enough from that hour: both morally and financially

it sank hopelessly.

In the providence of God the great hall was ready exactly when it was needed, and it was available for use just as long as it was required. The rent paid for its occupation during the morning only was a respectable item in its accounts; but Sunday takings were preferred to this sure income. We, that is, preacher and people, are bound to commemorate the kind providence which found us such a shelter at a time when we could not otherwise have obtained one for ourselves. We are further bound to acknowledge that in the Gardens our numbers increased till the hundreds gave place to thousands upon the church roll. The sum needed for the Memorial building is £3,000, and I have as yet only £1,700 of the amount. This, however, is a cheering portion. It will be most encouraging to my heart if friends will take the matter up warmly, and at once carry it through. Bearing so many burdens from having to conduct other works, and from opposition to my public testimony, I claim, in my Master's name, to be relieved, in this instance, by the loving and spontaneous generosity of those who are with me in faith and service.

of the text: "*Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.*"

If, therefore, we trust in ourselves, in our resolves, our decision, our anything, we lean on a broken reed; we have no evidence that we shall persevere. There is depravity enough in our hearts to sink us to hell, if left to ourselves. Our trust must be in God, and in his promises, which have been sealed with the blood of his dear Son.

"The oath and promise of the Lord,
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performing the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.
Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise."

Peace in Death.

A BENGALI TRACT, TRANSLATED BY ROBERT SPURGEON.

MANY have enjoyed great peace at the time of death. During life they were not distressed at the thought of dying, and they left this world filled with hope, and happy in mind. Among them are Brahmins, Sudras, and Mussulmans; but all had taken refuge in Jesus Christ. I will give some instances.

First, I mention a Brahmin. His name was Koilas Chondro Mookerjea. He accepted Christ while a student in Dr. Duff's school. At the age of twenty-four he was attacked by a fatal disease. When he knew he must soon die, he was filled with heavenly hope and joy, and cried, "I am so happy! My mind is at perfect peace. My sickness is over now. I am altogether glad." A friend asked Koilas, "How is it you enjoy such peace?" and he replied, "This agony I am suffering is the Lord's will. If I recover, he will be glorified; and if I die, I know for certain the Lord Jesus will give me a place at his feet." This was the root of his peace: he knew God was his Father, and that he did all for his good; that Jesus was his Saviour, and that the blood of Jesus had removed his sins.

Dorshi, another believer, said at death, "I have found the Saviour with much difficulty. How far I wandered for happiness! At last I found the Lord Jesus Christ; and, leaving all, I took refuge in him." One of the first Christians in Bengal said, when dying, "Life is good; but death is better. My soul is always joyful. Peace! Peace!! I enjoy such peace, now." Another, named Nondo Kishor, said, "I do not fear because I am dying. I am ready to die. I am a great sinner; but the blood of Jesus has washed my sins away. Peace reigns in my heart. Jesus died for me." He who knows his sins are forgiven has no fear of death. That terrible enemy is turned into a friend. Death is the door-keeper that opens to let him into his Father's house.

There was another named Krishna Das, who said, "I am well. I am going to my Father's house. Blessed be the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners! Blessed is he!" The first Bengali Christian,

baptized by Dr. Carey, Krishna Pál, was asked on his death-bed, "Brother Krishna, do you love the Lord?" He answered, "Yes, but he loves me far more than I can love him."

Soojat Ali was born a Mahomedan. He became a believer in 1824, and departed to the other world in 1865. He served the Lord faithfully all these years. Hindus, Mussulmans, and Christians all respected him. When he was dying a friend said to him, "Is Jesus near?" "Brother," he replied, "the Lord has promised to be with his people at such a time as this. He is faithful: he is here." His last words were, "The door of heaven has opened to receive me."

Not only men, but women and children also enjoy peace in death through the Lord Jesus. "On whom is your hope?" was asked of an old woman, and she replied, "I am a great sinner; but the Lord Jesus is my hope." Afterwards she said to her son, "Why do you grieve for me? I have no grief. Look to Christ. Did he not suffer for us?"

Simon, an orphan seven years of age, died. A preacher said, "Simon, are you afraid?" and he answered, "No, I am going home. What is there to fear?" "Where is your home?" was asked. Lifting his hand, he said, "Look, there is my Father's house!" "Are you a sinner?" "Yes," he replied, "I know I am; but my Father sent his only Son to die for sinners. He is calling me. What have I to fear?"

Jooma was an orphan girl five years old. She died happy, saying, "Jesus will save me! Jesus will save me!" Hemangini was another, and on her dying bed she said, "Victory! Victory to the name of Jesus! All of you say it—Victory to the name of Jesus!"

The Way will be cleared as we go.

THE driver of the tramcar through the streets of our city starts with his car upon a line which runs continuously to his journey's end. If he goes on straight ahead he will surely come to the destined place. Should he be able to see all the route at once, he would observe many coal-waggons, furniture-vans, timber-carriages, brewers'-drays, and the like, blocking up his road along the rails, and he might mournfully ask, "How can I move all these?" But he takes no such lengthened view, and asks no such useless question. As he moves along, all sorts of obstructive traffic gives way before him: even the van demons yield him the road. When one of them is a little slow in getting out of the way, our driver blows his whistle; and after two or three shrill appeals, the obstinate vehicle retires. As the rails run all the way, so does the car.

Just so we are on the rails of eternal life. Between us and heaven there are a thousand obstructions, and, if we think of them all, we may well be fearful; but they will one and all disappear as we come to them. If they should seem likely to bar our progress, we must sound the whistle of prayer, and in due season they will turn aside, and leave us a clear road along the lines of covenant grace. Therefore go ahead, and fear no impediment; for the line is laid, and we have a legal right to travel along it, and none may lawfully hinder us.

This is what I learned from the driver of the tramcar.—C. H. S.

“Peace, be Still.”

Mark iv. 39.

AS spake the gracious Master
 When fiercely raged the sea,
 So speaks he now, O brother,
 In loving sympathy!
 Above each storm which threatens
 To work thee deadly ill,
 He stands, and, ever faithful,
 Repeats his—“Peace, be still.”

Oh! thou may'st think he cares not;
 The troubled heart may quail;
 And doubts, in rank abundance,
 The trembling faith assail:
 But goodness never failing,
 Its purpose shall fulfil,
 And surging cares and trials
 Shall hear his—“Peace, be still.”

Each storm yields him submission;
 Each gale heeds his behest;
 The lightnings and the thunders
 Just do what he deems best;
 Foam-crested waves pay homage
 To his almighty will,
 And bow in lowly meekness
 Before his—“Peace, be still.”

Think less upon the billows,
 Though fearful in thy sight;
 Think more upon his presence,
 And his commanding might.
 The tumult of the tempest
 Erewhile shall feel the thrill
 Of Jesu's voice, as sweetly
 He breathes his—“Peace, be still.”

And soon more clearly reading
 His vast, unchanging love,
 To thee shall come blest foretaste
 Of perfect calm above;
 Where, safe within the haven,
 Through Jesus' matchless skill,
 No storms shall ever fright thee,
 Nor need his—“Peace, be still.”

J. A. GRIFFIN, Charles Street, Camberwell.

A Tribute to Mr. Croker, late Elder at the Tabernacle.

BY H. RYLANDS BROWN, DARJEELING.

WE have just read of the death of one to whom, under God, we owe much. Nearly thirty years ago he had charge of a boys' Bible-class at the Metropolitan Tabernacle; and, at one time, two-thirds of its sixty or seventy members were converted. Out of these, twelve or more are in the ministry in different parts of the world. Never were boys more attached to a teacher, or more deeply impressed by his words. What was the secret of it all? He was a man of expectant faith in God, and a great believer in prayer. On Saturday evenings many of the boys used to meet for prayer; and what meetings they were! Sometimes the teacher joined them, and he would say, "Don't be afraid to pray, boys. Just ask God for what you want; and if you break down, *he* won't mind, and we won't mind, for somebody else will take it up." Boys did break down, sobbing over their sins, and then other boys would pour out their hearts in true sympathy for their distressed companions. Unconverted members of the class were prayed for by name. One Sunday afternoon the Spirit of God came upon us in power, and we prayed (for sometimes the usual class was turned into a prayer-meeting) that a certain boy might be saved that week, that we might have to praise God for his conversion at our meeting on the next Sunday; and it was even as we prayed. We often long again to experience in as realizing a sense that "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."



On Sundays our leader—teacher is hardly the right word—would say, "Now, boys, what shall we do this afternoon? We cannot do better than go again to Calvary, can we?" And then he would, as simply as possible, go over the story of Gethsemane, and all that led up to the triumphant cry of, "It is finished!" Jesus Christ was openly set forth, crucified before our eyes. We were made to feel as if we were present at the different scenes described, and then he would say, "Now, boys, Jesus gave himself for your sins, and he just wants you to come and trust him. Harry, you have found it a good thing to trust him, haven't you? What do you say, Alfred?" Thus he cheered us on to receive Jesus and eternal life; but there was no mincing the matter that the rejection of Jesus meant everlasting punishment. At the morning class he would often say, "Let us have the thirty-fourth Psalm again," or perhaps it would be the eighth of Romans. We boys revelled in that chapter.

Though we delighted in the stories of Jonah, and Daniel, and David, and Joseph, they did not stir our souls as that doctrinal chapter did. Looking back, it seems wonderful that it was so, and only proves that the Spirit of God was working powerfully amongst us in these days. Those who were converted were urged to seek the immediate conversion of others. The writer remembers having it laid upon his heart to seek the conversion of a class-fellow; and after much prayer a letter was written, and tremblingly handed to him on a Sunday afternoon, with the request that he would read it when he got home. Some years afterwards, when on a holiday at Rye, in Sussex, we strolled into a Baptist Chapel where a Recognition Service was being held. The new pastor gave an account of his conversion, in which he described the receiving of that letter, and expressed himself as pleasantly surprised at seeing the writer in the audience. He did not wait till he got home to read it. It was blessed of God to the salvation of his soul, and he has now been for years preaching in America the same truths which wrought so gloriously among the boys.

The above affords a glimpse of one fruitful branch of the great tree of C. H. Spurgeon's work.

[C. H. S. himself would add that he counts it a great pleasure to have had the aid of the happy old gentleman whom Mr. Brown has spoken of. He did glorious service for years in the Sabbath-school, and afterwards as an elder of the church. It was not so much his knowledge as his knack, his spirit, his faith, his cheerful earnestness. For a long time he was a singular power with boys and lads; and we hardly remember his equal in that direction. We are glad to put his likeness in the portrait gallery of *The Sword and the Trowel*.]

Beware of the "Obus" of the Old Man.

THE following incident illustrates how careful we should be in our daily life, for as the man spoken of below was unconscious of danger, but none the less in danger, so there are lurking around and within us hidden forms of evil which will do us damage:—

"A terrible reminder of the siege of Paris was inflicted upon an unfortunate man, named J— P—, a working mason, aged forty-three years. He was at work on levelling a building, when, all of a sudden, his trowel struck an obus, which exploded, and the wretched man's left hand was blown clean off. Having first of all had the mutilated limb attended to at a neighbouring chemist's, the wounded man was conveyed to the Labroisère Hospital."

That "obus" is very much like the evil in our sinful nature, which, when touched with the trowel of sudden temptation, often explodes in the fiery temper, angry word, unkind action, and un-Christlike spirit; then our joy and peace are scattered, and they are not restored till we have gone to our divine Physician, confessed our sin (1 John i. 9), and asked for the restoration of the joy of his salvation (Ps. li. 12).

F. E. MARSH.

A finger-mark in my Bible.

BY W. Y. FULLERTON.

THE Bible in which the finger-mark occurs bears date 1875, and is the successor to the dear old torn one which ministered to me the Word of Life when first I knew the Lord. That was given to me by my mother, now in glory, and has many memories of personal blessing associated with it. This became mine when I first came to London, by the more prosaic method of purchase; and, though many a verse glows with the halo of the Living Presence which in the secret chamber has surrounded it, as by the Spirit it has been applied in power to my soul, it has been most used during these fifteen years as a guide to other souls entering the kingdom of God. How many have received the Truth from its pages I dare not say, nor have I any desire to know. But some passages have been pointed to so often, that underneath them there is a brown circular patch, almost obscuring the following verses. If any one desires to know the texts most used to lead people to Christ, these finger-marks, and their varying tints, would, perhaps, not be a bad guide.

The finger-marks speak of constant use. A well-thumbed Bible is a great criterion of character; the edges of the leaves, mellowing like ripening fruit, and taking a faint sepia colour, are a sure sign of much Scripture searching. Some tobacco smokers take a great pride in colouring their meerschaum pipes. It would be well if Christians paid as much attention to the colouring of their Bibles. To deliberately deface God's Word is shocking; but this thumb and finger marking, by diligent study, is quite another thing.

When directing seekers to Christ, there is nothing like using the very words of God. To argue, and entreat, and illustrate is good; but simply to let the Truth, by the Spirit, do its own work, is better. To quote Scripture is necessary, but to show the Word when you quote it is more convincing; for then you assault two gates of the citadel at once, and the sight helps the sound. What confidence in God's Word it gives when you see the simple truth entering the anxious heart, and bringing peace! See it, I say; for sometimes, if your vision is spiritually cleared, you can trace the inmost workings of the soul; and even in the face of the seeker can see the change as the entrance of the Word gives light. And how many times the verses that are finger-marked have thus been used! For that reason I value these blurs in my Bible more than the soldier values his Victoria cross.

But the finger-marks also speak of a dirty finger. Thus, even our holiest things are defiled. Were the finger spotlessly clean, it might touch the page a thousand times and leave it unspotted. How great the grace that permits such a finger to point to Christ; and chooses sinful men, not sinless seraphs, to win the wandering back to God!

The soiled finger speaks, too, of work in a dirty world. Many a filthy hand the Christian worker must grasp if he wishes to touch the still filthier heart. Then, pointing to his Bible, he transfers the defilement to its pages. But it is much nobler to have the defiled finger and marked page than the dainty, unsoiled hand which never touches the

world's evil, and the costly, unused Bible, which has never helped to take any of it away.

These finger-marks, then, are the hieroglyphs of many a spiritual history : the angels have been glad over them ; and, in the hope that a brief record of some events in connection with one of them may be of service to other seekers, these sentences are written.

It was once my happiness, in Dundee, to preach from the same Bible that McCheyne used. After the service I was curious enough to examine it, to discover where it had been used the most. Many parts were quite clean, but in the Song of Solomon the pages were worn and browned. The book bore unmistakable testimony that here was the choicest pasture for one of the Lord's sheep, so early taken to the fairer fields above. It was fitting that the chief marks in that pastor's Bible should be where it speaks of the footsteps of the flock ; but in this evangelist's Bible, of which I speak, the broadest and the deepest-tinted mark is under the thirty-seventh verse of the sixth chapter of the gospel according to John : " Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

It has been my wonderful privilege to see hundreds helped by these words. Selecting some typical cases, and combining various conversations, the following is the general outline of its application :—

Nothing needs more discretion than individual dealing with men on spiritual topics ; and it requires the utmost care that we may co-operate with God's Spirit, and work along the line of truth that he has chosen to use in the particular case. It would be great folly to speak to careless people with words of assurance ; but when real anxiety is apparent, when the soul has seen its sin, and knows its need of Jesus, this method often succeeds in cutting the knot which they have long laboured to untie. Sitting down beside the enquirer, the first question generally will be—

"What is your difficulty?"

"I really do not know ; but I want to be saved," is usually the substance of the reply.

"Is there anything you are unwilling to give up?"

"I don't think there is," will be the answer of timid souls.

"But is there anything you know of?"

"No ; I would give anything to be a Christian."

"You know Christ died for sinners?"

"Oh, yes ; I believe that."

"Do you believe he is able to save you?"

"I am sure he is."

"And do you think he is willing?"

"I have no doubt about that," is frequently the answer ; though sometimes the perplexed heart will begin to question it, and then it is necessary to show the many proofs of his willingness. His death ; his gospel ; his goodness in sparing the seeker's life while others have been cut off ; the special offer of salvation at that time ; the anxiety aroused in the heart ; and many other reasons.

"Then you believe Christ is able and willing to save you?"

"Yes."

"And do you believe he is here?"

"I don't know."

"Look at this : 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them' (Matthew xviii. 20). There are, at least, two of us here, and perhaps more. Is that true?"

"Ye-e-e-s."

"Then the facts of the case are these : you are here, and Christ is here ; you are willing, and so is he. You are both here, and both willing. There need not be much difficulty in settling the matter ; for when two persons able and willing to settle anything get together, there is nothing to hinder, is there?"

"No."

"Then, as you are here and Christ is here, as you are willing and Christ is willing, as you want to be his, and he wants you to be his, will you now give yourself to him?"

We have now reached the first critical step, and here the earliest real difference shows itself. Some jump up at the last question, like a fish at a hook, and yield on the moment ; and their glad, decided "I WILL!" rings with a tone of assurance. In these cases but little more need be said. But, generally, to the question, "Will you now give yourself to him?" the answer is—

"I don't know how."

"But are you willing, if you knew how?"

"Indeed, I am."

With the second verse of the fourteenth of Hosea as a warrant—"Take with you words"—it is well not to stop to argue or explain. Great wisdom is necessary, but the direct way is to supply the words, as is generally done, and continue, "Then, will you tell the Lord Jesus you are willing?"

"How?"

"Say it with me."

"Lord Jesus, I am willing to be thine." Say it.

"Lord Jesus, I am willing to be thine," comes the trembling response.

"I want to give myself to thee," I dictate.

"I want to give myself to thee," is the continued prayer.

"I do give myself to thee," I say, and wait to see whether the soul will cross this barrier. In nine cases out of ten it does, and the worker's gladdened heart beats quicker when the seeker says—

"I do give myself to thee."

"Take me!"

"Take me!"

"Save me!"

"Save me!"

"Keep me!"

"Keep me!"

"And use me!"

"And use me!" Amen. Amen.

Ready-made prayers are generally bonds instead of helps ; but this prayer must have been God-given, for its very simplicity has helped scores of souls in their difficulties. And is it not all the enquirer can need?

"LORD JESUS, I DO GIVE MYSELF TO THEE. TAKE ME. SAVE ME. KEEP ME. AND USE ME. AMEN."

Let me pause, and ask the reader whether he can pray it ?

"Did you mean that ?" is generally the next question.

"Yes, as far as I know."

"Well, of course, the Lord does not desire you to mean it any further. But were you in earnest ? You did not mean to mock God ?"

"Oh, no ! I really meant it," is the emphatic reply called forth, when the soul is in earnest, by the thought of mocking God.

"And does Christ mean this ?"—pointing to it—"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

"Yes, of course he does."

"And has he cast you out ?"

Here, sometimes, the worker is given pause. This is the second critical step, and happy the earnest soul that can take it, as many do, saying, "No, he has not. Oh, I see it all now ! He has not cast me out." But if a clear answer is not forthcoming, it is necessary to retrace our way somewhat. If, for instance, the reply be, as it is now and then, "No, he has never cast me out ; all my life he has been good to me" ; the person must be drawn up short with some question like, "But what about to-night ? Has he cast you out to-night ?" And if doubt still lingers, then the man must be reminded that Christ is quite as earnest as he is ; that if he means what he says, Christ means what Christ says ; and again the question—

"Has Christ cast you out now ?"

"No. He says he has not."

"And he has kept his word ?"

"Ye-e-s."

"And you believe it ?"

"Yes."

"Then he has not cast you out ?"

"No."

"What, then, has he done ?"

We have now reached the third step, and varying answers are given. Some will say, "He has died for me." Others, "He has shown me my sin" ; but the spiritually intelligent will, at once, see the only possible alternative. As, however, it is a keen hunt after a soul, which has many hiding places, every outlet must be stopped : so if the answer to the question, "What, then, has he done ?" is

"I don't know,"

I continue, "Suppose I were to come to your door to-morrow, would you shut the door in my face ?"

"No, you may be sure I wouldn't."

"If you didn't shut me out, what would you do ?"

"I would ask you in."

"And if Christ does not shut you out now, what does he do ?"

"He takes me in," is the usual answer ; but some say, "He receives me," or, "He saves me," both of which are blessedly true.

On one occasion we had an organist who had no sympathy with our meetings, and tried to hinder rather than help the singing ; but, as we knew he would not be at the meetings at all if he were not there to play, we took no notice of his bad manners. And continually coming,

he was touched, until one afternoon he came into the vestry, sobbing like a child, and desiring to be Christ's.

Falling on his knees, he asked what he should say, and, at our suggestion, he used the simple words already written. Then, when I asked him my usual question, he gave a very quaint answer. "Do you think Christ has cast you out?" "No." "What has he done?" "I think he must have cast me in?" and beaming with joy, he went away.

"Then, if Christ takes you in, you are not outside?"

"No."

"And where, then?"

"Inside."

"Then you will take God at his word?"

"Yes."

"And remember, it is written, 'If any man enter in he shall be saved' (John x. 9). Are you saved?"

We have now reached the fourth step, and many, very many have thus entered into assurance here; but suddenly the eager hope of the worker is sometimes shattered: a new difficulty turns up; for it really seems as if the devil himself is at hand to suggest objections; contradicting all that has gone before, the anxious one says:

"But I don't feel it."

"If Christ says it, whether you feel it or not, it is true, is it not?"

"I suppose so."

"Then you are not certain. Surely, you don't think that Christ has broken his word? He has never broken it, up till this moment, and I do not think he has done so now."

"No, I don't think he has broken it."

"Then, he has done what he said he would do?"

"I hope so; but I don't feel it."

"But why are you not sure? Now, suppose Christ were here in body, and said, 'I have received you,' would you believe him?"

"Yes."

"Even if you did not feel any difference?"

"Yes."

"Well, Christ *is* here, and this is his word. You know, what I *write* is even more binding, if possible, than what I *say*; and this is what Christ has written. Will you not take him at his word?"

"But I want to feel it."

"You never can feel any joy until you know you are in the kingdom, and you can only know that by the Word of God. Christ knows most about it—more than any one in the universe—and if he says so, you may be quite content to believe it, without any feeling. If Christ says I am saved, I don't care if all the men on earth, and the angels in heaven, and the devils in hell, say I am not saved. I will believe Christ, in spite of them all, won't you?"

"I should like to."

"Well, Christ takes all you give. If you yield to him body, soul, and spirit, he receives you body, soul, and spirit. And he takes all you give the moment you give it. The first thing is to make sure you give yourself to Christ; the second thing is that he takes you for time and eternity. And if you are sure about the first, you may be just as sure

of the second. Besides, he, at last, is to be the Judge ; and you may well receive his word, when he gives you a verdict of acquittal before you come to the bar. He says he has not cast you out if you have come to him."

"I know he does not cast others out; but perhaps there is something in me."

"Please do not imagine there is any reason why he should break his word in your case more than in any other. In fact, he meets your objection before you make it. Had he only said, 'Him that cometh to me, I will receive,' you might have thought that perhaps he would not receive you; but now he answers the rising doubt in your mind before you express it, and says, 'I will in no wise cast you out.' In no wise—neither this way nor that way; in no ways. Is not that enough?"

"But, perhaps, I have not really come."

"That, of course, you must determine; but if you gave yourself to Christ, as you said, you have come. Before I could speak with you I had to come to you; and before you could thus speak to Christ, must you not have come to him?"

"But, perhaps, I am not one of the elect. It says, 'All that the Father giveth shall come.' How may I know I am one of those whom the Father gives to Christ?"

"It would be easy enough if you read the verse backwards. First come, and take Christ at his word, that he receives you. Then, as you have come already, you may be sure you have been given to Christ of the Father, for those thus given have this mark, '*they come*.' You have come, therefore you must be amongst the number."

"Yes, I see that, and I do come; but surely, I must feel a difference."

Thus the soul doubles in on itself again, and expects to find some realization of the change; some evidence in itself that it is accepted, instead of simply taking Christ at his word. This is no uncommon experience, and the following simple illustration has in these cases been most useful:—

"But surely, I must feel a difference."

"Suppose that gas went out, where would you be?"

"In the dark," is the usually smiling answer; and the very act of smiling does good.

"Yes, but in what room would you be? Upstairs?"

"No, I should be here, just where I am."

"You are quite sure?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then the gas going out would not put you out?"

"No."

"And the gas being lighted would not bring you in."

"Certainly not, I must come in."

"Then, if you come in, you are as really in the room, whether the gas burns or not? Whether it is dark or light, you are in the room?"

"Most certainly."

"Now, the gaslight is like your feelings, and while it is much pleasanter to have the light burning when you are here, you are just as much here whether it burns or not; so it is much more satisfactory to have happiness when you are in Christ; but if you come to Christ, you

are as much in him when your happiness fades, as when it shines brightly. Do you see ? ”

“ Yes, it is clearer. ”

“ As your coming into this room, and the gas burning, are perfectly independent of each other, so are your safety and your happiness. As the gas might be alight, and yet you might not be in the room, you might feel happy and yet not be in Christ. And as you might be in the room, and yet the gas might not be alight, you might be in Christ’s kingdom, and not have a scrap of emotion. So we come back to the fact that if you have given yourself to Christ, you are his, whether you feel it or not. ”

“ Yes ; he says so, but I don’t feel it. ”

“ If he says so, it is true, is it not ? ”

“ It must be. ”

“ Will you take him at his word absolutely ? ”

“ I will. ”

“ Now, that is good. The Lord may have been keeping back any joyful feelings, in order that you may trust his naked word ; and his word can never be broken. Besides, to be saved is much more than merely to be happy. And you can thank God that you are really inside his house, even if only yet in the dark corner. You will soon be brought into the lighted rooms. ”

“ Are you inside his house ? ”

“ Yes, I am, ” is now the emphatic answer.

“ How do you know ? ”

“ Because he says so, and I believe him. ”

“ In fact, you take him at his word ? ”

“ I do. ”

“ Then Christ has not cast you out to-night ? ”

“ No, he has not, I am sure. ”

“ When will he cast you out ? ”

This is a distinct fifth step in the ascent. A few answer at once to this, “ Never ” ; but the general reply is, “ He will cast me out when I cease to trust him ” ; or, “ When I do anything wrong. ” A great deal depends on the previous teaching they may have received. Should there be any doubt about it, some other Scriptures, such as John x. 28, have to be consulted ; but in most cases the text-with-the-finger-mark suffices.

“ ‘ He will in no wise cast you out ’ : that means, he will never cast you out. Will you not trust him to keep you, as well as to save you ? ”

“ Then am I safe for ever ? ”

“ Doesn’t he say so ? ”

“ He does. Oh, how wonderful ! ”

“ Will you thank him ? ”

“ I will. ”

“ Do it now. ”

Here comes the sixth step, the initial act of confession ; and frequently there is much hesitation. Sometimes the timid ones praise silently ; but as “ confession with the mouth ” is a condition of salvation, it is always our earnest aim to get the tongue loosed as quickly as possible, and a little pleading generally prevails. “ Say it aloud. ” Still there is

silence. Then let us both thank him together, for he has accepted me as well as you.

"Lord Jesus, I thank thee."

"Lord Jesus, I thank thee."

"What for?" is the query; and as the prayer of thanksgiving is begun, it is almost always finished. Many times the tears have flowed as I have listened to these simple, and often stumbling, utterances of praise, so artless and sincere. The question, "What for?" opens up a whole vista of mercies; and while some only are able to say, "Because thou hast not cast me out," or "Because thou hast received me"; others pour out their hearts before God, and thank him for bringing them to the meeting; for that song that touched their heart, or the spoken word; for the invitation of a friend, or the word in the ear in the enquiry-room. These things are almost too sacred to speak of; these prayers are like a draught of new wine, and nothing refreshes the weary preacher so much. Often and often, after personal thanks, the eager request is made, "O Lord, save my brother," or, "Save my husband," or, "Save my mother." The new life early manifests itself in the desire for the salvation of friends, and would continue thus to manifest itself if it were not stifled, as, alas! it too often is. Once I remember speaking to a German lady, who spoke English fairly well, and this finger-marked verse seemed the most appropriate one for her, as it is the foundation of my own assurance. We had conversed freely in English, but when we came to thank the Lord for his grace in accepting her, she looked up and said, "I cannot thank him except in German." "Well," I said, "say the German aloud." And in the midst of a group of four or five weeping friends, and in a voice full of the music of tears the words were uttered: "O Herrn Jesum, ich danke Dir dasz Du mich genommen hast."

But sometimes, even now, there is a lingering doubt: we are all so apt to be discontented, unless we have a great sensation of joy in our breast. So, when there seems no hope of directing such seekers into a fuller assurance, and already they believe Christ's witness, though waiting for further feeling, I now and then startle them with the request that they would meet me again the next night, and that, meantime, I would take it as a favour if they would promise me not to pray.

"Promise you not to pray!! What for?"

"Spend the time in praising, instead."

"I don't quite understand."

"Well, do not ask Christ to accept you, but keep praising him because he has not cast you out. Will you?"

"If you wish it."

And though it is taking a certain amount of responsibility and needs much judiciousness, yet sometimes I do wish it; and the soul, in praising Christ, the sooner turns the eye away from self with all its failure, to Christ with all his faithfulness. Several times people have kept their appointment next night, and with smiling faces declared themselves satisfied with Christ. As indeed they well may be. Oh! is he not lovely? Only a few nights ago I asked a lady not to ask Christ to take her; and though she was not satisfied with her experience, her quick answer was, "No, because he has already done it."

And yet, though she had been attending that place of worship for years, she had never grasped that simple truth before.

As a further test of genuineness a favourite question is, "Suppose they asked you outside, whether or not you were a Christian, what would you say?"

"I would say, yes."

"And suppose they asked you how you knew you belonged to Christ, what would you say?"

Those who are quite clear on the line of truth we have been following, will at once give answer, "Because I have given myself to him, he says he has received me, and I take him at his word." If there is still a mist of unbelief, the enquirer nearly always stumbles here.

"And suppose the devil comes to you to-morrow, as he probably will, and tells you that it is all nonsense, and that you are not a Christian, what then?"

This is the seventh and final step, and those who can take it bid well to live an intelligent and unhampered Christian life. "What then?" some say, "I would pray"; which, while good, is doubtful. Others say "I would tell him to go away"; which may mean little or much; but the most triumphant answer is, "I would not believe him, for Jesus says he has not cast me out."

"Right; and that word will be the same to-morrow as it is to-day. It can never change, and building on it, your salvation is always sure. See now, how much better it is to lean on this word than on your own feelings! If you had felt happy, and trusted your happiness, perhaps to-morrow it would have disappeared (for you cannot feel as happy when you have a headache as when you are free from it); where then would your salvation have been? But now, whatever you feel, the foundation of God standeth sure, and you may always be certain that you are Christ's, because his word does not alter with your changing feelings."

"And suppose I ever begin to doubt, what shall I do?"

"If you ever doubt whether you are a saint, you never, never can deny you are a sinner. So as a sinner, give yourself to Christ the moment the doubt comes. Then you can say, 'Whether I was a Christian before or not, I take Christ at his word now,' and all will be clear. And if unbelief again rises, go to Christ a third time, yea, twenty times, and assure yourself fully by simply believing his Word, 'HIM THAT COMETH TO ME I WILL IN NO WISE CAST OUT.'"

Thus the seeking soul reaches the light of God's face by these seven simple steps; and often I give them my own witness, that all the hope of heaven I possess is this—I am a sinner. I have given myself to Christ. He has not cast me out. And since a thing cannot be in two places at one time, if I am not cast out I must be inside. And at last when I reach the pearly gate, the promise will again be true. I shall not be cast out, but through the open portal shall enter into the bliss of glory.

Much more might be added, and many phases of truth are here unnoticed; but this is a record, not of what *might* be said, but what *has* been said, with marvellous result, many times; and while this whole conversation was never spoken to any one individual, it has all been spoken often, at various times, to different persons. May some of it, by God's Spirit, be applied to the reader's heart!

The Gospel at Goodwood Races.

AT the end of last July, one of the London open-air preachers who volunteered to do service at Goodwood races was Mr. Henry Simmonds, to whom Londoners are indebted for an excellent volume on the antiquities of Battersea. Mr. Simmonds belongs to the band of London City Missionaries, and he is an experienced veteran as regards Christian work on the racecourse. We have ourselves encountered him at Epsom in the days preceding the Derby day; and, altogether, he is one of the best known of the preachers who constitute the Open-air Mission.

Goodwood Races, which come off at the end of every July in the park of the Duke of Richmond, near Chichester, are considered to be the *finale* of the London season of fashion and gaiety, which, this year, has probably exceeded all former seasons as regards its waste and childish follies. Lest, however, our judgment should be suspected of being too biased, we may quote the testimony of a London daily paper, given some years ago, the writer not viewing the matter from a religious standpoint at all. He says:—"That a large number of wealthy, and, presumably, rational human beings, should live this sort of life, for month after month, is surely one of the most astonishing facts of the century. Compared with the dull vacuity of such an existence, the life of a cowboy is full of healthy excitement and honest purpose. As a rule, the unfortunate creatures who are doing 'the season' give one the impression either that they are just coming from something, or just going to something. They never seem to be enjoying the present hour, but rather to have just lost one. They are too much occupied with what is over, or with what has not yet come, to devote themselves with due concentration to the present moment."

Goodwood Races differ from some other horsy gatherings, not only on account of "a certain quietude" which is supposed to characterize them, but because, in the profane speech of the fashionable throng, "it is the end of all things." The gathering itself is one presenting many contrasts as regards social life and its customs. There the votaries of fashion seem to gather for the sake of showing their fine clothes; but there too, not far away, are ragged tramps and beggars, who seem to be thankful for bones or broken food, which butlers and waiters are glad to get rid of, as the remains of many a picnic on the grass. Thus Goodwood affords another illustration of how Dives and Lazarus fare in the world, and an indication that from peer to pauper everyone is attracted by the horse, and the dissipation which has grown up around that noble animal.

As a preacher of the gospel at races, fairs, and other great gatherings in the open-air, Mr. Simmonds can look back on an experience of over a third of a century; and the adventures of his earlier life tend to prove that open-air preachers are much better treated nowadays by the crowd than was the case in 1856. In that year, Mr. Simmonds, with several comrades, was at Reading races; and, as he tells us in a MS. account relating to that occasion, "Reginald Radcliffe, fired with zeal,

and full of the Holy Ghost, preached in his shirt-sleeves, and prayed that the Lord would make his servants like empty cans turned topsy-turvy, emptied of self, and filled with himself, that Christ might be all in all. The turfites, who had not been accustomed to such an onslaught, nor prepared to have their gambling transactions exposed, threw crackers, and other missiles, among the crowds gathered to listen, on purpose to break up the meetings." The fact also comes out that, on that occasion, "Brother Holloway had a splendid coat spoiled with flour thrown at him"; from which adventure open-air preachers in general should learn that, in such rough pioneer service, it is not at all advisable for the agents to be dressed up in their best clothes.

In connection with the work which has been done at Epsom, during the Derby week, for some thirty successive years, we do not wonder that veterans like our friend, and others, should feel somewhat aggrieved at the way in which that ground was invaded by the agents of the West London Mission. Of course, there is a wide enough opening for all, and all were welcome; but there was no reason why the arduous service of predecessors in the same field should be superciliously ignored, and the public led to infer that the work of preaching the gospel at races was being undertaken for the first time. Fancy a band of men in the service of Christ rigging themselves out in white hats, veils and gloves, so that royal visitors, fashionable hangers-on, and foul-mouthed book-makers should not mistake them for specimens of the Chadband genus! We do not undervalue their efforts, but there were earnest men in the world, and even on Epsom Downs, before these excellent gentlemen appeared upon the scene. The truth is that, for thirty years, Miss Alexander, of Epsom, has provided lodgings for a strong band of open-air preachers during the Derby week, and there has been a harvest of their toil. If the apostles of social Christianity have found out a more excellent way, they are, at all events, not the first in the field.

One of the open-air stations during the Goodwood week is the Gothic market cross at Chichester, erected by a bishop in the year 1500. It was originally intended as a cover for people coming in to market from the country; and having the main streets of the town diverging from it, it is judged by many to be an almost unique example of that class of building. From this station, short passages from Scripture, as well as brief discourses, are given. From this spot, as well as from stations on the racecourse itself, a large quantity of gospel literature is distributed; and this year this was amply supplemented by supplies of printed matter sent by the Church of England Temperance Society. Many of the little books are intended to expose the sin and folly of gambling, and of the evils which are ever mixed up with racing. Large numbers of floral cards, with texts printed on them, are also distributed.

What varied characters are to be met with in the midst of such a crowd! Here are "fallen stars" of many descriptions, if you will but look out for them; and many strange confessions may be heard. If our friend does not actually come in contact with an ex-clergyman in the character of a showman, as once happened to a preacher at Barnet fair, he speaks with one who was once associated with the cathedral, but who now has fallen into the depths. Among these the Christian worker strikes up a conversation, that he may give a word of

warning. "If you were likely to win £1,000 by backing a horse, wouldn't you bet?" "No," says another, standing by, "he would have nothing to do with it." The missionary himself adds, "I stake my all on Christ"; and so the talk goes on.

The revelations of the consequences of attending races on the part of the young and foolish are plentiful enough. A gentleman standing by mentions that a lawyer friend of his, while on the way to Goodwood, had fallen in with a gang of card-sharpers, and had lost £30 in ten minutes. Then, there were several young men who had been sanguine enough to stake their money on certain horses, in sums varying from £20 to £300, and, of course, all had been lost. Another told of a gentleman with whom he lived who had lost a great deal in a similar way. If the people who now support racing could really be made to understand the truth about it, betting on horses would soon be discouraged, or would cease. If the professional bookmakers bag the gains, as is the case, those gains must of necessity be made out of unknowing dupes. Those who advertise to give information about winners are also shameless impostors, who allure their confiding subscribers on to ruin. By the means which some of them adopt, they cannot possibly help guessing the winner in some case or other. For example, if they guess all the horses which are down to run, and send the names indiscriminately to subscribers, some will certainly receive the "tip" they wanted, but the far greater number will lose. The lotteries of foreign countries, the baits for which are widely scattered even in England, represent a still more certain method of fleecing foolish people who have no money which they can afford to lose, but who desire to grow rich without work.

The corrupting influences of what is called the Turf is seen in the character of the majority of those who make a profession of horse-racing. Among them are upright men, but many are of the lowest of the low. It may be all very well for more respectable patrons of the sport to protest against such people, and their worse than bestial tongues; but the fact remains—these professional turfites are more revolting in their talk and action than common savages might be expected to be. By dressing up, and by inviting their friends to champagne lunches, they may think to ape the ways of the fashionable world; but, as soon as they begin to speak, they betray their low extraction. Still, although some are the most foul-mouthed of men, others will listen to what is said to them, and take the gospel tracts. Many are, of course, more impatient, and refuse the offer with contempt. All alike, however, admire the boldness of those who take the gospel to them, and admit that it is better than much preaching against them. We find one visitor testifying: "There seems to be a settled conviction among the betting men that what they are doing is wrong." One remarked, on refusing a tract, "I am going to hell fast enough without that." A man who sold sham purses said, "I am a backslider. I was once a Wesleyan, but now I get my living by thieving." The Sunday evening open-air service outside the walls of Chichester will also be well attended; but what appears to be wanted is more volunteers, who, through love of the work, will enter with ardour into it. Goodwood is a promising field, both for preaching and for tract distribution.

A Modern Heroine.

LILY OLDCASTLE was a true heroine. She was made of that rare metal from which martyrs were formerly fashioned. She did not think so; for true greatness is always accompanied by humility. Lily was a heroine of a very high order—of the highest order; for she dared to suffer for Christ's sake. It is a great joy, in these days of hollow profession and lifeless formalism, to meet with one who will dare to be true to the Lord, when loved ones around persuade to the contrary, and when their friendship must be lost if Christ's love is to be retained.

Lily was left fatherless when quite young. Her mother had several other children, and she wondered, as widows often do, how she would make two ends meet, now that the bread-winner was taken away. Just at this time, a bachelor brother came to the relief of the widow, and offered to take Lily to his home, and adopt her henceforth as his own child. The mother, reluctant at first, ultimately consented to this; so Lily soon entered her new home. Lily's foster-father was a man upon whom fortune had smiled. He had a good home, and a kind heart; consequently, the orphan child soon discovered that the lines had fallen to her in pleasant places.

John Prudhoe, Esq., as Lily's uncle was called, determined that his niece should be well educated. He himself had not had a classical education, but he knew how to appreciate the greater scholastic advantages of modern times; so he sent his protégée to one of the leading educational establishments for young ladies that the north of England possessed. Lily was a sharp, ready-witted girl, and very soon became a general favourite in the school. The teachers were highly gratified with their pupil, while John Prudhoe, Esq., considered his niece to be the most clever girl he had ever met.

Mr. Prudhoe was a man whom the world seemed to love, and he loved it in return. He had been, and still was, successful in business, but money-making did not wholly engross his thoughts; he believed in the good things of this world, so he enjoyed himself to his heart's content. He had often spoken to Lily about his plans for the future. He was anxious for the time to come when she would be old enough to accompany him to those centres of amusement of which he himself was so fond. At last, Lily was introduced to the ball-room. Her uncle was enraptured with the début she made, for she was highly accomplished, both as a singer and dancer; she was also very attractive, both in manner and appearance. Mr. Prudhoe was more than satisfied with his adopted child, he was truly proud of her; he therefore took her to all kinds of entertainments, so that she might see life, as he termed it. All this was very satisfactory to a girl of a bright, vivacious disposition; therefore, everything went smoothly for some time. Lily took a class in the Sunday-school, and occasionally visited a few sick folks; she had a kind heart, and tried to do good in her own way. A special mission was held near Lily's home, and one of her friends persuaded her to accompany her to one of the services. She consented to go; and, while there, was solemnly convinced of her need of a Saviour. Until now, she had thought very little of personal salvation; she had been all her life interested in spiritual things, but suddenly she seemed to awake, as it were, out of a dream, and she longed to know how she could be conscious of personal forgiveness. She attended one or two more services, and, before the close of the mission, she was able to realize that the Lord Jesus Christ was her own precious Saviour. The once bright girl was now filled with joy and peace in believing; the change through which she passed was a great one, so great that Uncle Prudhoe could neither understand nor appreciate it. He talked about it, and ridiculed the very idea of her becoming a saint or a Methodist, as he called all those who believed in vital godliness; he thought she was quite good enough for any girl before all

this happened. He turned matters over in his mind for some time, and then decided to send his niece to friends of his in London, so that they might remove these absurd puritanical ideas that she had imbibed. Lily enjoyed the change to London, but in a short time her friends sent her back as incorrigible; for, instead of influencing her, as they intended, she sought to influence them for good; and so great a power did she exert over the household, that she was sent back to the North in a very unceremonious manner, lest she should contaminate the whole family.

Mr. Prudhoe considered that his niece was acting in a most ungrateful manner, after all the kindness he had shown her. Had he not treated her for years as his own child? Had he not studied her every wish, and given her many tokens of his affection? Was this the way she was to requite him for all the money he had spent on her behalf? He did not like it; he would not have it; he would not be trifled with any longer; he would show his authority, and thus bring his refractory niece to her senses again. The course he pursued was as follows:—Lily's pet birds were all strangled by his orders, her pet dog was shot before her eyes on the lawn, she was thwarted and opposed in numberless ways, until her life was made utterly miserable. Mr. Prudhoe discovered that even this method was not successful, so he resolved to bring matters to a climax in another way. He called Lily into his private room one day, and asked her how much longer she intended opposing him as she had been doing for some time past. Lily endeavoured to explain that she had not wished to oppose him; she had simply given her heart to the Lord, and was trying to serve him who had done so much for her. But it mattered not what she said, her uncle would receive no explanation; he told her that he was determined to have his own way. He then reminded her that he had made his will in her favour, but he would alter it if she did not change. He further said that he would give her three weeks to think matters over, and then he must know what she intended to do. Three weeks! weeks never to be forgotten by Lily! At length they came to an end, and she found herself once again under cross-examination in her uncle's room. Mr. Prudhoe was determined to settle matters; he therefore asked Lily sternly what she intended to do. What reply could she make? Wealth and affluence were within her grasp if she would only allow conscience and conviction to sleep until her uncle modified his views. Could she not serve God, and still go to the theatre and the ball-room? Could she not be a Christian on the Sunday, and enjoy herself as many others did during the week? Lily's reply came amid her tears. "I can't give up Christ, uncle. I can't deny him who died for me." Mr. Prudhoe looked upon this sudden outburst as nothing but a dogged determination on the part of his niece to persist in opposing him. He flew into a violent passion, he raved and stormed like a madman; and in his frenzy he ordered his niece from his presence, and from his house, for ever, while she persisted in her obstinacy.

Lily obeyed her uncle's stern commands promptly; she had dreaded what might happen. And now she was driven from the home she had loved for years; she was cast out like a dog, she was treated with the utmost contempt, simply because she had chosen that better part which no man could take from her.

Lily, the favoured! Lily, the petted! Lily, the joy and pride of her uncle, now despised, hated, yea, thrust out by him as if she had been a vile and loathsome woman! She hurried down the lane. Where was she going? She did not know; so she stopped; she sat on the hedge-side, and wept. Then she prayed for direction. God inclined her heart to go to a friend's house; she told her story, and soon she was made welcome to stay as long as she pleased. She sought a situation as governess; and having found one, she entered upon her new life with a full sense of having done her duty before God.

After Lily's rejection and expulsion, one of her sisters went to stay for a short time with Mr. Prudhoe. While there she was taken seriously ill, and was said to be dying; she therefore asked for Lily to come and say good-bye to her. At first her uncle refused to admit the niece he had expelled into his house again, but ultimately he consented. The two sisters had much to say to each other; and while they were talking, Mr. Prudhoe entered the sick room, and accosted Lily somewhat abruptly. He wanted to know if she was tired of her foolish notions yet. "I am not tired of Jesus' service, uncle," was her reply. Mr. Prudhoe was calm to-day, very different from what he was when they last met. He then commenced pleading with his niece. He told her how much he loved her; how sincerely he desired her to return to him; how miserable life was to him now that she was away. He therefore besought her to come back at once, and the past would all be forgotten. Lily trembled while her uncle wrestled with her, but when she knew that if she returned Christ must be left outside the door, she said, "Uncle, I love you as much as I ever did; I want to obey you, but I can't give up Jesus. He has done so much for me!"

The dying girl had heard the pleading of the uncle; she now heard her sister's kind but decided reply. Her whole soul seemed stirred within her, so she raised herself in the bed, and threw her poor, thin arms around Lily's neck, and said, "Good, brave Lily, not to deny Jesus." And then they wept in each other's embrace.

* * * * *

Lily returned to her situation. Her uncle's offer she could not accept: he had offered great treasure, but she had found the pearl of great price; and, like the merchantman of the gospel, she had sold all that she had, and had bought that precious pearl. When last I heard of her, she was still rejoicing in the love of Christ, and plodding hard for her own living. She counted that what she had lost for his sake was but as dross, in comparison to what she had received from him.

