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THE
Sword and the Trowel;

A RECORD

OF

COMBAT WITH SIN AND OF LABOUR FOR THE LORD.

Established and for 27 years Edited by

C. H. SPURGEON.

1895.

"They which builded on the wall, and they that bare burdens, with those that laded, every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon. For the builders, every one had his sword girded by his side, and so builded. And he that sounded the trumpet was by me."—Nehemiah iv. 17, 18.

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PREFACE.

BY the good hand of our God upon us, we have been graciously enabled to complete another volume of *The Sword and the Trowel*; and if we may accept the unanimous verdict of correspondents in all quarters of the globe, it is fully entitled to take its place in a line with its thirty eminent predecessors. The secret of much of its continued success was well summarized by Mrs. Spurgeon, a year or two ago, when she wrote:—"Letter after letter of warm approval reaches me, from those to whom it is at once a storehouse of blessed memories, a rallying-point for faith's most loyal forces, and, in some strange, sweet way, a heart-link between the loved one in heaven and the loving ones on earth. In it, *his* writings still charm us,—bright gleams of *his* wit and wisdom sparkle among the paragraphs,—*his* ways and methods are carefully followed,—*he* is still the chief contributor,—and the *sunshine* of *his* name lingers lovingly on every page."

Those who have had the management of the Magazine for the past four years have fully realized the responsibility of handling both "the weapon of war and the implement of toil" so long and so skilfully wielded by that master-warrior and master-worker for the Lord; and not to a hair's-breadth have they swerved from the lines *he* laid down when he began his editorial labours, and from which he never either receded or advanced during the whole of his glorious ministry by the pen. Our late beloved Editor's study was certainly one of the places to which might be applied the words of an American writer:—"From some editorial 'sanctums' it has been a short step at the last into the real 'Sanctum Sanctorum.'"

During the year now closing, the *sword* has had to be kept unsheathed, while the *trowel* has been diligently employed in building the walls of the spiritual Zion. If the teachers of error and falsehood and the lovers of worldliness in the professing church receive avowed or tacit approval from other magazines or papers, *The Sword and the Trowel* will still continue its unyielding opposition to everything that is contrary to the truth of the gospel and the purity of the Christian life. We have never learned the tricks of compromise except as we have observed and loathed them in those who either spend their lives "sitting on the fence," or, as Mr. Spurgeon so aptly put it, "in trying to get down on both sides of the fence at once." We really have more respect for an honest out-and-out "Down-grader"—much as we differ from him, and sorrow over him,—than we have for the temporizers who pretend to go on the "Up" and "Down" lines at the same moment, or who seek to be on *equally* friendly terms with the world that lieth in the wicked one and the Church that should be separate from the world.

Our record of "labour for the Lord" during the past twelve months has been an exceedingly encouraging one. The Tabernacle Church—which is still to a very large extent the centre and source of support

of all the Institutions founded by Mr. Spurgeon,—has had a peaceful and prosperous year under the ministry of its highly-esteemed Pastor, whose marvellous fitness for his arduous task has been increasingly proved as the months have rolled by. The issue of his volume of Sea Sermons—“*Down to the Sea*,”—in addition to the regular weekly publication of his Sabbath discourses, deserves to be noted among the special events of the year.

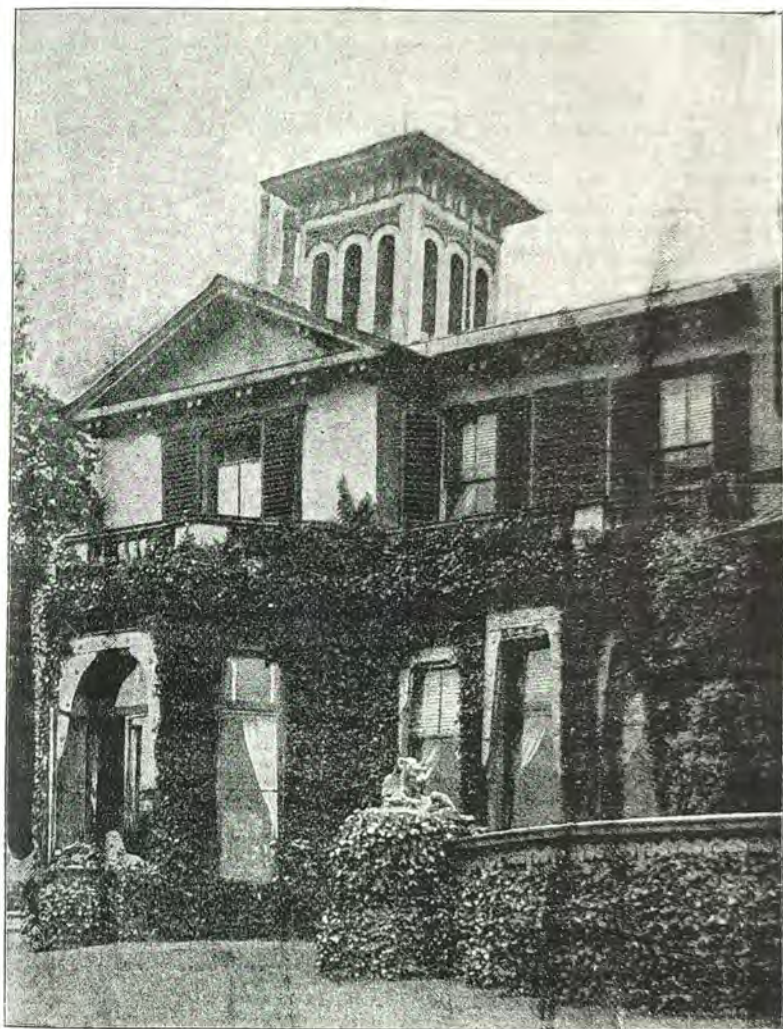
All the Institutions have been supplied with the funds needed for carrying on their work, although, of course, every department of the holy service must continue to feel the loss of “the peerless President” who was not only the ever-generous donor, but the ever-open channel for the contributions of friends in all parts of the world. It is interesting to observe, even now, the large sums that come in for the different funds either in the form of legacies left in his name, or bequeathed by those who first read, in *The Sword and the Trowel* or his precious Sermons, the records of his philanthropic labours on behalf of students, orphans, colporteurs, and evangelists. Most of the Institutions, under the blessing of God, owe their very existence to the Magazine, and ever since their formation they have been largely maintained by the readers of Mr. Spurgeon's publications. The union thus formed between his subscribers and the various branches of his work was, therefore, of a very exceptional character; and on that ground *he* often appealed to those who were profited by the Magazine to aid him in his service for the Saviour by seeking to increase its circulation, and we shall be deeply grateful if *our* readers will render to us, also, this kindly sympathy and help. The unique constituency that rallied to the support of our late beloved Editor was united to him by a bond that even death could not snap, for it was a “union of hearts” in the common faith; and that bond still holds together as an undivided company beloved brethren and sisters whom we have never seen, and never shall know—

“Till we cross the narrow sea.”

To Mrs. Spurgeon, 1895 has been another eventful period, for it has marked the completion of the twentieth year of her happy life-work, and it has also witnessed the publication of her second volume,—*Ten Years After!*—to which we have referred on page 624.

In the Preface to one of the Annual Volumes, Mr. Spurgeon inserted a view of the summer-house at “Westwood” where “papers for this periodical” were “often written, or revised,” with a picture of Messrs. Alabaster, Passmore, & Co.'s printing establishment, accompanied by the following explanatory paragraph:—“As this Magazine contains the material for its Editor's biography, or at least for the story of his work, we think it well to preserve representations of little matters which will make the record the more vivid and complete.” We are, therefore, following his example in publishing a picture of the home he loved so dearly, and in which so much of the labour of his later years was accomplished. This view of “Westwood” has an interest for the present and the future as well as for the past. The upper left-hand window gives light to the room

in which the beloved sufferer lay during that terrible illness when prayer was made for him without ceasing by the Church of Christ all over the earth. The lower windows on the right indicate *Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room*, where the varied operations of the Book Fund are carried on from day to day, and of which the dear worker has kindly promised to write a monthly sketch for next year's Magazine.



This fact will, we trust, secure a large number of fresh subscribers for our new volume, and also bring in additional contributions for the many forms of beneficent service that are to be brought before our readers' notice in 1896.

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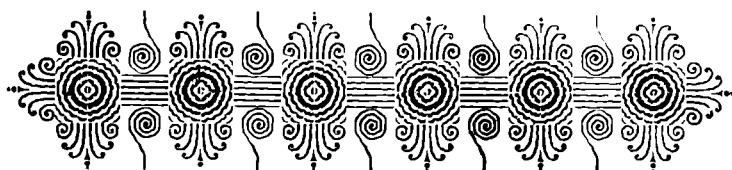
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THE

Sword and the Trowel.

JANUARY, 1893.

The Pastor's Need of the People's Prayers.

A PRAYER-MEETING ADDRESS, BY C. H. SPURGEON.



HERE is a short sentence, written by the apostle Paul, which I very earnestly commend to your serious attention, though I shall only speak upon it briefly. In the second Epistle to the Corinthians, the first chapter, and the eleventh verse, you will find these words:—

“YE ALSO HELPING TOGETHER BY PRAYER FOR US.”

Dear friends, we are most of us members of one church, we are enlisted under one banner, and we are sworn to be faithful to one great purpose, namely to live for Jesus, and to seek to glorify God. Now, we cannot all of us do the same thing for our Lord; we have each one some office, differing from all the rest of our brethren and sisters in Christ. Here let me pause and say that everyone who has a work to do for Christ needs the prayers of his fellow-Christians, therefore I urge you all to ask for them. You may be the teacher of the infant class in the Sunday-school, or you may be only able to talk with one or two individuals now and then about your Saviour; but, whatever your service is, do not neglect to entreat the prayers of your brethren for a blessing upon your work; however limited may be your sphere, you will not get on without the supplications of others. “Ye also helping together by prayer for us,” may be the utterance of the weakest and feeblest brother; and he may, because of his weakness and feebleness, all the more powerfully appeal to his Christian brethren and sisters to help together by prayer for him.

But the most conspicuous person in the church is the one who has, from week to week, to preach the gospel to the great assembly; and he may, therefore, as the apostle does in this case, plead for himself, and say to the saints, "Ye also helping together by prayer for us." Oh, dear friends, do pray for all who preach the gospel, whether to many or to few! They all need your sympathy and help; but I make a specially earnest, personal appeal for my own self.* I crave beyond all things your constant prayers, for I think a burden is laid upon me more than is borne by any other man, because of the vastness of this congregation, and because of the multitude of agencies connected with this great church. Many of the works are carried on by others, and I can take small personal part in them; and yet, somehow, I have to take the most difficult part, that of helping in every time of need, mending up any weak places when they are discovered, and keeping all things in good order. A great care comes upon me, and not for this church only, but for many other churches, in various parts of the country, which have been formed by the brethren who have gone out from the College; and I have to deal with all sorts of difficult cases all over England, and I might almost say all over the world,—things that try the mind, and exercise the judgment, and sometimes fret the heart; and therefore I must have your prayers.

Now, there are some of you who cannot do anything in the way of preaching; I do not want that you should try, and there are other agencies to which you could not put your hand; to you especially I may say, "Ye also helping together by your prayers for us." Here is a way in which you can really help, substantially help, wonderfully help; and this you can do even if you should become bed-ridden, you could even then lie still, and invoke a blessing from God upon our ministry. You can do this also if you are dumb so far as public speaking is concerned; you can, in the silence of your spirit, lay hold upon the Angel of the covenant, and wrestle and prevail. Amazing possibilities lie within the reach of the believing man. "All things are possible to him that believeth." I have always, with my whole heart, and without any sort of untruthfulness, ascribed all the success I ever had to the prayers of God's people, and I unfeignedly do the same now. God the Holy Spirit has ever given the blessing in answer to your supplications. You have asked in faith for a blessing, and it has come, and it will come as long as such prayers are continued. If I should be called to lie down in the grave, if I should retire from the Lord's service through utter inability, it would be infinitely to be preferred to the sad end of the man who falls because those who used to hold him up are gone. It is hard to fight like Joshua, when there is no Moses on the hill-top, nor any Aaron and Hur to hold up his hands in prayer. I appeal to those of you who have been with me from the beginning, that you will never cease crying to God at the throne of grace. Never neglect that holy

* The issue of this Address, simultaneously with the portrait of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, will suggest to many of our readers *his* need of their continual sympathy and supplication. He has not all the burden of his dear father's many forms of service; but as Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church, he might appropriately adopt much of the language that his beloved parent and predecessor used.

privilege and sacred duty, I implore you. I appeal to those who have been converted here,—and they are not a few,—that they will not forget to ask for a blessing upon others: “Ye also helping together by prayer for us, that for the gift bestowed upon us by the means of many persons thanks may be given by many on our behalf.”

You want to praise God, you say. I was glad our brother, who prayed just now, began by praising the Lord for His goodness. Many pray for their minister, and they are the people who also praise God for their minister; how many there are who have praised God for us, we could not possibly tell. I have a family of spiritual children in heaven, and no small one; they will go on praising and magnifying the name of the Lord to all eternity; and among believing men and women on earth,—I speak not egotistically, but only utter the plain and simple truth,—I think no one has more friends who are constantly praising God for the ministry in this house of prayer, and for the blessing they have received through reading the printed sermons. Therefore, while you are on your knees on earth, your prayers and praises are in harmony with the melody of the harps of heaven, and by your supplications you are calling down blessings which will make music for God in thousands of hearts of persons whom you never will know till you meet them in glory.

I wonder whether it strikes anybody that it is a very difficult task to keep on preaching when almost every word you say gets printed; I do not know whether anyone ever thinks of the sore travail of this brain in trying to find fresh subjects, and fresh matter upon those subjects. If I begin to repeat myself in the pulpit, we shall have a great sleeping society here instead of a living church, or the members will go their way to some other place. And what if the subject and material upon it are given, yet how is one always to keep up a lively spirit without the continual supplication of believers? Do you not feel, sometimes, my brother, or my sister, that you are very stupid when you are studying your subject? I know that I do; and then I say to myself, “This will not do, sir, this will not do; you cannot go to the pulpit in this way, you must wake yourself up, you must get to your knees, you must draw nigh to God somehow, it will not do to go into the pulpit like a dead man, to talk of a dead gospel to dead hearers.” Mr. William Olney seems to be always alive, and active, and earnest; but I have no doubt that he would ask your prayers that he may be kept so. At any rate, I do, with my whole soul, ask you to carry out these words on my behalf, “Ye also helping together by prayer for us.”

It is not selfish to ask the prayers of so many for one man, since the reason is that, afterwards, the blessing may go out to the many through the preaching of the gospel. If we are filled, it is that we may be emptied; if we receive, it is that we may give; for the apostle says what I, in my humble measure, can also say, “Whether we be afflicted, it is for your consolation and salvation; . . . or whether we be comforted, it is for your consolation and salvation.” I do verily believe that, many a time, we have been chastened that we might be made a blessing to others; and we have had to carry the yoke of

Christ more than we might have had to bear it on our own account, that so we might be better enabled to sympathize with the Lord's tried and afflicted people. "Whether we be afflicted, or whether we be comforted," it is for the same reason, "for your consolation and salvation." And here, too, can I add with the apostle, "We were pressed out of measure, above strength, insomuch that we despaired even of life: but we had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God who raiseth the dead: who delivered us from so great a death, and doth deliver: in whom we trust that He will yet deliver us; ye also helping together by prayer for us." Paul implicitly trusts in his God, yet he asks the people's prayers as much as if he rested entirely in them, and so must we do. Oh, give us continually more and more of your prayers!

I should like to ask a special favour of all who are present to-night that, some time this week, each believer here would not only pray for a blessing upon the work of God in this place, but that each one would pray with some other one, better still, with some other two, or three, or four, or five, or six, but at least with some other one, and ask for a blessing on this church. Could you not each one make a point of saying, "I know whom I will get to join me"? You will do it, my sisters, I have no doubt; I am rather afraid of the brethren, yet I think all will join in this good work. Many of you will get together, I feel sure; and I cannot imagine a greater service that you can do to me, and to the church, than for two sisters, or two brethren, or more where it is possible, to meet together thus. Would you not also come together just a little before the Thursday-night service, say, at six o'clock, in the lecture-hall? I will be there at six o'clock, to have a little prayer with you, so as to sharpen my sword before I come into the pulpit. And then one other thing I should like. Will everybody here try and bring some other person on Thursday night to hear the gospel preached in this place, and I will ask the Lord to give me a soul-winning sermon, and I shall be very glad if you will all try to bring some fresh hearer to listen to it? Well, now, that is a little task for some of you; it may take some thought and time and effort for you to accomplish it, but I really think it might be done. Let us see if every one of us can bring an unconverted person, I would aim at that; let each one say, "I will try what I can do, I think I know somebody I can get." Let us do so, then, and also pray much about it, and then we will watch and see whether it be not a good thing. I hope many will, somehow or other, find the necessary time for it; try for once, and see what you can do. It appears to me to be a good suggestion: what do you think of it, Mr. William Olney?

MR. WILLIAM OLNEY: "It is a very excellent thing indeed, sir. I promise, by God's help, to bring my one, and more if I can. I will try to bring some of the men who work for me, and I will give them an hour less work on Thursday so that they may come."

Others of you have workmen in your employ, some of you have servant girls, or else there is somebody in the house whom you could bring if you made an effort. Why might we not thus really bring some to the Saviour who, to all outward appearance, are at present beyond our reach? I shall be grateful to God and I shall also be

thankful to you if it is so. What is more, God will bless this effort; I am sure He will, and you may live to thank God for what I have proposed to you this evening; and if not, many of those whom you bring will eternally have cause to bless the Lord for your loving service and your believing prayers.*

If I could not preach, I do think that one of the things I would do would be to bring others to hear the preachers of the Word. I should like to have a large number of friends like my brother Hobson, who used to sit up there in the gallery. Many persons joined the church through that dear old man, who is now in heaven,—men who might not have come in here at all, but he used to be on the look-out for them, in Hyde Park and other places, and he would tell them that they must come and hear Mr. Spurgeon; he would offer them a seat in his pew, and, through coming, God met with them, and blessed and saved them. Well, then, there is a task for you; but set about it with prayer. I come back to that point; my aim is to hit this nail on the head, and drive it home, and clinch it: “ye also helping together by prayer for us.” Oh, may God send this rich abounding spirit of prayer upon us all at this very hour, and to Him shall be the praise!

I think I am right in begging this favour, for I remember that our dear brother George Müller, who is, as you know, a man mighty in prayer, yet found it needful, after he was seventy years of age, to make an appeal like this to the people, “I beseech you, deny me not your prayers,” and he stated that he rested, under God, in the prayers of the saints. Now, he is a man who can have anything he likes in answer to prayer; yet he entreats the petitions of others. We are none of us worthy to be placed beside him; but, if he needs prayer,—and he does,—how much more do we, who are weaker, need it; therefore, deny us not your supplications, I earnestly beg you.

Now let us come back to prayer again, and ask the Lord’s blessing upon this new work that we are hoping to do for Him.

“Mouth, Matter, and Wisdom.”

BEING THE ANNUAL LETTER TO THE MEMBERS OF THE OPEN-AIR MISSION, ON THE SUBJECT OF THEIR MOTTO FOR THE YEAR 1895,—“NOW THEREFORE GO, AND I WILL BE WITH THY MOUTH, AND TEACH THEE WHAT THOU SHALT SAY.”—EXODUS IV. 12.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

DEAR friends and fellow-labourers,—I am delighted to have this opportunity of greeting you in the name of the Lord of the harvest. Oh, that I might send you a word of real cheer! This would cheer me, too. I am fortunate in having so suitable a text for my little sermon. If you carefully read the chapter from which it is

* It is worthy of note that the Pastor’s Thursday evening prayer-meeting, in the Tabernacle lecture-hall, thus commenced, has been continued until the present time, although nearly fourteen years have elapsed since this Address was delivered. The suggestion made by the beloved Pastor was evidently one of those happy inspirations with which the Lord often favoured him.

taken, and the preceding one as well, you will discover that Moses had been listening to a sermon from no less a preacher than the Lord God Himself. With a burning bush for a pulpit, He was content with *an audience of one*. When Jesus was among men, He did not despise the solitary listener. Let us give our best to the smallest company; mayhap, there is a Moses in it, or a sinner who, once saved, will make Sychar ring with the Messiah's praise.

The sermon was a gospel one. It told of deliverance to the captives through divine pity and power. Let this also be our one theme. Let us tell the people of the Prophet like unto Moses, who has been raised up from among His brethren. Moses doubtless enjoyed this discourse. His heart could not but kindle at the good tidings that Israel's redemption drew nigh. But he was not quite so pleased with the application of the sermon. When he found that *he* was to be the head and front of the movement, he shrank from the task, and all his faculties with one consent began to make excuse. Is not this our experience, too? Just as our children grow listless when the moral of the story is being pointed, so our hearers grow restless when we apply the truth. The ring grows thinner when the evangelist has finished his anecdote, and deals personally with his hearers, and thrusts them at the heart.

Moses first says, "Who am I?" and next cries, "Who art Thou?" Let us hope that a pardonable sense of insufficiency prompted the first enquiry. Alas, for the Christian worker who thinks himself perfectly fit for his task! Self-sufficiency argues in-efficiency. Jehovah's reply should have cleared away this disability. "Certainly I will be with thee." There is no room for diffidence if Omnipotence be with us. Dear brother, have you gripped this word? There is inspiration in it for the sternest duty.

" 'Certainly I will be with thee,' starry promise in the night,
All uncertainties, like shadows, flee away before its light;
Certainly I will be with thee,'—He hath spoken, I have heard,
True of old, and true this moment, I will trust Jehovah's Word."

But a new difficulty arises (chapter iii. 13). "They will want to know the name of Him that sent me." "Then, tell them," said the Lord, "'I AM hath sent me,' for this is My name; 'I AM THAT I AM.'"

Brethren, we need not flinch if the self-existent, unchangeable, and faithful Jehovah has commissioned us. Let us make much of the great God, and stand as His heralds and ambassadors.

"But," (Oh, these *buts*! What a crop of them springs from the heart of unbelief!) "they will not believe me, nor hearken unto my voice." A lame excuse this. Moses is getting harder up for a reason as the Lord beats him back from each frail hiding-place. It is no business of ours whether the people hear or forbear. We must prophesy to the dry bones in the name of "The Living One." God's own purposes shall verily be accomplished; no Word of His shall fruitless fall.

Surely, *now* the skies are clear! But no; the clouds return after the rain. "And Moses said unto the Lord, 'O my Lord, I am not

eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since Thou hast spoken unto Thy servant; but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue." It may be that the prophet suffered from some impediment; or that, though he was wise and learned, he had not the gift of expression. Like a full vessel with a narrow neck, he failed to impart the treasures stored within. This was not necessarily a drawback. We naturally envy those whose vocabulary is large, whose flow of speech is easy, whose gesture is appropriate and graceful. But we must not forget that the most voluble of speakers are not always the most valuable. The liquid may be very thin that runs with such fatal facility.

Besides, God knew all about His servant's infirmity, and chose him notwithstanding it. Indeed, He accepts the entire responsibility of it. "Who hath made man's mouth?" said He, "or who maketh the dumb, or deaf, or the seeing, or the blind? have not I the Lord?" It is as though He said, "That peculiarity or disability of yours is of My own appointment, so it cannot stand in the way of My work." There is comfort for thee, my friend, who thinkest that thy lack of education, or thy country brogue, or thy unfortunate (?) lisp, or thy natural nervousness, or thy unconquerable hesitancy, necessarily unfits thee to serve God. If He has called thee to His service, it need not,—*it cannot*.

The promise of your New Year's Motto is for you. "I will be with *thy mouth*, and teach thee what thou shalt say." Is not this a pledge most precious? When He said, "Certainly I will be with thee," we wondered at the condescension of the Most High; but now He stoops still lower to assure His doubting child that He will be especially with that part of him that is weakest. This is wondrous love indeed. Just as a mother delights to spend most of her time and care and love upon the tenderest of her dear ones, so the Father pities most the member that is neediest. Hear this, O ye feeble ones! Your feebleness brings God especially near, and He will have peculiarly kind regard to your particular necessities. Courage, brother! He will be with thy mouth. He will send reinforcements to the spot where the ranks are thinnest or the battle fiercest. He will put His words into thy mouth. Thy lips shall run over with the story of His love.

If He teaches us what to say, *we shall be able to say it*. There can be no doubt of that. "Cheer, my comrades, cheer!" It matters little what is the matter with our mouths if God puts the matter into them. He causeth the tongue of the dumb to sing. It makes all the difference when God is with us. He is the glorious unit that gives value to our ciphers. Unclean lips are cleansed indeed when the live coal has touched them. Contemptible speech is full of demonstration when Paul is God's ambassador. Therefore will we not fear. "Mouth, matter, and wisdom," is what we often pray for; all this God will be to us if we will let Him.

How sad it seems to have to read that Moses was not willing that God should thus show His might! Even such a word of grace did not suffice to reassure the unwilling servant. He would rather keep sheep in Midian than redeem Israel from Egypt. A life of comparative ease was preferable to a career of vast responsibility. He had already

had some experience in the management of men, and he preferred the sheep, silly though they were. But he was himself exhibiting the conduct he deplored in others. He could not reasonably blame men for not submitting to him, while he himself rebelled against God. We see the faults in others that are conspicuous in ourselves. No wonder the Lord grew angry with him. He had dealt most graciously with him till now. He has had a balm for every wound, a cordial for each fear; but now that the unbelief comes out in its true colours, His longsuffering kindness is sorely tried. "Send, I pray thee, by the hand of him whom Thou wilt send," cried Moses in desperation. This was a polite way of saying, "I care not who undertakes the task if only *I* can escape it." Thus our faithless hearts treat our Lord with scant courtesy when we do only what we are compelled to do. 'Tis not ours to pick and choose.

"Be it ours, then, while we're here
Him to follow without fear;
Where He calls us, there to go;
What He bids us, that to do."

Was some worker thinking of giving up? Is there a ploughman inclined to look back? Has our heart begun to fail? This must not be! Till God revokes His order, till Jesus pays us off, be it ours to labour on. We dare not disobey.

"To doubt would be disloyalty
To falter would be sin."

Said the old salt to the young apprentice, "Aboard a man-o'-war, my lad, there's only two things,—one's duty, and t'other's mutiny." It is much the same with the servants of King Jesus. His discipline is strict though kind, and we are mutineers if we are not absolutely obedient. Like the servants of the centurion, we must "Go" or "Come" and "Do" at His command. Only they complain of this who are not fully consecrated. "But, beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, though we thus speak."

It was hard work starting Moses, but he ran well when he once was under weigh. The jibbing horse has grand paces when he once gets over the jibbing. Shall those who began without hesitation forget that they did run well? God forbid. "Are you ready?" cries the starter, and at the crack of the pistol away go the eager racers. "Are you ready for this New Year, for its toils, its trials, and its triumphs?" Then, "Go! and the Lord go with you!" shouts your friend the writer, and he runs, too, while Jesus answers, "Lo! I am with you alway."

Believe me,
Yours heartily and hopefully.
THOMAS SPURGEON.

[The above letter is issued in pamphlet form by the Open-Air Mission. Copies may be had of the Secretary, 11, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C., price One Penny each, or Six Shillings per hundred.]

“Our Own Men” and their Work.

XIII. PASTOR ISAAC WATSON, RADCLIFFE, LANCASHIRE.

MANY able men and successful churches have been sketched, under the above title, in articles combining kindly appreciation with absolute truthfulness; and the pastor and people of whom we have to speak this month may fairly claim a place in our representative gallery of Pastors' College brethren and their helpers in the service of the Lord.



PASTOR ISAAC WATSON, now of Radcliffe, Manchester, was born amid the Cumberland Hills, where, in an atmosphere of simple country life, he passed his youthful days, and learned that love for the works of God by which he so often beautifully illustrates and interprets God's written Word. Much of the quiet strength, and indomitable perseverance, self-reliance, and patience in toil, which have characterized his work in Radcliffe, were doubtless acquired in the Northern home where his early years were spent.

Like many Free Church ministers, Mr. Watson matriculated in

business before entering the Pastors' College, and so brought to his work a knowledge of men, a grasp of detail, and a capacity for order which have been of immense service to the church and school under his pastoral care. While following his business, he was much influenced by the ministry of the Rev. S. S. Allsop, Burton-on-Trent, under whose faithful teaching he was converted to Jesus Christ, and led to commence his work of teaching and preaching "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." But by far the most permanent influence upon his mind and heart was that of the beloved C. H. Spurgeon, whom he seeks to imitate in his firm grip of truth, his reasonable but fearless positiveness, and his passionate love of Christ and His Word. Many rejoiced when, at his recognition meeting, they heard Mr. Watson declare his belief in the Manger, the Cross, and the Pentecost, with their practical application in the trinity of graces, "Faith, Hope, and Charity."

A brilliant, though unfriendly, *littérateur* (Leslie Stephen) recently said:—"A very marked tendency of modern discussion is the transference of the main stress of the arguments from the question of *truth* to the question of *utility*. 'Demonstrations' of the fundamental principles of theology are generally directed to prove to us rather that we *may* than that we *must*, believe." But Pastor Isaac Watson has learned to believe and preach "the truth" as well as the "utility" of the gospel, and the "must" as well as the "may", in such a manner as would have rejoiced the late revered President. There is a breezy brightness about his preaching. The almighty love of the Redeemer, and the possibility of salvation for the deepest-dyed sinner, are, like a melodious refrain, repeated at each service without becoming less beautiful or fresh. It is this faith which has nourished the Radcliffe pastor's desire to do pioneer work, and maintained at white heat his ambition to add another to the long list of churches founded and built up by "Our Own Men."

In the summer of 1891, through visiting his brother, the minister of St. Paul's Wesleyan Church, Mr. Watson was first introduced to a small band of Baptists in Radcliffe, who had been gathered together and formed into a church by the late lamented Guy M. Harvey, a young merchant from Bury, and a son of the Rev. J. Harvey.

Radcliffe is one of those places, ancient as villages and modern as towns, which have passed from the one stage to the other as the result of recent industrial centralization. Situated within six miles of Manchester, five of Bolton, three of Bury, and containing nearly 40,000 souls, with every sign of continuous expansion, it was yet without a single Baptist church. This deplorable circumstance so pressed upon G. M. Harvey that, in 1880, he commenced a service in the Co-operative hall, which he afterwards continued in the smaller and less convenient hall belonging to the Weavers' and Winders' Union, where the church is still located. On October 14th, 1888, to the apparently irreparable loss of the church, G. M. Harvey "entered into rest." The stroke, so sudden, severe, and strange, left the flock without a shepherd, and many were scattered.

The interregnum was almost fatal; and, but for the self-denying devotion of a few, the church must have become extinct.

With the advent of Mr. Watson, a fresh springtide dawned for the church. In a wonderfully short time, "Christian Society meetings," "week-night services," "Cottage prayer-meetings," etc., etc., were organized and well sustained; the attendance at all the services soon vastly increased, lapsed members and their families were restored, and new members were gained. Without advertisement, and without adopting a single questionable or sensational method, the congregations were trebled.

This all-round increase has caused much inconvenience. As there is so little accommodation for week-night services, the choice has to be made between being crowded into a small vestry, or being scattered over the exceedingly cold and draughty hall. It is quite common to have over forty persons in the vestry, which is no bigger than an ordinary cottage kitchen. The growth in the Sunday-school has kept pace with that of the church, and now scholars and teachers, one class and another, are so crowded that to teach properly is well-nigh impossible. There are over 400 scholars on the register, and Mr. Watson conducts the men's Bible-class morning and evening, and has an attendance of over forty persons.

The premises where all this good work is carried on are not used exclusively for religious purposes, but some parts are reserved for club meetings, or are let for private, family, and wedding parties. In Lancashire, these festivities are generally held on Saturdays, and are usually protracted; and often, as a result, on entering the school on Sabbath morning, remains of the previous night's festivities appear in the shape of orange peel, nutshells, broken bottles, etc., etc.



But a change will soon be effected, if only the Lord's people will help. On June 30th, memorial stones of the new chapel and school, as represented in the engraving, were laid amid great rejoicing, and

the building is progressing expeditiously. The chapel will seat 550, and the well-lighted school and class-rooms will accommodate 600. The new premises will be centrally situated, fronting a main street, and midway between the centre of the town and the railway station. The estimated cost, including lighting and heating, is £2,800. The scheme has been heartily approved by the Council of the Lancashire and Cheshire Association, by all the resident Free Church ministers, and the townspeople generally.

The Rev. Charles Williams, of Accrington, says:—"The congregation really needs more commodious premises, and I shall be glad to subscribe myself, and to see others subscribe to the cost of a new chapel and school."

Dr. Maclaren writes:—"I heartily recommend the case of the church at Radcliffe. Mr. Watson and his people are doing good work, and prospering under disadvantageous circumstances. Their present place of meeting is extremely inconvenient and unsuitable."

Pastor J. A. Spurgeon writes:—"I heartily commend their appeal to the generous aid of all who wish the progress of the truth."

The church consists exclusively of working people, without much local influence, and worthy of all praise in venturing to build a house for God. At the beginning of 1894, the building fund stood, as it had done for years, at £500; now it is about £1,300. Even if the Lancashire and Cheshire Association help the church as largely as Mr. Watson anticipates, there will still be need of much more support to complete the undertaking. If any of the Lord's stewards wish to aid a good cause, and a band of brave workers, we counsel them to send their gifts to Pastor Isaac Watson, Baptist Minister, Radcliffe, near Manchester.

Unpublished Notes of C. H. Spurgeon's New Park Street Sermons.

REPORTED BY PASTOR T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

No. IX. Delivered on a Lord's-day Evening in 1856.

"Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, . . . no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me."—John xiv. 6.

WHAT can be more plain, not to say homely, than these words, "*I am the way*"? If we have lost our way, we want a plain direction if we are to find it again. So, when we preach to sinners concerning the "way" of salvation, we cannot be too simple. Those preachers who have been the most successful soul-winners have been the most easily understood by their hearers. We need ministers who will compel us to use our Bible, not our dictionary. Our aim must ever be to bring sinners to Christ. I will this evening show you the way to heaven as plainly as I can.

I. JESUS IS THE ONLY WAY OF SALVATION.

Jesus is the way to holiness, to acceptance, to God, to heaven. There is a glorious intolerance in the text: "No man cometh unto the

Father, but by Me." "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." What about the man who does not believe? May there not be another way whereby he may be saved? Here is Christ's answer: "He that believeth not shall be damned." It is the best of all charity to be honest; our Lord and Master would never have pandered to the modern spurious charity, there is nothing like that in His teaching. Jesus ever denounced the wrong as loudly as He commended the right. He did not say, "Well done, Scribes and Pharisees, you do your best, and you will be all right." No, He righteously condemned them, and cried, "Woe unto you!" He preached against every doctrine except that which He Himself taught.

There seems to be growing up amongst us an idea that a man is of a persecuting spirit if he does not think that the one who flatly contradicts him is as right as himself. If we do as some wish, we shall in time reach that blessed state of charity which had been attained by the courtiers of the Sultan, who, when he said, *at mid-day*, "It is midnight," replied, "Yes, sire, there is the moon, and there are the stars." To-day, we are expected not to protest against Popery, lest we should be considered bigots; we must subscribe to all that men teach, if only they are sincere. Suppose a man, travelling due North, was sincere in thinking he would get to the South, do you think his sincerity would bring him to the desired destination? If a man was sincere in thinking that prussic acid was a wholesome food, would the poison do him no injury? If a man starved himself while he sincerely believed he was feasting, how long would it take him to get fat? You say, "These things are contrary to the laws of nature." Just so, and the laws of God's gospel are as fixed and true as are the laws of nature. If you are honest and sincere in keeping to the road of ruin, you will reach the natural end of that road, eternal destruction. Sincerity in believing a lie does not change the lie to the truth. There is but one way to heaven; there is only one Saviour, Jesus Christ is exclusively "the way." This excludes all by-paths, all cross-roads, and all short cuts. Scripture knows nothing of the new theory, that we may be all right though we are in direct opposition to the Word of God.

The way of good works does not lead to heaven. We must still have decided, faithful preaching upon justification by faith. There is as much need to-day for us to declare this elementary doctrine of the Christian religion as there was in the days of Martin Luther. We must explain, and expound, and enforce, the doctrines of grace, and the absolute necessity of trust in the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ. We must be saved by *His* doing and dying, and not by anything of our own; we must be justified by *His* righteousness, and not by our own, for indeed, we have none. The canker of self-righteousness is everywhere. As ministers of Christ, it is necessary for us to come back to the old cry, "Salvation is not of ourselves. Salvation is of the Lord. Jesus is the only way; there is none other." Jesus Christ is the Substitute of His people. He bore their sins in His own body on the tree; and now, those who are "His people" are saved by Him "from their sins." Their sins were laid on Jesus; and that

which He did on their behalf, saves them ; not anything they can do. We might as well expect to sail to America on a millstone, as expect to go to glory by our own doings. There is no way to heaven other than Jesus, trusting His merits, resting on His atoning sacrifice.

The way of salvation is not partly of works and partly of grace. The way of salvation is all of grace. None can assist Christ in the work of saving guilty men. God does not take a composition from bankrupt debtors, and then let His Son, Jesus Christ, make up the deficiency. Who helped the Eternal Jehovah when He made the heavens? Who was with God when he raised the arches of azure? Who, beside the Lord Jehovah, poured out the wide and open sea into its mighty channels? Is there a single flower that had an angel to help God to make it? Can you find even one blade of grass that owes its origin partly to the divine and partly to the human? Never! God was alone in creation. Even so, God is alone in the greater work of salvation and redemption.

Who helps the Almighty God in providence? Those ponderous wheels that are so high, and terrible, are ever rolling on ; who is it that makes their axles stand fast, and guides the wheels in their wondrous revolutions? Is there any man who controls the clouds? Have you heard of any king or potentate who manages the storms? Is not the Eternal the only One who puts a bit between the teeth of the winds, and stands as the Almighty Charioteer who can rein them up at will? Will He let a puny creature, whom He has made, take part with Him in the workings of providence?

Is it likely that He will suffer a sinner to become a shareholder in the mightier work of grace and salvation? No. The Messiah comes alone from the winepress, with His garments red with His own blood, "travelling in the greatness of His strength." He that speaks in righteousness, "mighty to save," trod the winepress alone; and of the people there was none with Him. Upon Calvary's cross, no other blood than that of Jesus Christ contributed to His people's redemption. The glorious Lord will not yoke Himself with thee, sinner, in order to secure thy salvation. Yoke an angel with an emmet, link an archangel with the tiniest gnat which ever fluttered in a summer's eve ; but never think of joining the Omnipotent Jehovah with man's nothingness. The Almighty God yoked with the sinner's feebleness, the Everlasting, the Infinite Maker of all, to be simply a co-worker with us, and we labouring together with Him, and helping Him to do what He could not do without us in procuring our salvation ;—is not the very thought arrant blasphemy?

Even ordinances which God Himself ordained must never be trusted to as a means of salvation. Jesus Christ is "the way", not baptism ; not the Lord's supper. As for those things which God did not ordain,—infant sprinkling, human ceremonies, Ritualistic observances, confirmation of the ungodly, wax images, gilt crosses, artificial flowers, fine music, intoning, fasting communions, and so on,—these are sins in God's sight ; put instead of Christ's work, they are idolatry. You might as well trust to the ordinances of an old hag as to the ordinances of any priest, Romish or Anglican, who pretends that he has more power with God than you have yourself. We are all alike in

the sight of God in this respect; if we come before Him as sinners, He accepts us in Christ. If any assume priestly power over their fellow-sinners, let such men tremble for themselves, and remember the fate of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. He who talks about conferring salvation on others, should look at the dreadful condemnation which awaits his own soul, unless he repents of his great sin. God will yet cause His judgments to come forth, and utterly destroy those who would trench upon the priestly prerogatives of the one and only Great High Priest, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

He who rests upon his feelings will be as much deceived as he who rests upon his works. The blood of Jesus saves; not my sense of guilt, nor my consciousness of depravity, nor all my knowledge of my guilt. Salvation is all in Christ Jesus from first to last; putting His pierced hand on all our doing, believing, seeing, feeling, experiencing, He covers it all up, and says, "I AM THE WAY." Therefore, I must rely on Christ alone, for—

"None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good."

II. JESUS IS THE PERSONAL WAY OF SALVATION: "I am the way." The way of salvation rests entirely upon the person of our Lord Jesus Christ. We do not think enough, honour enough, preach enough, about the person of Christ. We must be clear about the merit of the precious blood of Christ; we do well to meditate much upon the sponge, the vinegar, the nails, the five wounds, the bleeding side, the dying cry, "It is finished," the resurrection, and the ascension of our Lord; but we must not forget "Jesus Christ Himself." We want not so much doctrine about Christ, as Christ Himself. Doctrine is the throne on which Christ sits; but we must have Christ upon the throne. If we are to have our churches full of life and power, we must have more preaching of Christ, talking of Him, dwelling with Him,—a bleeding Saviour visibly crucified among the people.

We want the Incarnate God, the real Christ; we do not want a picture of the crucifixion on the wall, we want Christ in the heart. We do not want the portrait of the Saviour on stained-glass windows; but we do want the image of Christ portrayed in living lines upon our souls. We must have the blessed person of Christ, the real, living Christ, still giving the shout of a King in the midst of the camp of Israel. This is the power to save the soul, this is the power to move the world. When we live, it must be Christ living in us. When we are fed, it must be upon Christ, the Bread of God coming down from heaven. When we reach heaven, it will be to be where Christ is, beholding His glory. Our pardon comes from Christ Jesus the Lord. We are accepted in Christ, the Beloved. Our salvation is all in Christ; Christ our wisdom, Christ our righteousness, Christ our redemption, Christ our sanctification. The very real, personal Christ must be our Saviour. "*I am the way.*" Jesus Christ did all that was necessary for the salvation of all sinners who trust Him. The blood which streamed from His veins, from His heart, cleanses from all sin. The perfect righteousness of Jesus is the believer's justification. Christ is all believing sinners need.

III. JESUS IS THE PERFECT WAY OF SALVATION.

He is not part of the way, but He is the whole of the way. Christ is the way from the place where the sinner is, as a sinner, right up to heaven. Jesus Christ comes to the sinner just where he is; He is to the sinner, as a sinner, where he is, an all-sufficient Saviour, to bring the guilty one to glory. As a sinner, hopeless, senseless, dead, you are to believe that Jesus Christ is the Saviour for just such as you are. The way to heaven is the way which begins from where you are, and goes straight to heaven. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life,"—insurance against sin, and insurance against terror. They who believe on Christ shall hold on their way, and in Christ the righteous shall wax stronger and stronger. The believer is really, vitally, personally, and spiritually, one with the Lord Jesus Christ.

IV. JESUS IS THE PRESENT WAY OF SALVATION.

Jesus does not say, "I will be the way." He says, "I am the way." Not, I may be, but "I am." That is, presentness. You have not to feel your need before you come to Christ. Come to Christ, and you shall feel all you need to feel afterwards. The whole of salvation is in Christ; thy sense of need must come from Him, and thou must trust Him to give thee a sense of need. Thou sayest, "But my heart is so hard." Yes; but it is Christ's work by His Spirit to soften thy hard heart. It is salvation to trust Christ; thou must trust to Christ for all, and He will do everything. The only qualification for mercy is guilt; the only qualification for washing is filth; the only qualification for salvation is that thou art a lost, ruined, helpless, undone sinner.

Trust Jesus Christ now, and thou shalt be saved. Come to Christ without anything of thine own, resting wholly on what the Lord Jesus Christ has done; and, thus coming, Christ will in no wise cast thee out. Soul, let me put it thus. If thou wilt throw thyself flat on Christ, and trust wholly in His atonement, if thou dost perish, thus coming to Christ, I shall perish, too, for I have no other hope of salvation than this which I preach to you. What can you want more? Here is a God to trust to; here is a Man who has finished transgression, and made an end of sin, and He takes thee, and does everything that is necessary for thy salvation. It is not what thou art, but what He has been, and what He now is, that saves the guilty. Jesus does not want thee to bring the price of a rusty nail's worth of merit; but He wants thee to come empty-handed, with nothing of thine own. Away with even thy mouldy crusts, and thy counterfeit farthings; and come to Jesus just as thou art, saying,—

"Just as I am,—without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

May the Holy Spirit take these words, and open them up to thine understanding, and give them an abiding place in thy heart, and lead thee to Jesus Christ who is "the way" of salvation! Amen.]

The March of the Months.

No. I.

"Then from the dawn it seem'd there came, but faint,
As from the limit of the world,
Like the last echo born of a great cry,
Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
Around a king returning from his wars.

* * * * *

And the new sun rose, bringing the New Year."

JANUARY! with its tender memories for every reader of *The Sword and the Trowel*. Those closing days by the blue sea, at Mentone, in 1892, with the final translation "from the pulpit to the palm-branch."

And the burden was brought home; but so was also *The Gospel of the Kingdom*, the Gospel which says that, while some worshipped, and some doubted, "Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all nations." Thus is the risen Christ ever "the Christ that is to be"—crossing, with those who will be His knights, from old years into new, setting forth His kingdom as "the holy grail", and inspiring us, who would gather round His pennon, to claim each year as it opens as "the Year of our Lord."

Three years have passed since those ever-memorable days of 1892. What would the honoured one say to us if he were here? Would it not be,—“Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life”? And what do we hear as HE speaks who is alive for evermore? Listen: “Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.”

But for the many to whom these memories are not so vivid, we also write. The New Year has dawned! The general feeling has been expressed,—“A Happy New Year to you.” It is the time when grudges can well be forgotten, and old scores reckoned as cancelled; when men, who have forgiven much, through many years, have the opportunity to put in practice the law of Jesus, and forgive until seventy times seven; when all of us, by the renewal of holy vows, can wipe our feet clean from the mud of December, and walk out into the clear air of January, rightly hopeful, because conscious of the presence of our God, who, “as far as the East is from the West, hath removed our transgressions from us.”

How exhilarating are New Year greetings! If old “Scrooge” should resent them, keep on all the same with them; they may yet act beneficially upon his sluggish liver. Even “Mr. Despondency” and his daughter “Much-afraid” will return your attempt to rouse them with a shake a little less tepid than usual. And if the air be frosty, and the ground dry, you may have a visit from that lively old uncle with a long purse, who will clap his gloved hands together gleefully, while his face shines above his white muffler, like the sun rising from a mist. Yes, it is a New Year! January One! And to

those who have ears to hear, the air is full of the music of "the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

It is a grand thing when the weather stimulates our expectations. Let us go out for a walk. To those who can stand it, there is nothing better for mind and limb than a bracing spin on a January morning. Nature has made a new world for them to look at. The trees hang with rime; myriads of starry crystals weigh down the boughs, or stand sharply erect on the sleeping buds, warmly tucked up under their brown skins, which serve as coloured quilts. They were wrapped in these by good Mother Summer, ere she started, at the beck of the sun, to keep house for him on the other side of the world. But our walk on a January morning will reveal many more objects of interest, which will fill our minds with quaint suggestiveness. Now is the time to admire the tracery of the trees. We think the oak and elm very splendid under their canopy of summer green; but stand where you can put a noble tree between your eye and a clear winter's sky, and then you will see all the spray-work of branch and twig to perfection. These are the channels which convey life from the mighty stem to every open leaf on the long summer days. Now it is the dead season; the leaves are gone, the sap moves only languidly. But there should be no dead season for the branches of the Tree of Life. Whoso abides in Christ, "his leaf shall not wither," he shall be "full of sap" all the year round.

Now is the time to exchange a friendly greeting with the woodman, whom you may see wielding a keen bill in thickly-gloved hands. He is mostly a man of few words; perhaps his occupation makes him meditative. He does a deal of mending; first the blade and then the hook he uses; and as you watch him lop, and bend, and weave the thorny branches, you will probably think his business a serious one. It may possibly remind you of a pastor who has to be the Lord's woodman in some neglected field of the Church.

But while we have been talking of our Methodist of the hedge, the sky has strangely changed. A haze, copper-tinged, has spread overhead, and there is a thickening round the horizon, which portends snow. The sun, tonsured by winter's barber, looks out very red in the face, like a farmer of the old school after a clean shave. It is time to turn homewards, for the wind is beginning to shiver through the naked hedge, and to moan, as one in pain, down the gorges of the hills. Ere long, the hollows will be filled with snowdrift, and the careering flakes will cover up the young corn; then, driven wildly by the wind, they will occupy the country lane, and in a miniature mountain-chain stretch across the way of the casual traveller.

After a great snow-storm, it becomes quite an undertaking to get to the villages to preach. We remember more than one such journey, when the narrow road was blocked, and the would-be preacher was obliged to take to the high-lying fields. A *détour* of this order, many years since, occurs to our mind. The goal was a small Buckinghamshire village, away over the river Chess. The snow had drifted quite six feet deep in the lane, but the gale had swept the fields, except that every hollow had become a patch of dazzling white. The trees stood

stark and black against the steely sky, and the way of the storm was marked up the trunk of each tree by the lodgment of the snow in the bark. Away across the river lay the cottages of Chenies, with the drifts up the chimney-stacks, and a sprinkled whiteness on all the roofs, thatched outhouses, and ricks of hay and straw. To the left was the little manse, and close at hand the chapel, with its quiet graveyard, wrapt in winter's winding-sheet.

But what a change it was, in those days, from winter to spring, to get into the vestry of the chapel, and to be present at a prayer-meeting! Many a cold dark night have we walked, out of the frosty gloom, into, as it were, the lighted vestibule of heaven, by crossing the threshold of the Chenies prayer-meeting. Those were the days of John Palmer, one of "Our Own Men." With him, in the enthusiasm of a gracious youth, there were men who had grown old in the service of their Lord. Saturated with unction, they prayed like Moses in the mount, and you felt, as their quaint cadences rose and fell, that the Lord Himself was passing by. One of these men was an old ploughman, with a face like a russet apple in October. Wind and weather had swept over the old saint for many a long year, but he only grew the riper. He was a great stammerer. His speech loitered in common things, but he knew the fields' way to heaven. He never stammered in prayer. There was also another old man whom we remember on those winter nights. He could pray any length. It was a treat to hear him when he did not keep on more than a quarter of an hour. But we forgave him this tendency to trespass, when the pastor told us that, one evening, he went by the low cottage, and hearing the old man's voice, found that he was in prayer. The pastor's errand took an hour. As he again neared the little dwelling, the same voice was heard, and as the minister bent his ear he found this man of prayer was still before the Lord. There was yet a third of these worthies: he was stern in face, and reserved in manner, but a kindlier heart than his never beat. His was the prayer of a more cultured mind. Refined in tone, stately in phraseology, he yet breathed the sincerity of a holy heart. He ordered his household as a priest of God. The reward came in the "afterward." His children walk in the faith, two of them being honoured missionaries on the Congo.

All these heroes of the sanctuary now sleep under the snows of January, either in the chapel graveyard, guarded by ancient elms, or in God's acre, hard by the historic burial-place of the great house of Russell. The bleak North-easter comes with a shrill cry down the valley of the Chess, the branches of the great elms wave their bare arms to the winter's gale; but nought disturbs the sleep of the former frequenters of the Chenies prayer-meeting, nor will till "every winter change to spring." Yes, Spring! for, even as the flakes fall, the light lengthens, and under the dry dead leaves the primroses show their yellow bannerets beneath their shield of green.

H. T. S.

Dr. Maclaren on Trumpet-blowing.