Reader, do you agree with me in saying that the name of Lily Oldcastle is worthy of being placed very near that of Anne Askew? Anne Askew was subjected, as we know, to a rigorous examination; she was racked most brutally; she was then placed on the cold floor of her prison cell, while the Chancellor, in his robes, sat near, and wearied that noble woman for two hours with his questions. At last she was carried to the place of execution on a chair, because her bones had been dislocated by the rack; and when pardon was offered if she would recant, she bravely replied, "I came not hither to deny my Lord and Master."

When I compare these two narratives, I cannot suppress the conviction that "Heroine" is sometimes but another name for "Martyr," under other circumstances. Lily's name does not belong to the list of martyrs; but since our God judges righteously, methinks that in that day when he rewards his faithful ones, Lily's crown will be as brilliant as that of the most noble martyr.

GEORGE W. ROBERT.

Notices of Books.

John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack, published by Passmore and Alabaster, is now ready. It is printed in a larger type, and we hope it will rise to a still larger circulation. It is intended for all working-men and working-women.

Please get it, and put it up in cabmen's shelters, workshops, sheds, waiting-rooms, and cottages. People will read it, and perhaps spy out the gospel when they are only looking for fun. One penny is the price.

"None of these Things Move Me." A brief Memoir of Caroline Cureton Toomer. By C. M. G. With Preface by the Rev. F. WHITFIELD. Nesbit and Co.

A WELL-WRITTEN memorial of the brief, but useful and consecrated life of a young lady, "whose joy it was for sixteen years to spend and be spent among the people of Twyford, and the neighbouring villages, for Christ's sake." It is also "one more glorious testimony to the faithfulness of the Redeemer, and the blessedness of knowing Jesus." We commend the book to young Christians who desire to win souls.

William Farel. By FRANCES BEVAN. Holness.

THIS is as much better than a common story-book as silver is better than sand. We had a copy of a former edition of this charming history given us some time ago, and we sighed to see a new edition; for we were sorry that it should not be read by all the world. Miss Bevan has written in a devout and fervent spirit, and her subject is one which has afforded her fine scope. If a large sale comes to this volume, which can be bought for 2s. 6d., it will be a star of hope to us. Farel preceded Calvin, and has been to the many like the morning star which is lost in the blaze of the sun which it heralded. For Farel and Calvin there comes a resurrection when those who have despised them shall have sunk into the darkness from which they came. We may hasten the conquest of the old gospel by promoting the circulation of such books as this.

Faithfulness: and other Papers. By JENKIN LLOYD JONES. With Preface by the COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN. Glasgow: Bryce and Son.

ONE drop of prussic acid in our drink is enough to make us refuse the draught. On page 25 we found our Lord's consecration thus spoken of: "Out of that consecration came the dignity of soul that has led the centuries to mistake him for a God." What has the Countess of Aberdeen to do with writing a preface for a book of this sort?

A second book, with the same tasteful get-up—"Blessed be *Drudgery*"—

comes from the same publisher, and in it we read much that is excellent; but we will have no more of it when we come across a passage which talks of "the Jacob story," and "the Jacob legend." The author tells us that what falls from belief, as the story of Jacob or of Jesus, begins to fill a still higher and wider place as history of the human mind in some old attitude of worship. We lose faith in the record of revelation, but we learn a little more of the false beliefs of the human mind! A fine exchange! We do not recommend either of these books. Under the cover of much that is readable they introduce the Socinian leaven into the reader's mind.

Switzerland. ["The Story of the Nations" Series.] By Mrs. LINA HUG and RICHARD STEAD. T. Fisher Unwin.

OF the thousands who scramble over the playground of Europe, how few know much of the history of Switzerland! This is a fine condensation of the whole story from the days of the lake-dwellers, through the Austrian tyranny, down to this present year of grace. With a population of less than three millions, here is a nation composed of many differing peoples, and yet one in love of liberty, and in the resolve to maintain it. Its record is a noble one. For our part we believe in a real and literal William Tell, and Winkelried, and we do not admit that this faith ever borders on credulity. We have not faith enough to believe that a fact universally received for hundreds of years is, after all, a mere myth. Whether or no, Switzerland is no myth; but the glorious home of a nation which enjoys every freedom except that of religion. That religious liberty is a matter of the future in some of the cantons, is proved by the experience of the Salvation Army. We cannot think that this bondage will be long endured, or pains and penalties be long inflicted on innocent enthusiasts by so generous a people as the Swiss.

This volume is worthy of its predecessors. We need say no more. Five shillings should be spent by every Swiss tourist in the purchase of this admirable volume.

Cruisings; being a Series of Extracts from the Log-books of J. B. 20, Paternoster Square.

TOUCHING stories of the Lord's work, wrought by the hands of a well-known and consecrated brother, who veils himself under the initials of J. B. One is rejoiced, troubled, stirred, strengthened, by such jottings as these. May our Lord help this brother, for many a year to come, to cruise with his life-boats among the wrecks of womanhood, and land them safely on the shore of salvation!

The Treasury of Sacred Song. By FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE. Henry Frowde.

WE noticed this "Treasury" in January, taking some small exception to it, but commending it as a literary gem. It is now in its seventh thousand; and this is saying a great deal for a small book costing half-a-guinea. It is so well produced that it wins favour, let the price be what it may. *Cheap and nasty* is not, after all, the lord of the book-market.

Mantle and Staff. Thoughts about the Christian Life. By J. R. GILLIES, M.A., Hampstead. Nisbet.

A good shilling's-worth of practical divinity, consisting of five thoughtful, spiritual discourses.

The Peerless Edition. The Pilgrim's Progress. By JOHN BUNYAN. Philadelphia: John C. Winston and Co.

WE are glad to find honest John discoursing in America concerning Christian and Christiana, and the way to the Celestial City. This is a fine volume, in large print. The engravings are from an English edition, which we well remember, and mainly consist of somewhat grim portraits of the various characters who were found on the pilgrim-road. There are added some flaring, coloured plates, which we do not admire; but we dare say the florid taste of backwoodsmen will delight in them; and it little matters, so long as they read the book. Happy Bunyan, to go on preaching to hundreds of thousands, as he never could have done had he not "lighted on a certain den," and there dreamed his marvellous dream! After all, we judge "The Pilgrim's Progress" to

be the greatest of all books outside the canon of revelation; and it owes its greatness to the fact that, in matter and in language, it is born of God's own Word.

An Historical Interpretation of the Book called in the Sinaitic, Vatican, and Ephrem MSS., A Revelation of John, otherwise, a Revelation of Jesus Christ, given to him of God, showing the Bride of Christ conducted to glory through successive ages and alarms. By Rev. ARTHUR ISHAM, M.A. Elliot Stock.

WE have met with several brethren who have the key of the Book of Revelation—so they think. We cannot contradict them; much less can we either rank with them, or follow them. They have a blessing in reading and understanding the book, and we would not rob them of it. Our author explains the wondrous vision historically, and, we think, soberly. He may be right, and he may be wrong; but there is somewhat to be learned from him in either case, for he writes what a spiritual mind has found amid the mysterious symbols, and his meditations are reverent, and steeped in prayer. We say no more upon a matter of which we comprehend too little to be a judge. Let every man, according to his light and call, open these Scriptures; and if he confesses that he has but a dim perception of what they reveal, even this may bless him by fostering his humility.

A Piece of an Honeycomb. Meditations for Every Day in the Year. Charles H. Kelly.

THERE is something special about all the Portion Books, whether we think of Mason, or Hawker, or Jay, or Bogatzky. The book before us has excellences of its own. The texts are well selected, and placed, in many instances, in a new light. We lack the richness and savour of Calvinistic writings, and we do not find all the fervour we expect in a gracious Methodist; but, after all, the book deserves its title, and to many readers it will be Guide, and Counsellor, and Friend. A handsome volume: to be commended.

Hymns of the Gospel, New and Old.

Compiled by the Rev. F. D. SANFORD. Marshall Brothers.

THIS is a very comprehensive collection of 472 Hymns and Tunes, mostly from American sources; but a goodly number of our well-known English compositions have been included. The responsible music editors are Dr. Sweney and W. J. Kirkpatrick, of Philadelphia; but the harmonies have been submitted to Mr. Frank Proudman, and his name is a guarantee that they are correct. A wide range of subjects is embraced in the collection, and the topical index is one of the best we have seen. While the book will yield many new pieces for special occasions, we scarcely think it will be much sought after. Other books hold the field for the time being, and we cannot see that this has any chance of superseding them. The battle of the books is really becoming serious.

Hymns and Tunes for Anniversary Services. Sacred Music Leaflet Series. Curwen and Sons.

MR. E. JOHNSON, an esteemed member of the Tabernacle, and an earnest worker amongst the young, has collected a number of his compositions, contributed to this series, as a memento of fifty years' connection with the Sunday-school as scholar, teacher, and superintendent. The melodies are tuneful, and the harmonies are correct: many of them are sure to be popular.

Book of Common Song. Being a Supplement to the "Psalter" in the Worship of the Church. Edited by Rev. A. C. MURPHY, D.Lit. Marcus Ward and Co.

ASSUMING that "there are not more than three hundred hymns of adequate merit in the language," the editor has certainly spared no pains in the compilation of these choice gems, and he has secured, for the most part, the very best tunes to which they can be sung. The book is got up in a style which reflects great credit upon the publishers. Although it is intended for the service of the Anglican Church, it is well adapted for general use. We were afraid, when we saw the symbolic device on the cover, that the book was for the advanced school; but we were

glad to find that it contains a collection of hymns which will be welcomed by those who have no sympathy with the teaching of the High Church party.

The Congregational Mission Hymnal.

Edited by GEORGE S. BARRETT, B.A. Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street.

THIS book has been produced by the Congregational Union for missions and week-night services. The selection of hymns is, on the whole, very good; but many important hymns have been excluded, as they are contained, we presume, in the larger collection for congregational use. This is unfortunate, as the book is not intended merely as a supplement. Of the three hundred hymns, at least one hundred and thirty are from "Songs and Solos"; and we are surprised the editor did not feel in honour bound to insert them without alteration. No doubt, under the skilful hand of Mr. Barnby, "the harmonies have been greatly enriched"; but whether they have been "improved" is a question. The alterations he has made will involve some strange discords if the two versions are sung together. Much of the music in the book can only be rendered by an efficient choir, and is not likely to take with "the people" for whom the book is intended. A book for mission services must be adapted for the purpose it is intended to serve: the melodies must be tuneful, if not catchy, and the harmonies must be free from intricacies. In our judgment, the severe musical taste of an advanced musician is a doubtful standard for tunes to be used in mission services. We have yet to be convinced that the good old tunes, which were written for congregational use, not by organists but by precentors, are not a great deal better than most of the modern compositions to which, for the present, they have given place. It is certain that the hymns, for which they were written, are superior to many of the sentimental effusions now in vogue. A reaction is certain; for the want is felt of a book containing hymns of solid worth, and tunes which will give the truths which they express a lasting place in the heart and memory.

Mr. R. J. Masters, 32, Wilton Road, Victoria Station, has taken time by the forelock, and sent us on some of his productions for the coming season. *The Calendar for 1891* is very good, and cheap at sixpence. The *Motto Cards* are up to the mark at a penny; and the *Set of Scripture Cards* entitled *True Seed* we like best of all. The texts are well selected and thoughtfully arranged—which is a very great point. "Twenty-four for sixpence" is a price which adapts them for very wide distribution. The *Victoria Booklets* at threepence will make very nice Christmas gifts. We remember once criticizing Mr. Masters' issues very honestly; and now, without quitting our first manner, we can add to it a brighter adverb, and review them very favourably.

Our Outward Way Calendar for 1891, with Scripture Texts. All the Year through Calendar, with Selections from Martin Tupper. J. E. Hawkins and Co., 17, Paternoster Row.

Nor the best possible, but still very good. We suppose they cost a shilling each. Many will admire them, and not without cause.

Sunshine for Life's Pathway. Selections from Poems from Various Authors. J. E. Hawkins and Co.

No. We cannot say that we like the crude, inartistic colouring of this book: it makes us ache. It was meant to be first-rate; but begging Germany's pardon, it was not only done in Germany, but done for also. Apart from this, the hymns, the paper, and the printing are capital.

Fonder; or, Glimpses of the Glory Land. Ten Bible Lessons. By G. T. CONGREVE. Elliot Stock.

OUR friend Mr. Congreve is a past-master in the art of addressing young people. His work at Brighton is a fit second volume of his work in class-teaching, of which his labours at Peckham make a worthy first. With an alphabetical arrangement, plenty of stories and choice verses, and a wealth of earnest life in every page, these Bible-lessons must prove attractive and useful. Teachers will here

find material for teaching, and the younger folk will discover much worth learning.

Greek Pictures, drawn with Pen and Pencil. By J. P. MAHAFFY, M.A., D.D. Religious Tract Society.

WE are pleased to have received an early copy of the Tract Society's Christmas book of travel. The preceding members of the series have been surprises of excellence and interest, and this is behind none of them. The accomplished writer could never have had any difficulty as to materials, except to know what to leave out. He has gathered out of the teeming mass a wealth of instruction, which he has set forth, by pencil and pen, in the ablest style. We fancy that the book will hardly be so popular as some of its predecessors; but we venture to add that it ought to be. One is pretty familiar with views of Greece, but here are some which are quite new to us.

The Book of Psalms. Being the Version set forth A.D. 1611 compared with the most Ancient Authorities, and revised. Printed for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Henry Frowde, and C. J. Clay and Sons.

THIS revised version will be most acceptable to readers who find delight in the matchless psalms of David. To read the revision side by side with the older version will be an instructive way of re-perusing these divine poems; and they deserve to be read over a thousand times. The older one grows the more the psalms are endeared to him. David seems to be the mirror of all men: every life is reflected in his life, and every heart may learn from the unveilings of his heart.

Bible History for Children, and a Short History of Christianity after the Days of the Apostles. By Lady KENNETT-BARRINGTON. Nisbet and Co.

WILL be useful in its way. We are not carried away with admiration of it; but before the youngsters can read the Bible connectedly, this outline of its history may lay the foundation of after knowledge. It is a neat little volume.

Dicky Winton. A Story for Boys. By S. G. Nelson and Sons.

MASTER CHARLIE, to whom we submitted this book, says—"It's a very nice book: I am much interested in it." This verdict is a sufficient proof that the writer has been successful. The book is produced in the style for which the publishers are famous.

The King's Diadem. By ANNIE GRAY. George Cauldwell.

A VERY pretty story of Christian life and usefulness in the lower grades of society. Several of the characters are Irish, and Norah McBrady is of a type we should like to see in every neighbourhood. "I'm thinkin'," she says, "he just wants this dark place brightened up a bit, ye know; an' he's put the biggest honour on one o' the wakest o' his children, whin he said to me, says he, 'Rise up, Norah, an' come away!' An' he's just agoin' to shine on me, an' in me, an' make me all of a glow, so as others 'll begin wantin' to get into his light too!"

All He Knew. By JOHN HABBERTON. James Clarke and Co.

ESPECIALLY noticeable among the forces arrayed against the old orthodox faith are fiction and the stage—near akin are they. This rather amusing American story, by the author of "Helen's Babies," is another of the weapons of their warfare who are afflicted with credophobia, and would have their ill-informed readers infer that zeal for good works—"character" is their pet phrase—is in inverse ratio to care for creed. The clever author has done "all he knew" to foster this delusion. His hero was, until laid by the heels, a lazy, drunken, thieving nuisance to the neighbourhood, but emerges from jail a much-altered man. Questioned by his neighbours as to the cause of his reformed habits, he is represented as telling "*all he knew*" in this style:—"When I was in prison a man came along that talked to me about Jesus like I never was talked to before. . . . He made me feel that I had a friend that I could foller, even if I didn't keep up with him all the time, owin' to things in the road that I hadn't know'd about.

He told me if I'd believe in Jesus as I believed in Andrew Jackson, I'd pull through in the course of time. I've been tryin' to do it, an' while I was in the jail I got lots of new ideas of how I ort to behave myself, all from a little book that man left me, that didn't have nothin' in it but Jesus' own words. I'm goin' to keep on at it, an' if I can't live that way, I'm going to die a tryin'." In contrast to this exemplary character, the writer gives us a fancy portrait of the hypocritical deacon, with head full of knowledge, and life full of knavery; the gentleman with whose caricature playwrights and novelists amuse the profane. Sensible people will see through the trick of illustrating a fallacy by the exception to the rule, making, as it were, the penitent thief the type of all converts, and Judas the pattern of those who have large knowledge of the Saviour and heavenly doctrine. One reviewer calls this "a valuable contribution to the literature setting forth the new theology." Exactly so; just the class of literature that recently furnished a feast for parsons at a London playhouse.

Miss Mollie and her Boys; or, His Great Love. By L. MARSTON. Shaw and Co.

MISS MOLLIE, a poor bed-ridden girl, is described as one of God's gems "of purest ray serene," in a dark unlovely garret of a London slum. How she made some ignorant lads sharers of "His great love," is very touchingly told. This is fiction of a kind which we can commend; for it is attractive in style, and full of that wisdom which is "hid from the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes."

Myrtle and Rue: a Story for the Young, illustrating Psalm xxiii. By MARGARET SCOTT HAYCROFT. Religious Tract Society.

WHILE there is nothing very striking in this story of school life, it is marked by more than the average of originality, variety, and juvenile piety. In our opinion, the ugly, left-handed frontispiece is a blemish to a well-got-up book.

"Come, ye Children." Heart Stories for the Young. By Rev. BENJAMIN WAUGH, Cassell and Co.

JUDGED by the titles and texts at the head of the chapters, and by a cursory glance at their contents, there is promise of much interest and instruction in Christian truth for young people. A careful examination, however, causes a feeling of grave disappointment. There are several very marked features in the book; among others the character of the anecdotes used by way of illustration. These have evidently been chosen for their sensational character, and are calculated to excite feelings of horror in the minds of children, causing them to dream of the terrible incidents, and start affrighted in their sleep. Then there is, throughout the book, great originality of treatment of some of the grand verities of the faith, such as "The Resurrection of Christ," "Born of the Spirit," "The Hidden Man of the Heart," &c. This originality is shown in the purposed omission of the primary and essential doctrines of the texts or subjects under consideration, and the accommodating or forcing them to teach what we suppose the writer would call Christian virtues, but what might fitly be styled, "the religion of humanity." The following paragraph, taken almost at random, will give some clue to the author's views of man's state by nature, and the reason for the conspicuous absence of evangelical teaching on the necessity of regeneration, and atonement. We have read the larger portion of the book; and not even in chapter xx., of which the text is, "He was wounded for our transgressions," can we discover any teaching which might not have been consistently written by a Unitarian; but here is the extract—the subject is, "The Resurrection":—"I want you to see *why* it should be spoken about, what good it is to us, and what good it does in us to know about it. The Bible tells us why God made man for himself. So there is only one thing that can bless man to the full, and that one thing is, God himself: to know him, that is our life—yours, mine, everybody's, and everywhere. Your soul is full of

power, of goodness; deep and heavenly joys are buried down in your mind, crowded close in your heart. In your childhood they are there. In your manhood and womanhood they are there. You have power to pray, to worship, to love, to be good; and to be blessed in it all. And do all these you must when God smiles into you. It is ignorance of who and what God is which makes us strangers to the hidden and blessed life that is in us. . . . There are men who don't care for what the Bible says; they call themselves infidels, which means untrustfuls. But for all that, they remain what God made them: all sorts of grand old loves, and joys, and adorations are in them. . . . They go about their business, and deep in their hearts sleep the roots of a very garden of the Lord. God made man for himself—that is reason enough for the Resurrection doing us good."

The Review of Reviews. Edited by W. T. STEAD. Vol. I. Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, W.C.

THIS *Review of Reviews* is edited by a man who understands his art. He gives a singularly clear view of what has been done in the literary world during each month; and he does this in a manner which not only ensures him readers, but makes those readers eager for more. Mr. Stead is not always correct, as we perceive to our own cost; but we believe that he tries to be impartial, not in the sense of being unfriendly to everybody, but in the better fashion of being kindly disposed to all. This is not a publication which we should care to read; but it evidently carries information into many circles into which the more expensive reviews would never find their way. Certainly there is a wonderful sixpenny-worth in the monthly part, and the half-yearly volume is full of entertaining matter.

Blackie's Modern Cyclopædia of Universal Information. Edited by CHARLES ANNANDALE, M.A., LL.D., Vol. VII. Blackie and Son.

ANOTHER volume, bringing this valuable cyclopædia down to the letter S. It maintains its remarkable excellence.

Hymns of Consecration and Faith.
Compiled by Rev. J. MOUNTAIN.
Revised by Mrs. EVAN H. HOPKINS. Marshall Brothers.

A USEFUL book of its kind, and, as all the old favourites have been retained, and about one hundred new hymns

have been added, it is sure to acquire a new lease of sale in its revised form. We cannot say much for the get-up of the book; but, then, it is published at a very low price. The title is fully justified by the selection of hymns, and the music is of a simple character.

Notes.

THE Norwood papers contain the following DEATH:—LEEDING—September 11, at the Academy, West Norwood, Edwin Sennit Leeding, aged 77 years.

This Mr. Leeding was usher at the school of Mr. Henry Lewis of Colchester, in 1845, and I (C. H. Spurgeon) was one of the boys under his care. He was a teacher who really taught his pupils; and by his diligent skill I gained the foundation upon which I built in after years. He left Colchester to open a school of his own in Cambridge, and I to go, first to Maidstone, and then to Newmarket for some two years. Then we came together again; for I joined him at Cambridge to assist in his school, and in return to be helped in my studies. He has left on record that he did not think that there was need for me to go to any of the Dissenting Colleges, since I had mastered most of the subjects studied therein; and his impression that I might, while with him, have readily passed through the University if the pulpit had not come in the way. His school did not succeed, for he was not well enough to attend to it; and in after years I found my old tutor struggling at West Norwood against the difficult circumstances which Board Schools have created for private ventures. He was a good man and true—a man of prayer, faith, and firm principle. His life was full of trials, and I have seen him greatly depressed, but he has honourably finished his course, and has gone to his reward. I have always looked to him, among the many of whom I have gathered help, as MY TUTOR. Thus the tutor has gone home, and the scholar must not forget that in due course he will follow.

The sudden death of Mr. F. KING, Pastor of Carlton, Beds., carries me back to my earliest days. He was born at *Waterbeach*, in 1825; and his father was one of the deacons of the church when, as a youth, I became the Pastor. The father was a very methodical man, and kept the accounts and the church-books in admirable order. He was a calm, thoughtful, judicious brother; but he had a full proportion of zeal and warmth. His wife was made to match, and the pair were second to none in the village for grace and wisdom. Mr. King, senr., was a miller; and in his cottage by the mill I have often spent a happy night, and have met his excellent son, who was then the Pastor of the Baptist Church in Aldreth, Cambs.

I remember our hearty laugh at the junior King, for borrowing a horse to ride to a preaching engagement, and then appearing at the place *leading the horse*, having only ridden him a very little way, and walked with him all the rest of the road because he seemed skittish. The elder Mr. King once gave me a kindly hint in a very delicate manner. He did not tell me that I should speak more guardedly in the pulpit; but when I left his house one Monday morning, I found a pin in my Bible, stuck through Titus iii. 8—"Sound speech, that cannot be condemned; that he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of you." Nothing could have been in better taste. The wise rebuke was well deserved and lovingly taken. It was so deftly given that its value was thereby increased indefinitely. He was a deacon of deacons to me, and to the Waterbeach Church; and his son was worthy of such a father. He was nine years at Aldreth, twenty-two at Gransden, and nine at Carlton. During forty years of preaching he was never laid aside for a single Sabbath by illness, but he was taken home suddenly, falling dead in the way. A memorial sermon can be had of the deacons of Carlton, Beds., for two pence.

Those who denied the existence of "Down-grade" tendencies took care to ignore one part of our charge—namely, the down-going of the age towards worldliness. But if any have doubts on this point, let them think of clergy and ministers making up an audience for the play at Shaftesbury Theatre. Time was when such men would have found rebukers in their churches of the sternest order; but now they may go where they please, and only a few *bigoted* persons will criticize their conduct. A little while ago it was whispered that ministers who came up from the country went to plays where they would not be known, and we were ashamed when we heard of it; but soon they will go without need of concealment—which will in itself be a more honest thing, but it will be evidence of a huge advance on the "Down-grade" line. What does all this mean? To gracious hearts it means a burden of grief, and an incessant argument for crying, "O Lord, how long?"

A friend calls our attention to passages

in Mr. Stanley's book, in which he makes clearer reference to Christianity, and to the cross of Christ. These are very cheering; but yet they do not carry us further than we have already gone. Our trust is that he who knows God's prayer-hearing power, knows also somewhat of that great sacrifice through which prayer is accepted.

It would require a large part of our magazine if we tried to contradict all the falsehoods that are in circulation concerning C. H. S. or his work; but it is necessary to put friends on their guard on, at least, a few points.

Various correspondents have sent us circulars relating to competitions upon the number of times the word "Jesus" is contained in the gospels, and offering £20 for every correct list. If people were foolish or wicked enough to degrade the Word of God in this fashion, it might be their own concern rather than ours; but the circulars referred to state, that "The great Mr. SPURGEON says, 'I heartily approve of these competitions. They do much good, and are really profitable.'" Whoever "the great Mr. Spurgeon" may be, we cannot tell; but if C. H. S. is meant, there is no truth in the statement; for he does *not* "approve of these competitions," and he has never said that "they do much good, and are really profitable." They may be "profitable" to those who get them up; but those who have sent in their little money have received nothing in return—at least, so we are informed by complainants.

The following letter shows how some individuals have been imposed upon in quite another way:—

"Rev'd. Sir,—My little girl, aged ten years, has been told that, by collecting ten thousand tramcar tickets, she could get an orphan child admitted into one of your Homes. Will you kindly let me know if this is so, as it will be useless for her to continue her task if it is not? She has been at work for about eight months, and has collected about five thousand."

It is a pity that this friend did not send a post-card to the secretary of the Orphanage before she allowed her daughter to commence her fruitless task. Millions of tramcar tickets would not secure the admission of an orphan at Stockwell. The trustees select the most needy cases from the thousands of applications that are annually received.

On the first of November we hope to issue **SERMONS IN CANDLES**. It will be abundantly illustrated, and will cost one shilling in paper covers. The publishers expect a very large demand.

On Monday evening, August 25, an unusually large company gathered at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, which was full

of spiritual power from the beginning. Sometimes it takes a little while for the fire of devotion to burn up, but on this occasion the sacred flame soon spread through the assembly. After the opening hymn, the Pastor referred to the many hundreds of strangers who were at the Sabbath services, and asked for earnest prayer that many of them might be converted. Elder Cox offered this petition, and the Pastor then called upon one of our city missionary brethren to plead specially for London. A student followed, and Mr. Chamberlain, being asked for a hymn, said that he would sing the first piece that he ever sang in public—

"Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at his feet!"

Years ago, one Sabbath afternoon, he sang this sweet song at Mr. Bowker's Bible-class, and having once begun "singing for Jesus," he has kept at that happy employment ever since. The Pastor next prayed for a blessing upon all the work for the Lord done on the previous day, and for those who would have been serving if they had not been suffering. Speaking of Brother Hyde, who has recently been "called home," he said that he was so fond of saying "It is better on afore," that he used to be called "Brother Better-on-afore." His prayers were so simple and natural, that they were like wild birds' notes, which have a sweetness that caged songsters never attain. Brother Ely, who knew him well, and in prayer resembles him, gave us an illustration of the wild birds' notes in his supplication. Mr. Burnham poured forth sweet notes of another order, in the hymn "Draw me, my Saviour, nearer to thee"; and then told the story of the blessing received through notes of quite a different sort. Thirteen years ago, when he was recovering from a serious illness, he received a kind letter from Mrs. Spurgeon, enclosing a bank-note, and another from the President, with a similar enclosure. Incidentally remarking that he was able to preach sermons more easily after these gifts came to hand, the Pastor said, "Of course you could, for you had the *notes*." Mr. Burnham then spoke of the hop-pickers' mission, on which he was about to start, and closed with prayer. Rev. John Robertson, of Edinburgh (Mr. McNeill's successor), was on the platform, and was asked to speak; but he begged to be excused, for the sight of the building and the whole meeting had quite overwhelmed him, and he would rather sit still. Later in the evening he led the assembly in prayer, with much power and pathos, after we had sung—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,"

to the air familiar to every Scotch ear—viz., "Auld Lang Syne." One of the students, Mr. Griffiths, sang, "Come unto Me"; and the Pastor, after referring to the blessing that might result from the singing as well

as the preaching of the gospel, spoke of the evils that come through not asking the Lord for what we need, or fearing that he is unable or unwilling to supply our wants. Several other brethren prayed, and Mr. Harrauld presented the written requests. Amongst these were supplications for a father, a husband, a wife, a brother, a nephew, and a cousin, besides many personal petitions and thanksgivings for prayer answered. One case was of a terribly sad character: a sister desired prayer for her brother, who, not many months ago, came up from the country, with his "portion of goods," and, like the prodigal, wasted his substance with riotous living. As he lay unconscious, dying through the sins in which he had indulged, it was feared that he was a warning to others rather than one for whom we could pray with assured confidence.

On *Monday evening, September 1*, there was again a great muster of praying brethren and sisters at the Tabernacle. The Pastor's opening petition was for a fresh endowment with the Holy Spirit, and for a fuller blessing upon the work of the Lord in foreign lands. Two other prayers having been offered, the missionary character of the meeting was maintained by Mr. Ambrose, one of the students, who sang, "Tell it out among the nations that the Lord is King." This furnished the Pastor with the theme of a brief address, in which he exhorted all who knew the Gospel to "Tell it out." They need not garnish it, nor ornament it, nor mystify it, nor argue about it, nor defend it; but just "tell it out" at home, in the street, in the cottage-meeting, in the Sunday-school—everywhere, and at all times. Prayer was presented by Mr. Charles Cook, and Pastor C. Wickerson, of Southgate; and then the Rev. John Robertson, of Edinburgh, was asked to speak, and he *did* speak. There was a mixture of grave and gay in his words, but there was no mingling of truth and error in what he said. He let everybody know on which side he stands in the great controversy that rages both north and south of the Tweed. Referring to ejaculatory prayer, he gave us several striking instances of its power in his own experience and in that of others; and then closed by leading the assembly in supplication. Three of the students followed, and then our thoughts were turned to India. Our brother, Charles Waters, the secretary of the International Bible-reading Association, said that the missionaries of all denominations in India had asked the Sunday-school Union to send out a man who would give all his time to the organization of Sunday-schools in that part of the empire. The necessary funds had been subscribed by the members of the Bible-reading Association, and the very man for the post had been found in Dr. Phillips, who had been formerly a medical missionary in India, and recently working with the

Evangelical Alliance in America. The doctor told us that he was born in India—that he knew two of the native languages before he learned English, and that it was with great delight that he was responding to the Lord's call to return to his own dear country. He was converted as a child, and he believed in the conversion of children. He told a touching story of a little girl who walked fifty miles to attend a Sunday-school, and who had taught her heathen grandmother the way of salvation. He appears in every way qualified for his important mission, in which we wish him abundant success. Prayer was presented by Mr. Wigney and the Pastor, the familiar hymn—

"From Greenland's icy mountains,"

was sung, and the Pastor closed the meeting with a few earnest appeals to the undecided, and hearty thanks to Dr. Phillips for the words that he had spoken. Any stranger who had come in to the Tabernacle might have thought that he was in Exeter Hall on a great missionary night; and he would not have been very far from the mark, although it was "only a prayer-meeting."

On *Monday evening, September 8*, the Tabernacle prayer-meeting was specially devoted to supplication for the orphans. The children having recently returned to Stockwell, after their summer holiday, a large contingent came to the Tabernacle, helping to fill the first gallery, and materially assisting in the service of praise. They were accompanied by Mr. Jenner, a student in the College, who played with much skill and discretion a silver cornet, which the President had presented to him for use in the Lord's work. Prayer for the orphans, and for children in general, was offered by the Pastor, the Rev. John Robertson, Messrs. Frank Thompson and Frank Passmore, and Brother Harrison, one of our College Evangelists. Mr. Harrison spoke of the great blessing that had rested upon his services during the past seven weeks at Mr. Charrington's hall, and of his visit to Dorsetshire, where he had been greatly cheered by hearing of the results of his evangelistic work there thirteen years ago. He closed with an earnest appeal to the unsaved to imitate the prodigal, who (1) came to himself, (2) came to his Father, and (3) came just as he was. Fervent petitions for the unconverted were presented by Mr. T. Young, of the Collingwood Street Mission, and one of our church-members, who is a policeman; and Mr. Byard, one of our students, sang with much pathos and sweetness—

"Meet me in that lovely land."

After being carried on the wings of holy song up to the gates of Paradise, we were brought down to quite another country, as our Brother Blamire told us of the work carried on by himself and Brother Wigstone in priest-ridden Spain. The orphans and

other children, as well as the children of a larger growth, were greatly interested in his story of the conversion of a Spanish girl in Mrs. Blamire's school. Prayer for Spain was presented by C. H. S., another hymn was sung, and then our thoughts were directed to the far-away Falkland Islands. The Pastor explained the circumstances under which Mr. Harris had gone out to found a Baptist Church there, and that on his return another preacher had to be selected, at only a few days' notice, to take his place. Mr. Good, the student chosen for the post, briefly asked for prayer, which was offered by Mr. William Olney on behalf of the whole church and congregation; and then the Pastor closed with earnest supplication for Mr. William Olney, junior, Mr. Frisby, and other suffering members of the church.

The meeting this evening partook of the character of a great philanthropic or home and foreign missionary gathering, in which prayer and praise were happily blended with accounts of service for the Lord in various parts of the world. The American writer, who described a Tabernacle prayer-meeting as consisting of long prayers by a few old men, and long hymns sung to dreary tunes, can never have been at one of our Monday evening holy convocations, or, if so, he must have been hidden away in some corner of the building, fast asleep all the time. No meetings could be fuller of interest.

On *Monday evening, September 15*, we started with the idea of devoting the whole evening to prayer; but we had not proceeded far before praise and testimony seemed equally in season. Elder Cox mentioned that he had noticed that many Jews' shops were closed, and he had been informed that this was their (civil) New Year's Day. He therefore offered special prayer for the conversion of the seed of Abraham. Mr. Harmer gave an account of the services he and Mr. Chamberlain had been holding at Whitstable; he sang the old-fashioned revival hymn, "What's the News?" the congregation joining in the refrain; and then he spoke briefly and earnestly about the good news from a far country, which the Lord has sent to us through his Word. Mr. Ford prayed specially for the many young men and young women present; and then Mr. William Olney spoke of the social, moral, and spiritual condition of the people in the neighbourhood of Haddon Hall, and of the difficulties encountered by the Lord's servants in that region. The two students who are conducting special services during the illness of Mr. William Olney, jun. (Messrs. Graham and Titmuss), gave short addresses and prayed. Mr. Chamberlain sang the solo of "Christ receiveth sinful men"; the congregation, led by Mr. Jenner's cornet, sang the chorus; and the Pastor and one of the students, Mr. Doggett, pleaded that the Lord Jesus would receive any

sinful men who might be in the Tabernacle. At the request of the Pastor, Mr. Doggett told the story of his conversion through a sermon he heard at the Tabernacle, together with the prayers of his mother and sister; and the Pastor expressed the hope that other young men, hearing how one like themselves had been blessed, might seek the Lord for themselves. Sometimes the testimony of others is more useful than the direct preaching of the gospel; for we are such imitative creatures, and there is such power in sympathy. All who had trusted in Christ were exhorted to make him known, and they were encouraged to do so by an account of one who was converted through his brother asking him to go to the house of God on the evening of a funeral. He had promised to spend the time in quite another fashion, but he yielded to his brother's entreaties. That night God met with him, and for fifty years he was the deacon of a Christian church. Mr. Harrauld was asked to close with a brief prayer. In doing so, he prayed for the bereaved family, which led the Pastor to explain that his son Charles, at Greenwich, had lost his only son, an infant, to the great grief of parents and grand-parents; but as the Lord had taken him, it must be well.

In addition to the meetings already mentioned, three special services during the past month demand a brief notice.

On *Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 3*, Mr. Spurgeon preached at UNION CHAPEL, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, in connection with the centenary of the formation of the church. It was a memorable occasion in every way, and not the less so from the fact that the Mayor of Kingston, James East, Esq., with the town clerk, and several members of the corporation, came in civic state to the service. One cares nothing for outward show; but it was a kindly act for the corporation to come, and the preacher rejoiced in having these gentlemen of various creeds hearing the gospel of Jesus Christ. This church is vigorously working away under the pastorate of Mr. Wright, and is none the worse for being a hundred years old, but indeed all the better.

On *Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 9*, Mr. Spurgeon preached at WEST BRIGHTON for Pastor David Davies. The noble pile of buildings, which was the generous gift of Mr. G. T. Congreve, is being used to the utmost by the church gathered therein. At the sermon, the crowd was excessive; but the numbers who could gain no access to the doors were far greater than those within. The chapel was somewhat hotter than the warm apartment of a Turkish bath, and yet no none withdrew. Air there seemed to be none; but a vaporous sea of used-up atmosphere. Nevertheless, we trust that souls were impressed by the sacred truth sent home by the Holy Ghost.

On *Tuesday evening, Sept. 16*, Mr. Spurgeon gave an address to the students and

friends assembled at the annual meeting of HACKNEY COLLEGE. It was a melting season as to temperature, and we hope a profitable occasion otherwise: certainly the hearing was enthusiastic enough. It was cheering to hear Dr. Cave's explicit and cheerful avowal of the evangelical character of the institution. In the "*Information for Candidates*" we notice the words, "The Doctrines to which the College is pledged are Evangelical and Calvinistic; including what are ordinarily termed Orthodox views of inspiration, of the Trinity, Regeneration, Justification by Faith, and other kindred and associated truths."

The Lord prosper the institution, and keep it true to its grand object!

Special Notice.—Arrangements have been made by the TABERNACLE GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY for another mission to be conducted at the Tabernacle by MR. G. F. COOK, from Monday, October 13th, to Wednesday, the 22nd. Full particulars will be duly announced; but we shall want the help of all Temperance folk in our neighbourhood, in order that the mission may be a thorough success.

COLLEGE.—MR. C. E. L. Good has sailed for the Falkland Islands, to take the place of Mr. G. H. Harris, who has returned to England. Mr. Harris has gone to Guernsey, to carry on the work so well begun by Mr. F. T. Snell, who is going to the United States.

Mr. T. Perry, of Lordship Lane, Dulwich, is removing to Stepney Chapel, King's Lynn; Mr. W. Ruthven, from Wilingham, to St. Clement's, Norwich; Mr. S. J. Baker, from Sarn, to Leominster; Mr. E. East, from Kelso, to Dumbarton; and Mr. A. G. Barley has left Gosport, and gone to Trouville, France, to take charge of the work carried on there in connection with Mr. Henry Cook's Seamen's Mission. He goes in faith, and if any friends are moved to help in his support, we shall be pleased to be the medium of communication.

Mr. C. Boyall, who sailed for Australia a few months ago, has been appointed Evangelist to the New South Wales Baptist Union; and Mr. W. Higlett has removed from Toowoomba, Queensland, to Albion, Brisbane. Mr. W. Page, who came to us from Australia, sails this month for Queensland.

On Tuesday, September 2, the President, Vice-President, tutors, and students spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Allison, at Orpington. Until the afternoon, the weather was beautifully fine, so the brethren enjoyed themselves in various outdoor occupations. After dinner, the President heartily thanked the host and hostess for their generous hospitality, but left the formal expression of gratitude to the students. On their behalf, Messrs. Godfrey and Page, in most appropriate language, moved and seconded a very cordial vote of thanks,

which was carried with acclamation, and suitably acknowledged by Mr. Allison. Mr. Godfrey called attention to the fact that since he entered the College, two years ago, all the men who were then in it, with the exception of four, had already settled as pastors at home, or had gone abroad, showing that the "Down-grade" controversy had not at all abated the demand for students from the Pastors' College. Before the brethren left, addresses were delivered by the Vice-President, the Rev. John Robertson (of Edinburgh), Professor Gracey, and Pastor James Douglas, M.A., while plenty of singing enlivened the proceedings of the day and the journey home.

The Lord has called home another of our students, Mr. R. Blackaby, before he had completed his College course. His brother, Pastor F. E. Blackaby, writes:—"It was my painful duty to break the sad intelligence to him that, in the doctor's judgment, his days would soon end. His only word approaching disappointment was, 'I thought I should be spared a little longer to serve my divine Master.' I was with him almost night and day, and the seasons of blessedness during that time will abide fresh in my memory as long as life lasts. He especially requested me to write and thank you for all your kindness, and was anxious that I should read him the account of the re-assembling of the students at Westwood. He died triumphantly trusting in Jesus. We, who were around him, possessed all the sadness, for he was as bright as heaven. Not long before he breathed his last, he said, 'I should like to tell the "modern thought" men a thing or two. Their timber is rotten—rotten. Without the atonement where should I be?' Then, later on, he said, 'There's no boat to make, the bridge carries me right over.' He had selected as the subject of his first sermon in College (rough notes of which I find among his papers) Col. i. 21, 22.—'And you, that were sometime alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath he reconciled in the body of his flesh through death, to present you holy and unblemished and unreprouvable in his sight.'"

PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—Mr. Patrick has sent us a photograph of the last six converts he has baptized, but the figures are so dark and indistinct that we cannot reproduce them for our readers, and consequently must omit the description of the individuals. Mr. Patrick writes:—

"The meetings are very well attended, and there is an evident spirit of earnestness on the part of those who attend regularly. I have now quite finished with my interpreter, and ask for a remembrance in your prayers that I may have power to conduct all our meetings to the glory of God. (D.V.) we shall have seven each week, right through the winter. Last Sunday morning we had twenty-three present at our meeting, and all felt it good to be there."

Rich blessing was also given at the communion service held later. Will you, dear sir, please accept our hearty thanks for the £60 received during the past year for the rent of the Café Oriental? I do not feel able to ask you to continue sending me this money, although I do not at all know where the rent is to come from. I feel sure it would not be right to give up the Café for smaller and cheaper premises, as it is admirably situated for our work, and we are having one or more meetings there every day in the week (medical work included). We leave the matter entirely with you, dear sir, and pray that you may be guided to a right decision. Our God has supplied our every need, and we are sure that he will make his will plain to all concerned."

Dr. Churcher writes:—"The work here is in full swing. Thirteen Mohammedans are to-day staying with us in hospital. Each morning, except Sunday, we have about twenty out-patients coming for help; at the afternoon dispensary, in the Café Oriental, about sixty visits a week from Jews and Spaniards. Several of the in-patients just now are from a district so fanatical that not a single European has ever been known to enter it, though many have tried. One or two show a marked change in their aspect towards the gospel; at first they would not remain in the room while the gospel was being preached, now they will not miss a service. May divine grace change their hearts!"

EVANGELISTS.—*Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* have been conducting a mission at Bradford, in connection with the Y. M. C. A., during the past month. The services are being continued at the time we write; but we hear already that great crowds have gathered, and that many have been blessed. From Sept. 27 to Oct. 5, our brethren are to be at Portsmouth; Oct. 11 to 19, at Forest Hill; and Oct. 26 to Nov. 2, at Fulham. Mr. Smith asks us to mention that he is now living at 3, Stockwell Park Walk, London, S.W.

Mr. Burnham has been among the hop-pickers in Kent, and the services have been more than usually successful. This month Mr. Burnham is to be at Arlington, near Fairford, and Chesham.

Mr. Harmer and Mr. Chamberlain held a mission at Whitstable, but the time of year was not favourable to large attendances. Mr. Harmer has since been at Chesterfield, and he has engagements for two months in connection with the North Kent Association. His address for the future will be 2, Beulah Road, Thornton Heath.

Mr. Harrison's services at Mr. Charrington's Hall are thus described by the secretary:—"For seven weeks our brother's preaching and the sweet song by Mrs. Harrison have been listened to by thousands.

Last Sunday night the hall was packed, and over thirty professed faith in Christ at the after-meeting. Not a night has passed during the whole of the mission without some coming forward desiring to be prayed with and spoken to about their soul's eternal welfare. Wednesday night was their last night, and the body of the hall was filled with those who had been brought to the Saviour, and those who had received blessing under Mr. Harrison's preaching. Their visit this time will not easily be forgotten by those whose privilege it has been to be able to attend their ministrations." Mr. Harrison has since been at Miss Watney's Hall, at Croydon.

ORPHANAGE.—Through the kindness of friends we were able to secure a holiday for those children who had no relatives to receive them. Had the number been larger, we could have found homes for them all, as the offers were in excess of the need. We are thankful to all our friends who were ready to receive our orphan children.

We have now filled up all the vacancies in the Orphanage, and many candidates, already elected, await their turn. Friends may see how it is that we cannot receive at once the special cases in which they are interested. Applications are considered in order, and the children selected according to proved necessity. When placed on the accepted list, they are admitted as vacancies occur.

Since the list of presents was completed, we have received the annual harvest thanksgiving offerings from Pastor J. Stanley and his friends at Senley. This year, notwithstanding the scarcity of fruit and vegetables, the articles sent weighed 10½ cwt. May all the kind donors be richly rewarded!

Mr. Charlesworth proposes to visit South Wales this month with the choir and bell-ringers, and to take his usual tour in the South of England at the end of November. He has a few dates still open, and will be glad to hear from friends who can arrange for meetings in aid of the Orphanage. Applications from Scotland point to the desirability of a Scotch tour (D.V.) in the early part of 1891. Will those who desire a visit by the choir kindly write to Mr. Charlesworth in good time?

Please act upon the following notice:—Mr. Spurgeon's Orphan Homes for 500 children, Stockwell, London. *Quarterly collectors' meeting, Tuesday, October 7. Tea at 5.30.* Mr. Spurgeon will preside. The product of the orchard, the garden, and the field will be gratefully received from friends who would like their harvest thank-offerings to be given to those who are cast upon the fatherhood of God. Address—The Head Master, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—August 28, twenty-three; September 4, eleven.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mrs. Spurgeon, for little Beth ...	20 0 0	A friend ...	5 0 0
Mr. H. Hoare ...	1 0 0	Collected by Mr. Edward Bell ...	0 15 6
Collected by Mrs. J. G. Skelly ...	2 2 0	Mrs. and Miss Inglis ...	2 0 0
Mrs. Duly ...	0 10 0	For the late Mrs. Milligan ...	2 0 0
Rosa ...	0 1 0	Miss Bessie Ladin ...	0 2 6
Emma ...	0 7 6	Mrs. Parnell ...	0 3 0
W. and M. S., Glasgow ...	0 10 0	Miss R. Thomas ...	0 19 0
Mr. J. Francis ...	1 1 0	Mr. J. Cutler ...	1 0 0
Mrs. C. Cooper ...	1 0 0	Strawberry money ...	0 10 0
Mrs. Hyatt ...	1 0 0	Mrs. Harrison ...	0 10 0
Robert and Norman Wells ...	1 0 0	Mr. James Gilmour ...	1 0 0
Mr. H. Jackson ...	1 2 6	Rev. J. M. Clissold ...	0 10 6
Mrs. Robert Smith ...	1 0 0	Mrs. Elizabeth Duke, Rozette, U.S.A. ...	20 12 0
Mr. W. Brown ...	0 3 0	Mr. Martin Henry ...	0 10 6
Mr. W. Woolidge ...	0 10 0	Collected by Ernest ...	0 5 0
Mrs. Dennison ...	0 3 0	A. P. ...	0 4 0
Miss C. M. Petter ...	10 0 0	E. H. ...	1 0 0
A friend ...	0 2 6	Mr. James Tutt ...	1 0 0
Miss K. B. Webb ...	2 0 0	Collected by H. J. Randall, jun. ...	0 10 0
Mrs. Stopford and friends ...	3 0 0	Sunday-scholars, Charles Street Baptist	
Mr. F. J. Runsey ...	0 10 0	Chapel, Camberwell ...	1 8 6
Mrs. Hilder, per Mr. F. J. Runsey ...	0 5 0	Miss E. Kennaby ...	0 5 0
Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Riddel ...	2 10 0	Orphan boys' collecting-cards, as per	
Mrs. Pickering ...	0 5 0	list ...	67 13 9
Mr. William Mingins ...	1 0 0	Orphan girls' collecting-cards, as per	
Mrs. Ewart, per Mr. William Mingins ...	1 1 0	list ...	53 3 8
Mr. Walter S. Cowell ...	5 0 0		
Miss Moore ...	0 3 0		
Mrs. Adams ...	1 1 0		
			£498 2 1

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards.—Amiel, E., 3s 5d; Abbott, H., 8s 4d; Allison, S., 4s 10d; Alchin, A., 3s; Brend, A., 4s; Bryette, C., £1 8s; Barrett, F., 6s 6d; Bull, L. O., 5s; Bartholomew, W. H., 8d; Barnard, D., 5s 6d; Benham, H., 7d; Briggs, F., 5s; Brown, C., 9s 1d; Baker, J., 3s 2d; Biddle, W., 10s; Beer, A. J., £1 1s; Boggis, A., 5s; Broom, B., 7s; Bates, A., 3s 7d; Baldwin, R. F., £4 14s 4d; Bishop, F. G., 12s; Bowles, E., 5s 8d; Beattie, S., 7s 7d; Burrows, L., 4s 8d; Burkett, E., 1s 4d; Bowen, W., 4s; Clayden, W., 10s; Constable, F., 7s 2d; Cargill, L., £1 1s; Cooper, B., 14s 6d; Carman, A., 19s; Cooper, C., 2s; Cordrey, H., 13s; Cambridge, H., 10s; Carter, P., 5s 6d; Challis, B., 16s; Darling, A. C., 10s 5d; Drew, J., 1s 9d; Evans, J., £1 5s; East, G., 11s; Edwards, G. H., 8s; Edmonds, J., 1s 6d; Earthrowl, A., 4s 2d; Fullerton, H., 1s; Fyfield, F., 10s 7d; Fox, J., 5s 3d; Gant, F. C., 5s 4d; Gearing, F., 2s 3d; Golding, D., 3s; Greenhough, G., £1 1; Gammon, A., 5s; Green, A., 8s; Goddard, C., 1s 2d; Hodgetts, R., £1 4; Hill, G., 2s; Hadlow, E. J., 3s 6d; Head, C., £1 1s; Heath, W., 7s; Hurst, A., 8s; Hadley, J., 6s 4d; Henderson, P., 10s 7d; Hutchison, H., 8d; Henderson, G., 16s; Haizell, C., 13s; Hills, E., 4s 6d; Hooker, E., 6s 6d; Jansen, W., 4s 6d; Johnson, P., 8s 3d; Jenkin, F., 6s; Knappett, C., 5s 3d; Kent, J., 17s; King, H., 5s 6d; King, A., 2s 6d; Love, A., 3s; Long, H., 8s; Legge, W. H., 9s; Legge, W., 2s 6d; Lenderyou, A., 9s; Langridge, J., 8s 6d; Llewellyn, H., 12s 3d; Mulholland, T., 1s 11d; Manktelow, P., 10s 6d; Mann, H., 4s; Mansell, E., 11s 6d; Mitchell, B., 13s 6d; Martin, C., £1 6s; Maclean, C., 1s 5d; Morgan, R., £1 1s; Moore, H., 7s; May, F., 7s; Marks, A. T., 4s; Morley, C., 5s 6d; Mitchell, G., 4s 9d; McDouall, R., 2s; Morton, P., 1s; Manser, S., 7s 6d; Marshall, S., 2s 8d; Moore, F., £1 1s; Norton, R., 3s 7d; Nichols, J., 10s; Ounsted, A., 3s 3d; Owens, C., 1s 7d; Paskell, H., 2s; Platt, A., £1 19s; Payne, J., 3s 6d; Ponsford, H., £1 1s; Peachey, A., 3s 3d; Peverall, W., 14s; Perrall, J., £1 1s; Parker, T., 6s; Phillips, W., 6s 2d; Pitney, F., 12s 4d; Roe, F. G., 6s 6d; Romang, A. M., 7s 1d; Rodwell, B., 6s 2d; Rogers, W., £1 1s; Rastall, F., 10s 9d; Rhodes, J., 4s; Roberts, E., £1 1s; Roberts, H., 7s 7d; Sheppard, H., 4s; Schumacher, J., 3s 4d; Smith, R., 13s; Schofield, J., 11s; Sheen, A., 4s 3d; Strike, A., 10s 2d; Stringle, W., 1s; Saunders, W., 8s 5d; Spark, H., 13s 6d; Sharp, W., 3s 7d; Stone, F., 4s 6d; Suttle, R. J., 10s 3d; Smoothy, G., 1s 10d; Tant, J., 7s; Trim, T., 3s 1d; Townrow, H., 10s 7d; Taylor, G., £1 1s; Tier, C., 2s 8d; Tanner, J., 6d; Uren, G., 3s; Woods, C., 9s 5d; Warren, W., 4s 2d; Woolfenden, H., 3s 1d; Williams, A., 7s 9d; Wellard, L., 9s 6d; Walker, C., 6s 7d; Wren, W. P., 9s 5d; Worker, S., 8s; Wells, A., 5s; Wincott, J., 5s 7d; Webber, A., 1s; Webber, C., 1s; Walker, J., £1 2s; Warner, G., 6d; Webb, E., 6d; White, C., 1s; Wallis, H., 9s; Wilkins, J., 4s 6d—Total, £67 13s 9d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards.—Attfield, B., £1 0s 2d; Aldrich, M., 4s; Arnold, S., 1s 5d; Allsop, M., 1s; Arthur, P., 6s; Beck, M., 2s 7d; Barnes, A., 1s 2d; Brown, R., 7s 4d; Brander, J., 1s; Bunce, A., 5s 3d; Bliss, F., 1s 1d; Bullock, L., £1 5s; Bridgman, A., 6s; Boyles, L., 2s; Bateman, M., 6s 2d; Bartlett, C., 1s 2d; Biddle, F., 10s; Bull, L., 5s 6d; Butcher, L., 5s 6d; Bishop, L., 5s; Boorman, V., 2s; Birtwistle, E., 6s 3d; Barlow, M., 10s; Bond, N., 16s 6d; Bassett, L., 7s 8d; Bigglestone, E., £1 2s 6d; Broadhouse, N., £1 3s; Church, M., 10s; Court, A., £1 1s; Caister, E., 1s 2d; Cartwright, B., 2s; Craggs, A., 2s; Cox, E., 1s 10d; Cordwell, H., 11s 8d; Cable, F., 3s 6d; Court, A., 3s 9d; Castle, D., 6s 6d; Coplestone, G., 2s; Crawford, L., 3s 4d; Crawford, B., 3s 2d; Corbett, M. R., 1s 1d; Dickerson, E., 16s 9d; Dear, M., 7s 6d; Dale, E., 1s 6d; Donoghue, E., 6d; Epps, F., 13s; Everard, E., 6s 9d; Ellis, E., £1 1s; Freathy, E., 3s 6d; Fitt, M., 11s 6d; Gray, G., 18s 11d; Gurney, M., 6s; Grimes, B., 2s 6d; Gregory, M., 7s 6d; Hall, F., 2s 8d; Hall, K., 15s 6d; Hobbs, E., 5s; Haydon, L., 3s 6d; Hoidge, A., 16s 9d; Hunter, F., 2s; Harris, E., 6s 9d; Hinchley, L., 8s; Hall, B., 6s; Houching, M., 10s; Hoffman, M., 2s 6d; Ingle, F., 6s 6d; Jacques, K., 3s 1d; James, F., 10s; Jones, B., £1 1s; Johnson, A., 6s 6d; Jessop, P., 3s 4d; Jessop, K., 3s 3d; Johnson, L., 9s; Jackson, A., 2s 6d; King, E., 2s 4d; Kenward, D., £1; Lagdon, K., 1s; Long, M., 3s 6d; Larcumbe, A., 4s 6d; Langdon, E., £1 1s; Lockyer, M., 1s 4d; Lovell, E., 2s 6d; McKinley, F., 1s 1d; Mayhew, Z., 2s; Mockford, L., 10s 7d; Mitchell, E., £1 1s; Miles, M., 6s 3d; Moles, E., 2s 8d; Morgan, M., 6s; Meader, R., 6s 10d; Mash, L., 1s 3d; Morton, E., £1 2s; Martin, A., 6s 6d; Norvell, B., 6s 6d; Newton, K., 2s 3d; Nobbs, T., 6s 6d; Nugent, L., 1s 10d; Orbell, M., 6s 7d; Price, C., 11s 1d; Papworth, E., 16s; Parmenter, M., 3s 9d; Pope, A., 3s; Page, L., 16s; Perry, R., 2s 6d; Parsons,

R., £1 2s 6d; Palmer, B., 5s; Pennington, F., 14s; Peepal, B., 2s; Richards, K., 2s 6d; Rowbottom, G., £1 1s; Selby, S., 6s 6d; Sharland, A., 4s 9d; Sayers, A., 9s 2d; Seymour, I., 6s; Steele, E., 2s 11d; Shorter, E., 2s 9d; Steer, M., 7s 6d; Smith, M. A., 18s 6d; Smith, A., £1 1s; Searing, S., 10s; Sproughton, M., 1s 7d; Stevens, E., 10s; Smith, A., 4s 4d; Smith, M., 1s 9d; Soper, A., 3s 7d; Scott, L., £1 4s 3d; Smith, M., 14s; Sainsbury, G. and G. Leitch, 8s 7d; Smith, O., 10s 6d; Smithers, L., 2s 3d; Swannell, J., 1s 8d; Trepte, E., 14s 6d; Tiley, R., 1s; Twynam, B., 1s 1d; Townsend, B., 3s 6d; Turner, H., 6s; Thiel, D., 1s 3d; Unwin, M., 7s 10d; Valler C., 6s; Wright, E., 6s 7d; Woolfit, M., 6s 6d; West, A. M., 6s; Willmore, E., 3s; Woodcock, I., £1 1s; Wright, K., 3s; Witham, P., 11s 3d; Warner, K., 1s 8d; Warburton, H., 4d; Williams, M., 5s; Wicks, M., 8s 6d; Walker, K., 1s 2d; Westwood, F., £1 1s; Ward, M., 4s; Wilkins, E., 10s 6d; Youens, L., 5s.—Total, £58 3s 8d.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from August 15th to September 15th, 1890.—PROVISIONS:—1 case Eggs, "Anon"; 3 sacks Flour, Mr. Samuel Barrow; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 3 baskets Plums, 4 crates Onions, Mr. F. Fisher; 20 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong and Co.; 6 Siltan Cheeses, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 20 Eggs, Mrs. Doggett.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—126 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 6 Articles, 2 Boxes of Mending, Mrs. Butler; 2 Dresses, 1 pair Boots, Mrs. Doggett; 5 Hats, Mrs. Feltham; 28 Articles, Hornsey Baptist Chapel Dorcas Society, per Mrs. Musk; 12 Pinafors, Mrs. R. Curtis; 2 Aprons, 1 Purse, from a "Dorset Friend."

GENERAL:—50 yards White Calico, 50 yards Unbleached Calico, Mrs. Wainwright; 2 dozen Beaded C. Mers, Mrs. Best; 72 volumes, Mr. W. J. Smith; 1 cask Blacking, Messrs. Carr and Son; 1 small box Flowers, Mrs. E. Parsons; 1 load Firewood, Mr. Cooper; 1 Picture, Mr. Clark.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 15th, 1890.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Chesterton District	10	0	0
Mrs. Thomas White, for Tewkesbury	7	10	0
Sellindge District, per Mr. Thos. R.	10	0	0
Wendover and neighbourhood, per Mr. J. E. Taylor	10	0	0
Southern Baptist Association	50	0	0
Rendham District	7	10	0
Mr. H. O. Serpell, for Estover District, near Plymouth	30	0	0
Witney District, per Mr. Abraham	10	0	0
Newbury District	10	0	0
Horsforth, per Mr. W. H. Bilborough	6	5	0
Bromley Congregational Church, for West Wickham District	10	0	0
Borelaid District	20	0	0
Calne District	15	0	0
Swaffham Prior, Cambs. Association	10	0	0
Shipley and Wolverhampton	10	0	0
M. A. H., for Orpington	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Newton Abbot, South Devon, Congregational Union	10	0	0
	£231	5	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
J. G.	5	0	0
Mrs. Knott	0	5	0
In loving memory	50	0	0
A friend of the cause, from Ireland (with 5s. for Hop-pickers Mission)	0	5	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	4	0	0
Miss E. S. Jarrett	0	7	6
Annual Subscription:—			
Mr. Charles Liberty	0	10	6
	£80	8	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 15th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Gordon	0	10	0
Mr. J. Bettinson	2	10	0
F. D. M.	5	0	0
J. G.	10	0	0
Mr. William Morgan	5	0	0
Mr. W. Turnbull	25	0	0
A. J. D.	0	6	0
Mrs. Spencer	0	2	6
Jno. F. H.	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
M. A. H.	5	0	0
Pastor W. Jackson	1	0	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	1	10	0
E. M., Berkhamsted	1	0	0
	£57	18	6

Two £1 Scotch notes (a tithe), received after the lists were closed, have been placed to the College account, with heartiest thanks to the unknown donor.

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 to Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums sent before the 13th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

NOVEMBER, 1890.

"Sermons in Candles."

BY C. H. SPURGEON.



ON the day of publication of the present *Sword and Trowel* we also issue our "Sermons in Candles" for one shilling. It has grown into two lectures, and thus deals with the subject at large. The book is full of illustrations, and will, we trust, be found interesting enough to command a large circle of readers. Other people have delivered the Lecture; but it is our own original idea, and now that we commit it to the press, we hope that even more will study it, improve upon it, and re-deliver it. We accord the fullest liberty to all who can make good use of the lecture; and we hope that in return they will just acknowledge the source upon which they draw. To give our readers a sufficient taste of the cheese to induce them to buy it, we insert a few pages in this magazine.

"Butchers, it seems, are accustomed to do their work with a candle fastened upon their foreheads in this fashion. As I am not one of those gentlemen 'who kills his own,' you will excuse me if I have not managed the affair in an orthodox manner. There is an old story of one who had lost his candle, and travelled all round his premises searching for it by its own light. It is told as a jest, and it must have been a



mirthful incident where it happened. I remember an old gentleman who could see very little without spectacles, but went up and down the house searching for his glasses, looking through them all the time. The parable is this: a person full of doubts and fears about his personal condition before God is searching for grace within, by the light of that very grace for which he is looking. He is fearfully anxious because he can see no trace of gracious anxiety in his mind. He feels sad because he cannot feel sad. He repents because he cannot repent. He has the candle on his forehead, and is seeing by the light of it, and yet he is searching for that very light, without which he could not search at all. Many a time a man laments that he does not feel, and all the while he is overwhelmed with pain through the impression that he does not feel pain as he should.

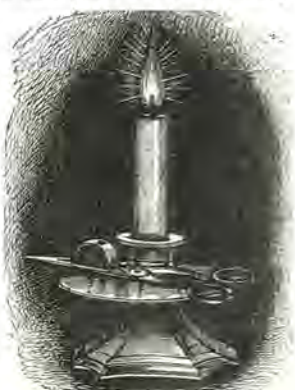
"Here is a candle which is as good as candle can well hope to be. The light is clear and pure. Speaking popularly, the candle is *perfect*, and is giving forth a bright light. Yet, if you knew it better, you would take another view of it. It is disseminating black smoke as well as clear light. Here is a sheet of bright tin plate. Just hold it over the candle, and you will see that it is yielding something other than light. Of course, there will be nothing on the bright tin but that which comes out of the candle.



"Will one of you be so good as to put his finger on this tin, and then touch the tip of his nose and his forehead with it? I cannot persuade any of you to try the effect; but if you did so, you would prove to us all that the best of candles does not yield unmingled light. I am told that a man may be perfect. Well—no doubt we ought to be so, and in the Biblical sense I hope many are so. But if all possible tests were applied to them, a measure of imperfection would be found in the brightest of saints. It is as old Master Trapp says, 'We may be perfect, but not perfectly perfect.' Grace makes us perfect after our kind; but only in glory will the last remains of sin be altogether removed.

"I should not care to be like this sheet of tin, used to expose the faults of others, when it would be better to leave them unnoticed. Some peeping Toms have the gift of detecting the imperfections of good men: I do not covet their talent. In the process, these prying folk, like this sheet of tin, grow very sooty themselves. Do not attempt to imitate them.

"In the next similitude you have a simpler reminder of the imperfections to which men are liable. A candle needs snuffers, and men need chastisements; for they are both of them subject to infirmity. In the temple of Solomon there were snuffers and snuff-dishes; but *they were all of gold*. God's rebukes are in love, and so should ours be: holy reproofs in the spirit of affection are snuffers of gold. Never use any other, and use even these with discretion, lest you put out the flame which it is your aim to improve. Never reprove in anger. Do not deal with a small fault as if it were a great crime. If you see a fly on your boy's forehead, don't try to kill it with a sledge-hammer, or you may kill the boy also. Do the needful but very difficult work of reproof in the kindest and wisest style, so that the good you aim at may be attained.



"It was a shocking habit of bad boys to snuff the candle, and then open the snuffers and let the smoke and the smell escape. The snuffers are made on purpose to remove the snuff, or consumed wick, and then to quench it by pressure, and prevent any offensive smoke; but young urchins of a mischievous sort would set the snuffers wide and let the filthy smoke fill the room with its detestable odour. So do some who hear of a brother's faults, make them known, and seem to take pleasure in filling society with unsavoury reports. I pray you, do not so. If the candle has something wrong with it, touch it carefully, snuff it with discretion, and shut up the obnoxious matter very carefully. Let us be silent about things which are a discredit to Christian character. Keep an ill report secret; and do not be like the young lady who called in a dozen friends to help her keep a secret, and yet, strange to say, it got out. Remember, you may yourself deserve rebuke one of these days; and as you would like this to be done gently and privately, so keep your remarks upon others within the happy circle of tender love. To rebuke in gentle love is difficult, but we must aim at it till we grow proficient. GOLDEN snuffers, remember; only *golden* snuffers. Put away these old rusty things—those unkind sarcastic remarks. They will do more harm than good, and they are not fit things to be handled by servants of the Lord Jesus.

"*Here is a sputtering candle.* You can light the thing, but it seems to spit at you, and crackle as if in a bad temper. Never mind: it is its pretty way, and it will get over it, and burn comfortably by-and-by. We once had among us a good brother—it is years ago, and he is now beyond our censure—he would always give, and give liberally, too; but he took the money out in grumbling. He thought there were too many appeals; he thought the thing ought to be provided for in another way; he thought—in fact he seemed to be full of discontented thoughts; but he ended up by saying, 'There's my share of it.' It was a pity, for he was real good. If any of you have the sputtering habit, I would advise you not to spend much pains in

cultivating it: it is not pretty, and does not commend a man to those about him. When a candle has been so long in the cellar that it has become thoroughly damp, it is apt to spit and sputter a little; but there is no reason why you and I should keep in the cellar, and be sick of the blues; let us abide in the sunnier side of the house, and then we shall burn and shine with a happy cheerfulness. I hope we are not cut-on-the-cross, nor born like Attila to be 'the scourge of mankind.' I suppose it needs all sorts of people to make up a world; but the fewer of the grizzling, complaining sort, the better for those who have to live with them. Our sputtering candle has now got over his weakness, for he has burned out his damp bit; and whenever you and I come to a cantankerous half-hour, may we get through it as fast as possible, and keep ourselves to ourselves all the time, that nobody may know that we have been in the sulks. Go into your growlery, and get it over: better still, go into your closet and get it under.

"See how precious material runs to waste if the light is not trimmed! *There is a thief in the candle*, and so it takes to guttering and running away, instead of yielding up its substance to be used for the light. It is sad when a Christian man has some ill habit or sinister aim. We have seen fine lives wasted through a love of wine. It never came to actual drunkenness, but it lowered the man and spoiled his influence. So is it with a hasty temper, or a proud manner, or a tendency to find fault. How many would be grandly useful, but for some wretched impediment! Worldliness runs away with many a man's energies; love of amusement makes great gutters in his time; or fondness for feasts and gilded society robs him of his space for service. With some, political heat runs away with the zeal which should have been spent upon religion, and in other cases sheer folly and extravagance cause a terrible waste of energy which belonged to the Lord. You see there is fire, and there is light; but something extraneous and mischievous is at work, and it needs to be removed. If this is your case, you may well desire the Lord to snuff you, however painful the operation may be. Depend upon it, we have no life-force to spare, and everything which lessens our consecrated energy is a robbery of God."



Ich Dien.

I HAVE a Master, in whose dear employ
 I find my leisure ;
 His will is law to me, and yet a joy
 That knows no measure
 Fills heart and soul while I that law fulfil ;
 For I love him, and what is stranger still,
 He loveth me, in spite of all my ill.

He sought me out when I in darkness sat :
 Shall I not love him ?
 " I am the Light of Life," he said ; and that
 I daily prove him.
 For since he set me in the narrow way,
 I walk in light divine, whose holy ray
 " Shines more and more unto the perfect day."

My Lord hath such a kindly, winning way,
 That to refuse him
 Aught that he asks, or ever say him nay,
 Would be to use him
 As none who know him truly ever could ;
 Beside, his will is but to seek the good
 Of all who serve him—Blessed Masterhood !

And that sweet title, " Master," doth express
 His true relation
 To all who, through his death and righteousness,
 Have found salvation.
 He calls, they come ; he bids, and they obey ;
 Glad if, by any deed of theirs, they may
 Win his approval in the final day.

So easy is the yoke he bids me wear,
 So light the burden
 He layeth on the shoulder, and so fair
 And full the guerdon
 His love bestoweth, that those he doth bind
 To him in service, in their serving find
 True rest of soul, a deep content of mind.

And if he asks me will I go out free,
 I answer, " Never !
 Since thy dear love hath stooped to succour me,
 Nothing shall sever
 The golden chain that binds my soul to thee,
 Making thy service dear as life to me,
 And e'en my very bondage liberty."

“The Work of an Evangelist.”

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

No. II.—MOSGIEL.

WHO that has travelled in New Zealand does not know of the Taieri Plain? Who that has visited Dunedin has not driven out ten miles to see the fertile valley?

All who have will certainly remember the first glimpse of the Plain from the heights above. Someone has compared it to a huge chess-board; and with its parti-coloured paddocks, and roads all crossing at right angles, the comparison is not inapt. But we should have to put two and a-half chessboards together, in a row, to get the proportionate length and breadth.

Dotted every here and there are smiling homesteads, presumably the *pawns* of the board, while several churches stand for the *bishops* (if the Presbyterians will permit the comparison). Only one king is visible from our standpoint, and he stands up as tall and stately as the shaft of a factory. Such, indeed, he is; for the township just below us (Mosgiel) is celebrated chiefly for its woollen mill, where tweeds of the finest sorts and latest patterns are manufactured, so to speak, direct from the sheep; for are not Otago's grazing lands almost alongside?

Descending the hill, and driving down the long Main Street of this thriving place, one notices on the left what is evidently a conventicle, with a nicely-planted plot in front. Another glance will serve to show that it has not long since been added to; for several yards of the roof towards the front look brighter and newer than the rest. The architecture, it must be owned, is of the very plainest order. There is no embellishment whatever, nor so much as an indication of what place of worship it may be.

Now, it must not be supposed that I am finding fault with such primitive architecture. I am merely recording facts. In this case I really admired the simplicity when I knew the reason why. When talking over the matter to one of the members he said, “Did you never hear the story of the two boys who were discussing the merits of their respective homes? Said one, ‘Your house is ugly enough, to be sure: we’ve got a cockage on ours, we have.’ ‘Yes,’ said his playmate, ‘I know, and haven’t you got a mortgage too?’”

The fact is, the Baptists of Mosgiel (for the plain conventicle is a Baptist Church) have a wholesome dread of debt, and rather than have a mortgage they have dispensed with the “cockage.” I do not think they would have cared for a spire in any case; but when finances were low even finials were out of the question. Moreover, these Baptists believe in growing (the new part of the roof proves that), and they have by no means done growing yet, as I must presently relate.

I would not be in the least surprised to learn ere long that those tasteful shrubs in front have been ruthlessly uprooted to make room for a fresh building, or, at least, to allow for the erection of a porch, so as to afford more room within. They will have a “cockage” and all some day, I verily believe, so enterprising are these baptizers. O friends at

Mosgiel, you have done well and wisely ! Would that your brethren the world over had done ditto ! If that man was foolish who began to build and was not able to finish, what shall be said of the Christian Church, which indeed finishes the building, "cockages" included, but is not able to pay for it ? Is it not better to "keep inching along," than to take a flying leap and to land in the ditch of debt ?

The history of the Church which lives and labours in the aforesaid meeting-house, is of greatest interest, at least to those who know the place, and desire to see Baptist principles spreading in New Zealand. So latterly as July, 1883, a few friends met for worship in a private house. The first pastor whom they called was none other than the renowned C. H. Spurgeon ! They did not send him a request to supply "with a view," nor did they, for sufficient reasons, invite him to fill a probationary term. They did not even elect him to the pastorate outright, *and take the risks* ; but they pursued what, under the circumstances, was undoubtedly the wisest course, *i.e.*, they contented themselves with listening to certain of the great preacher's discourses, as read by one of their own number. I wonder how many pastorates of that order C. H. S. has had, and still holds ! I know a "good few" in these colonies ; and I presume that America "licks creation" in this, as in all else. The Metropolitan Pulpit is a portable one, and proves powerful wherever it is set up. May every blessing rest upon the preacher !

There were not more than half-a-dozen Baptists as a nucleus, but there were more in the neighbourhood—"hidden ones." These were hunted up ; and when a Brother (not a P.B.) from Dunedin visited them, a month later, he gave the right-hand of fellowship to twelve. Not a bad beginning this ! There was something of encouragement in the very number. Were there not *twelve* sons of Jacob, and *twelve* disciples of Jesus ? Did not John in vision note that the new Jerusalem "had *twelve* gates, and at the gates *twelve* angels, and names written thereon, which are the names of the *twelve* tribes of the children of Israel ; and the wall of the city had *twelve* foundations, and in them the names of the *twelve* apostles of the Lamb" ?

These twelve were of one accord and of one mind, and set to work straightway. They at once secured the parcel of ground where the plain building and ornamental shrubs aforesaid now stand, and *paid for it*. Then they put up a little kirk, and met the bill for it, some £150. Two years later, vestries and a baptistery were added, and, more recently still, the enlargement has been made. Call this piece-meal work, if you will ; but they built as growth required and cash permitted.

A good work has gone on ever since the cause commenced ; and though only fifty-eight are in membership at present, in that eight years over one hundred have been united in Christian fellowship.

At no stage, save the initial (as above related), have they had a pastor. The reading of the sermons was soon dispensed with, for it was discovered that there were exhorters amongst them, and Caversham and Dunedin sent supplies. At this present they rejoice in no less than six local preachers, good men and true. Moreover, they enjoy a monthly visit from an evangelist from the church at Caversham, with which they were till recently, in some sense, united. Their Sunday

School, including a branch a few miles distant, numbers 160 scholars, with fifteen teachers.

Among this "holy, happy band" it was my joy to labour for nearly a fortnight. It gave me unalloyed satisfaction to see my name down on the preachers' plan for two Sundays, alongside the names of men who, though necessarily "not slothful in business" all the week, are "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." All honour to the noble army of local preachers and the like, who, for the love of Jesus, cease not from their toils on the Lord's-day, but find their rest in holy service! May the Spirit rest upon them as on Eldad and Medad; and let all true-hearted pastors say with Moses, "Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put his spirit upon them!"

I found the Mosgiel Baptists warm already; but, like the children in their game, they were willing to be warmer, and their desire was granted. Ere our work was over, there was not one, I think, but could say, with David, "My heart was hot within me." It was good to be there. More inspiring meetings I have never attended, more interested hearers I have never addressed. We had five meetings specially for the Lord's people, and nine for the ingathering of the unsaved. All proved full of God-sent power. Glistening eyes, and loud Amens, and hearty hand-grips proved that the saints were edified; while eager seekers and happy finders proved that the Lord is still mighty to save.

There was no lack of workers. Of drones there were none. Hence, in great measure, our success. Oh, I do believe in individual effort! An advertisement caught my eye, the other day, as follows: "WANTED, BUTTON-HOLERS." I thought at once of the need there is for button-holders of a spiritual sort—men and women who, with tact and grace, will interview the careless, and beg them to be reconciled to God. There was no lack of button-holders, thank God, at Mosgiel. Brethren and sisters were watching for souls, and the Lord gave them great spoil. The whole township seemed stirred, and every night saw us busy, till the hour grew late, pointing the way to heaven. What wonder that no less than half a hundred professed conversion or restoration! "And all the people, when they saw it, gave praise unto God."

And since I quitted the place good news has reached me of the continuance of the blessing. A young Christians' band has been successfully launched, with a happy crew aboard. God speed the ship! Several have applied for membership, who were already baptized, and others are asking to have the lid taken off the pool.

There will be more of these by-and-by, let us hope. The worthy secretary informs me that it takes some people a long while to see to the bottom of the baptistery. Of course, he writes of Mosgiel; or does this hold good of other places and peoples also? Well, the Lord open their eyes! Here are a couple of texts of Scripture by way of a salve, one for each weak eye: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," and "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

Nettleton Anecdotes.

SIXTH SELECTION.

FIFTY years ago, and less, there were frequent warm discussions concerning the doctrines of grace among religious professors. Preaching ran much more on doctrinal topics than at the present day. The points frequently in dispute had relation to the doctrines of Calvinism, as they are called—though we prefer to say the doctrines of sovereign grace. Among other points disputed, was that of the “Final Perseverance of the Saints.” Persons who held to the theology of Arminius used hotly to combat this truth of Holy Scripture. They used to say—

“If Christians believe that their salvation is certainly secured, they will feel that it is no matter how they live”; or, “they may live as they list.”

This contention was not confined to England, nor to any one denomination. Most Baptists in England and Wales were on the Calvinistic side; and that body, as also the Congregationalists and Presbyterians in America, were mainly true to the same position. Dr. Nettleton, who was a Congregationalist, was an able exponent and defender of the faith known as Calvinistic. Combating the objection just mentioned, he says, in one of his sermons on Philippians i. 6 : “The objection involves the grossest absurdity. It may be thus expressed. If we believe, we shall persevere. It is no matter how we live, because we shall certainly persevere, whether we persevere or not. If the righteous shall hold on his way, it is no matter if he stops, or even goes back. Nor is the supposition that the belief of this doctrine tends to make people careless, less absurd. It is true that the formal professor, the self-righteous, the hypocrite, and all who esteem the service of God a weariness, and all who are building their hopes of heaven on the sand, may think to find some relief in this doctrine. But the person who can thus pervert this doctrine has no evidence that he is a child of God. The objection involves this plain absurdity. I have evidence that I love God and the duties of religion. And now, since I shall certainly continue to love God and the duties of religion, I care nothing about the honour of God and the duties of religion.

“This objection, if made sincerely, is likely to prove that the objector has no religion, and that he would be glad to give up the duties of religion as an intolerable burden. No one who feels disposed to make this objection can possibly have good evidence that a work of grace has been begun in his soul. On the contrary, this disposition itself is positive evidence against him.

“Besides, there are many zealous Christians who firmly believe this doctrine. I adduce Paul as an example. He says: ‘I am persuaded that neither life nor death *shall be able to separate us from the love of God.*’ And yet Paul was not a careless Christian.”

Preaching on the same subject, Dr. Nettleton refers to the remarkable statement of our Lord : “Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.” “We see a reason,” says he, “why angels rejoice at the repentance of one

sinner. If angels did not believe this doctrine, they could have no ground on which to rejoice. They must wait till the sinner gets to heaven. The true penitent will certainly arrive safe at the mansions of the blessed. A firm belief of this doctrine lays the only foundation for joy in heaven over his repentance. If angels did not believe this doctrine their joy would be unfounded. Their language would be: 'That sinner has truly repented. He is now a child of God, an heir of heaven; but whether he will ever reach this happy place—whether he will ever sing with us in glory—is a matter of great uncertainty. He may yet become a child of the devil and an heir of hell. Could we *know* that he would certainly arrive safe in heaven, we might now tune our harps and sing, '*Glory to God in the highest.*' But since we have already been disappointed, and devils and damned spirits are now triumphing over some at whose repentance we once rejoiced, it is best to wait and see how he holds out. Hear them triumph in the regions of despair! 'Ye angels,' say they, 'ye may suspend your songs, and hang up your harps. Let your joy be turned into mourning; victory is ours.'

A person who denied the doctrine of final perseverance was expressing his joy in believing. Dr. Nettleton interrogated him thus:—

"Why do you rejoice, my friend? Do you think there is any certain connection between your believing now and your final salvation?"

He perceived that if he answered in the affirmative he must admit the doctrine, and so he replied in the negative. The question was then put to him:

"If there is no certain connection between your present belief and your final salvation, why do you rejoice?"

"Because," said he, "my sins are forgiven."

"But why rejoice because your sins are forgiven? You say that you have no evidence that you are not to suffer in hell for your sins, after all. Why rejoice because your sins are forgiven?"

"Why, if I am faithful—if I persevere to the end, I shall be saved."

"Very true. Unless you persevere, you cannot be saved. But what reason have you to conclude that you shall persevere? What makes you so confident that you shall be saved? Show us the ground of your confidence. Do you trust in your own resolution?"

"No."

"Well, what then? Do you trust in the stability of your own will? Do you feel superior to the power of temptation? Do you think you are a person of such decision, such stability and firmness, that when you undertake the work you shall certainly go through with it? Is this the reason you have to think that you shall persevere and be saved?"

"No."

"Well, what then? What reason have you to think you shall be faithful—that you shall persevere and be saved? If God is not first faithful to you, you will not be faithful to him."

The man could see no reason why he should rejoice; he could find no rest for the sole of his foot until he was driven back on the text, "*Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.*"

And what evidence could he have, can you have, that you shall

persevere? Do you trust in yourselves? You lean on a broken reed ; you build on the sand. There is depravity enough in your hearts to sink you to hell if left to yourselves. If you have never seen and felt this awful truth, you have never yet seen your own hearts, nor been thoroughly awakened. If you have not felt this awful truth, you have never been driven out of yourselves—not yet left the stronghold of self-righteous deception ; not yet “*fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before you.*”

THE DOCTRINE OF ELECTION ENCOURAGES THE USE OF MEANS.

Some say that the doctrine of Election discourages the use of means. This is a wrong conclusion, for the contrary is the fact. It is sure ground of encouragement in the use of means. This Dr. Nettleton successfully proves in a sermon from the text, “I have much people in this city” (Acts xviii. 10). He infers therefrom the mistake of those who consider the doctrine of election a discouraging doctrine. “Are there not many present,” says he, “who are still without God and without hope in the world? They have spent the best of their days in sin. All means have hitherto proved ineffectual. So many years of their probation have gone, and they are still enemies of God. They have heard the gospel, and have rejected it. Permit me to summon these individuals to the bar of their own consciences.”

“I would ask you : What reason have you to believe that the gospel, which you have heard in vain for so many years, will take effect when your hearts are still more hard? I would that you might feel the difficulty. We have no more powerful means than those which have already been used. Now, if you deny the doctrine of election, where is your hope?”

“We will suppose that the doctrine is not true—that God will leave you to do as you have done, and leave the means to operate as they have done. Is this encouraging? Deny the doctrine of election, and there is not a sinner in this assembly who has the least reason to conclude that he shall ever be saved.

“Perhaps some of my hearers are displeased with this doctrine, and hope that it is not true. Then let me address you on your own ground. Whether this doctrine be true or false, it is an eternal truth, acknowledged by all, that *Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.* Strike out the doctrine of election, yet the doctrine of regeneration is true : ‘*Verily, verily I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.*’ Strike out the doctrine of election, and let the means operate just as they have done, yet the doctrine of faith is true : ‘*He that believeth not shall be damned.*’ Here is a given character which all the heirs of salvation must possess. Now you are at liberty to become Christians on the easiest plan you can. If you will repent and believe, and be born again, you shall be saved, whatever may become of the doctrine of election.

“But why have you not repented and believed, and become Christians already? Why do you stand disputing about this doctrine, when you know that you must repent and believe, and be born again, or be lost? What will your disputing about this doctrine accomplish? If it be true, disputing will not alter it. Is it necessary for you to prove that

the doctrine is false before you can repent? If you will repent, the doctrine of election will not hurt you if it be true. But if it be not true, then you have got to repent and believe, and be born again, without it; and it is high time that you were in earnest on the subject.

"If you say you cannot repent unless God grant you repentance, that is the same as to say you cannot repent unless the doctrine of election is true. For, if the doctrine of election is not true, it is certain that God has not determined to grant repentance to one of the human race. If this doctrine is not true, it is certain that God has not determined to grant you repentance.

"Instead of troubling yourself about the doctrine of election, I will show you a more excellent way. Begin to trouble yourselves about your own wicked hearts. The day of salvation is drawing to a close; and what have you done? and where are you now? Hitherto you have rejected all the melting invitations of a bleeding Saviour; and where are you now? Hitherto you have resisted the Holy Ghost; and where are you now?

"In spite of the offers of heaven, the calls of a bleeding Saviour, the invitations, commands, and threatenings of Almighty God, you have hitherto resisted. And will you continue to force your way down to hell? There is but a gleam of hope: 'Turn ye, turn ye. Why will ye die?'

"Come, O thou Spirit of the Lord, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live!"

On Meeting the Demands of the Age.

DO not trouble yourself too much with the question, "What is the kind of preaching the age demands?" Rather consider what the age needs. "The age demands" too often what it should not get. It demands preaching that will not disturb the conscience—only be "messengers of peace"; so that all sorts of people may have sops for their souls; so that none may be made to feel uncomfortable. Gamblers and worldlings may be exhorted to be "diligent in business"; and easy-going folks may be told to "love the beautiful, rejoice in truth, honour, and justice." Sin must be spoken of as a mistake or misfortune, and the sinner as an object of pity rather than of condemnation. Some old words, such as hell, judgment, and eternal death, if ever mentioned at all, must, if "the demand of the age" is conceded, be spoken with bated breath, or, rather declared to be obsolete. The hearers must not be exhorted to the robust virtues of self-denial, earnest Christian service, godly living, or whole-hearted consecration. *Æsthetic* culture is the demanded substitute. "The age demands" sugar-coated truth, and that only in small doses. It loves the preacher to dance on sunbeams, glitter in dewdrops, talk of stars and daisies, hover on fleecy clouds; it delights in a pulpit caricature of an old-fashioned Puritan or Methodist, and, in short, it demands too often a preaching that will never save the people, but will ruin the preacher, and please the devil. Do not gratify "the age" in such a demand, but preach according to the oracles of God.—*Charles H. Kelly, in "Born to an End."*

A New Way of Folding Sheep.

FARMER JAMES was an influential man in town affairs, besides being a deacon and leading man in the chapel. He worked most heartily for the success of the special mission, and was more than delighted when he knew that his own son Charles had been led to the light at the special services. It soon became apparent that the change which was wrought in the heart of the farmer's son was real, for his life was full of beauty and sweet fragrance, like the rose-bud after receiving a baptism from the warm shower, and then the sunny smile of the July sun. All in the farm noticed and admitted the change in Master Charles's life.

One day Charles glided alongside his father's arm-chair, as if he had something secret he wished to say; and, indeed, it was so. And at length Charley mastered up courage to open his heart.

"Father," said he, "I have been thinking I should like to become a member of the church, and sit down with you and mother at the Lord's table."

"My dear boy," said the father, as he drew him tenderly towards his knee, "I am pleased to hear you talk like this; but you see you are only a little boy yet—quite a tender lamb; and I assure you, if you go on as you are going, nothing will give me greater joy, after a time, when I see how you grow, to mention your name to be proposed as a member of our church."

Charley said nothing in reply, but retired with his heart too full to speak to anyone except to his Saviour; and this he did alone in secret.

After a few days more had quietly passed away, they were one day seated at tea; his father had come in off the farm, and had quietly removed his gaiters and big-nailed, lace-up boots, when all of a sudden the father exclaimed, "Oh dear! Oh dear!"

"What is the matter, father?" asked the good housewife; "nothing wrong, I hope, father!"

"Oh, no!" replied the farmer, "only I have taken off my boots and gaiters, and I quite meant to set a new fold for the sheep this afternoon. Charley," said the father, "you are growing a big boy now, do you think you could manage to set a new fold for the sheep?"

"Oh, yes!" said Charley, delighted to be entrusted with such an important duty. "I have seen you set a fold a good many times, father. I am quite sure I can manage that job."

"Bravo, my boy!" said the father. "Then you go and try what you can do, and let us see how well you can manage it."

The farmer felt quite proud of his son's confidence, and Charley was equally pleased to be trusted, and away he went with the large mallet on his shoulder, and a big iron bar in his hand, singing his way off to the field. He soon withdrew the stakes and completed his new fold, and secured the sheep for the night in a place of safety and good pasture. When he returned home, he was soon called to his father's side, to know the result of his first efforts at folding the sheep.

"Charley," said the father, "have you set a fold?"

"Yes, father," was the quick reply.

"Have you made it secure, do you think?"

"Yes, father; quite secure."

"Did you drive your stakes well down into the ground?"

"Yes, father; I gave them an extra tap with the mallet, so I know they are all right."

"Good lad! Did you put all the sheep in the fold?"

"Yes, father; and I counted them when I had done, so I know they are all right."

"Good boy! You put the lambs in the fold with the sheep, did you not?"

"No, father, I left them outside; I thought if they grow and stand we can put them in another day."

"My boy," said the farmer-deacon, "you know too much for me. I will propose your name for church-membership at our next meeting."

J. MANTON SMITH.

The Lift, an Illustration of Faith.

MOST large hotels and business houses have lifts, by which guests or goods are transported from one part of the building to another. These lifts furnish an illustration of what faith does for the man who exercises it. We step into the lift, and take our seats, and then, without any effort of our own, we ascend to the point we want to reach. By trusting ourselves wholly to the lift, we attain the desired end safely and speedily: if the lift should break, we should be broken, for we trust entirely to it. Thus does faith lift the believer out of his natural condition into the realm of grace, out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son.

The lift is equally available either for ascending or descending; and the faith of God's elect elevates them to the Mount of Transfiguration, where they commune with their glorified Lord, or carries them down to the practical realities of everyday life. Faith has to do with spiritual things, but it is not out of its element in temporal affairs. Some are so spiritual that they cease to be natural; one has feared sometimes whether they were not in danger of becoming "naturals," or, to speak more plainly, fools. We want more of what some one called "bread-and-cheese faith"—the faith that has to do with the ordinary affairs of life in the home, the school, the playground, the office, the shop, the study, or wherever the providence of God may place us. True faith is far removed from folly; it is, indeed, man's highest wisdom, for by faith he becomes "wise unto salvation."

There is "nothing to pay" for the use of the lift. The guests in the hotel, and the customers in the warehouse, are free to use the lifts as much as they need them, either for ascending or descending. So faith is "the gift of God." It is part of the covenant of grace, and one of the "all things" that are freely given to those for whom the great Father delivered up his own Son.

JOSEPH W. HARRALD.

Steve Holcombe, the Converted Gambler.

THERE has lately been published at Louisville, in the United States, an account, by Mr. Alexander, of a man who was once as notorious for various kinds of wickedness as he is now famous for his earnestness in the work of the Lord. There have been life-stories more striking, and some may have risen into more eminent service after a wasted early life; but the story is still full of encouragement for those who are tempted to despair of the reclamation of any prodigal.

Steve was born in 1835, at Shippingsport, in Kentucky, which, being near to the great city of Louisville, was once an important place, but has since "gone down." It is said that "there are five or six fairly good houses, and all the rest are poor. There is a good brick school-house, built and kept up by the city of Louisville. . . . There is one dilapidated, sad-looking, little old brick church, which seldom suffers any sort of disturbance." The town is now famous for its cement alone.

Steve was not happy in his parents. His father, though "an honest and well-disposed sort of man," was a drunkard, who died at the age of thirty-three, and who now lies "in an unmarked grave, on the commons, where formerly he slept when drunk and shut out by his wife from his home." In some respects a contrast to her husband, Steve's mother was "a woman five feet ten inches in height, and 190 lbs. in weight," and who, when aroused, "was as fierce as a tigress," her home government being altogether severe and in keeping with her physical strength. Under such circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that Steve grew up the victim of many bad or vicious habits. This is a picture of his early life:—

"The boys with whom he associated in childhood were addicted to petty stealing, and he learned from them to practise the same. When about seven years old, his mother, on account of their poverty, provided him with a supply of cakes, pies, and fruits, to peddle out on the steamers while they were detained in passing the locks of the canal. Instead of returning the money to his mother, however, he would often lose it in gambling with the bad boys of the place, and sometimes even with his half-brothers, so that he seldom got home with his money, but always got his beating. At eight years of age he played cards for money in bar-rooms with grown men. At ten he began to explore those parts of the river about the Falls, in a skiff alone, looking for articles of various kinds lost in wrecks, that he might get means for gambling. This, together with the fact that his hair was very light in colour, gained for him the distinction of the Little White-headed Pirate."

When about nine years old, he attended school for three months, and that was all the education he received. At that school he first met "the brown-haired, black-eyed little girl who afterwards became his wife," and who belonged to parents who were so careful of their children that they would not even allow them to play with their school-fellows of Shippingsport. The attachment thus commenced continued, through clouds and sunshine, till the present time. In most cases, a bad man will drag a woman, with whom he is associated, down; but Mrs. Holcombe maintained her good character, and, till her husband's conversion

occurred, she was instrumental in preserving the children from falling into evil ways through their father's bad example.