I THINK Christ's ear catches the screech of the brazen abomination in a good many of the ways of raising and giving money, which find favour in the Church to-day. This is an advertising age, and flowers that used to blush unseen are forced now under glass for exhibition. Nobody needs to blow his own trumpet nowadays. We have improved on the ruder methods of the Pharisees, and newspapers and collectors will blow lustily and loud for us, and defend the noise on the ground that a good example stimulates others. Perhaps so, though it may be a question what it stimulates to, and whether B's gift, drawn out in imitation or emulation of A's, is any liker Christ's idea of gifts than was A's, given that B might hear of it. To a very large extent, the money getting and giving arrangements of the modern Church are neither more nor less than the attempt to draw Christ's chariot with the devil's traces. Christ condemned ostentation. His followers too often try to make use of it.—*Bible-class Expositions, Matthew vi. 2.*

Dying-year Reflections.

1 Cor. iii. 12—15.

THE year is dying! Soon, ah! very soon,
It will be number'd with th' eternal past;
What record does it bear of service done?
What character of service? Will it last?
"Wood, hay, and stubble"? Is it thus we sought
To rear a temple in the Saviour's name?
May God forgive us! Oh, the very thought
Fills us with anguish, rends our hearts with shame!

The year is dying! Ere it pass away,
And we are left outside its fast-barr'd door,
Upon the threshold we would kneel and pray
That He, who all our sins and sorrows bore,
Will from the Book of His remembrance blot
The past misdeeds, and henceforth give us grace
To build alone with Truth, that we may not
Be "scarcely saved," our building find no place!

The year is dying! With it dies our sin;
'Tis buried deep beneath the crimson flood.
The New Year dawns; and we afresh begin
To rear a temple to our Saviour God.
Stones, "living stones" we seek from earth's deep mine,
And in the structure each one finds a place.
To Him we dedicate this sacred shrine,
Adorn'd with strength and beauty, truth and grace.

Brentford.

JOHN BURNHAM.

New Year's Hymn.

(Tune "Ellers.")

ON this glad morning, in Thy house we raise,
To Thee, O Lord, a grateful song of praise;
Now banish from our minds all sense of fear,
And bid us to Thy feet in peace draw near!

Before Thy mercy-seat our souls appear,
And seek to realize Thy presence here;
Now, while from earthly cares we turn aside,
Let us who worship Thee, in peace abide.

We come to bless Thee, Lord of heaven and earth,
For every gift Thy mercy scatters forth,
And as Thy blessings fall like latter rain,
Let us within Thy courts in peace remain.

Through all the former year, Thy watchful care
Has safely kept us from the tempter's snare;
So grant us, Lord, in this New Year as well,
True followers of Thee, in peace to dwell!

And when our closing song ascends to Thee,
And grace we seek upon our bended knee,
Then speak in mercy to each waiting heart,
And bid us to our homes in peace depart.

And as the final hour of life draws near,
Still let Thy constant love our spirits cheer,
That so, with visions of a coming crown,
We may with trustful hearts in peace lie down.

Then, in the day of Thine appearing, Lord,
When sounds from heaven the resurrection word,
And Thou descendest from the opening skies,
Let all, who "rest in hope," in peace arise.

Foots Cray.

E. A. TYDEMAN.

A "Text Union" Member in Heaven.

BY CHARLES SPURGEON.

OUR numbers have been steadily increasing, so that now the roll registers 6,500, and we hope there are many more going to join for the New Year. Our personal appeal caused several to become members, and therefore we repeat it,—

"HAVE YOU JOINED THE TEXT UNION?"

If not, send on your name and address, with four half-penny stamps, to Mrs. Charles Spurgeon, "Haddon," Dartmouth Row, Blackheath, S.E.,

and she will forward to you *Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack* for 1895, and a card of membership.

While fresh friends have adopted the Text Bond, death has been busy in breaking earthly ties, and our ranks have been thinned by the removal of some to the better land. Trusting it may lead some readers to help to fill the gaps thus caused, we give a brief record concerning one who is now in heaven. On the 3rd of November last, Clara A—— wrote to a loving aunt a letter of gratitude for some gifts sent to her, and, according to her custom, headed the note with "The Text for the day." The passage was to prove, ere nightfall, wonderfully appropriate, for in the evening she was seized with a paralytic stroke, and within twelve hours passed away to her glory-home.

"HAVING A DESIRE TO DEPART, AND TO BE WITH CHRIST,"

was the portion for that day; and there is not the shadow of a doubt but that our fellow-member is now "with Christ." A bright and beautiful testimony to her Christian character is thus borne by her sorrowing father:—"She was such a gentle spirit, and not a murmuring word ever crossed her lips. Her faith in Christ was great, and she held most tenaciously to the doctrine of the substitutionary sacrifice of Christ. Our conversation was frequently on the verities of the gospel, and she had no sympathy with the modern ideas of preachers. Oh, how she loved to read Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, and the articles in *The Sword and the Trowel*!"

The bereaved father asked to have her name crossed off the "Text Union" roll; but since then he has adopted our suggestion, and the name of James A—— takes the place of Clara, and the daughter's number becomes the father's. This is a happy method of keeping up the membership when death calls home one and another.

We have been much delighted to find how greatly the Texts have proved real spiritual blessings to many, and the common expression is,—*"They were the very ones we needed."* The writer is hoping to establish a vigorous and fruitful branch in South Africa, and he trusts the home-roll will grow grandly during his absence. The Almanack for 1895 is better than ever, if that can be possible; and we know how the Texts have already given comfort to the beloved selector's own heart.

Come, dear reader, let us again coax you to become a member of the "Text Union" if you have not already united with us! Moses said to Hobab, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good, for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel." In like manner, we invite you to join our ranks because the Lord has already blessed our "union of hearts" to the salvation of sinners, the comfort of believers, and His own glory. So,—

WILL YOU JOIN THE TEXT UNION?

Seed-Thoughts from C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons.

SELECTED BY J. D. KILBURN, ST. PETERSBURGH.

IF you go where God guides, though the way may be rough, it will be safe.

When you raise an Ebenezer, do not sit down upon it.

Don't say, "I'll trust God where I cannot trace Him." Trace Him in everything; tracing leads to trusting.

Don't seek your portion in this life, lest you get it.

Noah did not go out of the ark till God opened the door.

You may be greatly tried, but you are greatly beloved. It is because you are the latter that you are the former.

You can glorify God more by receiving from Him than by giving to Him.

In heaven, each will resemble his Lord, but will differ from his fellow.

Christ says to each Christian, "All that I have is thine."

Come to Christ, even though you feel you cannot come, for He will not cast you out.

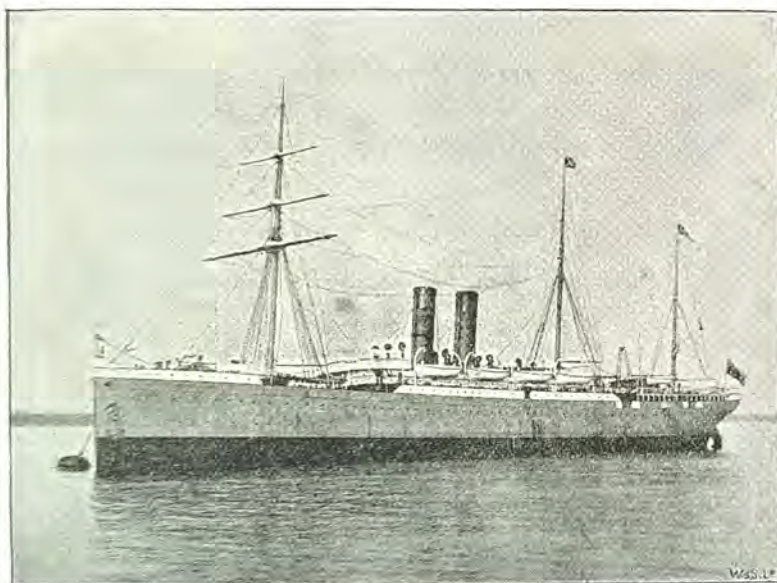
C. H. Spurgeon on Bazaars.

SEE, my brothers, Christ wanted for nothing when He was dead; do you think that He will want for anything while He is alive? "Ah! but our little church, our poor cause, is wanting money badly, and we are going to get up a bazaar." What! and you have not thought about going to your Lord for what you lack? The fact is, the Church of God has been looking to the devil to find funds for the Lord's work, instead of seeking aid from the Lord Himself. It is a pity that we cannot come back to Him who, even when He was dead, had a hundred pounds' weight of myrrh and aloes brought to Him. Cannot we trust Him for all that is required for His service? It will be a better and a brighter day for the Church when she believes that, if Christ wants myrrh and aloes, He can get them. Does not the Lord say, "The silver is Mine, and the gold is Mine. . . . Every beast of the forest is Mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. . . . If I were hungry, I would not tell thee: for the world is Mine, and the fulness thereof"?—*From Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit, No. 2,390, "A Royal Funeral."*

Pastor Charles Spurgeon's Letters.

No. I.

THERE was no need to ask for "the Text for to-day" on Dec. 1st, for the morning post brought a large number of letters and cards bearing the following message:—"Farewell.—'Jesus Christ maketh thee whole.'" Could the words have been more appropriate for the one just leaving home in search of health? This passage greatly helped the writer to say "Good-bye" to his loved ones at "Haddon," and the battle at Waterloo to bid "Adieu" to some 130 or more of his friends and former members, was more easily fought. Accompanied to Southampton by two worthy deacons and a friend, the last tender farewell was taken amidst waving handkerchiefs and loud hurrahs from on board the tender which had conveyed the passengers to the steamer lying off the Netley Hospital in the sunlit Southampton waters.



H.M.S. "DUNOTTAR CASTLE."

The good ship *Dunottar Castle* weighed anchor soon after five o'clock, and, amid a glowing sunset, made her way out into the Channel. It is said that three things are essential to a good voyage; first, a good ship; second, a good cabin; and lastly, a good sailor. We will dismiss the last by saying that it is, at present, a matter for future experience to suffer the miseries and discomforts of *mal de mer*, and that life on board ship is full of healthy enjoyment, even when one starts the voyage far from well. Under a starlit sky, we headed for the far-famed but much-abused "Bay."

Very often, people speak ill of persons and places until the adage, "Give a dog a bad name, and then hang him," applies to them, when in reality the censure is not deserved. Treatment very similar to this is shown to the Bay of Biscay. We have crossed it more than once when hardly a ripple ruffled its surface, and on the present occasion it was far from being rudely rough. There were some who adopted the lines of the song, and had to say, "In the Bay of Biscay, O!" but owing to the excellent sea-going qualities of our ship, the disagreeables were minimized. Some vessels might well be termed the "rolling stock" of the companies to which they belong, and also be charged with serious gambling propensities for the manner in which they indulge in "pitch and toss"; but the *Dunottar Castle* so far has maintained a good record for steady behaviour at sea.

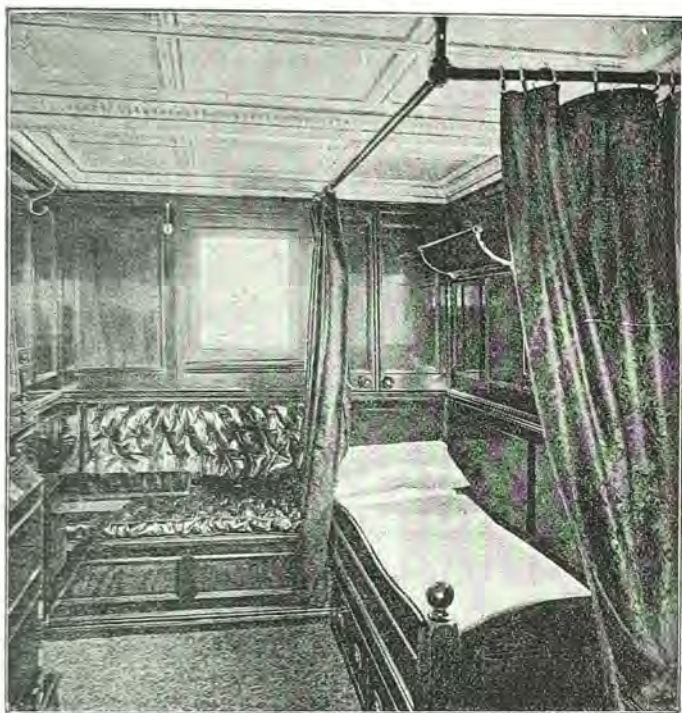
A brief description of our sea-home may interest our readers. "Let us go downstairs," say you; at sea, you must say, as sailors do, "Let's go b'low." Descending the main companion-way, we enter



the spacious and well-appointed saloon, which extends across the entire width of the ship. It is here that some ninety passengers take their meals (weather permitting); and what fare it is that is set before them! The table is most admirably served, and is worthy of a first-class hotel; the variety provided surprises novices in sea-faring experiences, and surpasses the expectations of those who have travelled by other lines. The most fastidious tastes and the largest appetites will be well satisfied and amply supplied, whether it be at breakfast, luncheon, or dinner. If adornment can add pleasure to a meal, here again we find art and beauty uniting to make the whole unique; for panels of satin-wood surrounded by dark mahogany give a rich and sombre tone, while an ivory-white ceiling, stencilled in gold and delicate tints, forms an agreeable contrast. Music is embodied in a piano and organ, while literature holds its own in a well-stocked

bookcase. Comfort and luxury are here combined; and when the electric light sheds its lustre on the scene, it is truly charming.

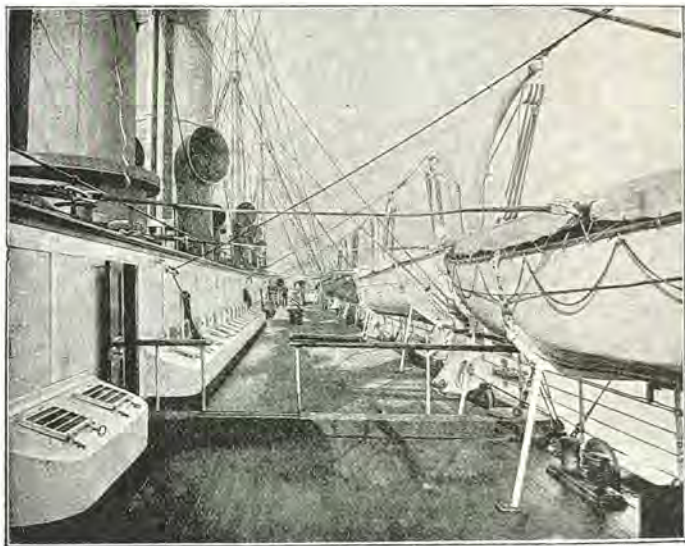
Passing out of the saloon, we soon find ourselves in the midst of the sleeping compartments. The state-rooms and cabins are well fitted, for, though some expect to see them as large as the bedrooms they are accustomed to occupy at home, they are constructed so as to secure as much comfort and convenience as the modicum of space will allow, and, after all, one does not need much room to sleep in. The



writer is well content to be "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd," in bunk No. 166, and he has found it a cosy corner in which to lay himself down to sleep.

My first Sunday at sea in the *Dunottar Castle* was spent in my cabin, for a reaction had set in after the excitement and hard work of the past week, in farewelling. I well remember some one remarking to my beloved father that he would be killed with kindness, when he replied, "It will take a deal of that kind of thing to kill a Spurgeon." He was right; yet, at the same time, there is an element in love which brings one low; and after the strain endured, the voyager was not surprised to find himself *hors de combat*. It gave time for prayerful meditation, for if head and heart grow weary, there is no place like "the watery plain" to find leisure

and rest. There is an apartness, singularly its own, which the ocean grants. I have dared to think that He who never sleeps may well reserve for Himself some such retiring realm as the mighty deep. "Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters, and Thy footsteps are not known." Here He can roam at large without coming in contact with man and sin. This, the one hiding-place, He has secured for Himself, and none shall take it from Him. The Lord "maketh a way in the sea, and a path in the mighty waters," and by His foot-fall brings their raging to rest, for "even the winds and the sea obey Him." Walk on, Thou ever-blessed Lord, until Thy "dominion shall be from sea even to sea"! Calm all the tempests of my heart, and bring my turbulent spirit to hear Thy "Peace, be still!" With these and other prayerful thoughts, I turned in; and, "rocked in the cradle of the deep," sleep soon came, and by the good care of a kind Lord all fear was removed, and sweet rest enjoyed.



A view of the quarter deck will give the reader a good idea of the space available for promenading, an exercise which is both necessary and enjoyable; especially as we have already entered into brilliant sunshine and balmy breezes.

In my next letter, I hope to write more fully about the voyage, and so for the time say, "*au revoir*."

[We are indebted to the kind courtesy of Messrs. Donald Currie & Co. for the four views of the *Dunottar Castle* included in the above article, and our readers will, doubtless, unite with us in thanking the owners of The "Castle" Line for giving them the opportunity of seeing the surroundings of our dear friend while on his voyage to the Cape.—*Ed.*]

An Effective Ministry: how may we best Attain to it?

A PAPER READ BY PASTOR W. RUTHVEN, OF NORWICH, AT THE SEVENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, APRIL 19TH, 1894.

DEAR President and dear brethren,—Few are the men, with Christ-filled hearts, who have ever ignored any honourable earthly calling, or who have once entertained a single disdainful feeling toward the humblest employ, for some of the best and choicest of spirits, the most gracious and saintly and noble of beings, many of the years of their life have graced the most unassuming positions. Some of the very sweetest of flowers have grown in nature's obscurest corners; some of the rarest and costliest gems have often been found where few eyes could view them; and some of the excellent of the earth have been in the humblest callings and the lowliest spheres of service. Therefore, with no single detracting thought of any rightful calling upon earth, or an intentional derogatory inference concerning any vocation in life, however humble, I yet make bold to say of the vocation to which we as ministers of the New Testament have been called, there is none more important in the whole compass of the race. The judge on the bench, the advocate at the bar, the premier in the senate, and even the monarch on the throne, each and all may have a calling whose momentousness words cannot measure, yet a calling whose lustre wanes in the presence of that of the humblest pastor.

Possessing, however, as this calling does, an inherent greatness, and a peculiarly sacred loftiness, in that very greatness and loftiness lie both its inspiration and its peril,—inspiration in its possible issues, and the peril of falling below their requirements. In the Christian ministry, with help from above, heights may be reached that are impossible in any other occupation, achievements accomplished altogether beyond all other vocations; but, unless special grace is bestowed, descents and defeats may also be known, in which, for their dark and utter ingloriousness, in no other walk can they be rivalled.

Not, therefore, as though we had already attained, either were already perfect; but rather, I feel sure, with a humble heart, and a deep, strong yearning after a ministry fuller, more powerful, more pleasing to God, and more telling upon the community in which we are placed, each of us comes forth this week, asking if, in any measure, we may more fully apprehend all that is meant, and all that may be realized by considering the question,—“An effective ministry: how may we best attain to it?”

I. First, we will enquire,—WHAT IS A REALLY EFFECTIVE MINISTRY?

In this question, as in every other, care must be taken to judge with discernment, and a discernment especially here which is bestowed by the Spirit of God, for of all the questions by men considered, or on which we find a mere human verdict, so far as the human itself is concerned, there is not one where views more conflict.

Does it not sometimes happen (it was asked only very recently) that the value of a minister's work is gauged by the size of the congregation he attracts, by the style and quality of the worshippers to whom he ministers, by the impoverished or overflowing condition of the exchequer, by the repute in which the church is held for wealth and social standing, or by the part the minister plays in the civic or political life of the community in which he lives? Is it not indeed a fact that, with some, a ministry is everything or nothing according to the manner in which it can please the mind, cater to the fancy, or minister to the emotions? Is not its strength or its weakness sometimes measured according to the way in which it can influence the most fashionable circles, charm the most elegant assemblies, and draw around its pale the men of highest material worth?

Far be it from me to undervalue the material, or in any way to disparage any one man, whatever his status, for the soul of a prince, in the sight of heaven, is quite as precious as that of a peasant, and the spirit of a merchant as that of a labourer or working mechanic, while some of the saintliest men, such as Whitefield, have drawn around them the great and the noble, such as the gracious Countess of Huntingdon, and sometimes Bolingbroke, and the Duchess of Marlborough.

While, however, wealth is not to be looked on as that which may be despised, or men of great material worth as factors of no importance in our churches, yet to regard these as the highest fruits and strongest proofs of an effective ministry, is to value the case more than the jewel, the shadow more than the substance, the husk more than the wheat, and the shell more than the kernel.

An effective ministry, in my humble judgment, is *one essentially of spiritual forces*, one which tells on hearts and lives, apart from the question of social status, one which lures immortal souls to the cross, and restless, dissatisfied spirits to Jesus, whether those souls are hucksters with wares, or earls and knights with garters and stars. The best proof of a charming summer is the beauty it fosters on upland or valley, the best witness to a glowing sun is the blossom it spreads on hawthorn or rose-tree, and the best proof of an effective ministry is the beautiful life of the people it influences, whether they are drawn from a gilded mansion or from some dingy alley. A fertilizing river is known, not so much by the stimulus it gives to commerce from the traffic it bears on its current, as by the verdancy and loveliness of the country around its banks, and the fruitfulness and fertility of the vales through which it passes; and an effective Christian ministry will not be prized so much for its revenue, or the place those who attend it have on the exchange or the market, as for the gracious character of the people it has gathered around it, and the holy women and men who adorn the community in which it is exercised.

"It was a source of substantial help to the neighbourhood," are the words recorded of the church where the gracious William Romaine ministered; "and whilst the warm focus to which provincial piety repaired, it was the spot endeared to many a thankful memory as the Peniel where first they beheld that great sight, Christ crucified."

"In a few years, upwards of eight hundred souls called on him to ask what they must do to be saved," is the testimony to the ministry of Samuel Walker, of Truro, while, under one sermon he preached to soldiers, tears came from nearly all eyes, and confessions of sin from almost every mouth.

"After his return from the Holy Land, McCheyne's church in Dundee," says Dr. James Hamilton, "enjoyed a perennial awakening, and an unusual number adorned the doctrine. Interesting it was, on a Sabbath afternoon, to see, as you passed along the street, so many of the working people sitting, for the full benefit of the fading light, with the Bible at the windows of their houses, and pleasant it was to think how many of these houses contained their pious inmates or praying families. But it was in the church itself that you felt all the peculiarity of the place; and, after being used to its heart-tuned melodies, its deep devotion, and solemn assemblies, and knowing how many souls had there been born to God, we own," says Dr. Hamilton, "that we never came in sight of St. Peter's spire without feeling, 'God is there.'"

These are the ministries which, in God's sight, are truly effective, and these are the factors which constitute true effectiveness; give me souls weeping for sin, humble hearts pining for pardon, and holy men and women devouring God's Word in their hunger for spiritual food; and whether they be dukes or simple scavengers, cultured lawyers or country rustics, they are the highest proofs and fruits of an effective Christian ministry.

II. Next, however, to what constitutes all we mean by an effective ministry, the question most urgent and pressing is,—HOW MAY WE BEST ATTAIN TO THIS EFFECTIVENESS?

In facing a question than which, to ministers, none can ever be more heart-searching, and none can ever strike down so deeply to all that belongs to the root of their life-work, so wide is the scope of the question itself, and so many things lie in the answer it seeks, that, in trying to give it an answer at all, we can do so in only the most qualified manner. It is an answer which includes a submissive will, a consecrated heart, a surrendered life; an answer which implies being true to the cross, true to God's Word, and right on the great central verities of the gospel.

In some professions and callings, effectiveness depends much on human capacity, the possession of certain talents, human skill, learning, and knowledge; and many a man, who has had these alone, with nothing above, beyond, or outside them, has reached the highest positions of earthly eminence, and the foremost places of human note. A trader has developed a flourishing business by the possession alone of business ability, a great master's renown has come to an artist who has known nothing more than skill in his calling, while an author has swayed as with wand of magician the minds of thousands of men, with nothing but a knowledge of human life, a deep insight into nature, and a mind thoroughly stored.

But the way to effectiveness in the Christian ministry is as far removed from that in earth's walks, and the highest results in the work of a pastor are as far above those in the labour of an artist or author as the divine is above the human. Stephen, it is recorded, "did great wonders and miracles among the people;" but in the same verse the fact is announced that he was "full of faith and power." Many of the people who heard the Word through Peter, believed, and the number of the men was about five thousand; but of the principal preacher and many who were with him it is declared that "they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." "Under the preaching of Whitefield, white furrows on their sooty faces" (it is said) "told that Kingswood colliers were weeping, or the quivering of an ostrich plume bespoke its elegant wearer's deep emotion;" but also, as the spring and clue to all this, the suggestive words immediately follow:—"Coming to his work direct from communion with his Master, and in all the strength of accepted prayer, there was an elevation in his mien which paralyzed hostility, and a self-possession which made him amid uproar and fury more sublime." Of Baxter, it is asserted that his very walls were stained with praying breath; of Luther and his associates, that they were men of such mighty pleading with God, that they broke the spell of ages, and laid subdued nations at the foot of the cross; and of Finney, that his prayers and sermons shook the half of America, and sent a wave of blessing through the British churches. Well did the late Poet Laureate write,—

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day:
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

Therefore, even in this nineteenth century, with all its brain, and culture, and scholarship, in this age of light and leading, with all its schools of thought and philosophy, I humbly make bold to say that, as ever, in all that pertains to effective ministries, the divine must be first and the human last, the supernatural chief and the natural subordinate. Intellect is not

the first element in a ministry truly effective; eloquence, rhetoric, or human philosophy, is not the vital essential in a man of true power; all of these factors together may be possessed in a ministry which, withal, may be as barren of results as a beautiful spring is of ripe luscious fruit.

While the ministry has had, in every age, some of the most intellectual of men, some of the most eloquent and scholarly spirits that have ever lived on earth, and while no calling affords such wide scope for either intellect, rhetoric, or scholarship, wherever a ministry has known true success it has been noted for godliness more than aught else.

And here it is where we find the clue to the effectiveness of such ministries as those of Chalmers, Rowland Hill, or John Angell James. These men were great by nature, but they were much greater by grace; they were strong in human endowments, but they were stronger in culture of heart; their human endowments and powers of nature became what they were to themselves and the world because of the sanctity which controlled them, and the strength of character by which they were ruled. Bunyan, with all the vast sweep of his mind, was the Bunyan that he was because of his holiness; John Newton, with all his personal qualities, was the Newton he was because of his piety; while C. H. Spurgeon, with all his great genius, a loftier than which never looked on this century, was the mighty influential spirit he was because of his deep-toned, heart-swaying saintliness. Than Andrew Bonar, so lately deceased, few men have a memory more fragrant in Scotland; and few, for such a period of time, in that Northern land, had an influence more telling; and yet, could we get to the root of his power, and the source of the might which his Christlike life wielded, we should find that the secret of his strength lay in fellowship heavenward. "Staying with my family at Kirn, I got away alone," (runs his diary,) "in the forenoon, to the hills, and spent five hours in meditation and prayer. Having to preach from home to-morrow, I took all this day to four o'clock for prayer." And again and again the entries recur:—"I have been enabled to pray much to-day," or, "I was for some time in the neighbouring wood, trying to pray," or, "How often have I prepared sermons for my people in the outer court, when I might have been in the holy of holies sitting before God!"

Do we wonder, brethren, that a man like this took a hold on his fellows which they could not shake off, and for the space of half a century wielded a power which both the Church and the world felt, or that a life, so rooted in God, and lived in prayer as its natural atmosphere, issued in a ministry whose mighty pulsations have told in all parts of the country where it was exercised? McCheyne himself was wont to say:—"A great part of my time is spent in getting my heart in tune for prayer; this is the link that connects earth with heaven." Unseen forces, we all know, have often been the springs of great outward public effects; and unobserved and hidden causes, the clues to patent and visible issues. It is the student's unseen toil in the study that has led to the prize in the hall of the College; it is the merchant's unseen planning at home which has paved the way to success in the warehouse; and many a man's secret cries in his closet, and earnest wrestling in prayer, when no human being was near him, have been the key to a ministry bright with God's favour, the joy of heaven, and the bliss of earth.

"Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence, will prevail to make!
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
What parched grounds refresh, as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear;
We kneel, how weak! We rise, how full of power!"

Notices of Books.

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

The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.
Vol. XL. Passmore and Alabaster.
Price seven shillings.

ONE of the literary marvels of the present age is the weekly publication of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, in unbroken succession, for forty years. Sometimes, when the beloved preacher felt more keenly than usual the strain caused by his careful revision of the spoken message, in addition to his other abundant labours, he would playfully say that the Sunday morning's discourse *must* be published on Thursday; for, if that were to stop, the earth itself would cease to revolve. Thank God, though the living voice has been so long silent to our ears, the printed page continues to preach week by week; and probably to-day, among English-speaking people, and the many foreign nations into whose languages these discourses have been translated, Mr. Spurgeon addresses larger congregations than ever. How greatly his audience might be increased, and how much more good might be done, if every reader of the sermons would induce one other person to take them in from the beginning of 1895! Try it, dear friend, before whose eyes these words have come; and if your minister does not possess the volume for the past year, present it to him as soon as you can procure it from the publishers. If you also give him the *Sword and Trowel* volume, he will be doubly grateful, and so shall we.

Quite a batch of *New Year Booklets* has come to hand. All are good, but none are sufficiently striking to be placed before the rest; we therefore simply mention them all, leaving our readers to select those by their favourite authors. Messrs. Partridge and Co. send us four:—*Days of Heaven upon Earth*, by Rev. CHARLES A. FOX (1d.); “*Yes, Lord!*” *the Year's Yoke*, by SOPHIA M. NUGENT; *Union and Union*, by Rev. E. W. MOORE, M.A. (1d.); and *The Turned Lesson*,

LAURA A. BARTER. (3d.) Messrs. Marshall Brothers publish *The Unknown Saviour*, by FLORENCE MORETON (1d.); and *Service*, by Rev. T. TIREBUCK. From Drummond's Tract Depot, Stirling, come two at 1d. each:—“*Nearer,*” or, *Salvation: Present and Eternal*, by LADY BEAUJOLIS DENT; and *Full and Free*, by Rev. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A.; and two at 1½d.:—*The Only Way*, by J. FORBES MONCRIEFF; and *Emblems of the Bible*, by Rev. ALEXANDER ANDREW, D.D. Messrs. Charles Glass and Co., Glasgow, send *Red Lamps*, by J. FORBES MONCRIEFF (1½d.); and from Messrs. W. Hunt and Co., we have BISHOP RYLE's “*Word for 1895, Justified!*” (2d.)

Two other booklets, not specially for the New Year, are adapted for all seasons, and worthy of distribution in all directions:—*How to Get on; or, Principles to Start with in Life*, by CLEMENT CLEMANCE, B.A., D.D. (Elliot Stock); and *Our Praise: a Protest against Praise by Proxy*, by J. FORBES MONCRIEFF (Edinburgh: Andrew Stevenson); 28 pages of “good matter” for a penny.

A brace of booklets, deserving more than passing mention, has been issued by Mr. Edward Knight, 18, Middle Street, Aldersgate, at 6d. and 1s. each:—*Keep to the Right; or, the Young Man's Guide*; and *Fair Adornment; or, the Young Woman's Guide*; by JOHN ANGELL JAMES. To the young people of the present generation, these reprints of the wise and weighty words of “one of the most useful evangelists of the age,”—as Mr. Newman Hall rightly calls him,—will come quite fresh, though their parents may have been familiar with them in their earlier days. It is well that the somewhat diffuse style of the original editions has been condensed; but it is also well that nothing has been added to what the angelic James wrote, nor has a word of his been altered.

Another crop of *Annuals* has sprung up since our last reaping, and all seem so good that we have no desire to "cut them up."

The Baptist Almanack for 1895 (Robert Banks and Son) contains its usual variety of useful information concerning London and suburban ministers, church secretaries, Sunday-school superintendents and secretaries, denominational institutions, publications, etc., with a number of instructive short articles, and an appreciative sketch of Pastor H. O. Mackey, whose smiling portrait forms the frontispiece. The Almanack is published at 2d., 4d., and 1s.

The Minister's Pocket Diary and Clerical Vade Mecum, 1895 (Hodder and Stoughton), appears to supply all that Nonconformist ministers need in such a book, with information concerning "Saints' and Holy Days" which will be of more service to their Episcopalian brethren. It is issued at 2s. and 3s.

Onward (Partridge & Co.) maintains its course onward and upward as a Band of Hope, Temperance, and Family Magazine. In its "Pebbles and Pearls" pages, we are glad to see frequent quotations from our late beloved Editor. The anecdote on page 16, "Blindy's Corner," was not however, told by Mr. Spurgeon; but by his son Thomas, the present pastor of the church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

The serial story *The Gambler's Daughter*, running through the year's issue, is separately published simultaneously with the *Onward* volume. It tells of the twin curses of gambling and drunkenness; but ends in the regular tale-teller's fashion,—“All goes merry as a marriage bell.”

The Fireside ("Home Words" Publishing Office) is fully entitled to a prominent place among the pictorial annuals. Its versatile and energetic Editor, Mr. Bullock, is to be congratulated upon the growing excellence of his admirable magazine, which is as bright inside as the cover in which it is bound. Whatever of Episcopalianism there is in the volume is emphatically Evangelical.

Our Own Magazine, the organ of the Children's Special Service Mission (13A, Warwick Lane), needs no letters of commendation from any reviewer. A magazine with a monthly circulation of 105,000 speaks for itself; and, better still, *Our Own Magazine* speaks for the Saviour in language that even children can understand.

Our Darlings (Shaw & Co.) will find special favour with many parents because it is edited by Dr. Barnardo, the friend of the waifs and strays; and their children will be delighted with it because of the brilliant covers, the hundreds of coloured and other illustrations it contains, and the many stories such as the young folk of both sexes never tire of reading. Our darlings will be happy indeed in the possession of their charming namesake.

Messrs. Shaw and Co. also send us *Little Frolic*, a dainty volume, full of pictures and large-print stories and verses for the little ones of the family; and *Sunday Sunshine*, edited by Catharine Shaw, which is specially intended to brighten the children's Sabbath days and evenings.

The Sunday Friend (Marshall Brothers) has a most gorgeous cover representing Queen Elizabeth's memorable review of the troops at Tilbury. The inside pages are somewhat more sombre in appearance, but they furnish a great variety of pleasant reading matter.

The Mother's Friend (Hodder and Stoughton) has a girl's fascinating face on its delicate white cover, and it not only contains much that specially concerns mothers, but a good deal that will be interesting and instructive to general readers.

Mr. George Stoneman, 39, Warwick Lane, sends the annual volumes of *Home Life* and *The Children's Messenger*. They are not as showy as some of the books mentioned above; but their teaching is sound and good. This is also true of the three annuals from Drummond's Tract Depot, Stirling, *Good News*, *The Gospel Trumpet*, and *The British Messenger*. They are all full of the gospel, plainly told, and appropriately illustrated.

"Still they come, if possible, in greater numbers than ever," is the cry concerning *Story-books*.

This month, Messrs. John F. Shaw and Co. head our list both in quantity and quality. First comes a noble five-shilling volume, by GORDON STABLES, M.D., C.M., *On to the Rescue*, a tale of the Indian mutiny. With such a writer, and such a theme, our boys may be sure of a thrilling story of the terrible doings of those dark days. EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN carries us away to the West of England, and the days of the first Reform Bill, in her well-told tale of *Eustace Marchmont, a Friend of the People*. This is another five-shilling book. Next follows *Undaunted, a tale of the Solomon Islands*, by W. CHARLES METCALFE (3s. 6d.), a narrative of peril and adventure that ought to satisfy the most voracious youthful reader.

Three serial stories, which have already met with a favourable reception in *Word and Work* and *Our Darlings*, are now issued in brightly-bound, gilt-edged, half-crown volumes: *Through the Storm; or, the Lord's Prisoners*, by EMILY SARAH HOLT; *Pat, the Lighthouse Boy*, by EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN; and *Old Chickweed*, by E. A. BLAND. In their new dress, they will have a fresh welcome from our young friends. The names of the authors of the two smaller books, *Clement and Georgie*, by EMMA MARSHALL (1s. 6d.) and *Just in Time*, by CATHARINE SHAW (1s.), are a sufficient guarantee of the goodness of the stories which complete Messrs. Shaw's list of new books.

Messrs. Nelson & Sons send us two more historical tales:—*Amphill Towers*, by ALBERT J. FOSTER, M.A., a Bedfordshire story of the days of Bluff King Hal; and *Princess Louise*, a tale of the Stuarts, by CRONA TEMPLE. Through such narratives as these, our children learn the facts of history in the pleasantest possible fashion. *Nono; or, The Golden House*, will enable them, in a similar happy way, to become acquainted with Swedish manners and customs. *Little Orphans*, by M. H. CORNWALL LEGH,

will be of special interest to London boys and girls, for they will read of many places with which they are familiar; while *My Strange Rescue, and other Stories of Sport and Adventure in Canada*, by J. MACDONALD OXLEY, will be sure of a welcome from all who are familiar with this brilliant writer's tales of the far Nor' West.

Beside the larger books, reserved for lengthier notice, Mr. John Hogg sends us two of his illustrated shilling juvenile books:—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*, by HARRIET BEECHER STOWE (abridged for young readers); and *The Palace of Ideas*, by LOUISE ALICE RILEY. It may be imagined that the "ideas" are some of them curious ones, for nearly fifty pages are occupied in explaining "Why the cow jumped over the moon."

From the same publisher come two new illustrated eighteenpenny books for the young:—*A Tale told by Two*, by L. E. TIDDEMAN, in which a brother and sister are supposed to recount their adventures and experiences; and *Up in the Old Pear Tree*, by S. P. ARMSTRONG, which is certainly timely, for it is a holiday story, and this is the holiday season.

From the Wesleyan Methodist Book Room come three capital story-books:—*Guy and Gladys*, by CARRIE HYDE (2s.), describing the experiences of two "mitherless bairns" sent, uninvited, to stay with their maiden aunts; *Mr. Sam and his Talkative Clock*, by Rev. W. WIGLEY HAUGHTON (1s. 6d.), in which the clock changes its message as its owner's life is altered; and *Ocean May*, by CHARLES R. PARSONS (1s. 6d.), which begins with the birth at sea of the heroine of the tale, and ends with her wedding thirty years after. For the incidents relating to the intervening period, our readers must refer to the book itself.

The first volume in the "Home Words Library" (7, Paternoster Square) is *A Black Diamond*, by EDWARD GARRETT (1s. 6d.), in which this popular writer points out the

evils which slavery has left behind in the United States. The second, *Almost a Crime*, by Rev. T. S. MILLINGTON, M.A. (2s.), is a story of the evils of drink, perils at sea, and, of course, of love, courtship, and marriage.

Turn and Turn About, by Rev. WALTER SENIOR, M.A. (1s.), is "A Word to the Men" after the fashion of the author's admirable talks to their wives upon "The Precious Things of Home."

Messrs. Blackie and Son have issued two more volumes of their admirable "School and Home Library":—*The Lamplighter*, by MISS CUMMINS; and *The Pathfinder*, by J. FENIMORE COOPER.

Last, but by no means least, is a gospel story, by SIDNEY WATSON, concerning a soldier in the Crimea, who became a good soldier of Jesus Christ. The tale is entitled *Kate Gridley*; it is a sequel to *The Sacrifice of Catharine Ballard*, and is published at Drummond's Tract Depôt, Stirling. The more of such stories, the better.

Sherburne House. By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS. Hodder and Stoughton. A STORY consisting largely of descriptions of childish waywardness, and of the attempts made by an unsympathetic maiden aunt to "break in" the juvenile culprit. Some very unlovely traits of human nature are set forth, with others exhibiting a Christ-like spirit. The story is strangely incomplete, and we should consider 3s. 6d. badly invested in its purchase.

St. Tudno. By HILDEGARDE. A. and C. Black.

IN the guise of a short but attractive story, we have a vivid picture of "gallant little Wales" six hundred years ago, when she lost her independence, and became part of the United Kingdom. The interest of the tale is well sustained, and derives additional charm from association with Llan-dudno, or the church of St. Tudno, where, in our happier days, reminiscences of these olden scenes may be enjoyed in peace.

The Bevans. By W. T. EMMS. Charles H. Kelly.

THE aim of the story is good, but it might have been told in better style.

The Makers of British India. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS. John Hogg.

A CONCISE yet comprehensive and interesting historical record of the rise and growth of our Indian Empire, showing clearly what men with courage, resolution, and patient energy have accomplished. A new edition of Mr. Davenport Adams' admirable work, bringing the history of British India down to the present day. Among the many subjects of interest mentioned, there is, of course, a full account of the principal incidents connected with the terrible mutiny.

Among the Roses, and other Sermons to Children. By Rev. SAMUEL GREGORY. Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union.

HAPPY the children who listen to such sermons as these, and happy the preacher who has the gifts that fit him to deliver them. Moral qualities and Christian graces are mostly dealt with, but the gospel is not forgotten. The illustrations are chosen with rare art; they will help to attract the babes to the "sincere milk of the Word" which is here set before them. We trust the strength it gives will produce in them an appetite for stronger food.

Step by Step through the Bible. By EDITH RALPH. Part III. Nisbet.

THOSE children, whose steps have been guided through the first two parts of this easy Bible History, will be sure to welcome the appearance of the new volume, which treats of the Life of Christ. The work of the writer is very well done. She says a great deal about obedience, and perhaps too little about faith; but it must be remembered that she writes for the little ones, who may be better able to understand Christianity when seen on its practical rather than its doctrinal side.

Searchings in the Silence. A series of Devotional Meditations. By Rev. GEORGE MATHESON, M.A., D.D. Cassell and Co.

WE fear that, if we attempted to say all we feel about Dr. Matheson's "Searchings", our praise might seem extravagant. The volume consists of ninety-five short chapters, suggested by as many Scripture passages, and they are as full of fresh, original, and beautiful thoughts as any "meditations" we ever read. The author's inner vision must be clear and bright indeed to have seen what he here declares to others. Solace for sorrows and subjects for sermons, will be found in abundance in *Searchings in the Silence*.

The Daily Course of the Christian Life. Jarrold and Sons.

AFTER the manner of Mr. Spurgeon's morning portions, and yet with special features of its own. At the top of each page is a question, pointed and pertinent, which the reader is to ask himself each day; then follow Scripture texts, with the author's dissertations. There is nothing profound; but there is evinced a real acquaintance with the trials and temptations of the Christian heart, and the available means of overcoming them. It should, and doubtless will, help many a pilgrim on his heavenward journey.

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

A *bijou* edition of the very valuable volume of which Mr. Spurgeon wrote, at Mentone, in 1889:—"A precious book. To be kept." We cannot conceive of a higher commendation than this.

Deeper Spiritual Life. Daily Readings selected from Rev. GEORGE BOWEN'S "Love Revealed." Edinburgh: David Douglas.

THESE readings are based upon the words of the Lord Jesus in the supper chamber, "the same night in which He was betrayed,"—John xiii.—xvii.; and for the greater part are not unworthy of their text. If we cannot appreciate and endorse all that we find here, we

are greatly attracted by the deep devotional fervour of the writer. The Christian who makes the volume his "vade mecum" for the year, is sure to be healthier, wealthier, and wiser, as a Christian, at the close than he was at the beginning.

A Gift of Peace and Loving Greetings for 366 Days. Chosen and arranged by ROSE PORTER. Sunday School Union.

A VERITABLE gift of peace, which has greatly surprised and delighted us. Here we have a text of Scripture, together with a valuable quotation from some choice author, in poetry or prose, for every day in the longest year, all preaching peace. So there are 366 loving greetings, and not 365, as the title-page states. Every member of the Peace Society should possess and use this *Gift of Peace*, and make it known far and wide.

The Teacher and the Class. Edited by Rev. H. S. B. YATES. Sunday School Union.

ANOTHER shilling volume in "The Gilt-top Series", and one that is worthy of perusal by all who aspire to be "apt to teach." It consists of six brief chapters written by Sarah Geraldina Stock, Dr. Horton, Dr. Stalker, Archdeacon Farrar, and Revs. W. Douglas Mackenzie and H. S. B. Yates. The mention of some of these names may explain why the little book does not give due prominence to the Sunday-school teacher's highest and noblest work as a soul-winner.

My First Communion. By JAMES WELLS, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

AN admirable little manual for anyone about to join a Christian church. Dr. Wells' plain, reverent, and gracious exposition of the Scriptural references to the Lord's supper ought to be very helpful to all who are about to observe their "first communion."

Mary of Bethany. By Rev. J. R. MILLER, D.D. Sunday School Union.

A MOST delightful brochure. Nothing could be better. The booklet costs sixpence; it is worth its weight in gold.

(*The Expositor's Bible.*) *The Book of Psalms.* Vol. III. By ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS is the concluding volume of Dr. Maclaren's work on the Psalms; we had almost written, *in* the Psalms, and, surely, this is the correct preposition to use in this instance. The expositor does not simply take us to the Psalms, or from a respectful distance consider and discourse on them; but, leading us by the hand, with his "open sesame," he enters with us into their hidden depths, and discovers to us their shining mysteries and treasures. As we read these expositions, we find ourselves frequently exclaiming, not, "What wonderful things this man says on the Psalms!" but, "What wonderful words these psalmists wrote! They are none other than such words as the Holy Spirit teaches."

We confess to a little surprise at not finding among the explanations of the meaning of the title, "Song of Degrees," or "Ascents," Psalms cxx.—cxxxiv., the suggestion that it refers not so much to the structural arrangement of the sentences, as Gesenius and Delitzsch suppose, as to the upward movement of the thoughts,—the spiritual experience described. They are "Songs of Ascents" of the soul; the conceptions of God, truth, duty, suffering, blessedness, rising from lower to higher, and from higher to still higher stages. The order in which these Psalms are arranged also shows this onward, upward movement, from the 120th, where the soul starts up from dwelling among deceitful men, on to the 134th, where it finally rests in the sanctuary of Jehovah, blessing and being blessed. This explanation would thus include the others, accounting for the step-like structure of the sentences,—the composition naturally taking on the character of the thoughts,—and also accounting for Psalms referring to the return from Babylon, and Psalms sung by bands of pilgrims as they went up to the great festivals at Jerusalem, and Psalms written with reference to neither of these occasions, being found collected under

one heading, all having been put together because of the movement of thought, the ascent of the soul, which they describe.

This volume has all the excellences of its predecessors, and we are truly astonished at the powers of vision which the work displays, combining the powers of telescope, microscope, and stereoscope all in one. We confidently recommend these expositions to all who want to know, not what may be said on the Psalms, but what it is that the psalmists themselves have to say and teach. We are more especially thankful to their author because he has so much increased our reverence and thankfulness for this, which Mr. Gladstone aptly terms, "prime and paramount Book of devotion."

The Vision and the Call, and other Sermons. By Rev. J. M. GIBBON. Elliot Stock.

THIRTEEN sermons by a popular Congregational preacher, who evidently feels that he has a message to deliver, and delivers it with intensity and force. His style is sparkling and picturesque; his themes are weighty, and his treatment of them is often original, and always with an outlook on the present aspect of affairs. Much is also due to the poetic character with which some subjects are invested. Yet, when all is said, we miss the Evangelical element which is essential to the divine "vision" and "call." "The Gospel of Fatherhood" seems to us no Gospel apart from our Lord's "Redeeming Love" and "Atoning Death." Neither can we follow the author in other parts of his teaching. The excellences we do discern make us wish there were more.

The Cloudy Pillar, is the title of an excellent sermon on Exodus xiii. 21, preached by Mr. William Brown, in the chapel of the Royal Edinburgh Asylum, and published, price two-pence, by the Religious Tract and Book Society of Scotland. The author of *The Tabernacle and its Services* first clearly sets forth the many uses of the cloudy-fiery pillar, and then shows how, in many respects, it was a symbol of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Cromwell's Soldier's Bible. Elliot Stock.

A *fac-simile* reprint of the Scripture passages selected by Edmund Calamy, and issued for the use of the Commonwealth army in 1643. The Puritan-looking leather in which it is bound has a dent at the back, as though a Cavalier's bullet had found its billet in the cover of "The Soldier's Pocket Bible" rather than in the "Iron-side's" heart. One would have liked to hear Cromwell read aloud these militant words some night or morning when he had on his "battle-face." What a new meaning some of these Old Testament Texts must have had on the eve of his "crowning mercy" at Worcester, or after his praying "Invincibles" had scattered the carousing Cavaliers as chaff before the wind!

We note that seven of the passages are taken from the New Testament, not two, as stated in the Introduction; and one of the seven is our Lord's command, "Love your enemies," which is said not to have been "suited to the purpose of Cromwell."

Mr. Stock is doing a great service in reproducing such old-time treasures as this, and also *The Pilgrim's Progress*, as John Bunyan wrote it, a *fac-simile* of the first edition published in 1678. It seems to be the fashion, nowadays, for one firm or another to bring out the immortal tinker's imperishable dream once a month, at least. That is one of the good signs of the times; the more the merrier of such simple, sound, and blessed Scriptural teaching!

Oliver Cromwell. A History. By S. H. CHURCH. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A BOOK that will help to stiffen the backbone of those who believe in constitutional government. If widely circulated, as it deserves to be, it will do much to keep alive the interest which, for more than two hundred years, has centred in the desperate struggle waged between the crown and the parliament. Though treating Charles I. with great consideration, the author faithfully exposes the king's absolutism, which

provoked hostilities, and his duplicity and treachery, which brought about his ruin. Charles had imbibed from his father the most extravagant notions of monarchical authority; and here we see them bringing forth their bitter fruits.

Cromwell receives just and sympathetic treatment from the historian. His commanding abilities, his deep piety, and the purity of his motives, are recognized and eulogized; his mighty exploits are portrayed, and his mistakes are pointed out. As to Cromwell's alleged despotism, the author declares that "he stood through it all for the liberties of the people," and that "he even hoped to establish at least the form of constitutional government." A number of his letters are referred to, revealing the inner life of the man, and the principles which regulated his conduct: but for his faith in God, and his grip of the massive theology of the Puritans, Cromwell would never have been the noble hero that he was.

There is very little in this work to which we can take exception; its plan is good, and it is well executed, and there is a copious index. The volume also contains a striking portrait of Cromwell from Lely's painting. It is a book for the times, and should be placed in every public library throughout the kingdom; it is published at 12s. 6d. net. With the author's verdict, as given in his closing line, we heartily agree that the "wonder of Europe and the glory of his age was Oliver Cromwell."

The Making of Manhood. By W. J. DAWSON. Hodder and Stoughton.

ANOTHER book for young men from the fertile pen of Mr. Dawson. Viewed as a presentation of Evangelical Christianity, it would be eminently defective; regarded as a series of Moral Essays, it is admirable material for the nurture and stimulus of young life. In common with other "Broad School" teachers, the author discounts doctrine to exalt practice. If doctrine without practice makes Pharisees, what will practice without doctrine produce? Certainly, not Christians. Doctrine and doing

are divinely united; what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. Having said this, we freely confess to much charm of style and great wealth of illustration in this volume. Urging the value of Drudgery in "The Making of Manhood," Mr. Dawson writes:—

"Take, again, the life of Mr. Spurgeon. At twenty, he was famous. He possessed a voice that was music, and a fertility and rapidity of mind which made oratory easy to him. It was no trouble for him to speak; he early discovered that he could say exactly what he wanted to say, and in the precise form which he desired. What a temptation to a lazy man! How easy would it have been for Spurgeon to have relied on that fatal facility of speech! Most people quite expected that he would do so, and prophesied the usual fate of the rocket and the stick. And no doubt this would have happened had not Spurgeon early acquired the habit of hard work. He had the sense to see that he could never sustain without toil the immense position he had won. No greater worker has ever been known in the Church or out of it, unless it were John Wesley. He methodized his life. He ransacked the old Puritan literature for similes, metaphors, quaint expressions, and out-of-the-way anecdotes. One morning, at breakfast, when a number of ministers were present, he remarked how pleasant it was to hear the birds singing in the first sunlight at four o'clock in the morning. 'Are you up at that hour?' asked someone. 'Why, yes!' said he, 'I am often up and at work by that time.' Here, again, the habit of work is illustrated; behind the glitter of popularity there was the discipline of immeasurable toil,—a discipline never relaxed till death hushed the busy wheels of purpose."