In his young days, Steve was not without good impressions; for a dream that the devil had him at last, or a good word at an evangelistic meeting, would cause him to try "his level best to work himself up to a point where he could feel that he was converted"; but as no one ever became changed in that manner, the young gambler soon became worse than he was before. As a mere child he left home to take long trips on the river steamers, thus mixing with gamblers and bad characters, until he was a ring leader himself in all that was most vicious.

When Steve married Miss Evans, it was a great trial to the girl's family; and even old Mrs. Holcombe warned the young woman of the fatal step she was taking. Of course, Steve intended to reform, and his young wife fondly thought that she would be able to make a new man of him; but both soon discovered their error. It would serve no good purpose to go through Steve's adventures during "forty years of sin and crime." When at length he saw his condition as a sinner in the sight of God, it was some time before he could obtain peace. This came, however; and he says, "The only words I could utter or think of were these three—'Jesus of Nazareth.' It seemed to me they were the sweetest words I had ever heard. Never till then did the feeling of blood-guiltiness leave me. It was only the blood of Christ that could wash from my conscience the blood of my fellow-man."

After his conversion he suffered much from the hardness of his lot in the world; for it was not easy to go from gambling to another and an honourable calling that was equally profitable. After many hardships and adventures in the Far West, and in the Rocky Mountains, he obtained a situation in the Louisville Fire Brigade, and in this he remained two years. He was gaining experience such as would be of use to him in after years.

Mr. Holcombe found his proper sphere when he was appointed to superintend a mission in the centre of Louisville. Being so well known, he was regarded with great wonder, and of course there were those who predicted that the gambler would soon be at his old games again. Meanwhile, many came to see and hear, "among whom were drunkards, gamblers, pickpockets, thieves, burglars, tramps—men who had fallen from high positions in business and social circles." These people found that the convert, who had now been a Christian for four years, "spoke no hot words of excitement, but narrated facts with truth and soberness. Many of his old-time friends, the gamblers, their timidity overcome by their curiosity, joined the crowd and heard the man. Poor drunkards dragged themselves to the place where the famous gambler was telling about his conversion, and the power of God was present to heal, and great grace was upon them all." Such meetings were held on every week-night as well as on Sundays. Such meetings had never before been seen in the city. It is added concerning them: "The gathering looked more like the police-courts of a great city on Monday morning than like a religious meeting. The workers did literally go out into the highways and low-ways, and compel them to come in. And marvellous things took place there."

Concerning the conversions which took place during Mr. Holcombe's first three months of service, it is said: "Hardly a day passed without

some case of exceptional interest. Men were saved who had been for years in the very lowest stages of dissipation and vagrancy. Not a few of those who were thus saved were men who had belonged to the very best social and business circles of the city. Many of them are bright and blessed lights in Christian circles to-day. Many homes were built up out of wrecks where only ashes and tears remained. Many scattered families were brought together after long separation." Some of the conversions are said to have been as wonderful as that of the apostle Paul.

Many of the cases of the converts are given in their own words; but they would too greatly extend our article if given here. The mission at Louisville seems to be regarded by all classes with favour. The work was commenced in a small way in one room; but it is now carried on in a building containing thirty rooms. "Since my conversion I have tried to be a man, just as much as before," says Mr. Holcombe. "As Dr. Pentecost said the other day, 'When I put off the old man, I did not put on the old woman.' . . . What I mean is, that since I became a Christian, I have not lost any of my manhood."

Mr. Holcombe's confessions regarding his old life are a warning to such as think they have the slightest chance of winning money under any circumstances from professional gamblers. He plainly tells us, that when he was a gambler, "the object was to get other people's money without giving them any equivalent."

The great success of the mission is seen in the changed lives of some of the worst men in the town. Years ago these men sat "in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron; because they rebelled against the words of God." It is also evident that the churches of the city have had their spiritual life quickened through seeing what has been effected by the simple preaching of an earnest man. "Many of my old companions were brought to believe in the gospel when I was changed by it," says Mr. Holcombe; "and now, when scores of the worst cases, in Louisville, have been reached and saved, and have *stayed saved so long*, men are brought back from unbelief to faith, and naturally turn to the gospel with increasing hope."

Mr. Holcombe has his own way of conducting a mission, and he keeps to it. He is very particular in not allowing the meetings to exceed the prescribed time. People who give testimony of benefit received must not speak for more than three minutes; and they are not encouraged either to brag or to find fault with others. He especially disapproves of any new converts finding fault with the church and its methods. "I am sorry to know," he says, "that many who are conducting gospel meetings are inclined to find fault with Christians, magnifying themselves and their work, and underrating the churches and the work of their faithful pastors. Some of these mission-workers have spent the best part of their lives in sin, never looking into the Bible—have been converted only a short time; have had a little success; got the big-head, and think they know better how to do God's work than those who all their lives have made a study of God's Word."

Such is the work carried on by the converted gambler in Louisville, a work which is striking evidence of the power of the gospel to raise and utterly change the most degraded of human beings.

My Visit to the Bank of England.*

BY W. C. BUNNING.

LIKE many Londoners, I only saw its great sights after I had been away from my native city for years. And now, after eighteen years' absence, among other most interesting things, I got, through a friend, a permit to go all over the Bank of England. This institution, associated, as it has been, with so much of later English history, and whose name is synonymous throughout the earth with monetary security, is a little world in itself. The rise or fall in its rate of interest is a heart-throb of the world's life which all the political physicians carefully note. It is a common-place to say that the Bank is compelled by its charter to keep more than eleven millions of gold in its cellars, as a guarantee, not only of bullion for all its issue of notes, but to have in hand, for an emergency, far more than sufficient to give gold for all its paper. This fact suggests another fact, which is full of comfort to the believer. Not only is there divine fulness in Christ to make every promise good—and there are more than *ten thousand* promises in the Bible—but God “is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.”

We saw the ingenious processes by which the notes of all values are numbered as they are printed, and the various checks, one against the other, to do away with the possibility of mistake. We went into the great directors' room, and sat in the chair occupied by successive governors of the Bank for the past two hundred years. The windows of this great room look out upon a *garden*. There, away from the roar of traffic only a few yards off, and in the very heart of the city, trees were growing, flowers blooming, and a fountain playing. The bank stands partly upon an old church and churchyard. Ah, how many of the children of God keep the garden of the soul in the midst of city life, where their Beloved may come and eat his fruits! We were much impressed, during this visit to our “native village,” with the many quiet and even lonely spots, like eddies, to be found all about that great Niagara of life—London.

Of course, we felt that our interest centred in the gold cellars. Thither through many doors, and with the exchanging of a number of keys, we were conducted by our old friend, who seemed to have the goodwill of all the officials. When we had got in, and the doors were closed behind us, we had placed in our hands bullion bars worth £1,600 each. I had the privilege of hauling a truck some distance with £80,000 worth of these bars upon it. We saw great stacks of bags all around the walls, each containing 1,300 light weight sovereigns, which, in due time, will go to the smelting pot.

Thence we proceeded to the note room. In safes all around were the piles of notes of all values. For the first time (and probably the last) I had a million of money in my hands—a thousand £1,000 notes.

* Mr. Bunning mentioned the above circumstance in an address at the Tabernacle. At our request he sends these notes of it from the Cape. We are glad to get these pages as a token of his safe progress towards home. May God bless him!—C. H. S.

Yet what was I the richer for handling all this gold and paper money ? I was no better off than those people who know most of the Bible and hymn-book by heart, but who have not the faith to make any of it their own. But, precious thought ! God does not display his crown jewels and wealth only to dazzle poverty-stricken eyes. He attaches to all "his riches in glory by Christ Jesus," the free invitation, "Ask, and ye shall receive." "Ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not." The poor man does literally sit among princes ; for to him all the promises of God are indeed yea and amen in Christ Jesus.

We passed by the barrack-room where the company of the Grenadier Guards have their quarters as they nightly watch over the safety of this great treasure-house. With more certainty are all God's jewels and wealth guarded from the thief or robber, as well as from the hand of sacrilege.

Perhaps the most impressive sight of all was the light-sovereign detector. I think the Bank of England is the sole possessor of these most ingenious machines, the invention of one of their own employes. A slanting shoot, holding, say, 2,000 sovereigns, allows one coin to drop at a time upon a little brass table. If the sovereign be full weight, a finger is projected, which throws it to the *right*, whence it passes once more into the currency of the realm. If the coin be light weight, another finger comes out, and throws it to the *left*, whence it passes under a knife which cuts it right through across three parts of its face. Never more can that coin pass for true value. This machine *never makes a mistake*. How could we help thinking, if man can make an infallible detector, what folly to imagine we can escape the righteous judgment of God, when souls are weighed in the balances and found wanting ! The thought came in upon us with terrible power—What must it be to be marked as counterfeit, or light weight, across the soul for ever, to be seen of angels, devils, and of men !

It would unnecessarily prolong these remarks were I to enlarge further upon what we saw and heard at the Bank. And further, as I am writing upon the saloon table of the *Aberdeen*, with the south-east trade-wind in full blast as a head-wind, my "base of operations" is so continually shifting, that writing is somewhat difficult. Praise God for bringing us most prosperously to within a day-or-two's sail of the Cape of Good Hope. Many times during these twenty-one days at sea, have we felt sure many of you were praying for us !

And now, in saying good-bye to the Bank, we may ask, Who was this old friend who had the *entrée* everywhere, and who took such pains to explain everything ? The answer to the question takes us back to the time when he and I were fellow-apprentices near St. Paul's. I had found peace, and he, with great distress of mind, was seeking it. One Sunday evening, he looked in at the door of the Tabernacle, as he was passing. Mr. Spurgeon was just saying, "You will die if you stay away—you can but die if you cast yourself upon God's mercy in Christ."

"I can but perish if I go ;
I am resolved to try ;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

There and then my friend cast himself on the divine compassion, and got peace through believing. Through all these years, this has been the ground of our hearty friendship. And now, as a deacon of a church and superintendent of a Sunday-school, he is abundant in labours for the Lord of life. Hallelujah! Good-bye!

Speak a Word.

HE sat in a corner shivering; for he was down at the heel. He was considering whether he should jump into the river, or fly to America and leave his wife and family, so as to get out of his difficulties. The friend at his side saw by his face that there was very stormy weather in his soul; and so he gently spoke about the troubles of life which happen to us all. Poor Downcast was much at home upon that subject. Then the friend spoke of faith in the Lord Jesus as to the greatest of all burdens, and how that load was taken quite away; and from this he argued that all the smaller baggage of daily care could be removed too. He showed how God appears in the darkest moment for the rescue of them that trust in him. Poor Downcast drank in the words as a sponge sucks up moisture, and by the time the train was in the station, he had almost forgotten that his name was *Downcast*, and might have taken the name of *Hopeful*.



If our friend had held his tongue, no one can tell what would have become of the poor despairing mortal. As it was, he lifted him from a horrible pit, and put a new song in his mouth.

It is well to speak a word in season to him that is weary. Let us use the sacred art. We shall improve by practice. Let us prudently, but boldly, go in for holy talks, and so glorify God and comfort men.

C. H. S.

A Happy Scene in a Storm.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

I WENT to the Stockwell Orphanage, on Tuesday, September 23, to walk round with an artist, and select bits for his pencil, to be inserted in a Christmas book for the Institution. We had not gone many yards before it began to rain. Umbrellas were forthcoming, and we tried to continue our perambulation of the whole square of the boys' and girls' houses; but the rain persisted in descending, and speedily increased into a downpour. Nothing short of being amphibious would have enabled us to face the torrent. There was nothing for it but to turn into the play-hall, where the boys gave tremendous cheers at our advent; cheers almost as deafening as the thunder which responded to them. Go out we could not, for the shower was swollen into a deluge, so I resolved to turn the season to account. I had to disappoint the little girls; but their turn will come another day.



A chair was forthcoming, and there I sat, the centre of a dense throng of juvenile humanity, which could scarcely be kept off from a nearness which showed the warmth of their reception of their friend. Our

artist, who, standing in the throng, made a hurried sketch, could not be afforded space enough to put in the hundreds of boys. It was certainly a melting moment as to heat, and fresh air was not abundant; but anything was better than the storm outside.

Flash after flash made everybody feel sober, and prompted me to talk with the boys about that freedom from fear which comes through faith in the Lord Jesus. The story was told of a very young believer, who was in his uncle's house one night during a tremendous tempest. The older folk were all afraid; but he had really trusted himself with the Lord Jesus, and he did not dare to fear. The baby was upstairs, and nobody was brave enough to fetch it down because of a big window on the stairs. This lad went up to the bedroom, and fetched the baby to its mother, and then read a psalm, and prayed with his relatives, who were trembling with fear. There was real danger, for a stack was set on fire a short distance away: but the youth was as calm as on a summer's day of sunshine, not because he was naturally brave, but because he truly trusted in the Lord.

While I was thus speaking, the darkness increased, and the storm overhead seemed brooding over us with black wings. It was growing dark before its hour. Most appropriately, one of the boys suggested a verse, which all sang sweetly and reverently—

"Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness thickens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!"

This ended, there followed a word about the ground of the believer's trust: he was forgiven, and therefore dreaded no condemnation; he was in his heavenly Father's hand, and therefore feared no evil. If we were quarrelling with God, and had all our sins resting upon our guilty heads, we might be afraid to die; yes, and even afraid to live; but when reconciled by the death of his Son, we said farewell to fear. With God against us we are in a state of war; but with God for us we dwell in perfect peace. Here came flashes of lightning and peals of thunder which might well make us start; but no one was afraid. It is true we all felt awed, but we were restful, and somehow there was a quiet but general cry for "*perfect peace*." On enquiring what this meant, I was answered by all the boys singing right joyfully—

"Like a river glorious is God's perfect peace,
Over all victorious in its bright increase,
Perfect, yet it floweth fuller every day;
Perfect, yet it groweth deeper all the way.
Stayed upon Jehovah, hearts are fully blest,
Finding, as he promised, perfect peace and rest."

This sung, we covered our faces reverently, and the boys were very silent, while I lifted up my voice in prayer. Then we opened our eyes again, and it was very dark, as if night had come before its time. While the flames of fire leaped in through the windows and skylights, the noise of the rain upon the roof and the tremendous thunder scarcely permitted me to say much upon Jesus as being our peace, through his bearing our sins in his own body on the tree. Yet, as well as I could

I set forth the cross of Christ as the place of peace-making, peace-speaking, and peace-finding, both for boys and men; and then we all sang, to the accompaniment of the storm-music—

“How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer’s ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.”

Never did the power of that name to drive away fear appear more sweetly. To me the words came with a soothing, cheering power, which filled me with intense delight, and so we very joyfully and peacefully sang the third verse—

“Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, fill’d
With boundless stores of grace.”

Just as we came to “my shield and hiding-place,” there was a peculiarly blue flash, with a sort of rifle-crack, as if something very close to us had been struck. The boys looked at one another, but went on with subdued tones, singing of the “boundless stores of grace.” Teachers and others were mixed with the little army of boys, but we were all welded together in common emotion. I then reminded them that to such a Protector we must give our heart’s love. It was a duty to love one so good as the Lord Jesus, but even more a delight to do so, since he gave himself for us, and, by bearing our punishment, delivered us from all harm. As if by instinct, some one led off—

“My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
For thee all the follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art thou,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, ’tis now.”

Here was a good opening to press home the question, Is this true of each one of you? The great desire of all who conduct the Orphanage is to lead you to take Jesus for your gracious Redeemer, that so you may love him. Oh, that you loved him *now*! It may be that, if you leave us unsaved, the Lord will yet bring you in; but it would be far better that you should go out from us ready for the battle of life, and covered with a holy armour, so that you might not be wounded by the arrows of sin. Then I picked out Mr. May, who is employed at the Orphanage, and bade him tell the boys about himself. May was a boy with us at the Orphanage—a restless spirit, and so he went to sea, and, after many hardships and adventures, he was converted to God at Malta, and then came back to us, and we found him a post at his old school. As the lads knew the most of his story, May did not say very much; and what he did say was rather overborne by the rain on the roof, which sounded like ten thousand drums. The thunder added its trumpet voice, and only allowed us pauses of silence. I went on with the talk till there came a burst of thunder loud and long. I stopped, and bade the children listen to the voice of the Lord. We all hearkened to it with awe and wonder. Then I reminded them of Psalm xxix: “The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty. The

voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon. The Lord sitteth upon the flood; yea, the Lord sitteth King for ever." I told them how often I had sung to myself Dr. Watts's verses—

"The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas:

"This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He shall send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

"There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in."

As they did not know the old-fashioned tune "Falcon Street," to which I had been wont to sing the words, we kept quiet till, suddenly, there came another roll of drums in the march of the God of armies; and then, as an act of worship, we adoringly sang together, with full force, the words of the doxology—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

This was a grand climax. The heavens themselves seemed to think so, for there were no more thunder-claps of such tremendous force. I need not write more. The storm abated. I hurried off to see enquirers at the Tabernacle, but not till one and another had said to me, "The boys will never forget this. It will abide with them throughout eternity." So be it, for Christ's sake. Amen.

Too Soft.

NEITHER God nor wise men will take the trouble to teach the foolish, vain creatures who will not learn. One of our ministers, addressing the students in a college, said: "I was once in a furniture shop. Lying on the floor, I saw several pieces of timber. Speaking to the foreman of the establishment, I said, 'Why do you not use this? It is of fine grain, and very beautiful.' The foreman said, 'Yes; we have plenty of that, but we cannot use it; it is too soft to be polished.'" There are men of that sort. If too soft, God will put no polish on. Yet the softest are the most vain, supercilious, pretentious.—*C. H. Kelly.*



Pastoral Work at Southgate.

SOUTHGATE was originally so called because it was the southern gate, or entrance, to Enfield Chase, which, in the time of Charles I., extended over some eight or nine thousand acres. In his book on "The Environs of London," Mr. James Thorne says:—"The village is quiet, sheltered, and flourishing; one of the pleasantest-looking and least-changed round London. A long stretch of shops and residences put in all sorts of shady nooks and corners; a broad green, lined with great elms, and opposite it a modest and comfortable inn, the Cherry Tree; a handsome modern church; and all around numerous noble trees standing by the roadside, or within spacious grounds, and revealing glimpses of stately mansions. Once Southgate boasted its patrician residents, but its aristocracy now consists of opulent citizens, with an occasional nabob."

This is a true description of the past and present of Southgate; but a great increase of population has taken place of late years. Fifty years ago, before the construction of the Great Northern Railway, the whole district was very secluded, being quite aside from the main coach-roads; but nowadays the more humble class of dwellers in villas have found out its charms, while others go to business in London by early morning workmen's trains. There is plenty of work for an earnest Christian pastor to do among a constituency like this; and if his labours can be supplemented by those of a colporteur, it will be all the better for the poorer sort of people. So far, Mr. Wickerson has given both time and talent to the cause; and the time has come to erect a chapel on land already secured.

Southgate was originally a station of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Country Mission, but a church was formed a little over three years ago, and it is hoped that this will develop into a prosperous cause, although

the working-class congregation will not be able to erect the new chapel without help from outside. The land alone cost £250, that sum being lent by Mr. Spurgeon; but on being repaid, the whole amount will be given to the building-fund. As the work is practically a mission enterprise, Mr. Wickerson thinks that his cause has a claim on all who desire to extend such enterprise in the suburbs. As a pastor he has won the good opinion of all who have had an opportunity of taking notice of his zeal in the Lord's service, a better testimony still coming from those who have been brought from darkness to light by the gospel. At their monthly meeting in May, 1889, the members of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Country Mission resolved—"That, having heard of our brother Wickerson's recent troubles in his work at Southgate, and the difficulties with which he has had to contend of late, we desire to place on record our thankfulness to God for the great and good work which he has accomplished through our brother during the past five years he has been at Southgate, and to assure him of our continued confidence and esteem. Our prayer is that the divine blessing and the divine guidance may be vouchsafed to him in a richer and more abundant measure in the future than it ever has been in the past."

The success of the work carried on has been highly encouraging from the first. Many conversions took place. Before the end of the first year the church-book contained the names of over sixty members, with an average attendance at the Lord's table of nearly fifty. The Sunday-school, the Bible-classes, the week-night services, and prayer-meetings, are all well maintained. Being engaged in business in London, Mr. Wickerson, for a time, travelled to and fro several times a week; but the people have at length provided him with a house, within two miles of his work, meeting all expenses, including the travelling to and from London.

While commending a work like this, we may remember that it is the more needful that it should be well kept up, on account of the activity of evil agencies. In these days, even unbelief is aggressive, and it is copying the methods of the Church. Thus, at Southgate we hear of so-called Freethought meetings being held in the outhouse of a well-to-do resident, in winter; and out-of-doors, on the Green, in summer. The character of the teaching given at such gatherings is dreadful enough to listen to, or to think about; but it is one of the signs of the last days, and it will have some victims, oppose it how we may. The best way of counteracting its influence is, to employ a colporteur to go about among the people, for the purpose of circulating among them a literature which will prove that the gospel, and not secularism, is identified with their best interests. To the extent of his ability, Mr. Wickerson is doing this; but his hands need to be strengthened. Last summer our friend added a leaflet of his own to the large amount of anti-infidel literature he scatters among the kind of people who are likely to be deceived by the Satanic agents who are now abroad:—

"A gentleman, who makes an open boast of being an infidel, was talking to me the other day, in the Eastern Counties.

"In the course of our conversation, I said to him:

"Have you anything better to offer me than the religion of Jesus Christ? Christ is everything to me. He has given me power to live a new life and the assurance of a glorious immortality.

“Can you offer me anything better to take to a dying bed! When I enter a workhouse-ward, and go from one dying soul to another, what can you offer me in exchange for the comfort I am able to impart as I hold the feeble hand and unfold the love of God as manifested in the person of Jesus Christ? I have been the means of helping many, and comforting many, when they came to the brink of the river of death. Now, tell me, what can you offer me better than the blessed gospel?”

“He looked me in the face, and replied: ‘Mr. Wickerson, I would not deprive those poor people, nor anyone, of any comfort you may be able to impart.’”

“He had nothing better to offer me; and was too humane to deprive me of what I had, if he could.”

The church at Southgate is not without a creed; its belief is printed and circulated as a tract, so that no one need be in ignorance of its doctrines. The Rules of the Church are also circulated.

We have received several letters from friends on the spot, who testify to the genuine character of Mr. Wickerson's work at Southgate; but the one which has afforded us most pleasure is a note from a poor man, who is so happy in his worldly calling and Christian service, that he calls himself the Happy Sweep. We give an extract from his letter, because it shows what kind of work is in progress.

“My first acquaintance with Mr. Wickerson was at an open-air service which he was holding at the Cross-road, one Sunday evening, about five years ago. I had been taking a walk with the wife round the lanes, when we heard some people singing, and, as we approached, I heard our pastor entreating men and women to prepare for eternity in such an earnest manner that it made me feel that I must find out where he preached. I did so, and found it was in a little shop. Both me and the wife went to hear him, and received such a hearty welcome that we have never forgotten it yet. We continued going, the Lord blessing the word to our souls; and so, just as we were going astray, the Lord arrested us through his servant, Mr. Wickerson, who has been, in the Lord's hands, of much blessing to us.”

For some time our friend acted as superintendent of the Sunday-school; and then, when he removed to New Southgate, he undertook preaching-service at a place called the Freehold. The first Sunday, there were only about a dozen persons present; but the numbers rapidly increased, and many were converted. “The result of this is,” adds our friend, “that we have now a nice hall capable of seating 200 people; we have a growing Sunday-school, and a nice staff of workers for the Lord. I am now engaged at different places.” That is to say, he preaches both indoors and in the open-air, finding so much satisfaction in it all, that he signs himself, “Yours in the Lord —, the Happy Sweep.” Many rich people might envy such a man, as one who understands how to get at the pleasures of life.

We trust that Mr. Wickerson will be enabled to go forward in his work by meeting with the encouragement of those who are able to help him. A little assistance now will greatly stimulate the work; and the proposed chapel, which will cost about £1,500, is greatly needed.

Humily or Clothes.

BY PASTOR F. C. SPURR, EVANGELIST, LONDON.

THOMAS CARLYLE has said something concerning clothes in his queer book, "Sartor Resartus." It is my object to say something on the same subject, but from an entirely different point of view.

The subject of clothes is very near to us—when we are dressed—and also very *dear* to us sometimes; unless we change our residence before the tailor's bill is due, and forget to tell him where we have gone. In that case we are swindlers.

Seriously, however, God has said much in the Bible about dress, and surely he wants us to know his will about this thing. God is a particular God, and he has given us particular instructions concerning the details of our common life. Of these, dress is not the least important, as we shall see. To a CHRISTIAN, of course, God's Word is final; concerning what he has commanded there can be no question or hesitation. The fact that he has willed a certain thing is sufficient reason for a Christian to obey. The writer hopes that if any readers of this article feel hurt by what they see herein, they will be good enough to turn to God's Word for verification, and also to remember the two sentences preceding this one.

It is written in the book of Genesis (ii. 25) that before the Fall our first parents were naked, and "were not ashamed." The veil of modesty on their souls had not then been torn off, and their nakedness caused no blush, for it was the condition that God intended they should be in. But directly they had sinned "their eyes were opened," and they were "ashamed." Sin is a great eye-opener. Then, for the first time, we read of clothes. Adam and Eve were the first tailors; and sorry garments they made. Afterward, God clothed them with skins—a most significant act; for sin and shame can only be "covered" on the ground of sacrifice. Bearing in mind this origin of clothing, our dress should be a continual visible reminder of our Fall; and if men were half sharp they might read their sin in most of their works; instead of that, their very clothing has become an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual pride.

Clothes have brought many people into trouble. Joseph's coat of many colours brought him down in the world—into the pit; and but for that he might have remained at home in peace. His old father, Jacob, was a bit silly over his "baby," and thought he would like to see him in a nice gaudy dress. Still, in Joseph's case, there was not much trouble, if we view the *end* of his career; but the *way* to it was somewhat weary. Gehazi got into trouble over clothes and money too. He paid a long price for that wardrobe. There is nothing harmful in fine clothes, only they act as a sign to the pride of heart within. They point out the harm, rather than cause it.

Ladies who are unduly fond of trinkets should read the list given in Isaiah iii. 18—23, and also pay heed to the Word of the Lord which accompanies it. The long robes of the Pharisees, and their broad phylacteries, indicated the spirit of the wearers, and our Lord was not slow in pointing this out. Pharisaism and fancifulness are not

distantly related; and a man's *habil* is a pretty sure guide to the habits of the man.

Almost the first visible sign of penitence in an ancient Jew was the rending his clothes. This is significant. Did it not mean that the visible tokens of his pride were spoiled. This outward act was a fit symbol of humble penitence? But even this expressive bit of ritualism became a mere form; for we find God, through his servant Joel (ii. 13) reprimanding the people because they clung to the visible form, and yet neglected the inward reality.

The peacock is not remarkable for sagacity, and yet his clothing is most gorgeous. He is quite aware of that fact; if you doubt it, just watch him as he exhibits his tail. If he could only keep his mouth shut, all might be well; but, alas for him, his voice betrays him! One forgets the beauty of his dress when that screech is heard! The peacock is not the *only* creature whose voice betrays him. Perhaps the reader may here recall the story of Coleridge and the intellectual-looking man, whose remark upon dumplings dispelled the philosopher's dream of his neighbour's greatness. Many a well-dressed "dude" is very rude; his clothes fit him; but he does not fit his clothes.

And yet we are, all of us, prone to judge of a man by his appearance: fine clothes stand for a good man, and poor clothes for a bad man. There is a word in the Epistle of James (chapter ii. 2—4) which is by no means out of date, and it might be well if this text were printed and hung up in the lobbies of certain chapels and churches, where poor folks are unwelcome. The Gibeonites (Joshua ix.) understood the value of appearances, good or bad, and their old clouts did them good service, and Joshua was fairly deceived. *He* ought to have known better, anyway. Let us cease to be fools in judging men by their dress. Let *character* be our guide, and not clothes. The proverb says, "A golden bridle makes not a better horse"; and JOHN PLOUGHMAN has a remark to the effect that "An ape is an ape, though dressed in a cape." Thomas Adams, that old Puritan wit, once wrote, "The bowels of worms clothe us, and we shall yet feed the bowels of worms"; a humbling reflection for proud folks.

In the scale of creation, the order seems to be, *the less power the more show*. For example, compare the *eagle* with the *cockatoo*, or the peacock. Who ever heard of an eagle rigged out like a gorgeous macaw? Most eagles are plain (beautiful in their way, but plain comparatively). For the sake of space, reader, make your own application. Again, compare the *whale* with the gold-fish. Where the greater power lies, there is less gorgeousness. Or, coming to the human family, compare the uncivilized nations and tribes with the civilized. The Africans and others love show: a string of beads is a prize for them. That African chief, whose wives rubbed him all over with oil, and then covered him with gold-leaf, must have presented a striking appearance. The moral of these illustrations is very apparent, and people must not be surprised if, with the analogy of nature before us, we judge showy folks rather severely. People usually over-dress for two reasons—either to *show up* beauty, or to *make up* for it. In the former case it is unnecessary, and in the latter it is a fraud. Beauty commends itself, and requires no decking.

Our blessed Lord once said something about clothing, but people

pay but little attention to his words: "I say unto you, Take no thought for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the body more than raiment? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" (Matthew vi. 25—30.)

HE said that the *body* is more than raiment, but many are of the opinion that the raiment is more than the body. Food and clothing absorb about two-thirds of man's time.

As an illustration of God's care in extremity, the case of the children of Israel comes in here. For forty years their "raiment waxed not old upon them, neither did their foot swell." This is about the only instance in the annals of civilization in which fashions were fixed for so long a time. *We* have no right to expect that miracle, because, it would mean ruin to many gracious tailors; but from it we may learn a lesson as to the watchfulness and kindness of God.

God gave specific directions concerning the dress of his people:—

In Deut. xxii. verse 11, we read: "Thou shalt not wear a garment of divers sorts, as of woollen and linen together." This may not apply to *us* now; but there is a principle here for us. Apart from any sanitary reason, the prohibition was necessary from a moral point of view. Heathens adopted a mixed clothing in their idolatrous worship, and God would have his people steer clear of any false religion, or even the *suggestion* of it. There could be no sin in the actual wearing of the mixed cloth; *but the use to which others put it made it wrong*. There may be actions which *in themselves* are perfectly right, but which become questionable by reason of the popular use. This is an important principle, and applies in all circumstances. It is a powerful argument against Christians drinking intoxicants. God's people must be separate, and they cannot afford to do as worldlings do, even though, in themselves, the actions may be legitimate.

The garments of the *priests* were ordained by God. Let the reader peruse Exodus xxviii. 4—6.

3. The garments of *believers* are mentioned in 1 Timothy ii. 9, 10, and 1 Peter iii. 3—5, Christian women are told how *not* to dress, and how to dress. Now, young ladies, here is a little bit for you! Please scan that list, and then look through your wardrobe and compare. See! No doubt such a word as this was needed for young converts in that age; is it not also needed now? It seems *almost* incongruous for a woman with a flower-show on her head to sing with any degree of sincerity—

"And pour contempt on all my pride."

Surely milliners must be grateful for places of worship where may be seen gratuitous and practical advertisements of their skill. There is need for reform in *that* direction. Bonnets should not do duty for benevolence, nor spangles for spirituality. Nor has any woman (or man either) a right to go to God's house and distract the attention of worshippers by finery. What would Peter and Paul say if they came to our chapels *now*? Heed the exhortation, "Be clothed with humility."

In fine clothes they arrayed Jesus; and Matthew Henry asks, "Shall a fine robe be a *pride* to you that was a *reproach* to him?" Look at the account of John Baptist's clothing (Matt. iii. 4). *He* was not in the fashion. Have you ever noticed that men and women who have done much for God have always maintained simplicity here? They were *poor* in *spirit*, and, consequently, *not* rich in body. There are one or two reasons why Christians should be simple in dress. First, because a true Christian *must be a nonconformist*. "Be not conformed to this age."

Secondly, fashionable dress fosters pride; and pride is one of the chief things that the Lord hates. Thirdly, fashionable dress is a bad example to the "weak." You have no right to make anyone envious of your clothing. Many a "weak" person has been plunged into debt and poverty through trying to "keep up an appearance." Fourthly, excessive dress is downright robbery of God. There was a steward accused of "wasting his master's goods." Must not dressy people waste the Lord's money? It is well to remember that we *are* stewards, and, therefore, have no right to do as we like with *God's* money. It is A BURNING SHAME that so much is spent by professing Christians upon luxuries, while the claims of God are almost disregarded. Please, Mr. Editor, don't expunge that sentence. The people want touching up a bit. I met a man the other day who said he was going to imitate the apostolic age in its simplicity, so I said, "Be good enough to hand over your goods for the common use, according to Acts iv." Not he! He went away. But it *would* be refreshing to find a revival of real apostolic simplicity and *consecration*.

One thing it is necessary to say, namely, that after all, *it is the spirit we want to rectify, and not merely the garb*. Pride lurks in print dresses as well as in silks. Some are proud of the idea that they are not proud. One garment only is worth wearing; it is ever in fashion, and never wears out. It fits equally old and young, rich and poor. It will be the fashion in heaven for evermore. Here is the exhortation to wear it—

"PUT YE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST."

Reader, see that you wear that dress! And so concludeth my homily.

Scientific Religion.

EH? What is scientific religion? Well, my son, as it takes Mr. Oliphant's four hundred pages to tell you that, I don't know that I can tell you in a paragraph. But it is a great improvement on the old kind; oh, dear yes, a great improvement! Mr. Oliphant, the inventor, says so himself, and he ought to know. As I understand it, it sweeps away a great deal of the old rubbish which the world has outgrown, such as the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, the Psalms and Gospels, the Prophecies, Epistles, and Revelation, and one thing or another like that. Oh, it's easy, my boy—it's the easiest thing in the world to invent a new religion; any fool can do that. It is a thousand times easier to invent a new religion than to live up to the old one; that's the reason why a new one is brought out about every fifteen minutes.—*Burdette*.

Prayer, Providence, and Perseverance.

DAVID was a wise king; wiser, in some respects, than his son Solomon, and, upon the whole, a much better man. Nowadays, however, some men would account him a fool; for he really believed in the efficacy of prayer. In other words, he believed that when anyone cried to God out of a humble and contrite heart, and with a sense of his necessities and unworthiness, God would hear him; that is, answer him. He tells us that God did not hear him as a king, but as a man, a poor man and unworthy; and so he tells us, in what is at the same time a psalm of praise to God and a sort of little sermon to men, "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles" (Ps. xxxiv. 6). He says in another place, "I cried unto thee, and thou hast heard me." And in yet another psalm—one that might be called the *Farmer's Te Deum*—he makes bold to address and praise God as the hearer of prayer: "O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come" (Ps. lxxv. 2). If anyone had heard David talking like this, and called him a fool for his credulity, I fancy he would have smiled, and said, "Really, my friend, I am sorry for you, for, in my opinion, you are the fool; for 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God'; and I could as soon believe there is no God, as believe that there is an almighty and gracious Jehovah who does not care enough for his children to do for them what I do for mine, and what the birds of the air and the beasts of the field do for their offspring."

Well, the writer not only believes that David was right, but he knows that he was right, and that God is the hearer of prayer. Perhaps the incident he is about to relate may give comfort and help to some weary and troubled soul, who has been tempted to believe that God is not a prayer-hearing as well as a covenant-keeping God.

In the year 1866, Mrs. M. C. Harley, of the State of South Carolina, was in great distress on account of her poverty, for she had lost her all in connection with the great Civil War. She had a friend, the Hon. W. Perroneau Finley, who had been president of Charleston College, but had been forced in his old age, by the results of the war, and on account of his health, to retire to the neighbouring town of Aiken, and to return to the practice of law, which for many years he had abandoned. He was conspicuous for learning, and was much beloved on account of his eminent virtues and earnest piety.

Mrs. Harley confided to him her distress, and asked his advice as to some mode of obtaining a livelihood. He told her that her daily bread was secure, as God had promised it, and urged the necessity of constant, earnest, and special prayer. By way of illustration and encouragement, he related an incident in his own early history. It was to this effect:—When he was eighteen years of age, he was returning to Charleston from Princeton College, on horseback. When in the eastern wilds of North Carolina, he somehow lost his money. He was inexperienced as well as young, and he suffered acute distress on account of his privation. He rode for miles in this condition of mind. At length he remembered that the good Lord has promised to help his children in their trouble. So, at once he rode into the woods, tied up his horse, and knelt down

and prayed earnestly that God would give him the amount he needed to carry him home, which he believed would be eighteen dollars. He felt relieved, mounted his horse, and rode on ; but he had not proceeded half a mile, when he saw a silk purse lying on the ground. On opening the purse, it was found to contain just eighteen dollars. In a short time, he began to reflect, "This money is not mine; I must try to find the owner." Putting his spurs to his horse, he soon overtook a wagon in charge of two white men. He held out the purse, told them how he had found it, and asked them if they had lost it. They said it did not belong to them. He then hurried on, and overtook a gentleman on horseback. To him he showed the purse, told the story, and received a similar reply. It was a long distance to the next town, and he met no one by the way. The money just sufficed to carry him home. He afterwards advertised for the owner ; but found no one to claim it ; and he devoted the amount to a charitable object.

"I have always looked at it," said he, "as a direct answer to prayer. I know you," he added, "as a consistent Christian woman ; but have you used all the efforts you can think of for support ? By the way," he further inquired, "what has become of your old uncle, the English sea-captain, who used to sail to Charleston ? Perhaps he can help you ?"

"Oh, he is dead !" she replied ; "he was eighty years old in 1860. I wrote to him then, and got no reply. Six long years have passed since then, and I know he is dead."

"Oh, but you have not done your duty. Write again !"

Here the writer is reminded of what a friend related to him, more than forty years ago. This friend, in travelling the upper part of the Thames Valley, saw two barges lashed together. There was nothing surprising in this ; the noticeable fact was that the names of these barges respectively were Providence and Perseverance. Pray and trust as we may, we must also persevere in our efforts, when anything can be done. Pray for fine weather to get in the hay or the corn ; but do not neglect to "make hay while the sun shines." The servants of the bridegroom filled the waterpots with water as they were directed, and then Jesus turned the water into wine. "The stone was rolled away," when the work was too much for the pious women ; but when there were men enough to roll the stone from the grave of Lazarus, Jesus bid them do it, and then, at his call, Lazarus came forth.

Acting on the advice of her friend the attorney, Mrs. Harley hastened home, and wrote a letter to her uncle. The old man was not dead, but he was on his death-bed. The letter from his niece brought light and joy to his heart. "Wife," said he, "my dear niece Mary is still alive ! I am too feeble to change my will ; but send her at once £200, and when you die give her half my estate."

The good old captain died in a few days, and in a short time Mrs. Harley received the £200.

"About two years afterwards," says Mr. F. W. Macmaster, of Charleston, "a meek and saint-like lady, of about forty, came into my office with her attorney, Colonel William Wallace, to execute before me, as a notary public, some papers to send to England, to get possession of a legacy." Mr. Macmaster was so pleased with the appearance of the lady, that he

inquired of his friend, Colonel Wallace, the particulars of the transaction, and received the facts above recited.

In less than two years from this time, the captain's widow died, and Mrs. Harley received property to the amount of £4,000, which she accepted with a grateful heart, and with which she did much good, as the Lord's almoner ; and now, some years since, she has gone to praise for ever the God that "heareth prayer."

"The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed ;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread ;
The good that is needful shall ne'er be denied,
Because it is written, 'The Lord will provide.'"



How are they Fed ?

THOSE flocks of birds—why, no one can count them ! How are they fed ? Inside our Orphanage gate at Stockwell you will see the answer—*Your heavenly Father feedeth them.* In the same way I ask myself, how have those hundreds of orphans been fed all these years ? The answer is just the same. I could not feed them : I have not the money. I don't think the Trustees could or would undertake the task. There are no pledged subscribers. There are no advertisements in the daily papers. How do the thousands come in ? I do not know, except that the Lord sends them. He whispers in his stewards' ears, and they post off their notes, cheques, orders, or stamps.

All these years we have had no unpaid bills, and the word "debt" has never been mentioned among us. Years ago we used to run low at times, but the Lord always appeared for us in the needy moment. For a long time he has not allowed us to be at all tried ; but has commanded the ravens, or the widow woman, or the rich man, to feed us. He will continue to do so.

Sometimes I see the stream running very low, and I watch with hopeful curiosity to see how the flood will rise. Oh, what joy have I had when faith has found her lap filled ! How truly does God hear prayer ! Our daily experience is proof positive. Reader, how would you like to have more than 550 to feed without regular funds ? Judge, then, how faith is honoured, and God's faithfulness proved, at the Stockwell Orphanage.

C. H. SPURGEON.

Mr. William Olney.

THE senior deacon of the Tabernacle seemed part and parcel of the place, a pillar in the House of our God ; but to our solemn sorrow he has been removed from us on a sudden. His departure leaves a gap which no one is able to fill. He was—what was he not ? In labour indefatigable, in zeal abounding, in perseverance unflagging. He was instant in season and out of season, and, withal, joyous and enthusiastic in all that he undertook. Foreign missions, home evangelization, relief of the poor, care for the orphans, prayer-meetings, denominational gatherings, and all else of sacred service that can occupy a Christian man, were his delight ; he gave his whole soul to them : and this was not the case now and then, but all the year round.

It must be more than fifteen years ago since he lay at death's door, and with importunate prayers and many tears the church prevailed with God to lengthen out our brother's life ; and he was given back to us. Of late he has suffered greatly from stone ; but he has suffered heroically, and has been a constant example of cheerful patience, which we admired even to amazement, and sought grace to imitate. At length he seemed relieved, and was again in full work, remarking to some of us that he never felt better in his life. But his hour was come. We were not allowed to exercise the prayer of faith on this occasion—the stroke was evidently fatal, and his actual departure followed shortly upon it. He did not know that he was dying, nor did we need any final testimony from him, for he was bearing witness to free grace and dying love all his life. He had well served his generation, and had almost reached his threescore years and ten.

After a membership in our church of fifty-four years, he has been promoted to the skies. We carried him into our great house of prayer, which was crowded to its utmost capacity with weeping friends, and we used his death as an appeal to the assembly. May God bless it ! Then we bore him to Norwood cemetery, where we laid him with other precious dust, to wait for the coming of our Lord.

His household mourns not alone, the whole church laments him ; and not one church alone, but many far and near. As for the Pastor, he feels the need of all the faith he can summon ; for the arm of flesh, which was his chief earthly help in the church-work, is gone. MR. OLNEY was so competent a speaker, and so ready at all times, that he was relied upon in the Pastor's absence, and was an able assistant in his presence. He had a very loving spirit, and was best pleased when he could please others. He carried with him a burning zeal for the glory of God, and the flame kindled fire in others. His prayers full often stirred our inmost souls, and his generous enthusiasm led his brethren forth to action. The name of Olney was made dear to us as a church by his father's devotion to the work of the Lord ; Mr. William has made it dearer still. His beloved brother, Mr. Thomas Olney, as our esteemed treasurer ; Mrs. William Olney, the bereaved wife, as a gracious worker among the women of Bermondsey ; Mr. William Olney, jun., as pastor of Haddon Hall ; and Mr. John Olney as a generous giver, will keep the name fragrant among us.

We bow our heads in sorrow, as we say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; and blessed be the name of the Lord."

Notices of Books.

Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for 1891. Passmore and Alabaster.

OUR penny Almanack has reached its thirty-fifth year of issue. What a change from 1857! Friends, if they could see the first specimen, would say, "What an improvement!" We confess there was great need that the poor little thing should blossom into something better. Yet no year has passed without our hearing of Christian people being specially edified and cheered by the suitability of the Daily Texts; and this has been doubly the case since Mrs. Spurgeon has undertaken their selection. The number of friends who use this penny annual will, we trust, continue to increase.

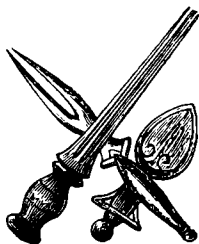
James Calvert: or, From Dark to Dawn in Fiji. By R. VERNON. Partridge and Co.

A BOOK to be bought for the missionary library, price 1s 6d. Mrs. Vernon has produced a story which is sure to be read. Mr. Calvert could hardly have had a better historian. Truly the Lord has done great things in Fiji. Let his name be magnified. The heroism which enabled the first missionaries to venture their lives among cannibals was a noble fruit of the Spirit. Highly honoured are the godly men and women who laid the foundation of a work so glorious.

None of our readers wish to be eaten by savages; but they may with pleasure inspect the forks and spoons with which they will be enjoyed should their bodies ever be boiled, or baked, or otherwise prepared for the table.

The Herald of Mercy. Volume for 1890. Morgan and Scott.

MOST excellent. Well written, well drawn. One Shilling.



CANNIBAL FORKS
AND SPOON.

A Modern Saint. Three Lectures on the Rev. R. M. M'Cheyne. By Rev. J. MOFFAT SCOTT. Arbroath: Brodie and Salmond.

A BRIEF summary of one of the holiest of lives. Young people will, by this little book, be enabled to make the acquaintance of Robert Murray M'Cheyne; and this must be a blessing to them. "The Memorials" have nourished the noblest form of piety; and this condensed essence may induce young readers to study the fuller biography. We wish the author a large circulation for his gracious work.

Memorials of Alexander Duff, D.D.

By his son, W. PIRIE DUFF. Nisbet.

SAY, rather, notes preserved by a loving son, furnishing additional material to complete a memoir. Dr. Duff was one of the finest men we have ever met with; a missionary prince. Not even a son could exaggerate the glory of his character. Anything about him deserves to be known.

Footprints. Nature Seen on its Human Side. By SARAH TYTLER. T. Fisher Unwin.

A PERFECTLY delightful book. The young will be charmed with it; and one old fellow of fifty-six, well known to readers of this magazine, has read on and on with growing pleasure. The information is full, and the style in which it is conveyed is first-rate.

Teneriffe. Personal Experiences of the Island as a Health Resort. By GEORGE W. STRETTLE. T. Fisher Unwin.

A STRONG recommendation of Teneriffe and the Canary Islands as a winter resort. Those who are studying the question may get much information for a shilling if they consult Mr. Strettell.

The Golden Text Calendar for 1891. Alfred Holness.

THIS is similar to the Calendar which we have hitherto had from Mr. Bemrose. You tear off yesterday's paper, and there is the date and the text for to-day. The daily text is well chosen and plainly printed.

The Old Gospel ever New. The Story of Naaman; or, Sin and its Cure. By CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. "Home Words" Office.

SIMPLE, sound and searching. There are not many books circulated among Episcopalians which could excel this in its likelihood to lead Naamans to wash in Jordan. The author is not only evangelical, but he is thorough and out-and-out. Our hope is that many who read will be recovered of their leprosy by obeying the Saviour's great command.