Sunbeams for Dark Days. The Religious Tract Society.

ALL "sunbeams" are beautiful; but these are specially lovely. They consist of a portion of Holy Writ, with an appropriate hymn, for every day in the month. Many of the hymns

are choice favourites, and will therefore be as welcome as surprise visits from old friends on dull days. We hope that few of our readers have thirty-one dark days in a month; but whether few or many, let these "sunbeams" increase life's brightness.

The Householder's Treasure; or, Things New and Old. By Rev. F. BOURDILLON, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

THE venerable author wins our hearts at once when he declares, in his preface, "There is nothing new in this book, except that old truths may perhaps be set forth in a new way." Mr. Bourdillon is a divinely-instructed scribe who delights, as he says, "to show the types to be typical of Christ, and the prophecies to be fulfilled in Him, and the sacrifices under the law to be introductory to the Great Sacrifice for sin made once for all." Readers who are acquainted with this good clergyman's books, *The Odd Five Minutes*, and *As Happy as a King*, will welcome this companion volume, containing forty-two bright, brief, faithful, fatherly talks on religion, temperance, and kindred subjects.

Ponds and Rock Pools. With Hints on Collecting for, and the Management of, the Micro-aquarium. By HENRY SCHERREN. Religious Tract Society.

THE articles here collected, in a copiously-illustrated half-crown volume, originally appeared in the *Leisure Hour*. They have been enlarged and carefully revised, and now form a very complete manual for all who desire to hunt in ponds and pools for the tiny living inhabitants whose growth may be microscopically watched through the transparency of an aquarium. The long Latin names in the list of illustrations may frighten some of our younger friends; but those who follow where Mr. Scherren leads will be fully repaid by many instructive lessons upon the marvellous care which the Lord manifests in the formation and development of some of the smallest creatures that, in His infinite wisdom, He has made.

Notes.

WE trust that our friends will be pleased with the presentation portrait of PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON, given with this number of *The Sword and the Trowel*, and that many of our readers will take this opportunity of introducing the Magazine to those who do not regularly take it in. *If each one would make an earnest effort to secure one fresh subscriber for 1895, all the good works that are aided by the announcements in our pages would share in the benefit, and those who have the great responsibility of carrying on this important portion of the beloved C. H. Spurgeon's literary labours would be deeply grateful.* Some energetic Christian ladies, in various parts, are kindly doing what they can to increase our present large circulation: we shall be glad if many others will "do likewise." Cannot every Pastors' College brother, at least, enlist the sympathy of one of his lady-helpers so that "Our Own Magazine" may be yet more widely known among the churches under the charge of "Our Own Men"? Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster will be happy to send specimen numbers, prospectuses, etc., to all applicants.

Donors of contributions acknowledged in the Magazine will kindly notice that the various lists had to be closed on December 6th or 7th, instead of the usual day, the 14th. All amounts received between December 7th and January 14th will be included in next month's lists.

Notwithstanding the extra space devoted to Notices of Books, we have had to postpone many pages until future issues. As this is specially the gift-book season, we have included such works as are best suited for presents, reserving those that have a more permanent value for later mention.

In our review columns, during the closing months of 1894, we described the NEW WORKS BY C. H. SPURGEON just published by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster. As our present issue will, we trust, come into the hands of many fresh friends, we wish to call their special attention to three of the new issues.

Mr. Spurgeon's *Morning and Evening Daily Readings* are now printed on India paper, in one royal 32mo volume of 736 pages, cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.; leather, 5s.; calf or morocco, padded, 7s. 6d. In this fresh style, these favourite aids to devotion will be amongst the most valued presents for the New Year, and for birthday or bridal occasions; in the best binding, the gift would be worthy of a place in a palace.

The volume of *Communion Meditations and Addresses, "Till He Come"* (3s. 6d.), has already met with a most gratifying reception. It is a collection of the choicest of Mr. Spurgeon's words written or spoken in connection with the celebration of the

Lord's supper, and is full of instruction concerning the blessings to be derived from the right observance of that ordinance.

The first edition of *Fac-simile Pulpit Notes*, with the sermons preached from them in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, was quickly exhausted. A further supply is now ready, price 2s. 6d. The volume forms one of the choicest *souvenirs* of the beloved preacher's handwriting, and of his method of preparation for the pulpit.

Special notice.—Pastor Thomas Spurgeon hopes to conduct the *Watch-night service at the Tabernacle*, on New Year's Eve, with the help of Mr. Manton Smith.

In memoriam.—Among the many friends who have lately been called home, we must briefly mention Mr. Thomas Keys, father of Mr. J. L. Keys, who was so long one of Mr. Spurgeon's secretaries. The aged patriarch was in his ninety-second year; but, amid many infirmities, he retained his intellectual faculties, and his firm grip of the old-fashioned truth in which he was a firm believer. Almost to the last day of his life, he was doing his utmost to oppose the deadly errors of Unitarianism, against which he wrote a most useful little volume, which had a large circulation. Truly, it is well with him.

Pastor R. H. Lovell, of Bromley, was at one time a favourite supply for the pulpit of the Metropolitan Tabernacle in the absence of the late beloved Pastor, and now they have met in the presence of the King they loved and served below. Pastor C. S. P. Wood, of Birmingham, was one of the good men and true who, although not trained in the Pastors' College, were admitted as associates when the Pastors' College Evangelical Association was formed. He also has heard the call, "Come up higher." How quickly are the ranks of the faithful being thinned! May the Lord graciously raise up many others to fill the empty places, and may all who mourn because they have been bereaved be divinely comforted!

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE SUNDAY-SCHOOL YOUNG CHRISTIANS' ASSOCIATION.—A Missionary Demonstration of Young People was held in the Tabernacle on *Wednesday evening, Nov. 21*, when the vast building was filled in every part. After singing, and prayer by Mr. J. Manton Smith, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon gave a very hearty welcome to the friends from other schools, Christian Endeavour Societies, and Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, and expressed his great pleasure at seeing such a large number of young folk present. In the unavoidable absence, through illness, of Sir George Williams, his son, Howard Williams, Esq., occupied the chair, and de-

livered a most appropriate address. He was followed by Mr. F. Marcus Wood, of the China Inland Mission, who spoke, in forcible style, of "the needs of the heathen." Dr. Harry Guinness, in a stirring and practical address, answered the question, "What can we do to help?" and Mr. A. K. Langridge, honorary secretary of Dr. Paton's Mission Fund, delivered a telling lecture, beautifully illustrated by dissolving views, entitled, "Victories of the Bible in the New Hebrides." Surely, great results must follow such a meeting. The collection amounted to thirty-five guineas. Five guineas have been sent to each of the following missionary enterprises:—China Inland Mission, Congo Balolo Mission, Dr. Paton's Mission Fund, Pastors' College Missionary Association, Baptist Missionary Zenana Fund, the Barisal District (India), and our own Young Christians' Association Missionary Union.

PASTOR CHARLES SPURGEON'S farewell meetings were held from Nov. 25—29, and were all characterized by deep regrets that he had again to leave the dear homeland, and by hearty congratulations upon the successful service he had been enabled to render in his many forms of labour for the Lord. On his last Sabbath in England, he had five services at South Street Chapel, Greenwich, which was not nearly capacious enough to hold the crowds that sought admission; on the Monday evening, a large company gathered at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, under the presidency of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, lovingly to commend to the Lord the dear preacher who had often come, at short notice, to speak to them in his Master's name; the following evening, an affecting farewell meeting with the members of the Men's Bible-class was blessed to the conversion of at least one who was present. On the Thursday evening, about 700 friends met for tea, and afterwards the chapel was crowded for the last meeting of the series, when Mr. Thomas Fisher presided, prayer was presented by Pastor J. T. Castle (St. Peter's), and addresses were delivered by Pastors Thomas Spurgeon, J. W. Harrauld (who read a letter from Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, asking for special prayer for the departing pastor), F. M. Smith, E. Tarbox, and John Wilson (Woolwich). Representatives of the Sunday-school, the Men's Bible-class, the church and congregation, the deacons, etc., expressed gratitude for the Pastor's many years of faithful and earnest service in their midst, and made a series of presentations to him, including cheques for £139, £15 15s., a beautifully-fitted travelling bag, a marine and field glass, and a pocket aneroid barometer, together with a silver salver and biscuit basket for his dear wife. Pastor Charles Spurgeon appropriately acknowledged the generous gifts, and, after touching references to the severance of the connection which had been so greatly blessed during the past fifteen years and a half,

concluded his address with a powerful appeal to the unweary to yield at once to the Saviour. The meeting was closed with prayer by Pastor J. J. Knight (Ross).

On Saturday morning, Dec. 1, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon and many Tabernacle and South Street friends went to Waterloo station for a final farewell, and some of the Pastor's Greenwich helpers accompanied him to the ship at Southampton, whence he sailed the same afternoon. The following Wednesday morning, he reached Madeira, whence he despatched the letter published in the present Magazine.

On Tuesday evening, Nov. 27, the annual meeting of the TABERNACLE AUXILIARY OF THE ZENANA MISSION was held in the Pastors' College, under the presidency of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon. There was a capital attendance, and the proceedings throughout were of a very cheering character. After prayer by Mr. Wigney, the chairman expressed the great delight it gave him to preside at such a gathering, and then gave various reasons why all present should do their utmost to help on this best of all forms of women's work for women. Miss Angus made a brief statement on behalf of the Parent Society; and Mr. William Olney said that, last year, £104 had been sent to the Zenana Mission from the Tabernacle church and school, while £62 had been already paid in since March on account of the current year's receipts. Interesting addresses were delivered by Mrs. Jones (from India), and Mrs. Watson, M.D. (from China), each of the ladies describing the work among the women in those far-off lands, and giving instances of blessing resulting from the service. The meeting was closed with prayer by the Pastor, and the collectors then sat to receive contributions, when over £25 was given. We are asked to state that additional subscriptions and donations will be gratefully received by the treasurer of the Zenana Auxiliary, Mrs. James E. Passmore, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

On Wednesday evening, Nov. 28, the annual meeting of the HADDON HALL TRACT SOCIETY AND BENEVOLENT FUND, was held at that place. F. W. N. Lloyd, Esq., presided, in the compulsory absence of R. V. Barrow, Esq., M.P. Some 200 were present to tea, and double as many at the public meeting. The Report stated that 30 distributors visited about 1,000 families weekly, and that it had been a year of blessing in getting the people from the district into the hall, and some into the enquiry-room. Several most encouraging cases of sick-bed visitations were noted. During the evening, nearly £100 was given or promised, to start this year's work.

COLLEGE.—During the present month, Mr. O. R. Gibbon will enter upon his duties as co-pastor at Wellington, Somerset;

and Mr. F. W. Boreham expects to sail for Mosgiel, New Zealand.

The following brethren have removed, or are about to do so:—Mr. Sydney J. Jones, from Kensington, to Toxteth Tabernacle, Liverpool; Mr. G. Marshall, from Bannbridge, to Tubbermore, Ireland; Mr. F. W. Reynolds, from Spennymoor, to Redruth; Mr. F. Russell, from Hull, to Sharon Hall, Liverpool; Mr. W. Smith, from Handel Street, King's Cross, to Kirton Lindsey; and Mr. A. W. Welch, from New Romney, to Totteridge Road, Enfield Highway. Mr. M. Cumming, late of Bury St. Edmund's, has accepted the pastorate at Hobart, Tasmania.

On *Thursday evening, Dec. 6*, the annual meeting of the College was held in the Tabernacle. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided, and there was a large audience. After prayer by Mr. William Olney, the chairman assured all connected with the College of the continued interest of the church and congregation at the Tabernacle in that institution, which found practical expression in the weekly offerings for its support. He rejoiced that his dear father's name was so closely associated with the College, and he could not believe there would ever be any retreat from the position the late beloved President took up, or any departure from the doctrines he so fearlessly proclaimed. The present President (Pastor J. A. Spurgeon) read the names of the eleven students who had accepted pastorates since the Conference, thanked the Tabernacle friends for still helping to maintain the institution, described the qualifications needed by applicants for admission, and the character of the work carried on by the tutors, and apologized for the unavoidable absence of Professor Marchant and Dr. Usher. Professor McCaig referred to the annual meeting held, fifteen years ago, when he was a student. "Then," said he, "we had our incomparable President, the venerable George Rogers, the beloved David Gracey, and the loyal-hearted Fergusson. The first three have gone into the light, and the fourth sits amid the shadows waiting for the dawning day." Later in his address, Professor McCaig evoked an enthusiastic response to his declaration that "when the greatest church in the world wanted a pastor, it sent for a Pastors' College man."

Mr. Manton Smith sang, with much pathos, "Rock of Ages"; addresses were delivered by Pastors A. H. Stote (of Kansas City, U.S.A.), and John Wilson (Woolwich), and by two of the students, Messrs. W. Holyoak and F. H. King; and then came the principal event of the evening, a lecture on "Tact: the Talent of Talents," by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, who modestly said that it was hardly worthy of the name of a lecture, but it was just *tack'd on* at the close of the meeting. The audience had another opportunity of heartily applauding a remark by Professor McCaig, for, in proposing a vote

of thanks to the lecturer, he said that "our dear Pastor may well talk to us about 'Tact,' for he possesses the 'Talent of Talents' to a most remarkable extent."

PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELIST.—Pastor Levi Palmer writes:—"From Nov. 25 to Dec. 2, *Mr. J. Manton Smith* conducted a most successful mission at Albemarle Chapel, Taunton. He commenced with a crowded chapel, and not only maintained but so increased the audiences that hundreds were unable to gain even standing-room. During the mission, about thirty persons professed to find salvation; and since the mission closed, souls have been saved at nearly every service that has been held. Instead of the interest dying away, it appears to be deepening and extending. This is specially the case with my Bible-class, which now numbers five hundred men. We have commenced a men's prayer-meeting, which is largely attended; at the meetings many have confessed Christ. We meet with many backsliders, and these gatherings have been very much owned of God in restoring to them the joy of salvation. We have the prospect of a continued blessing, and all hearts are filled with gratitude for the visit of our brother."

This month, Mr. Smith is engaged at Nottingham, Leeds, and Bromley.

C. H. SPURGEON'S EVANGELISTS.—The secretary of the church at Caton, Lancashire, writes:—

"I beg herewith to forward a brief report of *Mr. Burnham's* mission from November 4 to 14. The meetings, as a whole, were fairly well attended, though on week-nights the inclement weather prevented some from being present. Large congregations assembled on Sunday evenings, and also at the last gathering. Mr. Burnham delivered very powerful and searching addresses, which were greatly enjoyed by all Christian people, many belonging to other religious bodies being present. Altogether, the meetings were most helpful and inspiring."

From Dec. 1 to 10, Mr. Burnham was at Clifton Hall, Chiswick, where the message preached and sung was blessed to both saints and sinners. His future engagements are:—Dec. 30 to Jan. 10, Slough; Jan. 13 to 22, Southall; and Jan. 27 to Feb. 15, at Dunnington and neighbourhood, where the evangelist's services were so greatly owned of God two years ago.

Mr. Harmer's visit to Mount Pleasant Chapel, Burnley, was very disappointing; and his time might have been employed much more profitably elsewhere. It is most important, in arranging for special services, that the church, as well as the missionary, should be fully in sympathy with evangelistic work, and should put forth every effort to bring the unsaved to hear the gospel message.

The four days' mission at Colne was a great contrast to the four weeks at Burnley. Concerning the former, Pastor R. S. Latimer sends the following cheering report:—"We heard that Mr. Harmer was paying a visit to the neighbouring town of Burnley, and decided to 'borrow' him for a few days. He kindly came to us for four days last week. His visit was greatly enjoyed by those of our friends who heard him; and, best of all, there was not one service held without manifest 'fruit.' This circumstance, as you may be sure, has filled me with happiness and thankfulness. I enclose herewith a small thankoffering from the church (£3), and we hope we may have the privilege of another visit from Mr. Harmer next year."

From Lancashire, without any interval for rest, Mr. Harmer went to Old Basford, Nottingham, where he was delighted to be again among earnest praying people, who did their utmost to make the mission a success. After about three weeks there, our brother returned home in time to spend one Sabbath (Dec. 23) at Mr. Hodder's Mission at Bromley, Kent.

ORPHANAGE.—Will all officers of Sunday-schools kindly give special heed to the circular that has been issued asking that, on the last Sabbath in January, or as near to that date as is possible, a collection may be made in the school on behalf of the Stockwell Orphanage, in memory of the beloved Founder of the institution in which so many orphaned Sunday scholars have found, not only a happy home, but also a precious Saviour?

A series of special services for the Orphanage children is to be conducted by Mr. Newton Jones, from January 26 to 31. Will our readers pray that the meetings may result in the conversion of many of the boys and girls? Christian workers will be heartily welcomed during the mission.

Orphanage Sunday-school.—On Nov. 28, Pastor T. N. Smith gave his lecture on "The Miff Tree" to a large audience of the orphans and friends. The lecture was illustrated by an amusing diagram representing various birds that had, "in a miff, or tiff," flown up into a tree, the whole being, of course, parabolic of the action of human beings. The children and others present were both interested and instructed.

On Dec. 5, Mr. John Kirk, the secretary of the Ragged School Union, gave his interesting lecture on "Darkest London," illustrated with a large variety of slides, exhibited by limo-light lantern. The hearts of all were stirred as he graphically depicted the terrible sin and poverty of the great city, and the many branches of noble work carried on by the Union. The lecture will not easily be forgotten by the children.

COLPORTAGE.—The colporteurs have had a rough time lately in prosecuting their work. The floods in many places rendered

the roads impassable, and in one case the good man had to wade through the water up to his knees, in order to get home. Through "floods" if not through "flames" they have pressed forward to deliver the message of salvation to perishing sinners. Sometimes, by a Bible or good book; at others, through a word "spoken in season" by the wayside, or in the cottage; and, usually on the Lord's day, by many a simple address, the invitation has been given, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." Cheering results are reported from time to time; but eternity alone will fully reveal the harvest following so much good seed sown beside all waters. The fundamental aim of the Association is steadily pursued, viz., to combat the evils of impure and pernicious literature by the persistent efforts of the colporteurs to persuade the people to purchase that which is moral and Christian.

The reports of the police courts continually prove that numbers of boys are convicted of crimes which are definitely attributed to reading sensational "dreadfuls." In a recent case at Highgate, two boys were sent to prison and "birched" for stealing from three shops. The whole of the property was found on them, and on one a book, which we will not advertise by giving its name. The boy said that "he was trying to imitate the principal characters of the book."

The moral for us is,—Try and get boys and girls to read something better than this horrible trash.

Our colporteurs succeed every month in persuading people to purchase £700 to £800 worth of good reliable literature, which must displace much of that which is of an injurious character. Few persons are able to devote their time to mission work such as this, but all can pray for these labourers in the Saviour's vineyard, and many can contribute something towards their support. *All donations go direct to the payment of the colporteurs' wages and expenses.* The necessary cost of management is defrayed from the trade profits, three-fourths of which go to meet the deficiency in the colporteurs' wages and expenses. About £100 is needed every month in voluntary contributions. Could not every reader of *The Sword and the Trowel* spare one shilling monthly towards this good work? The address of the secretary is,—W. Corden Jones, Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—November 29th, six; at Haddon Hall, November 25th, two.

PERSONAL NOTES, BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.—I have read, or heard, or dreamed,—I do not rightly know which,—of the New Year being likened to a closed casket, which God gives to every living soul; and each opening day a single gem is taken from it, and placed in the keeping of the

responsible mortals. Some take them admiringly, are pleased with their fair colours, and amuse themselves with them, without a thought of their value; others barter them away for sinful joys and shameful vices; some cast them aside, or wickedly trample them under foot; while a few accept them reverently and thankfully, keep them bright and glistening, "threading them on Time's string" with loving care and patience, that they may reflect the light of heaven, or putting them to some blessed service, so that He who owns them may be well pleased and satisfied.

The illustration needs working out more carefully and completely: it is either immature in my mind, or, if not original, I have forgotten its right development; but it may give us a kindling thought for the New Year upon which we are now entering, and quicken our sense of the value of those fleeting moments which, gathered together, make up the days and months and years of our life. May we have grace to look upon these as so many precious jewels, for the safe keeping and proper usage of which we are responsible to our God! He has the record of their loss, or use; and this should surely make us watchful, prayerful, and careful, that we may at last give in our account with joy.

I have been led to these thoughts by a small object-lesson in gems which recently came to me. I will tell you about it. It shows the same subject from another point of view; and is, I think, likely to give comfort to some sorrowful or distressed heart. A lady sent me, just lately, a jewel which she had treasured for years. It was a tiny rose formed of diamonds, and she asked that I would wear it for her sake. I said I would do so sometimes; but I reminded her that my garments were sombre, and scarcely suited to bear on them such a decoration as she in her love had given. To this she replied that, some years ago, she was walking in Regent Street with a friend, and, on pausing before a very grand jeweller's shop, the window of which contained only diamonds, she was surprised to find it upholstered entirely in black velvet. "How horrible!" she exclaimed, "why could they not use some lovely bright colour, blue, or violet, or green, to show off these beautiful gems?" Her friend looked down somewhat pityingly at her, and said, "My dear child, Messrs. So-and-so are Court jewellers, and only keep diamonds of the first water; they do not wish them to glint blue, or violet, or green, but pure white, and they will do this on *nothing but black*!" My friend recalled this circumstance when I wrote of my black dress, and then said, "I have been thinking that our loving Lord often sets His jewels on a dark ground, so that they may not glint the world's colours, but only the pure white light which He flashes upon them." Let us take this lovely thought into the New Year

with us, and try to reproduce it in our daily lives. If we are God's jewels, our highest ambition must be to shine for Him alone, and only with the radiance of His light. He may need to make the background very dark, behind some of us, before we are able to reflect the glory of His grace; but if thereby we do at last glitter and glow with the heavenly fire, we shall be more than content to praise Him thus, and never even ask that the black foil be withdrawn.

Will you please specially pray for your poor friend who now writes to you, as the coming anniversary of a day of "darkness which may be felt" draws near? It is in such depths that the precious things, of which I have been speaking, *should* be found. Do ask, on my behalf, that the gems of faith, submission, and holiness, may shine very brightly through my shadowed life, to God's glory, and the honour of His dear name.

I had some correspondence, just lately, with a working-man, which gave me much joy and satisfaction. You shall hear the story. He is connected with a small mission on the outskirts of London, and did his best, in his humble way, to serve the Lord,—in the back seats, as it were,—when circumstances arose which thrust him into a more prominent position.

He was called upon to take charge of the week-night service, and as he had never spoken in public, he did not know how he should manage. It seemed a heavy cross, and his heart failed him. But he sought help from the Lord, and it was given, though in an unusual way. He felt that *he could not speak*; so the first time he had to conduct the service, he read one of dear Mr. Spurgeon's articles in *The Sword and the Trowel*; and, since then, *every week for two years*, he has read the Pastor's sermons to the delighted people! "We have been greatly blessed," he says, "and I have just lately been able, by God's help, to *speak a few words myself*."

I think this is so beautiful! The Lord's gentle leading of His timid servant, the preaching of the gospel by him through my dear one's words, the gathering of the people together,—some forty or fifty on a week-night, simply to hear a sermon read,—and then the tender strengthening of his heart, and the touch of the "live coal" on his lips to make even the tongue of the dumb to sing, oh, how all this mercy does satisfy and rejoice my heart!

This dear brother sees our Magazine, and will be surprised that he and his work have found a corner in it; but I thought it such a God-honouring little incident, and withal so interesting and encouraging, that I have placed it on record, hoping that some other timid ones may be induced to go and do likewise, and thus draw down

blessings on themselves and all around them.

" PERSONAL NOTES " ON A TEXT.

"Cause me to hear Thy loving-kindness
in the morning; for in Thee do I put my
trust."

The ears of my soul are fast stopped, Lord, until Thou dost open them. I am deaf, and cannot hear the music of the mercies which are singing around me, like sweet choristers from heaven.

“Cause me to hear.” As Thou didst open the eyes of Elisha’s servant, to behold thine armies of defence and protection for Thy prophet, so uncloseth my ears that the tones of Thy still small voice may penetrate to my heart, and thrill it with exceeding joy; or, if I am too deafened by the roar and rush of earth’s turmoil and distress, speak more loudly to me, Lord, “Cause me to hear,” lest I should miss the unspeakable privilege of listening to Thee.

"Thy loving-kindness." Lord, what unutterable depths of compassion are covered by those two words! Thy "kindness" would be an undeserved mercy; but Thy "loving-kindness" is a miracle of divine condescension and pity. Thou dost not only rescue, Thou dost embrace, Thou

dost not only pardon, Thou dost espouse;
 and the robe of Thy righteousness, which is
 wrapped about Thy redeemed ones, is lined
 with the soft miniver of Thy *tender mercies*.
 And this for *me*, Lord, so vile, so unworthy,
 so often ungrateful and forgetful! What
 can I say to Thee for this?

"In the morning." When all around are sleeping, Lord, waken my heart with Thy tender call, uplift my spirit into true fellowship with Thee. Early hours with my God will sanctify all the day. In my quiet time with Thee, Father, so fill my soul with the sweet sounds of redeeming grace and pardoning love that, through all the succeeding hours, there may be melody within, and joy too deep and real to be disturbed or broken by any of earth's jarring discords.

"For in Thee do I put my trust." Thou knowest this is true, Lord. My soul rests in Thee; it lies down on the sure promises of Thy Word, and hath sweet content. Yea, though this prayer, this desire of my heart to hear Thy voice, be not granted to-day, and Thou shouldst be silent unto me for a while, it will be but Thy way of drawing me closer to Thee that, in tenderest whispers, Thou mayest tell me, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 7th, 1894.

	£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Collection at Catford Hill Baptist				Mrs. P. A. Bonetto	...	2	2	0
Chapel, per Pastor T. Greenwood	4	0	0	Messrs. Heelas and Co., per Mrs. James	...	1	1	0
Mr. Snelling	10	0	0	Withers	...	0	10	0
Mrs. M. M. Fergusson	1	2	0	Mr. Philip Davies, per Mrs. James	...			
Contribution from Old Baptist Chapel,				Withers	...			
Rushden, per Pastor W. J. Tomkins	3	0	0					
Mrs. H. Kevil	10	0	0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.—				
Rev. R. J. Beechiff	0	2	6	Nov. 18	...	5	14	9
Mr. W. P. Hampton	5	0	0	" 25	...	24	1	3
Pastor G. Menzies, Arbroath	1	0	0	Dec. 2	...	17	15	6
Mr. W. Pitcher	1	1	0					
Mr. J. McConnell	0	10	0					
Dr. W. MacGill, per Mrs. C. H.						47	11	6
Spurgeon	1	1	0					
						£88	1	0

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 7th, 1894.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss L. Wood	0	1	0	
Mrs. Fordham	0	5	0	
Mr. H. Husk	0	2	6	
H. M. S. widows' mite	0	5	0	
Pastor G. Menzies, Arbroath	0	10	0	
Mr. E. Harker	1	0	0	
Mr. J. Guggard	0	5	0	
							£5 17 6

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 7th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.			
Messrs. W. C. Jarvis & Son	1	0	0	Miss M. Brooks	0	10	0
Mr. J. Foulkes, jun.	0	2	6	Mrs. M. Smith	1	10	0
Mr. J. Goodchild (a thankoffering)	5	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Tullis	1	10	0
M. D.	1	0	0	Mrs. S. T. Underhay	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss Marsh	Mr. Daniel Thomas ...	100	0	0
Mrs. C. Napier	J. D. L.
A. T. W.	J. H. G.
Mr. J. Badley	Mrs. W. Hicks
Mrs. S. Smith	Mr. J. H. Moore
Collected by Miss M. Bush	Mrs. H. Windmill
Mrs. J. Ferguson	Devonshire Baptist Square Church,
Mr. E. Kewer	Stoke Newington ...	2	2	0
Mrs. Knight ...	10	0	0	Miss E. Thompson
Mr. F. Porter	Young Men's Bible-class, Talbot Taber-
Mr. F. G. Barnes	nacle ...	1	5	0
Mr. N. C. Thompson ...	10	0	0	Mr. J. McConnell
Mr. R. Wilkinson	W. C. I. Hayle
Mr. J. Green	Mr. Jas. Stiff ...	3	0	0
Miss E. Randall	Tyndale Chapel, Old Sodbury (part
Mr. T. W. Benson	collection)
Mrs. E. Angus	Mr. S. Brazil
Mr. F. Holden	One of His stewards
Mrs. M. M. Fergusson ...	1	2	0	Collected by Mrs. Leaper
Mr. W. S. Cowell	Mr. F. Collier
Mr. L. Sealy	Collected by Mr. Swain
Mr. W. Howard	Miss Withers
Miss Perryman	Mr. E. Vincent
Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon:—	Mr. G. R. Ward
Mr. S. L. Rymer ...	1	1	0	Mrs. I. Salmond
Mr. J. Alder	Mr. E. Edwards
Miss Norris	Mr. J. Wilson
Mr. G. S. Stowe ...	5	0	0	A Scotch servant girl
Mr. H. B. Ferne ...	1	1	0	Mr. C. Hawkins
	Collected by Miss M. Cardell
Mr. R. Finlayson	M. G. W.
Mr. D. Finlayson	Mr. G. B. Underwood
L. P. S., per Mrs. Stiff	Sixpence per week
Per F. R. T.:—	Executors of the late Miss Elizabeth
Mr. and Mrs. Tidmarsh ...	0	10	0	Jenkins ...	50	0	0
Miss Winckworth	Executors of the late Mrs. Beattie ...	17	18	10
Mrs. Stephen Pewtress	Executor of the late Mr. John Cotton
Mr. Henry Keen	(on account of legacy) ...	50	0	0
	Mr. G. Wade
Per Miss C. Jesson:—	Mrs. E. Hogg
Mr. W. Stanyon	Mr. R. Paterson
The Misses Bennett	A retired country minister
Miss Eames	A reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons
	Mrs. Hasler
A friend, per Mr. C. Scrimgeour	J. S.
Mr. F. N. Hankin	Mr. J. Gagard
Mr. C. Ibberson	Mr. and Mrs. Franklin
Mrs. M. E. Jenkins	Mrs. E. Barrat
Mrs. Walker	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—
Mr. Thos. Glover (a thankoffering)	A reader of the Almanack,
F. G. B., Wellingborough	Edinburgh ...	1	0	0
A. S.	A friend, Co. Down
Miss Van Notten Pole	Mrs. Collen ...	2	0	0
Miss Fergusson	A tenth part from the Bush ...	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. S. M. Bissett	A constant reader of C. H.
Mrs. Penfold	Spurgeon's sermons and
Mr. and Mrs. Polls	Sword and Trowel, M.E.S. ...	0	5	0
For Jesus' sake	Dr. W. MacGill ...	2	2	0
From a widow	Mrs. Pool ...	1	1	0
Mrs. A. Thomson
Collected by Mrs. Page
Mrs. Johnstone, per Rev. W. Tulloch
Mr. J. Slater	Sandwich, per Bankers
Out of the Lord's increase	Per Mrs. James Withers:—
E. H.	Mr. W. Moore ...	2	2	0
Thankful	Messrs. Heelas & Co. ...	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. J. Jackson	Mr. E. P. Collier ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Thorndike	Mr. P. Davies ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Eykes	Mrs. S. J. Collier ...	1	0	0
Mr. T. Birch	Mr. J. Boorne
Mrs. Slodden	Mr. E. Harvey
Mr. B. J. Waller, J.P., per Mr.	Mrs. Ravenscroft
McMaster	Mr. Hampton
For the late Mrs. E. J. Milligan	Mrs. Collier (quarterly)
Mr. D. Macpherson	Mr. T. Wells
Mrs. Lundie	Mrs. Wilson
Mr. A. Jungling	Mrs. J. Davis (quarterly)
Mr. H. J. Deacon
Mr. J. H. Earnshaw	Mr. J. C. Wadland
Mrs. and Miss House	Box at Tabernacle Gates
Mrs. Lockergill	Box at Orphanage gates and office box
	Mrs. Nicholson, in memory of her
	daughter ...	30	0	0

<i>Christmas Festivities' Fund:—</i>				<i>Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—</i>			
		£	s. d.			£	s. d.
Mr. E. Porter	0	5 0	Belle Isle Mission...	5	0 0
Mr. J. L. Haddon...	0	5 0	Scarborough, Mr. G. L. Beeforth	...	10	0 0
H. E. S.	1	1 0	Lee	9	10 5
Mr. S. R. White	0	2 6	Park Chapel, Camden Town	4	2 10
Miss P. White	0	2 6	Guildford	10	11 5
Miss Walker	0	5 0	Gosport	14	0 1	
Mr. Jas. Stiff (for apples)	1	0 0	Col. Mumby	2	2 0	
Miss C. Ely	1	1 0			16	2 1
Mrs. Rennard	1	0 0				
Mr. A. Hooker	0	5 0			£453	6 8
Mrs. C. Norris, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	1	0 0					

Received from the C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Fund, £355, balance of Memorial Hall account.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from November 15th to December 7th, 1894.—PROVISIONS:— One New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 20 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong and Co.; a quantity of Cabbages, Mr. H. Watts; 1 sack Flour, Mrs. H. Collins.

Boys' CLOTHING:— 6 Garments, Mrs. Bartholomew; 3 Boys' Vests, Mr. T. Birch; 1 Article, Mrs. C. A. Beresford; 1 pair Boots, Mrs. Hunt.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:— 8 Articles, Mrs. Bartholomew; 3 Garments, Miss A. McKenzie; 1 parcel worn clothing, Mrs. Wilmsbush; 21 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 15 Articles, The Misses Leeder; 21 Garments, Miss Perratt; 12 Articles, Miss Wood.

GENERAL:— 1 Pepper-box, 1 Toy, Miss E. Randell; A Silver Cup, for gymnastic efficiency amongst the Orphan Boys, also 1 Vaulting Horse, Spring Board and Mats (value £12), Pastor Charles Spurgeon; Sundry numbers of "Tit Bits," "The Million," "Casell's Journal," Mr. Louis C. Blow; A quantity of Picture-scrap, A friend; 50 Christmas Cards, 6 Albums and Scrap, 18 Picture Books, Mr. E. Newman.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from November 14th to December 7th, 1894.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s. d.
<i>Cheddar District, per Rev. J. Urquhart:—</i>		
Rev. J. Urquhart	1	0 0
Mr. C. H. Poole	1	0 0
Mr. G. Huntley	1	0 0
A friend	0	10 0
Mrs. Fawcett	0	5 0
Dr. Roxburgh	0	10 0
Mr. Appleton	0	5 0
A friend	0	2 6
	4	12 6
Mr. J. A. Tawell, for Earls Colne ...	10	0 0
Orpington, per Mr. W. Vinson ...	10	0 0
Sellindge, per Mr. Thos. R— ...	10	0 0
Mr. Thos. R—, for Stratford-on-Avon	6	0 0
Aylesbury, per Messrs. Taylor and Gurney	10	0 0
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. P. C. Evans and Sons	10	0 0
Western Baptist Association, for Chard	11	5 0
Overbury, Collection for Tewkesbury ...	1	3 6
Southern Baptist Association	60	0 0
West Midland Baptist Association ...	11	5 0
Mr. R. Scott, for Langham	10	0 0
Stow and Aston District	10	0 0
Mr. R. Beck, for Southampton ...	11	5 0
Friends at Maldon, per Mr. A. G. Sadd	7	10 0

	£	s. d.
Repton and Swadlincote, per E. S. ...	20	0 0
Home Counties Baptist Association ...	20	0 0
	£223	1 0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s. d.
A. S.	0	5 0
J. W. J., per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	2	0 0
Miss Van Notten Pole	0	10 0
Reader, Van Wenstrad St., Amsterdam	0	1 0
Anonymous, per Editor of <i>The Quiver</i>	0	10 0
Mr. J. Gagard	0	5 0
J. B. T., per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon ...	1	0 0
<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>		
Mr. J. Buswell	1	1 0
Mr. W. Kent	1	1 0
<i>Legacy:—</i>		
Residue of estate of the late Mrs. M. A. Wale, per Mr. J. Keyworth ...	18	14 7
<i>For extinction of 1893 Debt:—</i>		
Mr. F. Collier	0	2 8
	£25	10 3

Pastors' College Evangelist.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 7th, 1894.

	£	s. d.
Thankoffering for Mr. J. M. Smith's services at Llandudno	4	3 0
Contribution from St. Albans' Tabernacle Church	2	2 0
	£6	5 0

C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from November 14th to December 6th, 1894.

	£	s.	d.				£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Peterchurch	1	6	0	H.B.	10	0	0
Burnley, per A. A. H.	2	10	0						
Mr. J. McConnell	0	10	0				14	6	0

C. H. Spurgeon's Memorial Fund Account.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 7th, 1894.

A Scotch friend (four £1 notes) ... £4

Mrs. Spurgeon's Fund for General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from November 14th to December 6th, 1894.

	£	s.	d.				£	s.	d.
Mrs. Rintoul	0	10	0	Mrs. Holder	0	10	0
For Jesus' sake, S. H. B.	0	10	0	"Tarrytown"	1	0	0
A reader of <i>The Sword and the Trowel</i> , E. D.	0	2	0	Mr. William Elmslie	1	0	0
Dr. W. McGill (for translation of sermons)	1	1	0				14	13	0

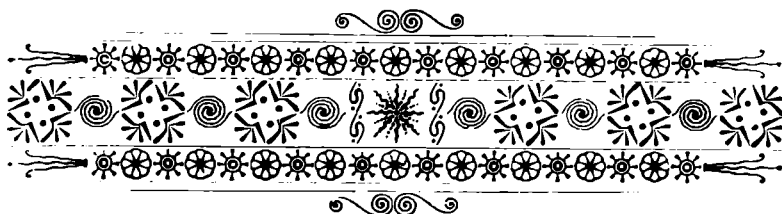
After the lists were closed, Mrs. Spurgeon received £5 for the Orphanage from Mrs. J. E. Aikman, Lima, Peru.

Pastor Charles Spurgeon gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following contributions, from Nov. 14th to Dec. 6th, towards the expenses of the Text Union:—Mr. Huggett, 1s 6d; Miss A. Jervis, 1s; Mrs. R. Hutchings, 5s; Mr. G. R. Hutchings, 2s 6d; Miss Willison, 1s; Mr. S. P. Catterson, 5s; Mrs. T. E. Peakman, 2s 6d; Miss H. J. Heath, 5s; Miss F. Burningham, 6d; Miss Fisher, 1s; Miss B. Glennie, 1s; Miss C. Bland, 1s; Miss E. Howard, 1s; Miss J. Lester, 6d; Miss Hale, 1s; Pastor A. G. Edgerton, 2s 6d; Miss A. Smith, 5s; Miss Evans, 2s; S. Ellison, 1s; Miss Elmer, 1s; Mrs. Thomas, £3 12s 6d; Mr. Jas. Asten, 2s 6d; J. W. H., 5s; Miss Durant, 10s; Mr. B. J. Willats, 1s; Mr. H. Beeken, 6d; Mrs. A. Fildes, 1s; Mrs. Robins, 1s 6d; Ada Watts, 4d; Miss Brown, 1s; Miss A. Smalley, 2s; Miss A. Webster, 1s; Miss Bessie Lane, 1s 8d; Miss Richard, 1s; Miss Hedger, 6d; Miss Wilkin, 2s; Mrs. E. Oborn, 2s 6d; Miss R. Daniell, 6d; Mrs. Andrews, 2s 6d; Miss L. Smalley, 1s; Miss B. Beatie, 1s; Miss Hyder, 2s 6d; Mrs. Soper, 2s 6d; Mr. William Howard, 5s; Miss R. Richardson, 2s; Mrs. Durant, 5s; Miss Godfrey, 10s; Mr. G. Case, 5s; Miss M. Taylor, 1s; Miss E. Jones, 1s 6d; Mrs. Findlay, 1s; Mrs. Nightingale, 2s; Mrs. Pritchard, 2s; Mrs. Scutt, 3s; Miss Shead, 1s; Mrs. E. A. Amery, 2s 6d; Miss Auvache, 2s 6d; Mrs. Lee, 6d; Mrs. Balls, 1s; Miss Prince, 5s; Miss Rackliffe, 6d; Miss Barter, 6d; Mr. Grattan, 1s; Mrs. Edwards, 2s 6d; Mr. S. Pearce, 2s 6d.—Total £10 14s. All communications relating to the Text Union will be promptly acknowledged if they are addressed to Mrs. Charles Spurgeon, "Haddon," Dartmouth Row, Blackheath, London, S.E.

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 Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Campbellton, White Horse Road, Croydon, if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to the Head-master, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Special Notice.—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stockwell Orphanage be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and the Pastors' College Evangelist, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," and for the support of Mr. Harmer and Mr. Burnham,—C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists,—should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.



THE

Sword and the Trowel.

FEBRUARY, 1893.

A Chapter of Autobiography.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

EVERY period is, on some account or other, a crisis. The conflict between the powers of darkness and the Spirit of truth concerns such vital interests, and is conducted with such unceasing energy, that each moment is big with importance, and every instant is the hinge of destiny. We may be held excusable, therefore, if we should be mistaken in the assertion that the present hour is one of extreme peril, and demands the utmost zeal of the servants of the living God. In addition to the stolid mass of heathenism which crowds our great cities and rusticates in the sparser populations, over and beyond the terrible indifference to divine things which covers the nation, we have in England to stand foot to foot with a Romanism of the most fascinating form, and with an infidelity of the most cunning character. The rapid growth of Tractarianism is astounding to all but those who know the adaptation of the system to the depraved heart; but to such it is as easily accounted for as the kindling of a conflagration when fire falls among hay and stubble. While men's hearts are tinder-boxes, it will never be a wonder that the devil should be able to light a fire. The masterpiece of Satan is Popery. Just as the gospel of the grace of God is the noblest display of the divine attributes, so is the Popish system the most subtle of all the works of Satan, wherein he manifests his utmost skill; and as the energy of Omnipotence is prepared to consummate



HEROIC DEATH OF ARNOLD VON WINKELRIED

the triumph of the Lord's Christ, so is all the might of hell engaged to secure the supremacy of Antichrist. . . . Meanwhile, sceptics in canonicals are debauching thoughtful minds with their speculations and insinuations, and so with a double cord the people are dragged downward to destruction.

Is nothing to be done? Can nothing be attempted? Shall all the zeal, energy, wit, and perseverance in the world go to the wrong side? Is there no demand made upon believers now to vindicate the truth? Our fathers held their own against all comers, and even turned to flight the armies of the aliens; are we tamely to sit still? Let a crusade against Puseyism and all other error be proclaimed, and let all faithful souls enlist in the great war. In the name of the Lord we will set up our banners, and join in the fray. The gospel of Jesus is assailed by its ancient enemies; let every true man come to the front, and face the foe. Oh, for the God of Gideon to be with the few whom He may make worthy to smite the great host who have covered the land! The Puritans erred in using carnal weapons, and hence their victory was shortlived; our conflict now is not with flesh and blood, and if the Lord speed us, the triumph once gained will be perpetual.

The well-known story of Arnold von Winkelried occurs to us as admirably illustrating our present position. The tale shall be told, and then we will append its moral. The Austrian duke, determined to make vassals of the Swiss cantons, had marched an army of well-armed knights and nobles to attack the city of Lucerne, against which the gallant Swiss could only send into the field a few ill-accounted warriors. Armour was scarce among the Swiss; some had only boards fastened on their arms by way of shields, some had halberts which had been used by their sires at the battle of Morgarten, and others wielded two-handed swords and battle-axes; they formed themselves into a wedge, and strove with useless valour to break the bristling line of spears presented by the Austrian knights, whose gay shields and polished impenetrable armour stood like a glittering wall quite out of the Switzers' reach. Nothing availed against the Austrian phalanx, while death thinned the ranks of the patriots. It was a moment when some unusual deed was needed, and the deed was done. Winkelried saw at a glance the only means of saving his country, and promptly made himself a sacrifice to secure her liberties. Sir Walter Scott, in a worthy translation of the poem of Albert Tschudi, sings of the hero's valiant self-sacrifice:—

“ ‘I have a virtuous wife at home,
A wife and infant son;
I leave them to my country's care,—
This field shall soon be won.’

“ ‘These nobles lay their spears right thick,
And keep full firm array,
Yet shall my charge their order break,
And make my brethren way.’

“ ‘He rush'd against the Austrian band
In desperate career,
And with his body, breast, and hand,
Bore down each hostile spear.

- “ Four lances splinter’d on his crest,
 Six shiver’d in his side ;
 Still on the serried files he press’d—
 He broke their ranks, and died.
- “ This patriot’s self-devoted deed
 First tamed the Lion’s mood,
 And the four forest cantons freed
 From thralldom by his blood.
- “ Right where his charge had made a lane,
 His valiant comrades burst,
 With sword, and axe, and partisan,
 And hack, and stab, and thrust.”

When fairly mingled in the fray, the unwieldy length of their weapons and cumbrous weight of their defensive armour rendered the Austrian men-at-arms a very unequal match for the valiant mountaineers, and the liberties of Switzerland were secured by the slaughter of her foes.

* * * * *

The article here quoted, which will furnish us with two more extracts further on, was written by Mr. Spurgeon nearly thirty years ago. It is probably scarcely known to the present generation, and we have therefore reprinted it with a new title, for it is, certainly, “ A Chapter of Autobiography ”, though it was not originally intended specially for that purpose. Its republication, just as we are solemnly celebrating the third anniversary of the beloved writer’s promotion to glory, will help to keep in memory *his* noble self-sacrifice on behalf of “ the cause of God and truth.”

When the article was first published, the four evils to which Mr. Spurgeon particularly called attention, were the following:— “ The stolid mass of heathenism, at home as well as abroad,” “ the terrible indifference to divine things which covers the nation,” “ Romanism of the most fascinating form,” and “ an infidelity of the most cunning character.” All these evils abound to-day as much as they did thirty years since. Tractarianism, Puseyism, and other forms of partly-disguised Romanism, then occupied the position that, in these later days, is filled by the heterogeneous mass of heresies and errors that constitute modern “ Down-gradeism.” It is remarkable, as showing how extremes meet, that many of those who are supposed to represent “ the dissidence of Dissent, and the Protestantism of Protestants,” have practically taught the false doctrines of the Church of Rome, beginning with a kind of modified salvation by works, and ending with purgatorial purification. So that the article under notice has not become antiquated by lapse of years, but is as timely now as when it first appeared. It was no meteor, flashing for a moment, and then gone for ever; but a brilliant comet, not only accomplishing the purpose for which it first blazed in the literary firmament, but returning, in due season, to gladden or warn another generation of beholders.

Everyone who really knew Mr. Spurgeon must be struck with the full-length portrait of himself that he drew these many years ago. His marvellous modesty would not allow him personally to appropriate

the description he gave of his ideal hero; yet, after recapitulating all that the self-sacrificing servant of Christ would have to endure, he asked, "Who is the man who should naturally take up this position?" and then answered his own question, "In our measure, such being our calling, we are willing so to act as the Lord may enable us, for such is well-becoming in a soldier of Jesus Christ."

Substitute "Down-graders" and their allies for the Austrian men-at-arms, insert the name of C. H. Spurgeon in the place of Arnold von Winkelried, shift the scene of battle from Lucerne to London, recall the great fight for the divine standard in which our valiant leader fell with his face to the foe, and then see what "a chapter of autobiography" we have here. The dear writer's own words may be applied to himself without the alteration of a single letter; to our mind, the pen-portrait is so exact and faithful a likeness of Mr. Spurgeon that we have italicised the whole paragraph, to make it still more emphatic:—

"*All great movements need*

THE ENTIRE SELF-SACRIFICE OF SOME ONE MAN .

who, careless of consequences, will throw himself upon the spears of the enemy. Providence has usually raised up such a one just when he was needed, and we may look for such a person to come suddenly to the front now. Meanwhile, is there not a man of the sort to be found in our churches? We believe there are many, and to aid in identifying them, we will sketch the man required. He must be simple-minded, outspoken, bold, and fearless of consequences. To him, courage must be instead of prudence, and faith instead of policy. He must be prepared to be apparently despised, and really hated, because intensely dreaded. He must reckon upon having every sentence he utters distorted, and every action misrepresented; but in this he must rejoice so long as his blows tell, and his utterances win a hearing. Ease, reputation, comfort, he must renounce, and be content, so long as he lives, to dwell without the world's camp. Standing at the point of the wedge, he must be ambitious to bury as many spears as possible in his own bosom that others may win the victory."

Notice, dear reader, those last words,—"*that others may win the victory*," and, in the light of that almost prophetic utterance, mark well what follows:—"Is it needful to remind private Christians that, when Arnold broke the ranks of the Austrians, it would have been a useless waste of life if his fellow-Swiss had not followed up the advantage? There was the gap in that dreadful thorn-hedge of spears; his corpse had split the phalanx, and now over his body his grateful countrymen must dash to victory. Suppose they had all shrunk back; imagine that they had begun to criticise his action in the usual style,—'a very imprudent, rash man, very! He has acted very indiscreetly; we should have done so and so.' Of course, such critics would have done nothing at all; everybody knows that: but people who do not mean to do a thing, and who could not do it, are always saying, after it is done, that it should have been far better

managed. But no, instead of wasting time in empty discussion, the Swiss patriots asked no questions, but, seeing the opportunity made for them, they took immediate advantage of it. We do not doubt but that, many a time, the Christian Church might have won great victories if it had been prepared to dash into the gap which some brave man, by God's grace, had been enabled to make. If it be enquired, in the present instance,—What can private Christians do in cases where such bold leadership has been granted them? our reply is,—Let every spiritual weapon be used, let mighty prayer be kept ever waving like a two-edged sword, and let holy earnestness in teaching the Word prove the sincerity of the supplication. God is with us, and will manifest His power when we are all thoroughly intent upon stirring up His strength. We do not cry unto Him as we should, nor feel enough the imminence of our peril; else should we soon see the making bare of His arm. Let united prayer be put up by all believers concerning the present state of religion in England, and we shall not be many months before a change shall pass over the land.

“Personal effort must also be used to propagate the truth upon the matters now assailed. There must be no time-serving, no vacillation; we must let all around us know what we believe, and why we believe it. Not alone the first rudimentary truths of the gospel must be taught, but the whole circle of revelation; we must conceal no distinctive doctrine, and withhold no unpalatable dogma. In the parlour and in the kitchen, in the shop and in the field, we must lift up the cross and abase the crucifix, magnify the gospel and ridicule superstition, glorify the Lord Jesus and expose priestcraft. If England expects *every man* to do his duty, much more does God expect it at the hands of every one of His people.”