The Blessed Life: How to Find and Live it. By N. J. HOFMEYER. Nisbet.

It is only needful to say that this is of the Andrew Murray type. Here we have the higher life set forth in the better way; not in rhapsodical boasting, but in sober faith. We might not agree with every word of this eminent Dutch Professor; but he speaks in a holy fashion of holy things.

Ritualism! By the Rev. W. NICHOLAS, D.D. Elliot Stock.

A VIGOROUS pamphlet against Anglican Popery. Though the substance of two sermons, the sermon shape is not manifest, and the sections into which the discussion is divided are lively and forcible.

Conversations between God and the Soul, from Holy Scripture. For the Suffering and Sorrowful. Nisbet and Co.

PORTIONS of Scripture are so arranged as to make a dialogue between a seeking soul and its Lord. The pages are translated from the German, and have an air of old-world piety about them. To us they are rather more singular than striking; but to many they may become the language of the heart.

Five Stones from the Brook. Counsel and Comfort for the People of God. By the Rev. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

MR. EVERARD knows how to put the gospel. He is always clear in his doctrine, and charming in his illustration; add to this great plainness of speech and fervour of spirit, and you have all the essentials of a writer of

soul-winning books. What a number Mr. Everard has written! God bless them all, and their writer also! The title, according to a very misleading custom, is taken from the first article.

The Gift and the Giver. Seven Special Services. Conducted by A. T. SCHOFIELD, M.D. Holness.

SOMEWHAT novel: sure to interest the young folks. In the preface prizes are offered for papers to be sent in not later than 30th September, 1887; yet this comes to us from the publishers as a new book. We suppose it is a new edition, with this paragraph uncorrected. Anyhow, it is an uncommonly good little book, and costs one shilling.

New Points to Old Texts. By JAMES MORRIS WHITON, Ph. D. James Clarke and Co.

POINTS with which to gore the orthodox. The preacher seems most at home when he can have a fling at the gospel as it is usually received, or can find occasion to hint that all are bigots except the men of his own school. We discover nothing which we can commend either for usefulness or for remarkable ability.

Burning Questions of the Life that now is, and of that which is to come.

By WASHINGTON GLADDEN. James Clarke and Co.

MR. GLADDEN has something to say on many of the burning questions of to-day, and what he says is worth the hearing. With a man who tells us that theology is dropping the dogma of original sin, we cannot be supposed to be agreed. By the way, if you believe a truth you call it a doctrine, and if you reject it you name it a dogma—why is this? Mr. Gladden is by no means wildly wrong: he is indeed largely right; but his dish has a strong flavouring of the modern school, and this spoils it for us.

Flower Voices. By HARRIET E. COLVILLE. Nisbet.

SHORT stories, which will both please and profit. There is life and point about them, and their association with flowers is by no means strained. We place this little book in the first class as to the quality of the writing.

*Gideon and the Judges. A Study—
Historical and Practical.* By Rev.
JOHN MARSHALL LANG. Nisbet.

A SPLENDID subject, exceedingly well handled. Dr. Marshall Lang is as learned as you like, but he is not too high and mighty to offer the spiritual reader lessons from the narrative such as critics of the new school would refuse to see. We could not have a more joyful recreation than this book affords. It is first-rate. You see Gideon, with his torch and trumpet, and all the scenery of the country in which he dwelt: as though you were on the spot the story moves before you. No line is dull, no passage is heavy. Every learned author has been read, even Dr. Dull-as-death has been studied; but the result is bright, clear, fascinating. Here we have a feast for half-a-crown. If the book be estimated by the number of sermons to be got out of it, one has, in this instance, a great bargain.

New Notes for Bible Readings. By S. R. BRIGGS. Also, *Brief Memoir of S. R. Briggs.* By J. H. BROOKES, D.D. Hawkins & Co.

A MAN at a police-court, under a delusion, spoke of having his brains taken out, and then put in again. A fellow with the brains gone from his cranium would reckon this a stupid book; but he who has his sense-box in uncracked condition, and has his heart right also, will rejoice over this volume as though he had found a crock of gold. The New Notes are not Scotch One Pounders, nor English Five Pounders; but they are of high value among those who deal with the spiritual currency. Preacher of the gospel, do you get short of themes? Buy this book.

Biblical Atlas and Scripture Gazetteer.
With Geographical Descriptions.
Religious Tract Society.

SURELY the student of Scripture will find here all that he wants in the way of maps. Our reading would be much more likely to abide with us if in every passage which had to do with locality we always looked out the places on the chart. These maps are handy in size, varied in character, and

complete for all useful purposes. Bound up in an atlas with a large amount of valuable matter, the maps make a volume necessary to all who would understand what they read.

The Gospel According to St. Luke.
(Expositor's Bible.) By the Rev.
HENRY BURTON, M.A. Hodder
and Stoughton.

THIS will do. The doctrine is sound, and the teaching is fresh and free. We note the chapter on the Eschatology of the Gospel, for it is boldly orthodox. We quote a single fragment:—"But is it destiny? it may be asked. May there not be an after-probation, so that character itself may be transformed? May not the 'great gulf' itself disappear, or, at least, be bridged over, so that the repentant may pass out of its penal but purifying fires? Such, indeed, is the belief, or rather the hope of some; but 'the larger hope,' as they are pleased to call it, as far as this gospel is concerned, is a beautiful but illusive dream."

The Book of Revelation. Dr. WILLIAM
MILLIGAN. Hodder and Stoughton.

IT is a good sign that so many are writing upon the Book of Revelation. We have no cause to fear any fever of excited credulity during this reign of unbelief, and therefore we are not afraid of men running wild through half-digested prophecy. To choose to read and study a book so deep and so mysterious as the Apocalypse, augurs in a man the spiritual faculty, and a delight in using it. This is the reverse of the irreverent criticism which everywhere treads on pearls, and turns again to rend those who prize them. Dr. Milligan can be read with profit by those who hold differing systems of interpretation. He treats the book in paragraphs, rather than in verses: a very sensible plan. Having already given to Biblical exposition a commentary on the same book, our author is at home with his subject. He is sober and spiritual, and his pen does not lend itself to the unbelieving crew by whom every sacred book is now torn to pieces, as if it were carrion for vultures.

The Pulpit Commentary. II. Chronicles.

By Rev. PHILIP C. BARKER, M.A.
Revelation. By Rev. A. PLUMMER,
 D.D. Kegan Paul and Co.

THIS gigantic commentary must be drawing towards completion. The two volumes before us are of much the same quality as their predecessors—good enough to be commended, and yet sufficiently mixed to need a word of censure. After every deduction has been made, the books are valuable, and a preacher may reckon himself rich in possessing them. The quality of the sermon outlines varies very greatly. When we see the initials D. T., we know what style of outline to expect; but some of the other sermonizers are new to fame. The *Chronicles* volume must surely raise in a thoughtful preacher's mind the plan of many a new discourse. The *Revelation* exposition we cannot pretend to estimate; but the authors have done their best. What more can anyone do? Upon that mysterious book the most learned show but little light. Time is the great Expositor of the Apocalypse, and patient waiting for the coming of the Lord is the wisest comment upon it. We trust the producer of "The Pulpit Commentary" will be able to complete the work; we hear a report that the publisher has entered the Romish Church.

A Historical Introduction to the Study of the Book of the New Testament: being an Expansion of Lectures delivered in the Divinity School of the University of Dublin. By GEORGE SALMON, D.D., F.R.S. John Murray.

A SOLID and highly instructive work. We thank God when we meet with such a defence of the sacred canon. The critics have a hard time of it at Dr. Salmon's hand. He is candid and impartial, not only because he thinks it his duty to be so, but because he has so good a case that he is not tempted to be otherwise. Others besides the raving destructives come in for quiet dressings down. Their pet theories are taken to pieces, and proved to have nothing in them; and some of these gentlemen have winced a good deal under the operation. There is nothing too wild for modern critics. The true

critical faculty is rare; and as these men have none of it, they fill up the vacuum with the power of extravagant speculation.

Students who wish to be confirmed in their faith in the New Testament should make a point of absorbing this book into their mental system. We fear that its price will put it beyond the reach of many young ministers; but if they can obtain a loan of it, they will do well to give it an attentive perusal. If they cannot see the book, it may be a comfort to them to know that, if infidel scholarship tries to cut out portions of the Bible, a better scholarship will expose its vile attempts, and baffle them.

The Finger New Testament. 552 pages.
 Henry Frowde.

To say the least, this is a special curiosity. The whole of the New Testament goes into a space a little larger than that which would be required by a pocket-comb. With young people it will be a favourite form of the Scriptures, but to older folks the print will prove too small. Issued in very nice bindings, packed in neat case, these Finger Testaments will make admirable Christmas gifts. The best India paper is used—thin as a bank-note, and yet amazingly strong.

My Counsellor. Holy Scripture arranged as Morning and Evening Meditations, for Edification, Guidance, and Comfort. Henry Frowde.

OUR appreciation of this pretty volume (at three and sixpence) will be seen by the fact that we put it in our pocket to be our daily companion. The Scriptures are well put together, and make holy sermonettes upon the daily text. May thousands be instructed by "My Counsellor"!

Cottage Politics. By MARY E. ROPES.
 Religious Tract Society.

VERY good indeed. The sort of book to give to those who are keeping house for the first time. In our author's sense we cry, "Home rule for ever!" Houses might become homes, if such good instruction could be given to young married folks. Lively talk, with sound sense in it.

The Sunday School Union sends us several publications. The annual volume of *Child's Own Magazine* is a gay shilling's-worth for the juveniles. *Young England* costs a crown, and is quite a pile for the money. It is sure to be popular with boys. *The Sunday School Teacher* is a treasury of illustrations, and a store-house in other ways for the instruction of youth. The year's volume is far from dear at three shillings. *Notes on Scripture Lessons* everybody knows and every teacher uses. *The New Year's Golden Text Motto Cards*: "Overcome evil with good." Very fair; but we see no connection between the apple-blossom illumination and the text. *Sunday School Teacher's Pocket-book* is of proven use among teachers. We notice that the best teachers are pretty sure to have it. It costs two shillings. *The Daily Text Book* must be a very helpful companion. *Self-sacrifice* is a story for sixpence, belonging to a very pretty series of tales all at that nominal price.

James Sears and Sons send us specimens of *Church requisites*: Communion Tickets, Admission-cards, localized magazines, Weekly-offering envelopes, &c. Friends may be needing such things, and these seem to us to be both good and cheap.

In cards for the season, the Religious Tract Society has done well—we think better than in former years. *A packet of twelve Cards*, by *Helena Maguire*. *Children and Animals*—choice; and *twelve Christmas Cards*, by *Marie von Beckendorff*—very chaste. *Larger Cards*, by *F. Corbyn Price*—delightful. The Society does not aim at art without religion, and hence it commands the patronage of Christian people, who, even in so small a matter as giving a card, should aim to spread the Word of the Lord. *In Quiet-resting Places*, a book in the form of a fan, will please many; and so will "*By Sea and Shore*," in the shape of a shell. How quickly the year has fled for us to be thinking of a New Year!

The Religious Tract Society sends us the annual volumes of its magazines. *The Girls' Own Annual* comes forth in

a highly classical binding—absolutely perfect in beauty. Young ladies are delighted with the contents, which are full of variety, and are everywhere perfumed with a gracious spirit. *The Boys' Own Paper* is as good as ever. The boys will not like us to say that it has too many tales; but we think so. The coloured pictures and other illustrations are fully up to the mark, and the volume may be described as A1 at Lloyd's. *The Child's Companion*, and *Our Little Dots*, are truly wonderful. The bindings of those sent to us make us wonder how they can be done at all. There may be something better yet to come, but we do not expect to see it. Half-a-crown spent on either of these will make little eyes sparkle with delight. *Friendly Greetings* deserves our hearty word, and shall have it. The numbers are good for giving away, and the half-year's volume is a really handsome affair. *The Cottager and Artisan* is placed in a very taking cover, and sells for 1s. 6d. In some respects it is the best of the bunch. *The Tract Magazine* is not so bright as the others, but is, nevertheless, most excellent and full of holy teaching.

What Baptists Believe. And other Discourses. Baltimore: U.S.A. H. M. Wharton and Co.

OUR southern brethren are not only, as a rule, sound in the faith, but they abound in men of weight and learning. We have been glad to make the acquaintance of Dr. Burrows, through this double volume. He is a man who gives both to law and gospel due weight. Though perfumed with the love of God, his sermons are not silent as to his divine justice. In a word, they are admirable, and well-balanced.

The Blind Man's Creed. And other Sermons. By CHARLES H. PARK-HURST, D.D. R. D. Dickinson.

SERMONS of their own sort. Good and original. Edifying, almost without the appearance of being so. Not overdone with unction—what sermons are? but not without it. Always leaning the right way; but this is manifest, not so much in the phraseology as in the matter itself. The treatment of subjects is rather out of the common way; not offensively, but interestingly so.

From Prison to Paradise. A Story of English Peasant Life in 1557. By ALICE LANG. Religious Tract Society.

THIS story may more appropriately be described as an account of the sufferings and holy bravery of a little band of martyrs during the Marian persecution, and of the cunning and cruelty of the agents of the Papacy. Present-day Protestants decry all mention of the accusations of history against the Church of Rome, and would have us believe that she has forsworn the sword and the stake, Papal bulls and infallible utterances to the contrary notwithstanding. This being so, we are glad that there are such writers as Miss Lang, who seek inspiration for a popular tale in such works as Foxe's "Acts and Monuments." Judged of as a story, it is faultless and fascinating, and thoroughly permeated with gospel truths, plainly put; and will please and profit the reader.

Thomas De Quincey: his Life and Writings. With unpublished Correspondence. By ALEXANDER H. JAPP, LL.D. John Hogg.

HE who cannot find time to read all the works of De Quincey, and yet wants to be posted up in his life and literature, will find all he needs in this volume. Strange and striking are the sayings of this opium-eater and philosopher. He stands alone in his magician's island, altogether unapproachable; and in some respects it is not desirable that anyone should approach him. His was a great mind, but it was fashioned in a strange mould as to his line of thought and mode of expression. As this work is rather literary than religious, it is somewhat out of the run of this magazine; but we can only say that admirers of De Quincey are here provided for.

John Wesley. By FRANCES BEVAN. Alfred Holness.

THERE are plenty of books on John Wesley, and yet this is by no means superfluous. It has not been written to extol his virtues, or to expose his failings; but to glorify the grace of

God which wrought by him. The beloved authoress writes with an anointed pen, seeking only the glory of God. She desires that people should be led to read veritable histories, instead of wasting their time over untrue and unprofitable tales. She has told the life of Wesley in a fascinating manner, and we trust that her book will run from this fourth up to a fortieth edition. We enjoyed her "Farel," which we strongly recommended a short time ago. This is a similar volume at the same price, namely, 2s. 6d.

Father Mathew: a Biography. By J. F. MAGUIRE, M.P. Abridged by Miss ROSA MULHOLLAND. S. Bagster and Sons; and National Temperance Education Depôt.

A MEMORABLE life. Father Mathew, in his zeal for temperance, rose above the bigotry of his class, and enjoyed the admiration of many of the sternest Protestants. His life exhibits him as a sincere enthusiast for the movement which he led: all other points in him become insignificant in comparison with his teetotalism. For a shilling, one has here a life-like portrait of a man who will not soon be forgotten. Here is an instance of his wit:—

"It was in Dublin that a person to whom he was in the act of administering the pledge, said, 'Father Mathew, here am I, an Orangeman, kneeling to you, and you blessing me.' 'God bless you, my dear; I didn't care if you were a *Lemonman*,' was his reply, as he rapidly passed on, amidst an audible titter from the batch."

Memorials of a Beloved Child (Edith B. Cheales). By her Mother. Holness.

IT is wonderful how the sorrowing mother could have made so good a book out of a life so uneventful. Edith Cheales was well instructed in the faith, and learned to serve her Lord in practical ways; but she passed away in the morning, and therefore her record is brief. With photographs of Brockham, and letters and poems, the short story is expanded into a memorial, which will be precious to all who knew her, and useful to some who are outside of that circle. Price 1s. 6d.

Light in the Dwelling; or, a Harmony of the Four Gospels. With very Short and Simple Remarks, adapted to Reading at Family Prayers. By the Author of "The Peep of Day." Ward, Lock, and Co.

ALL who knew the authoress of "The Peep of Day" will expect sound and sanctified teaching from her pen. This book contains a reading for each day upon a portion of the sacred Word. We think none can read these pages without profit, if they desire instruction. The price is far lower than we should have supposed it could be, for so bulky a book, being only 3s. 6d. This gracious lady was sound in the faith, and full of holy experience; and thousands of godly people will be refreshed by her remarks upon the Scriptures, if they read them at family prayer.

Church and State. A Historical Handbook. By A. TAYLOR-INNES. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

NOT the advocacy of any party views, but the history of the question. Many a time one finds a record to be an argument, and that is the case here. When the Church knows her position with regard to her Lord, she will never be the servant of the State: when the State minds its own business, it will neither patronize nor oppress the Church. For three shillings, we have here a summary of the experiments which have been made as to the positions of Christ and Cæsar; and deeply interesting that summary

is. Every person who enters into the Church and State controversy, will do well to know what experience has taught upon it. Mr. Innes has a judicial and judicious mind.

The Holy of Holies. Sermons on John XIV—XVI. By ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D. Alexander and Shephard.

To criticize Dr. Maclaren's sermons is quite needless among our readers. We are glad that in this case sermonizing becomes continuous exposition, for the subjects are taken from John xiv., xv. and xvi. Well is this Scripture called "The Holy of Holies." Long may our friend be spared to deliver such delightful testimonies to divine truth!

A Handbook of Scientific and Literary Bible Difficulties. Second Series of the "Handbook of Biblical Difficulties." Edited by ROBERT TUCK, B.A. Elliot Stock.

LIKE his former volume, this is a work of much research, and it will be useful to many; but we think Mr. Tuck often concedes too much, and meets difficulties on faulty principles. His earnest attempts to throw light on dark passages of Scripture, and his frequent success in so doing, cannot fail to assist searchers of the Word; but we fear also that certain of the weaker sort may be put upon wrong tracks by the author's leanings towards evolution, and the so-called science which runs with it.

Notes.

THE sad event of the month to us is the loss of MR. WILLIAM OLNEY. It deprives our work of its most efficient labourer in many of its departments. Everybody must do a little more, and some a great deal more, that the cause of God may not suffer. Letters of sympathy from churches and individuals are very grateful to our heart, and they have come in abundantly. We beg for the prayers of all who love us; and we ask the same for the bereaved family. Especially let supplication be offered for Mr. William Olney, jun., who is in a poor state of health through overwork. He is so necessary to his family, and to Haddon Hall, that his restoration would be an incalculable blessing. We take great comfort in the love of our friends who remain: we have

around us many of the ablest of workers, and our deacons and elders are of the best kind. The Lord liveth. He promotes his workmen to the skies, but his work goes on below. We need a brother who can help the Pastors in church-work, and we shall find such a one by God's gracious guidance. Certainly, we cannot personally do anything more, for our whole strength is given now, and our labour is too much for one man. Happily, our time of rest is very near.

It will be a relief to us, and also to Mrs. Spurgeon, if as few letters as possible are sent to "Westwood" or Menton. Donations for the Orphanage will be acknowledged at once, if they are addressed to the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham

Road, London. General communications should be directed to C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, and arrangements are made for their being attended to.

Subject to the Lord's will, we have arranged as follows:—On Lord's-day, Nov. 16, Pastor Charles Spurgeon (of Greenwich) will preach at the Tabernacle, and on the 23rd, the Rev. John Robertson (of Edinburgh), the successor of Mr. McNeill. After that date the Tabernacle will be closed for four Sabbaths for cleaning and repairs. Services will be held at the Crown Baths, Kennington Oval, which will be comfortably fitted up, and will accommodate about 2,000 persons. The preachers will be as follows:—Nov. 30, E. H. Ellis (Stoke Newington); Dec. 7, morning, H. O. Mackey (Peckham); evening, J. A. Spurgeon; Dec. 14, Dr. Sinclair Paterson; Dec. 21, David Davies (Brighton). Services will also be held at the same time in the Tabernacle Lecture-hall, as the Baths will only hold a portion of our congregation. Mr. Stott, late of Abbey Road, will preach in the Lecture-hall.

The Thursday evening preachers will be:—Nov. 13, A. G. Brown (East London Tabernacle); Nov. 20, W. J. Mayers (late of Bristol); Nov. 27, W. Williams (Upton Chapel); Dec. 4, Joseph Clark (Norbiton); Dec. 11, W. J. Styles (late of Keppel Street); Dec. 18, E. Roberts (South London Tabernacle).

After the cleaning, the Tabernacle will be reopened by a series of special services, conducted by Messrs. Fullerton and Smith, commencing on Saturday, Dec. 27, and continuing for about a fortnight. The Watch-night service, on New Year's Eve, will be included in the series. We ask all friends to work and pray for the success of all the meetings.

It is pleasant to see Mr. Urquhart's magazine, *The King's Own*, keeping up its quality, and holding on its way. It has given some heavy blows on the right side, and we trust it will give more. Its literary character is admirable; but our estimate of it rests upon its adhesion to sound doctrine. Since writing these lines we have received the annual volume, which makes a great book, and is filled with excellent matter.

Y. W. C. A. EVENING CLASSES.—We have pleasure in calling the attention of our London readers to the excellent prospectus of evening classes issued by the London Young Women's Christian Association. The subjects taught are thoroughly practical, including Dress-cutting, Book-keeping, Shorthand, Cookery, Nursing, Civil Service preparation, &c. The classes are held at some twenty institutes in all parts of London, and physical recreation is provided for at two well-fitted gymnasia. A prospectus will be sent free, on applica-

tion to the Secretary, 16a, Old Cavendish Street, W.

On *September 14 and 15*, the eleventh anniversary of the **SURREY SQUARE MISSION**, Old Kent Road, was celebrated. We can only spare space to mention that the report contained the following statements: During the past year, 11 persons have joined the Tabernacle church, making about 100 now in membership, of whom over 60 are engaged in some definite work for Christ. Several evangelistic missions have been held; the prayer-meetings have been well attended; much open-air work has been done; there are 30 teachers and 380 scholars in the Sunday-school; 39 tract distributors have paid 60,000 visits during the year, and given away 17,000 leaflets; 80 persons have signed the Gospel Temperance pledge, and the Band of Hope has 200 members; there are also a Young Men's Christian Instruction Society, an Adult Bible-class, a Lodging-house Mission, Mothers' Meetings, Maternal Society, and Young Christians' Band, in fact, all the appurtenances of an active Christian church. Brother Pavey and his brave helpers have great cause to "thank God, and take courage."

On *Monday evening, September 22*, hardly so many as usual were present at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, as several went across to Walworth Road Chapel, where the Pastor was to preach at eight o'clock. In commencing the prayer-meeting, the Pastor exhorted all present to seek the true spirit of prayer. He reminded them of the way in which the late Mr. Croker used to get the boys in his class to pray, as described in last month's magazine, and then himself led the assembly in supplication, principally for the workers and sufferers in the church. Mr. Chamberlain sang, "How many sheep are straying!" and special prayer for the straying ones was offered by Mr. Young, of Collingwood Street, and Mr. Titmuss, who, with Mr. Graham, has been helping to fill the gap caused by the absence of Mr. William Olney, junr., from Haddon Hall. Mr. J. Manton Smith spoke of the joy that he and his family experienced in coming back to live near the Tabernacle, and then gave an account of the mission which Mr. Fullerton and himself had closed at Bradford the previous evening. Great blessing had come, and the evangelists had been much encouraged by the numbers of Christian workers who helped on this occasion who had been converted at their services ten years ago. The Pastor then told the story of the parrot's message, as related in his new *Illustrated Almanack*, and several brethren engaged in prayer. Mr. WILLIAM OLNEY presided at the latter part of the meeting, and in the course of his address urged the members of the church to co-operate with the Pastor to the fullest extent in seeking the salvation of souls. Mr. Faithfull, of Marseilles, gave an interesting report of his work among the sailors

of all nations who visit that seaport, and prayer for increased blessing upon his labours was presented.

At Walworth Road Chapel a large company assembled at eight o'clock. We hope a profitable hour was spent; assuredly the preacher also was spent, for after a heavy Sabbath, he had the sermon revision of Monday, and the prayer-meeting and other engagements.

On *Monday evening, September 29*, we had quite a missionary prayer-meeting. In calling attention to the missionaries who were going to China, and to others who were home from North Africa and Mexico, the Pastor said that, in praying for these friends, we should be remembering Asia, Africa, and America, while the Tabernacle work would remind us to pray for the whole of Europe. To be successful in prayer, we must have intense desires, and strong faith, and must plead the promises in the name of Jesus. In his own supplication the Pastor specially pleaded the promise contained in Psalm ii. 8, "Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." Dr. Eccles, of Upper Norwood, prayed for the work of the Lord in North Africa, and mentioned that among the reinforcements about to be sent out were two doctors and their wives, who were to do medical mission work in Morocco. Prayer for North Africa was presented by Mr. WILLIAM OLNEY, and a brief season was spent in silent supplication for workers going to the Dark Continent. China next occupied our attention, as Mr. Broomhall told us of the losses by death that the China Inland Mission has recently sustained, and of the new missionaries going to that great harvest field. Thirteen sisters were on their voyage, and nine brethren were about to sail, one of whom was his own son, the fourth member of his family who had been called to work in China. Mr. Marshall Broomhall and two others of the outgoing brethren spoke briefly, and two others prayed. One of them having thanked the Lord that through the Pastor of the Tabernacle church he had been led to Christ, he was asked to tell the friends how it happened. He said that, 30 years ago, Mr. Spurgeon preached at Hemyock, in Devonshire; and at the close of the service uttered the words, "Come! Come! Come!" in such an impressive manner that they led to the conversion of one who was present. He became a Sunday-school teacher, and one of the boys in his class, brought to the Saviour through him, was the speaker, who was now going to China. "So you are a sort of spiritual grandchild of mine," said the Pastor. (A few days later we received a letter telling us of other conversions from the same service. This was, indeed, bread found "after many days.") According to his usual custom, the Pastor then spoke a few words to each of the missionaries, and prayed for them one by one, the congrega-

tion adding their hearty "Amen" to his petitions. From China to Mexico is a long journey; but in thought we were speedily there, listening to Mr. Powell's thrilling story of the Lord's work in that dark land. He told us that this country, which was the last to open its doors to Christian workers, was now the grandest field for missionary labour. An English Baptist was the first preacher of the gospel there, and as the result of his holy life and consecrated service, and that of those who have succeeded him, Mr. Powell now has twenty-two helpers, and nearly 2,000 members, 600 of whom he has baptized during his eight years' ministry. One of the native pastors, when he heard that the missionary hoped to see Mr. Spurgeon, wrote to him, and said, "We must have some more of that man's sermons in Spanish; he preaches like old Paul." Mr. Powell concluded his soul-stirring address with a terrible description of the abominations brought to light at the abolition of Mexican convents. In bringing the meeting to a close, the Pastor said that we must pray much, work much, and give much for foreign missions, and some of us must offer ourselves for the arduous, but honourable service. The inquiry should not be, "Should I go?" but "Have I good reasons why I should *not* go? Where does the Lord most need me? For there would I be." As the congregation was on the move, our Brother, W. J. White, of Japan, rose and said that he could not refrain from expressing his delight at being once more in the Tabernacle. Had we known he was present, how glad we should have been to have heard his story!

On *Tuesday evening, September 30*, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE EVANGELISTS' ASSOCIATION was held under the presidency of C. H. Spurgeon. The report was read by Mr. William Elvin, as his father, the energetic secretary of the Association, although present, was too unwell to take any public part in the meeting. Our esteemed elder has been an invaluable helper in this important work, and we are greatly grieved to see him so sorely suffering. This is another sharp trial for our faith. The report referred to the Thursday night prayer-meetings, and Saturday night training-class, and gave the following summary of the work of the year:—824 Sunday services in the halls connected with the Association, and 1,019 in other mission-halls and chapels; and on week-nights, 781 and 300 respectively; 527 open-air services on Sundays, and 237 on week-nights; 579 Sunday-school gatherings have been held, and 193 Band of Hope meetings; a total of 4,460 services or meetings during the year, an increase of 1,099 upon the last report. It is easy to write or read these figures, but it is much more difficult to realize all that they mean. What an amount of organization and effort! How much earnest, self-denying service! What a

harvest ought to result from so much sowing of the good seed of the kingdom! This work is carried on at a comparatively small cost, the total expenditure being under £200, of which three-fourths went for rent and gas, and the remainder for travelling expenses, postage, &c. Any of the Lord's stewards, who are looking for a good investment for their Master's money, would do well to aid us in this economical evangelistic enterprise.

After the report, there were addresses by Pastors W. H. Broad (Poplar) and T. Perry (Dulwich), who were formerly members of the Association, and Messrs. Dobson, Kempton, and Poole, who are now in harness. Speeches were interspersed with singing by representatives of the missions. The speaking and the singing were of a high order. This work will continue to furnish us with students for the College, who will be workmen needing not to be ashamed. It was a happy thought to have two of the former members of the Association to remind our friends of the many useful pastors and evangelists who began their public speaking under Mr. Elvin's leadership. God bless him!

On Monday, October 6, the subscribers to the Tabernacle Auxiliary of the BAPTIST ZENANA MISSION met at five, at the College. After tea, the Pastor led us in prayer, asking that great success might be given to all workers among the women of India. In a short address, he said: "We do not need to have proof of the necessity of this work; we know it well: but we would rather hear actual incidents known to the workers." Mrs. Cavalier, from the Church Missionary Society, spoke of the great difficulty experienced in reaching the women, and of the abominable custom of child-marriages, by which girls of six, seven, and eight years of age are married to boys they have not previously seen, and who, on the death of their husbands, are condemned to life-long widowhood, and treated as outcasts. There was, however, a bright side to the work. An army of native women is being raised up, who will protest against these things; children have learnt to sing the gospel hymns that have been translated; once a week forty or fifty women meet in the porch of Bishop Sargent's church to hear the "Old, Old Story"; and a great work is being done by native Bible-women. An address full of interest was closed with the remark that if English-women could see what was being done, they would certainly want to help in the work. From Miss Robinson, who went out to North India from the Tabernacle, and is now training workers, we had a very telling address. Especially were we interested on hearing of a Government official, whose wife and daughter Miss Robinson was teaching, who said, "I know nothing of these things, I wish I did," and showed his sincerity by making an arrangement for

an hour's Bible study every Sunday morning. A forcible appeal was made that those present would give of the best they had to him who had given so much for them. We felt that the Pastor expressed our own thoughts when he said, "It is not possible that we could have had two more interesting speeches."

Mr. WILLIAM OLNEY, speaking on behalf of the energetic Secretary, Mrs. Charles Murrell, stated that the receipts last year were £132 19s. 5d., whilst those of the previous year amounted to £183 11s. 10d. Every year many subscribers were lost through death, removals, &c., therefore it is necessary to look for new ones. He also looked forward to the time when the Tabernacle would have its own representative in the work. The names of fresh subscribers would most gladly be received by Mrs. Charles Murrell, 67, Bedford Road, Clapham.

The *Prayer-meeting* in the Tabernacle was opened by the Pastor, who gave thanks for the services of the previous day, and asked that success might attend all work done, even to the "half word spoken to the stranger." The divine blessing was invoked upon Mr. Page, one of the College men who was sailing for Sydney, that he might be a cloud full of heavenly rain. Mr. Page told us, in a brief address, of his early life and training in a godly home and by earnest Sunday-school teachers. Soon he was brought to Christ, and then to work for the Lord. After years of prayer that he might be allowed to enter the ministry, he applied for admission to our College, and was accepted. He had reason to be thankful for many things, but especially that his love to Christ and the gospel was deeper than when he entered three years ago. Prayers were offered on his behalf by Mr. Graham, a fellow-countryman, and Mr. Cox. Mrs. Cavalier kindly spoke again, and we all enjoyed it. The Pastor referred to the cruelty of our Government in handing over Madagascar, with its earnest Christians, to France and the Romish priests. Specially did we plead for missions as Messrs. Young, Moore, and Stocks led us in prayer; and when another hymn had been sung, requests for prayer were read, and presented at the throne of grace. The meeting, which helped us much, was closed with an appeal to those who had no thought of their own souls. Did they not think it strange that others were more anxious about them than they had been about themselves?

On Monday evening, October 13, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE MATERNAL SOCIETY was held in the lecture-hall. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided, and thanked the ladies for their continued care of the poor women to whom they had ministered in their hour of need. Mr. Harrald read the report, which stated that 200 cases had been helped. This society ought to be far larger: who will make it so? Addresses were delivered by Messrs.

C. F. Allison, G. Gray, W. Stubbs, and W. OLNEY. How little did we think that this would be our beloved friend's last public address at any Tabernacle meeting!

At the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle, the attendance was not so large as usual owing to the dense fog which penetrated the building, hiding from view those who were sitting at the end of the gallery. After the opening hymn, the Pastor said that we ought to praise the Lord for the great blessing that has lately rested on the word. He mentioned interesting instances. After he had prayed, Deacons Allison and Wm. OLNEY followed. Another hymn having been sung, prayer for blessing on the work of the preceding Sabbath was presented by one of our city missionaries, and Mr. T. Young. We were then carried back in thought to the days of the apostles as we listened to Dr. Martin, who has been for nineteen years a missionary in Syria, the last thirteen years at Antioch, where the disciples were first called Christians. He gave a graphic description of the contrast between the city as it was in apostolic times and as it is now, and related many striking instances of the power of the gospel which he had witnessed. It was very cheering to the Pastor to hear how this missionary and his wife had been helped by the printed sermons, *The Treasury of David*, and *The Sword and the Trowel*, and how heartily they sympathized with him in his stand for the truth. The Pastor prayed for Antioch, for a sick missionary in Turkey, for an afflicted member of the church, and for Mr. William Olney, jun., and gave thanks for the restoration and return to the Tabernacle of Mr. Frisby, the leader of our sacred song.

MR. G. F. COOK'S GOSPEL TEMPERANCE MISSION had been announced to commence at eight o'clock, so about that time Mr. Stubbs asked for special prayer for the success of the work, and referred to the great mission conducted by Mr. Booth in the Tabernacle several years ago. The Pastor spoke of some who were converted during that mission, who joined the church, and are now useful Christian workers; and he also mentioned the fact that recently many persons have come to confess their faith, although they were brought to the Lord at Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services, two, three, or four years ago. Tabernacle converts, as a rule, do not make a hurried profession, but wait a while, and see if the work is genuine. Frequently they wait longer than they ought. Prayer for the Gospel Temperance Mission was presented by two of the workers, Messrs. Bowker and Stocks, and then the Pastor delivered the inaugural address of the mission. This has been so fully reported in *The Temperance Record*, and other papers, that there is no need to refer to it here at length. Mr. Cook then took charge of the assembly, and commenced the work which is still in progress at the time these "Notes" are being written. Large numbers have been present,

and many have signed the Gospel Temperance pledge.

On Friday evening, Oct. 17, the Pastor presided at the eleventh annual meeting of Mrs. STIFF'S BIBLE-CLASS, at Suffolk House, Clapham Road. Before commencing the business of the meeting, a resolution of sympathy with Mrs. William Olney and her bereaved family was unanimously passed, prayer was offered by Mr. Harrauld, and the Pastor read part of Romans viii. Mrs. Stiff presented the report, which stated that the class commenced the year with 45 members, 18 had joined, and one had been re-admitted, while eight had left, making the present membership 56, of whom 46 were members of 13 different churches. The total receipts of the year had been £19 3s. 9d., of which the greater part, with 235 garments, had been given to the Orphanage, where the class is held. The Pastor selected for his subject Jeremiah 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." At the close he was very heartily thanked by the whole class.

On Monday afternoon, October 20, the memorial stones of the SURREY GARDENS MEMORIAL SCHOOLS, Penrose Street, Walworth, were laid by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon and Mr. S. R. Pearce, in the presence of a goodly company of friends. "All hail the power of Jesus' name" having been sung, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon prayed, and the senior Pastor briefly related the story of his preaching at the Surrey Gardens Music Hall, which was to be commemorated by the schools now in course of erection. Incidentally he mentioned that, of those who took part in the first meeting in the Tabernacle, before it was finished, only two beside himself remained alive. Mr. Stapleford, in the name of the friends connected with Carter Street Sunday-school, whose work is to be perpetuated in the new buildings, presented a silver trowel to Mr. S. R. Pearce, their former superintendent, who now occupies a similar position at the Tabernacle. Mr. Pearce suitably acknowledged the gift, used it in laying one of the memorial stones, gave a summary of the history of the work for the past twenty-two years, and closed by announcing that the Carter Street workers had undertaken to raise £500 towards the £3,000 required. Mr. Harrauld having read the list of the principal contributions received and promised,

"Here I raise my Ebenezer"

was sung, and Pastor C. H. S. laid the other stone, which bore on it reference to the services in the Music Hall, and also the text, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

Tea was provided at the Tabernacle, after which a meeting was held, under the pre-

sidency of the Pastor. Mr. Edward Pearce presented £386 3s. 6d., which had been raised by the friends at Carter Street as the first instalment of the £500 they had promised; and Messrs. Morgan, Stapleford, and H. Hayward spoke, as representatives of their fellow-workers. The Pastor announced that the building fund for the new schools exceeded £1,920, leaving a little more than £1,000 to be raised on his return from his holiday. There were so many other matters to be attended to before he went away that he would not ask for the balance just at present; but before the buildings were completed he hoped and expected to have all the money in hand, for they must have no debt on the place. Then followed a number of brief talks from Mr. Kirk (of the Ragged School Union), Mr. Kirkham (of the Open-Air Mission), and Messrs. Humes, Boyer (U.S.A.), Blennerhasset, Soames, and Curtis.

COLLEGE.—Mr. H. Kidner, who has been engaged at the London Young Women's Christian Association during the past five years, in connection with *Our Own Gazette*, has been recently appointed Secretary of the London Y.W.C.A.

Mr. S. Jones is removing from Welshpool to Farnworth, Lancashire; Mr. H. E. Stone, from Nottingham to Abbey Road, St. John's Wood; and Mr. D. Bruce, late of Forres, has gone to Great Shelford, Cambridgeshire.

Mr. G. D. Cox has left Geelong, and gone to Mount Eden, Auckland, New Zealand. Mr. F. J. Steward, who sailed for Australia, some months since, has settled at Stockport, Farlee, and Saddleworth, South Australia.

Another of our College brethren, *Pastor J. C. Leigh*, of Belvedere, Kent, has fallen asleep in Christ, after an illness of only a few days' duration. He struggled bravely against great difficulties, and was looking forward to a time of much blessing during the coming winter. He had been very busy with the arrangements for Mr. Harmer's mission among the Baptist churches of the North Kent district, which commenced just as the one who organized it was taken away. Our brother leaves a widow, and five children, the eldest only twelve years of age. They have our sincere sympathy.

PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—Mr. Patrick writes very gratefully acknowledging the first instalment of another year's rent of the Café Oriental, which we have decided to give him. He says:—"It is a greater relief to me than I can tell you of. We have been praying very much about it, and are thankful indeed for this great help." He tells us that he is still suffering from a very painful complaint; but his great concern is that the work should not be hindered by his illness. Friends will be sure to remember this beloved worker in their prayers, and we shall

be glad if they will also help us in supporting him and Dr. Churcher. The doctor writes:—"I have just finished my account of patients from July 17, when I returned, to September 30. My books show that we have had over twelve hundred visits from Moors, and at the Jewish Dispensary over five hundred from Jews; besides about fifty Mohammedans, who have stayed for various periods, as in-patients in the hospital, during the two months. Thus the seed is scattered by deed and word, and printed page. In the day of harvest we shall rejoice together, as indeed we may even now, in the sowing of hope."

EVANGELISTS.—We have very much in hand with regard to the work of our brethren, but it must stand over till next month.

ORPHANAGE.—The collectors' meeting was held on *Tuesday, October 7*. It was such a very wet afternoon that some of our friends could not come, but a goodly company gathered. The President occupied the chair, and thanked the collectors for their continued interest in the institution, and encouraged them still to continue their needful work. Most of the time was occupied with the singing, reciting, and bell-ringing by the orphans, and an address was delivered by Pastor W. Pettman, of New Park Road, Brixton. The President announced that the total receipts of the day amounted to £14 12s. 10d., a rather smaller sum than usual. Are there not other friends who can collect for us? If so, let them write for boxes or books, to the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, or we will send them our All-the-Year-Round cards, if they send direct to us.

It is rather remarkable that the following letters arrived by the same post. Possibly some who read them may feel moved to set apart the fruit of other trees for the benefit of the orphans.

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—In the past week we sold the fruit of our apple-tree. Will you please accept of two shillings for the orphans?"

"Dear Sir,—I have enclosed a post office order for three shillings, the produce of a pear-tree. I wish I could have sent more, but the birds and wasps spoiled them."

The next note shows how some young friends have helped the Orphanage in a rather original fashion:

"My dear Sir—Some short time ago, at our Sunday-school, I spoke to the scholars about the work you were doing for the children, and two of our little scholars, S. M. and L. N., determined that they would do something to help you. So they worked and begged, until they had sufficient to furnish a small stall, when they had a *bazaar in the street*, and realized the sum of 50s. This they desired me to send to Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage, with their love."

The following is an extract from a recent entry in the Orphanage Visitors' Book:—

"I have greatly enjoyed a visit to the admirably-disciplined and highly-organized boys' and girls' schools of this most useful institution. (Signed) C. D. DUPORT, one of H.M. Inspectors, Educational Department, Whitehall.

"September 26, 1890."

COLPORTAGE.—The roll of Colporteurs is still increasing, showing that the agency becomes better appreciated as its value is more widely known. Since the last notice, three County Associations have increased the number of their agents. The Surrey and Middlesex Association has opened another district at Horsell, near Woking; the Kent and Sussex Association has engaged additional colporteurs for Sittingbourne and

Arundel; and the Western Association has arranged for a second man to work in the neighbourhood of Yeovil. This makes a total of 93, besides others in prospect. This addition will make an increased drain upon the General Funds; and it is hoped that old friends will continue their support, and that new contributors will aid us in our crusade against vicious literature, and help us to reach the neglected villages and hamlets with the glorious Gospel.