To what extent did the Christian Church dash into the gap which, by God's grace, our brave champion had been enabled to make? Possibly, *he* knows better than we do; certainly, his Master does; probably, only in eternity shall we realize the full issues of that tremendous conflict which cost our loved leader his life, as well as untold agony of heart so long as he lived. We have rejoiced to learn, from time to time, that his faithfulness was an example that many ministers and private Christians imitated, that some who, doctrinally, or morally, had well-nigh slipped, were made to stand fast by the effectual working of the same grace that wrought so mightily in him, and that others, who were actually on the “Down-grade” incline, slipping down to destruction, were mercifully rescued from their perilous position, and set in a place of safety and usefulness.

Some good men, who did not approve of Mr. Spurgeon's action in “The Down-grade Controversy”, have had their own eyes opened to the evils against which he protested, and more or less heartily have admitted that, Luther-like, he “could do no other” than he did. Of course, the Baptist Union has never confessed its sin in *censuring* the one man who, “fearless of consequences,” was true to the trust committed to him by his Lord and Master. A corporation, as we have often been told, has neither “a body to be kicked, nor a soul to be saved,” and, consequently, it has neither a conscience to care nor a heart to feel;

but there must be, in the Union, many men of honour, who can scarcely be comfortable in the knowledge that they and their churches are implicated in the shameful condemnation of the heroic martyr for the truth who, three years ago, was welcomed home by the Saviour for whose sake he had not counted even his life dear unto him.

More than two hundred years ago, Spencer wrote a poem on "The Christian Soldier Rejoicing that he has Overcome." How fitly might the following verses have been uttered by our beloved Greatheart:—

"To combat for His glory here,
The Father sent me forth ;—and lo !
The hour of victory draws near,
And conquered now is every foe ;
And I have borne me in the strife
As true and fearless warriors ought,
And bravely to the last have fought
Through all the wars and woes of life.

"My cry, when rough the march and dark,
Was,—' Watch and strive till thou hast won,
Press forward, fearless, to the mark !'
As now, thank God, at last I've done !
Now it is o'er I cannot miss ;
Through every danger, to the death
True to my Lord, I've kept the faith,
And freely risked all else for this."

The sermons published last year in the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit* were nearly all preached during "The Down-grade Controversy", and careful readers of them must have noticed Mr. Spurgeon's frequent mention of the great battle then raging, and of the prominent part he felt bound to take in the conflict against error and worldliness in the professing church. It would be easy to fill many pages with extracts from the discourses of our late beloved Editor during that terribly trying period ; but it is scarcely necessary to do so, for his articles upon "the Down-grade" remain enshrined in *The Sword and the Trowel* as his permanent protest against the evils of the age. We must, however, find room for one quotation from the sermon intended for reading on *the last Sabbath in January*, when the thoughts of many will revert to that ever-memorable night at Mentone, three years ago, when the valiant soldier of the cross heard his great Captain's approving word,—

"Servant of God, well done !
Rest from thy loved employ ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

At the close of his discourse on Isaiah xlix. 9, "That thou mayest say to the prisoners, Go forth ; to them that are in darkness, Shew yourselves ;" Mr. Spurgeon said :—

"It may be that most of us shall go down to the grave ere Christ shall come, and we shall lie,—

"'In beds of dust and silent clay,'

and leave these poor bodies of ours in some cemetery or other. Perhaps, in the depths of the sea, or far away in New Zealand, or in

the United States or Canada, we shall leave our bones far from the spot where our fathers sleep ; but there shall come a day when the silver trumpet of the resurrection morning shall sound aloud, and this shall be its note, 'Ye that are in darkness, Shew yourselves,' and out from the dark we shall come, the redeemed of the Lord, in resurrection glory. In the prospect of that day, I feel that I must show myself for my Lord now ;

" I MUST COME TO THE FRONT, AND BEAR THE BRUNT OF THE BATTLE FOR THE TRUTH.

I must be bold for Christ, for He hath brought me out of darkness into His marvellous light, and He deserves that I should not shrink away, and hide myself. He who has prepared a crown of life for every faithful one, expects that you and I will be faithful unto death, in the hope of obtaining that crown of life which fadeth not away. Up, up, ye who are hiding yourselves ; come out of the bushes in which you are skulking away ! If Jehovah be God, serve Him. If Jesus of Nazareth be the Christ of God, own Him. If the gospel be worth preaching, proclaim it with trumpet tongue. If the Church of God be for Him, be numbered with it, and take your part in its service and in its suffering. God help you, and God bless you, by this message which seems to me to come direct from Himself to you !"

Surely some, who did not heed the preacher's word while he was with us, will be compelled to listen to it now that he speaks from the higher pulpit to which his Lord has promoted him. He once wrote :— "Those preachers whose voices were clear and mighty for truth during life, continue to preach in their graves." Verily, it is so in his case, and with peculiar emphasis it may be said of him, as hundreds of correspondents have written since he was called home,—

" HE, BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH."

We cannot give a portrait of the beloved one as he is now before the throne of God on high ; but we are glad to be able to present to our readers the most life-like photograph of him that we have yet seen. Mr. B. Broomhall, the Editor of *National Righteousness*, has kindly permitted us to reproduce it from that paper, where it appeared together with Mr. Spurgeon's outspoken denunciation of the opium traffic, printed on page 74 of the present Magazine. The sight of the familiar features of the dear Pastor and President will, we trust, move many to remember in tenderest sympathy the loved ones who most mourn his loss ; and, at the same time, we hope that the recollection of his defence of the faith, even unto death, will embolden many more to become champions for the truth, even if their faithfulness should cost them their lives as *his* loyalty to his Lord entailed the sacrifice of his.



Photo by Barraud,

263, Oxford Street, London, W.

OUR EVER-BELOVED C. H. SPURGEON.

Our Lord's Second Coming.

AN ADDRESS AT THE WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE, AT THE METROPOLITAN
TABERNACLE, DECEMBER 31ST, 1894.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

"Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—
Matt. xxiv. 42.

THIS and kindred passages of Scripture teach us very plainly, in the first place, that THE LORD JESUS CHRIST IS COMING AGAIN. Of His first advent you know full well. Christmas-time seems hardly over yet, and it is a reminder of the coming of Jesus, the Son of God, into the world, "to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." You know that, after tarrying here for three-and-thirty years, He went above. The disciples watched Him as He gradually arose from the earth, a cloud receiving Him out of their sight; and as He disappeared, two shining ones, two men in white apparel stood by them, and said unto them, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." The same Jesus is to come to the same earth, in the same manner, to visit, not indeed the same people, but those who remain upon the earth, who love His appearing, and who long for His second coming.

How different Christ's second advent will be from His first! At first, He came in humility, and shame, and sorrow; *then*, He will appear in great power and glory, and all the holy angels with Him. At first, He came in weakness: what is there weaker and more helpless than a new-born babe? That, Jesus was content to be for your sakes and mine. At first, there was nothing about His coming to commend Him. It was obscure: the shepherds heard about it from the angels, the wise men learned of it from the stars; but the majority of people knew nothing whatever about the coming of the King. When Jesus comes the second time, He will be made most plainly manifest. He Himself describes His coming under the similitude of the lightning, which flashes in the East, but is visible even to the West; and those who sit in their houses, with the blinds drawn, and the candles lit, must still see the lightning-flash. Christ's meaning is, that there will be no doubt about His coming then; no one will require to ask, "Where is the Christ?" All men will perceive at once that the Christ, the Lamb of God, has come to take vengeance on His foes, and to gather His elect to Himself.

We must, then, believe—if we believe the Bible,—that Christ is coming the second time. On that occasion, His visit will be "without sin," that is, apart from sin: "Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time, *apart from sin* (E.V.), unto salvation." That is to say, whereas His first visit was in order to the removal of transgression, and the providing of the atonement, His second visit will be for another purpose altogether, for the ending of all things, and the

beginning of His reign, the gathering of His people to Himself, and the destruction of His enemies. "Every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him. Even so, Amen."

O brethren, believe this! Christ is coming. As surely as He has already once appeared, and gone into the glory, so certainly, when the fulness of the time has come, the heavens which have received Him shall send Him down to earth once more, and in our midst He shall stand, no longer despised and rejected, but crowned and enthroned, and armed with authority and power.

From our text we also learn that THE TIME OF CHRIST'S COMING IS QUITE UNKNOWN. The angels even do not know it. We have reason to suppose that they are intelligences of the very highest order; but even from their eyes is this great secret kept. Jesus tells us that the Son Himself knows not the time of His coming; by which I understand that Jesus, so far as His humanity was concerned, was not aware of the day and the hour when He should appear the second time. Certain it is that this truth is not revealed to the most diligent student of prophecy. There have been men, in all the centuries, who have professed to know the time of Christ's appearing! Some have rejoiced that they have had, as they supposed, special revelations from on high, and they have announced unhesitatingly that the Christ of God should certainly come on such a date. The date has come, but not the Christ! Then they have altered their figures, and moved the date a little further forward, only to suffer another disappointment. Oh, why is it that men persist in settling what cannot be settled, and in pretending to know what God declares the very angels do not know? Be not, I pray you, among those who pry, with curious eyes, into what the Lord has not revealed?

But this we know, that Christ Jesus will come when He is least expected, that His appearing will be most sudden,—as sudden as Noah's flood, which, though the people had good warning of it, surprised them at the last, and bore them all away;—as sudden, so Jesus Himself declares, as the fire that fell from heaven upon the sinful cities of the plain, and burned them up;—as sudden (this is another metaphor of the Master's), as the thief who breaks into the house, no one having sat up expecting him, no preparation having been made to keep him out;—as sudden as the return of the master who "pops in" upon His stewards unexpectedly, and finds them drinking, and wasting his goods, and misusing their opportunity;—as sudden and unexpected as was, oftentimes, the cry in Eastern lands, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."

Have you got a hold of these two truths, for on them we are going to base a practical lesson? Christ is coming; there can be no doubt about that; but the day and the hour of His coming no man knoweth.

We learn also, hence, that AT CHRIST'S COMING, MEN WILL BE ENGAGED IN THEIR ORDINARY OCCUPATIONS. There is no harm in these occupations; the eating and the drinking, the marrying and the giving in marriage, are not blameworthy. Some of those who are in the field are taken; they are evidently the Lord's, and He receives

them to Himself. One of those who is grinding at the mill is taken, for she is Christ's, and He does but call her home. They did well to be found at their several businesses if in all things they sought to glorify God. Go on with your eating and drinking, by all means; but do all in the name of the Lord Jesus. It is not the will of the coming King that our marrying and giving in marriage should be at an end; but He would have us also remember Him, the Heavenly Bridegroom, in it all. When Christ comes, men will be buying and selling: but He will be welcome to those who have bought the truth, and will not sell it, and to those who have bought "wine and milk, without money and without price." Go on with your banking, and your building, and your farming, or for that matter, your sleeping; for our Lord says, not only that two are in the field, and two are at the mill, but two are sleeping in their beds, when the cry is heard, and the Son of man appears.

Jesus finds no fault with men for continuing their usual occupations; but look you on that crowd! Do you see any difference between those people? There are two men in the field, hoeing side by side; they look exactly alike, but they are really very different; the difference shall be seen when the Lord comes again. See those two women at the mill! They sit beside each other, their hands are on the same handle, they are turning the mill-stone; they are mother and daughter, perchance, but presently they will be divided finally and eternally, for the Lord is coming, and "one shall be taken, and the other left." Two are sleeping on a couch; they are married to one another, but the bond which no man can dissolve must be dissolved ere long, for the one is trusting Christ, but the other is an unbeliever, and they must go their several ways. When Jesus comes, He will find us engaged at our various occupations; and that day shall declare who are His and who are not.

NOW, WHAT IS OUR DUTY IN VIEW OF THESE SOLEMN FACTS? Christ says, "Watch."

"Watch," means much; it means, first, *repent*, for there can be no honest watching for Jesus unless we have, first of all, repented of our sin. It is for this that Christ is longing. "The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." Oh, that to-night, in this Tabernacle, some of you would begin to repent of sin, and to prepare to meet your God! A little child went home from Sunday-school, and said to her mother, "Mother, teacher tells me that this world in which we live is only a place of preparation for another world;" and then she added, "I wonder how it is I see so few people preparing for that other world. You are getting ready, mother, for our trip to the country; I remember Aunt Eliza preparing for her visit when she was coming to stop with us; but I don't find people preparing for the other world." The child was observant; and it was sad that she had to observe the neglect of preparation for the future. O friend, art thou preparing for thy latest and thy longest journey? Art thou ready to meet the Lord in the air? "Why don't they begin to get ready?" the little school-girl asked: and I take her words, and pass them on to you, "Why don't

you begin to get ready to meet your Lord? How is that you think not about eternity and about the judgment-day?"

Then, after repentance follows *faith*. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Oh, if you could see Him here just now! My eye beholds Him; He is thorn-crowned, His arms outstretched, His hands pierced through, His heart quite riven, His eyes already glazing in death, His feet rivetted to the cruel tree, and His life-blood streaming from all His wounds. "Once in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself;" and if you, young or old, will, in the closing moments of this year, just cast yourselves upon Him, He will save you altogether, and put your sins away.

Can you imagine a landing-stage, and a steamer moored alongside? Passengers are swiftly passing across the gangway on to the boat; the bell is rung, the time has come for starting, the captain gives his orders, the paddle-wheels begin to revolve, the ropes are cast off, and the steamer is on the move. Already the distance between her and the wharf is evidently increasing. Just then somebody comes running along. There is always somebody late; I don't think I ever started on a voyage without seeing someone or other almost or quite too late. Here is the passenger,—I am telling you what has really happened,—he longs to be on board that boat, he has good reasons for wanting to catch her, he thinks he will not miss his passage after all; he is a strong athlete, so he tries to measure the distance, steps back a pace or two, and then leaps. He thought to gain a footing on the paddle-box, but, instead of doing so, he fell into the seething waters, and, struck perhaps by the revolving wheel, sank, to rise no more. Now, if he had been two minutes earlier, he could have walked on board, with his baggage, calmly, comfortably, with none to say him nay; but he left it just a little too late, and lost his life in consequence.

The Master says, "Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." Do not leave it till it is too late; and you know not which minute will be your last. Will you not, before we close our eyes in prayer, lift up your heart to God, and say, "O God, Thou knowest the past year and the previous years have been all too black! Forgive them, Lord, for Jesus died for sinners; and this New Year, so soon to dawn, must be as black as any unless Thy grace prevent. Lord, I am sick of sin, save me from it, for Thy dear Son's sake"? I wonder who, in all this company, can be accurately described by those three words, "sick of sin." Jesus can heal thee, but only He can do it. Oh, put yourself into His hands! The Great Physician will take you in hand, and heal you speedily: by His stripes we are healed.

Now I want that we should spend the last few minutes of this year in earnest, solemn, silent prayer;—an opportunity for you who love the Lord to give yourselves anew to Him, and to look for His appearing;—and a golden opportunity for you who have not trusted Jesus yet to do so here and now. Wait not for happier feelings, wait not for anything, wait upon the Lord, give your soul and yourself and your sins to Him. Amen.

Mr. Spurgeon's First Outlines of Sermons.

(Continued from Volume XXX., page 549.)

XLIX.—INTERCESSION OF THE SAINTS.

“**I EXHORT** *therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men.*”—1 Tim. ii. 1.

No man can be a Christian who does not pray. All good men should pray, not only for themselves, but also for others. Paul teaches that we should pray—

I. FOR ALL MEN, universally, since God is good to all. We should pray that all nations may be converted, and blessed in every way.

II. FOR KINGS AND GOVERNORS, remembering the superiority of our government, and the responsibility of governors.

III. FOR MINISTERS. Paul requested it for himself; much more is it needed by ordinary ministers; it will promote usefulness and mutual comfort.

IV. FOR FRIENDS, in various circumstances, whether rich or poor.

V. FOR ENEMIES. Thus shall we be like Jesus. This is one of the ways of killing enemies,—pleading for their salvation.

VI. FOR THE OPPRESSED, SICK, POOR, AND AFFLICTED, specially for the saints of God in their spiritual troubles.

Give some reasons why this should be done :—

I. Because common humanity, as well as philanthropy and patriotism, require this of us.

II. The universality of the gospel commission demands it.

III. Love to Christ, and desire for the extension of His kingdom, should lead us to pray for all men.

IV. There are so many benefits to ourselves resulting from this course of action, and so much to others, that we should continually follow it; for instance, enmity and hatred will soon die out of our heart if we constantly pray for all men.

V. The examples of the great and holy.

Abraham prayed for Ishmael, Abimelech, and Sodom. Hezekiah pleaded for the land that was in danger from the Assyrians. Our Lord Jesus prayed on earth, and now intercedes in heaven.

L.—THE ELOQUENCE OF JESUS.

“*The officers answered, Never man spake like this man.*”—John vii. 46.

This testimony is the more valuable as coming from enemies. It relates both to Christ's eloquent manner and sacred matter.

I. AS TO HIS MANNER, there are two things to be noticed.

1. *The qualities of the Speaker.*

Incorruptible truth and fidelity,—to the rich young man, to His foes, to His followers.

Boldness, to the people at Nazareth and at Capernaum, to the high priest.

Zeal. He came to do His Father's work, and He did it.

Prudence. Jesus could not be entrapped by His enemies. He made no premature disclosures.

Wisdom. Confounding His enemies. Suiting His discourses to His hearers.

Humility. Talking to the woman of Samaria. Conversation with children.

Love. Saying to the women of Jerusalem, "Weep not for Me." Pleading for His murderers, "Father, forgive them."

2. *The characteristics of His style.*

Simplicity. His discourses could be understood by all.

Seriousness. Parable of the rich man and Lazarus.

Earnestness. He threw His whole heart and soul into His speech.

Directness. The parable of the wicked husbandmen; the Samaritan woman at the well; the adulteress and the Scribes and Pharisees.

II. AS TO HIS MATTER: "Never man spake like this man."

1. *Important.* Soul. Sin. God. Holiness. Hell. Heaven.

2. *Joyful.* Pardon. Redemption. Restoration. Liberty.

If we compare Jesus with other speakers, we see that He excels them all. Moses could preach law, not gospel; terror, not love. Noah was a preacher of righteousness, but not of the full gospel. Nathan was very personal in his message to David; but our Lord Jesus excelled him in other respects. Elijah needed a little gentleness and love. Jeremiah was the weeping prophet; Jesus sometimes rejoiced.

Jesus concentrated the best of all styles; He possessed the jewels of all language in setting forth the solemnities of eternity. His discourses are the models for all ministers to copy, yet His small apparent success sets forth our dependence on the Holy Spirit, for the great blessing of Christ's work appeared after the Holy Ghost was given on the day of Pentecost.

LI.—REPENTANCE AND SALVATION.

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the LORD, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon."—Isaiah lv. 7.

Isaiah, the Evangelical prophet, herein exhorts men to repent. Repentance is sorrow for sin, and hatred of it. It is also a turning from sin, leaving even wrong thoughts. It is a returning to God, and seeking forgiveness from Him against whom we have offended.

I. REPENTANCE DOES NOT MERIT SALVATION, for—

1. This is always ascribed to the mercy of God.

2. Divine justice does not treat the guilty as innocent.

3. Human governments do not so act.

4. God's providential dealings do not thus work.

5. Repentance is imperfect.

6. Such a doctrine would open the floodgates of sin.

II. YET SIN CANNOT BE PARDONED WITHOUT REPENTANCE.

1. God never has done so. Pardon and holiness go together.

2. The divine threatenings imply this. God says that He will punish sin.

III. GOD WILL FORGIVE THOSE WHO TURN UNTO HIM.

1. Many Scriptures affirm it.

2. This was the purpose of Christ's death.

3. Innumerable instances prove its truth.

On this account call men to repentance. Tell them that there is abundant pardon for abounding sin.

Inference 1. The necessity of the atonement.

Inference 2. The folly of impenitence.

Inference 3. The great mercy of God.

LII.—CHRISTIAN PROSPERITY AND ITS CAUSES.

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the LORD; and in His law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."—Psalm i. 1—3.

Christian prosperity, one of the aims of a gospel ministry.

The psalmist describes a prosperous Christian, and shows how others may arrive at the same happy condition.

I. THE CHARACTER HERE DESCRIBED. Here is—

1. Fatness, absence of want, food convenient and sufficient. To such a man, the Word, prayer, the ordinances, will be rivers of water. His soul will be satisfied, enjoying divine manifestation and communion.

2. Healthful growth, upward in love, downward in humility. He will be increasing in all graces and in spiritual strength.

3. Stability, he is set fast. Trees are sometimes carried down rivers; but the godly man is steadfast, and immovable. Neither adversity nor prosperity can move him; he is steadfast in principle, doctrine, and action.

4. Fruitfulness. He brings forth good fruits to God's glory; and these are "in season,"—meekness under scorn, faith under trial, patient endurance in the time of persecution.

5. Happiness. There is a marked contrast between trees near water-courses and those in the desert. A flourishing Christian will be happy.

II. THE MEANS OF ARRIVING AT THIS STATE.

1. Avoiding evil.

(i.) Not holding the principles of ungodly men, men without God.

(ii.) Not acting in the same way as sinners, or open transgressors.

(iii.) Not associating with scorners, or contemners of religion.

Note the gradations,—*"walk," "stand," "sit"*—*"ungodly," "sinners," "scornful."*

2. Cleaving to good.

(i.) Delight in God's law. It may include the moral law, but it means the whole Christian dispensation; love to the truth is necessary to true spiritual prosperity.

(ii.) Meditation on divine things. By day, it is good to take some passage of Scripture, and think on it; and by night, it is well to remember the Word of the Lord when on our bed.

Exhortation to a diligent use of these means.

(To be continued.)

Pastor Charles Spurgeon's Letters.

No. II.

IT was about four o'clock on *Wednesday* morning, *December 5*, when we awoke in consequence of the engines stopping. On board ship, it is very much as it is with the miller, who sleeps so long as the click-clack of the sails and the grinding of the millstones form his lullaby, but the moment these cease, that instant he awakes to ascertain the cause. After becoming accustomed to the vibration of the screw, and the regular thud of the machinery, it is a change when both suddenly stop. We were lying peacefully under the lee of the Island of Madeira, waiting for daybreak, so that our good ship might come to a safe anchorage in THE BAY OF FUNCHAL (see illustration). By five



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THE BAY OF FUNCHAL.

Messrs. Donald Currie & Co.

o'clock, we were found in the saloon sending off letters to those left in the homeland, so that, if opportunity served, we might post them on shore. It turned out, however, to be a very showery morning: and although some friends from the newly-started Baptist Mission met us on board, we were unable to accept their kind invitation, fearing the risk of contracting a cold. There was ample to engage our attention on the ship, for very soon the quarter-deck became a veritable bazaar, and over the side were innumerable boats laden with all manner of merchandise. The famous wicker chairs were in the ascendancy, and were hoisted up on deck one after another as the purchase of some

passenger. Who has not heard, too, of the diving-boys? For a sixpence, they will either mount the boats along the davits, and take a header into the sea, or dive under the ship for this silver reward. Others will cause diversion to the passengers who throw coppers into the water, when a general scramble takes place to secure the prize.

Later on, we hope to give a detailed account of the town of Funchal and the work carried on by "One of Our Own Men", and the other service in connection with the Bible Depôt and Sailors' Rest. After coaling operations were completed, we weighed anchor at 1.30, and, amid brilliant sunshine and calmer seas, we left for the Cape. Now there is time for us to go the round of the vessel, and to note some items of interest. To those who have never travelled on an Ocean Mail Boat, a visit to the engines will be instructive; so, accepting the kind escort of one of the engineers, we will descend. Here we are led through a labyrinth of tubes, pistons, eccentrics, cranks, etc., each holding a responsible position in making the ship's progress both swift and sure. We are told that some 7,000 horse-power can be developed by steam which is supplied at a pressure of 160 lbs. to the square inch by four large boilers, each with six corrugated furnaces. Observe the engine set apart for electrical purposes, and give it a meed of praise for furnishing light in cabins and saloon, and displacing the disagreeable mode of illumination by oil lamps. The refrigerating chamber is an acceptable *rendezvous* in the tropics; but a patient suffering with catarrh must not venture too long here, for cold is catching. A handful of snow is given us, and we are then handed a cup of water out of the evaporating chamber, where the heat is so intense that this corner amid the machinery is termed "Hades." After passing through the tunnel where the main shaft is found, and in and out among the furnaces, we come aloft, and inspect the navigating quarters. These are somewhat private; but it is no secret that the officers have not invented any new system, for chart and compass, sextant and log, are still used as of yore. Would to God all ministers would remain faithful to the ancient methods of steering souls to heaven, and let the Grand Old Book, with its simple teaching, still be their sole guide!

On passing down the main companion, we are struck with the carved coat-of-arms on the panel, and beneath it we read the legend:—

"They haif said:
Buhat say they?
Eat tham sag!"

These three lines have a wonderful significance on ship as well as on shore, and when placed alongside the motto, "Veritas Vincet," no one need fear to adopt them. An old story is told of Dunottar Castle. It was besieged by Cromwell's army, in 1651; and being deemed the strongest place in the kingdom, the regalia was deposited there for safe custody. A Mrs. Granger, the wife of the minister of Kinneff, managed to leave the Castle, carrying with her a bundle of clothes, and a huge distaff covered with lint; these were, in reality, the crown, sceptre, and sword of state. For this act, the minister received no reward, not even thanks, when, after the Restoration of

1660, they were presented to Charles II. While the world forgets to acknowledge the fidelity of some loyal servants, the believer may always rest assured that he will be well rewarded for guarding with jealous faithfulness the crown jewels of his Redeemer King.

Close at hand is the store-room, which supplies our floating hotel with almost every conceivable luxury from the tons of provisions so carefully and orderly stacked away. Housewives would become bewildered if their linen chests were called upon to supply sheets, towels, tablecloths, etc., to the same extent as the ship's needs require. There seems to be no lack in any department, for the wants of all are amply met, and the forethought of those who have the labour of preparing all that is necessary for a three weeks' voyage is manifested by the ready way in which every need is supplied.

Cannot *we* trust our unerring and ever-loving Father to provide for us, without taking anxious thought for ourselves, as we launch forth afresh upon the voyage of life, knowing that "He careth for us," and that our God will supply all our need? We are sailing to the Cape of Good Hope, nay rather, to the Land of Promise; and between here and heaven, though at times the waves may rise, and the storms may beat, it shall be our joy to "trust, and not be afraid," resting in confidence on Him to bring us to our desired haven.

Thus far, our voyage has been very pleasant, although I have been so continually unwell that I have not had the same amount of enjoyment out of it as I expected. In my next letter, I hope to record a Sunday evening service held on board, and also to report my reception at Cape Town.

The March of the Months.

No. II.

A WAY up into the blue the skylark soars; he sings as he rises, his wings beating time. It is a "weather-breathing" day in February—an interlude, when winter has pressing business in the far North, and Spring takes the opportunity to run in and pay her compliments to the New Year. How all dozing creatures wake as she speeds by! The dormouse rubs his eye; the squirrel gives a preliminary frisk; the birds chatter like a class of boys without a teacher; a bee buzzes; and a rare primrose butterfly flits; but only for a day. The steeds of the North wind bring King Frost back again post haste, and old Father Winter, his host, stops all the flirtings of birds, and bees, and highly imprudent butterflies, as he ungraciously pelts young Mistress Spring with hailstones, while *she* flies, helter-skelter, over the moor.

Now, once again, from out the North and East, the icy blast leaps forth, and giant clouds march fast across the sky, like Titans eager for the fray. The blizzard bursts and blinds. For a furious half-hour, farm-house, church, and hill are blurred and lost in driving snow, and then there is a lull. The squadrons of the storm retreat towards the South, lurid with the light of battle, as athwart their crests the setting sun shoots far his crimson rays, and tips as if with blood the

lances of the flying Cossacks of the aerial plains, while below, the fields, which erst were brown and green, lie white beneath the visitation.

So have we seen a soul, which had not entered into peace with God, which lived in turn on good and bad emotions, have a "breathing time" of quiet, followed by a second winter of storm, and cold, and discontent. In our land, winter and spring alternate for long. In some other Northern climes, when spring enters, she comes to stay. If we would have gospel peace to abide, we must not live on our own states and feelings, but on the estate we have in Christ Jesus, "Who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." Here are conjunctions which are like turns in the road in a hill district; each adds to the grandeur of the prospect. When a man accepts the work of Jesus for him in these aspects, it may be said of his soul,—

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers."

Often, in February, there happens "a silver thaw." The wind still lingers in the cold quarter, but shifts either a point or two North-west or South-east, and the temperature rises, while a strange grey light comes over everything. The snow begins to slip from the roofs, and to become softer to the tread in the roads and fields. It brings quite a fresh set of sensations, this loosening of winter's hand, this almost imperceptible giving way, though the mercury only goes a little above freezing-point. In the country, there is a marked stillness at such a time. The crack of a gun, the rumble of a distant train, the breaking of wood in the belt of pines, a call across the fields,—all are accentuated. The whole realm of things helps the sound along; and the far-off, which at other times would escape you, becomes heard and understood. These subtle undulations in nature make a new state to the soul that can step into it. In this mood, we may argue that, if so slight a change in the thermometer, under given conditions, brings about such a degree of acuteness, what a little, after all,—something unusual, but not stupendous,—might cause that which is "within the veil" to come into view. Nature has susceptibilities which may well serve as a start for reasoning to analogies in grace. He who can turn the air, on occasion, into a better medium, and make the surface of things into a sounding-board, can so work upon us that the voices from afar shall reach us, and a door be opened in heaven.

As the month speeds, the signs that the long winter's sleep is well-nigh over, multiply. The silver catkins hang on the willow, and the tassels unfurl on the hazel; bush fruits in sheltered situations push forth their buds; the bells of the snowdrop appear at the beginning of the month, and ere it closes, the crocus lifts its coloured cups to the mounting sun. When the wind is West, the scent of violets comes upon the breeze. In fact, it has been often noted how far the presence of the hidden flower will make itself felt; in this respect resembling lowly saints, whose sweet influence spreads so as to be the greatest of all surprises to themselves.

The air becomes charged with singular exhilaration as growth starts. There is such a fresh, vivid smell at the outset of spring. It

is not really spring; but in the intervals, when winter retires to the hills, life begins to revive in the valleys below, and to those who care to draw the lesson, it is indeed beautifully suggestive that fragrance and growth go together, that the fresh life of the new-born season is accompanied by a quickening, acceptable smell. There is much more of sweet scent hidden away in common herbage than is ever imagined. Let a troop of boys play football, on Saturday afternoon, in a rough grass-field. Then get on the windward side of the field when the players are gone, and you will be struck with the sweet perfume which will come to you, however unpromising the day, from off the trodden grass. From these same roots will spring, later, the long tufts and brooms which will undulate with every movement of the soft wind on a June day, and which, fallen beneath the mower's scythe, ere the leafy month shall end, will fill the short summer night with a redolence which steals in upon the senses, and begets dreams of a land where there is no care, where it is "always afternoon", and life a long holiday of restful ease.

But give me the scents which struggle forth with early buds and flowers, which hide on Easterly days, and only venture out when the snow lies but in patches on the lawn, and the air has in it the tempering influences of the Gulf Stream. Flowers are as sensitive to proper influences as are sanctified souls. You can no more tempt abroad the delicate odours of nature's holy ones, on a harsh day, than you can persuade saints to stay where they find not His presence who draws their spices forth. There is something, too, of acidity in these spring essences, which helps life. Their very unripeness has a stimulating effect, the astringent qualities predominate, there is plenty of acid in the air,—it is the flavouring of early growth. But it is growth, and the acid will be tempered by-and-by. Do not expect summer the day after winter has packed up his fogs and rains. The old man has a lot to carry away, so he may leave out a score of frosts, some bushels of hailstones, and several loads of agues and rheumatic pains for another journey. Do not look for August at the end of February! "Who does?" you enquire. We are an impatient race; and, in judging spiritual results, often misjudge. If young converts are not as ripe as plums in September, let us be thankful if they are like the violet in sweetness and modesty, as lowly as the snowdrop, and as full of movement as the catkins on the willow. And if, now and then, the bitter-sweet of the young shoots of the nettle or the acid of rising sap should betray its presence, let us remember that young nettle leaves have medicinal qualities, and vigorous sap is a sign of vigorous life. Acid in spring augurs that there is some sugar-making to be done by-and-by.

Well, well, the primroses are out on the slope, and the daffodils will soon be showing; the daisy is beginning to open, and the long-tailed field mouse blinks to the stronger light. Every day carries us forward; and, though winter still holds on, like a disagreeable tenant, he is under notice to quit. We will drive him from room to room presently with a good March broom, that will fill his eyes with dust; then, when all is ready, the sun shall bring home his bride, amid the smiles and tears of April, and the rejoicings of May.

H. T. S.

Seed-Thoughts from C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons.

SELECTED BY J. D. KILBURN, ST. PETERSBURGH.

IF God has chosen you to be His, you will be restless till you find rest in Him.

God is as ready to receive the returning sinner as Noah was to receive the wandering dove.

You have an infinite future, therefore do not confine your thoughts to a finite present.

If you had more submission, you would have fewer tears.

How much we lose by fearing things which we fancy may occur, but which God has decreed never shall!

Trust is the death of grief, and the life of consolation.

You may become what Christ is, for He became what you are.

Viewed in the light of eternity, the ages of time are but as the swing of a pendulum.

Confidence causes courage.

Whatever God wills is certain, however many men may will the opposite; therefore, think of Him, not them.

The more God loves you, the less His way may please you.

Growth by Electricity.

IN a popular weekly paper, we were informed, not long ago, that violets are forced by electricity, to meet the constantly-growing demand for them. The seed is sown, the electric current is turned on, and in an incredibly short space of time the flowers are on sale in the market, as fine and sweet as those of natural growth. There is never any impress of haste on the divine workmanship; yet there are not wanting instances in which the seed is sown and the flowers appear with unusual promptness; of which the following is an example.

With the heart yet sore and aching (as were tens of thousands of others) over the "departure" of our beloved President, my musings took shape in a poem upon the marginal rendering of Psalm xxxvii. 5, "*Roll thy way upon the Lord.*"

This poem met with much acceptance in some of the Christian papers; and the thought occurred to me, that it might have a wider mission; hence it was placed in the printer's hands, to be included in the "Fernbank Letter Leaflets."

A few days later, while writing to a pastor in Nottinghamshire, the first parcel of the leaflets came from the printer. Hurriedly the parcel was opened, and a leaflet transferred to the letter before sealing it. Next day, I went into Yorkshire, and the day following accompanied some friends to Scarborough. It was a beautiful balmy evening, and the sands were thronged with visitors and those who cater for their amusement.

Observing a crowd specially quiet and interested, we drew near, and found an open-air service in full swing. The writer was recognized, and invited to give an address. As the service closed, an old gentleman grasped my hand, exclaiming, "What a remarkable coincidence!"

"You have the advantage of me," I said; "your face seems familiar, but I cannot recall your name."

"My name is C——," he replied. "We met twelve years ago in Nottinghamshire. Since then I have removed to Lincoln. Recently, I have passed through deep troubles; the latest, the severest of my life; I have just buried my dear wife. Thoroughly unhinged, I came here to-day for a little rest and change. Only this morning, before leaving home, I received a letter from my old pastor. *While he was writing it*, came one from you, with this leaflet enclosed. As he read it, he felt it was just the message for me, and transferred it to my letter. It was indeed a message from God; and these verses* (pointing to the last two, see footnote) came as balm to my wounded heart. Little did I dream, as I read them, that in less than twelve hours I should grasp the writer's hand, and say, 'God bless you for that word!' I had already passed along the sea-front this evening, and was about returning to my apartments, when the impulse seized me to retrace my steps. Among the crowds on the beach, I should hardly have noticed this one in passing; but a voice fell on my ear which I was sure I had somewhere heard before; and when I saw you on the platform, I could not resist the temptation to tarry and shake hands with you, and thank you for the seasonable message that reached me in such a providential manner this morning."

Truly, God's ways are wonderful, "past finding out." This leaflet came from the printer, passed through my hands to the Nottinghamshire pastor, was forwarded by him to his old deacon in Lincoln, and met me on Scarborough sands. Within forty-eight hours, the seed was sown, and the fair flower placed in my hand, fresh and fragrant with the dew of heaven upon it.

JOHN BURNHAM.

* "When thy heart lies bruised and bleeding,
By the grave of dearest friend,
Hardly yet God's purpose reading,
Wondering where the scene will end;
Listen to the welcome word,
'Roll thy way upon the Lord.'

"While His plans from us withholding,
He will yet His wisdom prove;
And His purposes unfolding,
We shall understand above;
Till then heed that gracious word,
'Roll thy way upon the Lord.'"

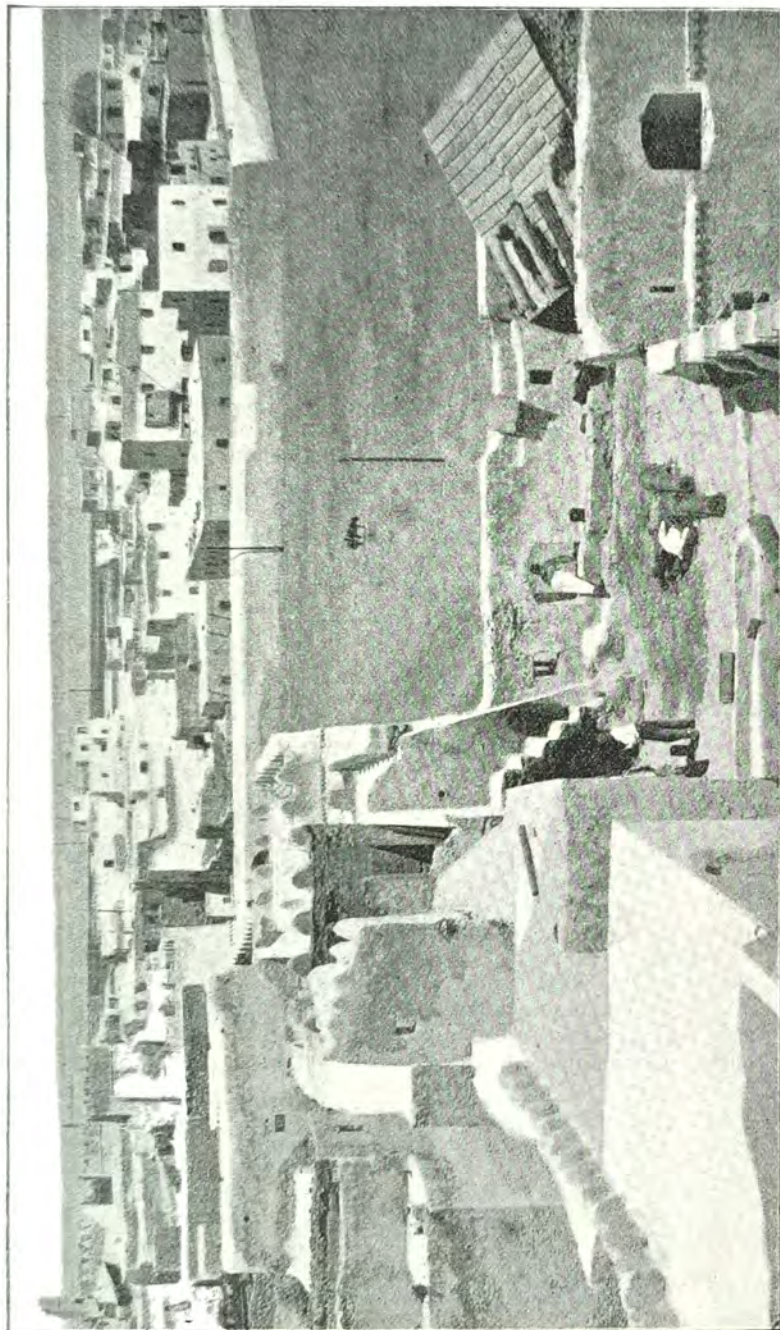


Photo by

SFAX, FROM THE LAND.

Garrigue, Tunis.

Off the Coast of Tunis.

BY T. GILLARD CHURCHER, M.B., M.R.C.S.

AFTER leaving Tunis, the next morning found us lying off SOUSSA. As we looked across the bay, our hearts were indeed sad as we thought,—There is a town, perfectly open to missionaries, having a good government and a good climate, with European traders anxious for gain, but no witness for Christ seeking to win souls for Him.

The steamer only stayed an hour or two, and we had to start again before we had time to land. The next day, we arrived at SFAX, a still larger town than Soussa. Here we went ashore, wending our way along the busy streets, which bore all the signs of a thriving native town. It was Friday morning, and, as one o'clock drew near, we found ourselves peering in at the door of the principal mosque. The people were dropping in, by twos and threes, at the many doors till, at last, row behind row, from end to end and side to side, men filled the building. Now, all is still save the musical chanting of a single voice; and then the worship, such as it is, begins. The serried assembly rises as one man, and repeats the formulæ of prayer, bending, kneeling, prostrating, sitting, standing, all with wonderful regularity. Most impressive is the scene, so admirable, yet so woefully sad. One longs to raise his voice, and preach unto them Jesus. A few minutes, and the service is over; the crowd scatters rapidly, leaving but one or two, like solitary winter leaves, to remind us who are present of the departed multitude. And the worshippers, where are they? In their shops and markets, lying and cheating, it may be, as before the service; or in their houses, blindly proud of their good deeds, and vainly trusting to a dead sinner's merits for salvation. But they have never heard the gospel message; "and how shall they hear without a preacher?" So, though they are to be pitied, others may be blamed for not taking or sending the gospel to them. It is said, and we believe truly, that someone once asked Mr. Spurgeon if he thought the heathen would be saved if we preached the gospel to them; and he replied, "*That* is not the question; the question is,—Shall *we* be saved if we do *not* preach the gospel to the heathen?"

It is time to be off again, and soon another town is passed, and yet another, in which the people are without any gospel testimony; and then the steamer stops, one afternoon, apparently far out at sea. All around is one vast expanse of placid, sunlit waters; here, anchored, rides a receiving-ship. Looking round, we perceive, on the horizon, a dark line which indicates the land. "What is it?" we ask. "An island," is the answer; "but the water is so shallow that the steamer cannot approach the shore." "Are there people on the island?" we enquire; and the reply is, "Yes, thirty to forty thousand." "Any gospel work being done?" "None." Again, how sad!

That anchored ship, which receives the cargo to supply the needs of the unseen islanders, may fairly represent our Pastors' College Missionary Association, which, receiving your kind gifts for those you cannot see, will try to discharge to them our mutual responsibilities.

Home Rule for China.

BY JOHN CRAIG, AKIDU, GODAVARI DISTRICT, INDIA.

“HOME RULE for Ireland” has become an old cry; will not more of our politicians take up the cry, “Home Rule for China”? Great and good results are promised if Ireland gets “justice”; but who can tell the unspeakable blessings that would result were China to be fairly treated, that is, *were she permitted to stop the import of opium, as her Government wishes to do?*

To begin low down, *China's friendship might be secured.* This may seem a small matter, so long as that nation's enormous resources lie undeveloped; but wise men look ahead, and surely it requires little wisdom to foresee that, some day, the giant will awake from his long sleep, and go out and shake himself. When that day comes, the nations that are reckoned among China's friends will be counted fortunate. With the Colossus of the North looking longingly at India, it would be a very wise thing to court the friendship of China. It may be hard for her Government to forgive and forget all the mischief wrought by Britain through the sale of opium; but, certainly, kindlier feelings will be begotten when it is seen that the transgressor is ashamed and sorry for the past wrong-doing.

A far more important reason for acting thus is, that *God's righteous anger may be averted.* A nation that persists in iniquity will be punished just as surely as an individual sinner will. Let us grant Home Rule to China before our cup runs over, and let all who love the Lord praise Him for His longsuffering patience in that, as yet, He has inflicted no adequate punishment on our nation for our participation in this great crime.*

Do any excuse themselves because they think that the crime is not theirs? Listen to the Word of the Lord: “If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it; and shall not He render to every man according to his works?” (Prov. xxiv. 11, 12.) It behoves every disciple of Christ throughout the world to cry out against this abomination until China's sons and daughters shall be no longer “tottering to the slaughter” (R.V. margin) through England's opium.

If ever there was a mighty stone in God's highway, it is this opium traffic, doing its deadly work in the two most populous countries of Asia. How can God pour out the fulness of His blessing on these dry and thirsty lands while His name is blasphemed among the heathen through this abomination? Hear the wife and daughter of the opium slave, as they meet the messenger of the gospel with the

* “We do not believe that one person in ten knows what the opium scandal is; they know that there is something or other not quite as it should be, but this is all. Our Indian finances are fed by our providing for the indulgence of one of the most degrading vices into which men can fall. . . . Alas, that our country should sin against the light, and gain a revenue for India out of the blood of Chinamen!”—C. H. SPURGEON.

bitter rebuff,—“We want neither your Jesus, nor your opium!” Listen to the Chinese courtier, as he dilates on England’s guilt, and advises the missionary to go home and convert his fellow-countrymen in England! O ye who long to see the kingdom of God come among these teeming millions, take no rest, and give God no rest, till this great stumbling-block is cast out of His highway in these lands!

It is always the right time to do a kind deed; but there come special seasons of distress when the need of help is greater, and the kindness of the action is consequently more evident. Now, while China is suffering humiliation at the hands of her smaller neighbour, due perhaps very largely to her consumption of our opium, what a fitting opportunity it is for us to do her tardy justice, and tell her that she may decide the opium question for herself! Shall we not determine now, as never before, that China shall have Home Rule, at least, in this one matter?

“The Land of the Closed Book.”

WHO shall attempt to describe the depths of the need of this land (Ireland)—*the land of the closed Book*? What this means, only those who have lived here, and used their eyes and ears, can fully understand. Drink, degradation, and dirt abound,—for the most part, the result of a spiritual terrorism wielded by priestcraft, which crushes out all that is best and noblest in man, and brings him into a truly terrible bondage.

In no country in the world is *light* more needed than in Ireland. We want men of the Bible;—men who not only believe it, but men who, with an energy and power given of God, dare to preach its glorious truths;—men sent by Jesus, “to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.”

Political agitators, in these days, have altogether failed to diagnose the disease that is eating out the heart of Ireland. It is not Home Rule, or Unionism, that will heal the old sore; but Christ and Him alone. Only let the Word of God get into the hearts and homes of the people of this lovely island; and what all merely human efforts have failed to accomplish, will very soon become a glorious fact.

Viewed from this side of the narrow channel which separates the two countries, the Christians in England, Wales, and Scotland present a sad picture of indifference; and to one whose lot is cast here, it seems as if, in *that* day, the Lord Himself shall say to them, “This ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.” Whilst it is unquestionably a grand thing to go out to China, or to the uttermost parts of the earth, carrying the blessed gospel of grace, it is possible to do so, and yet to neglect those who live close to our own doors.—*Extract from a letter to Mrs. Spurgeon, written by a Baptist minister in Ireland.*

“ Our Own Men ” and their Work.

XIV. PASTOR FRANK M. SMITH, AND THE PECKHAM RYE TABERNACLE.

PASTOR FRANK M. SMITH has long held an honoured position among the more prominent of “ Our Own Men.” Endowed, in a marked degree, with gifts and graces that fit him for his work, he has been eminently successful as “ a good minister of Jesus Christ.” For many years, in addition to his pastoral duties, he rendered useful service as an evangelist in different parts of the country. The missions he thus conducted were fruitful of great spiritual good; numerous churches were revived, and many souls were won for the Saviour. Mr. Smith also rendered valuable service to the Home Counties’ Baptist Association during his recent year of office as Moderator.



Our late beloved Editor said of our brother, in 1891 :—“ Mr. Frank Smith is not only a very successful soul-winner, but, like Caleb, he has followed the Lord fully.” Here, without doubt, is the secret of his power; obedience to his Lord is the dominating motive with him. He preaches because he feels that his Saviour has called him to do it. As a minister, he says and does what he believes his Master would have him say and do. He seeks to live and work in absolute loyalty to his Lord, and in this loyalty he finds his power for service. It was this that made him “ a brother beloved ” by our glorified President, and it is this that secures for him his Divine Master’s approval in such a striking manner. He honours his Lord, and therefore his Lord honours him.

Mr. Smith is an Eastern Counties’ man, having been born in Cambridgeshire. Early brought to the Lord, while yet in his teens he began to preach, and it was soon manifest that the ministry of the gospel was to be his life’s work. Large congregations, rich spiritual results, and the advice and encouragement of friends, together with the feeling that he *must* preach the gospel, made his course clear. He sought and obtained admission to the Pastors’ College, and there pursued his studies with diligence. He reckons that the principal part of the training he received resulted from his contact with the ever-beloved President; this privilege was shared with the rest of the students, but to the fullest extent possible to any one of them Mr. Smith was impressed, moulded, and inspired by Mr. Spurgeon’s wonderful and unique personality. Thus influenced, he was led to a higher conception of the greatness and grandeur of the work to which

he had been called of God, and he sought to catch as much as possible of the spirit that made our loved leader all that he was as a faithful servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.

At the end of his College course, Mr. Smith went to an empty chapel at Hornsey Rise, and almost without assistance, and without means, he commenced an effort to gather a congregation, and to found a church. From the very beginning, his labours were crowned with success; good congregations were gathered, a church was formed, a commodious new chapel was erected, and the work accomplished was, in every respect, such as might make any minister of the gospel devoutly thankful.

In 1887, Mr. Smith accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church meeting in Norfolk Street Chapel, Peckham. Here, practically, he again commenced what may be truly called pioneer work. The church had only just been formed, and the chapel was not its property, being simply hired for a period of two years; but amongst the members were good men and true, who were ready to make sacrifices for the cause, and to do all that they could to support their new pastor. At once, there was the most gratifying prosperity. People came, and filled the place; and so crowded did it become that, in seven months' time, the friends had to go out, and seek a larger building. Writing concerning that period, the secretary said, in one of his subsequent Reports:—"All the services were well attended, especially those held on Sunday evenings; and at times the pulpit, aisles, school-room, and every available inch were occupied with attentive hearers: and the Word preached there bore precious fruit."

From Norfolk Street Chapel, the services were transferred to Peckham Public Hall. That, too, was soon crowded on Sabbath evenings, our brother's earnest and faithful preaching being blessed of God in gathering the people in large numbers. Better still, conversions were continually taking place, so that the increase in the church kept pace with the increase in the congregation. In three years, the membership had grown from fifty to three hundred.

Of course, a church so richly blessed could not be content without a permanent home in which to enjoy its privileges, and to prosecute its work. Steps were taken to secure a suitable plot of land on which to erect a large building. Ultimately, one of the best sites in the whole neighbourhood was secured, and a Tabernacle erected which will seat twelve hundred and fifty persons. It is a noble structure, one of the most comfortable for worshippers that it is possible to conceive, and in every sense a credit to the people and their pastor. The cost, of necessity, was very great. Nearly £2,000 had to be paid for the ground, and the building charges were somewhere about £7,000. The friends themselves have done nobly. In a spirit of self-sacrifice, many of them have given almost beyond their means, and in the same spirit they still respond to every appeal that is made to them. They, therefore, are worthy of the practical sympathy of every Christian who has the power to render help; and this they urgently need. In so great a work, a heavy debt was unavoidable. Will not some of the Lord's wealthy stewards generously aid in removing or at least in reducing it? Mr. Spurgeon not only largely aided this enterprise, but

in his usual hearty fashion he pleaded for the assistance of others. His words will be the best recommendation that our readers can wish to have:—

"This is a case which both deserves and needs plentiful help from all lovers of the Lord. Mr. Frank Smith has, by his faithfulness, cut off supplies which a more temporizing course might have brought him. The debt on his new building is a very heavy one. How we wish that some rich Christian would come forward, and help him and his church over their present difficulty! No better investment for the Lord's money is known to us. The chapel is in a fine position, and will eventually be occupied by a powerful and useful church, able to do great service. It is for the immediate present that we are anxious to see large help given." All contributions should be addressed to Pastor Frank M. Smith, The Shaws, East Dulwich Road, Peckham, London, S.E.

In the Report already referred to, which was read on "Good Friday" in 1892, the secretary said:—"I could not sit down without saying a word or two about our dear pastor. We do thank God that ever he was sent to Peckham; and not only to Peckham, but to us as a church, to whom he has so often declared the unsearchable riches of Christ." These words express the feelings of many to-day to whom Mr. Smith's ministry has been of priceless value. He is ever seeking to feed the flock of Christ that has been committed to his charge, and to lead the wanderers to the fold of the Good Shepherd. We pray that the prosperity that has attended him hitherto may be long continued and greatly increased; and we trust that those who can do so will see that he has all the help he needs in carrying forward his work for the Lord in the semi-suburban district to which the Peckham Rye Tabernacle is so conspicuous an ornament.

Scotch Fervour and Fun.

IF our late beloved Editor had been still spared to us, he would have been as delighted with the last book from Mr. Stark's pen* as he was with the same writer's graphic portraiture of *John Murker, of Banff*, which furnished him with material for a most appreciative article in *The Sword and the Trowel*. The author states that the work now issued "is an attempt to do for the ordinary membership of a part of the Church in the North, through a few of its leading types of character, what I have already tried to do for some of its ministers."

"Elspeth and her Neighbours" are all "characters" worthy of being known far beyond their home circle. We might easily quote something that Mr. Stark has written concerning "Thomas, the Senior Deacon," "Peter, the Precentor," "John, the Riddle-maker," (who made sieves, rather than "riddles" in the sense of conundrums,) "David, the Beadle," "Janet of the Manse," "The Anglo-Indian Seatholder," (a sad contrast to all the other persons described,) and "The Miller." It would, however, hardly be fair to reproduce as large a part of the book as we should like to set before our readers, so we will confine our extracts to Elspeth, who is rightly placed first in the volume, hoping that a few specimens of her gracious and racy

* *Elspeth and her Neighbours: Pictures of Church Life and Character beyond the Dee and the Spey.* By JAMES STARK, minister in Aberdeen. D. Wyllie and Son, Aberdeen. Price 2s.

speech will induce many of our friends to buy the book, in order to read all that Mr. Stark says concerning that venerable saint and her neighbours also. They will find that these godly men and women of Morayshire possessed both fun and fervour to a high degree, and that, as occasion served, they could turn both to good account.

ELSPETH AND THE "MODERATE" MINISTER.

The parish minister was of the intellectual school of Moderates, with a decided turn for scientific investigation, and in his preaching stood too much aloof from those vital, spiritual centres in which all the lines of truly Scriptural teaching converge. Being of a minute and microscopic mind, he was quite at home in questions relating to the geography, zoology, and other parts of the material setting of divine revelation. He began a series of lectures on the opening chapters of the Book of Genesis, which afforded ample scope for his industry and scientific learning. He had been for months unfolding the wonders of material creation, and was so fascinated by the account given of the appearance of beasts upon the scene before man as to dwell for several Sabbaths upon it, his hearers being very impatient, and decidedly of opinion that he might with advantage have hastened on to what lay beyond. Elspeth, who was kept informed of the progress of events by a friend who attended the parish church, said, as they met on the way home one Sabbath day,—“Weel, is yer minister no dune wi’ thae brutes yet?”

ELSPETH AND THE GOSSIP.

A neighbour, of a gossiping turn of mind, hailed Elspeth as she was passing on the way home from church, and asked,—“What’s the news frae ——— the day?” Elspeth, knowing the woman had not been at church, and was needing a good word, gave her as answer the text of the sermon she had heard that morning:—“Grand news! grand news! ‘Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given: and the government shall be upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.’”

ELSPETH AND THE YOUNG LAIRD.

One Sabbath, a young laird, foppish and dissolute, living near to her farm, accosted her as she was coming from church, and said,—“Well, Elspeth, what do you think of my behaviour to-day: I am going out to dine?” Elspeth had long ago taken the measure of the man, and not wanting to bandy arguments with him, replied,—“It maitters little what I think o’ you; it’s mair important to ken what the Lord thinks.” “Well, do you suppose,” was the reply, “that God is angry with me for going out to dine on the Sabbath, instead of attending the church?” On the principle of answering a fool according to his folly, she said,—“Man, but ye needna fash yoursel’ sae muckle aboot this day; d’ ye no ken that the Lord is angry wi’ the wicked *every* day?”

ELSPETH’S CHARGE TO HER YOUNG MINISTER.

“Noo, Maister ———, though ye’re my minister, an’ I respec’ ye for yer wark’s sake, ye’ll no tak’ it ill o’ an auld woman like me tae gie ye a word or twa o’ advice, mair especially as Scriptur’ says we’re tae exhort ane anither. Ye see, ye’re but a young servant o’ the Lord, an’ I’m an auld, auld ane, an’ I’ll sune be gaun awa’ hame for rest. I would like tae think ye’ll be a usefu’ an’ faithfu’ minister o’ the New Covenant lang aifter I’m in anither warl’; an’ I’m gaun tae gie ye the fruit o’ my experience, as ane that has seen a guid deal o’ life, baith amang saunts an’ sinners. Noo, tak’ yer place, an’ keep it, as the minister o’ the kirk. Magniffee yer office, an’ no yersel’. Lat nae man despise yer youth. Read the twa Epistles tae Timothy every week, an’ think muckle o’ Paul, an’ mair o’ his Maister. Dinna be creepin’ intae a corner; modesty is a’ very guid, but ye maun min’

the trust the Lord has pitten intae yer haun's. If, like Moses an' Gideon, ye should be inclined tae haud back at any time, yet, like them, ye maun gang tae the front when the Lord commands.

"But dinna be owre forward. Man, but it scunnars me tae hear stripplin's braggin' o' what they can dae. They're like Dauvid, but without the sling an' the stanes, an' the trust in the Lord, an' they rin awa' afore every Goliath. Say, 'whisht' tae the promptin's o' vanity; if ye've any respect for yoursel', never blaw yer ain trumpet; if yer trumpeter should dee, rather hae nae trumpetin' ava than dae it yoursel'. For that maitter o't, I never kenned o' any guid bein' dune wi' blawin' trumpets, excep' at the pu'in' doon o' the wa's o' Jericho; an' it's no dingin' doon wa's that ye've tae dae, but biggin' up. Sae what ye need is no a trumpet; but, Nehemiah-like, a swurd an' a trool, mair especially a trool, as ye 'll hae mair use for it than a swurd, an' I daursay the ane 'll come a wee thing mair handy tae ye than the ither.

"Be sure ye're aye in the fashion, but lat it be the fashion o' the kingdom o' heaven. Dinna mak' a god o' popularity; for if ye set up that Dagon, it 'll come doon on its face some day, an' maybe clour your croon as it fa's. But dinna conter men needlessly; gang wi' the warl' as far as Christ 'll gang wi' ye, but, mind you, no an inch farrer.

"Ye ken, the spirit o' the age an' the spirit o' Christ dinna aye agree, or there wudna hae been a Cross."

* * * * *

"Tell the fouk what ye believe, an' no what ye doot; gie them yer licht, an' keep the smoke tae yersel'; we've enough smoke at hame without slimin' tae the kirk for it; it was the things most surely believed that the apostles preached, an' no the ill notions that can' intae their heids. Leave a' yer smoke behind you when ye speak in God's name, an' try to keep a guid-gaun vent in your study for the soul as well as for the body. Ye're no tae fecht wi' ghaists, but wi' livin' men. Ye're no tae be wastun' your poother an' shot upon the wicked Scribes an' Pharisees, lang syne cauld in their graves. It's no far awa' evils that ye hae tae smite wi' the swurd o' the Spirit, though ye're no sae likely tae get the applause o' your generation by tellin' what's wrang in it. Be sure that ye aye water the roots mair than the leaves, an' mak' muckle o' the state o' the hert, for if it be richt naething else can be far wrang.

"Ye maun learn tae endure hardness as a guid soldier o' Christ. Ye're no tae think ye 'll ca' the hail warl' afore ye. Keep walkin' on the path o' righteousness, an' ye 'll be sure o' at least ae companion, an' He aye brings mair. Ye're no tae be cast doon wi' every caul' look or het word; for ye maun expect tae meet ill-natur'd an' cantankerous fouk, even in the kirk. Learn tae thole an' sae naething, like the Lord Himsel'. Dinna be in a hurry tae leave the fouk o' your choice. Ministers used tae bide wi' their flocks as a man wi' his wife, for better or waur; but noo they're easy partit. Dinna be a gangrel body trottin' aboot frae kirk tae kirk. If God has a higher place for ye, ye 'll get it, if ye dae yer duty whaur ye are, but ye're nae tae seek it—nae tae be glowerin' at something far awa', like a sheep lookin' through a palin' at richer pasture on the ither side. Honour God an', tak' the word o' ane that has tried Him for mair than three-score years an' ten, your honour an' a' your concerns 'll be safe in His haun's."

Such a "charge" as Elspeth's, which want of space has not permitted us to give in full, might be given to every young minister, and the old ones would be all the better servants of their Lord if they gave heed to her wise and weighty words. It is a pity that this excellent book has not a London publisher's name on the title-page; but, doubtless, Messrs. Wyllie and Son would send it to any address on receipt of the published price (two shillings), which would be money well expended.

Mrs. Spurgeon's "Personal Notes" Paraphrased

(See "Personal Notes on a Text" in *January Sword and Trowel*.)

"CAUSE me to hear Thy loving-kindness, Lord!"

Unseal my ear;
That, when Thy sweet-voiced singers are abroad,
I, too, may hear
The carol, which the sons of light,
Around the throne,
Sing with an ever new delight,
To Thee alone!

"Thy loving-kindness, Lord;" what gems untold,

Of love, and grace,
Sparkle in that pure crown of gold
Which Thou dost place
Upon the head of sinful me,—
The pledge and seal
Of joys which, in eternity,
Thou wilt reveal!

Waken my drowsy heart in morning's prime

With thoughts of heaven,
And let the firstfruits of my time
To Thee be given!
Before the cares of earth can move
My soul to fear,
Let the sweet whispers of Thy love
Engage my ear!

"Cause me to hear Thy loving-kindness, Lord!"

Though from the dust
I came, my treasure is Thy Word;
In Thee I trust.
Like some sweet note from heaven above,
Distinct and clear,
Thy still small voice of heavenly love,
O let me hear!

Foots Cray.

E. A. TYDEMAN.

A Special Call for Help.

LAST month, in our sketch of Pastor Isaac Watson, we mentioned that the erection of his new chapel was "progressing expeditiously." Unhappily, terrible gales found their way to the partly-finished building, with most grievous results. The pastor writes:—"On the Friday afternoon, I went to look over the works, and remarked to the men, busy removing the scaffolding from the completed side, how well it looked. *In the morning, it was all a ruin; the storm had taken it away.* I felt that my heart would break; but it was the doing of my Father, and I tried to bear it. The Lord will not leave us in this dark hour. His stewards will remember us."

We are thankful that our brother's faith enables him to write thus confidently, and we trust that many of our readers will prove to him that it was well-founded. Read again, dear friends, the article in last month's *Sword and Trowel*, and then send on contributions, as the Lord inclines and enables you, to Pastor Isaac Watson, Radcliffe, Manchester.

Notices of Books.

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

AMONG the later *Annuals* are some magazines quite equal to the earlier arrivals. For instance, *Old Jonathan* (W. H. and L. Collingridge) is, if possible, younger than ever. There is nothing of senility about its pages: but there is the old love for the old faith which has so long made it a favourite with many of the saints of the Lord.

The National Temperance Mirror (N.T.L. Depôt, 33, Paternoster Row) gets brighter and better every year. Its widespread circulation ought to help the great pledge-signing crusade, and so help to remove our national curse. The frontispiece to the volume is a capital view of the Royal Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth, where many a jolly Jack Tar has found "a shelter in the time of storm."

Bible-women and Nurses (Cassell and Co.) is the title of the annual volume which records the trials and triumphs of the noble band of women who are helping to reduce the awful mass of London's sin and suffering. Theirs is a Christ-like work, and the story of it is better than any novel.

The Baptist Messenger (61, Paternoster Row) still continues to publish monthly a sermon by our late beloved Editor, with other Evangelical and Denominational matter of an interesting and instructive character.

The Baptist Handbook, 1895 (Clarke and Co.), is a wonderful compilation of necessary information for all who wish to know what Baptist progress is being made at home and abroad. The new method of arranging the names of ministers in the United Kingdom is a great improvement; but we wish some plan could be devised by which the list could be made more complete. The most puzzling thing is to find a minister's name entered in the county column as the pastor of a church, but not to see a corresponding entry in the general list, or *vice versa*, as is often the case.

The Irish Baptist Magazine ought to be far more widely known beyond the bounds of "the land of the closed

Book" (see letter on page 75 of the present Magazine). The Editor is an all-alive Baptist, full of fervour and fun, too, and he sets before his readers every month a remarkable penny-worth of good matter concerning the King and His cause in the Emerald Isle, and elsewhere as well. The Magazine can be obtained of the Baptist Tract and Book Society, 16, Gray's Inn Road, Holborn, London, or of Mr. W. W. Cleland, 18, Great Victoria Street, Belfast.

Notes on the Scripture Lessons, 1895.
Sunday School Union.

THIS Institution has rendered many splendid services to the great Sunday-school movement. Not the least among them is this fifty-first annual volume of Lesson-helps. The work is well done, and the book is a marvel of cheapness at two shillings. Teachers who use it as an aid to preparation, and not as a substitute for their own study, will find in it golden treasure for their silver coin.

Whispers from the Throne, and other Verses. By WINIFRED A. IVERSON.
Elliot Stock.

THERE is great promise in the sweet songs of this young writer. She has indeed listened to the "Whispers from the Throne", and has replied to them from a sanctified heart. Through all the pages there runs evidence of the Spirit's teaching and of submission to the divine will. Many of these poems will suggest sermons, for they are nearly all based upon passages of Scripture. We have been specially pleased with "A Contrary Wind" and "Shall ye Possess the Land?" The "In Memoriam—C. H. Spurgeon," is very tender and helpful; few verses, published at the time of our late beloved Editor's departure, reached a higher spiritual level. This volume will be a choice gift to any sorrowing and suffering ones; and we wish it God's blessing as it whispers His message to many a heart.

Hymns of Ter Steegen, Suso, and Others. By FRANCES BEVAN. Nisbet and Co.

THESE Hymns, translated from the German, are all good, and some attain to merit of a high order. The poetry, no doubt, suffers from translation; but the spirit of heart-rest in God, and entire consecration of life to Him, which many of them breathe, reminds one again and again of Miss Havergal's poems. Spiritual minds are sure to enjoy the volume.

Sunshine and Shade: Tales from Many Lands in Verse. By FINLAY CRAIG. Simpkin and Hall.

THIS volume is attractively got-up; and, to those who are passionately devoted to the muse, it may be an acceptable gift. In our prosaic eyes, however, the various "tales" are of strangely unequal merit, the didactic element is weak, and the satire certainly needs a larger infusion of Attic salt. The best as also the longest poem in the volume is "Adela; or, The Count's Daughter." The next in order of merit is "The Hunted Man", which contains some poetic fire, but is too verbose. "Evolving Sheep" may be described as a scientific poem, which will be up to date when reason rather than crazes leads the march of thought. Of the Doric pieces, in the Scotch vernacular, it ought perhaps to be said that they are not void of humour.

Lyrics of a Long Life. By NEWMAN HALL. Nisbet and Co.

UNDER the above alliterative title, our venerable friend, Newman Hall, has brought together his poetical effusions inspired by observations of nature in her many moods, and by devout meditation upon Bible themes and striking current events. Many of the poems are of a devotional character, and rank with those of Dr. Bonar. This book will be greatly prized by all who hold the author in esteem, for his earnest Christian character and his life-long devotion to the ministry and Gospel Temperance work. Many of the hymns have already found their way into

Evangelical hymnals, and others will be sure to follow as they become known. The hymns for children are of exceptional merit and interest, and will enrich our future Sunday-school collections; many of them will make capital recitations for anniversaries and Christian Endeavour Meetings. At 3s. 6d. net, the book should command a large sale.

The Newberry Bible. Pocket Edition. Hodder and Stoughton.

OUR late beloved Editor said that "The Newberry Bible" was "A monument of industry, and a mine of suggestion." We only need to reproduce this commendation, and to add that this treasure can be obtained for six shillings, to induce many students of the Scriptures to avail themselves of Mr. Newberry's help in understanding the Inspired Word. He has arranged the Bible, on the basis of the Authorized Version, so as to give, by means of simple and appropriate signs, the accuracy, precision, and certainty of the Original Hebrew and Greek Scriptures; and he claims, and rightly so, that his work is adapted both for the Biblical student and for the ordinary English reader.

A Brief Outline of the Book of the Revelation. By THOMAS NEWBERRY. Glasgow: Pickering and Inglis.

A CAREFUL, clear, concise booklet of 34 pages, from a practised hand and a devout heart, likely to be helpful, whether we accept all its interpretations or not. It is worth more than many of the bulky volumes on the subject which we have seen.

The Soul's Wardrobe. By Rev. W. A. CHALLACOMBE, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

TWELVE addresses on passages of Scripture comparing Christian graces to various articles of apparel. There is good material in this "Wardrobe", undoubtedly, but the style and fashion do not suit us. However, it would never do for all addresses to be alike, any more than it would do for all people to be dressed alike; and some will probably find these discourses to be both suitable and serviceable.

The Pilgrim's Progress and the Holy War. By JOHN BUNYAN. Cassell.

WE said, recently, that a new edition of Bunyan's immortal allegory was issued almost every month; before us is one more to prove the truth of our statement. We have here, not only *The Pilgrim's Progress*, but also *The Holy War*, with 200 original illustrations, and a life of the author by Dr. John Brown. This splendid volume of nearly 800 pages of bold clear type was cheap when published at 16s.; now that it can be obtained for 7s. 6d., it should be in every home, and be read and studied by every member of the household.

From Darkness to Light in Polynesia.

By WILLIAM WYATT GILL, LL.D.
Religious Tract Society.

THE contrast between the beginning and ending of this portly book is very vivid, for the "darkness" is dense indeed, and the "light" is truly bright. We could almost have spared some of the harrowing descriptions of the cruelties of Polynesian heathendom, if thereby more space could have been devoted to the story of the triumph of Christianity in the Hervey Island group. The illustrative clangs will be of interest to the student of languages; but Christians will be more charmed with the specimens of illustrations of the Scriptures that fell from the lips of Mamae, and other native preachers. Many of them are worthy of permanent preservation among figurative and allegorical interpretations of the Word of God. Dr. Wyatt Gill's thirty-three years' missionary labours on the islands of Mangaia and Rarotonga entitle him to speak with authority upon the subjects so interestingly described in this volume, which is printed, illustrated, and bound in the Religious Tract Society's usual excellent style.

A Broken Journey. By Mrs. GEORGE T. REA. Nisbet and Co.

IN language, beautiful for its simplicity and evident truthfulness, Mrs. Rea has given us a memoir of Mrs. Beatty, the wife of an Indian missionary connected with the Irish

Presbyterian Church. The delineation of character, the narration of incidents, and the record of mission work, are all excellently done, while the account of Mrs. Beatty's sad death by shipwreck is pathetic in the extreme.

Murdered Millions. By G. D. DOW-KONTT, M.D. Morgan and Scott.

THE veil is here lifted from the suffering mass of heathendom with startling effect, and a plea for Medical Missions is urged with wise and holy zeal.

Beneath the Banner. Narratives of Noble Lives and Brave Deeds. By F. J. CROSS. Cassell and Co.

ENOUGH to make our boys and girls cry, "We will be brave." A splendid array of heroes and heroines. To put the book into the hands of our youngsters, should help to make noble men and women of them also.

Stories of the Lifeboat. Stories of the Victoria Cross. By FRANK MUNDELL. Sunday School Union.

WITH the former of these volumes we find ourselves in complete accord, and are surprised that so little has been done to perpetuate the heroic deeds of our gallant life-boat men. It is a capital book for boys, and should be placed at once in every Sunday-school library in the kingdom.

We cannot, however, say the same about the *Stories of the Victoria Cross*. Of course, the deeds of daring thrill us, and the instances of noble self-sacrifice call for our highest admiration and praise; yet, after all, these stories cast a false glamour upon the field of battle, and make war appear something very different from the horribly murderous thing that it is. No, we are not for "peace at any price"; but we are for the "Prince of Peace" at any price, and the "Boys' Brigades" have done too much already to foster the war spirit among the scholars of our Sunday-schools, for us to lend them a helping hand by introducing this book into our libraries. We venture to suggest that the heroism of our fire-brigade men, in their noble efforts to save life and property, would form a more fitting subject for the admiration and imitation of our scholars.

The Expected One. By THOMAS NEWBERRY. Kilnarnock: John Ritchie. EIGHTEEN brief chapters setting forth, in lucid fashion, the various events that cluster round our Lord's return. The author treats Daniel's seventieth week as the closing seven years of our age, and distinguishes between the coming of the Son of God from heaven for His Church and the coming of the Son of man to earth in relation to Israel and the world. This is an admirable epitome of the Futurist view.

After the Thousand Years. By G. F. TRENCH, B.A. Morgan and Scott. AFTER long and patient study, the author arrays and analyzes passages to prove that, after the Millennium, and before the Eternal State, our Lord will reign "as Son of Man in the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times." We confess we are not convinced; but the case is stated with such wealth of reference, such charm of style, and such evident devotion, as to make its perusal a pleasure. Although our verdict is, "*Not proven*," the book is a worthy contribution to the literature upon this great theme.

The Revelation: A Book for To-day. By A. DICE. With Preface by Rev. J. W. DAVIES. Elliot Stock.

YET another book upon the Apocalypse, and claiming, like so many more, to be the one infallible interpretation! Alas, here is a Millennial kingdom without the King; one, moreover, already begun! The first resurrection is spiritualized away, although the final one is taken literally. There are some good things in the book, and some true principles enunciated; but they are mixed with so much else that we certainly cannot cry, "*Eureka!*" over the contents as a whole.

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 Rev. ALEXANDER BROWN, Aberdeen. Elliot Stock.

OUR late beloved Editor's verdict on the first edition of this work (December, 1890) was, "Aberdeen granite

by no means." Christ was to come "in certain facts of history." "That blessed hope," the author holds, was fulfilled at the destruction of Jerusalem! The first resurrection also took place then, and we are in the glory of millennial days! With Baur, Renan, and the like, for its authorities, it would be difficult to find a more delusive or misleading book on the subject than this.

England, Heir of the World. By J. E. HENDLEY. Elliot Stock.

THE best Anglo-Israel book we have read. We only regret that such evident devotion and learning, presented with so much charm, should be lavished on this inconsequential and misleading theory.

Memories of Gospel Triumphs among the Jews during the Victorian Era. By Rev. JOHN DUNLOP. Partridge.

THIS Jubilee volume of the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews is itself one of the signs of the increasing interest that is being taken in God's ancient people, whose repentance and restoration are so closely linked with the Messiah's Second Coming. Mr. Dunlop has admirably performed the task entrusted to his care. Such a work, consisting of 500 royal octavo pages, adorned with 250 portraits and illustrations, handsomely bound in cloth gilt, is a marvel of cheapness at 5s., and should be in the possession of every lover of the Lord both of Jews and Gentiles.

The Jewish Problem: its Solution; or, Israel's Present and Future. By DAVID BARON. Morgan and Scott.

ORIGINALLY given as a Bible-reading at Northfield, we have here, expanded into a neat shilling volume, a clear, concise compendium on the Jewish question, and a capital commentary on Jeremiah xxx. and xxxi. How this problem affects all others in relation to the Church and the world's future, only Scripture students know. All such will thank the writer for his wise and helpful treatment of this important subject.

Moses: his Life and its Lessons. By Rev. MARK GUY PEARSE. C. H. Kelly.

A POPULAR, readable, and thoroughly graphic sketch of Israel's far-famed deliverer. What it lacks in theological depth and incisive grasp, will possibly contribute to its general acceptability. It is scarcely a sustained biography; the life of Moses is dipped into at frequent intervals, but there are gaps which require filling. We marvel, for example, that "the burning bush" should not have been placed upon the canvas, and that the minutest detail of a scene so momentous should not have been made to live before the eye. Sermonic material, however excellent, rarely, if ever, fulfils the requirements of sacred biography.

"The Christian" Bible Readings: Joshua to II. Kings. By F. B. MEYER, B.A. Morgan and Scott.

UNDER the gracious guidance of the author, we have here a wondrous feast for faith in a small compass. For busy folks, what better boon could be bestowed than such a companion in reading the daily chapter, with the spoils of many minds, seasoned with the salt of grace, to lure to larger knowledge of the Word?

The Wisdom-Literature of the Old Testament. By W. T. DAVISON, M.A., D.D. C. H. Kelly.

THIS is in many respects an excellent book. Its aim is good, and it is likely to serve a useful purpose. It is very desirable to have a clear idea of the purport of the Books of which the author treats (viz., Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Solomon), and his treatment will conduce to that end. The best portions of the work, to our mind, are those in which he deals with the "Poetry" and the "Problem" of the Book of Job; and the "Religious" and "Ethical Teaching" of Proverbs. Less full and not so satisfactory is the exposition of Ecclesiastes and Canticles. As to the estimate of the authorship, and dates of the respective Books, Dr. Davison rejects the traditional view; but does not go so far as the more extreme modern critics. We see no reason for

going so far as he does, and from some of his conclusions we emphatically dissent. Yet the whole work is conceived in a reverent spirit, the style is clear and attractive, and a strong faith in the inspiration of the "Wisdom Literature" gives a healthy tone to the thinking, which is refreshing and stimulating.

Talks with Young People on the Psalms. By C. H. PERRY. Elliot Stock.

THIS is an attempt, and a very successful attempt it is, to bring the Psalms within the capacity and experience of the young. Some one word, generally the key-word, in each Psalm is seized upon, and what the psalmist has to say upon it is briefly and beautifully expressed, so that the youngest may understand. We very heartily commend this volume to the notice of all who are desirous to make this precious part of Holy Scripture intelligible and interesting to children. Preachers might do worse than make these "Talks" the basis of the young people's portion in their Sunday morning services.

Jeremiah, Priest and Prophet. By Rev. F. B. MEYER, B.A. Morgan and Scott.

ONE of the most welcome and most valuable of Mr. Meyer's many works. The prophet Jeremiah has not received from Christians the attention he deserves, even as he was without honour from his own countrymen; yet he has a message for England to-day as well as for the Jews in the far-away past. Our hope, as a nation, is in keeping to the old paths of truth and righteousness; unless we walk therein, we shall sink even as Judah did. Should this volume have the circulation it deserves, perhaps its author will write another dealing with the prophet Elisha, who also has been considerably overlooked.

The Last of the Prophets—John the Baptist. By Rev. J. FEATHER. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

WE are quite of the opinion of the writer of this Handbook for Bible-classes, that "the Last of the Prophets" has not received that attention

and consideration which he deserves and demands. The young men in all our churches, and, in fact, all classes of the community, would be very much better for a closer acquaintance with the man who was no reed shaken with the wind of popular opinion and prejudice, but rather the wind that shook all reed-like men, and made them bend and bow in the presence of the Eternal. John the Baptist's life and mission would prove a capital subject of study for all our Bible-classes, especially those that are so much in want of subjects that they are obliged to resort to entertainments and musical services to fill up their programmes. For such study, this book will be a first-rate help.

A Curate's Wednesday Evening Addresses upon the Sermon on the Mount. By Rev. H. OLIVER ALLBROOK. Operative Jewish Converts' Institution, Palestine Place, E.

MR. ALLBROOK is Principal of this deserving Institution, and publishes his sermons to employ its inmates; but they are well worth publishing apart from this object. Sober, spiritual, and Scriptural, they light up our Lord's Great Law, and point its teaching with apt appeal to present-day hearers and readers.

The Trial and Death of Jesus Christ. By JAMES STALKER, M.A., D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE author, in his preface, confesses his deep sense of the impossibility of doing justice to his theme, yet he is attracted by it as being beyond all others impressive and remunerative. This is just the impression which the book leaves upon our mind. The Passion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is,—

"High as heaven, what canst thou do?
Deeper than hell, what canst thou know?"

yet the subject is treated so reverently, and so wisely, that, having taken up the book, we found a difficulty in laying it down. Without striving after effect, but following "the incomparable model of the Gospels", the "faithful exhibition of the facts

themselves" produces an effect convincing and thrilling in the highest degree. No one need wait till he gets to heaven to be "lost in wonder, love, and praise." Let him stand beneath the cross of Jesus, with Dr. Stalker as companion and guide, and such heavenly experience will be his already. The volume is worthy of a place beside the author's previous work, *Imago Christi*, and we fervently hope that he may soon be able to carry out his desire to write of our Lord among His friends as he has here written of Him among his foes.

The Holy Spirit, The Paraclete. A Study of the Work of the Holy Spirit in man. By Rev. J. ROBSON, D.D., Aberdeen. Oliphant and Co.

THOSE who do not possess a standard treatise upon the Holy Spirit would find this book very helpful. The Spirit's work is considered "in conjunction with the work of Christ," and His work "in Christ is taken as the key to His work in man." Though not intended to contain a full statement of the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, the work fairly indicates the whole sphere of His operations. We cannot accept some of the author's assertions, and he is somewhat in a haze upon the subject of Baptism, while upon the inspiration of the sacred writers he is in places illogical, to say the least. Either their endowment was extraordinary, or it was not; certainly, it could not be both. Upon the personality of the Spirit, and the absolute necessity of His work, there is no uncertain sound. As a contribution to theological literature, the work is of considerable value; and, read with discernment, must prove a blessing.

Tracings from the Acts, or Thirty Years of Christian Work. By C. E. STUART. Marlborough and Co.

A TRUSTWORTHY guide for teachers or Bible readers who want the fruit of study without its labour. Mr. Stuart's work throws light upon the text, and makes the narrative live before the reader. Many will be thankful for its timely help.

Lectures in Defence of the Christian Faith. By PROFESSOR F. GODET. Translated by CANON LYTTTELTON, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THIS volume should prove a powerful antidote against Rationalism, a sort of faith- tonic to brace up "the nerves of the soul." The fallaciousness of the arguments of Strauss, Baur, Réville, and others like them, is exposed in a masterly manner. The reasoning is exceptionally fine in the lectures upon "The Hypothesis of Visions," "The Miracles of Jesus," and "The Supernatural." But Professor Godet requires no commendation from us; he is well known as one of the ablest scholars of the day, and as Evangelical as he is scholarly. If the intelligent young men of the age, ay, and the young women, too, will make proper use of these defences of the faith, they must become well-nigh doubt-proof, and they will be able to give a good account of themselves in the day of battle. After reading these Lectures very carefully, we were profoundly thankful that we could say, as a French *savant* is herein reported to have said:—"In truth, I am not credulous enough to be an unbeliever." This, we trust, will also be the utterance of all who read this most able and timely work.

A Reply to Rev. C. F. Aked's "Changing Creeds and Social Struggles." By JESSE HUXLEY, Oswestry. Marshall Brothers.

PROBABLY the treatment which the Liverpool minister here mentioned would least like, but which would be best for him and for the Church of Christ in general, would be to leave him severely alone. The writer of the book before us evidently thought it was worth while to contrast Mr. Aked's teaching with that of the Word of God, and he has carried out his convictions fearlessly, and yet courteously. The topics here discussed,—The Gospel for the Day, The Bible, and The Atonement,—are among the essentials of the faith, and on all these points Mr. Huxley proves himself to be a man taught of God, and witnessing for the Truth.

The Old Testament and the New Criticism. By the late Rev. A. BLOMFIELD, D.D., Bishop Suffragan of Colchester. Elliot Stock.

THE writer makes no pretension to Hebrew scholarship; but he holds that common-sense and ordinary intelligence have something to say (and right well he says it) in answer to the higher critics in general, and to Canon Driver and Wellhausen in particular. For incisive exposure of fallacies, for trenchant dealing with absurdities, and for effective rebuke of the rationalizing spirit, this book deserves the attention of all who have been caught by the glamour or assumptions of the critics.

The Future Life: and other Sermons. By the late Rev. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A. Morgan and Scott.

A BEAUTIFUL memorial of an Evangelical clergyman, who was distinguished by a gracious spirit, yet firm decision for the Truth. The sermons are not elaborate, nor, in the usual acceptance of the term, profound; but they speak to the heart, and breathe a sweet savour of Christ. To the many friends of the glorified servant of Christ, they will not only remind them of the preacher, but help them in the heavenward way.

A Holy Life and How to Live it. By Rev. G. H. C. MACGREGOR, M.A. Marshall Brothers.

IN sanctified common-sense, and definite practical value, second to none of "The Keswick Library" series. If future volumes maintain the high tone of those already issued, we shall expect great things from their ministry in the life of the churches.

The Life of Fellowship. By Rev. E. W. MOORE, M.A. Marshall Brothers.

THE seventh volume of "The Keswick Library" gives us wise and helpful treatment, on thoroughly Scriptural lines, of the nature, conditions, and results of the believers' walk with God. It combines the freshness of the morning with the fragrance of the Rose of Sharon.

Notes.

SPECIAL SERVICES are (D.V.) to be held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle as follows:—

Monday, Jan. 28.—Church officers meet for prayer at five. Prayer-meeting at seven is to be made special. Addresses by the Pastors Thomas Spurgeon, D. H. Moore, and others.

Tuesday, Jan. 29.—The Church officers invite the undecided of the congregation to meet them at 7.30. Addresses by Pastor W. Stott and others.

Wednesday, Jan. 30.—The young people of the congregation are invited. Pastor W. Pettman and others are to speak; meeting to commence at seven.

Thursday, Jan. 31.—C. H. SPURGEON MEMORIAL SERVICE at seven. Addresses by Pastors Thomas Spurgeon, James Stephens, M.A., and E. Roberts.

Friday, Feb. 1.—Addresses to seekers at the usual Monthly Prayer-meeting by Pastor W. Williams and others.

Lord's-day, Feb. 3.—Afternoon Service in Lecture Hall, conducted by Mr. Chamberlain. Special addresses after Communion at night to the onlookers in the gallery.

Monday, Feb. 4.—Bible Reading in Lecture Hall at three, by Pastor J. S. Morris. Special Addresses to the undecided at Prayer-meeting at seven o'clock, by Pastor J. Wilson and others.

Tuesday, Feb. 5.—Meeting in Lecture Hall at half-past seven for domestic servants, business employes, and others.

Wednesday, Feb. 6.—Gathering of parents of Sunday-school children, and all heads of households not yet decided.

Thursday, Feb. 7.—A Meeting for enquirers after the ordinary service, conducted by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon.

Friday, Feb. 8.—A Testimony Meeting, with short recitals of Christian experience. Addresses by students.

Saturday, Feb. 9.—Service for young people at three o'clock.

Lord's-day, Feb. 10.—Pastor W. Stott will conduct an afternoon service in the Lecture Hall. Special speakers will be deputed to the various Bible-classes.

Monday, Feb. 11.—Bible Reading in the Lecture Hall at three, by Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A. The seven o'clock Prayer-meeting will take the form of a Thanksgiving Service.

Tuesday, Feb. 12.—A Meeting for inhabitants in the neighbourhood of the Tabernacle, and particularly those residing in the districts of the Tract Society. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison will speak and sing.

Wednesday, Feb. 13.—House Prayer-meetings at residences of Church members.

Will all our readers unite in prayer for the Lord's blessing upon the services to be held during this specially memorable memorial season? All who can be present will be heartily welcomed.

On *New Year's Eve*, another of the WATCH-NIGHT gatherings, for which the Tabernacle has long been noted, was held under the presidency of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon. During the assembling of the congregation, a number of children from the Stockwell Orphanage sang appropriate pieces. The service began at 10.30 p.m., and some time after that hour the vast edifice was crowded, as the newspapers say, "from floor to ceiling." Special hymns were sung, prayer was presented by the Pastor and Mr. Harrold, Mr. J. Manton Smith sang some of his gospel songs, and spoke upon Habakkuk ii. 1, and then the Pastor delivered the address that we are glad to be able to publish in full in the present Magazine. Just before midnight, the whole assembly bowed in silent prayer; and when the New Year had actually arrived, the Pastor briefly prayed, and then wished the audience "A truly Happy New Year!" to which responses came from all parts of the building, "The same to you, sir!" The service was closed with the singing of "All hail the power of Jesus's name!" Altogether, it was a scene not likely to be forgotten by any of the thousands present, and we trust that, to all eternity, some of them will have cause to praise the Lord for the way in which they spent the last hour of the year 1894.

The past month has been a very busy one for Pastor Thomas Spurgeon; but, notwithstanding his extra labours, and the wintry weather, he has been able to keep at his post, and to maintain all departments of service with efficiency. During the week of prayer, in connection with the Evangelical Alliance, he presided at the Tabernacle meeting on the Monday evening, and delivered an address at the gathering in the Portman Rooms, Baker Street, on the following Wednesday morning. He will need special help for the memorial and other services about to be held, and will be most grateful for the continued prayers of the Lord's people, to whose prevalent intercession he is already so deeply indebted.

The portrait of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, presented with our January number, has given great joy to the many thousands of our readers who still take a deep interest in the church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. We trust that his dear father's likeness, published in the present issue, will afford equal satisfaction to the multitudes all over the world to whom our late beloved Editor

continues to speak through his sermons and *The Sword and the Trowel*. The press notices of the volume commenced last month have been of a most cheering character. One reviewer writes: "The spirit of Charles Haddon Spurgeon lives in the pages of this excellent monthly. The *Sword* still flashes in defence of the Word of God, and the *Trowel* is actively used in building up the walls of Zion. . . . We predict that the *Sword and Trowel* will still hold its high place in the esteem of its readers for many a year to come." The January number, with the portrait, can still be obtained for 3d. through any bookseller, or both will be sent, post free for 5d., by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C.

We are thankful that Pastor Charles Spurgeon was able, in letters written after his arrival in King William's Town, to send somewhat better news of his health than that contained in his note posted on arrival at Cape Town. We trust that future tidings will tell of his complete restoration; our readers will not forget him at the throne of grace.

THE TEXT UNION.—More than 8,000 members have been already registered, and the number is daily increasing. Constant testimony is borne to the usefulness of the Text Bond by those who have adopted this simple method of applying the Word of God to the circumstances of everyday life. Pastor Charles Spurgeon hoped that each of the 5,000 members who joined last year would have secured at least two fresh adherents, so as to bring the roll up to 15,000 by this time. Dear reader, have you obtained your two? Perhaps you are not yet yourself a member of the Text Union. One friend, who read Mr. Charles Spurgeon's question:—

WILL YOU JOIN THE TEXT UNION?

answered, "Yes," and then set to work so earnestly that he was soon able to send in *forty names beside his own*! If many more would follow this energetic brother's example, the growth of the Union would be even more rapid than it is at present. Will correspondents kindly note that all communications with reference to this matter should be addressed to Mrs. Charles Spurgeon, "Haddon," Dartmouth Row, Blackheath, London, S.E.? Delay, inconvenience, and extra labour have been caused, in many instances, by inattention to this oft-repeated announcement.

In memoriam.—Another of the most earnest workers associated with the late beloved Pastor of the Tabernacle Church was called, on Lord's-day, January 13, to join the glorified company above. Mr. G. E. Elvin was for many years one of the elders who assisted Mr. Spurgeon in the spiritual

oversight of the more than five thousand members in fellowship at Newington Butts; but he was known to an even wider circle of friends and labourers in the Lord's vineyard through his fifteen years' successful service as secretary of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelists' Association. In that capacity, he was the honorary and honoured leader of a band of between one and two hundred brethren and sisters who, in a most self-denying fashion, devoted their Sabbaths or week-nights to the great work of evangelizing London and the surrounding districts. Through failing health, Mr. Elvin had to relinquish his post a few years ago, and the office has since been most efficiently filled by Elder Cox, who, with as many of the members of the Association as could be present, attended the funeral at Abney Park Cemetery on January 19. We assure all the members of the bereaved family of our hearty, loving sympathy with them in their sorrow, for their loved one was also very dear to us.

COLLEGE.—Mr. C. E. Shearman has completed his course, and settled at Hook Norton, Oxfordshire. Mr. H. Ross Phillips, who has been home on furlough, has returned to the Congo mission field.

Mr. P. H. Blaikie, formerly of Wick, has gone to Coleraine; and Mr. H. Bailey, late of Lerwick, has settled at Sullivan, Indiana, U.S.A.; Mr. J. Hollinshead has removed from St. George, Ontario, to Emerson, Manitoba; Mr. J. J. Irving, from Sparland, to Appleton, Wisconsin, U.S.A.; Mr. P. A. Hudgell, from Waterford, to Junction Street, Derby; Mr. W. Richards, from Fraserburgh, to North Leith, N.B.; and Mr. Hugh Rodger, from Bromley Common to St. Leonards-on-Sea.

The following brethren, who have come back from abroad, will be grateful for kindly mention either as pulpit supplies, or with a view to the pastorate:—Mr. A. Day (from India), Stonegrove Cottage, Edgware, Middlesex; Mr. A. H. Huntley (from China), 38, Grand Parade, Brighton; and Mr. C. Pummell (from South Africa), 30, Warner Street, New Kent Road, London, S.E. Mr. Huntley hopes to return to China; but at present he and the other brethren will be glad to hear of openings for work in the United Kingdom.

In memoriam.—Still, the "reaper, whose name is Death," continues to swing his sickle amid our ranks. This time, he has taken from us *Pastor L. R. Foskett*, of New Mill church, Tring. He was a brother who had long been in delicate health; but he faithfully laboured for his Lord until quite recently, and the end of his life was that of a conqueror who had triumphed gloriously. His widow and children and friends have our sincerest sympathy.

The Coming Conference.—On Friday evening, January 18, the London brethren met to make arrangements for the eighth

Annual Conference of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association. The President (Pastor Thomas Spurgeon) occupied the chair, and there was a large attendance of members and associates. After singing and prayer, eight deaths and one resignation were reported, and kindly reference was made to those who had been "called home", and to the loved ones who mourn their loss.

April 29 to May 3 was fixed as the date for this year's Conference; that is, the week after the Baptist Union meetings, as the Easter holidays would prevent the gatherings being held at the usual time. The various items for the programme were discussed, and it is hoped that, as the result of the decisions of the committee, the assembly will be as spiritually profitable as the memorable sessions in past years, though all who are present cannot fail to miss the ever-beloved President, whose presence and addresses made our annual "feast of Tabernacles" such a never-to-be-forgotten occasion.

PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELIST.—Pastor John Bateman, of Niton, Isle of Wight, writes:—"Our brother, *Mr. Mantion Smith*, held services here from December 8 to 16. This is, as you know, a village, and we cannot expect such great things in the matter of congregations as they are able to get in town; but, considering the time of the year, we have much to be thankful for. The kind of service was rather a new thing with us. There was very much interest shown, we trust there is an abiding influence, and we hope soon to see results. It would have been a joy to us to have seen some coming forward to confess their faith in Christ; but we feel sure that we shall one day reap after the seed has been so faithfully sown. God bless our Brother Smith in his work, is the hearty wish of all."

C. H. SPURGEON'S EVANGELISTS.—Two reports of *Mr. Burnham's* missions have come to hand; the first, from Mr. R. T. Smith, Clifton Hall, Chiswick, says:—

"Here, many old friends of Mr. Burnham gathered night by night. Previous to the service indoors, an open-air meeting was conducted by the workers, and in this way many were made aware of our brother's visit. His clear way of setting forth the plan of salvation proved to be the word of power unto some who were led to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; and we trust that, beside these, for whom we are grateful, our friend will yet have the joy of knowing that others, through the truth proclaimed, were led to seek the Saviour whom he uplifted."

One of the most earnest workers at the services was a lady who dates her conversion from Mr. Burnham's visit to Chiswick, twenty-one years ago, while he was a student at College.

The second report is from Slough, whence Mr. Burton writes:—"We have much to

be thankful for; the Lord has indeed blessed some through the Word preached so faithfully. At the closing meeting, Mr. Burnham read a letter from one precious soul saying that she blessed God for his visit to Slough, as through his message she had been enabled to rejoice in Jesus as her Saviour. Many Christians were helped by the services, and they were sorry when the mission came to an end."

From January 13 to 22, Mr. Burnham has been at Southall; from January 27 to February 16, he is to be at Dunnington and neighbourhood, Worcestershire; and from February 24 to March 4, the evangelist is to hold a mission at Stow-on-the-Wold.

The first three weeks in December, *Mr. Harmer* spent at Old Basford, Nottingham, where he did double duty as evangelist and pastor, and in both capacities had great joy and much blessing. The services were well attended, and many who were present, especially the young people, were impressed and helped by the Word preached. The friends expressed an earnest desire that our brother would pay them another visit during the present year.

Mr. Harmer ended 1894 and began 1895 at Miss Watney's Mission, South Croydon, where he conducted the Watch-night service, and also preached on January 6. The following Sabbath, he commenced a mission at Drummond Road Chapel, Bermondsey, but was unable to continue it in consequence of an attack of bronchitis, so Mr. Chamberlain kindly took up the work. At the time of making up these "Notes", Mr. Harmer is much better, and hopes to fulfil his next engagements as follows:—January 26 to February 4, Dudley; February 9 to 21, Melton Mowbray Railway Mission; and February 24 to March 10, Mr. Stoughton's Mission, Auckland Hall, West Norwood.

ORPHANAGE.—*Christmas Festivities.*—By the liberal response of friends to the appeals made to them, Christmas was celebrated as in former years. The President (Pastor J. A. Spurgeon), Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, and several of the Trustees were present, also a goodly number of visitors, who assisted the teachers and matrons in waiting upon the children. Dinner was served in the new Memorial Hall, which affords ample accommodation for the entire household without any crowding.

The proceedings were commenced by the presentation of silver watches, given by Dr. Soper and Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, to the premier boy and girl elected to receive these marks of distinction by the votes of their school-fellows. Each child in the Orphanage received a new shilling generously subscribed by Messrs. Alabaster, Passmore, and Sons, and the Trustees. With the usual et-cateras of a typical English Christmas, the day was one of real delight to our large family of little ones.

We wish all the generous donors could have heard their ringing cheers as they appropriated the good things so lovingly provided for them.

Prior to his departure for South Africa, Pastor Charles Spurgeon presented a silver cup for efficiency in physical exercises amongst the boys of the Orphanage. Other friends offered special prizes, and at the competition for these gifts, held in the Memorial Hall, a large and distinguished company attended, Mr. Walter Palmer, of Reading, being in the chair. The different teams went through an excellent series of movements with wonderful precision, and their general deportment and happy, sunny faces made a great impression upon the spectators. Mr. Charlesworth explained that the work shown that evening was simply a sample of the system of physical training pursued at the Orphanage under the able tuition of Mr. G. A. Matthews.

The chairman called upon Mrs. Burgwin, who in a speech thanking the donors of the prizes, said it was a great pleasure to her as a neighbour of the institution to testify to the excellent manner in which the home was conducted. Mr. Thomas Chesterton, M.L.S.B., announced the awards, J. Thomas being declared first, Townsend second, and Darling third. These names were received with great heartiness by the boys, the selections of the judge evidently being great favourites amongst their fellow-competitors. Votes of thanks, proposed, seconded, and supported by Messrs. T. H. Olney, W. Higgs, and F. G. Ladds respectively, were then given; and the chairman, in replying, said he thought it was he who should be the one to give thanks for the splendid entertainment which it had been his privilege to witness. Great earnestness had been shown by every boy, and this trait, which was an essential in life's battle, augured well for their future.

On *Tuesday evening, January 8*, the President and Mrs. James Spurgeon visited the Orphanage for the purpose of distributing to the children the New Year's presents kindly provided by Croydon and other friends. The gifts were tastefully arranged on the platform, each article bearing the name of the recipient. There was a goodly company present, nearly a hundred having come from Croydon; and the proceedings were of an interesting character throughout. After the opening hymn and prayer, Pastor J. M. Bergin addressed the children, and then came a display of musical drill and part-singing by a choir of boys. As the children filed past, the President read out their names, and each child received, in addition to the special gift, a bottle of sweets. A very hearty volume of cheers was given to all the kind donors for this unique treat, of which the children will retain pleasant memories throughout the rest of the year.

During February, Mr. Charlesworth and the choir are to visit High Wycombe,

Oxford, Faringdon, Swindon, Trowbridge, Bath, Bristol, and Weston-super-Mare. Will friends in all these places help to make the meetings successful?

The next *Collectors' Meeting* is fixed for *Tuesday, March 5*, when it is expected that William Willis, Esq., Q.C., will preside. Will our friends who have boxes or books kindly arrange to attend if possible? The secretary will be glad to receive the names and addresses of any others who are willing to join this "League of Help."

Orphanage Sunday-school.—The annual New Year's service was held on *Lord's-day afternoon, January 13*, when all the children and teachers assembled to hear an address by Mr. Thomas Taylor, of the Sunday School Union Committee. Having expressed his New Year's wish in the words, "*The Lord be with you*," he pointed out that God had promised to be with us (1) *As a Shield*, (2) *As a Reward*, and (3) *As a Light*. Each point was illustrated by several personal incidents, and the undivided attention of the children was held throughout. Suitable hymns were sung, and a collection was taken at the close towards Dr. Churcher's work in North Africa. (See page 73.)

COLPORTEGE.—The good work still goes on, though we are sorry to report the serious illness of our secretary, Mr. W. Corden Jones. He was seized with influenza about the middle of December, and for some time his condition was one of grave anxiety. By the goodness of God, he is spared to us, though still very weak.

Our men are hard at work, and the work has indeed been hard in the midst of cold and wintry weather. Our good brother, Mr. Lloyd, of Broadstone, was taken ill suddenly on one of his journeys, but friends kindly drove him home. He writes:—"I had another very bad attack of my heart on Sunday. I started in the morning to take a service, but fell ill on the road, and so arrived too late to preach. I was, however, able to take the afternoon and evening services with evident signs of the divine blessing. To-day I am resting, but I hope to be out to-morrow. The weather is very bad, snow lying on the ground, and freezing hard; but customers must be looked after, and I must catch every opportunity to speak a word for the Master."

The spirit of this brother animates all our colporteurs. Compassed about with many labours, and in the midst of many difficulties, they manfully press forward in this work for the Lord Jesus Christ.

The ladies of our Colportage Working Society, whose aim it is to help these good brethren by gifts of clothing for themselves, their wives, and children, have written their usual Christmas letter to every man in the field. Here is a reply to it from a hard-working brother:—"Will you please give my best thanks to the ladies for their kind letter, which cheered me much? It seems to bring a unity of feeling; and we know that

we are not forgotten in our work." Another writes:—"Thanks for your letter, which came this morning like a ray of sunshine." So, hand in hand, we all labour together for the spread of the gospel of Christ, and for the extension of His kingdom.

You also, dear reader, can aid us in this good work. We need monetary help; we cannot do without it. Be it little or much, have you no New Year's gift to lay at the feet of Jesus? Our late beloved President once said:—"Funds ran very low, and then I cried to God, and He heard me out of His holy hill. How glad was I to hear the footfall of the ever-present Lord, answering to His child's prayer, and letting him know that his times were still in his Father's hands!"