Communications will receive prompt attention from the Secretary, W. Corden Jones, Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—September 25, eleven; October 2, twenty-five.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from September 16th to October 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collection at Stoke Green Chapel,				Miss Hadfield	10	0	0
Ipswich, per Pastor R. Elgar Willis	2	5	6	Rev. R. Maplesden	1	0	0
Mr. R. J. Beeclyff	0	2	6	A friend	2	0	0
Collection at Shrewton Baptist Chapel,				A friend	5	0	0
per Pastor A. Smith	0	15	0	Mrs. Raybould	2	2	0
Mrs. Welsh	0	5	0	Miss Jephys	1	0	0
Mr. J. C. Scriviner	0	10	0	J. M., Aberdeen	0	10	0
Bath friend	0	10	0	Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
A tithe	2	0	0	Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
Adelphi	2	2	0	Miss Sandover	0	1	6
Pastor W. C. Minifie	1	1	0	Mr. David Robie	0	7	6
Mr. J. Morgan	1	1	0	Mr. W. H. Willcox	2	2	0
Mr. E. W. Jacob	0	10	0	Collection at Catford Hill Baptist			
Sarah P.	1	0	0	Chapel, per Pastor T. Greenwood ...	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. A.	5	0	0	Mr. R. J. Beeclyff	0	2	6
Miss J. N. Dixon	0	10	0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Pastor A. W. Leighton Barker ...	0	10	0	Sept. 21	37	7	10
Per Pastor R. Turner Sole, thank-				" 28	6	13	5
offering at Foresters' Hall, Margate	3	12	6	Oct. 5	34	13	9
Pastor R. Turner Sole	1	1	0	" 12	30	9	10
Mrs. Fielder	10	0	0				
M. W. R.	1	1	0		109	4	10
Mrs. Townsend	2	2	0				
Mr. Joseph Billing	2	0	0		£177	9	4

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from September 16th to October 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss I. Keay	0	3	0	Mr. N. Hughes	0	5	0
Mrs. Townsend	1	1	0	Miss Chambers	0	2	6
Sunday-schools, Bristol, per Pastor							
W. J. Morgan	1	5	0		£2	19	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from September 16th to October 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Townley Street Mission, per Mr. R. H.				Collected by Miss Bickmore ...	1	0	6
Tomkins	0	15	6	Mr. Joseph Harvey	5	0	0
Professor Talbot	1	2	9	Collected by Miss E. A. Earl ...	0	12	6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		
Collected by Mr. J. Whittaker...	...	0	12	0	A widow, per Mrs. Ward, per J. T. D.	3	0	0	
Sale of S. O. tracts	0	1	0	Found outside the Metropolitan Taber-	...	0	10	0
Private T. Sutherland	0	2	0	nacle on June 22nd	1	0	2
Sale of old spoons	0	8	1	Collected by Miss Barnard	0	10	0
West Croydon Baptist Sunday-school,	...	5	5	0	Collected by Mrs. G. Wilmot	0	3	0
per Mr. W. S. Durrant	1	1	0	Jack, South Lambeth	0	10	0
Mr. E. R. Porter	0	2	6	Mr. Laard	1	1	0
A friend at Kenyon Chapel	2	10	0	Mr. W. Park	0	2	4
Proceeds of bazaar, by Sarah Midgley	...	0	10	0	Collected by Miss Kirby	0	10	6
and Laura Naylor, per Mr. J. R.	...	0	10	0	Collected by Miss N. Matthews...	...	0	10	0
Birkinshaw	2	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Perry	0	5	3
Mrs. N. Sparrow	0	10	0	Collected by Mr. E. E. Kerry	2	0	2
Mr. E. K. Stace	0	10	0	Orphan boys' collecting cards (2nd list)	...	4	13	3
Young Women's Bible-class at the	...	2	6	7	Orphan girls' collecting cards (2nd list)	...	2	2	0
Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	10	0	Sandwich, per Bankers	1	0	0
Collected by Miss A. Cobham	0	3	6	Given to Mr. Norris, at Tabernacle,	...	12	18	6
Collected by Mrs. Gregory	0	2	6	Sept. 14	0	10	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	4	6	Pastor George Cobb	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. G. Comber	...	1	1	0	Readers of "The Christian," per	...	0	10	0
Mr. M. Stroud	0	5	6	Messrs. Morgan and Scott	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Bagshaw	1	0	0	Mr. W. Kirkland	0	2	6
Miss Hine	0	12	10	Mr. C. Ibbersen	0	10	0
Collected by Miss G. Powell	0	14	8	Mrs. Hopkins	8	0	0
Collected by Miss L. Powell	1	0	0	Miss E. Bickerton Evans	0	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Penning	0	12	6	Mrs. Bridgman	0	12	6
Collected by Mrs. Watson	0	6	7	Mr. George Pryer	0	2	8
Collected by Mrs. G. Smith	0	6	0	Mrs. Ferguson	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. Harman	0	11	0	M. B. H.	50	0	0
Collected by Mr. A. Colley	1	0	0	Rev. E. J. Farley	5	0	0
Mr. A. Glastonbury	0	11	0	From the Master's portion	...	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Burton (school-room	...	0	3	0	Miss Chidlaw	0	1	0
box)	0	15	0	A member of the Tabernacle	...	0	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Jarman	0	7	6	Miss M. E. Jenkins	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Robotham	2	0	0	A thankoffering	5	0	0
Collected by Miss M. Knights	1	5	0	Mr. Charles C. Harris	0	10	0
Mr. J. Lowe	0	6	0	Mr. Alexander Paxton	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Girdlestone	...	0	10	0	Miss Broomhead	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. A. Comber	0	7	0	Mr. L. Shepherd	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Bentlett	0	5	0	Mr. E. W. Jacob	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. G. Spooner	0	10	0	Mrs. I. D. Petch	5	0	0
Collected by Miss D. Martin	1	1	0	Miss A. Duffell	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Welford	0	12	6	Mr. W. A. Harding	0	10	0
Mr. J. Courtney	0	14	0	Miss J. N. Dixon	0	10	0
Collected by Miss S. Gilpin	0	10	0	Miss Bonfield	10	0	0
Collected by Mr. A. Hoyles	0	4	0	Mrs. Walter	1	8	6
Collected by Miss A. Wilmot	0	8	6	In memoriam, contents of our darling	...	1	1	0
Collected by Miss E. Luxford	0	10	0	Chrissie's money-box	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. J. Simpson	0	7	6	West Brompton Railway Mission Sun-	...	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Weekes	0	7	9	day-school	1	1	0
Collected by Miss E. Bruin	0	10	0	Mr. C. F. Pfeil	0	2	0
Collected by Miss E. Stokes	0	7	6	Collection at harvest thanksgiving	...	5	3	6
Collected by Mr. R. J. Dalton	0	7	9	services at Baptist Mission, Theydon	...	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. E. Harris	0	10	0	Bois, per Mr. Watts	1	1	0
Collected by Miss F. Jeffery	0	10	0	Mr. Hailman and Mr. Trowel	5	0	0
Collected by E. and M. Chance	0	9	0	Postal order from Braemar	1	1	0
Collected by Miss M. Goetz	0	6	0	Collected by Miss Mead	3	3	6
Collected by Miss Wolfenden	0	13	0	Mr. S. H. Dauncey	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Ashton	0	10	0	Miss Watts	3	3	0
Collected by Miss Wright	1	0	0	Miss Hall	1	1	0
Mr. J. Wickham	2	4	3	M. W. B.	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Gallyon	0	9	0	Mrs. Townsend	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. W. Arnes	0	10	0	Mr. Joseph Billing...	...	5	0	0
Collected by Miss Bennett	1	6	6	Miss Hadfield	10	0	0
Collected by Mr. W. A. Bragg	0	8	8	Produce of a pear-tree planted by the	...	0	8	0
Collected by Miss Wheeler	0	6	4	late Charles Adlem	0	2	0
Collected by Miss Farnall	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Harris, fruits of apple-	...	0	2	6
Collected by Miss H. Taylor	1	5	6	tree	0	4	04
Collected by Mrs. E. S. Roberts	...	0	4	9	Mrs. Tyzack	0	10	84
Collected by Mrs. Pegg	0	1	8	Mrs. Tyzack	0	5	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell	...	0	4	0	Friends	1	0	3
Collected by Miss S. A. Ackland	...	0	5	0	Per Mr. John Langton :-	...	20	0	0
Collected by Mr. W. Sherlock	0	14	0	Collection at Thirsk	3	1	0
Collected by Mrs. A. Franks	0	10	0	Collection at Kewwick	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Parker	0	4	0	Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Coleman	0	5	6	An orphan	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Webb	0	14	0	Mrs. Raybould	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Raiman	0	10	0	P. and P.	1	0	0
Mr. W. A. Nathan	1	0	9	Mr. Wm. Lawrie	42		
Collected by Miss Rawlins	2	2	0					
Mrs. S. L. Fakeman	0	7	2					
Collected by Mr. F. Brown								

			£ s. d.				£ s. d.
Collected by Mrs. J. Withers:—				Burton, Mrs.			
In loving memory of				Bown, Master C.			
H. G. B. Hungerford				2	2	0	0 6 6
Mr. J. H. Fuller				2	2	0	0 1 5
Mr. J. R. Grubb (Oxford) ...				1	0	0	0 1 1
Mrs. Collier				0	5	0	0 4 3
Mrs. Cox				0	2	6	0 4 6
Mrs. Deane				0	2	6	0 3 4
Mrs. J. Davis				0	2	6	0 5 0
							0 1 0
Collected by Mrs. J. T. Crosher				5	16	6	0 6 1
Mrs. Cowell				14	0	0	0 7 3
A thankoffering from three				0	10	0	0 0 6
Mrs. White				0	5	0	0 3 6
Mrs. Yates				0	0	0	0 1 3
Harvest thankoffering at Crave Arms,				0	10	6	0 5 1
per Pastor M. Matthews ...				0	11	6	0 3 3
Mr. John Best, J.P.				1	0	0	0 0 3
Mr. H. Jackson				1	0	0	0 0 6
Mr. and Mrs. Nichols				1	0	0	0 4 0
Mrs. Elgee				0	10	6	0 4 7
W. D. K.				2	9	6	0 1 0
L. E. P.				1	0	0	0 8 10
Mrs. J. G. Green, per Miss FitzGerald				0	10	0	0 8 6
Mr. A. W. McConnell				1	0	0	0 13 0
A friend, per Mr. C. W. Scrimgeour				0	10	0	0 6 1
E. S. M., a thankoffering ...				1	0	0	0 7 3
Mr. J. Elliott				0	4	0	0 13 1
B. M. C.				0	10	0	0 10 0
Mrs. E. Pool				1	1	0	0 3 0
In memoriam				0	5	0	0 0 9
Mr. F. H. Brown				0	5	0	0 6 2
Mr. J. Hassall				1	0	0	0 2 8
E. H.				0	1	6	0 1 4
Half collection at thanksgiving meet-				0	1	6	0 10 5
ing at Providence Baptist Chapel,							0 3 4
Cwmdu, per Pastor J. M. Pugh				0	12	0	0 1 2
Mrs. Moffatt				1	1	0	0 5 9
Bank-note from Brisbane ...				5	0	0	0 2 4
A. P.				0	1	0	0 6 8
Collected by Mrs. B. C. Allen ...				0	8	0	0 10 8
Mr. J. G. van Rijn				4	0	0	0 1 4
Collected by Miss K. E. Buswell:—							0 2 1
Mr. Woodley				2	0	0	0 10 2
B. C.				1	1	0	0 0 6
A friend (E. B.)				0	10	0	0 4 3
J. J. S.				0	10	0	0 0 3
Mr. Meredith				0	10	0	0 0 9
Smaller sums				0	9	0	0 1 5
				5	0	0	0 10 11
Mrs. Ferris				1	1	0	0 8 9
Mr. W. H. Willcox				1	1	0	0 3 11
Mr. T. Piper				0	2	0	0 2 0
Mrs. Belough				0	1	0	0 5 8
B. G., Norwich				1	0	0	0 19 0
Mr. Wadland				1	0	0	0 7 4
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the							0 3 3
Orphanage Choir:—							2 4 7
Whitstable				7	16	5	0 2 5
Sittingbourne				7	17	4	0 5 2
Metropolitan Tabernacle Gospel Tem-							0 5 9
perance Society				8	0	0	0 3 8
Sale of programmes				1	6	7	0 1 4
Canterbury				15	0	0	0 3 0
							3 6 8
							0 15 7
Received at Collectors' Meeting, Oct. 1th:—							0 1 0
Collecting Boxes:—							0 7 0
				£ s. d.			0 0 6
Attwater, Miss E.				0	7	9	0 5 8
Allen, Mrs.				1	0	10	0 4 7
Allsop, Mr.				0	4	0	0 6 2
Anthony, Mrs.				0	6	0	0 10 0
Barden, Mrs.				2	1	6	0 0 9
Brice, B. and G.				0	7	11	0 9 8
Brice, P. and G.				0	6	0	0 5 6
Butler, Mrs.				0	9	8	0 8 4
Bartlett, Master E.				0	7	6	0 2 8
Burgess, Misses A. and E. ...				0	5	6	0 2 8
Brice, G. and F.				0	1	0	0 4 2
Buswell, Miss				1	5	0	0 4 8
Beale, Miss				0	6	6	0 1 7

	£	s.	d.
Pinnegar, Mrs. ...	0	3	9
Pearmain, Miss ...	0	5	4
Pawsey, Misses A. and E. ...	0	6	6
Pankhurst, Mrs. ...	0	10	0
Parker, Master ...	0	2	6
Peters, Miss F. ...	0	3	6
Russell, Mrs. ...	0	2	3
Roper, Mrs. ...	0	3	5
Rose, Miss B. ...	0	2	1
Ramsay, Master D. ...	0	6	10
Ricketts, Master W. ...	0	4	8
Sayer, Miss ...	0	5	4
Soulsby, Miss ...	0	6	0
Smith, Mrs. E. H. E. ...	0	6	2
Staines, Mrs. ...	0	3	9
Stevenson, Mrs. ...	0	10	6
Seymour, Mrs. ...	0	1	9
Saunders, Mrs. ...	0	1	7
Saunders, Miss E. ...	0	1	3
Selth, Miss ...	0	3	0
Simmonds, Mrs. ...	0	3	0
Sheard, Miss F. ...	0	3	1
Shoults, Miss M. ...	0	1	8
Stubbs, Master W. ...	0	0	5
Seaton, Miss M. ...	1	4	4
Swain, Mr. ...	0	5	3
Skinner, Miss E. ...	0	4	7
Stevens, Mrs. J. E. ...	0	7	4
Syrett, F. and R. ...	0	3	0
Spencer, Miss ...	0	10	0
Tyson, Mrs. ...	0	2	6
Trim, Mrs. ...	0	2	10
Thompson, Master A. ...	0	4	11
Taplin, Master F. ...	0	6	8
Turner, Miss M. ...	0	5	3
Thiel, Mrs. ...	0	2	7
Thomas, Mrs. ...	0	3	3
Warren, Miss M. A. ...	0	6	3
Watts, Mrs. ...	0	4	4
Wheeler, Miss E. ...	0	3	2
Williams, Miss E. ...	0	1	3
Wood, Miss H. ...	0	9	11

	£	s.	d.
Watling, Mrs. ...	0	17	9
Wyld, Miss M. ...	0	3	3
Wicks, Master W. ...	0	2	0
Wheeler, Mrs. ...	0	5	6
Whitlock, Mrs. ...	0	6	10
Odd halfpence and farthings	0	2	1

45 4 10

Collecting Books:—

Alderton, Miss ...	1	7	2
Andrews, Mrs. ...	0	5	0
Bonser, Miss ...	0	7	0
Broughton, Mrs. ...	0	7	0
Barrett, Mr. H. ...	1	17	6
Brown, Miss J. H. ...	0	15	1
Charles, Miss F. B. ...	0	7	6
Chew, Miss E. ...	0	2	6
Crumpton, Miss ...	0	8	0
Edwards, Miss ...	1	12	7
Fryer, Miss S. ...	0	10	0
Fowler, Miss N. ...	0	16	6
Good, Miss ...	0	4	7
Hall, Miss A. ...	0	3	4
Jephs, Miss ...	1	10	6
Knight, Miss ...	0	2	3
Lawson, Mrs. ...	0	15	0
McDonald, Mrs. ...	0	10	0
Miller, Mr. C. ...	1	10	0
Miller, Miss H. ...	0	6	6
Palmer, Miss E. ...	1	2	0
Smith, Mrs. E. H. E. ...	0	14	0
Saunders, Mr. E. W. ...	3	15	0
Snellgrove, Mr. H. ...	0	10	4
Walters, Miss ...	0	13	0
Young, Mrs. ...	0	4	6

Donations:—

Brown, Mrs. I. ...	0	5	0
Ranford, Mrs. ...	0	10	0
Tea tickets sold ...	1	12	0

23 3 10

£414 7 6

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards (2nd List).—Hilder, J., 5s; Inward, W., 8d; Lewis, E., 6s; Pinder, S., 1s 6d; Sambell, F., 6s; Stokes, P. G., 12s; Start, P., 2s; Surtees, J., 6d; Virtue, F., 5s; Williams, C., 1s 6d.—Total, £2 0s 2d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards (2nd List).—Blatchford, H., £1 10s; Ellis, A., £1 1s; Holman, E., £1 1s 3d; Hewitt, H., £1 1s.—Total, £4 13s 3d.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from September 16th to October 14th, 1890.—PROVISIONS:—3 cwt. Onions, Mr. D. Parkins; a quantity of Fruit, Vegetables, Bread, Cake, Jam, Sweets, &c., proceeds of Harvest Thanksgiving, Baptist Church, Semley, per Pastor J. Stanley; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potter; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 13 Stilton Cheeses, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 20 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong and Co.; 3 bags Potatoes and Vegetables, Mr. F. Maidment; 2 bags Haricot Beans, Mr. James Hall; 2 bags Potatoes, Mr. H. Watts.

Boys' CLOTHING:—6 Shirts, Miss Dransfield; 6 dozen pairs Stockings, 27 Scarfs (for No. 12 boys), Miss F. Hulbert; 6 Shirts, Miss Dawson.

Girls' CLOTHING:—5 Articles, 4 yards Calico, 5 yards Flannelette, 2½ yards Trimming, Miss A. Milner; 6 Articles, Miss L. Wicks; 18 Garments, The Penge Tabernacle; 33 Articles, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 3 Articles, Anon.; 26 Articles, Mrs. Watling; 58 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 7 Articles, Miss A. Leeder; 6 Articles, Miss F. Leeder; 12 Aprons, Miss Dawson.

GENERAL:—1 load Firewood, Mr. Fisher; 1 box Flowers, Mrs. E. Parsons; a parcel of Magazines, Mr. Chapman.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from September 16th to October 14th, 1890.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Dialley District ...	10	0	0
Repton and Burton-on-Trent, per E. S. ...	20	0	0
Langham, per Mr. R. Scott ...	10	0	0
Mr. A. Maw, for Ironbridge ...	15	0	0
Mrs. White, for Tewkesbury ...	2	10	0
Norfolk Association, for Buxton and Neatishead ...	20	0	0
Wilts. and East Somerset Association ...	25	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. D. White, for Uxbridge ...	10	0	0
Rev. E. J. Farley, for St. Luke's ...	10	0	0
Western Association, for Chard ...	10	0	0
Mr. John Cory, for Cardiff, Penrhyber, and Castletown ...	20	0	0
Fairford, per Captain Milbourn ...	10	0	0
Sandown, per Major Justin ...	10	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Rev. E. J. Brett ...	2	10	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham ...	10	0	0

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Great Totham, per Rev. H. J. Harvey	10 0 0	Bethnal Green District:—	
Surrey and Middlesex Association, for		Mr. C. E. Fox	5 0 0
Egham and Hampton	20 0 0	Mr. W. R. Fox	5 0 0
Kent and Sussex Association, for Cow-			10 0 0
fold and St. Margaret's	15 0 0	Corton, per Mr. Thomas Harris	10 0 0
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. P. C.		Pitsea, Essex Congregational Union	10 0 0
Evans and Sons	35 0 0	Mr. C. F. Allison, for Orpington	5 0 0
Okehampton District	10 0 0	Thornbury, per Mrs. Taylor	5 0 0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission	7 10 0	Friend, N.Z., for Ilkeston District	40 0 0
Suffolk Congregational Union, for			£404 8 0
Thurlow, Barrow, and Hartest	30 0 0		
Cheddar, per Rev. T. B. Field:—			
Mrs. R. Clark	2 0 0	<i>Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—</i>	
Mr. J. Armstrong	0 10 0		£ s. d.
Mrs. Day	0 10 0	Mr. William Lawrie	0 10 0
Rev. S. P. Jose	0 5 0	Rev. H. J. Kitchin	2 0 0
Mrs. Webb	0 5 0	Mr. Peter Fleming, Glasgow ...	0 5 0
Rev. E. Edgington	0 5 0	Transfer from Orphanage account	1 16 0
Pastor Field	0 3 6	Mr. E. W. Jacob	0 10 0
Mr. R. Sherry	0 3 0	Executors of the late Miss Parken	4 6 4
Rev. C. Merrick	0 2 6	M. W. R.	1 1 0
Mrs. Davies	0 2 6	Mrs. Townsend	1 1 0
Mr. C. B. Churchill	0 2 6	Mr. Joseph Billing	1 0 0
Mr. J. Boley	0 2 6	Miss Hadfield	5 0 0
Mrs. J. Tilley	0 5 0	J. M., Aberdeen	0 10 0
Rev. T. B. Knight	0 1 0	Mr. W. H. Willcox	1 1 0
Mrs. Jeffries	0 2 6	<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>	
	5 0 0	Mrs. Tucker	0 5 0
Cash previously acknowledged	3 0 0	Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co.	2 2 0
	2 0 0	Mrs. P. B. Bilborough	1 0 0
Expenses of collection	0 2 0	Mr. Charles Waters	1 1 0
	1 18 0	Mr. W. Wayne	1 1 0
Mrs. Keevil, for Melksham	10 0 0		£24 9 4

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from September 16th to October 14th, 1890.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. G.	60 0 0	Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton	
From General Uses Fund	60 0 0	and Smith's services at Bradford	40 0 0
Wallis Legacy, final	1 14 8	Mr. C. Matthews	5 0 0
Thankoffering for Mr. Parker's ser-		W. S.	0 5 0
vices at Cage Lane Mission, Plum-		Mr. James Wilson	0 6 0
stead	2 2 0	Miss H. Hall	0 15 0
Mrs. Deane	0 10 0	A. L.	0 5 0
Miss A. B. Rees	0 10 0	Mrs. E. Pool	2 2 0
Miss E. A. Fowler	0 5 0	Mr. and Mrs. Haynes	0 10 0
Mr. Geo. Stephens	0 10 0	Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's	
Mrs. Townsend	1 1 0	services at Arlington	1 19 0
Mrs. Smith	1 0 0		£178 14 8
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton			
and Smith's services at Sitting-			
bourne	10 0 0		

Surrey Gardens Memorial Schools.

A full statement of Receipts will be published next month.

£1 from Nottingham has been placed to the Tabernacle Cleaning Fund.

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 to Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums sent before the 13th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

DECEMBER, 1890.

The Man, not the Place.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE condition of our heart is a thousand times more important than our position in life. "It is not the place," said Cicero, "which makes the man; but the man that makes the place." A man of no soul will do nothing anywhere; while he that is filled with the Spirit of God will achieve a life-work everywhere. A common yields more to industry than a garden to sloth. We may not blame our stars; but judge ourselves, if we cannot act a noble part in any position. To-day we have friends around us, and comforts about us; let us see that we use our happy circumstances aright. If those friends should fail us, and those comforts should fly away, let our main inquiry be how we can glorify God in the altered state of our affairs. It might long be debated which condition best promotes virtue, and most enables us to honour our Lord. The Christian grace which adorns prosperity is spirituality, and that which honours adversity is fortitude: which is the more admirable? Whether is easier, to abound without becoming worldly, or to suffer loss without growing despondent? Which is the more precious product of grace, the man who lives above the world in the midst of riches, or he who bears up with patience under severe afflictions? Is not each fruit precious in its season, and who can tell which season is most productive in the judgment of the great Husbandman? Surely, in this matter our surroundings are like the varied climates of the globe: each zone has its own special growth; and the product of each region, after its own kind, has a peculiar value of its own.

It becomes us, therefore, to cease from grumbling because our lot is

obscure ; and, at the same time, to give over all carking care to gather wealth, or to acquire fame, to make that lot more advantageous. Abundance of earthly goods may be helpful for one form of usefulness ; but without them we may become fruitful in another way, with equal glory to God. We may be best where we are. We may rise higher and fare worse. The lowly honour the Lord quite as much as the renowned ; and the graces which bloom in poverty are to the full as fragrant as those which flower in wealth. Why should soldiers struggle for another position when they can war an equally good warfare where they are ? Better far would it be to persuade ourselves to do the next thing with all our might, and without loss of time honour the Lord in the place wherein he hath set us.

In many ways changes are full of hazard. We grow accustomed to the burdens of one condition even when they are great ; the chances are that we should be more worried by the trials of another, though they might be in themselves less burdensome. We know what can be done for God under our present surroundings ; but we should have to use much time to make ourselves equally well acquainted with new environments. Having served an apprenticeship to our present position, it would be a pity to throw away the skill we have acquired, and spend a world of thought in making out new indentures. Why go down from the height to which you have climbed, and begin again at the bottom of another ladder ? Trees which are often removed will never bring forth much fruit. We can do most at that which has already occupied us. Idleness may make us weary of our daily calling ; but even for the sake of ease, it would be wiser "to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of." Sit thee still, brother, by the sea, and mend thy net ! There is no need to cross a continent to reach another ocean : there are as many fish in these nearer waters as your nets will ever catch. He that is always wandering about in search of new fields is not likely either to sow or reap ; he might have done better even on the heaviest clay than he will do by lightly tramping over the most fertile farms. Have you never heard how the sportsman must needs climb a lofty mountain, and, meanwhile, all the stags of the forest came down to the valley which he had left in hasty disgust ? Ministers have quitted pastorates just when their time of reaping would have come ; teachers have deserted classes when the children were already becoming impressed. It is a pity that soldiers should run when victory is fluttering around their banners ; yet to this the prince of darkness often tempts us. Oh, for the voice which saith, "Peace, be still" ! The husbandman waiteth for the precious fruits of the earth, and shall not we wait for the gifts of heaven ?

The sphere which we covet has difficulties of its own. The other side of the way always seems the cleaner ; but it is not. We see our present trials, but we are too far off to perceive those of the position to which we aspire. We are merely dreaming when we suppose that our neighbour has the sun always shining upon him : if we were to move to his parish, we should count as many rainy days in his year as in our own. Very foolish are our pinings. They say that the cow in the meadow longs to be on the common, while the cow on the common would give her horns to be in the meadow. These are only brute

creatures, and it is a pity we should copy them. Be it meadow or common, let the cow graze where she is, and yield full pails of milk to her owner. To make the best of bad material, and to do fine work with poor tools, is praiseworthy. We know what sort of a workman he is who finds fault with his tools ; and there are enough of his class without our joining the guild. Did we know the weariness, the care, the anguish of the greatly-successful man, we might ask to be excused. To reach his position was a painful struggle, and to keep it is even more so : envy not the man who needs your sympathy, if not your pity. He, too, looks on you with a suspicion that your lot is to be preferred to his own ; and, foolish though he be, you are equally unwise.

In providential appointments, in which we can have no choice, but must take what the Lord allots us, we need not even wish that there had been an opportunity for selection. So long as we do not have the world for our portion, we may be content with any portion in the world. There is not so much choice, after all : he that cannot be happy in any state, will be content in no state. There are thorns among the roses, and there are roses among the thorns. Every summer hath its winter ; but then every winter hath its summer. There is evil in things good, and there is good in things evil. In all probability there is for us least of evil and most of good, in the place which God has ordained that we shall occupy. Want is bred of wishing, and wealth comes of content. He is not rich that has much, but he that has enough : neither is it the having, or the not having, which is a man's real advantage, but the knowing how to abound and how to suffer loss, and the glorifying of God in either case.

Looked at in the clearest light, a godly man's choice might even fall on that condition which, to the dim light of passion, seems most objectionable. Paul never boasted of his abilities and advancements, but he gloried in his infirmities and tribulations. It has been well said, "Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament ; adversity is the blessing of the New, and this last carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favour." All the prosperity in the world will not prove us children of God, if we are without affliction ; but all the afflictions that were ever borne, even if they go so far as to shut out every gleam of prosperity, may leave our evidence of sonship beyond question. Many of us have learned more by our griefs than by our joys : we have seen more stars in the night of weeping than in the morning of joy. We would not choose our lot ; but, as the wise man said, "Give me neither poverty nor riches," so would we ask for a healthy mingling of conditions, and not too much either of the prosperous or the adverse. Yet, if we must select the one or the other, and either be greatly prosperous or grievously tried, we should, out of respect to our own spiritual growth, be wise to take the bitter, and leave the sweet.

All turns upon the grace within. If the heart be sound, the eye single, and the faith firm, we may leave the book of destiny to unroll itself ; for we are prepared for whatever it may reveal. If we live near to God, all will be well : the wolf never harms the sheep which is close to the shepherd. If we keep to the path of truth and uprightness, it is forbidden to molest the traveller who walks by day along the king's

highway. All things are ill to the man who thinks ill. A sick soul carries its own foul atmosphere along with it. Look well to yourself, and God will look to all else for you. Be filled with the Spirit, and if the barn and the wine-fat be empty, it shall not be a sorrow to you.

As the year ends, we ought to look to our spiritual estate. The old year departs worn out with length of days, and the new year in its youth knocks merrily for entrance. It is well with the year if it is well with our souls.



Plain Directions.

A GERMAN gentleman called upon me after a service at the Tabernacle, and left his card on the table. I do not suppose that he noticed that upon his card were the following words:—"Finsbury Pavement, Moorgate Street, Princes Street, King William Street, London Bridge, Borough High Street, Blackman Street, Newington Causeway, Newington Butts." I regarded these words with interest; for it was evident that, being a stranger in London, some friend had given him special guidance as to his walk to the Tabernacle, mentioning every street on the road. Any person acquainted with the City and Southwark will know how very detailed and exact were the directions. Probably they were not too minute for a foreigner who did not know enough English to ask his way.

This card seemed to say to me—Preach the gospel very plainly. Deal with every step of the soul's experience, and enter into exact particulars; for there are many who need line upon line, and precept upon precept. Though the simple direction, "*Take the first turn to the right by the cross, and keep straight on,*" is sufficient for salvation, yet in the further pilgrimage to heaven, further help is wanted, since ignorance is common, and error is natural. Be plain, painstaking, definite, accurate, detailed, in the leading of the poor and needy from sin to holiness, from the world of the ungodly to the world of perfectness.—C. H. S.

An Evening with the Modernest of Modern Thinkers.

IT was very misty as we made our way across the squares, leaving the busy life of the streets behind us, until we arrived at the "Settlement," where everybody was unsettled. There was no crush to get into the building, yet there was a remarkable audience, forty-seven all told, counting more than one professor, several ladies who are well known as the authors of religious novels, quite a company of journalists, and—don't be alarmed!—there were at least three characters whose liberty would be curtailed if they set foot on their native soil. They are called "Nihilists" at home; but here they are patriots. One of them, the young man with the classical face, whose melancholy smile will remain in our mind for many days, has been to Siberia: no wonder he is out of joint with governments and systems. He ought to make his mark in life. Gentle as a child until political questions are raised; then the slumbering devil seems to awake within him, and any means are blessed that bring the triumph of his views. By his side is a lady who might have been the model for the "Soul's Awakening": tenderness and sentiment are stamped upon every feature.

The object of the gathering is to give expression to the new religion, which is to take the place of the old "doxies," and unite all sects in the bonds of brotherhood and love. These easy-chair philosophers and creedless theologians have decided that the gospel is effete, that the resurrection has crumbled into nothingness and myth: in short, that the religion of the Bible is played out, and that the only thing to be done is to accept the position, and the responsibility of finding a faith which shall be the working factor in the future. This is the self-appointed task undertaken by the modernest of modern thinkers. They recognize the logical conclusions of the higher criticism: this work of destruction has been accomplished; they are constructive critics. Upon the ruins of the old faith they will—Robert Elsmere like—raise the new creed. Of course, the task is a big one, and full of difficulties; but is it not the glory of modern thought to smile at difficulties?

The particular point of the "new religion" to be expressed is *the moral motive in conduct*. The lecturer is on his feet: now there will be revelations surpassing all that the prophets have spoken! He is a man of the "culture" type, spelt with a very big "C." He has the present-day philosophy at his fingers' end, and backs his opinions by quotations from Spencer, Huxley, or some German phrase-maker; while the sayings of Marcus Aurelius, Buddha, and a few others, are continually upon his lips. He is in dead earnest; there's no doubt about that. He is Elsmere in the flesh. All are silent while he declares, that "The old motives of morality have lost their power; that new motives must be found to take their place. Morality must be; but upon what basis should it rest? Here was the difficulty. The old foundations being gone, the question would confront them—Why should men be moral?" We were unable to reply; partly because of our amazement at the cool assumption which, in plain language, meant that no man could now realize the sublime power expressed in the words, "The love of Christ constraineth

me," and find in this the highest moral motive; and partly because we were anxious to hear what the new motives were to be. The first set forth was *love to humanity*; that was to be the ideal. By the side of that was *the idea of equality*: all men were equal, and ought to have equal joys and rights. Here was a difficulty again. Someone asked for a definition of equality. People who want definitions are a great nuisance, when you are in a pretty haze of ideas. Why can't they let the beautiful bubble alone, without putting their pin in to spoil it all? But the definition of equality was *equivalency*: every man was equal to every other man. That would not do. We wanted to know what in man was equal. Not force, intellect, or goodness; what then? Well, we were equal "in essence"; but what was this essence? We had heard that the hope of personal immortality could not be indulged in the present day, for we were all physical combinations, and nothing more. "The essence," translated into the language of the street, meant dust, wind, and water. The idea of moral motive springing from a belief that man was a compound of these elements caused a ripple of laughter. We travelled no farther in the expression of the new religion, but drifted into a general conversation until closing time.

When we were outside the cosy room, the feelings of our heart found expression in the familiar lines:

"Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above;
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child;
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled."

We were safe out of Doubting Castle, with much to think over. What is the "love for humanity"? Is it an abstraction of thought? To love humanity in the mass is more than human heart can manage: we cannot get the ocean into our pail. To love humanity by cultivating affection towards the individual is to carry out the divine command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself"; and this is practicable and practical. Much of our regard for men is born of the reverence which Scripture has taught us as due to the soul created in the likeness of God. Is it possible to increase moral motives by degrading the sacred personality of the soul to the level of an animal?

No, the motive of morality must be higher than human interests, or there can be no true morality. God has set the measure of right, and he has the power to produce its practice by his grace. The gospel is still the *power* of God unto salvation. He who has experienced the inspired utterance of Paul, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me," has reached the highest morality of life.

This meeting, whether a fact or a fancy, did us good, in showing that the thing which with man is impossible has been wrought by God. Our aim should be, not to find new moral motives, but to be true to the old ones.

J. C. CARLILE.

"The Work of an Evangelist."

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

NO. III.—OAMARU AND ASHBURTON.

PERHAPS I had better at once inform my readers how to pronounce the name of the town in which my fourth mission was held. I will spell it phonetically—Wom-ā-roo. A native name, of course; but a very easy one to pronounce. What say you to Whakarewarewa, or Nihootekiore, or Tapuaeharuru? These are jaw-breakers, indeed; and when you have succeeded, kind reader, in getting your tongue round them, you may rest assured that the probability is that you have not the Maori pronunciation at all—that is, if you are a perfect stranger to the tongue.

Oamaru is a town of considerable proportions on the east coast of the South Island of New Zealand, about eighty miles north of Dunedin. It is in the province of Otago, although very near the boundary of Canterbury. It possesses a fair harbour, with an expensive breakwater; while large grain stores, and freezing works, indicate plainly the staple products of the country round.

Oamaru might justly be called "The town of white stone"; for its banks, and stores, and churches, and houses, are, with very few exceptions, built of the fine freestone which abounds in the hills beyond. The main street, which is very wide, is ornamented on either side by buildings which, though not of magnificent proportions, are, in many cases, of elegant design; and all have the bright and chaste appearance which white stone always gives, and in a fair climate long retains.

It goes without saying that we are looking for the Baptist Church. Banks, and insurance offices, and public buildings, are all very well in their way; but where is the Baptist Church? Fortunately, we have not far to go to find it; for though it is not in the main (*i.e.*, Thames) street, it is only just round the corner, in a not unimportant thoroughfare, and within a stone's throw of the public hall, the Court-house, &c. And quite right, too! The day has long since gone when Baptists thought it necessary to meet at the bottom of a dark court, or at the end of a narrow alley, either "for fear of the Jews," or because too poor and despised to secure more eligible sites. No longer do we appear as though half ashamed of our tenets. "These things were not done in a corner," said the apostles, and we who have so much of apostolic practice in our church, are not prepared to be relegated to blind alleys and by-lanes. Our rites shall be observed, and our doctrines proclaimed, not *in* a corner, but *at* a corner; or if the corner lot is in the possession of the publican—as too often is the case—we will, at all events, build where we "cannot be hid."

So, there stands the Baptists' meeting-house, visible to all, though no "heaven-pointing spire" attracts attention, and is easily discovered by would-be worshippers, though no bell tinkles—or, more correctly speaking, tin-kettles—for fifteen minutes before service-time.

Moreover, the building is worthy of its site. It is constructed

throughout of white stone ; back, and sides, and front, are equally substantial. Of these builders it cannot be said that—

"They make the front just like St. Paul's,
Or like Westminster Abbey ;
And then, as if to cheat the Lord,
They build the back part shabby."

You may walk about this Zion, and go round about her ; and though you cannot very well tell the towers thereof—for there are none to tell—you may mark well her bulwarks, only to find that they are solid masonry on every side.

There is little ornamentation, even in front ; but a little battlement, not very formidable, is suggestive of a fort which the Baptists, as their custom is, are determined to "hold."

Entering, there is every sign of comfort and cheeriness. A sloping floor, an open platform, plenty of light, and comfortable pews, all aid the worshipper. Perhaps the only fault is that the windows are of the hermetically-sealed sort, which most modern churches affect. Ere our meetings were over—albeit, it was winter—I devoutly wished that the rod which wrought so wondrously at New Park Street long years ago, would work its marvels here. But this is a *painful* subject. It wants ventilating, though. At the platform end of the building are two small rooms (*too* small, they proved, for the enquirers), which will do duty till suitable class-rooms and vestries can be erected. Despite these partitions, the church holds three hundred people. It cost in all about £800, and is clear of debt.

Now, guess, kind reader, how many Baptists comprise the membership ; guess what their worldly position is, and who the pastor is who has stirred them up to such successful zeal. Do you give it up ? The membership musters fifty-nine all told, and they are, without exception, the reverse of wealthy. As to their pastor, as a matter of fact, they are pastorless. They have stirred each other up to the good work, while a triumvirate of local preachers has edified the church in things spiritual. All honour to the little band which has struggled bravely on in times of depression, and not only reared a noble sanctuary, but brought in worshippers from the world.

This is the way in which that work began. Five thorough-going Baptists held services together, in a private house, early in 1883. A little later a small hall was engaged, and then a larger one. Revs. North and Bright, from Dunedin, visited them, and spake concerning "Church Fellowship," and "The Policy and Principles of the Baptists." Then the church was formed, with four-and-twenty members. The little cause soon after suffered a sad loss in the removal by death of their leader, a Mr. Angus (an honoured Baptist name, that !), and failing to find another exhorter in their midst, they had recourse to the Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit, and read the sermons with much profit. Ere long, however, two brethren arrived from "Home," who could "preach a bit" ; and now there is a third. These devoted men, though busy all the week, conduct the Sabbath services with much acceptance. In 1887, the building fund was initiated ; a generous friend, to whom the writer is not very distantly related, having defrayed the cost of the

site. The church was opened in July, 1889, with great rejoicings, by Mr. North, of Dunedin. As to the future, the secretary writes: "We expect to have a most vigorous church, holding evangelical doctrine. Though we have no pastor at present, we do not anticipate this state of things to last very long." May the Lord direct them in their choice!

My own experiences in Oamaru are not likely soon to pass from my grateful memory. The Lord began to work almost at once. We let down the net at his command. It was with us as with the disciples. "*When they had this done, they inclosed a great multitude of fishes.*" Thus speedily came the blessing to us also. We had not large crowds, save on the two Sunday evenings, but many glorious cases of conversion and of restoration resulted. This and that man was born there.

Ashburton.—"Here's your fishing-rod, sir," said a voice behind me as I was about to take my seat in the train bound north. For a moment I wondered what was meant. I could only suppose that I had been mistaken for some ardent disciple of Isaak Walton, whose hotel porter had borne his angling apparatus after him. But, looking round, I recognized a member of the Baptist church, and he, undoubtedly, had been addressing the departing evangelist. In one of his hands were two long sticks, and in the other a small parcel. The sticks were the fishing-rods, evidently, and the brown paper might be supposed to contain the lines, floats, flies, hooks, baits, and other paraphernalia. In point of fact, the apparatus was what I may term a Patent Portable Placard, announcing the special services. When the two 8-foot sticks are inserted in the hems of a calico sign, the arrangement is complete, and passers-by acquire the following information:—

SPURGEON'S MISSION.

TO-NIGHT, AT 7.30.

My friend called this portion of my impedimenta a fishing-rod; nor was he very far out. Are we not fishers of men? It is no small part of the work to get the people beneath the sound of the gospel, and whatever serves to bring them is as valuable to the evangelist as his rod is to the fisherman. It is, of course, not to be compared to the preaching of the gospel, and the singing and praying that go before it—these are as line, and hook, and bait—but if it brings them within reach of the gospel, it serves a glorious purpose. So I grasped my "fishing-rod," and away we went. My next fishing ground was Ashburton, distant some 100 miles from Oamaru.

The inhabitants of this place would not feel flattered if I call it a country town; yet so it seemed to me. Certainly, it stands in a large agricultural district. Its huge piles of corn-sacks prove that the wheat fields are not very far away, and speak volumes for the fertility of the Canterbury Plains. Here is a woollen mill also, and the fleeces grow at no great distance from the spindles.

Our services had to be held in a hall, by reason of the straitness of the Baptist church. Small though it is, it is cosiness itself. It had better be small and debtless than largely involved. Fifty-one members constitute the entire church, and Mr. J. W. Sawle ministers to them. He is a farmer, too—a pastor in a double sense—and a right good brother, who seeks not theirs but them, and works with labour and

travail, that he may not be chargeable to any of them. May both his flocks be multiplied ! He has been shepherd to the Ashburton Baptists for four years, the flock being three years old when he undertook to lead and feed it. There were only eleven sheep at the outset, and there have been ninety-two in all. Now there are fifty-one. Where are the forty-and-one ? Echo answers, "Where ?" but history answers, "Wolves !" Alas ! that this fresh fishing-ground yielded very little. For six nights the gospel was proclaimed, yet only a very few "submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God." Certain local causes, in part, account for this ; but the fact remains, and a sorrowful fact it is. Yet I verily believe we did our best to win them. Some fish will not bite, even at night, as Nicodemus did. The place seemed wholly given up to pleasure. Races and balls were the order of the week. Gambling and dancing are not handmaids to evangelistic work. Someone calls horse-racing "The sport of kings." Would God it were limited to royalty and the upper crust ! Here all classes go crazy over it, and the papers chronicle at great length all items connected with a subject which they all too surely affirm is "so dear to the hearts of all colonials."

Ah, well ! we put the trumpet to our lips, and sounded forth the word of life ; and the issue is in hands omnipotent. God can make the people run the Christian race, and dance before the ark. Good Lord, convert them by thy mighty grace. Amen.

From the Diary of a City Missionary.

VISITED Donald Munro. He is getting frail now ; but his spirit seems as stout as when he was battling with the Spaniards. He will not stay from the church, or from the meetings, though so weak that he cannot walk without support.

(Second visit.) Found Donald very poorly. He sat up in bed, and solemnly and reverently thanked God that he had sent me to visit him. I do not recollect to have witnessed a more interesting scene : the little kitchen where he lies, is a very dark place, so much so, that I could only distinguish the outlines of the aged man's venerable countenance and silvery hair, as he was engaged in this solemn act of devotion. The tones of his voice were low, and the words most impressive.

(Third visit.) Held a meeting, as usual, in old Donald's. The old man's spirit seems indomitable. Though sick, and feeble, and frail, he insisted on being present at the meeting, and said, if spared, and no worse, he would be sure to try to come out on the Thursday evening also. "I have not long to stay," said he, "so, you see, I maun (must) first be makin' the most o' my time."

If every Christian were as much alive to the great concerns of eternity, and were as much a pilgrim on the earth, as is this old man, what a change it would effect on the world ! Christians would both be seen and felt to be "a peculiar people," the mouth of the infidel would be stopped, and others would be led to "glorify our Father who is in heaven."

Nettleton Anecdotes.

SEVENTH SELECTION.

DUTY AND SPECIAL GRACE.

There is, it must be admitted, an apparent inconsistency between the pressing home of the duty of all men to "repent and believe the gospel," and special grace. But it is apparent rather than real. It is no part of our work to reconcile these apparent differences. If we are preachers, we have to preach the preaching God bids us; and if we are hearers only, we have to "Hear the Word of the Lord." But it is not so very difficult to repel this apparent inconsistency; and this Dr. Nettleton has done in a very effective way in a sermon on Jeremiah xxxi. 19: "Surely after that I was turned, I repented."

"I have not asserted," says he, "that the sinner is not under obligation to repent previous to regeneration. It is unquestionably the duty of every sinner immediately to repent. We are not considering now what is duty, but what is fact. It is the duty of sinners to do many things which they never have done, and which some of them never will do. It is their duty to stop sinning, and to love God with all the heart, mind, soul, and strength. So it is their duty to repent without delay; but they have not done it, and some of them never will."

"By this time some of my hearers will have perceived a great difficulty in this subject. It is this: 'If sinners do not repent previous to regeneration, then you call upon them to do what it requires almighty power to influence them to do.' This difficulty is not peculiar to this subject. It runs through the whole system of evangelical truth."

"There are many who think they see a great inconsistency in the preaching of ministers. 'Ministers,' say they, 'contradict themselves—they say and unsay—they tell us to do, and then tell us we cannot do—they call upon sinners to repent and believe, and then tell them that faith and repentance are the gift of God—they call on them to come to Christ, and then tell them that they cannot come.'

"That some do preach in this manner cannot be denied. I well recollect an instance. A celebrated preacher, in one of his discourses, used this language: '*Come unto me*, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' In another discourse this same preacher said: '*No man can come to me*, except the Father which hath sent me draw him.' Now, what think you, my hearers, of such preaching, and of such a preacher? What would you have said had you been present, and heard him? Would you have charged him with contradicting himself? This preacher, you will remember, was *none other than the Lord Jesus Christ*. And I have no doubt that many ministers have followed his example, and been guilty of the same contradiction, if you call it such. Now what will you say? Will you say that the difficulty, so far as it relates to Christ's preaching, can be easily explained? If it can, it can also be explained in reference to the preaching of others; and there is no cause of complaint. Or will you boldly assert that Christ contradicted himself? If you take this ground, you turn infidels at once. Or, will you say that you believe Christ to be consistent with himself, whether you can explain the difficulty or not? If so, why not

say the same with regard to the preaching of his ministers, who preach in the same manner?"

"BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD."

Dr. Nettleton was well able to penetrate the various excuses under which men shelter themselves while continuing to live in sin, and he was skilled in exposing those vain refuges in which so many hide, practically throwing the blame of their disobedience and their perishing condition on God, rather than charging it on themselves. An urgent appeal is grounded on 2 Cor. v. 20: "Be ye reconciled to God."

"Are you pleased with the terms of salvation? If you are, you have doubtless complied with them. Have you repented and believed in Christ? If not, why? No reason can be assigned but the opposition of your hearts. If you were pleased with the terms of salvation, you would not remain in impenitence and unbelief another moment.

"Many, I am aware, express strong desires for salvation, and sometimes say they would give all the world, if they had it, for an interest in the divine favour, while they have never found in their hearts to feel the least degree of contrition for their sins, nor the least degree of love and gratitude to the God who made them, and the Saviour who died for them. Whatever value such individuals may place on a heaven of eternal happiness, they do actually prefer sin to all things else; and in spite of the offers of eternal life, the calls of a bleeding Saviour, the invitations, commands, and threatenings of Almighty God, they are now forcing their way down to eternal perdition. What, now, is the cause of this enmity between you and God? Has God ever injured you? Has he ever dealt unkindly with you? What have you to allege against his character, against his law, or against this treaty of peace?"

"Do you ask what God requires of you? The answer is plain: 'Be ye reconciled to God.' This is what God claims. And from this we cannot depart without entering on forbidden ground. He claims the heart. And from this we cannot depart without disloyalty to God. Individuals and nations may negotiate a treaty of peace, though the heart be not engaged: an outward reconciliation may be effected, while the heart remains the same. But not so with God. He looketh on the heart. If that be withheld, 'To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord.' If the heart be not engaged, however sinners may treat about a reconciliation, their insolence is met with this repulsive demand: 'Who hath required this at your hand?' Without this, not a step can be taken towards settling your peace with God.

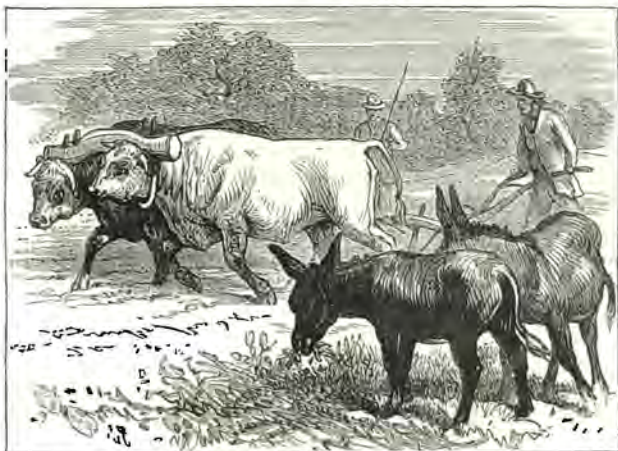
"And now, all things are ready, and God is inviting and beseeching you to accept his mercy. What is the reply of your heart? Do you not like the terms of this treaty? You are required only to *be reconciled to God*. What can be more reasonable than this? Is it hard that you should be expected to love God? to feel sorrow for sin? to confess and forsake it? Is this hard? Or is sin so lovely and so desirable that it appears hard and unreasonable that you should be required to hate and oppose it with all your heart? Why, then, will you not renounce it? Is sin so noble a thing in itself, and so desirable in its consequences, that you cannot part with it? that you will lay down your life—your

eternal life—for its sake? Your love of sin is all the excuse you have, or can have. Or will you plead your *inability*? What! cannot be reconciled to God? Cannot feel sorrow for sin? Cannot cease to rebel against the King of heaven? What an acknowledgment is this! Out of thine own mouth shalt thou be condemned. If, indeed, you are so opposed to God that you cannot find sorrow for sin, this is the very reason why you ought to be condemned. The harder it is for you to repent and love God, the more wicked you are, and the greater will be your condemnation.