Our work still needs loving help from the Lord's people; and that will speedily come, "as a cure for worry, and a blessed antidote to anxiety." All communications should be addressed to W. Corden Jones, Colportage Association, Temple Street, Newington, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—January 3rd, eight.

PERSONAL NOTES, BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.—I am deeply in loving debt to many dear friends for sweet words of sympathy in sorrow, and encouragement in work. It is only natural that grief at this season should claim to be indulged and cherished; but my God has so tenderly soothed my sadness with thoughts of my dear one's joy, and so brightened my gloom with the prospect of sharing his eternal glory, that even before the days of my mourning are ended, I can say that "the spirit of heaviness" has been exchanged for "the garment of praise." My beloved is but "gone home,"—

"Home, where his powers will grow,
Home, where no grief or pain,
No sorrow such as ours, can wound
His loving heart again."

To your repeated assurances of prayer for me at this sacred time of hallowed and tender memories, I can truly respond,—The Lord has already answered your petitions.

Then, I have also received the dearest and kindest expressions of delight in my "Personal Notes," and this is a greater inspiration to me than you can imagine.

I see my own writings through very sad-coloured glasses,—not a bit of rose tint in them,—but when I am again and again assured that my words have comforted and helped so many of the Lord's people, I cannot refuse to believe that the good hand of my God is in the matter. I adore the power which can thus bring strength out of weakness, and bless His name for giving me so choice a work to do in His vineyard.

After reading, in last month's Magazine, the little parable of the jewel set on a dark

background, a dear friend sent me the following graceful lines, which are too good to be left unrecorded,—

"Sweet heart, to thee if coming days
Fresh shadows should disclose,
Thy place be where the heavenly rays
Flash on thy diamond rose!"

Another of our poets gives me an equally charming and cheering verse, which I am pleased to pass on to my readers:—

"It may be that the darkness we are
dreading
Is but the shadow of His holy wing;
And the steep pathway we are sadly
treasuring,
Steps, leading to the palace of the
King."

News from *Zahleh, in Syria*, where the dear Pastor's sermons were *publicly burned* last year, gives me much satisfaction. The missionaries there are not at all discouraged by that incident; but they are the rather strengthened in their intention to continue the good work. The Lord is manifestly working in unexpected quarters; and, as the battle is His, we have but to stand still and see Him conquer. I sent some help for the usual Christmas distribution of sermons; and, as they have two Christmas days, one on the 25th December, and, thirteen days later, one kept by the Greek Church, they have been able to place a sermon in each of 700 homes in *Zahleh*! The way in which they have managed to introduce them thus into the Syrian households, is a practical illustration of "Dan'l Quorn's" historic method of "Catchin' 'em with guile"! The *mission schools* at *Zahleh* are large and flourishing, comprising some 1500 children; so, on Christmas morning, each scholar was presented with a sermon, which was forthwith carried home with great glee, and an entrance gained for the Word of life into the midst of the family circle. The result is left to the Lord. Only I want you, dear readers, to pray that He will avenge us of our adversaries by giving abundant success to this effort.

From *Cairo, in Egypt*. I have received the first volume of *The Treasury of David in Arabic* (dear Mr. Spurgeon's comments only), and though I cannot read it, it is admired, wondered at, and prayed over, every time I take it in my hands. There is a considerable space in my dear husband's library devoted to his works in foreign languages, and the shelves are becoming quite overlaid with these treasures. That particular "bay" used to be a great joy and delight to him; he would stand looking at the volumes, thanking God in his heart that he had been enabled to preach to so many of the nations of the earth in their own tongues. Does he know, think you, how large a blessing the Lord is still bestowing upon the labours of his hand and brain,

and how wonderfully people everywhere are being moved to spread abroad the message of God's love as he delivered it?

"If somebody would give £10!" This is the cry from *Riga, in Russia*, where I have just joyfully sent nearly that sum for the printing and publishing of more *Lettish sermons*. These Letts are deeply in love with dear Mr. Spurgeon's works, and the good pastor there, having translated *Farm Sermons*, earnestly desires to publish the book, and sell it at a cheap price to the eager people. £10 would be about a fourth part of the cost; and if "somebody" would give that amount, the pastor could obtain the remainder *somehow*! Does "somebody" feel moved to send me this sum for this special purpose? Or to send it direct to Pastor J. A. Frey, Riga, Russia? Dear "somebody," if the Lord inclines your heart, you will not withhold your hand!

These blessed opportunities come thick and fast upon me now, and He who sends them will also send the wherewithal to meet them. I have just promised help, to a missionary in *India*, towards the translation of the sermons in *Telugu*. They have a host of converts there in the Godavari District, and great blessing would result to them from the publication in their own language of the pure gospel truths spoken by our beloved one.

Friends will be glad to hear that the precious little book, *All of Grace*, has been translated into *French*, and will, I hope, shortly be published. May God give it His abundant blessing, and prosper its message to anxious and enquiring souls! France, although so near to us, is practically a heathen land, so far as pure and undefiled religion is concerned; and though there are many promising signs of life and love amongst the few who hold the truth as it is in Jesus, "the half-million of so-called Protestants are not all alive, by any means."

The good pastor, who is bringing out *All of Grace*, intends if he can to publish some of dear Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, in French, during this year, so that, as he says, "his voice shall be heard, as long and as loud as possible, for the salvation of men, and the building up of those who believe." In this pastor's church is a man who owes much to my beloved. He had been a professor, and had been baptized, then became a backslider, and for ten years lived in sin, hidden away in one of the largest cities in France. But the reading, quite casually, as it seemed, of a sermon, awakened his conscience, and he again sought the Lord. He went to the services of my correspondent's church in a sad state. One day, he stood up, at the close of the meeting, and begged to be allowed to speak. He began his confession, but was not able to get through. He burst into tears, and was thoroughly broken down. The whole church prayed for him, and he was finally restored. "Now," says

his pastor, "he is amongst our brightest Christians, and he wishes me to thank you for spreading abroad the sermons!"

Dear reader, are you not ready to sing "Hallelujah" with me over this sweet story, and also to renew every effort to send forth those thrice-blessed sermons?

"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"*Mine eyes fail with looking upward: O LORD, I am oppressed; undertake for me.*" — Isaiah xxxviii. 14.

Hezekiah had been sore sick when he wrote the psalm, or ode, from which these words are taken. A long and painful illness had brought him to "the gates of the grave"; and he here expresses, in pathetic language, some of the groans, and sighs, and cries which were wrung from his heart during the time when he feared that he might be deprived of the residue of his years.

"*Mine eyes fail with looking upward.*" Upon first reading these words, my heart felt envious of the poor sick king's experience. What! To look up to God so constantly and continually that my eyes should be wearied with the upward glance? This surely would be a pleasant pain, a sweet sorrow, a most rare and blessed spiritual attainment. With me it is, alas! so different; mine eyes mostly fail with looking *inward*! The fountain of sin within seems ever rising from the depths of my nature, and overflowing the banks of my life, and my gaze is too often rivetted on the dark flood, instead of being lifted to Him who has cast all my sins behind His back.

But I look again carefully at the text, and find that it should read thus, "*Mine eyes fail upward.*" The two words "with looking" are interpolated, they are not in the original Hebrew. The meaning is literally, "Mine eyelids droop, mine eyes are too weak to look upward." Ah! now I can understand, and Hezekiah's words touch my very soul. It is as if he said, (what I have so often had to say,) "I am utter weakness, Lord; a weight of sin, and sorrow, and sickness oppresses me, I am brought so low that I cannot even lift up mine eyes unto Thee; but come Thou, sit by my bed, close to me, Lord, so that I need not look up, but can shut my weary eyes for very bliss that Thou art looking down in tenderest pity on me, and saying, 'Fear not, for I am with thee.'"

"*Undertake for me.*" Oh, the blessed restfulness of putting everything, physical, mental, and spiritual, into my Father's hands, and just leaving all there! When once faith can heartily make this transfer, all is well with the soul, and its peace is perfect. God does nothing by halves; if He undertakes our case, He will deliver us from all evil, He will blot out our transgressions for His own name's sake, He will sanctify our affliction to His glory, He will turn our sorrow into joy.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. H. Higbed	0 6 0	A helper	0 10 0
M. H. B. S.	0 10 0	Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Fox, towards support of a student	50 0 0
Mr. J. Higgins	20 0 0	Mr. W. Pitcher	1 1 0
Mr. James Lawson	25 0 0	C. A. M., per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon ...	25 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. Corry	2 10 0	Contribution from New North Road Church, Huddersfield, per Mr. A. Rushworth	3 10 0
Collection at Lake Road Chapel, Ports- mouth, per Pastor C. Joseph	12 6 6	Mrs. J. Welch	0 5 0
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Mr. H. Donkin	1 0 0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon :—	
Mr. Carter, per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon ...	0 10 0	Miss B. McConnell	2 0 0
The Misses Kirtley	1 0 0	Mr. J. Thora	0 5 0
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Mr. T. D. Collen	5 0 0	Dec. 9	21 5 0
Mrs. Baker	5 0 0	" 18	5 6 0
Mr. and Mrs. Brazil	5 5 0	" 23	27 1 0
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Mr. J. Wilson	1 13 0	Watch Night (less ex- penses)	3 9 0
Mrs. Yates	0 10 6	Jan. 6	23 19 0
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Mr. W. G. Wilkins	1 1 0		<hr/>
Rev. R. J. Beecliff... ..	0 2 6		133 14 9
Mrs. Elgee	0 10 6		
Mr. W. Casson	1 0 0		<hr/>
			£457 1 10

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Metropolitan Tabernacle	Sunday-			C. A. M., per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon ...	5	0	0
school Missionary Union	...	5	5	0			
M. J. B.	0	10	0	Postal order from Wilts	0	5
The Misses Kirtley	0	10	0	F. C. W.	0	2
Mr. J. Hughes	0	10	0			
H. M. S. Widow's mite	...	0	5	0		£12	7
						6	

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss Jane Stewart...	0 10 0	Mr. F. G. Barnes	0 1 6
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Mr. J. H. Mills	0 10 0	Mrs. Hickisson, sen.	1 0 0
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Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs.				Hackney, per Mr. J. Cakebread	1 1 0	0 0
Morgan and Scott	10 12 6	Mr. T. D. Ransford	5 0 0	0 0
J. F. H.	2 0 0	Mrs. Hoskins	0 5 0	0 0
Mrs. Ewart (2 years' subscriptions,				Miss Hallam	0 3 0	0 0
1893-1894)	3 4 0	Mrs. J. Grant	1 0 0	0 0
Mrs. Reed	3 0 0	Miss E. H. Walton	0 2 6	0 0
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Mr. J. Cameron	0 10 0	Mrs. T. W. Franklin	0 10 0	0 0
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Mr. J. Leiper	1 0 0	Collected by Mrs. C. T. Appleton (box)	...	1 0 0	0 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Langton	0	10	0	Mrs. Squires	1	0	0
Miss J. Meyler	0	10	0	The Misses Griffiths	0	14	6
Mrs. Spooner	1	1	0	Collected by Mr. G. Benson	0	5	0
Mrs. Bates	0	10	0	Miss Shoppard	0	5	0
Mr. G. H. Shipway	0	2	6	Mrs. Gibson	0	5	0
Dean Forest Sunday-school Union,				E. M. T.	0	2	0
per Mr. H. Latchem	0	16	3	Mrs. Dodwell, sen.	0	10	6
Reggie & Winnie	0	1	0	Mr. H. Donkin	1	0	0
Mary	0	2	6	Miss Cousin	2	2	0
Mr. J. Godwin	1	1	0	Susan	1	1	0
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Mrs. Francis	1	0	0	Master C. J. Jones	0	5	0
Providence Baptist Sunday-school,				Mr. G. R. Adams	0	5	0
Hounslow, per Mr. C. Yeates	0	10	0	Mr. W. G. Healing	1	1	0
Mrs. M. Lang	0	5	0	Mrs. Cornish	0	1	0
A widow	0	3	0	Rev. W. Parry	0	10	0
H. M.	0	3	0	Mrs. Jeffers	2	0	0
From a friend	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Spencer	1	0	0	J. B. C.	1	10	0
Mr. S. Leath	0	5	0	Mr. D. Goodall	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. W. Britcher	0	10	0	Miss G. Bedwell	0	2	6
Mrs. Harrison	0	10	0	Mrs. R. Oakley	0	2	0
Mrs. M. J. Warren	0	10	0	Miss S. Morgan	5	0	0
Stratford Grove C. E. Society	0	3	7	Mr. W. A. Freudemacher	0	10	0
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Mr. M. Stroud	2	2	0	Mr. W. Wood	1	1	0
Mrs. Poase	0	2	6	Collected by Mr. Vincent	0	6	9
Mrs. Bonuetto	1	1	0	Mrs. Newman Hall	5	0	0
Mrs. E. Doughty	0	10	0	Mr. J. H. Field	5	0	0
Mr. T. W. Denne	0	5	0	Mr. T. Lunham	10	0	0
Postal order, Colchester	0	5	0	Mr. H. G. Hobson	2	2	0
Miss West	0	10	0	Mrs. Brake	1	0	0
Miss L. S. Penfold	0	5	0	E. F.	0	3	0
Miss Sladen	0	2	6	Miss Bevan	0	2	6
Mrs. S. Watson	0	3	0	Mrs. and the Misses Lowe	2	0	0
Collected by the Misses Peck & Bullen	0	15	0	Mrs. Lane	2	0	0
Mr. H. Felgate	0	5	0	A friend in Leamington	0	1	0
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Mr. T. Woodley	2	0	0	Mrs. Copland	0	5	0
Mr. Cleaver	1	1	0	Mr. A. White	0	3	0
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Smaller sums	0	10	0	Mrs. Lord	0	2	6
	4	1	0	Mr. W. T. Flew	0	10	0
T. O. O. G.	0	3	0	Miss E. Scarfe	0	1	0
Mrs. Bayley	1	0	0	Mr. C. Buchel	2	2	0
Collected by Master S. Matkin	0	5	0	Mr. C. H. Gibson	1	0	0
Mrs. S. G. Bickle	1	0	0	Mr. D. Land	0	6	0
Mr. G. W. F. Fringle	0	5	0	Miss M. McEwing	2	0	0
Mrs. Reed	0	2	6	Collected by Miss Digby	1	1	1
Mrs. E. A. Holloway	1	0	0	Mr. C. Hooper	0	10	6
Miss M. A. Seale	1	0	0	Miss Stevens	0	10	0
Miss Harris	5	0	0	Mr. J. Marshall	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Scruby	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Pearce	0	10	0
Miss Green	1	0	0	C. M. W.	0	10	0
Mrs. Knott	0	5	0	Postal order, Nairn	0	5	0
Miss R. Smith	2	2	0	Miss M. Jones	0	10	6
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Mr. S. Cole	0	10	0	Mrs. Carter	1	0	0
Mrs. Davies	0	5	0	Mr. H. Procter	0	10	6
Mr. G. F. Jobbins	10	0	0	Mrs. S. Manlove	0	5	0
Mrs. L. Cox	0	5	0	Mr. A. H. Lockwood	0	10	0
Mr. D. S. Miller	0	10	0	Mr. G. Smith	1	1	0
Mrs. Ellwood	3	0	0	Mr. A. H. Bunney	1	1	0
Mrs. A. Knott	0	10	0	Mr. Edwin West	0	10	6
Mr. E. E. Myhill	0	2	0	Mrs. Hawker	2	0	0
Mr. J. O'Gram	1	0	0	Mrs. Cockburn	0	10	6
Mrs. Langman	0	1	0	Mrs. M. A. Oldfield	2	2	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0	Mr. James Perrett	1	1	0
Stamps	0	1	0	Mr. John Cave	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Bell	1	0	0	Mrs. Colthup, per Mr. John Wood	0	10	0
Withington Congregational Church	1	1	0	Mr. William Paine	0	10	0
Mr. T. A. Kelly	0	5	0	Mr. G. E. Horn	1	1	0
Mr. J. Clark	1	0	0	S. B. S.	1	1	0
Mrs. Rose	0	4	0	Collected by Mr. D. B. Jones	0	2	6
Miss Evans	0	10	0	Miss Brown	0	2	6
Mr. L. Haley	1	0	0	Mrs. B. Veall	0	2	6
Collected by Miss E. Lockett	0	10	0	Postal order, Hayle	0	2	6
Mrs. S. Arnold	3	0	0	Mr. A. Dodge	0	6	0
Mr. J. Norton	1	0	0	Miss Gregg	0	2	0
Stamps, from Harrogate	0	1	0	Miss M. Warren	0	3	0
				Miss E. Keylock	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss R. B. Dall	0	5	0	Mr. W. J. Evelyn	10	0	0
Collected by Master P. Stimpson ...	0	3	0	M. J. B.	0	10	0
Zeta	0	5	0	E. J. E.	25	0	0
Mrs. S. Evans	0	5	0	M. H. B. S.	1	0	0
C. G. C.	0	2	6	Mr. J. Lawson	25	0	0
Mrs. E. Bryan	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Corry	2	10	0
The Misses Cunningham	2	2	0	Mrs. S. Robbins	0	5	0
Mr. H. Watts	1	0	0	Mr. James Grose	2	2	0
Mrs. and Miss Inglis	1	0	0	Miss Gross	1	1	0
Miss J. Muil	1	0	0	Miss H. Grose	0	10	6
Mrs. B. Tinsack	1	0	0	Mrs. Wilkinson	5	0	0
Mrs. M. Millist	1	1	0	Mrs. E. Green	5	0	0
Mrs. Pittmann	1	11	0	Staines Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr.			
Mr. W. Mingins	1	0	0	J. McKee	1	10	0
Mrs. Charles	0	5	0	Miss Speh	0	7	6
Miss C. Lattlebury	0	5	0	Mrs. Sharpington	0	10	0
Mr. F. James	0	5	0	Miss Sharpington	0	10	0
Mrs. W. Balls	0	5	0	Mr. C. E. Tidswell	0	10	0
Mr. W. Fyson	0	10	0	Mrs. Raybould	1	1	0
Miss E. Jackson	0	10	6	Mr. H. Buckley	2	2	0
Mrs. S. Oliver	0	10	0	Bank of England note from Belfast ...	5	0	0
Mr. T. P. Potts	0	10	0	Dr. J. R. Macduff	2	2	0
Mr. E. Gowing	0	10	0	Mr. R. Morgan	1	1	0
Mrs. L. Sealy	0	5	0	Mrs. Nagle	1	0	0
Mr. A. George	0	5	0	Miss H. Wood	1	1	0
Mrs. Willis	0	10	0	The Misses E. A. and E. Dunstan ...	1	5	0
Mr. Annis	0	5	0	Mr. J. Norckett	1	1	0
Mrs. S. J. Johnson	0	4	0	Arran	0	2	0
Collected by Miss S. Basham	0	9	0	Mrs. Alston	1	1	0
Mr. C. R. Brightman	0	5	0	Mr. J. Billing	0	6	0
Mrs. Mizen	0	5	0	Mr. J. Weir	1	0	0
Mrs. Long	0	5	0	Mr. J. Mortimer	1	0	0
Mr. S. D. Lamb	0	1	0	Mr. J. Kearry	0	10	0
Madame Bodda	0	3	0	Collected by Master Hogg (deceased) ...	0	1	1
Mrs. E. Workman	0	10	0	Mrs. M. Harvey	0	2	6
Mr. S. J. Carter	0	4	0	Postal order, Findon	0	5	0
Postal order, Brighton Road, Dir-				Mrs. Jno. Lewis	0	5	0
mingham	0	1	6	Mr. S. Wellman	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Grover	0	10	0	Mrs. M. Hay	0	6	0
Mr. Duncan McColl	0	5	0	Collected by Miss Nellie Burcher ...	0	6	0
Mrs. Chesworth	0	5	0	The Misses S. and C. Marlow	0	5	0
Mr. D. Campbell	0	10	0	Miss G. H. Stirling	0	3	0
Mr. E. Reynolds	0	2	6	Mr. R. Morris	0	5	0
Miss A. S. Scott	0	7	6	Miss Salmond	0	7	6
Mr. John Lumsden	0	10	0	Mrs. M. D. Smith	1	0	0
Rev. G. Hughes	0	5	0	Mr. Geo. Camps	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Carter	0	10	0	Messrs. F. Higgins & Son	0	12	6
Miss E. J. Farmer	0	3	0	Mr. F. Bowden	0	10	0
Mr. R. Edwards	0	5	0	Miss Darley	0	9	6
Miss Greenlees	0	5	0	Collected by Miss E. M. Kite	0	10	0
Mr. R. B. Hindley	0	5	0	Mr. R. Burgess	0	12	0
Miss Horton	0	5	0	Miss Potter	0	10	0
Mrs. Jas. Hodges	0	10	0	Mrs. Baines	0	2	6
Miss Pinckstone	0	2	6	Mr. W. Reeves	0	2	6
Miss C. Meares	0	10	0	Mrs. B. M. Harrison	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Penning	0	5	6	Mr. W. Munday	0	6	0
Collected by Mr. E. J. Brown	0	6	0	Mr. J. Mee	0	8	6
Mrs. E. Dury	0	5	0	Mr. James Fear	0	10	0
Mrs. A. Broom	0	5	0	Miss F. Hall	0	10	0
Mrs. R. Wilkinson	0	5	0	Master H. F. Snow	0	3	0
Mrs. Holbrook	0	12	0	Miss F. Briggs	0	3	0
Mr. A. Cave	0	10	6	Miss R. Daniell	0	5	0
Miss Berry	0	2	6	Mr. C. Allport	0	10	0
Mr. J. Riley	0	1	0	Mrs. May	0	7	6
Mr. W. J. Pearce	1	0	0	Miss M. Fraser	0	5	0
Mr. J. F. Pearmaine	0	10	2	Mr. J. O. Buck	0	3	6
Mrs. Parry	1	0	0	Mrs. Lees	0	5	0
Miss M. Ferguson	3	0	0	Mrs. E. Morley	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Sutherland	1	0	0	For Jesus' lambs	0	4	0
Mrs. E. Cook	2	0	0	Mrs. R. Osborn	0	5	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	2	2	0	Mr. M. Pilgrim	0	2	0
Miss Porter	1	1	0	Mr. H. Evans	0	2	6
Miss E. Macnicoll	1	0	0	Mr. R. Vail	0	5	0
Mr. E. L. Wallis	1	1	0	Mr. J. B. Dixon	0	5	0
Mrs. Dewar	1	0	0	Miss Reddome	0	5	0
Mr. James Smart	1	0	0	Miss S. E. Knight	0	2	6
Mrs. G. Cowan	1	1	0	Mrs. Ashton	0	3	0
Mr. J. Gavet	1	0	0	Mr. E. Marshall	0	5	0
Mr. E. J. Upward	1	0	0	Mrs. H. Davie	0	5	0
Mr. W. Furse	1	1	0	Mr. H. Skinner	0	10	6
Collected by Mrs. Jephcoat	1	5	0	Miss A. Baker	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. G. Hacksley	0 5 0	A. and M.	0 10 0
Mrs. E. Sear	0 10 0	Postal order, London Fields	1 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. Webb	0 5 0	Mr. W. Dunn	1 5 0
Mrs. Southwell	0 5 0	A collection from Llandrindod friends	1 0 0
D. Kendal	1 0 0	Mr. T. Stocker	5 0 0
Mrs. M. A. Pilgrim	1 0 0	Mr. R. C. Drew	1 1 0
Miss Buckland	1 0 0	Mrs. E. Yallop	1 0 0
Stamps from Newport, I.W.	0 2 6	Collected by Miss A. Solomon	2 0 0
Miss Taylor	1 0 0	Collected by Mrs. Perry	0 10 1
Mr. T. Eatock	0 2 0	Collected by Mrs. M. Rogers	1 4 9
Stamps from March	0 1 0	Mr. G. Milner	1 0 0
Mrs. Walker	0 2 0	Baptist Tabernacle Sunday-school,	
Mr. W. Newton	0 5 0	Sittingbourne, per Mr. G. Mallett	1 18 0
Mrs. Spear	0 5 0	Mrs. C. Watts	2 0 0
Miss J. H. Chapman	0 6 2	Mrs. M. A. Holland	1 0 0
Mrs. R. Shaw	0 2 6	Mr. and Mrs. Gregory	2 10 0
From an American friend, per Miss		A thankoffering for the sermons	1 1 0
Clare Smith	2 2 0	Willie, Edie, Millic, and Horace C —	1 1 0
Mr. and Mrs. Mason	2 0 0	Mr. H. Hill	1 1 0
Mr. Poulter	1 1 0	Collected by Miss Hunter	3 12 6
Collected by Miss L. Anstsin	0 15 0	Messrs. Leeson and Son	2 0 0
Mrs. Curtis	0 5 0	Mr. F. T. Tucker	1 1 0
Mrs. E. Brightman	0 10 6	Mrs. B. Jones	1 1 0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Creasey	1 1 0	Mrs. Weller	0 1 6
Mr. A. Walker	1 1 0	Mr. L. Clayton	0 10 0
Rev. E. W. Tarbox	3 3 0	Messrs. King	0 7 6
Mr. and Mrs. Baker	0 10 0	Miss Gerard	0 7 0
Mr. J. Wilson	1 0 0	Mr. Heritage	1 0 0
Mr. T. Hendry	0 5 0	Rev. W. Chambers	0 7 6
Messrs. McCammon and Sprott	0 10 0	Mr. J. A. Symon	1 0 0
Mrs. Boyle	0 5 0	Mr. C. Hague	1 0 0
Mrs. J. E. Swan	0 6 6	Collected by Master J. Francis	0 3 8
Mrs. S. E. Goslin	0 2 6	Mr. J. Plumbridge	5 0 0
Mr. T. Bowler	0 5 0	Mrs. Biddle (in memory of her dear	
Mr. and Mrs. Clow	0 5 0	husband, Mr. G. Biddle)	4 4 0
Miss F. Morgan	0 3 6	R. E. B.	10 0 0
Mr. A. Hutton	0 10 0	Miss Girdlestone	1 1 0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0 5 0	Miss H. Thomas	1 0 0
Miss E. Gray	0 2 0	Miss E. Spurgin	1 1 0
Mrs. E. Parsons	0 10 0	Collected by Mr. J. Smith	1 0 0
Miss Urquhart	0 10 0	Mr. C. Trolase	1 0 0
Miss E. Randall	0 1 0	Mansfield Street Sunday-school, per	
Mr. A. H. Apsey	0 10 0	Mr. E. Johnson	2 0 0
Mrs. Groves	0 2 6	Mr. S. T. Field	1 0 0
Miss A. Rees	0 2 6	Mrs. A. Murdoch	1 0 0
Miss Smith	0 5 0	Collected by Mrs. W. T. Clark	1 0 0
Mrs. F. Dodwell	0 5 0	Mr. H. Thomas	1 1 0
Mrs. S. Dales	0 2 6	The Misses Kirtley	2 10 0
Miss Lightbound	0 2 6	Mr. C. Howe	0 10 0
Mrs. Gront	0 2 6	A friend at Southampton	10 0 0
Mrs. H. Warriner	0 2 0	Mrs. S. Slodden	0 2 6
Mrs. E. Bowyer	0 5 0	"Agricola and his wife"	5 0 0
Mr. G. Anderson	0 7 0	Collected by Masters Kent	0 4 4
A friend at Waterbeach (stamps)	0 1 0	Mr. J. Miller	0 5 0
Miss S. Clout	0 2 6	Miss Camps	0 5 0
Mrs. Alexander	0 2 6	Miss Pilcher	0 10 0
Mr. Squibb	0 10 0	Collected by Miss I. Mackintosh	0 10 6
Collected by Mrs. H. Winsor	0 12 6	Miss G. Beall	0 3 0
Mrs. M. Richards	0 3 6	Miss Lloyd Roberts	0 10 0
The Misses Fleming	0 10 6	Mrs. Chapman	0 1 0
Mrs. Ewart	0 5 0	Mr. W. Rolls	0 5 0
Miss J. Tingle	0 3 0	Collected by Mrs. Ralph	0 14 0
Mr. J. Fleming	0 5 0	Mr. James Scott	0 12 6
Mrs. Mallinson and Mrs. Hertzell	0 2 0	Mrs. J. S. H.	0 5 0
The late Miss Clara Asten	0 5 0	Mr. W. T. P.	0 2 0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0 3 0	Mrs. C. Norton	0 3 0
Mr. Brazier	0 2 0	Mr. S. Sharp	0 10 0
Miss Sievwright	0 2 6	Mr. Jno. Hosie	0 5 0
Mrs. Newman	0 7 6	Mr. Chas. Chester	0 10 6
Mr. Duncan Macpherson	0 2 6	Rev. Jno. F. Linn	0 2 8
Mrs. Ironside	1 0 0	Mr. Robert Jones	0 2 6
Miss E. Green	0 1 1	Collected by Miss A. C. Wright	0 2 8
Mr. G. Wight	1 0 0	Mrs. Banbury	0 5 6
Mr. J. Cameron	0 5 0	Mr. J. Briggs	0 5 0
Young Women's Bible-class at Eld		A retired country minister	0 2 6
Lane Baptist Chapel, Colechester, per		Mr. Geo. Eldridge	0 7 6
Miss E. Barrett	0 10 6	Miss Turnbull	0 10 0
Mr. W. Hoare	0 5 0	Mr. J. Cutler	0 10 0
Mrs. J. Higham	5 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Conchie	0 5 0
Mrs. Johnson	1 0 0	Mrs. W. Gearing	0 2 0
Mrs. Holden	0 1 0	Mr. E. Longmore	0 10 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Lawrie	0	10	0	Mrs. J. D. Le Feuvre	0	2	6
Mr. Geo. King	0	5	0	Mr. Hartswell	0	2	6
Mrs. and Miss Pearson	0	10	0	Mr. Jas. Emery	0	1	0
Mrs. D. Humphreys	0	10	0	Miss A. Kelly	0	1	6
Mrs. Bickford	0	3	0	Mr. R. E. Whitehead	0	2	6
Miss Ware and Mrs. Phillips	0	5	0	Mr. R. Stewart	0	2	6
Mrs. W. Horton	0	5	0	Mrs. F. Dickerson	0	3	0
Miss E. P. Horton	0	5	0	Mr. H. Johnson	0	3	0
Mrs. Drayson	0	5	0	Mrs. Towler	0	3	6
Collected by Mr. T. Acland	0	5	0	Mr. J. M. Rattray	0	5	0
From friends in Fyvie, per Mr. Jas. Phillips	0	10	0	Mrs. Brame	0	5	0
Mr. David Rees	0	10	0	Miss Turnbull	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Frohock	0	10	0	Miss L. W. Purnell	0	5	0
Young lady tract-distributors at Willingham, per Mrs. S. Frohock	0	12	0	Alexander and Bessie Bissett	0	5	0
Working-man	0	2	0	Mr. Jno. Thomson	0	5	0
Stamps	0	2	0	The Misses Porter	0	5	0
From a friend	0	5	0	Mr. G. W. Skeats	0	5	0
Mrs. Roberts and Miss Millard Cotton	0	1	0	Mrs. Fox	0	5	0
Mrs. F. Rice and children	0	5	0	Miss M. J. Lewis	0	5	0
Mr. Barnes	0	12	0	Mr. W. Kirkland	0	5	0
S. M.	0	10	0	Mrs. Lamb	0	5	0
Mr. C. P. Millar	0	5	0	Mr. G. B. Vanheson	0	5	0
Mrs. L. Bush	0	10	0	Mr. H. H. Dove	0	5	0
Mr. G. Tinsley	1	0	0	Mr. W. Smith	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Williams, per Mr. W. Bevan	1	0	0	Mr. H. Reid	0	7	6
Mr. E. W. Bevan	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Brown	0	5	0
Mrs. W. Bevan	0	5	0	Miss Chew	0	2	6
Miss E. Milroy	2	0	0	Mr. R. Dawson	0	8	0
Miss E. S. White	0	10	0	Mr. Samuel Priddy	0	10	0
Mrs. W. Callam	0	10	0	Mrs. M. A. Chapman	0	10	0
Dolly	0	10	6	Mrs. Freeman	0	10	0
Miss Butler	0	5	0	Mrs. E. J. Barnes	0	10	0
Collected by Miss S. Ireland	0	10	0	Mr. Geo. Baker	0	10	0
Mr. C. Rowland	0	5	0	The Misses Gribbon	0	10	0
Miss E. Hodgell	0	2	0	In loving memory	0	2	6
Mrs. M. Piper	1	0	0	Mrs. Shotton	0	1	0
Mrs. C. A. Nelson	1	0	0	A friend	0	0	6
Mr. J. Clarke	0	5	0	M. G.	0	10	0
Mr. C. E. Messeder	0	5	0	A. A.	0	5	0
Miss J. R. Moore	1	0	0	W. and M. S.	0	10	0
M. H.	0	5	0	Mrs. Trench	0	2	6
Mr. W. Blott	10	0	0	Miss Smither	0	1	6
Mr. W. Joass	1	0	0	Miss S. Hughes	0	2	6
Miss M. Simpson	0	2	0	Mr. James Pester	0	5	0
S. B. & Co.	2	2	0	Mr. R. Middleton	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Bickmore	1	1	0	Mr. J. Newcombe	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Sims	0	6	0	Pastor Jno. S. May	0	6	0
V. H. M.	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. H. A. Brooker	0	9	3
Mr. J. Wilson	1	0	0	Mrs. Munro	0	10	0
Mr. J. Harris	1	0	0	Collected by Master Jno. Burt	0	10	0
Mr. H. Knott	1	1	0	Mr. James Binstead	0	16	0
Mr. H. A. Harverson	2	2	0	Miss A. Marshall	0	5	0
Collected by Master H. Bray	0	2	5	Mr. and Mrs. Oram	0	5	0
U. P. Church Mission School, Dumbarton	0	10	0	Mr. W. Butcher	0	3	0
Mr. J. Charters	1	1	0	Mrs. Hay	0	2	0
Mr. G. Russell	2	0	0	Frances M. Hay	0	1	6
Mr. S. Jarvis	1	1	1	Mr. Arthur Lane	0	2	6
W. W., Carluke	1	0	0	Collected by Miss J. Brown	0	2	0
Mrs. Parkes	1	0	0	Master R. Jackman	0	11	0
Miss Parkes	0	10	0	Mr. F. Gammon	1	0	0
Miss B. Parkes	0	10	0	Miss E. Botsford	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Cousens	1	4	0	Master A. J. Eddington	0	2	6
Mr. J. Taylor	1	0	0	Miss Little	0	2	6
Miss Taylor	0	7	0	Miss Hies	0	5	0
Mr. A. Tilley	1	1	0	Mr. T. Field	0	5	0
Mrs. Ball	1	0	0	Mr. R. Casburn	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hewat	2	0	0	Mrs. M. A. Ray	0	10	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	10	0	0	Miss E. Swain	0	10	0
Master F. Durant	1	0	0	Miss N. Clarke	0	5	0
Miss J. Wood	1	0	0	Mrs. McClure	0	5	0
Messrs. Phillips, More & Co.	1	1	0	Collected by Mr. E. J. Beaumont	0	2	6
Mr. J. Clifton	1	1	0	Mr. F. Holmes	0	4	0
Miss A. Doody	2	0	0	Mrs. E. Jefferies	0	5	0
In memoriam, W. L. M.	0	10	0	Mr. A. G. Wing	0	5	0
Miss S. A. Harrison	0	10	0	Miss Proudfoot	0	2	6
Mr. A. Ross	0	10	0	Miss Adams	0	2	6
Mr. H. Laffin	0	2	0	Mr. F. J. Rumsey	0	5	0
Mrs. Hermann	0	2	0	Mrs. Barnard	0	5	0
				Mr. F. Prior	0	5	0
				Mr. H. Varney	0	9	0
				Mrs. Pullum	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss M. M. Hodges	0	10	0	Mrs. B. M. Swift	0	10	0
Collected by Miss J. Permaine...	0	12	3	Mr. W. Hipkiss	0	10	0
Miss E. S. Harrison	0	1	6	Mrs. Gardiner	0	10	0
Mrs. Stevens	0	1	6	Mr. James Bazeley	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Holdstock	0	2	6	Miss Clement	0	10	0
Miss E. and Master Holdstock	0	1	3	Mr. J. M. Coutts	0	10	0
Mr. George Wood	0	2	6	Mrs. Mortimer	0	10	0
Mr. J. T. Mills	0	2	6	Mrs. E. Kilborn (annual)	0	5	0
Rev. James Smalley	0	2	6	Miss E. Kilborn (annual)	0	5	0
Mrs. C. J. Porter	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. John Nicholl	1	0	0
Mr. Sissons	0	2	6	Mrs. Harris and friends	0	8	0
Miss S. M. Stedman	0	3	0	Miss E. Scott	0	2	6
Miss A. Davies	0	3	0	Collected by Miss H. Tysall	0	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Selby	0	3	0	Mr. T. Edwards	0	10	6
Mrs. Crane	0	5	0	Mr. C. C. Le Grice	0	10	6
Mrs. Davies	0	5	0	Mrs. Trew	0	10	0
Miss Nellie Sortwell	0	5	0	Mr. E. Davis	1	0	0
Mr. J. Wily	0	5	0	E. K.	0	5	0
From friends, per Mrs. Wolfe	0	7	6	Miss D. Walker	0	10	0
Miss S. A. Dugan	0	8	0	Miss Jewhurst	0	1	6
Mr. William Willis	0	10	0	Mrs. Leaver	0	2	6
Mrs. N. Sparrow	0	10	0	Mrs. Fischer	0	2	6
Mr. G. M. Rabbich	0	10	0	Mrs. Mumford	0	5	0
Mr. Reeves Hughes	0	10	0	A friend, per Mrs. Mumford	0	1	0
Mr. J. Spilman	0	10	0	Rev. Edward Evans	0	5	8
Collected by Mrs. Fakeley and family	0	10	0	Mr. T. D. Lewis	0	5	0
A grateful grandmother	0	10	0	Miss Sissie Simpson	0	5	0
Miss M. A. Berry	0	11	0	E. Wells, Hounslow	0	5	0
Mr. J. W. Green	0	10	0	Mrs. W. G. Green	0	2	6
Mrs. E. L. Smith	0	10	0	Mrs. H. Barrett	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Forbes	0	10	0	Mrs. Whittle	1	0	0
S. G. A.	0	10	6	Mrs. Baker	5	0	0
Collected by Mr. W. J. Gale	0	15	0	Mr. H. T. Trevanion	2	0	0
Miss Thompson	0	15	0	Mrs. Burgess' Young Women's Bible-			
Mrs. M. Hall	1	0	0	class at the Orphanage	1	1	0
Miss C. Thomson	1	1	0	Box at Tabernacle gates	0	9	1
Mr. Samuel Grey	1	1	0	Messrs. Wills & Packham	3	0	0
Mr. S. H. Perriam	1	1	0	L. H.	0	5	0
Mr. T. Trotman	1	5	0	Mr. E. Williams	1	1	0
W. Mann	0	2	6	The Misses Stocker	1	0	0
W. H.	0	2	0	Mr. T. Harris, J.P.	10	0	0
Mrs. Everett and son	1	5	0	Mr. J. McBeth	1	0	0
Mr. W. Johnson	0	1	0	Mrs. Harvey	1	0	0
Stamps	0	1	6	Messrs. Henry Head & Co.	1	1	0
E. B.	0	1	6	Charles Street Sunday-school, Camber-			
Mr. W. Bentley	0	2	6	well	2	10	0
W. D. N.	0	2	6	Collected by Miss F. Cook	1	9	1
A working-man	0	5	0	Mr. M. Romang	1	1	0
A friend	0	2	0	Mr. M. Romang, jun.	1	1	0
Mr. J. Harris	0	5	0	Mr. E. Romang	1	1	0
In beloved memory of him	0	6	0	Mr. G. W. Irons	1	10	0
M. J. W., a thankoffering	0	10	0	Mrs. Spindler, per Dr. E. J. Hawkes...	5	0	0
A lover of Mr. Spurgeon	0	2	6	Mrs. E. Mills	1	0	0
Miss S. Pocock	0	7	8	Mr. J. H. Hill	0	10	6
E. Backen	0	2	0	Mr. J. B. Stott	1	0	0
Little Queenie (aged 7 months)	0	2	6	Mr. W. R. Roberts	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Payne	0	2	6	Mrs. A. Garner	2	2	0
Mrs. Robinson	0	3	0	Mr. T. H. Howell	1	12	0
A widow's mite	0	3	0	Collected by Mrs. McSkimming	0	2	9
Miss N. Wood	0	4	0	Mrs. E. L. and F. B. Cobby	1	5	0
Mr. Bromage	0	2	0	Mrs. J. Roberts	0	2	6
Mrs. S. David	0	2	0	Mrs. Wilmott	0	4	6
Mr. D. David	0	4	0	Mr. J. W. Barnaby	0	5	0
Miss E. E. Buckingham	0	5	0	Mr. J. A. Newling	0	5	0
Miss May Baker	0	5	0	Mr. J. C. Henderson	0	5	0
Miss R. C. Drake	0	5	0	Miss E. L. Tarver	0	5	0
Mrs. Harper and children	0	18	6	Per Miss Tarrant:—			
Collected by Miss Borley	0	5	0	Mr. Tarrant	0	1	0
Mr. Ives	0	5	0	Miss Tarrant	0	2	0
Mrs. A. J. Parker	0	5	0	Mrs. Rogers	0	2	0
Mr. Pope, per Mrs. A. J. Parker	0	5	0				
Mrs. E. J. Clarke	0	5	0	Mr. R. Evans	0	5	0
Mrs. Geo. Chesney	0	5	0	Mr. T. Duffell	0	10	0
Mr. Geo. Blake	0	5	0	W. J. S.	1	0	0
A. and W. O.	0	5	0	Mrs. B. Kedsle	0	2	6
Mr. W. Tucker	0	5	0	A friend, C. H.	0	10	0
Mr. T. Bevan	0	5	0	Mr. E. Lloyd	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hardy	0	5	0	Mr. J. W. Whitaker	0	3	0
Miss M. Bowen	0	7	0	Mr. P. Denny	25	0	0
Miss Davey	0	10	0	Mr. E. D. Moss	10	0	0
Mr. W. Mitchell	0	10	0				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Stamps, London, S.W. ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Eckersley ...	0	5	0
Mr. R. Johnstone ...	0	10	0	Miss Keay ...	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Day ...	0	10	0	Crispy Ruthven's saved pence ...	0	3	0
The Misses Gibson ...	0	10	0	Miss A. Drummond ...	0	5	0
Mr. R. Bate ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Patterson ...	0	10	0
Mr. B. Whitworth ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Uridge ...	0	11	8
Mr. J. Aldington ...	0	10	0	Mr. Thos. Weir ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Barnes ...	0	10	0	Mr. G. Huntley ...	0	10	6
Mr. R. Brown ...	0	10	0	Miss Goodchild ...	1	0	0
Mr. W. J. Murphy ...	0	10	0	Mr. W. H. Wilcox ...	1	0	9
Mr. J. Owers ...	0	10	6	Mr. H. Mandrell ...	1	1	0
Mr. S. Popplestone ...	2	0	0	Collected by Miss Redhouse ...	0	1	0
Mrs. M. Steele ...	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wale ...	2	0	0
Mr. W. Davies ...	0	10	0	Collected by Miss E. Cane (South Africa) ...	2	10	6
Mr. W. H. Pollard ...	1	1	0	Mr. H. J. Roff ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. McKelvie ...	1	0	0	Miss J. Allen ...	0	2	6
Mr. J. R. Joscelyne ...	1	0	0	Mrs. L. Marshall ...	0	1	0
The Misses Foord ...	1	1	0	Little Oliver ...	0	5	0
Mr. T. Glassey ...	5	0	0	M. P. S. ...	0	2	0
Colonel and Mrs. Jas. Williams ...	5	0	0	The invalid's box ...	0	2	0
Putton Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. S. J. Fowler ...	0	5	0	Mrs. R. E. Gregory ...	0	2	6
Stamps, Kilmarnock ...	0	7	6	Mrs. A. D. Bird ...	0	2	6
Mr. Lauder E. Comley ...	0	5	0	Mrs. J. Margatroyd ...	0	2	6
Mr. Alfred Watson ...	0	10	6	Miss E. M. Perrin ...	0	3	0
Postal order, Guildtown, Perth ...	0	5	0	Miss E. Millar ...	0	5	0
K., Perth, Stamps ...	0	5	0	Miss Murray Gartshorn ...	0	5	0
Mr. E. Sherringham ...	0	1	6	Miss E. M. Maull ...	0	5	6
Mrs. Jefford ...	0	2	0	Mr. J. Head ...	0	5	6
Miss K. Butler ...	0	2	0	Mr. Joseph Taylor ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Smith ...	0	2	6	Mrs. T. Bush ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Barrett ...	0	2	6	Mr. T. Bush ...	0	5	0
Emma, Ernest, and dear little Bertie ...	0	2	6	Mr. Hugh Falcon ...	0	2	0
Mrs. C. Plummer ...	0	3	0	Mr. J. Holland ...	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Chalmers ...	0	3	0	Mr. W. E. D. Knight ...	0	9	0
Mr. Wm. McDonald ...	0	4	6	Collected by Master P. S. Wigney ...	1	11	6
Mr. J. J. Hurst ...	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Mott ...	1	10	0
A thankoffering from Great Ellingham ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Davies, per Mrs. Mott ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Howard ...	0	5	0	Miss Hagger, per Mrs. Mott ...	0	10	0
Miss Wilson ...	0	5	0	J. D. ...	0	2	0
Master J. Peebles ...	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Jones ...	1	0	0
Miss A. Broackes ...	0	10	0	Mr. C. W. Bull ...	1	0	0
Mr. G. F. Shepherd ...	0	10	0	Mr. East ...	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Rice ...	0	10	0	Mr. B. C. Forder ...	1	1	0
Miss M. Hammond ...	0	1	0	Mrs. E. Goodman ...	1	1	0
Mr. E. Grinier ...	0	2	0	Pastor J. H. and Mrs. Barnard ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Milne ...	0	2	0	Mrs. W. Donaldson ...	0	2	6
Mr. A. C. Johnston ...	0	2	6	Mrs. L. Belough ...	0	1	6
Rev. W. Dorey ...	0	2	6	From 52, Gladsmuir Road ...	0	2	6
Mr. W. Ray ...	0	2	6	M. W. and E. E. ...	0	3	0
Mr. H. Dean ...	0	2	6	Mr. T. Davies ...	1	1	0
Mrs. D. W. Thomas ...	0	3	0	Mr. F. Carpenter ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Larwill and friends ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. E. Gaunt ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Allen ...	0	5	0	Mr. C. Ibberson ...	2	2	0
Mr. E. Davies ...	0	5	0	Mr. Richard Guy ...	1	10	0
Mr. E. Stockwell ...	0	5	0	Mrs. J. Scott ...	2	0	0
Mr. J. Webb ...	0	6	0	Little Melton Mission Hall Sunday-school, Norwich, per Mr. R. Carr ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Bevil ...	0	5	0	Rev. H. Vince ...	0	10	0
Miss C. Farley ...	0	5	0	Mr. A. Matheson ...	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hicks and family ...	0	5	0	P. and P. ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Fisher ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Wright ...	0	5	0
"For the orphans, from three who sympathize" ...	0	5	0	Mr. A. Chilman ...	0	5	0
Mr. James Ballantine ...	0	5	0	Mount Pleasant English Sunday-school, Cadoxton, per Mr. G. Holloway ...	0	4	8
Mr. James Cooper ...	0	5	0	E. S. C. A. ...	0	2	6
Mr. Thomas Cook ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. W. Moore ...	0	2	6
Mr. J. Niblett ...	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. R. Brazier ...	0	3	0
Mr. F. Kirkpatrick ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. D. Rich ...	0	10	6
Mrs. E. Moore ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Hodges ...	0	2	6
Mr. J. H. Earnshaw ...	0	6	6	E. Sargent ...	0	5	0
Woodford Sunday-school, per Mr. W. French ...	0	8	9	Collected by Miss A. Willison ...	0	10	0
Mr. T. R. Thomas ...	0	10	0	Mrs. J. Gregory ...	0	2	0
Mrs. E. Rice Daniel ...	0	10	0	Mr. F. Arthur ...	0	5	0
Mr. E. Adam ...	1	0	0	Mr. T. Weir ...	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Mead ...	1	1	0	Miss Lily Burgess ...	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. A. Blant ...	0	10	6	C. E. Society, Baptist Church, Farnworth ...	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Robertson ...	0	4	6	Mr. J. B. Millard ...	1	11	6
Miss B. Davies ...	0	2	6	Mr. W. P. Lewis ...	1	5	0
Stamps ...	0	5	0	"Seventy-four" ...	2	0	0
Winnie, Teddie, and Herbert Burgess ...	0	2	6				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. R. T. Bull	1	0	0	Otley Sunday-school:—			
Mr. R. H. Duckett, per P. and A. ...	0	4	6	Boys: collected by Mr.			
Mrs. E. Grant	1	2	0	Dunnett	0	12	6
Mr. T. Hooley	1	1	0	Girls: collected by Miss			
Mr. W. Phillips	1	0	0	Barker	0	8	0
Mr. J. Scott	2	2	0	Mr. A. S. Morgan	1	0	6
Miss A. Crawford	2	10	0	Mrs. Fromow	1	1	0
Mr. T. D. Adams	1	0	0	Mr. A. Middleton	1	0	0
E. E. D.	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Beaver	0	17	0
Collected by Master Charles Spurgeon				Collected by Mr. P. Jackson	0	5	0
Edgerton	1	0	0	Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Fox (for the support				Postal order, Talywain	1	0	0
of three orphans for one year) ...	50	0	0	Collected by Mr. F. Turner	1	2	0
Mr. J. W. Coffey	0	1	6	Mr. T. Garton	2	2	0
Mr. T. Thorne	0	2	6	Mr. J. T. Ford	1	1	0
A. B. C. Coleraine	0	5	0	Mr. E. Purdy	2	0	0
Mrs. Bubb	0	5	0	Mrs. Schilizzi	2	2	0
Collected by Mr. Geo. Tolley ...	0	5	0	Mr. W. Biggs	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. S. R. Banting	0	7	0	Mr. E. Martell	3	0	0
Mrs. Findlay	0	10	0	Mr. J. Lowe	2	2	0
Mr. T. W. Beveridge	0	10	6	Mr. D. H. Lloyd	4	0	0
Postal order, Greenock	0	5	0	Mr. E. A. Lees	1	1	0
A friend, Bath	0	2	6	Mr. W. J. Lewis	2	2	0
Phil and Mary Tams (two little Syrian				Miss A. M. Stephenson	1	0	0
children)	0	5	0	Mr. J. G. Van Rijn	5	9	7
Per Pastor W. Sexton:—				Collected by Mr. R. M. George	0	10	0
Miss M. Bedford	0	7	0	Collected by Mrs. Gardiner ...	0	5	0
Miss Daft	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. A. Mendham ...	1	0	0
				Mr. A. T. Jones' children	0	5	0
Mr. F. Finch	0	2	6	Friends at Waltham Abbey, per			
Collected by Mr. G. Spooner ...	0	5	0	Pastor George H. Kilby	3	17	0
Mrs. M. Keddie	0	12	0	Mr. Gray	1	1	0
Amy and Ethel Bowtell	0	2	6	Per Mrs. V. J. Charlesworth:—			
Mrs. Sanders	0	2	6	Mr. G. R. Smith	1	1	0
Mr. R. Child	0	3	0	A friend	1	1	0
Mr. W. T. Martin	0	5	0				
Rev. S. R. Young	0	7	6	Townley Street Mission, per Mr.			
Miss Wilmoth	0	7	6	Tompkins	0	12	6
Mr. R. Edgerley	0	10	0	Collected by Miss Fowler	2	1	6
Mrs. J. Youens	0	10	6	Messrs. Cubitt and Collinson ...	10	0	0
Mrs. Staines	0	10	6	The Girdlers' Company, per Mr. G. E.			
Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Weekes	0	10	0	Philbrick	15	15	0
Collected by Master A. T. Freeman	0	13	6	Mr. R. Pope Froste	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. W. Powell ...	0	14	0	Collected by Mrs. Coles	1	9	2
Collected by Miss A. Westmore	0	16	0	Collected by Miss A. E. Hill ...	1	3	0
Collected by Mr. C. D. Judd ...	0	3	0	Mr. G. Cooper	2	2	8
Collected by Miss Johnson ...	0	10	0	Collected by Miss A. Mackay ...	0	18	0
Miss Yockney	0	3	0	S. R.	9	2	6
A sermon-reader, Edinburgh ...	0	8	6	Winter	0	5	0
A well-wisher, R. G.	0	5	0	"A mite for your orphans" ...	0	2	6
Miss E. M. Ferrier	0	5	0	Mr. G. White	1	1	0
C. S.	0	10	0	Mr. J. Robertson	0	15	0
Rev. J. T. Hagen	0	14	0	Collected by Mrs. Oxenbridge ...	0	5	0
Mr. W. Rogers	0	10	0	Mrs. Latta	1	5	6
Mr. W. Weale	0	5	0	Collected by Master A. C. Johnson	1	0	0
Mr. Henry Higbed	0	7	6	Mr. E. Smith	2	2	0
Mr. W. Alexander	0	10	0	Mr. F. Rees	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Farley	1	0	0	A friend, Bishop's Stortford ...	0	2	6
Mr. E. Marsh	20	2	6	Mr. H. Chance	0	5	0
Per Pastor E. Spurrier:—				Miss A. K. Pritchard	0	5	0
G. C.	1	0	0	Mr. W. Verry	0	5	0
Mr. E. Blaxill	0	10	0	Mrs. F. Channell	0	7	0
Collected by Mrs. Arnold	2	10	0	Mrs. Martin	0	7	6
36, High Street	0	14	5	Miss C. Lawson	0	10	0
N. and E. Spurrier	0	5	7	Mrs. S. Gregory	0	10	0
				Mr. J. W. B. Bell	0	10	0
Miss Scoles	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge	0	10	0
Mr. W. J. Heath	1	1	0	Mr. F. Bartlett	0	10	0
For Jesus' sake	0	2	6	Miss M. A. Deane	0	10	0
E. M.	0	2	6	Mr. C. Gaylor	0	10	6
Collected by Miss N. Chambers	1	3	0	Contents of farthing box at No. 7			
Mr. W. Knight	1	0	0	Trigon Road	0	2	0
Mrs. J. E. Jones	1	0	0	Young Men's Bible-class, Baptist			
Collection in Niton Baptist Sunday-				Chapel, Wallington, per Pastor J. E.			
school	1	3	0	Jasper	0	10	6
Mrs. W. McLaren	1	0	0	Hamilton Baptist Sunday-school, per			
Mr. J. C. Lance	1	0	0	Mr. W. Calder	0	10	0
Miss A. Dean	1	1	0	Mrs. Wilson	0	2	6
Blaenan Gwent Sunday-school, per				Miss E. Funnell	0	2	0
Mr. W. Spencer	1	5	0	Mr. W. Baldwin	0	2	6
Miss L. Dunnett	1	0	0				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Dodwell	0	5	0	Mrs. F. Bateman	0	5	0
Miss J. M. Hutton	0	5	0	Master J. E. Davies	0	10	0
Miss M. J. Hansou	0	5	0	Mrs. K. M. Scott's children	0	10	0
Mr. A. Davis	0	5	0	Misses M. and K. Willsheer	0	15	6
Mr. D. D. Sinclair	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Nicholls	0	5	0
Mr. C. Sinclair	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. E. Nicholls	0	5	3
Miss L. Wilford	0	10	0	For the Lord's work	0	2	6
Mr. T. Fleetwood	0	10	0	In memory of the late esteemed C. H. S.	0	1	0
Mr. J. Hullett	0	10	0	Mrs. E. Stumbles	0	2	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6	Mr. L. Sealy	0	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie	0	15	0	Mrs. E. Vane	0	5	0
Messrs. W. C. Jarvis & Sons	1	0	0	Mr. W. Rodgers	0	5	0
Mrs. Henderson	0	5	0	Mrs. A. Seager	0	5	0
Executors of the late Miss Elizabeth Stiven	97	16	8	Mrs. Talbot	0	5	0
Executor of the late Mr. Samuel Coxeter	8	10	0	Miss Dronsfeld	0	7	6
Executor of the late Mrs. E. M. Mills	5	0	0	Collected by Mrs. E. G. Chate	0	12	0
Executors of the late Mr. Hy. Nixon	45	0	0	J. B.	0	5	0
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—				A. R. R.	0	5	0
Mr. John Holt Skinner	25	0	0	J. T. G. H.	0	5	2
Miss Lily Armstrong (for the support of an orphan girl for one year)	16	0	0	Senior Girls' Bible-classes, Belle Isle Mission Sunday-school (towards the support of an orphan girl)	5	0	0
A. W.	0	3	6	Per F. R. T.:—			
Mrs. J. E. Aikman, Lima, Peru	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Probin	0	10	0
Mr. S. Cornborough	5	0	0	In memoriam, E. P.	0	5	0
Mr. Thos. Underhill	1	1	0	Mrs. Dix	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Downing	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brown	0	10	0
Pastor E. S. Richards	0	5	0	A. A. T.	1	0	0
Mr. Chas. Foster	0	5	0	F. R. T.	0	10	0
Mrs. Thompson	0	10	0	In loving memory of J. R. T.	0	10	0
Miss Mackereth	0	3	0	In loving memory of C. T.	0	10	0
Miss Reid	0	5	0	In loving memory of C. H. S.	0	10	0
Mrs. Medway	3	0	0	Miss Adrian	0	5	0
Lill, in loving memory of help from Mr. Spurgeon's sermons	1	0	0	W. M. B.	4	15	0
Miss Hood	0	5	0	Two sisters, Bourne-mouth	0	10	0
Mr. John Brewer	5	5	0	Proceeds of sale of work, per Pastor J. Field, Ecton Baptist Chapel	5	0	0
Mr. John Cowan	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Archer	1	0	0
A. M. P., thankoffering for Mr. Spurgeon's sermons	1	0	0	In memoriam, Mrs. J. Medwin	1	0	0
Dear Granny	1	0	0	Mr. J. South	1	10	0
E. and R. Ward	0	10	0	Mrs. Clements	2	2	0
A reader of <i>The Sword and the Trowel</i> , Bedford	5	0	0	Mr. F. Adams	2	0	0
Postal order from Lundie	0	10	0	Mr. W. T. Frew	2	0	0
Christmas Festivities' Fund: Collected by Miss Anna Thatcher	1	17	0	Mr. R. P. Dayton	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith	1	10	0	Miss Holland (in memory of the late Miss Crake)	2	0	0
Miss Mary C. Irwin	0	1	0	Mrs. J. Orr White	10	0	0
	3	8	0	Mrs. Forbes	5	0	0
	81	12	6	Miss H. B. Warrington	2	2	0
Mr. Joseph Hill	10	0	0	Mr. S. Holtum	1	17	0
Miss Birrell	1	0	0	Mr. J. Varley	2	2	0
Mr. A. Hobson	1	1	0	Christmas morning service, Kingston Baptist Chapel, Pastor W. B. Nichols	1	10	0
Mr. J. Parkinson	1	0	0	Mrs. Harvey	2	0	0
Mr. T. W. Lister	1	0	0	Mr. W. Ronald	1	10	0
Mr. J. Lewis	2	2	0	Mr. W. Baddon	5	0	0
Collected by Mr. H. Smith	0	14	0	Mr. E. Rayner	20	0	0
Mr. J. Storey	2	0	0	Miss Ferguson	1	0	0
Miss F. Cook	0	4	0	Mr. W. Strain	1	0	0
Half-year's interest on £5,000 Debenture Bonds, Cory Bros. and Co.	120	16	8	Postal order from Croydon	0	1	6
Mrs. Watt	0	2	6	Mr. W. G. Wilkins	1	1	0
Mr. James Lundie	0	5	0	Mr. E. Garrett	0	6	0
Mrs. Sellers	0	2	6	Collected by Miss E. Cox, from a few friends at the Downs Chapel, Clapton	3	18	0
Mr. G. D. Forbes	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Edgar	0	2	0
Mrs. Amos, per Rev. A. J. Parker	0	10	0	Mr. J. Moser	10	10	0
Mr. W. Rudd	0	10	0	Miss Curling	5	0	0
Long Preston Baptist Sunday-school, per Miss Brennand	0	10	0	Collected by Mr. H. Shipton	2	0	0
Mr. J. Luckham	0	10	6	Mrs. S. Bawtree	1	1	0
Mrs. Llewellyn	0	10	6	Miss Jennie Pearce	0	5	0
Miss Crace	0	2	6	A Welsh friend	2	0	0
Mrs. Brookes	0	2	6	Rev. John Spurgeon	1	0	0
Miss M. E. Furlong	0	3	0	Mrs. Bagster	2	2	0
				A friend from Brondesbury	1	0	0
				Miss N. Cross	0	2	6
				Mrs. A. Gibbs	0	5	0
				Mrs. M. Ewins	0	6	0
				Mr. W. Heywood	0	7	0
				Mr. C. Martin	0	7	6
				A well-wishing friend	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Registered letter from Hawick ...	0	10	0	Mr. G. H. Edwards	0 2 6
Mrs. Humphrey ...	0	11	6	Pastor R. S. Latimer	1 0 0
Collected by Master D. C. Lewis ...	0	15	6	Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon:—
Mr. O. Barfoot ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Milne ...	50	0	0
Cemetery Road Baptist Sunday-school,				"One who loves the orphans" ...	50	0	0
Sheffield, per Mr. W. Martin ...	1	12	0	The Misses Gould ...	3	0	0
Miss M. Joscelyne ...	0	2	0	Mrs. Ruth Wells ...	0	2	0
"A poor old body," per Mr. T. W.				Mr. F. D. Collen ...	20	0	0
Lister ...	0	2	6	Mrs. A. Norton ...	1	0	0
C. A. B. ...	0	2	6	Mr. W. Wilcocks ...	1	1	0
Mrs. John Lane ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Hunt and friends ...	1	5	0
Mrs. Coad ...	0	2	6	JNO. Newcastle-on-Tyne ...	0	5	0
Miss M. Dobson ...	0	3	0	Mr. W. Lillico ...	0	5	0
Miss Patty Jeffery (aged 7 years) ...	0	3	0	E. H. T. O. ...	2	0	0
Mrs. C. Lyon ...	0	5	0	Mr. A. E. Alder ...	1	1	0
Miss Harris ...	0	5	0	Mrs. J. Elgee ...	0	10	6
Mr. James Ball ...	0	5	0	Mr. James Coats, jun. ...	5	0	0
Collected by Miss May Stinson ...	0	7	6	Mr. E. E. Goldwin ...	1	1	0
Mrs. E. J. Gardner ...	0	10	0	Mr. E. J. Reed ...	2	2	0
Miss M. Murray ...	0	10	0	Friends at Dorman's Land,			
Miss Maude Bernard and Miss Renie				East Grinstead, per Rev.			
Leach ...	0	15	0	R. Wilson ...	0	15	0
Mr. A. Sturge ...	0	10	6	Rev. A. Humphries ...	0	14	8
Mr. D. Peck ...	0	4	0				140 2 2
Miss S. Robinson ...	5	0	0	Mr. W. Fowler ...	0	8	1
Per Mr. C. Dauncey:—				Mr. John Bovey ...	0	5	0
Office box ...	2	12	0	The Misses Price ...	0	5	0
House box ...	2	12	0	Half contents of children's box, opened			
Mrs. C. Dauncey, house				New Year's-day, per Mr. W. Meikle	0	13	6
box ...	2	12	0	Victoria Street Baptist Sunday-school,			
Mr. and Mrs. Simpson ...	1	0	0	Galashiels ...	1	2	0
			8 16 0	Watch-night service collection at Wood-			
Readers of "The Christian Herald,"				per Mr. A. L. Hopkins ...	1	2	6
per Mr. A. McLatchie ...	7	2	6	Mr. E. P. Morris ...	2	2	0
Mrs. Grant ...	2	0	0	Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen ...	0	9	6
Baptist Church Sunday-school, Bran-				Mr. F. J. Aldridge ...	1	1	0
derburgh ...	1	0	0	Per Mr. H. Letch:—			
Mr. T. Moorley ...	1	0	0	Eld Lane Baptist Sunday-			
Mr. J. Wilson ...	0	10	0	school, Colchester ...	2	0	0
Mr. F. C. Neve ...	1	0	0	Parson's Heath Baptist			
Mr. T. J. Fordham ...	1	1	0	Sunday-school ...	0	13	3
Mr. J. Casson ...	1	0	0	Mr. H. Letch ...	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Sayers ...	0	10	0	Mr. J. Letch ...	0	5	0
A helper ...	1	0	0				3 8 3
Per Mr. Richard Giles:—				Mrs. Shelton ...	0	5	0
Sunday dinner-table box ...	0	17	5	Mr. A. Bagster (annual) ...	1	1	0
In lieu of Christmas cards ...	0	5	0	Collected by Master L. A. Edwards ...	1	10	0
In memory of Bertie ...	0	5	0	Mr. H. P. West ...	1	0	0
			1 7 5	Mrs. E. Mitchell ...	1	0	0
Miss E. Kewer ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Booker ...	1	0	0
D. B. ...	0	2	0	Cotton Street Baptist Sunday-school,			
Mr. T. Fox ...	1	0	0	Poplar, per Mr. A. J. Hardy ...	1	0	6
Mr. F. Carter ...	1	1	0	From an Irish girl ...	0	2	0
Mr. T. E. Turk ...	2	0	0	Miss E. M. Perkins ...	1	0	0
Mr. E. E. Wright ...	1	0	0	J. McG., Kilmarnock ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. J. Bear ...	1	0	0	Part collection at the United Noncon-			
Collected by Mrs. M. B. Sharman ...	2	18	6	formist Christmas service, Bulwell,			
Mr. J. Jackson ...	2	0	0	per Pastor W. Salter ...	1	1	9
Mr. A. J. Foxwell ...	0	10	0	Mr. J. Beckett ...	1	1	0
Mr. T. Lucas ...	1	1	0	Newbury Baptist Sunday-school, per			
M. W. ...	0	2	6	Mr. T. S. Waite ...	0	14	0
Mrs. Ladds (in loving memory of her				G. M. Q. F. ...	0	2	0
dear husband) ...	0	10	0	W. A. H. ...	2	2	6
Miss Elven ...	0	10	0	Misses Haywood ...	0	3	0
Miss M. A. White ...	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Phillips ...	0	12	6
Mrs. J. Vowles ...	0	10	0	Highbury Hill Sunday-school, per Mr.			
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Woodrow ...	0	10	0	E. S. Mansell ...	0	14	0
Pennarth Baptist Tabernacle Sunday-				Mrs. Spence ...	0	2	6
school, per Mr. J. G. Llewellyn ...	0	10	1	Miss J. Potter ...	0	2	6
Mr. E. Willis ...	0	15	0	Mrs. and Miss Irene Woodcock ...	0	5	0
Miss F. Ingle ...	0	2	6	Mr. H. Purcell (annual) ...	0	5	0
Sandwich, per Bankers ...	1	1	0	Collecting box ...	0	2	6
Mr. W. Wood ...	0	5	0				0 7 6
Mr. W. C. Willis ...	0	2	6	Mrs. P. P. Williams ...	0	10	0
Mr. C. H. S. Davies ...	0	5	0	Part collection at Baptist Chapel,			
Mr. Sholto Stead ...	0	10	0	Upwell, on Christmas morning, per			
Mr. A. H. Powell ...	0	2	6	Mr. G. H. Melton ...	0	8	0
Mr. A. T. Lake ...	0	10	0	Postal order, Kilmarnock ...	1	0	0
Mr. A. W. Anderson ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Patmore ...	1	1	0
Mr. L. P. Roff ...	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. Webb ...	0	3	0
Mr. D. Osborn ...	0	5	0				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Per Mrs. Jas. Withers:—				Miss Marr ...	0	2	6
Mr. J. O. Cooper ...	2	0	0	Mrs. M. H. Williamson ...	0	2	6
Mr. C. R. Stephens ...	0	10	6	Miss F. Briggs ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Ward ...	0	2	6	Mr. Jno. Wood ...	0	10	0
	2	13	0	Mrs. Joslin ...	0	10	0
Mr. Jno. Ferguson ...	2	0	0	"Endymion" ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Sims ...	1	10	0	Mrs. W. D. Wilson ...	0	4	0
Mr. J. F. Verry ...	0	5	0	Mrs. J. Toller ...	0	10	0
Miss Amy Kavanagh, per Messrs.				Mr. and Mrs. H. Crees ...	1	0	0
Passmore & Alabaster...	0	15	10	Mrs. Stopford ...	1	0	0
Mr. R. C. Jones ...	1	1	0	Mr. Geo. Newman...	2	2	0
Pastor's Vestry, Shoreditch Tabernacle,				Mr. C. F. Alldis ...	0	5	0
Pastor W. Cuff ...	1	18	0	Mrs. Tice and family ...	0	10	6
G. A. F. ...	0	5	0	Dr. Dunbar ...	1	1	0
F. C. W. ...	0	2	6	Mr. Geo. Harris ...	10	0	0
Mr. Ranford ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Melhuish ...	0	10	0
Mr. Hunt, per J. T. D. ...	1	1	0	Mr. G. E. Matthew ...	0	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. Alchin, per Pastor T.				Mrs. S. Watts ...	0	5	0
Spurgeon ...	3	3	0	Mrs. Straw ...	0	5	0
From the estate of the late Rev. Thos.				Mrs. A. Mitchell ...	0	2	6
King ...	6	19	3	Mrs. Southwell ...	0	1	0
Orphan Boys' collecting cards, per list	50	17	8	Mrs. E. H. Edwards ...	2	0	0
Orphan Girls' collecting cards, per list	35	15	8	Mrs. Steele ...	0	10	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the				Mrs. Kershaw and Miss McLaren	0	7	6
Orphanage Choir:—				Mr. Ward Layle ...	0	5	0
Bournemouth:—	17	19	0	Collected by Mrs. H. Freestone	0	11	0
Mr. G. Pearce ...	5	5	0	Mrs. R. Taylor ...	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Cotes ...	2	0	0	Mr. W. Loveland ...	0	7	6
Mr. T. Doggett ...	2	0	0	Mr. E. Frisby ...	2	0	0
Smaller amounts ...	1	16	0	Mrs. Stevenson ...	0	2	6
	29	0	0	Pastor R. E. Sears...	0	5	0
Portsmouth—Half Sunday evening col-				Mr. L. Clayton ...	0	10	0
lections at the Soldiers' Institute ...	19	9	9	Mr. T. Morgan Harvey ...	1	1	0
Collection after Service of Song at				Mrs. G. Lawrence and friends at			
the Soldiers' Institute ...	2	13	9	Wellingborough...	12	12	0
Ryde ...	17	4	0	Mrs. Davison and grandchildren	0	7	6
West Cowes ...	12	1	6	Mrs. Cooper ...	0	3	0
Southsea Elm Grove Chapel ...	11	17	10	Mrs. F. Rice and children	0	5	0
Romsey ...	6	15	0	Mr. J. Wilson ...	0	5	0
Beckenham ...	12	15	0	Mrs. Duncan Sharpe ...	0	2	6
Croham Road Chapel, South Croydon	4	1	3	Mr. R. Dobson ...	0	3	6
Brookley Lane, Wesleyan Chapel ...	2	19	6	M. Parmley ...	0	1	6
Christ Church P. S. A., Westminster	4	3	2	Mrs. P. M. Shaw ...	0	5	0
Westminster Chapel, sale of pro-				Mr. C. J. Page ...	0	5	0
grammes ...	0	14	0	E. C. C. ...	0	2	6
Collection at Clayland's Chapel on				J. W. A. ...	0	5	0
Christmas morning ...	3	8	6	A widow's mite, for the Orphans'			
Collection after Drill Com-				Christmas dinner ...	0	5	0
petition at the Orphanage	4	6	10	A domestic servant ...	0	2	0
Mr. Walter Palmer, chair-				Mr. Chas. Bayes ...	0	2	6
man ...	5	0	0	E. Gray ...	0	1	0
	9	6	10	Postal order, Montrose ...	0	2	6
Lackland Hall, Chelsea, per Mr. H. J.				Master Andy Wyatt ...	0	5	0
Veitch ...	10	0	0	Miss Annie Wyatt...	0	5	0
Christmas Festivities' Fund:—				Mrs. S. J. Smith ...	0	5	0
M. G. ...	1	10	0	Miss E. Clutterbuck ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Virtue... ..	0	5	0	Mrs. Dowson ...	0	5	0
Mr. G. Cox ...	0	10	0	Mr. E. Davis ...	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. C. E. Chapman	1	5	0	Mr. J. Symonds Watts	0	10	6
Mrs. Shearman ...	2	2	0	Mr. Thos. B. Jones ...	0	5	0
Miss E. Larcombe... ..	0	10	0	Mrs. E. Royce ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Warrington... ..	1	1	0	Mr. Sawyer, per Mr. W. Higgs...	1	0	0
A thankoffering ...	0	5	0	Mr. G. W. Jacobs ...	0	2	0
Mr. H. Stevenson ...	1	1	0	Stamps ...	0	1	6
Mrs. Barefoot ...	0	5	0	Mr. A. Clay... ..	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. O. Clover ...	1	0	0	Mr. J. Cox ...	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Clover ...	0	5	0	Miss E. Sydenham...	0	10	0
Mrs. Gardner ...	0	1	6	E. R. N. ...	0	2	6
Mrs. E. W. Lock ...	0	5	0	Master T. Sutton ...	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Keevil ...	2	0	0	Mrs. S. Laver ...	0	10	0
E. S. M. ...	0	10	0	Mr. F. G. Buckmaster	0	10	6
Mr. J. Clark ...	0	5	0	Mr. T. Evans ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Allney ...	0	2	6	J. J. Bridgend ...	0	5	0
Messrs. Hine Bros. ...	1	1	0	A Christmas gift from Tunbridge			
Mrs. Faulconer ...	5	0	0	Wells ...	0	15	0
Miss Coleman ...	0	5	0	R. J. R. Weymouth ...	0	2	6
Postal order, Belper ...	0	5	0	Postal order, Spitalfields	0	3	0
Miss Best ...	0	5	0	Postal order, Cowes ...	0	2	6
Mr. Richard Johnson ...	1	0	0	Mr. G. Fryer ...	0	1	0
Mr. Smith Jeaps ...	0	2	6	Mr. B. Lodge ...	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Smith ...	0	5	0	Miss L. E. Knight..	0	5	0

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. M. J. Scaddan	5 0 0	Friends at Hampstead, Christmas morning collection	1 0 0
Messrs. Alabaster, Passmore, and Sons (a new shilling for each boy on Christmas day)	12 0 0	Sir G. Hayter Chubb, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	0 10 0
The Trustees of the Orphanage (a new shilling for each girl on Christmas day)	12 0 0		£2,124 19 11

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards.—Allnatt, W. H., 3s; Almond, A. E., £1 1s; Algar, W. H., £1 1s; Bustin, E. S.; Baker, A. H., 15s; Bradstreet, H., 7s; Bourne, E. C., 8s 6d; Barnett, L., 5s; Baker, F., 10s; Battishall, W., 2s 8d; Barrow, J. E., 5s; Boggis, A. H., £1 1s; Beeson, E., £1 1s 2d; Buddie, W., 3s 6d; Burrows, G., 6s; Baldwin, R., 5s 3d; Burling, L., 11s 6d; Brown, C., 6s; Bristol, S., 8s 3d; Carman, A. E., 10s 6d; Cole, J. C., £1 13s 6d; Cross, W. D., 5s 7d; Collingwood, F., 7s; Coppin, G., 14s 6d; Claridge, G., 2s; Chapman, D., £1 1s; Channer, F. and B., £1 1s; Cook, L., 5s; Clark, S., 4s; Childs, C., 2s 6d; Cowley, C., £1 1s; Darling, A. E., 5s; Davies, J., 10s; Dixon, A., 2s 6d; Davis, A., 8s; Floyd, T., 12s 6d; Field, R. E., 11s 9d; Fryer, F., 9s; Fowler, A. H., 4s; Flaggell, J. H., 4s 6d; Goodwin, W., 8s 6d; Horn, P. W., £1 1s; Hadlow, E. J., 2s 6d; Hockley, F., 10s 6d; Hale, W., 1s; Hopwood, R., 5s; Heath, W., 2s 6d; Horden, L., 7s; Henderson, A., 9s; Harner, F. W., 4s; Hulbert, H., 6d; Jeacock, A., 4s 8d; King, F., £1 1s; Kirby, M., £1 1s; King-shot, A., 11s 2d; Lee, L., 10s; Legge, W., 10s; Latter, J., 12s 6d; Lawrence, A., 8s; Lashett, A. S., £1 2s; Longhurst, T. G., 5s; Levi, E. V., 7s; Mansell, E., 7s 7d; Mathias, R., 3s; Miller, W. R., £2; Mimpress, E., £1 1s; Nobbs, W. H., 13s 10d; Pullen, F. C., 1s 7d; Pavey, P., 12s; Perral, J., 1s; Page J., £1 1s; Quilter, F., 2s 6d; Rogers, W., 2s 6d; Rickwood, S., 12s; Rogers, H., 5s 3d; Rylands, A. C., 1s 6d; Romang, A., 2s; Redmill, G., 13s 3d; Rodwell, B., 8s; Sones, J., 4s; Shorten, R. B., 5s 9d; Sankey, P., £1 1s; Shinn, A., 16s; Shaw, W., 1s; Sheath, F. W., 6s; Steere, P., 6s; Taffs, P., 3s; Tanner, W., 1s 1d; Toone, W., 7s; Thomas, J., £1 1s; Viney, P. H., 5s; Voysey, E. A., £1 1s; Varner, A. W., 7s 6d; Watson, J., 10s; Wright, C., £1 1s; Ward, P. W., 17s; Wild, C. E. H., 10s; Woollard, E., 2s; Witney, T. C., 11s; Warburton, C., 3s 4d; Warmington, S., 10s; Whatmough, C., 16s; Wickens, G. L., 5s 6d; Woods, C., 2s 6d; Yapp, W., 15s. Total, £50 17s. 8d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards.—Attfield, B., £1 1s; Adcock, S., 4s; Ashbourne, E., 15s; Ashton, K., 5s; Brander, J., 2s 6d; Barton, E., 2s 6d; Brown, L., 1s; Benthall, B., 1s 8d; Bulow, E., 1s 3d; Band, C., 8s; Browne, R., 7s 6d; Brinsdon, A., 5s 8d; Bliss, F., 12s 6d; Crawford, R., £1 1s; Court, A., 6s; Cecil, L., 2s; Combes, L., 9s 6d; Choat, R., 5s 6d; Clutterbuck, A., £1 3s 6d; Collins, L., 2s 6d; Cullen, A., 6s 6d; Church, E., 5s; Dunslow, R., 2s; Day, N., 12s 6d; Dry, A., 3s; Ducklin, L. M., 8s 8d; Dew, E., 10s; Dolling, M., £1 1s; Day, M. A., 2s 10d; Dear, A., 3s; Ellis, E., 6s 6d; Fernley, O., 2s 6d; Ford, M., 2s 6d; Fletcher, G., 3s; Gouyn, A., 12s 6d; Grimes, E., 5s 8d; Gutteen, E., 4s; Grover, E., 11s; Green, K., 2s 6d; Guttridge, F., 2s 6d; Henderson, M., £1 1s; Harris, D., 7s 4d; Hollingworth, M., 12s 6d; Holland, A., 13s 6d; Heath, K., 2s 6d; Hyland, E., 5s; Heath, E., 5s; James, F., 8s; Lee, G., 9s; Lawrence, C., 3s; Lamb, M., 10s; Last, A., 5s; Mayell, B., 7s 6d; Maynard, M., 10s; Mason, M., 6s 2d; Moorcroft, R., 2s 8d; Martin, N., 16s 1d; Meader, R., 7s 6d; Millett, M., 5s 6d; Norris, F., 12s; Nutt, M., 9s; Pope, B., £1 1s; Papworth, E., 12s 6d; Palmer, E., 8s 6d; Peck, E., 6s 9d; Petty, V., 3s 2d; Palmer, B. M., 9s; Pickering, B., 1s 2d; Read, M., 7s 6d; Robinson, A., 4s; Bosser, L., £1 1s; Sandy, E., 5s 9d; Selby, L., £1 1s; Sidders, L., 3s; Senyard, E., 15s 6d; Smart, E., 5s; Turney, L., 3s 6d; Turner, L., 3s; Turtell, J., 3s; Williams, L., £1 1s; Williams, L., £1 1s; Wordsley, F., £1 5s; Wallace, E., 3s 6d; Wicks, E., 7s 3d; Walker, C., 7s 8d; Wiltshire, F., 5s; Weeks, M., 6s. Total, £35 15s. 8d.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from December 8th, 1894, to January 14th, 1895.—PROVISIONS:—14lbs Tea, Mrs. E. Allen; 224 lbs Rice, Mr. J. L. Potter; 15 Bullocks' Hearts, 42 lbs Liver, 64 lbs Suet, Mr. Stephen West; 45 lbs Currants, Messrs. R. Speller; 1 case Oranges, Mr. Newman; 2 sacks Flour, Mr. John Attlee; 10 bottles Sweets, Mrs. Holder; 1 sack Flour, Mr. J. C. Goddard; 3 boxes Raisins, 2 boxes Currants, 42 lbs Sugar, 14 lbs Orange and Lemon Peel, 1 lb Spice, Mr. J. T. Daintree; 2 Rabbits, Mr. J. Holland; 1 cwt. "Eureka" Flour, Mr. W. A. Coombs; 1 case Oranges, Mrs. Gatward; 336 boxes Figs, Mr. Frederick Fisher; 3 lbs Raisins, 3 lbs Currants, E. F.; 4 bushels Onions, 4 bushels Parsnips, 4 bushels Carrots, 1 tally Savoy, 3 cwt. Potatoes, Mr. John Norckett; 1 sack Flour, Mr. J. Lawman; 4 cwt Jam, 2 cwt Sweets, Messrs. S. Chivers and Sons; 1 case Oranges, Mr. William Taylor; 3 Casks broken Biscuits, Messrs. Huntley and Palmer; 2 sacks containing Potatoes, Carrots, and Turnips, Mr. H. Steed; 1 Fancy Cake, Miss Morris; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 1 case Oranges, Mr. W. Paxman; a quantity of Cabbages, Mr. Henry Watts; 1 barrel Apples, Mr. James Stiff; 30 strikes Brussel Sprouts, Mr. W. Vinson; 1 case Oranges, Mr. E. Sparrow; 1 Turkey, 2 Geese, Anon.; 47 lbs. Fresh Beef, Mr. Thomas Round; 1 cwt. Sweets, 2 dozen boxes Cosques, Mr. J. Pascall; 4 chest Tea, Anon.; 20 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong and Co.; 1 hamper containing 1 Christmas Pudding, Nuts, Fruit, etc., Mr. J. Batt; 20 quarters Bread, Mr. Hammond; 3 boxes Cosques, Anon.; 2 sacks Flour, Mr. W. Wyman; 1 sack Flour, Mr. E. L. Gatward; a quantity Bread, Mr. R. Hearn; 6 cwt. broken Biscuits, Mr. H. O. Serpell; 2 Chickens, 3 Cakes, Mr. and Mrs. E. Barrah; 1 lb. Biscuits, Mrs. Pring; 1 box Chocolate and Butter Scotch, Mr. Long.

Boys' Clothing.—12 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Kine; 6 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. E. Hogg; 1 Suit, Mr. John Lewis; 11 pairs Knitted Socks, The Misses Sherwood; 5 yards Cloth, Mrs. Marsh; 7 pairs Knitted Socks, Miss Hunter; 6 pairs Knitted Stockings, Mrs. Casburn; 3 pairs Boots, Mr. Owen Tilly; 16 Shirts, Miss Hulbert; 4 Shirts, S. H. L.; a parcel Worn Clothing, Mr. W. J. G. Butler; 12 pairs Socks, Mrs. Dexter; 15 Shirts, Mrs. Upton; 3 pairs Socks, Miss Matthews; 2 pairs Brasces, Miss O. E. Selfe; 24 Scarves, M. A. Loe; 1 Suit, 1 Shirt, 1 Pinafore. Friends and children at Baptist Chapel, Hineckley, per Pastor P. Williams; 18 Collars, three Sisters; 4 Scarves, Mrs. Moore; 67 Articles (for Boys and Girls), The Reading Working Party, per Mrs. James Withers; 3 Articles, The Wynne Road Baptist Church Working Meeting, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 105 yards Cloth, Messrs. Henry Fisher and Co.; 7 pairs Socks, Miss Hunter; 1 Shirt, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs.

Girls' Clothing.—12 Pinafores, Mrs. Shaw; 41 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 25 yards Dress Material, 12 Hats, 8 Cloaks, 1 dozen Handkerchiefs and a few Remnants, Mrs. Street; 10 Garments, Mrs. Mellor; 16 Garments, Miss F. R.

Fennings; 23 Garments, The Ladies' Working Mission, Chatham, per Mrs. James Underdown; 6 Towels, 4 pairs Socks, 7 Aprons, remnants of Calico Shirting, Prints and Muslin, Mrs. Corbyn; 12 Garments, Miss M. A. Harris; 126 Articles, The West Croydon Young Women's Bible-class, per Miss J. Chandler; 1 parcel of useful Articles for No. 4 Girls, Miss Dawson; 22 Articles, Mrs. Bartholomew; 35 Garments, Miss Hunter; 63 Garments, Ladies' Working Meeting, Baptist Chapel, Fleet, Hants, per Mrs. Aylett; 10 pairs Stockings, Mrs. Gregory; 4 Knitted Scarves, 12 yards Flannelette, Mrs. J. White; 24 Garments, Mrs. Clayton; 9 Garments, Miss Hulbert; 30 Garments, Miss Cowherd; 5 Garments, Mrs. Read; 6 Garments, Mr. W. H. Roberts; 35 Aprons, Mrs. Upton; 49 Articles, Miss Salter's Bible-class; 6 Handkerchiefs, Mrs. A. Howard; 21 Garments, E. J. E.; 2 Articles, Miss M. Hardy; 3 Articles, Anon., Perth; 30 Garments, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 16 Garments, Mrs. M. Wilkinson; 5 pairs Stockings, Miss Matthews; 11 pairs stockings, 3 gross Boot Buttons, Miss O. E. Selve; 23 Garments, The Wynne Road Baptist Church Working Meeting, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 3 Garments, Pastor J. Field; 13 Articles, Anon., Jan. 7; 2 Garments, Miss Mabel Lamb.

GENERAL:—A quantity of magazines, Christmas Cards, etc., The Committee of The Religious Tract Society; 1 vol. each "Boys' Own Paper" and "Girls' Own Paper," 1 Scrap Book, Mrs. J. Pring; 6 dozen fancy Articles, Miss Descroix; 1 piece of Embroidery, Miss A. King; 2 Scrap Books, Mrs. David Reeve; 1 box Toys, Mr. F. W. Straker; 2 Scrap Books, Anon.; 21 Magic Lantern Slides, Mr. S. Church; 4 pairs Slippers, Mr. and Mrs. Maitland; 4 complete vols. (unbound) "The Sword and the Trowel," Mrs. Essex; a supply each month of "The British Workman" and "Band of Hope Review," Mr. J. B. Mead; a quantity Christmas and New Year Cards, Miss Miller; a few fancy Articles, S. H. L.; 2 Books, Mrs. Reed; 1 Scrap Book, Miss Salter's Bible-class; half-dozen bottles Pomade, half-dozen tins Cream, half-dozen tins Ointment, 6 dozen packets Soap, Mr. Smith; a Christmas Tree and a quantity Dolls and Toys (for No. 6 Girls), Mr. and Mrs. Cholmeley; a collection of Booklets, Mr. A. W. Campbell; a quantity of Books and Magazines, Rev. Charles Bullock; 1 volume each "Sunday at Home," "Leisure Hour," "Girls' Own Annual," "Boys' Own Annual," "Child's Companion," "Friendly Greetings," "Light in the Home," "Cottage and Artisan," Mr. J. G. Van Rijn; 3 Articles, Anon.; A quantity of magazines, with plates, "Yule Tide," Messrs. Cassell and Company; a quantity of magazines, The Drummond Tract Depot; 26 gifts for children in Infirmary, Mrs. M. E. M. Bedborough; 200 Bibles for the Girls' Sunday-school, a birthday gift from Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon; a quantity of magazines, "The Juvenile Templar."

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from December 9th, 1894 to January 14th, 1895.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Estover, per Mr. H. O. Serpell...	10	0	0
Hereford, per Mr. S. Ward ...	11	5	0
Wolverhampton, per Mr. Drummond	11	5	0
Brentford, per Mr. Thomas Greenwood	10	0	0
Corton, per Mr. Thomas Harris ...	11	5	0
Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. J. Small-wood ...	8	15	0
Thornbury, per Mrs. S. Taylor...	7	10	0
Hadleigh Congregational Church	10	0	0
Melksham, Mrs. H. Keevil ...	11	5	0
Suffolk Congregational Union ...	10	0	0
Great Totham, per Rev. H. J. Harvey	10	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Mr. W. Davis ...	2	10	0
Devon Baptist Association ...	7	10	0
Worcestershire Colportage Association	30	0	0
Yorkshire Baptist Association ...	10	0	0
Catford and Forest Hill, per Mr. Priestley ...	5	0	0
L. H., for Sheppey ...	45	0	0
	£211	5	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Z. S. ...	0	1	0
Mr. E. Brayne ...	0	10	0
Mr. Josiah Spiers ...	0	10	0
Balance of legacy, late Miss C. Parker	0	9	1

	£	s.	d.
F. C. W., per Pastor T. Spurgeon ...	0	2	6
A friend, per Pastor T. Spurgeon ...	0	14	0
Messrs. Cassell and Co. ...	2	2	0
Mrs. E. A. Sinclair ...	0	10	0
Miss Bashall, per Pastor T. Spurgeon	5	0	0
Little Bethel Chapel, Upminster, Sheerness, per Mr. Whitehead ...	1	0	0
Mrs. A. M. Van Notten Pole ...	0	10	0
Mrs. H. Higbed ...	0	5	0
M. H. B. S. ...	0	10	0
The Misses Kirtley ...	1	0	0
Miss Gerard ...	0	5	0
G. B. Underwood ...	0	5	0
A. ...	0	4	0
Mr. J. Thorn, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	0	5	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts ...	5	0	0
Mr. Edward Rawlings ...	5	5	0
Mrs. Elgie ...	0	10	6
H. A. B. ...	0	5	0
Mr. W. Casson ...	0	10	0
C. A. M., per Dr. J. A. Spurgeon	5	0	0
Mrs. Bartram ...	0	10	6
Mrs. E. Harrimon ...	0	10	6

For reduction of 1893 Debt:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Bendall ...	0	1	0
Miss Descroix ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Cleminson ...	1	0	0

£33 0 1

Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from December 7th, 1894, to January 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Smith's services at Albemarle Chapel, Taunton, per Pastor L. Palmer ...	10	4	6	Mr. W. Casson ...	0	10	0
Miss Gerard ...	0	3	0		£10	17	6

C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from December 7th, 1894, to January 12th 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Colne, Lancashire ...	3	0	0	F. M. C. ...	0	10	0
W. V. of Brighton (second donation) ...	10	0	0	Mrs. A. S. Williams ...	0	10	0
Miss Walker ...	0	10	0	Miss F. Gutteridge ...	0	10	0
M. J. B. ...	0	10	0	F. H. T. O. ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Thorn ...	0	5	0	Mr. Wm. Moir ...	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Old Basford ...	4	0	0	Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang ...	2	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Clifton Hall, Chiswick ...	1	4	0	Mr. and Mrs. T. G. A., Montreux ...	2	10	0
Mr. W. Higgs ...	5	5	0	Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Slough ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Nicoll ...	1	0	0				
"In loving memory of our dear C. H. S." ...	1	0	0				
							£55 14 0

Mrs. Spurgeon's Fund for General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from December 7th, 1894, to January 12th, 1895.

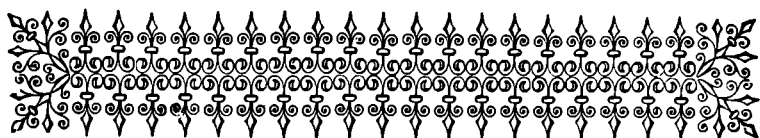
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd ...	10	0	0	Mrs. A. S. Williams ...	1	0	0
W. V. of Brighton (second donation) ...	10	0	0	Mr. G. B. Underwood ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Keevil ...	10	0	0	Miss F. Gutteridge (for translation of sermons) ...	0	10	0
A. W. (for translation of sermons) ...	0	4	0	Mr. John Currie ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Sangster (for translation of sermons) ...	0	2	6	C. C. ...	5	0	0
In loving memory of an only sister ...	2	0	0	Miss E. Thomson ...	0	5	0
Miss Walker ...	0	10	0	W. B. ...	0	10	0
A. T. ...	0	2	6	F. H. T. O. ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Shimmen ...	0	3	0	Mr. Thomas R— ...	53	0	0
Pastor G. A. Miller (for translation of sermons) ...	0	10	0	A reader of <i>The Sword and the Trowel</i> , Bedford ...	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith ...	1	0	0	Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang (for Hindi sermons) ...	1	0	0
Mr. Charles Foster (for translation of sermons) ...	0	5	0				
Mrs. Nicoll (for translation of sermons) ...	1	0	0				£101 11 6
Mrs. Perry (for translation of sermons) ...	0	2	6				
Mrs. Thompson ...	0	2	0				

Pastor Charles Spurgeon gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following contributions, from December 7th, 1894, to January 12th, 1895, towards the expenses of the Text Union:—Miss Pollington, 1s 6d; Miss Thomas, 1s; Miss Davidson, 6d; Miss Goodchild, 1s; Mrs. J. Morveau, 4s; Mr. W. Page, 1s; Mr. J. Ayling, 1s 2d; Miss Taylor, 6d; Mrs. J. E. Love, 1s 6d; Mrs. Rugg, 2s 6d; Mr. Rugg, 2s 6d; Mr. F. Baxter, 2s 6d; Miss Allen, 1s; Mrs. C. G. Bath, 4s 6d; Miss A. H. Morris, 2s; Miss Summers, 3d; Mr. D. Wall, 1s; Mrs. Stocks, 2s 6d; Mr. A. Gould, 1s; Miss Dawkins, 1s; Miss Upton, 6d; J. Weeks, 1s; Miss Evans, 4d; Mr. R. Scott, 1s; Mr. J. Anderson, 1s 8d; Miss M. Smith, 2s 6d; Mrs. Porteous, 2s; Mrs. Hewson, 1s; Mr. Underwood, 1s; Mrs. Prole, 2s; Mrs. Dalry, 10d; Miss East, 1s; Miss M. A. Reynolds, 2s; Miss Vickers, 3s 6d; Miss Baggaley, 1s; Mr. E. Harrauld, 1s 3d; a friend, 6d; Mr. H. K. Wheeler, 1s; Miss Descroix, 6d; Miss Marriot, 1s; Miss O. Pett, 1s; Miss Janet Wood, 2s; Miss Harwood, 2s 6d; Miss M. A. Sheath, 1s; Mrs. Murray, 6d; Miss Wright, 4d; Mrs. Bacchus, 8d; Miss Tanner, 1s.—Total £3 7s. 6d. All communications relating to the Text Union will be promptly acknowledged if they are addressed to Mrs. Charles Spurgeon, "Haddon," Dartmouth Row, Blackheath, London, S.E.

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 Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Campbellton, White Horse Road, Croydon, if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to the Head-master, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Special Notice.—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stockwell Orphanage be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and the Pastors' College Evangelist, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," and for the support of Mr. Harmer and Mr. Burnham,—C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists,—should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.



THE

Sword and the Trowel.

MARCH, 1893.

The First Public Worship in the World.

A PRAYER-MEETING ADDRESS, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

BEFORE we join in prayer again,—and I hope we shall spend the greater part of our time to-night in that most delightful and most profitable exercise,—I should like to make just a few remarks upon the last verse of the fourth chapter of the Book of Genesis. To Adam and Eve there was born a son instead of Abel, namely Seth; and to Seth himself there was also born a son, whom he named Enos. After the record of his birth, we are told—

“THEN BEGAN MEN TO CALL UPON THE NAME OF THE LORD.”

I suppose that, by this expression, it is meant that they began to have set assemblies for the worship of Jehovah, and that they came together for what we generally speak of now as public worship; for men had, doubtless, called upon the name of the Lord, each one by himself, from the very first. We cannot doubt that our father Adam and our mother Eve were, by divine grace, led to repent of their great sin, and to cry for mercy and pardon; and if they did so, we are quite sure that they never neglected to pray both separately and together. There was Abel, too; he “brought of the firstlings of his flock” in sacrifice to God, “and the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering.” His was the offering of a believer, and therefore his sacrifice was accepted. I suppose that, often, as a solitary man, he would go forth privately to worship God on his own account.

But, after Abel's death, and the birth of Seth and Enos, *there were two families in which the fear of the Lord was manifested*, the family of Adam and the family of his son Seth. When Enos was born, as the first of a long succession of descendants that has continued to this day, men began to meet together in assemblies for the worship of Jehovah; they were very, very few: but yet, from that time, they "began to call upon the name of the Lord." So, if there should be two of your families who find yourselves in some back settlement of Canada, if there should be only your two families in the whole region, mind that you get together on the Sabbath-day, and worship the Lord as best you can. Let this be your example; there were at the first only two families that feared Jehovah, yet "*Then began men to call upon the name of the Lord.*" It is not essential to the constitution of a congregation, nor is it essential to the formation of a Christian church, that there should be large numbers; it is neither necessary to the devotion nor to the acceptance of it with God that there should be a crowd of people; for, when there were but twos and threes, only two families or perhaps three, upon the face of the whole earth, "*Then began men to call upon the name of the Lord.*" Some of you may not always have the privilege of living where so many of us meet together to worship God. It is a very joyous thing to gather with the multitude to keep holy-day,—the more the merrier, in our Lord's service, I am sure; but if you should find yourselves in some remote part of your own country, or far away from the assemblies of God's people in other lands, do not let that hinder you from meeting together as a Christian church, and observing the ordinances of the Christian religion. Remember that our Lord Jesus said, "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them," and you may be sure that if He is in the assembly, however few may be present, they make up a valid, lawful congregation, and a real church in the New Testament meaning of that term. Whether the company is large or small, Charles Wesley's hymn is always in season,—

"Meet and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace.
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join!
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Eternal praise be Thine.

"Father, God, Thy love we praise,
Which gave Thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify:
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turn'd to heaven."

There was also, at the time mentioned in this passage, a special reason why the godly ones should call upon the name of the Lord, for

there was an opposition element in the world. Cain, as well as Seth, was the founder of a family. There were, henceforth, two lines of generation in the world, the line of grace that seemed to keep largely to the family of Seth, and the line of sin, the line of rebellion, and the line of darkness and death, which kept mainly to the family of Cain. Cain's descendants multiplied; I do not know what religion they had, or professed to have; but whatever they had, it was not the religion of grace, and they went continually further and further away from the light, always with their backs to the sun. Consequently, the people of God, pained and grieved to find that there was another family in the world, the seed of the serpent multiplying among them, thought it their duty, as well as their privilege, to set up a standard, and make it known to all that they were believers, that they feared Jehovah, the one living and true God. "Then began men to call upon the name of the Lord." And, brethren, if anything should make us come out boldly in our worship of God, it is the publicity of the sin of the ungodly; if anything should make us band together, it is the presence of sin in so many of our fellow-creatures; if anything should make us pray, it is the prevalence of iniquity all around us; if anything should make us feel that we who love the Lord must unite to serve Him, and throw our whole heart and soul into united prayer to the Most High, and united adoration of God over all, blessed for evermore, it is when we hear the blasphemies of men, and see their rebellion against the Lord. "Then began men to call upon the name of the Lord" when others turned aside from His ways; and thus, dear friends, should it be with you who are His loyal subjects. The more you are surrounded by enemies of the Truth, the more you see of the prevalence of sin in the world, the more necessity is there for frequent attendance at public worship, the Scriptural observance of all the ordinances of the Lord's house, and the more earnest and resolute contention for the faith once for all delivered to the saints. We live in such times as these, and therefore we need to hear and to heed the stirring summons,—

"Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
 The trumpet-call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this His glorious day;
 Ye that are men, now serve Him,
 Against unnumbered foes;
 Your courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose."

Another thought strikes me. This first Church of God in the world, *this public worship was a very small affair at the beginning, yet it has lasted to this day*; and if ever the Church of God in any place grows exceedingly small and feeble, let us not despair of it, but remember what it was at its commencement. It was a tiny rill when first the stream of public worship leaped into life; it was a small assembly, that first Church of God, that first separated congregation that met together to declare that Jehovah was their Lord; yet the little one has become many a thousand, and the small one a strong nation. It has often declined, but it has as frequently revived; it has been sometimes

hidden, but by-and-by it has been again revealed; it has been almost crushed out in some countries, but, in due time, through the power of God's mighty grace, it has been made to flourish again. Well did Wesley sing of his Saviour,—

“ When He first the work begun,
Small and feeble was His day :
Now the Word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way :
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail ;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

“ Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand ?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land :
Lo, the promise of a shower
Drops already from above ;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of His love.”

Men still continue “to call upon the name of the Lord,” or, as the marginal reading puts it, “to call themselves by the name of the Lord.” May the Lord multiply these assemblies, and grant grace to many more of our fellow-creatures to meet together with us in the name of the Lord, and to call themselves by His sacred name! Thus shall be fulfilled that gracious promise of the Lord to His ancient people, “I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground: I will pour My spirit upon thy seed, and My blessing upon thine offspring: and they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water courses. One shall say, I am the Lord's; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel.”

As of old men met to call upon the name of the Lord, so still do we gather together to call upon His name in prayer, in praise, and in the preaching of His Word, and especially to call upon His name in the New Testament sense of repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. In this sense, “whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.” Thus early and thus late have men called upon the name of the Lord; and if the days should grow darker even than they are at present, and the number of the faithful should get fewer and yet fewer still, there will always be some left to call upon His name, until “He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe. . . . Wherefore also we pray always for you, that our God would count you worthy of this calling, and fulfil all the good pleasure of His goodness, and the work of faith with power: that the name of our Lord Jesus Christ may be glorified in you, and ye in Him, according to the grace of our God and the Lord Jesus Christ.” Amen.