"God himself is beseeching you to be reconciled. And why do you not obey? Have your pride and stubbornness risen to such a pitch, that you will not do the most reasonable thing, though God beseeches you?"

"In the name of God I come to beseech you to be reconciled."

Which are You ?



AS we read in the book of Job, that the oxen were *plowing* and the asses were *feeding* beside them, so in most churches a few do the work, and bear the burdens, and the rest rather hinder than help them—though particularly anxious to feed themselves. Some few enter the church for service, as into a vineyard to be cultivated; others enter it merely for enjoyment, as asses into a field of clover, to feed without limit. Some, like their Lord, are eager to minister at the gospel feast; others are anxious only to be ministered unto. This is the reason why the labourers are so few in the fields that are white to harvest, and the money so scarce in the Lord's treasury. The gifts within the church, even that church which is weakest, would be adequate to its work, if they were developed; its means are ample, if they were consecrated; but where shall we find thorough consecration? The one talent now hidden in the earth, if put into the hands of "the exchangers," would increase the power of the church many times. Come, brethren, dig up the rusted coin; take it out of the decaying napkin, and use it diligently for your Lord!—From *Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack*.

Thomas Bradbury: "For Christ and my Country."

BY R. SHINDLER.

MR. BRADBURY was a sturdy Yorkshireman, and was born at Wakefield, in 1677. His father was a truly godly man, and gave his son to the Lord, as Hannah gave Samuel, in infancy. His father's telling him how greatly his soul was enlarged at the time of his dedication, was the means of first awakening him to spiritual and eternal things. Mr. Bradbury's father was a member of the Independent Church at Alverthorpe, near Wakefield, of which the Rev. Peter Naylor, an ejected minister, was pastor. Under Mr. Naylor, and at the Leeds Free School, he acquired his first learning. His memory was so tenacious, that he could repeat anything he had heard read; and was frequently sent by his father and Mr. Naylor to an inn in Wakefield, where the one newspaper was read aloud. In this way they were kept posted up in public affairs, as Mr. Naylor, who had already been imprisoned for preaching, durst not show his face in a town.

At an early age young Bradbury was sent to Attercliffe, near Sheffield, where the Rev. Timothy Jollie kept an Academy. At eighteen, Mr. Bradbury preached his first sermon at Leeds (14th June, 1696.) His youthful appearance exposed him to unkindness. A person asked him, just before the service began, "Pray, master, do you know who is going to preach to-day?" When he found that the youth he addressed was to be the preacher, he disdained him, as Jesse's elder sons did young David, and the lad entered the pulpit with a trembling spirit. As the fire burned, however, he rose above his fears, and played the man for the Lord of hosts. He used to relate this anecdote, with the remark—"I bless God that from that hour I have never known the fear of man."

After preaching two years at Beverley, he removed to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, as assistant to Dr. Gilpin. The next year, the church of which Dr. Chauncey was pastor, in Mark Lane, London, having once heard him with satisfaction, invited him to become his successor. After several letters to and from, and Mr. Bradbury delaying his decision, the matter dropped, and another young man was chosen—the Rev. Isaac (afterwards Dr.) Watts. In 1703, he settled at Stepney for a short time, and afterwards, having declined a call to Yarmouth, became pastor of the church in Fetter Lane. Here he remained twenty years, when, a matter being in dispute between Mr. Bradbury and some of his people, he removed, with a large part of his congregation, to New Court, Carey Street, where the celebrated Daniel Burgess had been pastor, he making it a condition of his accepting the call, that his friends from Fetter Lane should be welcomed with himself. Here he ended his days.

In the sketch of Thomas Bradbury, by Walter Wilson, in his "History and Antiquities of Dissenting Churches," that writer says:—"Perhaps the Protestant religion in this country was never in greater danger than towards the latter end of the reign of Queen Anne. The measures passed by the Tory ministers of that period evidently tended to set aside the Hanoverian succession, and to introduce the Pretender and Popery. In this they were supported by the High Church party, but opposed by all true friends to British liberty, and by none more than the Protestant

Dissenters. This marked them out as objects of persecution, and their enemies were determined to make use of the civil power to oppress them. For this purpose they passed a Bill to prohibit occasional conformity; which was quickly followed by another for preventing the growth of schism. In this trying period Mr. Bradbury stood forth like a bold patriot; and, fearless of danger, risked everything that was dear to him in upholding the liberties of his country." For doing this, as Mr. Bradbury tells us in his preface to the sermons on "The Mystery of Godliness," he was roughly handled, being "lampooned in pamphlets, belied in newspapers, threatened by great men, and mobbed by those of the baser sort." But none of these things moved him. His courage, zeal, and noble enthusiasm were fanned, rather than quenched, by this treatment. He was a perpetual thorn in the side of the Tory Ministry, who strained every effort to silence or ruin him.

To silence him, the same method was employed which George II. sarcastically recommended to those who complained to him of Whitefield's popularity and success, and requested that some restraint be placed upon his preaching. "I believe," said the king, "the best way will be to make a bishop of him." Queen Anne accordingly instructed her secretary, Mr. Harley, to make Mr. Bradbury the offer of a bishopric. When he would not be *bought off* from the active promotion of his principles, there remained the alternative of *killing off* the virtuous patriot. The Jacobites formed a plan and employed an agent to accomplish his assassination. The testimony of the man who engaged himself for this deed of cowardly murder is the authority for the statement. The plot came to Mr. Bradbury's knowledge in the following way:—

A stranger followed Mr. Bradbury into his chapel one day, and expressed a desire to become a member of his church. He made a communication to him in which he was deeply involved, and expressed the hope that his sincere contrition for the part he had engaged to act would be accepted. He informed Mr. Bradbury that some persons connected with the government had formed a design against his life, and that he had been hired for the work of an assassin, for which he was to be protected and amply rewarded. In order to obtain an accurate knowledge of his person he went one day to the meeting-house in Fetter Lane, and stayed during the service. Sovereign mercy here interposed for the protection of the faithful minister, and, strange to say, for the conversion of the would-be assassin. Mr. Bradbury's discourse made such an impression on the man that he became a true Christian, and continued to adorn his profession to the end of his days.

Things were changed all round, however, when George I. ascended the throne. Mr. Bradbury rather rejoiced in the fact that, as he said, he was the first to proclaim the new king. It happened thus. On the very morning that Queen Anne died, after a short illness, being Lord's-day, 1st August, 1714, Mr. Bradbury was walking pensively in Smith-field, when Bishop Burnet, with whom he was familiar, passed in his carriage.

"Friend Bradbury," said the bishop, "what is the cause of your great thoughtfulness?" "I am thinking," said Mr. Bradbury, "whether I shall have the constancy and resolution of that noble company of martyrs, whose ashes are deposited in this place; for I most assuredly

expect to see similar times of violence and persecution, and that I shall be called to suffer in a like cause."

The bishop, whose stanch Protestantism is well known, as also his zeal in its defence, endeavoured to quiet the fears of his friend, telling him that the Queen was very ill; that she was given over by her physicians, who expected every hour to be her last, and that he was going to the court to inform himself of particulars. He assured Mr. Bradbury that he would despatch a messenger to him with the earliest intelligence of the Queen's death; and that if he should happen to be in the pulpit when the messenger arrived, the dropping of a handkerchief from the gallery would be a token of that event. The Queen died while Mr. Bradbury was in his sermon, and the fact was announced to him by the bishop's messenger and the signal agreed upon. The messenger is said to have been Mr. Bradbury's own brother John, a medical gentleman. The preacher suppressed his feelings until the sermon was ended, when, in his closing prayer, he returned thanks to God for the deliverance of these kingdoms from the evil councils and designs of their enemies, and implored the divine blessing on his majesty King George, and the house of Hanover. He then gave out the eighty-ninth Psalm, Patrick's version, which was sung by the congregation. It was reported, but cannot be avouched as a fact, that, soon after, he preached upon the text, "*Go, see now this cursed woman, and bury her; for she is a king's daughter.*" A veritable anecdote is related of him, that when, with other Nonconformist ministers, he was carrying up the congratulatory address to George I. on his accession, dressed in cloaks, as was the fashion then, a certain nobleman, said to be Lord Bolingbroke, accosted him with, "Pray, sir, is this a funeral?" He instantly replied, "Yes, my lord; it is the funeral of the Schism Bill, and the resurrection of liberty."

But if Mr. Bradbury was zealous and active in the cause of national and religious liberty, he was even more so in the cause of divine truth and the doctrines of the gospel. He not only proclaimed them with simplicity, clearness, and unhesitating boldness; he defended them when they were assailed. When, in the seventeenth century, the "Down-grade" tendency of the bulk of divines, Conformist and Nonconformist alike, reached a head by the writings of Emlyn, Clarke, and Whiston, and broke out into a running sore in the preaching of Messrs. Pierce and Hallet, at Exeter; and the question of these latter continuing in their spheres was referred to the London ministers, Mr. Bradbury took the lead on the part of orthodoxy. A paper was drawn up with the avowed design of healing the breaches that had been made, and promoting charity and mutual forbearance; but covertly to screen the Exeter ministers. We have seen a similar policy pursued in another denomination in our own times. But honesty is always the best policy, especially when sustained by principle. Meekness sometimes means cowardice, charity dishonesty, and forbearance duplicity. This course Mr. Bradbury opposed. The truth of God was concerned—nay, the truth concerning the Person and work of Christ; and he, like St. Paul, would give place by subjection, no, not for an hour. A likely way to settle disputes about fundamental doctrines, to keep all doctrines out of the question, and cry, "Peace, peace"! This was the result of the

first meeting, held at Salter's Hall, 19th February, 1718-19. The next meeting, five days later, saw Mr. Bradbury acting under the advice of the whole body of London Independents, seeking to add to the former "advice" the following clause:—"That we may not suffer by misrepresentations, as if our endeavours for peace and charity proceeded from an indifference to the truth, we declare our continuance in the things which we have heard and been assured of, that there is but one only, the living and the true God, and that there are three Persons in the Godhead, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and that these are one God, the same in substance, equal in power and glory." This question, having been debated several hours, was lost by four. This put the Arians in high glee. At a subsequent meeting, sixty went into the gallery, Mr. Bradbury being one, and subscribed the first Article of the Church of England, and the fifth and sixth propositions of the Assembly's Catechism, while fifty stayed below, and refused to sign; not all, however, it is alleged, on account of opposing the doctrine of the Trinity.

When Mr. Bradbury and the other subscribing ministers went into the gallery, an indecent rudeness was manifest on the part of some who held opposite views to him, and who, on his ceasing speaking, began to hiss. Mr. Bradbury replied smartly: "It is the voice of the serpent, and it may be expected against a zeal for him who is the seed of the woman." After this, a design was set on foot to ruin the reputation of the good man, by means of lying stories and other scandalous statements, all having on them the slime of the serpent; but all were, nevertheless, overcome and outlived through the grace and power of God.

It was the plan in those days to establish lectures at different places, on week-days and Sunday evenings; and in these Mr. Bradbury had a large share of work, of popularity, and of success. Many of these lectures, delivered at Pinner's Hall, Salter's Hall, the Weigh House, &c., were published, and served a good purpose in the propagation and vindication of important truths. He, however, met with fierce opposition from some.

An anti-Arian lecture was established, in 1724, at Fetter Lane. "Mr. Bradbury took his turn in this exercise as long as it subsisted, and preached a course of sermons, which he afterwards published, under the title of "The Power of Christ over Plagues and Death, and his Name as the God of Israel, considered as Arguments of his supreme Deity." To this he prefixed an account of the lecture, where he says, "I have now, for more than five years, endured the strife of tongues. I was invited, wheedled, importuned and threatened from the beginning, to come into the cause of liberty, as they called it. I had fair warning given me, that if I did not encourage a paper, that one of them told me was contrived on purpose to screen our friends in the West, who could not say that three are one, all the gentlemen who signed it would be in open war against me, and they did not doubt but to find ministers enough that would execute their resentment." He adds, "Through the grace of God, none of these methods could make my soul come into their secret."

That Mr. Bradbury had strong prejudices in some things must be

admitted. We all know that singing in public worship gave rise to strong contention; and when Dr. Watts's hymns first appeared, Mr. Bradbury would not allow them to be sung in his meeting-house. The good man, in many things great, showed in this his weakness. "He would not," he said, "have any of Dr. Watts's *whims*." They once had a rather sharp controversy; as Mr. Bradbury thought, and not without some show of reason, that the Doctor was not quite sound on the doctrine of the Trinity. Indeed, in some of his writings, he did not follow his own sound advice as to the subjection of reason to faith.

"Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores."

They were, however, fairly good friends; and, on one occasion, at a meeting in Dr. Williams's Library, then in Red-cross Street, when Dr. Watts had something to propose, but his feeble voice made it difficult to hear him, Mr. Bradbury called out to him: "Brother Watts, shall I speak for you?" "Why, brother Bradbury," said the Doctor, "you have often spoken against me."

Mr. Bradbury's motto was, "For Christ and my Country," and well his life and labours illustrated it. His courage in proclaiming and defending the truth, and exposing the evil designs of the Court party in Queen Anne's time, won for him her appellation of "Bold Bradbury." Among his principal works—and they amounted to twenty-five, some of them separate sermons, and others of one, two, or three volumes—that which gave him the greatest satisfaction was, "The Christian's Joy in Finishing his Course." Others of them, notably his "Doctrine of Christ's Sufferings," part of a series in defence of Calvinism, were very useful. But now that the shadows were gathering over him in the valley, the peace of God and the hope of eternal life were his consolation.

His last sermon was in commemoration of the accession of George I., preached 12th August, 1759, from the text: "This man shall be the peace, when the Assyrian shall come into our land." In three weeks he was called home. His exit was joyful and triumphant, in answer to his frequent prayer, "Come, Lord Jesus: come quickly." He was interred in Bunhill Fields, where his tombstone may still be seen.

And so the servants of Christ are "gathering home from every land, one by one."

"May we be tending upwards, too,
As fast as time can move."

Calvin and Servetus.

THE blame thrown on Calvin in the matter of the execution of Servetus is most unrighteously one-sided. There was no man of that day, Romanist or Libertine, who would not have done the same—Luther, perhaps, excepted, and that only because of his instincts and against his principles. Servetus himself would have burnt Calvin, according to his teaching in his *Christianismi Restitutio*. As well condemn Sir Matthew Hale as a monster of injustice because he sentenced witches to be burned, as Calvin for taking part, and that a mitigating one, in the execution of Servetus.—*Professor William Graham.*

A Handful of Grass: What it may Mean.

BY W. Y. FULLERTON.

LONG ago, I remember reading somewhere a splendidly descriptive paper on what the world would be like if but one very common and little-regarded thing were absent. Only one thing. The fields would be unclothed, the mountains bleak and stony, and the tired eye would turn wearily only to see everywhere a wilderness. That one thing is grass. So insignificant, as it is trodden under foot; and yet withal so majestic as it lifts its stately spires towards the skies. Since then I have seldom seen a green field, or a velvet sward—no other country but England can produce them, save, indeed, the Emerald Isle—without devoutly thanking God. It is a pity ever to think that God's gifts are common because they are multiplied.

But we have set out to find the meaning in a handful of grass. To aid in the discovery of the answer, I have three incidents, and must tell them briefly.

The first has reference to Cromwell's battle at Preston, in 1648, which terminated the second civil war in England, and concerning which he writes a long account to the House of Commons, saying: "Thus you have a narrative of the particulars of the success which God hath given you; which I could hardly at this time have done, considering the multiplicity of business; but truly, when I was once engaged in it, I could hardly tell how to say less, *there being so much of God in it*; and I am not willing to say more, lest there should seem to be any of man." Are not these brave, noble words, such as we never now hear in that same house?

But the incident is given in a private letter, dated 1st September, and runs:—"I am informed from good hands, that a poor, godly man died in Preston the day before the fight; and being sick, near the hour of his death, he desired the woman that looked to him to fetch him a handful of grass. She did so; and when he received it, he asked whether it would wither or not, now it was cut? The woman said, 'Yea.' He replied, 'So should the army of the Scots do, and come to nothing, so soon as ours did but appear,' or words to this effect; and so immediately died."

This old prophetic soul knew the word of Scripture, "Surely the people are grass"; and it meant to him the short life of the Lord's enemies, in which he agreed with Quarles, who says,

"And what is life? the flourishing array
Of the bright summer meadow, which to-day
Is dressed in green plush, and is to-morrow hay."

The second incident bears date July 22nd, 1789, and during previous years in France the people lacked food. We can see the two heartless ways of treating poverty—the one from ignorance, and the other from greed of gain—in the sayings of two individuals at this time. "The people have no bread," they said. "Why don't they eat cake?" said the young princess. "What will the people do?" they asked. "The people may eat grass," replies the treacherous, grasping Foulon. "Hasty words,"

	£	s.	d.
Great Totham, per Rev. H. J. Harvey	10	0	0
Surrey and Middlesex Association, for Egham and Hampton	20	0	0
Kent and Sussex Association, for Cowfold and St. Margaret's	15	0	0
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. P. C. Evans and Sons	35	0	0
Okehampton District	10	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission	7	10	0
Suffolk Congregational Union, for Thurlow, Barrow, and Hartest	30	0	0
Cheddar, per Rev. T. B. Field:—			
Mrs. R. Clark	2	0	0
Mr. J. Armstrong	0	10	0
Mrs. Day	0	10	0
Rev. S. P. Jose	0	5	0
Mrs. Webb	0	5	0
Rev. E. Edgington	0	5	0
Pastor Field	0	3	6
Mr. R. Sherry	0	3	0
Rev. C. Merrick	0	2	6
Mrs. Davies	0	2	6
Mr. C. B. Churchill	0	2	6
Mr. J. Boley	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Tilley	0	5	0
Rev. T. B. Knight	0	1	0
Mrs. Jeffries	0	2	6
Cash previously acknowledged	5	0	0
	3	0	0
Expenses of collection	2	0	0
	0	2	0
Mrs. Keevil, for Melksham	1	18	0
	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Bethnal Green District:—			
Mr. C. E. Fox	5	0	0
Mr. W. R. Fox	5	0	0
Corton, per Mr. Thomas Harris	10	0	0
Pitsea, Essex Congregational Union	10	0	0
Mr. C. F. Allison, for Orpington	5	0	0
Thornbury, per Mrs. Taylor	5	0	0
Friend, N.Z., for Ilkeston District	40	0	0
	£404	8	0
Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—			
Mr. William Lawrie	0	10	0
Rev. H. J. Kitchin	2	0	0
Mr. Peter Fleming, Glasgow	0	5	0
Transfer from Orphanage account	1	16	0
Mr. E. W. Jacob	0	10	0
Executors of the late Miss Parken	4	6	4
M. W. R.	1	1	0
Mrs. Townsend	1	1	0
Mr. Joseph Billing	1	0	0
Miss Hadfield	5	0	0
J. M., Aberdeen	0	10	0
Mr. W. H. Willcox	1	1	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Tucker	0	5	0
Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co.	2	2	0
Mrs. P. B. Būborough	1	0	0
Mr. Charles Waters	1	1	0
Mr. W. Wayre	1	1	0
	£24	9	4

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from September 16th to October 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. G.	60	0	0	Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Bradford	40	0	0
From General Uses Fund	50	0	0	Mr. C. Matthews	5	0	0
Wallis Legacy, final	1	14	8	W. S.	0	5	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Parker's services at Cage Lane Mission, Plumstead	2	2	0	Mr. James Wilson	0	6	0
Mrs. Deane	0	10	0	Miss H. Hall	0	15	0
Miss A. B. Rees	0	10	0	A. L.	0	5	0
Miss E. A. Fowler	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Pool	2	2	0
Mr. Geo. Stephens	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Haynes	0	10	0
Mrs. Townsend	1	1	0	Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Arlington	1	19	0
Mrs. Smith	1	0	0		£178	14	8
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Sittingbourne	10	0	0				

Surrey Gardens Memorial Schools.

A full statement of Receipts will be published next month.

£1 from Nottingham has been placed to the Tabernacle Cleaning Fund.

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 to Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums sent before the 13th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

DECEMBER, 1890.

The Man, not the Place.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE condition of our heart is a thousand times more important than our position in life. "It is not the place," said Cicero, "which makes the man; but the man that makes the place." A man of no soul will do nothing anywhere; while he that is filled with the Spirit of God will achieve a life-work everywhere. A common yields more to industry than a garden to sloth. We may not blame our stars; but judge ourselves, if we cannot act a noble part in any position. To-day we have friends around us, and comforts about us; let us see that we use our happy circumstances aright. If those friends should fail us, and those comforts should fly away, let our main inquiry be how we can glorify God in the altered state of our affairs. It might long be debated which condition best promotes virtue, and most enables us to honour our Lord. The Christian grace which adorns prosperity is spirituality, and that which honours adversity is fortitude: which is the more admirable? Whether is easier, to abound without becoming worldly, or to suffer loss without growing despondent? Which is the more precious product of grace, the man who lives above the world in the midst of riches, or he who bears up with patience under severe afflictions? Is not each fruit precious in its season, and who can tell which season is most productive in the judgment of the great Husbandman? Surely, in this matter our surroundings are like the varied climates of the globe: each zone has its own special growth; and the product of each region, after its own kind, has a peculiar value of its own.

It becomes us, therefore, to cease from grumbling because our lot is

Humanitarianism—Christianity?

"In connection with the chapel and choir anniversary, the Rev. ——— preached from the words, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren.' The 'brethren' he did not think meant a limited number of Christian believers, but all nations, as well as the poor, the stranger, the sick, and the criminal. Defects in humanity were defects in Christ's consciousness and person, because of his close identity with all the human race."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I had written a few words on the extract which I prefix, but I have destroyed them, preferring to call *your* attention to them, and hope you will avail yourself of the opportunity to sound the alarm. Not a moment too soon. Humanitarianism is all that is meant by the Christianity of many a preacher of the present day, and welcomed as a sign of the *Up-Grade* of these times. The preacher in this instance is one of the most prominent of the rising ministry. I need scarcely say he is far from standing alone. One of the two professors in the north, whose teaching has been recently the subject of much discussion, in a memoir edited by him, says almost the same thing. I have not the volume before me, but if my memory serves me, he tells us that the subject of his memoir considered that Christianity was virtually little else than philanthropy; and then, speaking for himself, he says: "In the light of Matthew xxv. 40, was he far wrong?" (I quote from memory.) Where will this end? "These my brethren" means "humanity." "A cup of cold water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ," means "because ye belong to the family of mankind, of which Christ was one." In a word, charity—not in the New Testament sense, but as the word is understood by the world—is the key to heaven.

I do not forget that very often injustice is done to a speaker when a report of his utterances is so condensed as the above. It may be that, in this instance, the preacher distinguished between beneficence altogether without regard to Christ as a member of the human family, and beneficence shown, it might be, even to Christ's enemies, *because* they belonged to the family of which he was a member. I can recognize the difference. The one has respect to Christ; the other has none. But surely it is the natural instinct of the Christian family which is pointed out to us in "these *my* brethren"; "these," to wit, "on my right hand." Hoping that I have furnished you with a text for a much-needed warning,

I am, yours sincerely,

A CONSTANT READER.

St. Amphybolus—a Myth.

WE have in England a ridiculous instance of a fictitious saintship, in the case of a certain saint called Amphybolus, who, according to our monkish histories, was Bishop of the Isle of Man, and fellow martyr and disciple of St. Alban. Yet the learned Bishop Usher has given good reasons to convince us that he owes the honour of his saintship to a mistaken passage in the old "Acts or Legends of St. Alban," where the *Amphybolus* mentioned, and since revered as saint and martyr, was nothing more than the cloak which Alban had on at the time of his execution—being a word derived from the Greek, and used to signify a rough shaggy cloak, such as ecclesiastical persons usually wore in that age.—"*Roma Antiqua et Recens.*"

Romanism in Italy.

IF Rome is not the centre of the universe, nor yet the "Eternal City" in the sense that old-time writers believed, she is the capital of the papacy, and, as such, through many ages, has been one of the most remarkable places in the world. Hence the question, What are the phases which Romanism has assumed in her chosen home, where all things are available to allow of the system attaining to perfection? must necessarily be of considerable importance to all impartial enquirers. We know that Roman Catholicism has failed in some other places to ameliorate the condition of the poor, or to teach the rich what they owe to their neighbour; but, it might be urged, that this was owing to some unfavourable local circumstances peculiar to particular times or situations. When we come to judge of the Roman Church in Rome, however, no such plea can be maintained; for there, if anywhere, the communion of the Pope has had all things in its favour which could contribute to its development, and there the splendour of its meretricious semi-pagan ritual has by far exceeded anything which has been attempted in other centres. Has its influence been on the side of good or of evil? Have the populace been raised or debased? Have they been paganized or Christianized? In a word, is Romanism pervaded by the spirit of Christ, or is it a dangerous, deceptive counterfeit, which has for centuries endeavoured to conceal its shortcomings by the magnificence of its ritual? Let the tree be judged by its fruits; and let an impartial verdict be given.

A translation of Signor David Silvagni's striking work on the Court and Society of Rome in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, having been recently made by Fanny McLaghlin,* English readers are enabled to weigh for themselves a formidable array of facts, amounting to an unanswerable impeachment of the papacy, and those who have upheld its pretensions in Rome. According to Salvagni, there still lingers an assumption of holiness, though the ancient *régime*, notwithstanding its picturesque show, was so utterly corrupt that "the greatest abominations were hidden under the veil of sanctity; society was rotten to its core; and priests and prelates, princes and people, vied with each other in riotous excess."

If this was the general character of the ecclesiastics, who were supposed to be the guardians of morality as well as of religion, what could be expected of the common people, who were hardly likely to be better than their teachers? Their degradation seems to have been complete; for they were cruel, drunken, and superstitious, to a degree which showed that during dreary centuries no progress had been made. In their costume and in their recreations they still retained much that was picturesque; they were disposed to indolence, and their outdoor pleasures chiefly consisted in listening to the crime-inspiring narrations of professional story-tellers. Pleasant as they looked when viewed from a distance, these outdoor assemblies were always dangerous; for all the men carried knives, just as their betters wore swords, and on receiving the

* Published by Mr. Elliot Stock.

slightest provocation, whether real or imaginary, they brandished the glittering steel, which they were never slow to use, and frequently one and another received mortal injuries while engaged in single combat. A man who thus killed his fellow was liable to legal penalties; but even these were easily evaded by his becoming a brigand. In regard to money matters the Romans were thriftless, spending all that they received as it came, thus showing a contrast to the upper classes, who were too often addicted to avarice. If their earnings were small, the market price of provisions corresponded; the cost of living, in the days before the French occupation raised the tariff rates, was extremely low. The choicest joints of meat could be obtained for fourpence a pound, bread was only a penny a pound, eggs were less than a half-penny each, and wine was hardly more than a penny a pint. The times were times of plenty, and the people who were then disposed to murmur at their lot, found plenty of troubles of a more genuine kind after the influences of the French Revolution had disorganized European society. Until this break in the every-day life of the luxurious city occurred, however, the common people were little better than the slaves of the ecclesiastics, although they were too ignorant to be aware of their degradation. The state assumed by the cardinals when they went abroad, and the luxury indulged in at home, were excessive. One cardinal had two hundred carriages in his train, besides a small army of mounted followers. The "Eternal City" was the gayest capital in Europe, and in looseness of morals was not surpassed by any other centre of fashion and pleasure. Lovers of the picturesque found plenty of material for their pencil; but spiritual religion seemed to be dead, and society was rotten at the core. It must inevitably be so when luxury in the upper classes, and ignorance in the lower orders, rule supreme. Whatever the prodigality of classic Rome may have been in pagan times, it was surpassed by that of the cardinals and nobility when the outward splendour of the church was at its height. "Many of the carriages were veritable works of art," says Silvagni. "They were inlaid with precious stones, decorated with heavy gilt mouldings, cut and ornamented in a thousand different ways. Clever artists painted their panels, and skilful workmen adorned them with fanciful metal work and quaint devices. It was no uncommon thing for a great lord to have a hundred horses standing in his stable, and two hundred servants upon his premises." The cardinals are said to have taken the lead in all this display; and although Pope Innocent, as a reformer of abuses, endeavoured in his day to inaugurate a state of things more in unison with the gospel, he laboured and pleaded in vain.

The splendour which continued to characterize life in the capital throughout the greater part of the 18th century was subject to many obscurations. A better order of things was introduced, although not without long waiting for, and a good deal of fighting. All along, the Jesuits were the allies of tyranny, and odious to all patriots and right-minded persons. Their suppression in 1773 by a bull of Clement XIV. promised a better day; but, as the sequel proved, the times were not ripe for so sweeping a measure.

In his bull of suppression, the Pope heaped a sufficient amount of reproach on the order to show how hateful they had made themselves to

Italy, as well as to other nations. How well they understood feathering their own nests will be inferred from the fact that plate weighing between six and seven thousand pounds was taken out of their churches in Rome. The King of Prussia made himself singular by patronizing these ecclesiastics in their adversity ; * but, generally, they awakened no sympathy, although they may have inspired some fear. According to their usual tactics, they did their utmost to inflame the populace against the Pope, who, according to their own doctrine, they ought, above all things, to have obeyed. Still, they were true to the traditions of an order which has ever been devoid of principle, cruel and selfish.

What shall be said of this duel between the Pope and the Jesuits, and who shall say whether or not Clement XIV. was poisoned by his crafty subjects, to whom deadly drugs and the dagger were legitimate weapons of war ? What we know is, that the Pope was seized with mortal sickness on rising from the table ; and his death was attributed to the revenge of the Jesuits.

The disgraceful misgovernment of the country, which characterized the last century, made Napoleon look something like a deliverer in his Italian campaigns ; for, imperfect as it may have been, the French rule was manifestly preferable to that of the contemptible despots whom it superseded. As Mr. J. A. Symonds remarks, "Italy began to feel herself a nation, and though it was long before Europe suffered her to win national rights, the demand for them, which in our day became too imperious to be resisted, was created in her people at this epoch." †

Viewed from the standpoint of a patriotic Italian, the Vienna congress of 1815 presents a sorry spectacle, and a right-minded Englishman will deplore the conduct of Lord Castlereagh, who, according to Napoleon, was a blockhead who sat "sprawling his legs under the table . . . smirking at the stars and ribbons on his breast, the toys with which the allies had bamboozled him." Many unhappy things have been done at Vienna congresses, but true British hearts must feel most humiliated when they take account of what our unworthy representatives sanctioned after the immense expenditure of blood and treasure which culminated at Waterloo. As regards unhappy Italy, sufficiently priest-ridden at all times, she was again given over to her tormentors ; and, as if over-anxious to recoup themselves for the losses they had sustained during the French ascendancy, these worthies at once inaugurated the iron rule of priestcraft and tyranny ; and, of course, nothing more was heard of the reforms which had either been introduced or talked about in preceding years. Very naturally, the Jesuits, as unwavering friends of Austria and the Bourbons, were brought back ; and the certainty of a reign of ignorance being ushered in was shown by the revived splendour of the hierarchy. Professors whose views in any way favoured liberal measures had to leave the universities ; private subjects were threatened with pains and penalties at every turn ; and Italy saw priestcraft revived in all its hateful forms. It must have seemed as though the hope of national liberty was shut out for ever ; but better days were nearer than any sanguine patriot could have anticipated. War and revolution

* See the Gentleman's Magazine, 1773.

† Encyclopædia Britannica. Ninth edition. XIII.—435.

swept over Europe; and amid the commotion, the wrongs of Italy touched the hearts of observers who had sympathy for the enslaved. At length, on the memorable 20th of September, 1870, the royal troops entered Rome, and the dream of national unity was realized.

Through long generations Italy has been notoriously ill-governed; and in looking at the condition of the people and the country, we see the results of former misgovernment on every side. Wanting those incentives to progress which are found among a free and enlightened population, the towns and villages alike have remained in a backward condition. The results of this are more picturesque than creditable. Mr. H. A. Webster tells us that "the old Roman plough, as it is described by Virgil and Columella, may still be seen in use in various parts of the country: in Sardinia, the plough that figures on the ancient monuments of the island might have been copied from that at work in the fields." The waste land, which by a moderate expenditure of labour and money might be turned to profitable account, considerably exceeds a million acres. A naturally rich country is found to be suffering from the worst forms of poverty, because its abundant resources are undeveloped.

Hardy, well-fed, and contented peasants are indispensable to the well-being of any country; but when we look at the condition of the Italian poor, we see at once that they are reaping the fruits of centuries of oppression, and that their patiently borne sufferings are a disgrace to the government. The poverty of the people who live on the land is indescribable, and generates the modern disease pellagra (*i.e.*, sweating skin), which is almost exclusively an Italian plague. Though not much more than a century old, and easily preventable, it is rapidly extending its area, and multiplying its victims. In his recently issued "Letters from Italy," M. de Laveleye says: "It is a serious question whether the state of the peasantry has improved during the last twenty or thirty years. M. Morpurgo sums up an immense amount of evidence in the following terms: 'The lamentations which come from almost all the districts are so distressing, that we are compelled to come to this conclusion—that the condition of the country-people has grown worse.' " Again, "The cost of commodities has much increased; wages are small, and work scarce; therefore want and misery are widely spread." In one direction, "poor people are only too happy if they can escape hunger and the pellagra"; in another direction, "the peasants are sunk in an abyss of misery: without municipal charity they would die of hunger." In speaking of the state of the country, in 1888, the Bible Society's agent says: "In the north we hear of nothing but bankruptcies, and stoppage of works of different kinds. . . . Whole regions of Italy, where, till now, emigration was very exceptional, are emptying themselves of their most robust men." With such facts in our possession, we can the better estimate the blessing of being delivered from ignorance and superstition; for it would manifestly be impossible for such a state of things to exist in any naturally rich country in which the Reformation had taken root. Pauperism is rampant; and even in proud Venice herself more than twenty-five per cent. of the population are recipients of official charity.

Nearly related to all this are the criminal statistics, which, unhappily, show Italy to be as low down in the social scale as any nation in the

world. By the most competent authorities the criminality is declared to be appalling; and the harsh discipline of the prison does not tend towards its diminution. All this, we trust, has improved, and we hope that new statistics will be more encouraging; but the thing is bad enough if you make the best of it.

Generally speaking, the number of persons who are condemned to heavy punishment, on account of serious crimes, is about four times as many as the totals of France, in proportion to the population; and this fact alone ought to be enough to show that Romanism has failed to elevate the people in the country where it has attained to its most complete development. Until recent changes were introduced, the Italian hierarchy, with its numberless religious houses, was a burden which the country was ill able to bear. There are still two hundred and sixty-five episcopal dioceses, and about twenty-five thousand priests, for a population which, in 1871, was under twenty-seven millions. Reforms have been progressing; so that, as Mr. Webster tells us, "the result of the whole legislation from 1855 to 1867 was the abrogation of nearly fifty thousand ecclesiastical foundations, which were rendering almost no service to the country, beyond that of supporting an idle population of more than sixty thousand souls."*

But what progress has the country made under the new *régime*? will naturally be asked by many who have long been hoping for the best, and who have confidence in the power of the king and government to raise the people by discouraging priestcraft, by diffusing education, and by developing the resources of a country which is one of the oldest in the world, and one of the most productive. In answering such a question, we have to confess that the outlook is not so reassuring as it could be desired. Those on the ground who are directly concerned in the spread of religious knowledge, do not regard the prospect with very sanguine feelings. There has been an increase in general prosperity since the era of freedom opened, more than a quarter of a century ago; but the sunshine of the Reformation can hardly be said to be visible, the reaction against the superstition and mummery of Romanism showing itself in unbelief, rather than in a leaning towards the gospel. In a communication printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, in 1883, it is said to be "well known that the government will appoint as Professors in the Universities the most noted infidels, for no better reason than that they are infidels." There are seventeen Universities in the country, and the Professors are nearly all of this "Liberal" type—men who, regarding Jesuits and Ultramontanes as the standard exponents of Christianity, reject the whole system as unworthy of the age. It is only in accordance with the tendencies of human nature that it should be so; and, furthermore, under such conditions, it is quite natural that the popular literature should be infidel also, and that translations of the worst productions of Paris should find a ready sale. So-called civil funerals are also becoming more and more common; thus proving that the announcement of new heresies by the late Pope had the inevitable effect of further estranging the common people from

* Mr. Webster's ample and carefully-compiled statistics are given in the article "Italy," in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

the awful imposture which assumes the name of religion. The Jesuits, being once more in ascendancy, repel, by their hateful tactics, all men of discernment. Saints and relics are again coming to the front, and the effrontery of priestcraft is almost as scandalous as it was on the eve of the Reformation. In the end, the gospel will have to convert a nation of sceptics; for a brother wrote in 1883, "I am assured that in Western Tuscany scarcely a village is without its club of Free-thinkers." The evangelicals are labouring in faith and hope; but God alone can work the miracle of showing such a nation where its happiest future can be realized.

G. H. P.

Canon Liddon's Witness concerning the "Down-Grade."*

INSTEAD of attempting to coerce human souls into conversion, the men of our day take great trouble to explain that conversion involves very little—only a very few new convictions, only a very slight change of life. We dwell at great length on that. Exaggerating the amount of truth to be found in heathen religions, we attenuate, as far as we can, the distinctive truths of the religion of Christ. The sterner sayings of our Lord are thrown into the background, or are explained away. God is presented as an easy-going benevolence, with no tangible quality of justice belonging to him; sin is resolved into natural mistake, or into an imperfect form of virtue; the atonement into a higher kind of sympathy; the action of the Holy Spirit into an indefinite impulse towards good; the sacraments into graceful symbols of spiritual processes which may or may not take place within us; the Bible into a book of the highest interest, but not to be trusted as a depository of absolute truth. The definiteness, the severity, the awe, the mysteriousness of *the old creed of Christendom disappears* in this new presentation of it; and with this—let us be sure of it—there also disappears the unveiling of an infinite love, and the putting forth of an irresistible attraction. After all, *what has this attenuated Christianity to say to the heathen?* If a man should have the heart to become a missionary on behalf of *so thin a creed as this*, it may be predicted that he will not do very much for the men to whom he addresses himself; for the heart of heathendom would say to him: "*If this be all that you have to bring us, why approach us at all? Why not stay at home, and leave us to make the best we can of our own twilight, without being distracted by yours?*"

* Extract from a sermon preached by the late Canon Liddon, at St. Paul's Cathedral, December 22, 1889. Differing as we did from him in his High Church opinions, we could not but admire his zeal for the great verities of the gospel, and his fervent love to our Lord Jesus Christ. He was ever on the side of faith, and was not a teacher of doubt, as too many are in these days.

A Prayer.

TAKE thou my heart, and make it truly thine,
 In every thought and feeling ;
 Then let my life with outward glory shine,
 This inner life revealing.

Be thou the source from which I daily draw
 My strength for every duty ;
 That so my character may more and more
 Reflect thy holy beauty.

Let me so truly yield myself to thee
 In full and glad submission,
 That all my thoughts, and words, and deeds may be
 Thy Spirit's own fruition.

If joy shall be my portion, let it be
 Made brighter by thy blessing ;
 And when the clouds of grief hang low, let me
 Still feel thee closer pressing.

And when, at last, my timid feet shall stand
 Beside the darkling river,
 Guide safely through the current to the land,
 With thee to be for ever.

Sidcup.

E. A. TYDEMAN.

Notices of Books.

The Mothers' Companion. Vol. IV.
The Family Friend. Vol. XXI. New Series.
The Friendly Visitor. Vol. XXIV. New Series.
The Infants' Magazine. Vol. XXV.
The Children's Friend. Vol. XXX.
The British Workman. Vol. XXXVI.
The Band of Hope Review. Vol. XXX.

OF all these, we can emphatically say that they are fountains of living waters. They were never better in the past, and we do not see how they can be better in the future. The genius of Mr. Smithies struck out the idea of these periodicals, and carried it out ; and we rejoiced that they have not died nor deteriorated since his decease. The engravings and the articles are many as the waves of the sea ; but the moral and religious spirit which pervades the whole is one as the ocean. The Annual Volumes are triumphs of taste as to binding. We

wish a copy could be placed in every cottage, ship, workshop, or nursery, as the case may be ; it would be as good as putting a chicken into every pot which stands by an English fireplace. Scatter such healthy periodicals. Scatter them as the husbandman throws broadcast the wheat for next year's harvest. Let the seed be sown in every quarter of the globe where the English language is known.

The Quiver. An Illustrated Magazine for Sunday and General Reading. Cassell and Co.

VERY great must be the expense of carrying on such a magazine as "The Quiver." Because it has a large circulation, the publishers are able to give their readers far more for their money than can be afforded in periodicals of smaller issue. This is a noble volume both as to art and writing, and we can heartily praise it.

Sermons in Candles. Being Two Lectures upon the Illustrations which may be found in Common Candles. By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster.

WE do not want to place our candle under a bushel, and therefore again call our friends' attention to our new



book. If you buy the shilling sort, it will soon need binding; and so, please, for economy's sake, get a bound copy at two shillings.

The Master's Smile, and other Poems.

By CECIL HAVERGAL GRANT. Nisbet and Co.

AS in the name of the authoress, so in the verses themselves, there is a remembrance of the golden name of *Havergal*. Some of the pieces reach a high level of poetry, but others are mere rhymes, and of ephemeral interest. The whole of the pieces make up a dainty little book of poems, which will while away a leisure hour right pleasantly and profitably.

The Gospel, and Modern Substitutes.

By Rev. A. SCOTT MATHESON. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

THIS is a very noteworthy book, and one which deals heavy blows for the faith. There is a flavour about it which we do not like; but we can hardly tell what it is. The fruit is good; but there are hard stones in it

which give a strange savour to it. When we are able to forget the peculiar taste, we enjoy the meal, which is rich and nourishing. The substitutes which our author refers to are such as Agnosticism, Positivism, Socialism, and so forth. He seems to think that there is a sort of good in all these substitutes, but that the gospel contains that kind of good, and much more. So indeed it does—if there be any real good in these substitutes; but to us it seems that the evil in all substitutes for the gospel has destroyed the good which they pretend to offer us. We should have liked more about the gospel, and less about these wretched "substitutes": still, it is a book worth studying, and counts on the right side.

Newly Enlisted. A Series of Talks with Young Converts. By THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE cannot tell how it is that this production of our dear old friend Dr. Cuyler has escaped our notice. It has all his usual vivacity and solidity. He is all alive, and good right through. We purpose taking his paper on "The Perils of the Playhouse," and putting it into our magazine. It will cause another howl among the play-going parsons; but we shall not study their feelings: indeed, we should think they are past feeling, or they would not outrage the moral sense of Christendom.

The Voices of the Psalms. By W. PAKENHAM WALSH, D.D., Bishop of Ossory. Hodder and Stoughton.

BRINGS out many of the beauties and other excellencies of the inspired Psalter. The chapters once marked out as Voices of Praise, Voices of Prayer, Voices of History, and so forth, the Bishop's talk is by no means difficult: his mental power was seen in thinking of such a run of subjects. We have not learned much from the excellent prelate's prelections; but then they were rather intended for Bible-classes than for those who have posted themselves up in the entire literature of the Psalms. To the devout reader, these "Voices" will be welcome as the music of Sabbath-bells.

The Biblical Illustrator. Philippians. By Rev. JOSEPH S. EXELL, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

WE do not wish to be punctilious, but we do not see the honesty of taking our sermons without permission, and cutting the substance out of them to fill these pages. Extracts from ancient authors, and occasional selections from the living, are all very allowable; but to take a man's productions wholesale, and in volume after volume give scores of lengthy passages, is not right. However, as these volumes must be of great service to preachers who cannot buy books, we will not grumble any further; but simply wish that the clothes stolen from our wardrobe and Dr. Maclaren's, may cause the needy to rejoice. Mr. Exell gives plenty for money. The work is not always well edited; for the same matter occurs again and again; but it is replete with useful comments.

The Great Day of the Lord. A Survey of New Testament Teaching on Christ's Coming in his Kingdom, the Resurrection, and the Judgment of the Living and the Dead. By the Rev. ALEXANDER BROWN, Aberdeen. Hamilton, Adams and Co.

ABERDEEN granite by no means. This writer thinks that the conflagration foretold by Peter has taken place, and that John's description of the jewelled city represents the present gospel dispensation. We fail to see even the remotest resemblance. He holds a view of the resurrection which is not re-incarnation; and his reign of the saints seems to be the extension of their influence over religious thought. We are now living in the millennial age! Thus our author dotes and dreams; and yet he can speak of Peter as mistaken. It is himself that is mistaken. He has, to our mind, carried out the motto, "Reverse the sense, and you find the meaning."

Memoir of Captain Prescott William Stephens, R.N. By B. A. HEYWOOD, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

A SECOND edition of an adventurous biography, which we aforesaid commended. The book is to the Navy what the memoir of Hedley Vicars was to the Army.

We have received from Miss E. St. B. Holland, of Deaconess House, Mildmay Park, specimens of *New Year's and Christmas cards*. They are very artistic; but we like them best because they are spiritual, and because the profits of their sale go to the Deaconess' work. The *Mottoes for 1891* are good. The cards which depict *Tweedside, Cornish Nooks, and Venice*, are the newest of the group. *The Stand Calendar*, with Kelso Abbey and Bridge, is remarkably pleasing. *The Light and Gladness* packet contains texts with finely illustrated initials, 1s. per dozen. *The Everlasting Son* has eight floral cards. Beautiful! Indeed, there is a delicacy of touch, and a chasteness of taste about the Mildmay cards which is not exceeded, if indeed equalled, by any other. What are our English people at to allow the Germans to produce all these things? Can we not print in colours as well as they? Try, brothers, try!

From Mountain to Mountain. Bible Readings. By ANNIE W. MARSTON. Marshall Brothers.

CONTAINS much gracious thought of the seed sort, which produces more thought after its kind. Moriah, Pisgah, Carmel, and Horeb, are here surveyed, and many flowers and fruits are gathered from their slopes. The book is excellent reading.

Twenty-one Prophetic Papers; a Suggestive Outline of the Whole Range of God's Dealings with the Jew, the Gentile, and the Church of God. By F. C. BLAND. James E. Hawkins.

AN earnest attempt to explain certain points in the Book of Revelation. The exercise is beneficial to mind and heart. When a boy works at a problem in mathematics, whether he succeeds or not, he is educated by the attempt; so is it with prophetic studies. We like Mr. Bland's tone and spirit; but whether he has found the clue of the book, we cannot say; for we do not know.

The Child's Picture Scrap Book. George Cauldwell.

A SHILLING'S-WORTH which, with its 200 illustrations, will make smiling faces in the nursery. Very well done, Sunday School Union!

Philip: a Story of the First Century.

By MARY C. CUTLER. Nelsons.

NOTHING can reconcile us to stories which are made out of Scriptural incidents, or are hooked on to sacred histories. Fiction has ample range enough without intruding into the Biblical domain. Selah Merrill may recommend, and Mr. Nelson may produce in his incomparable style, but we cannot away with these legendary tales. It is said that the Book of Mormon was founded upon some tale which professed to relate to sacred history. We see the greatest peril in these semi-profane romances.

A Son of Issachar. A Romance of the Days of Messias. By ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27, King William Street, Strand.

FICTION setting up its stage around the agonies of the Crucified! We cannot tolerate it. However well-intentioned the imagination, it ought to have reverence enough about it to keep it off from Calvary. No doubt the story deserved the prize, as a story; but we turn away from it with trembling. Some will read it devoutly, as certain profess to have been sanctified by the Passion Play; but we do not understand how they were able to bring their souls to bear the very mention of fiction at Calvary, and a play about the cross. We have not gained the acquired taste which would make these things to us other than nauseous.

Once upon a Time; or, The Boys' Book of Adventures. Religious Tract Society.

ONCE upon a time would be quite as often as most folks would care to spend in the society of South Sea Cannibals, Brigands, Wallah-Wallah Indians, Mexican hogs, or Pirates. Many of the stories are regular thrillers; but the Christian editor assures us that the adventures recorded, of which the above are samples, "were originally written by those who had passed through, witnessed, and taken an active share in them." Given to a lad on the morning of his birthday, if it should render him too deaf to hear the dinner gong, we should not be in the least surprised.

Victims to Custom; or, Tempted to Evil.

A Temperance Tale. By EMILY FOSTER. 33, Paternoster Row.

SOLOMON said, "Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof." We say, "Better is the end of this tale than the beginning thereof." It began with long and involved sentences, which made us expect it would prove to be a very "dry" book; but it improved as it went on, and ended with a wedding between the houses of York and Lancaster, the Harold York of the story being married to Amethyst Lancaster. By-the-by, do our young lady friends, who bear the name Amethyst, know that it means, "Not a user of strong drink," and are they all total abstinents? We hope so. Many temperance lessons are woven into the narrative, and there are instances of happy reformations of drunkards, as well as terrible examples of the evils of drinking. We cordially commend the story.

Thorns and Roses. By ELIZABETH J. LYSAGHT. George Cauldwell.

A SOMEWHAT sombre story of the trials and struggles of a widow and her two daughters; it is brightened, however, by the testimony that the grace of God enabled them to endure their lot without a murmur. The story will be read with profit.

Little Radiance. By JENNIE CHAPPELL. John F. Shaw and Co.

THIS is a well-told story of a year in a child's life. "I could wish nothing better for my child," says her father, "than that she should be a radiance in the world; abiding ever in the full sunshine of God's love; that her little heart may lie open to him like a daisy to the sky; and, absorbing his sweetness, may live only to give it out to others." To what extent this wish was realized, the story reveals.

Old Fippence. By J. J. E. Holness.

A STORY which will interest young people, and encourage the "slum workers" in our towns and cities. The results of the labours of a Christian tradesman are described by the writer, and it is seen that the conversion of a little girl, proved the seed of a considerable harvest.

True Tales. Reprinted from "Faithful Words for Old and Young." Holness.

VERY good. It will be safe and wise to give this shilling book for a present; for it cannot fail to do good.

Help from the Hills: Thoughts on the Mountains of the Bible. Religious Tract Society.

THIS is one of the Society's shilling illustrated books for adults, in large type. Very good indeed. Pretty in outward appearance, and gracious as to its contents. It deserves to be read and pondered.

Life's Phases. An Attempt to present and deal with some of the Salient Experiences and Needs of a Human Being from the Cradle to the Grave. By JAMES STARK. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

CONTAINS many remarks which are both sensible and spiritual, especially those upon the theatre. Our friends will remember Mr. Stark as the writer of *John Murker's Life*—a real live book. In that case the subject was full of incident and humour, and therefore the author had an easy task: in this instance, he has to furnish his own material, and he does so with remarkable ability. Of course, the book is not so good as *John Murker*, but it is lively reading, and tends to righteousness. We noted two illustrations in the early pages, which we transfer to our pages, as giving a specimen of the plums in the pudding:—

"A farmer once complained to a visitor that all his sons had betaken themselves to a seafaring life. The observant and shrewd friend, pointing to a picture of a ship in full sail, which had been hanging upon the walls for years, said, 'That's the explanation.' Take that as a figurative specimen and suggestive example of causes at work in many homes that lead to much graver and more disappointing issues."

"There is an old baronial residence in Scotland which has this motto inscribed upon its walls—'Will well.' Upon our obedience to that injunction depend our character, our future, our

all. We can will well, and we can will badly."

The Philosophy of Preaching. By A. J. F. BEHREND, D.D. R. D. Dickinson.

THE advanced school will rejoice in this, unless, indeed, they have advanced so far as to have left even this kind of thing behind. We have hardly begun to appreciate a truthful passage before we are repulsed by a statement which is the opposite of our belief: we are scarcely interested in a forcible paragraph before we are amazed at some wild utterance which is altogether on the wrong track. Yale University has made a rapid descent if it accepts such lectures as these. We are sorry that Dr. Behrends should have written such a work, and that it should have been reprinted in England; but it serves as a sign of how far the Down-grade prevails, both here and in America.

"*Sweet Home,*" and the *Way from Home to Heaven.* By the Rev. J. B. FIGGIS, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

HERE this man of God has written many healthy, happy, holy things with reference to the family circle, and the man's own soul. His style is pleasant, and his thought is weighty. Many a house might grow into a home if certain of the faults rebuked could also be removed, and if the virtues commended could be produced in every member of the family. We shall in future always associate the name of *Figgis* with the words *Sweet Home*. Many of the warnings of this work are very timely; as, for instance, the following upon GAMBLING:—

"Gambling is now to be added to our home-dangers. You that hate it abroad, see that you do not prepare the way for it at home. To teach your young people cards, and other such things, and then expect them to stay away from betting-houses, is like teaching them to float in our swimming-baths, and then adding, 'I hope you will never bathe in the sea.' Cut off the mischief at the fountain-head rather; give no quarter to it anywhere, for no more gigantic evil ever assailed the home than this of gambling and betting."

The Temperance Mirror. An Illustrated Magazine for the Home Circle. Vol. X. National Temperance Publication Dépôt.

WE always like this magazine: it has life and force in it. Here is an extract, which we commend to royalty:—

"A BROAD HINT.—The Duke of Edinburgh, presiding over the annual meeting of Missions to Seamen lately, rejoiced that 42,000 seamen had signed the total-abstinence pledge. The mistress once said to the maid, 'Mary, I see that So-and-so's soap freshens up the complexion.' 'Does it, mum?' said Mary; 'then why don't you begin, mum?' Will H.R.H. take the hint?"

Smiles and Dimples. By J. D. *Play-time Pictures and Stories.* By UNCLE HARRY. Partridge and Co.

ONLY a shilling! Why, the cost of the engravings, if made alone for these books, would never be met by the sale. These are just marvels—no, Johnny, not marbles. Every good little pet should have one of these dainty books.

St. Nicholas: an Illustrated Magazine for Young Folks. Conducted by MARY MAPES DODGE. Vol. XXII. T. Fisher Unwin.

ST. NICHOLAS for half a year. We can never say too much of this children's favourite. Oh, that it had a touch of religion in it! Apart from the one thing needful, it has all that one could wish in a juvenile magazine.

Nineteen Centuries of Drink in England. A History. By RICHARD VALPY FRENCH, D.C.L., LL.D., F.S.A. National Temperance Dépôt.

THE lover of quaint bits of archæology may revel in these pages. Of course, their practical aim is to help the Temperance cause; but, altogether apart from their moral object, these *Notabilia of Drink* are well worth collecting and arranging. What a drunken lot these Britishers have been! We are afraid we must add—What a drinking generation we are! There may be a comic and hilarious side to tippling; but what a degrading, impoverishing, murderous habit it is! He may well be a sad man who

contemplates the Alp of gold which is each year melted down and wasted in strong drink to the ruin of the bodies and souls of men. We shall put this volume among our curiosities of literature. It is very cheap at 3s. 6d. Temperance lecturers should keep it in their libraries.

The Trials of a Country Parson. By AUGUSTUS JESSOP, D.D. T. Fisher Unwin.

WE have not wept our eyes away in sympathy with the country parson; but assuredly he makes out a bill of grievances. Why does he not quit a position so costly, so comfortless, so hopeless? No doubt the martyr spirit burns within him, and so he clings to his benefice like the old confessors to the stake; but somehow his sufferings do not strike the heart of beholders with that horror and pity which were caused by the death of the earlier sufferers. Dr. Jessop writes marvellously well. Whether we agree with him or not, it is impossible to quarrel with him. His description of the East Anglian peasantry is quaint and picturesque: we have laughed heartily over his queer stories, which bear the stamp of truth prominently upon them. Mr. Jessop is a sort of Hogarth of Arcady. We do not think he is good at delicate drawing; but in rough and somewhat sharp touches, he is a master. This book is good for the digestion, being provocative of quiet mirth.

Life in Utopia. Being a Faithful and Accurate Description of the Institutions that regulate Labour, Art, Science, Agriculture, Education, Habitation, Matrimony, Law, Government, and Religion, in this Delightful Region of Human Imagination. By JOHN PETZLER. Authors' Co-operative Publishing Company, St. Bride Street.

VERY Utopian. We are glad that there is no chance of such a region being found in the realm of fact. We fail to see the use of the book.

The Merry Tricks of Master Monkey. By JEANIE BROWN. Dean and Son. AMUSING: nothing more can be said.

Notes.



THE Headmaster of the Stockwell Orphanage deserves to figure in our portrait gallery. Many years ago we found him assisting Mr. Newman Hall, at Surrey Chapel, and we took him to feed the lambs of our flock at Stockwell. He had long before been in intimate connection with our ministry, and we had his heart when a youth. It was a gracious providence which led him to undertake the work of our Orphanage at a moment when we seemed to look in vain for the right man. He had a love for boys, and had been for years a teacher of them. His previous career, in all its parts, had prepared him for what has proved to be his life-work. His genial spirit fits him to take the lead of a staff of workers within, and his ability as a speaker qualifies him to plead the cause of the Orphanage with the world without. The journeys of the choir, under his direction, through various districts, have been a remarkable success, and his powers of management must have been of a high order. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," and the proof of a man's call to a work must lie in his success in it under God. Our testimony is, that we devoutly pray that the whole-hearted master of Stockwell Orphanage may be spared to us as long as we live, in full force; and may he, both within our walls and outside of them, be a power for good for many a year. By the way, we trust that the trustees and the staff will make it a point of conscience to live as long as ever they can; for we wish for no change, and every death is a gash in our heart. To a thousand struggling pastors, and old boys, Mr. Charlesworth has been such a friend that they will remember his kindness as long as they live. To us he has been a comfort and a stay all along. He is the soul of generosity and sympathy; and may God bless him!

CHRISTMAS.—A Merry Christmas to all our readers! Please think of the orphan boys and girls at Stockwell, and send the

means to make them merry. Year by year the plum-pudding has been given them, and the roast beef has not failed. Kind folks have sent in extra gifts, so that for all the bounty of the holiday the funds of the institution have not been encroached upon. Generous hearts will remember the five hundred boys and girls, and their teachers and matrons on Christmas-day. It has been our habit to give each one of our helpers a present on the occasion, and the special sums sent in for the joyous season are always sufficient for this, and the rest of the expenses of the festival.

This year we shall be much obliged if all contributions are sent to the Orphanage instead of to "Westwood." Donations should be addressed to C. H. Spurgeon, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, and gifts in kind to V. J. Charlesworth, at the same address. All sorts of good things will come in handy.

We shall send to our subscribers, at Christmas time, what we think is a charming little illustrated book about the Orphanage. Any friends who wish for extra copies can procure them for 3d. each, or 3½d. post free, from the Orphanage, or Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London. The circulation of the books will help the institution.

Our old friend, PASTOR W. ALDERSON, late of East Street, Walworth, has fallen on sleep. We knew him when we were both in Cambridgeshire. He was some years our senior; but very joyous were our communings in those days long past and gone. Such an amiable and gentle spirit one does not meet with every day. He was loving to his brethren, and faithful to his Master. It was singular that, after being neighbours in the fen districts, we were located near each other in London. In the country, with miles of rough roads to divide us, we met more readily than in the huge wilderness of London, where one has no time to know anybody, but has to rush from pillar to post to do what might almost as well be left undone.

On Monday evening, October 20, a very large number gathered for the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle, which was specially devoted to Sunday and Ragged-school work, in accordance with the arrangements made for universal prayer on behalf of the young. After the Pastor had briefly explained the object for which supplication was to be made, he prayed, and was followed by Messrs. S. R. Pearce, Gent, and Cotesford. Mr. Chamberlain sang, with all his usual sweetness and pathos—

"Show me thy face,"

which is always a means of grace to us; and prayer was presented by Messrs. F. Thompson and Humes. Mr. Kirk put in a powerful plea for the children who have no

home but the streets, and urged the far larger increase of Sunday and Ragged-schools. He thought there ought to be a school in every street to keep pace with the secular instruction of the Board Schools. Mr. Byard, one of our students, very appropriately and pathetically sang—

"Call them in: the poor, the wretched."

Mr. G. Kirkham spoke briefly of open-air work, which he stated was more difficult than it used to be, owing to the spread of education, and other causes; and he gave a touching account of his rescue of a poor drunkard whom he recently met. The Pastor then delivered a special address to Sunday and Ragged-school teachers. Pointing to the draped platform, he reminded the audience of the presence with them, on the previous Monday, of Mr. WILLIAM OLNEY, who is now with God. He then spoke upon a sentence uttered to him, the day before, by Mr. Pearce—"We want to be raised to a higher level"—as to our own spiritual life, our own acquirement of knowledge, the fullness of our teaching, our earnestness in dealing with the children, the intensity of our love to them, our clearness in setting forth our Lord's passion, our realization of the danger in which the children are placed, both for the present life and for that which is to come, our expectation of the coming of our Lord, and our consciousness of the brevity of life.

On Tuesday, October 21, the autumnal meetings of the SURREY AND MIDDLESEX BAPTIST ASSOCIATION were held at New Malden, Surrey, and proved, as on previous occasions, "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." The devotional hour was a good preparation for the business proceedings. Amongst other items, it was decided that the future name of the Association should be THE HOME COUNTIES BAPTIST ASSOCIATION. The object of the alteration is that pastors and churches, "in the home counties, or thereabouts," desiring to unite with us, should know that there is no geographical or other barrier in the way. No opposition is intended to any Associations within this wide district; but there are brethren who have felt compelled, through loyalty to the Lord Jesus and his truth, to sever their connection with other bodies; and these, we hope, will now find a home with us. Pastor E. W. Tarbox read a weighty Scriptural paper, upon "The spirituality of the kingdom of Christ, and his supreme authority as sole Head of the Church," which was adopted by the association as its circular letter, with hearty thanks to the writer. An excellent dinner was provided by Pastor S. H. Moore (the retiring Moderator), and the New Malden Baptists, in their iron chapel; and in thanking them, the opportunity was taken of commending to friends present the effort for erecting a more suitable place of worship. In the afternoon, the Congregational Chapel was crowded for the service at which C. H. S.

preached; and the ten and evening meeting were held in the Baptist Chapel. The Moderator (Pastor J. A. Spurgeon), presided; and addresses on "Regeneration" were given by Rev. W. Corden Jones, and Pastors C. Ingrem and J. W. Davies. Here is an Association occupying an independent position, and those believers who are not happy in the Baptist Union can here find a home, and would both do good and get good.

On Monday evening, October 27, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, in the absence of his brother, who was very weary after the heavy labours of the previous week and the Sabbath. After the opening hymn, the chairman said special prayer was asked that evening for THE TABERNACLE LOAN TRACT SOCIETY, which circulated his brother's printed sermons from house to house, as loan tracts. In his supplication, he pleaded for still greater blessing upon the sermons, and upon the preacher; and one of the elders of the church, Brother Sedcole, followed in a similar strain. Mr. Millican, the secretary of the Tract Society, gave a short account of the work for the year, and read reports from some of the distributors who had met with instances of blessing in their districts. After referring to the death of Mr. Bloomfield, early in the year, and the appointment of Mr. Marsden in his place, as assistant secretary, Mr. Millican said that 10 more distributors were wanted. When they were forthcoming, 103 districts would be under visitation, with 5,800 sermons every week. Mr. Harrauld, the treasurer, reported the receipt of £25 18s. 9d. during the year, and a balance of £5 16s. in hand; and on the sick fund—receipts, £36 11s. 11d.; and balance in hand, £22 10s. 6d. On behalf of Mrs. Capel, it was stated that the Mothers' Meeting and Maternal Society were prospering, and that there was a balance in hand on each fund. Prayer was offered by two students, and Mr. Harrauld read and presented the written requests at the throne of grace. Almost as many friends wrote asking for praise for prayer answered, or blessing received, as sought further favours from the Lord. The blending of thanksgiving and supplication was peculiarly pleasant and profitable. As usual, one petition was on behalf of a beloved relative suffering through drink, and this was appropriately offered by Mr. Chambers, of the Baptist Total Abstinence Association. Pastor J. A. S. gave an address, founded on Psalm xxv. 8, "Good and upright is the Lord: therefore will he teach sinners in the way." Mr. Chamberlain sang the hymn beginning:—

"A long time I wandered in darkness and sin";

two brethren prayed for those who were about to be baptized, and the meeting was closed with the observance of the ordinance of believers' baptism. There were so many

candidates waiting, that baptismal services had to be arranged on the preceding and following Thursday evenings as well as on the Monday, and still there are "more to follow." Praise the Lord!

On *Monday evening, November 3*, being the last Monday before the Pastor left for his season of rest, it was arranged that the deacons and elders should meet for communion. They met, but the Pastor was not able to be with them, for he was too ill to leave his bed. In his absence, his brother presided, and a very happy hour was spent around the table of the Lord.

At the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon again occupied the chair. The wet weather prevented some friends from being present, and others were occupied at the church-meeting, which commenced before the prayer-meeting, and was still being continued when the meeting was closed. After the opening hymn, Mr. Wigney and Mr. William Olney prayed. Alas! it would not be correct now to write, as we have been accustomed to do, Mr. William Olney, *jun.*, for by his father's translation to the upper house, our friend takes the familiar title by which his honoured sire was known and loved. He will do all he can to fill the great gap so unexpectedly caused at the Tabernacle. On this occasion he pleaded very earnestly for the recovery of the absent Pastor, and referring to his own and his family's loss, said, "We have learned many things in the dark that we might not have learned in the light." After another hymn, Pastor J. A. S. gave an address upon Job's words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," &c. When he left, he asked Mr. Harrauld to preside. He called upon Mr. Manton Smith, who described the mission that Mr. Fullerton and he had just conducted at Fulham. Among other interesting instances of blessing, he mentioned two cases of restitution of that which had been stolen. The one to whom the property was restored told him that the mission had been very profitable to him. Mr. Smith hoped it had been so, both financially and spiritually. He closed by singing, "Anywhere with Jesus," and the congregation joined in the refrain. Two of the students then pleaded for the conversion of the unsaved, and Mr. Carter reported the progress of his Pioneer Work. Mr. Harrauld presented the written requests for prayer, and asked all to unite with him in special supplication for the Pastor, that he might be able to go away for his sorely-needed rest at the appointed time.

On *Tuesday evening, November 4*, the annual meeting of MR. DUNN'S BIBLE-CLASS was held in the Tabernacle Lecture-hall, which was well filled. The Pastor was to have presided, but he was too ill to attend; and had to send a letter instead. Everybody was, of course, disappointed; and much sympathy with him was expressed.

Mr. Hall, one of the deacons, ably filled

the vacant chair. After a hymn and prayer, Mr. Hudson, the indefatigable secretary, read the report, of which the members of the class and the church should be proud. The membership is 140, forty-two having joined during the year, and forty-two left. The report said that the angel of death had been very busy in the class. Words would fail to express the loss to them of Brother Maples, and other useful members. Speaking of their much-esteemed and beloved president, Mr. Dunn, Mr. Hudson said that he had that day attained his sixty-first birthday, and the class wished him many happy returns of the day. Last year they had to thank Mr. Gray for a valuable library; this year they have to thank him for a beautiful map of Palestine. The collections for the year have been the largest of any: £32 goes to the missionaries in Spain, and £26 10s. to the Pastors' College. Mr. Hall said this Bible-class was very necessary to the Tabernacle, and spoke in estimation of Mr. Dunn; and Mr. Gray followed. He endorsed all Mr. Hall said of the president, and appealed to the ladies present to help them in getting the men to the class. They could help, too, by prayer.

Canon Hussey expressed deep sorrow for the Pastor, whom he loved, and whom he had hoped to meet on the platform. He urged all to do what they could; we were God's workmanship, created to do his work. Christ says we are to let our light shine before men. Let your light shine, and be careful not to put a bushel over it. Seize every opportunity, and utilize all the ability you have. Be in earnest, because we are dying men, and those to whom we minister are dying also. Do not think that any are too bad. There may be a thief on the cross, but he can be converted. Go on, you have plenty of encouragement. "Ye shall reap, if ye faint not." Christ is always with us. Lift up Christ, that is what we have to do. Pray for the Spirit: we can do nothing without the Spirit of God.

Mr. Dunn next gave an account of the work of the class. It is eight years ago when he was chosen leader, and by God's help he purposed to continue. He was so pleased with the work done that he did not think there could be many suggestions made that would help them. What they wanted was to get a clearer knowledge of the Scriptures. They did not try to explain away any difficulties. If they met any difficulties in the Bible, they left them with the Spirit of God. They were emphatically a Bible-class. Speaking of the members, he said he never had a more obedient lot of fellows under him in his life. No matter what there was to do, there was always someone to do it, and it was done in a most cheerful manner. A man who came to that class, and obtained a knowledge of the Word, should become a better husband, father, brother, or friend.

Mr. Boulter was then presented with some

valuable commentaries, &c., the gift of the class, for his services as treasurer.

Mr. Doggett, a student of the College, who had conducted a Bible-class at Cambridge for some time, said his aim was the conversion of the members, and he urged upon the brethren to make special efforts to win those that did not love the Lord. Mr. Tysoe, one of the oldest members, spoke of how he had benefited by attending the class; and after votes of thanks to the chairman and singers, the doxology closed a very happy and profitable evening.

On *Thursday evening, November 6*, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon had again to occupy his brother's place, and also on *Friday afternoon and evening, November 7*, when *Tabernacle friends* were invited to come and say "good-bye" to the senior Pastor, and bring in the £1,000 needed for cleaning and repairing the building. Many of the members knew that C. H. S. could not be present, and some came for that very reason, in order that in his absence they might prove the sincerity of their sympathy with him both in service and suffering. The day will long be remembered as one of the stormiest of the season: but the weather did not damp the ardour of our beloved flock. All through the appointed time a steady stream continued to flow through the vestries, with the result that, before 8 o'clock in the evening, a telegram was despatched to the absent Pastor assuring him that more than the required £1,000 had been contributed. Further gifts from donors unable to be present have brought up the total to over £1,230, thus securing even more than was immediately needed by a spontaneous outburst of loving generosity.

I beg to record my deep and overflowing gratitude to my loving people for answering so promptly to my call, and bringing in at once all that was required. I have great joy in this. The rich gave nobly, and the poor gave grandly. What want we with bazaars? I have had much pleasure in the generosity of believers as shown in those former and far inferior methods, but for each one simply to come and bring a portion, and so to have no fuss, no expense, no pressure, no nonsense, is infinitely better.

COLLEGE.—The following brethren have removed:—Mr. J. Easter, from Ashton-on-Ribble, to Diss, Norfolk; Mr. D. J. Hiley, from Merthyr Tydvil, to Dalston Junction; Mr. H. R. Passmore, late of Southsea, to Whitstable; Mr. W. H. Tredray, formerly of Bessels Green, to Vauxhall Chapel, Lower Kennington Lane; and Mr. G. G. Ince, from Buckhurst Hill, to Fleet, near Holbeach, Lincolnshire.

Mr. C. W. Townsend, who sailed some months since for America, has settled at Victoria, British Columbia; and Mr. G. H. Kemp has left Grand Forks, and gone to Duluth, Minnesota. Mr. F. Potter, who recently returned from Nova Scotia, has settled at Harston, Cambridgeshire; and

Mr. Harry Wood, late of Launceston, has gone to Sheffield, Kentishbury, Tasmania.

On *Wednesday evening, October 29*, the annual meeting of the College was held in the Tabernacle. After singing by the orphans, and by the congregation, prayer was presented by Professor Fergusson, and the President gave a brief statement of the object and aim of the institution. Professor Gracey read the list of settlements since the last annual meeting, and he and two of the students, Messrs Godfrey and Barrell, spoke on the work of the College. The rest of the evening was devoted to the delivery, by the President, of his lecture on "Sermons in Candles" for the last time before the publication of the volume. We understand that 10,000 copies were sold before the end of a week.

We might easily fill much space with reports from our brethren abroad, but must be content with a few lines. Mr. A. H. Huntley sends us a very interesting account of his first baptismal service in China on June 15, when eleven converts professed their faith in Christ. He asks for special prayer for the removal of obstacles to the further spread of the truth among China's millions of heathen. Our coloured brother, Mr. S. C. Gordon, reports that he and Mr. Roger have safely reached the Congo, and that they are for the present stationed at Arthington, Stanley Pool. He writes: "My heart sank within me as I saw for the first time the ignorance and superstition of this part of heathendom, and I asked myself, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' The remembrance of the words, 'Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts,' cheered my spirit, and now I am determined to labour on regardless of these." Mr. J. Young, of St. Helena, thanking us for the gift of a horse, which was absolutely necessary for the proper discharge of his duties in that lonely island, reports the continued migration of members of his church and congregation, but records with gratitude that other inhabitants have been induced to take their places.

Pastor J. J. Kendon, of Goudhurst, sends us the following cheering extract from a letter recently received from his son, J. J. Kendon, Jericho, Jamaica, one of our own College brethren. He says:—"We have to send in to the government quarterly reports of our day-schools, and to the Sunday-school Association reports of our Sunday-schools. For this quarter we report to government 13 schools with 1,060 scholars on the books, and 564 in average attendance. This is a better result than we have ever had in my schools alone before; it is a vast stride on last year. Our Sunday-school returns show one new school, making 10 Sunday-schools, with 1,574 scholars on the books, and 152 teachers. This is a great advance also. Then in our churches we number now 1,774 members and enquirers, compared with 1,621 at this time last year. I suppose we have under our direct influence, either as

members, enquirers, or scholars, 3,500 persons, beside a very large number, who attend the services at chapels and class-houses, not included in this statement. I have often felt humbled under a sense of the responsibility resting upon me, and my own weakness. I am, however, cheered by the blessing which is constantly given us by the Master, and hope that our labour amongst the young will make its mark on the church-life of these people by-and-by."

Death still continues to thin the ranks of our College brethren. *Pastor W. Smolden*, of Lochee, has been suddenly taken away from us. *Mr. Cameron*, his predecessor, writes: "I fear he has fallen a sacrifice to over-exertion of his powers. . . 'It is finished,' was the subject he had selected for the Sabbath afternoon, little thinking that it was prophetic of his own work and life on earth."

PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—*Mr. Patrick* writes:—"Our meetings have been more largely attended for the last two Sundays, as my wife has printed bills, with a lithograph machine, for our meetings. We have been glad to see several of the better class of Spaniards present. There have been hearty responses to our prayers, a close attention throughout, and no interruptions. Our café caretaker is suffering from diphtheria, and we have had to move him into the country; and one of our lady missionaries is slowly recovering from a very sharp attack of fever. Praise the Lord, all the rest of us are well! There is a very great deal of illness in the town, and will be until the rain comes. The wells are dry, and in many instances building has ceased through lack of water. The river beds are dry, the ground is cracked, hardly a flower is to be found, whilst our streets want washing badly. I think this is the worst time in all the year for a visit to Tangier. We want rain, a great rain, and we are looking up for it. Oh, for a spiritual down-pouring also! We look up for that as well. May it come soon!"

EVANGELISTS.—The Secretary of the Bradford Y.M.C.A. writes, concerning *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* services:—"Their mission in Bradford, from September 6 to 21, was greatly blessed. The meetings were very largely attended, and 350 anxious enquirers were personally dealt with in the after-meetings. There were many decided cases of conversion. . . . Our intercourse with these beloved Evangelists was very happy and helpful, and we are full of gratitude to God for the great blessing attending the mission."

Our brethren's next mission was at Lake Road, Landport, and Elm Grove, Southsea, where much blessing was experienced; and they have since been at Forest Hill, with the Presbyterians, and at Fulham, where all the Nonconformist churches have united in inviting them. Our friend, *Mr. Thomas Greenwood*, writes:—

"My dear Pastor,—I had pleasure in

attending the last mission services held by *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* at St. John's Presbyterian Church, Forest Hill, on Sunday last. Some 600 men attended in the afternoon, and the large building was quite filled with both sexes in the evening. Throughout, the services were intensely interesting, and the Word was with power; with deep solemnity and no excitement, the Spirit moved amongst the people, and a number (probably 80) testified to this fact at the close. In evidence of the success of the services, it may be mentioned that about nine-tenths of the worshippers remained to the 'after-service.' As I am sure this intelligence will be pleasing to you, I send it at the risk of your receiving it in duplicate."

After the above was in type, we received a fuller report of the meetings, which closed as follows:—"The services of the evangelists have been highly enjoyed, and they leave behind them in Forest Hill, not only spiritual children who will remember their visit throughout all the coming ages, but also warm personal friends, who will gladly welcome their return at another and not distant date. The children's meetings and the meeting for men only were times of great refreshing and power. The various Nonconformist churches in the neighbourhood co-operated in the work, by visitation, by sending members to the mission choir, and by personal help as Christian workers, and the union of work thus brought about must result in a fuller sympathy and closer bond of union between them."

Messrs. Fullerton and Smith were engaged last month at New Court Chapel, Tollington Park; and Enfield; and this month they are to be at Grafton Square, Clapham; and Penge Tabernacle; ending 1890 and beginning 1891 at the Metropolitan Tabernacle with a fortnight's mission. It will be no use to ask for their services for a long time to come; for they are definitely fixed until the middle of next year, and have many invitations still unaccepted.

Mr. L. Belcher writes respecting *Mr. Burnham's* visit to Arlington:—"We had a very profitable time during the mission week, and such services as *Mr. Burnham* has been holding here are calculated to do a great deal of good, not only in awakening the unconverted, but in building up God's people. We have not had one service but some have expressed a wish for special prayer. This has been very gratifying, and I hope ere long some of these may be brought into fellowship with us."

Mr. Burnham has since been at Chesham, under the auspices of the local Sunday-school Union; Perry Green and Cuddington, near Luton; and Leafeld, Oxfordshire. This month he is to be at Great Yarmouth, and Kilmington, Devonshire.

Pastor R. Mesquitta thus reports the result of *Mr. Harmer's* services at Chestersfield:—"They have been attended with very cheering results. A good work has been going on in our midst of late, more

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss D. Sutherland	0	14	1	Mrs. Kew	0	5	0
Mr. T. D. Adams	1	0	0	O. B., per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	50	0	0
Collected by Miss Bessie Harper, per				Mrs. Fern, per Mrs. J. A. S.	1	1	0
Miss Good	0	11	6	Mr. A. Pyke	0	10	0
Mrs. Blow, per Mrs. Clarke	0	2	6	Rev. W. and Mrs. Pearce, and Mr. John			
Mrs. Martin	0	5	0	Pearce	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Wilkinson	0	5	0	Donald and Margaret	0	5	0
A. Lawrence (orphan boy's card)	1	1	11	Mrs. Smither	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Rhodes	0	17	8	Nameless	1	0	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the				Mr. Wm. Howard	2	0	0
Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	19	0	Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	2	6
A constant reader of "The Sword and				Mr. P. Hooper	0	15	0
the Trowel"	0	3	0	Miss Lucy A. Bennett	0	10	6
Altold and Burningfold Sunday-schools,				Mr. Fred. Howard	2	2	0
per Pastor F. Joseph	0	13	6	Mr. J. R. Wakelin	3	3	0
Orphanage box at Tabernacle gates,				Pastor A. G. Haste's Bible-class, Car-			
and Office box	1	3	9	rickfergus	0	10	6
Mr. W. T. Lewis	2	0	0	Mr. D. Foord	5	0	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0	Mr. F. C. Neve	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. Stevens	0	4	7	Mrs. Keevil	5	0	0
Mr. E. K. Stace	0	10	0	Mrs. E. Esch	0	5	0
Miss Hawkes	0	5	0	Mr. John Potts	1	0	0
Lord and Messrs. de Rothschild	2	2	0	Mr. J. Kipling	0	10	0
Mr. Jno. Parry	1	0	0	Mrs. Smith	1	0	0
Mrs. Harding	0	1	0	Mrs. Fruin, per Mr. Cockrell	2	2	0
P. M. H.	0	2	0	Clapton Hall, per B.	5	11	0
Mr. Jno. Green	1	0	0	Anon.	500	0	0
Mr. F. Rayner	0	1	0	A few friends, per Pastor W. Gillard	2	5	0
"Wellash"	1	10	0	Mrs. E. Fern	0	14	0
W. Bolsher (orphan boy's card)	0	6	8	Mrs. M. Scott	7	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0	Mrs. Poskett (error in railway fare)	0	0	9
Mrs. Cooper	0	5	6	Mrs. Pentelow	0	5	0
Mrs. Whately	0	5	0	M. Wilmot (orphan girl's card)	0	6	2
Mr. W. Anderson, per Mr. C. Cornell	0	10	0	F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mrs. T. Thomas	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Howie Muir	0	12	0
"One to whom your printed sermons				Mrs. MacGregor	1	0	0
are each week a very great help and				Mr. E. Vincent (Christmas fund)	0	10	0
comfort"	0	10	0	M. C. S. F.	1	0	0
A sermon reader, Liphook	0	2	6	Louis Robins	0	2	6
Per F. R. T.:-				"A widow's mite from Dundee"	0	5	0
Mrs. Rathbone Taylor	2	10	0	O. R.	1	0	0
Miss Winckworth	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. H. Higgs	0	19	10
Mr. and Mrs. C. Tidmarsh	0	10	0	Coast Guards, and Coast Guards Sun-			
				day-school, per Mr. T. McMahon	0	10	0
Mrs. Parkinson	2	0	0	Collected by Master Herries	0	6	1
Farley Green Mission	0	10	7	Mr. W. Kelley	0	10	0
A. W. A.	1	0	0	From a Trawler, a thankoffering in the			
Mrs. Halliday	1	0	0	name and for the sake of Jesus	0	10	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	2	6	Collected by Miss A. Mackay and Mrs.			
T. W.	0	10	0	Hobbs	0	18	6
Mrs. Bray	0	1	0	B. A.	1	0	0
Mrs. Jas. Stiff	5	0	0	A country ruinister	0	3	0
Mr. Henry Dutton	0	5	0	Mr. W. Thomas	1	1	0
A. R.	0	3	0	Mr. Clarkson Piper	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge	0	10	0	C. King's Lynn	3	0	0
Mrs. Court	0	10	0	Mr. C. Hodges	0	10	0
Mrs. W. Hicks	1	1	0	City and South London Railway Com-			
Mrs. Pendlebury	2	0	0	pany, per Mr. Douglas Young	5	0	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0	A. A. D.	0	2	6
Mrs. Gardiner	2	2	0	Miss Annie Cumpstey	0	10	0
E. H.	0	10	0	Miss Dallas	5	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. F. Bradley	100	0	0	Miss M. Ferguson	0	11	0
Collected by Sunday-school children at				Mrs. Dunn	0	10	6
Havlock Chapel, Agra	2	13	9	Miss Gertrude Dunn	0	6	0
Mr. Matthew Ford	2	0	0	Mr. Fritz Dunn	0	5	0
H. M.	0	10	0	Mr. W. Haig Miller	3	3	0
M. M. P.	0	5	0	Mr. T. Pattison	0	5	0
E. E.	1	0	0	Mrs. Mote	1	1	0
Miss Dunbar	0	5	0	From a poor man	0	0	9
Mrs. Belcher	0	5	0	Woodford Sunday-school, per Mr. W.			
Miss Clutterbuck	0	5	0	French	0	13	0
Miss Mitchell	0	10	0	Collected by Mr. Furley	3	5	11
Miss Grant	1	0	0	Mr. John Lamont	2	0	0
Mr. J. Mason	0	5	0	Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the			
Mr. A. Bart	0	10	0	Orphanage Choir:-			
W. N.	0	5	0	Cross Keys	70	0	0
X. S., T/9 13733	10	0	0	Blaenavon	23	5	6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Stroud	30	0	0	Hanover Hall, Peckham, Messrs. Jones and Higgins:—			
New Brompton	13	3	0	Collection	3	14	0
Neath	15	7	4	Mr. Higgins	6	5	6
Maesteg	23	3	3	Programmes...	0	9	0
Pontypool	28	10	6				
Newport, Mon.	66	0	0				109 0
Aberthillery	42	0	0				
Bridgend	42	0	0				
Sale of programmes, Swindon	1	11	1				£1162 2 2

ERRATUM.—Page 643. "The Sword and the Trowel" November:—Miss E. Palmer, £1 2s., should be Miss E. J. Fayer.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from October 15th to November 14th, 1890.—PROVISIONS:—25 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 2 hampers Bread, Mr. N. Read; a quantity Fruit, Vegetables, Bread, Cake, Flour, Butter, &c., proceeds Harvest Thanksgiving, Baptist Chapel, Guernsey, per Pastor G. H. Harris; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 1 large Cake, Miss Dawson; 1 box Potatoes, Mrs. Higgins; 2 cases Apples, Mr. F. Fisher; 6 Hens, Mr. W. J. Graham; 2 dozen bottles Bovinine, per Dr. Soper; 3 cwt. Apples, Mr. Andrews; 2 sacks Potatoes, Mr. H. S. Nunn; 1 barrel Soluble Cocoa, Messrs. Dunn and Hewitt.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—1 parcel left-off Clothing, E. L. L.; 6 pairs Knitted Socks, Miss Allan; 14 Comforters, Miss Torr; 1 pair Boy's Boots, "E. K."; 14 Shirts, Mrs. Holcombe; 2 Flannel Vests, Anon.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—9 Trimmed Hats, Mrs. E. Hunt; 7 Articles, 3 pairs Slippers, 1 Dress, 1 pair Reins, Miss E. Leeder; 36 Articles, girls connected with Combs Sunday-school, per Mrs. Wallis; 6 Articles, Miss Allan; 92 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 51 Articles, Mrs. Wilkinson; 24 Articles, Mrs. Pendlebury; 1 Cloak and 4 pairs Mittens, Mrs. Clems; 1 Pinafore, Miss Dawson; 22 Articles, 1 Doll, The Junior Dorcas Meeting, Gosport, per Mrs. Hoare; 12 pairs Boots, Mrs. G. H. Kerridge; 32 Articles, 30 pairs Stockings, Mrs. Higgs; 1 Jacket, 1 Skirt, E. K.; 12 Articles, Mrs. Rolfe; 18 Articles, Mrs. H. Warriner; 3 Articles, Miss Hill; 11 Articles, Mrs. Gardner; 6 Articles, Miss E. Robins; 8 Articles, Miss Woods.

GENERAL.—1 set Table Mats, "A Dorset Friend"; 1 load Firewood, Mr. Fisher; 1 load Firewood, Messrs. Keen and Sons; a quantity Ferns, Roots, Seedlings, Mr. H. Stevenson: a box containing Linen, Threads, &c., Messrs. Robert Stewart and Sons; a parcel of old Magazines, Miss A. Lee.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1890.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham	10	0	0
Friends at Maldon	15	0	0
Mr. Thomas Greenwood, for Brentford	10	0	0
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. J. Smallwood	7	10	0
Hadleigh Congregational Church	20	0	0
Abercam District	10	0	0
Cambs. Association, Swaffham Prior	10	0	0
Orpington District, from Bible-class, per Mr. Sedcole	1	15	0
Mr. Richard Cory, for Cardiff and Penrhwiweiber	10	0	0
Mr. John Cory, for Castleton, Cardiff and Penrhwiweiber	20	0	0
Oxford Association, Stow and Aston District	10	0	0
Harborne District, per Mr. H. M. Harwood	7	10	0
Somers Town, per Miss Griffith	10	0	0
Halesowen District, per Mr. C. H. Clewes	10	0	0
Kettering, per Mr. Meadows, sen.	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Bower Chalk Baptist Church	5	0	0
Henfield, per Mr. Duke	10	0	0
Tewkesbury District, per Mrs. Robinson	5	0	0
Worcestershire Colportage Association	30	0	0
Freemantle, Southampton, per Mr. R. Beck	10	0	0
Horley, per Pastor B. Marshall	7	10	0
Chard District, Western Association	10	0	0
	£249	5	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Calder	5	0	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	0	0
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	0	0
O. B., per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	10	0	0
M. C. S. F.	0	10	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mr. James Stiff	1	1	0
	£19	13	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.
M. C. S. F.	1	0	0
Mrs. Rogers	0	10	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Chesterfield	2	10	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Sittingbourne (second contribution)	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. McKenzie and Mrs. Green	0	12	0
A reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons	0	10	0
Mrs. Cox	0	5	0
Postal order from Belfast	0	2	6
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	40	0	0
Mr. James Brown	10	0	0
O. B., per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Pugh	1	0	0	Mr. J. T. Godwin	5	0	0
Mrs. P. Hallows	0	10	0	Mr. Joseph Jones	2	10	0
Mrs. Higbed	0	3	0	M. R.	2	10	0
Mrs. Dewar	1	0	0	Mr. Robert Y. Milton	5	0	0
Mrs. Keevil	5	0	0				
An invalid sermon-reader	0	5	0				
Mrs. Lines	1	0	0				
Mrs. Mills	0	2	6				
					£94	10	0

Surrey Gardens Memorial Schools.

Statement of Receipts from July 3rd, 1889, to November 14th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. George Palmer, J.P.	20	0	0	Mrs. Aaron Brown	5	0	0
Mr. John Gibson	20	0	0	Rev. John Burnham	1	1	0
A sinner saved	0	5	0	Miss A. Tolmie	0	10	0
T. J. P.	100	0	0	Mr. and Miss Wood	1	0	0
P. M.	20	0	0	An old friend	5	0	0
Hill End	30	0	0	The Misses Symington	2	0	0
Mr. T. H. Olney	100	0	0	R. P.	10	0	0
The late Mr. W. P. OLNEY	25	0	0	M.	50	0	0
Mr. W. Higgs	25	0	0	Executors of the late Mrs. Sandison	20	0	0
Mr. B. W. Carr	10	0	0	Mr. James Stiff	15	0	0
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	5	0	0	Mr. Robert Miller	30	0	0
Mr. Robert Gibson	20	0	0	A friend	6	7	6
Mr. W. Gwillim	5	0	0	J. B. Edinburgh	1	0	0
Mr. J. L. Keys	0	10	0	Mrs. Shearman	10	10	0
Mr. Jas. Hall	10	0	0	"Thankoffering from one who values			
Mr. J. Buggell	10	0	0	your sermons"	1	0	0
Pastor J. W. Harrold	2	2	0	B. T., per the late Mr. W. P. OLNEY	5	0	0
Messrs. Alabaster, Passmore, and Sons	50	0	0	A. E. H.	5	0	0
Miss Atkinson	10	0	0	G. T.	100	0	0
Mr. Selves and Miss Thody	0	5	0	Mr. E. Mounsey	10	0	0
Miss Descroix	0	5	0	Mrs. Watts	1	0	0
An old Independent	4	0	0	Postal orders from Seaton	5	0	0
Mr. John Rains	5	0	0	Mrs. Higgs, Miss Higgs, & Miss C. Higgs	25	0	0
Miss B.	0	5	0	Mrs. Scates	0	5	0
Miss E. Pearce	1	0	0	Mrs. V. Wood	0	10	0
Mrs. Spencer	1	0	0	Mrs. Kalley	25	0	0
Mr. C. F. Allison	25	0	0	Miss Husk	0	4	0
Mr. George Hansford	1	0	0	A few of your grateful little orphan boys	0	12	0
One who has been there	1	0	0	Miss Heath (second donation)	20	0	0
Mr. G. Holt Mason	100	0	0	E. D. M.	15	0	0
Mr. Wm. Fletcher	1	1	0	J. G.	28	7	0
Mr. J. C. Evans	2	0	0	Mr. Noah Keevil	2	2	0
Miss Spliedt	1	0	0	Mrs. Walker	0	10	0
Mr. J. Cramphorn	2	2	0	Mrs. Durrant	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pooley	1	0	0	Friend, Southampton	25	0	0
Given to Mr. Spurgeon at the Orphanage	0	2	0	Miss Descroix (second donation)	0	10	0
Mr. J. H. Field	1	0	0	Dear Granny	0	5	0
Mrs. E. S. Boon	0	5	0	Mr. J. Keevil	5	0	0
P.	20	0	0	Mr. G. Wren	0	7	6
Mrs. E. S. Jones	0	10	6	Interest on balance at bankers	20	0	0
A friend	0	5	0	C. S.	2	0	0
A working-man, per C. H. S.	0	1	0	Mr. W. T. Adams	1	1	0
Postal order from Cumberley	0	5	0	Miss Field	2	2	0
Harry	5	0	0	Mrs. Allen	0	10	0
C. A. M.	25	0	0	Mrs. Devenish	0	5	0
Mrs. Downing	2	10	0	Mr. H. Proctor	1	0	0
Mr. Jas. Baxter	0	10	0	Mr. C. Matthews	1	1	0
A twenty years' subscriber to "The				Mrs. Spencer	0	10	0
Sword and the Trowel"	0	5	0	Rev. Edward Evans	0	2	6
Miss Heath	25	0	0	Mr. James Baxter	0	10	0
A thankoffering	20	0	0	Postal order from Dartford	0	2	6
Miss Mayne	0	5	0	Hebrews vi. 10	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas R.	5	0	0	Mr. Edward Webber	0	10	0
Mr. C. F. Alldis	1	1	0	Anonymous	6	15	0
Mr. W. Whitmore	0	2	6	Mr. B. Tice	1	0	0
Miss J. Tolmie	0	10	0	Mr. William Torrance	5	0	0
Pastor T. L. Edwards	1	0	0	Mr. S. Cornborough	1	0	0
Mrs. G. Colwell	0	2	0	Mr. J. Wilson	1	0	0
Miss A. M. George	0	10	0	Mrs. Hoye	0	10	0
Mrs. Cooper	0	1	0	Miss M. Walters	0	5	0
Mrs. Lewis	0	16	0	Miss Dransfield	2	2	0
Mrs. Spencer	0	5	0	Mr. M. Stroud	20	0	0
Mrs. Smith	1	0	0	Mrs. Pepsys	5	0	0
Miss Wyburn	2	2	0	Pastor C. H. Spurgeon	100	0	0
C. A. M. (second donation)	20	0	0	Mr. R. W. Harden	1	1	0