The Book Fund and the Lemon Tree.*

BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

READERS of the volume, *Ten Years of my Life in the Service of the Book Fund*, will remember the many references to my lemon tree, which has long been looked upon as the emblem of the Book Fund. I am glad to be able to give, as the frontispiece of this year's Report, a view of the tree, taken during the past summer by the kind friend who so willingly placed his camera at my dear husband's disposal at Mentone. For the information of friends who read these pages, but are not familiar with my larger book, I have transcribed the early history of the tiny plant whose progress has been so pleasantly linked with the origin, growth, and usefulness of my life-work; and I trust that the repetition of what is to me an oft-told tale will move many to join me in thanksgiving for the Lord's watchful care of the sacred service which the lemon plant heralded, helped forward, and symbolized.

* * * * *

Just nineteen years ago, I wrote as follows to the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel*:—

"All last winter, in the sunniest corner of the South window of my especial sanctum, there stood a common garden flower-pot, containing a little plant which I deemed a marvel of grace and beauty. I had sown some lemon pips, the preceding autumn, with a lively hope that one or more of them might possess the wonderful life-germ, and I was well rewarded for my confidence. In due time, a frail little stem, and two of the tiniest leaves that ever coaxed their way through the dark mould, made their appearance; and from that moment it was watched, and watered, and tended with assiduous care. So frail at first, and delicate, that a drop of dew would have overwhelmed it, it nevertheless soon gained courage, the tender stem strengthened, one by one other and larger leaves unfolded themselves, and the little plant stood perfect and complete. It was a very little thing, but it gave great pleasure; and though some of the younger members of the household would occasionally ask, with just a suspicion of sarcasm in their tone, 'If there were any lemons yet?' I cherished my little plant even more lovingly, and thanked God who, with infinite tenderness towards His suffering children, often deepens and intensifies their enjoyment of daily mercies, throwing a special charm around their common comforts, and causing a leaf, a flower, or the song of a bird, to whisper sweet 'comfortable thoughts' in their hearts.

"But this winter my Heavenly Father has given me a better plant to care for. The little tree of the 'Book Fund' sprang from as small a beginning as the lemon plant itself, and I fondly hope it is as surely a creation of the Lord's hand. Great was the lovingkindness which

* From "*The Book Fund and its Work*, 1894." Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings, London; and all Booksellers. Price 6d.: post free, 7d. (See *Review* on page 142.)

brought this plant into my sick chamber, and gave me the loving commission to dress and keep it. With what joy I received the charge, and how happy the work made me, words fail to tell; but since the little tree has grown rapidly under the sunshine of the Lord's blessing, I thought my friends would be interested to know how much and what manner of fruit it bears."

* * * * *

Six months after the above appeared in the Magazine, I wrote another letter to my friends, which contained this further information about the verdant emblem of the Book Fund:—

"The history of my little lemon plant will ever be tenderly associated in my mind with my God-given work. It has thriven in its way as gracefully and grandly as the Book Fund, and is now an ambitious, healthy young tree, preparing itself, I hope, for future fruit-bearing. One of John Ploughman's 'boys' (such a *dear, good* boy, according to his mother) can use his pencil deftly, and handle the graving tool with some skill (though John's wife says she *knows* his father's heart is set upon his following *the old plough* some day); so I asked him to make me a little sketch of my pretty tree, and here it is, dear friends, for you to see, though I can assure you the grace of its form and the glossy beauty of its leaves cannot be depicted. I have always cherished the fanciful idea that each leaf must represent £100; so now you can count them, and smile at the magnificent future I anticipate for my Book Fund. Twenty-one, are there not? That must mean £2,100, and *plenty of strength to grow more!* Well, it seems a great deal of money, certainly; but what a trifle it must be to the God who made all the silver and the gold! Ah! I believe that, some day,—



" 'When grace has made me meet
His lovely face to see,'

the subscription-list of the Book Fund will record its thousands of pounds; the once tiny plant will be a tree bearing fruit to perfection, and the dear old motto, 'Spend, and God will send,' will be found true and unfailing to the end."

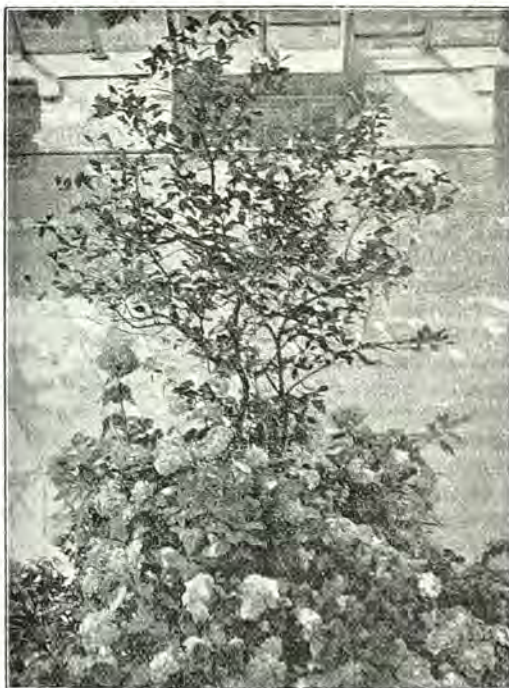
* * * * *

If, dear readers, you will compare "Son Tom's" sketch of the lemon plant, as it was in 1876, with the picture, on the opposite side, which shows whereunto the lemon tree has grown, you will see what progress it has made. As a matter of fact, it is eleven feet high, and more than seven feet across; and I am profoundly thankful to my Heavenly Father that I am able to testify that the Book Fund has advanced

quite as rapidly as its dear emblem tree. I have not *counted the leaves* lately, as I did in the plant's early history; but I find that, up to the end of 1894, I have received

£22,634 1s. 10d.

for the Book Fund. To this large amount must be added many thousands of pounds distributed through the Pastors' Aid Fund, together with the very substantial total of my Fund "For General Use in the Lord's Work," and also the value of the books, clothes, etc., given by friends.



From a Photograph by Mr. P. W. J. Mackenzie, Dover.

MRS. SPURGEON'S LEMON TREE.

If, when this sum is completed, the number of *leaves* is greater than the *hundreds of pounds* expended, possibly, friends will make the figures agree by sending in extra contributions in celebration of the *twentieth year of my life in the service of the Book Fund*. That long period will be completed if I am spared until next June.

How I wish that my Heavenly Treasurer would, during 1895, entrust me with thousands of pounds, that I might give my dear husband's last great work, *The Gospel of the Kingdom*, to all the clergymen and

ministers to whom an ever-generous friend sent, through the Book Fund, his last Conference Address, *The Greatest Fight in the World!* Perhaps there is some other "liberal soul" who would prize the privilege of thus perpetuating my beloved's last tribute of loyalty and love to his Lord.

* * * * *

As I lovingly look upon my symbolic tree, every branch and twig and leaf and blossom seem emblematic of the various departments of Book Fund service. The most powerful microscope will not reveal to others all that my grateful eyes can see in the pretty picture that prefaces my little book this year; but if I describe what is so manifest to my vision, my friends may also be able to perceive far more than appears upon the surface of the frontispiece.

The great central stem is, metaphorically, *the Book Fund* itself, out of which all the branches have naturally grown, and with which they all continue to be vitally connected. Springing from the main trunk, and almost rivalling it in strength and usefulness, is the largest limb of the tree, which represents *the Pastors' Aid Fund*. This, in its turn, has thrown out the widely-spreading branch from which have dropped into many a poor pastor's home the well-filled boxes of the "*Westwood*" *Clothing Society*. Peering between the thickly-interlaced foliage, I spy a sturdy bough bearing the inscription, *Home Distribution of Sermons*, and an equally vigorous offshoot dedicated to the *Circulation of the Sermons Abroad*; while the topmost twigs, on which I can plainly read the words, *Foreign Translations of Sermons*, bid fair to rival, in all respects, their older companions. To me, *their* rapid growth is most cheering, for their "leaves" contain so much of the essential oil of "the Tree of Life" that they are, in a very literal sense, "for the healing of the nations."

One arm of the lemon tree, which drooped awhile, but now flourishes like the rest of the branches, symbolizes the *Auxiliary Book Fund*; another reminds me of the *Sword and Trowel Distribution*, and the thousands of *Tracts and Pamphlets* that every year add to the labours and also the benefits of the Book Fund; and, lest I weary my readers, let me say, in conclusion, that the *blossoms*, which have many a time made me hope that, at last, fruit would appear as the crowning beauty of my emblem tree, hint to me that, greatly as "my Master" has bestowed His blessing upon my humble service hitherto,—

"Still there's more to follow."

In that joyous confidence, I commit the Record of another year's happy toil, first, to my loving Lord, in whose name and for whose sake it has all been done; and, then, to His faithful stewards who, for many years, have given me the privilege of passing on their bounty to tens of thousands of good ministers of Jesus Christ belonging to all denominations.

* * * * *

"Not unto us; O Lord of lords, supreme,
Whate'er we work, Thou workest; Thine the praise;
O wake us, cleanse us, light us with Thy beam,
And work in us, through us, to endless days!"

C. H. Spurgeon's Correspondence.

AN ADDRESS AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICE, AT THE METROPOLITAN
TABERNACLE, JANUARY 31st, 1895.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

THINKING, last evening, of this meeting, and of the occasion that demands it, I turned instinctively to the little bundle of letters—all too small a bundle—received from him of whom we think and speak, and for whom we praise God to-night; and it occurred to me that an interesting chapter might be written, and perhaps an address delivered on the subject of

C. H. SPURGEON'S CORRESPONDENCE.

For you know that he understood full well the power of the pen, and the opportunity that is within the reach of all of us to do good by letter-writing. Some of you are privileged to have a packet of notes from him. I have come across many friends who treasure these even more than the heirlooms of the family, and who would rather part with almost anything than with these sweet letters that the late dear Pastor wrote.

I learned a lesson even from *his handwriting*, as I looked, with tear-filled eyes, upon the precious epistles this time last night. The handwriting is often an index to the character; and I believe this may be said with emphasis of my dear father's handwriting—so neat and orderly, for he was methodical and painstaking in everything; so firm and straight, for he himself was of that nature; so swiftly-written, too, as all know who ever saw him write, for time was precious with him. Moreover, it was so plain that anyone could readily read it. He was not of those who fancy that a great man proves his greatness by writing a "hand" which no one but himself can decipher. Of all the letters in my possession, there was one only that was written in anything but a firm, steady, perfectly clear style; and there is no little pathos attaching to that exception. It began thus:—"My hand is bad," (some of you know what that meant with him,) "but I must say, 'God bless you!'" How much I love you, I could not express with both my hands." Was it not good of him to write with his hand so pained that it was evident in the handwriting that it was not in its usual condition?

How closely he wrote! You have seen the crowded post-cards he used to send; and was not his life crowded? Did he not cram into his one all too short career as much service as twenty ordinary men could produce? Nor could I help noticing that, in many instances, his own signature was squeezed into a little corner, and the tiniest letters were employed to form the honoured name "C. H. Spurgeon." He was always more than content to be in a corner, and to write himself small. The grace of humility was one of his chief charms.

I was struck, too, as I am sure you have been, with the terseness of his letters. Many of them were quite brief epistles, but there was a deal in them. They were marvels of condensation. No one knew better than the writer how to put *multum in parvo*.

Need I say anything about the brotherliness of these letters? He never played the great man, writing patronizingly and condescendingly to others. He often signed himself, "Yours most heartily," and that heartiness was not merely in the signature, it ran from beginning to end of his letters; hearty were his terms, for hearty were his feelings towards all who love the Lord. You are surprised, perhaps, that *letters to his son* should be spoken of as "brotherly." Were they not, rather, "fatherly"? Yes, they were full of paternal counsel, mingled with sweet encouragement born of a father's love; but I think "brotherly" expresses their real character better even than that much-prized term "fatherly." In the dearest letter in my precious budget, he signed himself, "Your father in the flesh, and your brother in the Lord." I cannot tell you how I prize that signature.

It goes without saying that there was humour in his letters. This is not the occasion, I think, to give any examples of it. His notes sparkled with native wit, and were brimful of good cheer. Herein also they resembled their author.

I found them also always sympathetic, like the dear writer. I received most of them at the Antipodes. In my exile, they were to me like a cool, refreshing wind in a hot summer-time, inspiring and encouraging me. Take this one for instance:—"Go on with the gospel, for it is of God, and that which is of God will see all the others at Jericho among the tumbling houses." Could that fail to help me to fight the battles of the Lord at the ends of the earth? "Be firm in the faith," said he; "zealous for souls, and regardless of man's opinion." That also braced me. Well do I remember receiving the letter, praying over it, and asking God to make me even so. Again he wrote:—"The Lord has called you to stand foot to foot with me, with the whole earth between;" (do you catch the idea?—separated, but still standing foot to foot with one another;) "so keep your footing, and God bless you!" That also nerved me for the conflict; and I do not doubt that, as he wrote to his son, so also did he write to many other preachers of the Word, his sons in the faith, urging them to press up to the standard, and to prove "faithful unto death."

Some of his letters were addressed to unconverted people. I have been privileged to see some of these; ay, and to receive into the church the persons who received them, and who, by their means, were led to trust in Jesus! I suppose it is because I am privileged to be in his place that I receive quite a number of letters from anxious souls. I gather from this that he received still more; and I can assure you that, whatever of his vast correspondence he delegated to others, he answered such enquiries with his own hand, and with his own heart; and God has used these letters all over the world to the inbringing of sinners to the Lord Jesus Christ.

You know that it came to his heart to pen a note to the children of those who had been students in the College. Out in Australia and New Zealand, I saw those letters, and rejoiced with dear boys and girls who gloried in having received a letter from Mr. Spurgeon, but who gloried even more in the glad fact that they had, through those sweetly-simple earnest appeals, been led to consecrate their young hearts and lives to Jesus. Across the top left-hand corner of these

notes, he wrote, "O Lord, bless this letter!" or "Lord, save my little friend!" and in many a happy instance the prayer was answered.

I am thinking now,—“What if he could write us a letter to-night!” We are not believers in the precipitation of letters; we could almost wish that it might be so. He wrote to me once, when I was the other side of the world, saying:—“Don’t expect me at your door just yet, but my heart looks in at the window;” and I think, to-night, since he cannot be at our doors, his heart looks in at the window, and says to all of you who have not yet learned to love his Lord, “Be ye reconciled to God.” Oh, will you think of this as the meeting proceeds, and let the anniversary of his death—nay, of his entry into life—be your spiritual birthday, through faith in Jesus Christ the Lord? Amen.

The March of the Months.

No. III.

“Here, in this roaring moon of daffodil
And crocus, to put forth and brave the blast.”

HAVE you ever heard the wind crying like one in bitter anguish; or as if troops of weird spirits were hurrying by, shrieking some unearthly war cry? Such a shrill wail, dropping and rising, is the sure sign of a great gale coming along, say from the South-west or North-west. Several times, in this last December and January, I heard that scream in the blast. Strange thoughts pass through my mind at such times. I remember Charlotte Brontë’s cry, “Peace, Banshee, keening at every window!” Then I seem vainly struggling to rescue drowning men, as they surge downwards into huge valleys of green water! Or I am up among the rags of a sail, clinging to a splintered mast-top amid a wreck of rigging, with the wind, ear-splitting, marrow-freezing, rushing by!

There is something awful in the rush of wind and water on a wintry night. Many years ago, I found myself standing, in the darkness, by the brink of the Thames, near Erith. It was a wild night, and a lonely spot. I waited till my eyes got accustomed to the dark, and things began to shape themselves. It is very singular to notice how your world comes to you if you are quite still. So it was then. The great river went on its way in measured wash into what was, as I looked, a graduated darkness. Its restless surging had a rhythm, like the sound of many voices heard in a loud whisper. There was a strange telepathy going on between the moving thing of undeterminable width and length and the solitary human figure so close to the embrace of the wild dark waters. I can see and feel it all again as I write,—the strange fascination those ever-moving waters had over me: no wonder poor creatures, wit-distraught, seem to see in the semi-darkness the crested waters beckon them, and rush to their embrace.

Huge cakes and blocks of ice lay piled fantastically one upon another along the foreshore that night. Now and then, I saw the moving light of some passing ship. Away, out on the mystery, the

star sailed onward towards the open sea. Further down, and near the shore, other lights undulated, showing me where small craft were moored. These, with their lights at the mast, rode on the moving waters, held by their cables from drifting. So may we be, as the river of life flows darkly past! Let us hang out the lamp of Truth, that other travellers may know where we are. With this at the mast-head, and Christ as our Pilot, we may venture right out to sea. Or, if we are pulled up in our journey, let us keep the company of those who burn a steadfast light, and let our cable be sure, "entering into that which is within the veil;" then can we calmly wait for the day.

Not far from this spot stood the old parish church, within whose graveyard lay buried many of those whom the waters took for their prey, and whom the tide cast up, soddened, disfigured, dead. But as I think of it all, this thought comes to me: for these now and then drowned, how many pass, day by day, downward safely to the "great waters", and upward safely to the flashing lights of the mighty city, to meet the eager, devouring, all-embracing eyes and arms of mother or lover! The mystery of the nameless corpse, with its white face turned up to the grey morning, thrills us, and we would not have it otherwise; but to think nothing of the marvels of mercy daily shown as the thousands pass out and in, summer and winter, on the loud-whispering river, is to miss the greater portion of what the wonderful stream has to tell.

But the dark nights, ice-heaped shores, hissing blasts, and shrouding fogs will soon be things of the past for another season. Our forefathers used to say that March "came in like a lion, and went out like a lamb." The earlier part of the month is very variable. Snow and frost, thaw and rain, wind and fog, may all be experienced in one day; but take the month as a whole, there is a great improvement. The sun enters the sign of Aries, or the Ram, on the 21st, thereby denoting the augmented power of the sun's rays, which in ancient hieroglyphics were typified by the horns of animals. The wind blusters still, but it has lost the eerie sound which made you creep, as if the swoop of the fell fiend was at hand. Sometimes, for many days, from the dry East comes the cold breeze, with a clear sky and strong sunshine. When the sun sets, then the cold becomes very trying, and weakly people dread the rapid drop in the temperature. There are times when this easterly wind takes all the warmth out of the sunshine; the fast-moving air is charged with Baltic cold which, in spite of the unclouded rays, makes the traveller wince. Then is the time for March dust, a peck of which, the farmers say, "is worth a king's ransom." Another old saw of the countryman is that "a dry March never begs its bread."

But this wind, which takes the warmth out of the sunshine—have you never known it blow in a church? An icy blast of disapproval, blowing the warmth out of young zeal, making the church-meeting into a street corner, where everybody's eyes are inflamed with dusty odds and ends whirled in an eddy from the ways of men? There are some people whose presence is like an East wind. They are adepts at bud-nippers. "Bourgeon pride must be kept back," they say; so they do a freeze all round. Some, who were coming out, look black, and

begin to peel off; the choir gets a cold on its chest; the prayer-meeting has "the gapes", and the pulpit a touch of influenza. In nature, a bleak high wind and hot sun tend to bring a change of weather. This may be devoutly prayed for when the East wind of a cold formality does its best to take the warmth out of the Spring of consecration to God.

Now is the time when those who have caught cold upon cold during the winter begin visibly to fail. You probably have often heard the sad, because delusive, hope expressed, "I shall get better when the warmer weather comes." But the quick breath, the drawn face, the sudden cough at the least exertion, all tell a different story. There will be a ministry of sorrow for that mother before May is out. Draw the couch to the window. Put violets from the bank, and primroses which grow among the fir clumps, in fresh water on the little table. Prop open the family Bible,—the sick one's name is on the front page with the others,—lay open the Book at John xiv., and let the dear child's eye wander from the budding hedge to the lambs on the upland, from the brow of the hill to the arching sky, flecked here and there with cloud, from the red tiles on her father's barn to the Book again where it is written, "In My Father's house are many mansions." When the red hawthorn in the front garden hangs thick with spray, and the orchard is full of apple-bloom, then a wind shall arise in the evening, and carry the petals far and wide, leaving the nascent fruit. At that time, the house-tree, too, shall be shaken, and she shall pass,—

"Like a loose blossom on a gusty night."

March is the month of awakenings. The daisies are out, all in new frills. Chaucer describes a green valley, "with daisies powdered over." He tells us, further, how he rose early in the morning, and went out again in the evening, to see "the day's eye" open and shut, and that he often lay down on his side to watch it unfold. A quaint old writer, speaking of the flower, says, "It is such a wanderer, that it must have been one of the first flowers that strayed and grew outside the garden of Eden." There it is every spring, with its silver rim often tinged with red, as if it had been sprinkled with blood, leaping forth by its tens of thousands after the hard winter, a voiceless sermon on the resurrection. Sometimes, too, you may find the speedwell, an exquisite early flower with a blue like heaven's own, as if it woke in time to get the blessing of "a morning without clouds." If you are an enthusiast, you may discover the ivy-leaved veronica; but it is a little thing, and grows very near the ground, flowering close to the hard earth, but bearing there its testimony. Now and then, too, in favoured spots, and in mild seasons, you may come across the wood-anemone. It shakes to the slightest breath of air, reminding us of souls that are alive to every motion of the Divine Spirit.

Now, too, is the time when the birds begin to get busy. The singing season and the building season go together. The morning and evening hymn are an institution in the bird world. The feathered psalmists set an example to many bipeds who borrow their plumes. Their housekeeping is carried on with thanksgiving, and the business of rearing a family with praise. The song of the blackbird, thrush,

blackcap, and skylark, may be heard on the soft days of March; and even before the leaves cover the hedges, the two former begin to build. What a noise the rooks make in the tall trees! You feel inclined to say, "Don't all speak at once." Look up to the top of the pines and windy elms. What a collection of nests, and how ragged they all are,—an elevated Petticoat Lane! And what a chaffering! Great talkers, with a very limited stock of words,—like the old Norfolk woman, with her "Sez I, he sez, sez he."

Go down by the pool, and be very still. See, there is a water-rat; notice the little silver bubbles he makes as he swims; and here is a colony of tadpoles who, in due time, will leave their tails behind them, and become the croakers of the marsh. If you are very still indeed, at a deep secluded spot, you may chance to hear the plunge of the otter. I know a place which, in days long since, was a favourite resort of theirs, and still goes by the name of "Otterspool." Stand by the shallows, and watch the school of little fish dart to and fro, as if they were all out for a half-holiday. Or go to the mill-head, and wait for the splash of the trout.

Yes, the world is awake! What a wonderful world! What variety! What adaptability! We stand a minute, and, as the early chant of "animated nature" reaches us from bush and field, from air and stream, we give our response, and say, "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches."

H. T. S.

Seed-Thoughts from C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons.

SELECTED BY J. D. KILBURN, ST. PETERSBURGH.

The preacher influences every one of his hearers, but every one of his hearers also influences him.

God can give peace after trouble, and in trouble.

There is nothing, without God's blessing, that is a blessing; there is nothing, with God's blessing, that is not a blessing.

It is the way you spend your leisure that shows what you are, and makes you what you are.

Quarrel with God's providence, and you "kick against the pricks."

Let that please you which pleases God.

Oh, the wickedness of mistrust, and the bitterness with which it is made to curse itself!

Pastor Charles Spurgeon's Letters.

No. III.

WHAT intensesness of meaning there is in the Word of God when it is brought home to the heart and life! "There is sorrow on the sea," can only be fully understood by those who "do business in great waters," or when some sad calamity befalls such as "go down to the sea in ships." Alas, that we, as voyagers, were brought face to face with the truth of these words on *Lord's-day, December 16*, soon after midday. The sea had been very rough for the two previous days; and it increased in violence until the waves ran very high, and we shipped big seas forward. A shelter had been erected, in the bows, for the accommodation of the third-class passengers, and three of them were sitting under it, when a mighty wave dashed the hoarding to pieces, like so much touchwood, and hurled the men down upon the deck. One was rendered unconscious, another had his thigh dislocated, and the third sustained a severe fracture of the skull. Medical attention was at once forthcoming, and everything that was possible was done for each case; but, within a few minutes, the last one mentioned succumbed to his injuries. The catastrophe cast a gloom over all, and rendered the Sabbath sadly solemn.

The writer had been requested by so many of the passengers to hold a service, that he felt it would be a neglect of duty on his part if he refrained from complying with so unanimous a desire, and he consented, with the usual proviso which is necessary when at sea, viz., "Weather permitting." The storm did not seem to abate, and it was very doubtful whether many would be able to attend the service; but, when the hour arrived (8 o'clock), the saloon was filled with an eager and attentive audience. The preacher found it no easy matter to keep himself steady, and this had an effect upon the delivery of his message. However, after the usual prayer, and the singing of the well-known hymn, "Rock of Ages," one forgot to a very large degree the untoward motion of the vessel, and we passed on to an enjoyable season of fellowship in reading the Scriptures. Two portions were selected as appropriate passages to accompany the discourse which was to follow. We noticed a look of surprise when we uttered a few words of comment upon the verses read, and the attention was very marked while Psalm xlv., and Mark iv. verses 35 to 41, were expounded. Many a hearty "Amen" concluded the prayer as we remembered the bereaved and beloved ones in the dear homeland, and sought divine protection and safe convoy to our desired haven. Then followed the sermon, from the text, "The sea is His, and He made it." From nature we endeavoured to lead the thoughts of our hearers up to nature's God, and used the sea as the symbol of His grace, love, and power, and pleaded with all present to admit His ownership of them, and yield obedience to Him, "for even the winds and the sea obey Him."

Notwithstanding all the novelties of sermonizing on ship-board,—for it is not the easiest matter to speak when the vessel is rolling to and fro, and people, like the preacher, are holding themselves in a

safe position,—a very happy and holy hour was passed in the service of Him who holds “the waters in the hollow of His hand.” Many were the kind words spoken to the retiring minister, and in the shake of the hand, and hearty “Thank you,” one found a reward for the effort made to tell out the story of God’s boundless love and mercy. This is a practice which might find more exercise on land, if only members of the congregation knew what a real help it is to a preacher and pastor. Why not tell the messenger that his message has benefited you? It will cheer his heart to know that good has been accomplished.

May God bless the bread cast upon the waters, and cause the seed sown to spring up in South Africa, and yield an abundant harvest to His glory! So prays the preacher, and he is sure his readers will do the same.

On the following morning, the funeral took place, the captain conducting the burial service according to the rites of the Church of England. As the body fell into the sea, a huge wave became its



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VIEW OF CAPE TOWN.

shroud, and the deep its grave. What a vast sepulchre is the ocean! The time is coming, however, when the sea shall give up the dead that are in it, and all shall appear before God. It matters little whether we journey *viâ* land or sea to that great meeting-place; the chief concern should be,—Are we prepared to meet our God? Reader, are you ready? Some wave may dash you to death, as it did this poor young fellow; not necessarily a wave of the sea, but some sudden catastrophe may launch you into eternity. Are you trusting in a risen Christ, once crucified for your sins? If so, you need have no fear when death comes. (A subscription of over £40 was raised for the bereaved mother, whom this young man had left in Plymouth. May the Lord sustain her!)

Through the divine care, we reached Table Bay in the afternoon of Tuesday, December 18, and were soon alongside the quay. Here, many friends had been on the *qui vive* for some time, awaiting our arrival. A strong contingent of Baptist worthies had gathered to give my

fellow-travellers with myself a hearty and loving welcome. Among the brethren to meet us were Pastors Baker, Russell, Nuttall, Eales, and Owen, and from each one we received the kindest of greetings. After attending to our duty at the Customs, and clearing our baggage, we drove off to the residence of William Rawbone, Esq., there to meet other friends, and to find the luxury of another warm welcome in a home not strange to our companion, Mr. Batts, for his father-in-law was our host.

Preparations for further festivities in honour of our advent were already far advanced, and only needed our consent to be perfected. To all the kind suggestions and plans we most readily agreed; and so, the next afternoon, we were present at a garden party held at Newlands, the home of J. Brodie, Esq. This good friend has ever been a liberal helper to those works which still remain a memorial to my dear father, and he continues to hold C. H. Spurgeon in high esteem. In a short but exceedingly graceful speech, he welcomed the son of



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ADDERLEY STREET, CAPE TOWN.

my father, and in a very touching manner alluded to dear mother also. It was an easy matter to respond to such words of greeting, for one's heart felt the sincerity of the utterance. Mr. Batts also shared in the cordial welcome accorded to me, and all present were glad to see him back in the land of his adoption.

On the Thursday evening, a public reception was held in the Wicht Zaal, when an address was presented from the Baptist churches of Cape Town and the vicinity, and words of welcome were spoken by representatives of all the Nonconformist bodies in the town. It was most gratifying to listen to the repeated eulogies paid to the memory of my dear father, and it cheered my heart to know how much he is still loved out in this Colony. Upon rising to address the meeting, the writer was most warmly received, and by manifest signs the audience approved of what he said upon his position among them as a strong believer in (1) The Book, (2) The Blood, and (3) Believers' Baptism. We cannot express the thankfulness we feel to all who helped to make our

welcome to South Africa so hearty and successful. Leaving the meeting, we hurried off to the station, *en route* for King William's Town, which we reached at seven o'clock on December 23, after a journey of three nights and two days. News of the trip and events following we defer until our next. Hitherto the Lord has helped, and health is slowly but, we trust, surely returning. Still pray for the absent one, as he also prays for all in dear old England.

Drawing Near to God.

"It is good . . . to draw near to God."—Ps. lxxiii. 28.

HOW full of blessing is the hallowed hour
 In which the humble soul to God draws nigh,
 When human weakness, clothed upon with power,
 O'er might divine obtains the victory,
 When, halting on the lonely midnight road,
 The pilgrim finds it good to draw near unto God!
 When joy surrounds us, and our pathway winds
 Through peaceful glades and under sunlit skies,
 And in God's leadership the spirit finds
 The confidence that nothing can surprise;
 Still, as we tread with joy the upward road,
 New gladness crowns us as we draw near unto God.
 When sin o'ertakes us, and we weakly yield,
 And taste the bitterness of guilty shame;
 When fear has robbed us of our trusty shield,
 And of our faith has left us but the name;
 When trembling and amazed beneath the rod,
 Still it is good for us to draw near unto God.
 When sorrow presses sorely, and the load
 Seems all too great for human strength to bear;
 When clouds appear to veil the face of God,
 And heart and flesh cry out in conscious fear;
 How welcome then the shelter of His wing,
 Where we may rest unharmed by any evil thing!
 And when the veil is lifted, and the face
 Of God leans toward us with a holy smile;
 When doubt is banished, and the inward peace
 Returns again which we had lost awhile;
 How sweet in seasons such as these to pray,
 Then rise, and in the strength of God go on our way!
 And when, in life's last hours, the gloomy vale,
 With all its unknown deeps, before us lies;
 When human comfort is of no avail,
 To the same source the fainting spirit flies;
 And, grasping as of old the staff and rod,
 Still finds that it is good to draw near unto God.

Foots Cray.

E. A. TYDEMAN.

Unpublished Notes of C. H. Spurgeon's New Park Street Sermons.

REPORTED BY PASTOR T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

No. X. Delivered in 1856.

"But it is good for me to draw near to God: I have put my trust in the Lord God, that I may declare all Thy works."—Psalm lxxiii. 28.

IT is to the first part of this text that your attention is directed. They that are far from God shall perish; God will surely destroy all those who depart from Him. "But," says the psalmist, "it is good for me to draw near to God."

There are many ways in which a true believer draws near to God. He does so in the secret place of communion, in the quiet retirement of fellowship, and in the chamber of meditation. Believers draw near to God when they commune together at the table of their Lord, where they commemorate His death, and anticipate His second coming. We frequently draw near to God when we search the Scriptures, and delight ourselves in the precious promises of the sure Word, when our hearts receive the promises as being "yea and amen in Christ Jesus."

We "draw near to God" in the most blessed manner when we bow the knee in prayer. It is then that we find our God and our heaven; it is then that we tell our secrets into the ear of our Father, and He reveals to us the secrets of His own eternal love. So we will, at the present time, limit our text to the blessedness of drawing near to God in prayer. To the child of God, prayer is always good. We who have known the need of prayer, who have tried the power of prayer, and who have proved its efficacy in times of trouble, can bear this as our solemn, yet withal, cheerful testimony, "It is good for me to draw near to God."

I. LET US EMPLOY OUR TEXT AS A TEST.

If our prayers are true and acceptable, by them we "draw near to God." Unless we "draw near to God," we do not pray. Repeating mere forms of prayer is neither profitable in the utterance, nor shall it return in blessings upon us from the throne of God. In all true prayer, we must have God before our eyes; we must believe God to be present, hearkening to our petitions, hearing our every word, and listening to our every sigh; and we must also know that God is granting our requests, and sending the answer of peace and assurance into our souls. All true prayer is put into the hands of Christ, who is our Representative before the throne of God. Looking up, through faith, we see Him taking our petitions within the veil, sprinkling them with His blood, putting them into His censer, and letting the incense of His intercession ascend with them before the throne of the Most High. The essence of prayer is thus drawing near unto God, drawing near to God through Christ, realizing the actual presence of God as we are addressing Him.

There are degrees in thus drawing nigh unto God. Some draw nigh to God, though their souls are filled with solemn awe, while

they are overwhelmed with an awful sense of His sublimity and majesty. They have no feeling of delight or confidence; but simply a sense of being in the presence of "the High and Lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity." Subdued by a sense of His splendour, sinking under a dread of the terror of His justice, awed by the majesty of His power, and of His spotless purity, the soul falls prostrate in speechless confusion before the throne, and can scarcely give utterance to a single word.

There are others, who, having a clear consciousness that their sins are pardoned, can read their title clear to mansions in the skies, and are enabled to walk amid the glories of Deity, crying, "Holy! Holy! Holy!"—though awed, yet not overwhelmed with solemn fear and dread. These see, not so much the majestic greatness of God, as His goodness; they discern His love more than His justice. They seem to speak with God face to face; they come up close to Him, tell out their wants into His ear, breathe out their desires before His heavenly face, and look up with confidence expecting an answer.

There are others of the children of God, who are enabled to take a supreme delight in their Heavenly Father's splendour and majesty. They so rely upon the blood and righteousness of Christ as to have no fear or apprehension. They behold upon the throne their Father and their God; and, as children, in the confidence of love, they draw nigh. They lay hold of the knee of the Eternal Jehovah, they grasp the arm of the Omnipotent One; they plead with God as dear children, and prevail. They understand the language of the psalmist, when he said, "My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." Not all saints attain unto this degree of drawing near to God; but there must be a drawing nigh to God in some degree, or else there is no sincerity in your prayer; there is nothing in it acceptable unto God, or profitable to your own soul.

II. LET US USE OUR TEXT TO EXCITE OUR DESIRES IN PRAYER.

"It is good for me to draw near to God." Let me, then, stir up my soul to earnestness of supplication. The great want of the Church to-day is fervency of prayer. We seem to believe more in preaching than in praying; we come together on Sundays to hear preaching, we stay away on Mondays when the saints are gathered together praying. We seem to put the mercy-seat *underneath* the pulpit. We long for the coming day,—and it will come,—when we shall *ascend* from the pulpit to the mercy-seat, and shall prove the united prayers of the Church of Christ to be as mighty a power for the conversion of sinners as the preaching and expounding of the Word of God.

It is good to draw near to God, because prayer explains many difficulties. The psalmist had been in great perplexity. He was full of trouble about the affairs of this world, he saw the godly in distress, and the wicked prospering. He tried to reconcile this strange providence with the goodness of God. He failed in solving the mystery, until he "went into the sanctuary of God"; but there he understood the explanation of the whole difficulty. There are many enigmas in providence, and many mysteries in Scripture, which we shall never comprehend until we learn their solution on our knees. The best student in divinity is not the one who reads most, but the one who

prays most. We must take the Word of God, and look alone to the Great Illuminator of our souls, the Holy Ghost, seeking His teaching by daily, earnest, believing prayer. Prayer will expound Scripture and explain providence. Ask in prayer, and God will give you an insight into the meaning of mysteries. Keep your eye fixed on Christ; He is in the centre of every maze. Fall on your knees and pray, and God will clear away all difficulties from your path or enable you to surmount them. Prayer will quickly end all controversy between you and God.

It is good to draw near to God because prayer is the mother of deliverances. If we are in any trouble or trial, let us present ourselves at the mercy-seat, and we shall soon discover a way of escape.

“Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.”

Prayer, and faith, and sincerity, and importunity, will deliver thee, no matter how many or how mighty are thine enemies.

It is good to draw near to God, because prayers obtain promises. This is one of the blessings of faith, and it is also one of the blessings of prayer; they both obtain promises. Every answered prayer is a new promise. Plead the promise thou hast, and God will fulfil the promise, and hand it back to thee to plead again. Thou canst never exhaust the promise of God. It will multiply as thou pleadest it before the throne of God, even as the loaves and fishes multiplied when Jesus gave them to the disciples to feed the multitude. Be diligent in prayer, or thou wilt lose the promise, because it will be unfulfilled. Be much in prayer, often in thy closet, much on thy knees, fervent in thy supplications, because it is in answer to prayer that God fulfils His promises.

It is an evil thing not to draw near to God. Alas! there are some men and women who live without prayer. Such have never been regenerated by the Holy Ghost. They have never really felt their need of a Saviour; they have never poured out their hearts before the throne of God; they have never known the token of the Lord's favour in the gift of faith in Jesus Christ, the Son of God. My hearers, let me address you solemnly, and remind you that a *prayerless soul is a Christless soul, and a soul that is without Christ is a lost soul!* He who has never sought mercy, has certainly never obtained mercy. Be assured that you, who never bend your knees in prayer, who never draw near to God in supplication, are in the gall of bitterness, and in the bonds of iniquity, and that the wrath of God abideth on you, because you do not believe on Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Take heed unto yourselves, lest hereafter ye lift up your eyes in that place where hope can never come. It is probable that, in this great assembly, there are not many who are addicted to such gross iniquities as drunkenness, debauchery, lying, and the like; but there are many here who waste their time in worldly amusements that are questionable in character. Poor butterflies, who have no worthy aim in life, and who live only to get rid of time, regardless of eternity! Oh, precious

time, for one hour of which they would hereafter give ten times the world's weight in gold, were it in their possession! How solemn a thing it is, that men and women should be spending all their time in doing nothing for eternity! How many waste more hours in dressing their poor bodies, in vain decorations of their empty heads, in frivolous conversation and silly amusements, than they employ in the affairs of their immortal souls! You may treat these matters lightly and carelessly now; but the day will surely come, when, on that bed of sickness, just entering the eternal world, these little things, as you regard them now, will assume their real size, and you will find how awful a thing it was for the soul immortal to be wasting all its moments in empty show and vain frivolity. May God grant you His grace to begin to live in earnest! May the Holy Spirit quicken you, that you may seek a Saviour for your souls! And then, having found Jesus as your own Saviour, may you go abroad, to—

"Tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour you have found."

May you go forth, attempting to pluck sinners as brands from the burning; never resting, never being content, unless each day shall be marked by the conversion of a soul through your instrumentality! May you, as you "draw near to God" day by day, and year after year, be enabled to say, "Thanks be unto God Almighty, He hath graciously blessed me, *even me*, and used me, and hath given unto me His choicest blessing in making me His instrument in the conversion of sinners." God grant it, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

XV. SYDNEY J. JONES, THE NEW PASTOR AT TOXTETH TABERNACLE,
LIVERPOOL.

THE subject of this sketch is not quite thirty years of age, yet he has just been called, with the utmost heartiness, to a prominent North of England pulpit, and he presides to-day over a church of some 600 members. These facts, alone, invest the career of Mr. Jones with more than ordinary interest, and make observers anxious to know more about him.

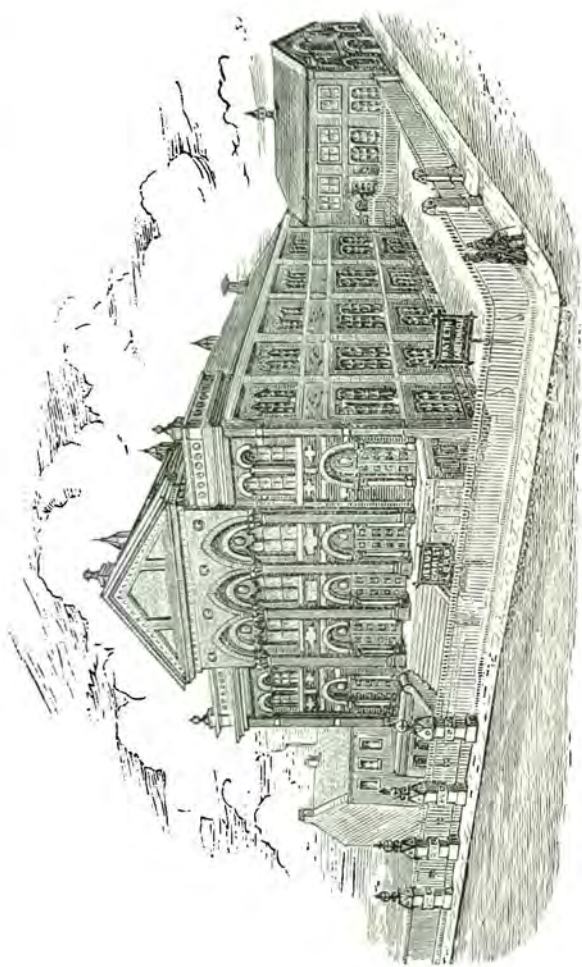
Mr. SYDNEY J. JONES is a Welshman. It was amongst the Welsh Primitive Methodists that he was brought to Christian decision, and first introduced to active work for God. In their camp-meetings, at the early age of sixteen, he made his first essays as a



preacher. Encouraged in these initial attempts, he was soon led to make choice of the Christian ministry as his life's work. With this in view, he approached the "Connexion" which he had served as a "local preacher"; but his views on baptism differing from theirs, he found further progress in that direction impossible. Turning his thoughts another way, he presently made application for admission to the Pastors' College. He was in due course accepted, and in 1887 entered that institution as a student.

Meanwhile, a considerable interval had occurred, with an important experience. Mr. Jones had practically filled and fulfilled his first Baptist pastorate. In Breconshire, his native county, where he was at home studying for College, his Baptist proclivities brought him into association with three small churches in the Llanthony Valley, and he was urged to take chief charge of these until his course began. He consented, and with the happiest results. For thirteen years in one, eleven in another, and six in the third, there had been no church additions. In the sixteen months of Mr. Jones' ministry, some thirty converts were baptized, temperance work was initiated, the chapels renovated, and the religious life of the localities sensibly improved. It was no light task, preaching three times each Sabbath in chapels remote from each other, involving a journey of fifteen miles; but it was a happy and healthy beginning of ministerial life, and many of the scenes, notably those upon the river banks where the people gathered from afar to see the baptisms, left a lasting impress, and became an inspiring memory, in the young Pastor's mind. In *The Baptist*, of September 2nd, 1887, Mr. Jones' success in these churches of Capel-y-Ffin, Henllan, and Tabernacle, was described at length, and cited as a strong argument in favour of the "grouping" system. On leaving this loved work, Mr. Jones received a warm acknowledgment, and a handsome testimonial from his grateful people.

Mr. Jones' College course was as pleasant and propitious as these earlier experiences. He was supremely fortunate in coming *then*, for Mr. Spurgeon and Principal Gracey were both still at their posts, and giving to the College their ripest, their best, and what proved to be their last, for they were both soon to go. The keen discrimination of these able minds at once singled out Mr. Jones as a man of no ordinary parts, and the general expectation of his fellow-students in the College fastened on him as one of its most hopeful *alumni*. When the present writer himself first entered College, Mr. Jones was just commencing his second year. He was already in high reputation, amongst the collegians, as preacher, debater, student, and athlete. The new-comer was first and most impressed by Mr. Jones' physical prowess, his deep sonorous voice, and his calm dignified bearing, suggestive of conscious power without conceit, and considerable reserves of strength. Though decidedly his senior in years, and perhaps his superior in inches, the writer has never since ceased in all other senses to look up to Mr. Jones. While still in College, Mr. Jones wrote for this Magazine, an article entitled, "A Student's Impressions of the 1889 Conference," and in the two following years he supplied "A Minister's Impressions of the Conferences of 1890 and 1891." These were much



TOXTETH TABERNACLE, LIVERPOOL.

appreciated at the time of their appearance, especially by those who had attended the gatherings, and who could therefore judge of their felicity.

When Mr. Jones had been only one year out of College, he was selected by Mr. Spurgeon to read, at the College Conference, a paper on the subject, "What is True Success in the Ministry?" Some wondered at so young a minister being asked to render such a service, but the paper abundantly justified the choice. It revealed a man who thought clearly and wrote well, a man of deep convictions, direct aims, abundant courage, and versatile abilities in the use of words. At the President's special wish, it was published *in extenso* in *The Sword and the Trowel* for June, 1891. On the removal to Australia of Pastor E. H. Ellis, and his consequent resignation of the office of co-secretary (with Pastor H. O. Mackey) of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association, Mr. Jones, on the nomination of Mr. Spurgeon, was unanimously elected to the position, which he has held ever since.

During Mr. Jones' College course, he was for a little more than a year the student-pastor of the church at Campsbourne Road, Hornsey. Here, similar prosperity attended his ministry to that which he had known in Wales. Forty members were added to the church, the congregations were increased, and the church life and work generally quickened and extended. A very hearty people seconded the efforts of the Pastor, and expressed their love in a valuable presentation of books when he said "Farewell."

In 1890, Mr. Jones, having completed his studies at the Pastors' College, settled at the Baptist Tabernacle, Hornton Street, Kensington. It was at the urgent request of Mr. Spurgeon that he accepted this pastorate; but from the first he saw that progress there would be very difficult, and any considerable success impossible without a new building. The chapel in which the Hornton Street friends worshipped (as all will agree who have visited it) would be a disadvantage in any neighbourhood, but in Kensington it was almost fatal. Still, Mr. Jones manfully resolved to throw his best energies into the work, and give it a fair trial, hoping that, after a reasonable period, a new building scheme might become a possibility. For five years he stuck to his post, despite a host of difficulties and discouragements; and so well did he battle with adverse circumstances, and use what scope he found, that an average yearly addition of no less than forty-five was made to the membership throughout the five years. A glimpse of the man at his work here, and of the people to whom he ministered, is given in a very interesting article in *The Freeman*, of April 11th, 1890, under the title, "A Visit to Hornton Street Baptist Tabernacle." Concluding an account of a baptismal service, the writer says:—

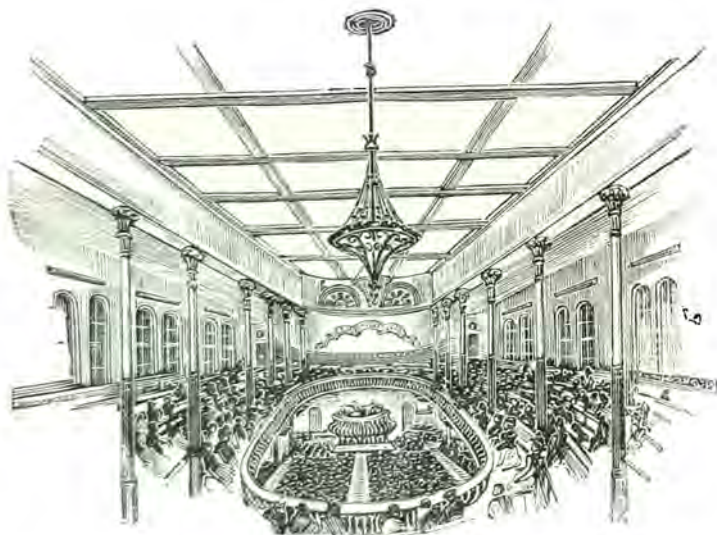
"The preacher is evidently a man who knows how to put his views on a great controversy in a clear, orderly, and forcible style before his audience. There is something about Mr. Jones' manner that is exceedingly agreeable, whilst his matter is earnestly Evangelical, and he can hardly fail to find great acceptance with the people. One word I ought to say for the people. I do not remember seeing a more quiet

or solemn administration of the ordinance of baptism. The entire bearing of the congregation seemed to say:—

“ ‘How great, how solemn, is the work
Which we attend to-day!’ ”

The *Kensington News* also published in full two of Mr. Jones' sermons delivered at Hornton Street, one on the death of Mr. Spurgeon, and one on the Baptist Missionary Centenary.

The class chiefly reached and blessed at Kensington was that which often proves the least accessible, viz., the youth of the congregation. The bands of Christian young men and women, which Mr. Jones succeeded in forming, were large, strong, and active, and exceedingly cheering in their consistency and devotion. But, such good work notwithstanding, the building scheme, after these years of effort, seemed as remote as ever, and Mr. Jones was at last impressed with the desirability of seeking a more promising sphere. He had not to seek long. Several doors were opening to him, when one, of two invitations which were extended, seemed to Mr. Jones to be a call from God. It was from the church meeting at TOXTETH TABERNACLE, LIVERPOOL.



This building (of which Mr. Jones' friends have kindly had views both of the exterior and interior prepared specially to illustrate this article) was the creation, and is now the memorial, of that zealous servant of God, Mr. W. P. Lockhart. It was built in 1870, at a cost (including lecture-room, etc.,) of over £8,000. During Mr. Lockhart's ministry of twenty-two years, the church attained deserved prominence as a centre of vigorous Christian life and activity. From 1,700 to 1,800 people were admitted to church-fellowship, of whom some 700, at the time of Mr. Lockhart's lamented death in 1893,

remained upon the roll. Great as was the shock caused to the whole work by the loss of such a Pastor and Founder, the church has "stood still in its strength", suffering scarcely any diminution, and witnessing by its cohesion, vitality, and harmony, to the sound character of the good work done. It is from a strong, united, and busy people that Mr. Jones has now been the happy recipient of a hearty and unanimous invitation to take up and carry forward the work so well and successfully begun.

On the last day of 1894, Mr. Jones took farewell of his friends at Kensington, and on the 20th January following, he commenced his new and important ministry at Toxteth Tabernacle. The Liverpool papers noticed at some length the services of this inaugural Sunday, and commented on the work in very gratifying terms, alike in their retrospect of the old ministry, and their forecast for the new. The key-note which Mr. Jones struck at the morning service of this first Sabbath was, "the finding of the Bible" (2 Kings xxii. 8), and we cannot better finish this brief sketch than with one or two of his most forceful sentences. He said:—"The law of God is often made void, and the world cheated, by the preaching of the doctrines of man. Behind the phrases which we have become accustomed to in this age, we may yet find again the living truth. . . . There are limitless possibilities to-day for those men whom God will lead into the very heart and centre of His revelations." We can express no worthier wish and none that more truly represents our desire and expectation for our friend and brother than that he may be one of "*those men*."

It may be mentioned that, at Toxteth Tabernacle, all sittings are free, and there are no collections made from pew to pew.

Mr. Jones' recognition service took place on Tuesday, February 12, and was in all respects most cheering and gratifying, notwithstanding the exceedingly wintry weather which prevailed at the time.

W. S. GODFREY.

The Baptist Union "Censure" on Mr. Spurgeon.

THOSE who carefully read, in last month's Magazine, Mr. Spurgeon's remarkable "Chapter of Autobiography" will scarcely be surprised to see a further reference to the subject alluded to in the latter part of the article. Many circumstances have combined to prove that the mention of "the Down-grade controversy" and the Baptist Union "vote of censure" on Mr. Spurgeon was even more timely than we had anticipated. In a recent number of *The Armory*, edited by Mr. Hastings, of Boston, U.S.A., there appeared an article which so directly applies to the question under consideration that we are glad to reprint the following extracts:—

"Majorities can only be trusted *as far as they are right*, and majorities are right only so far as they are ruled by the Word of the living God. When majorities reject the counsel of God, and refuse to listen to His voice, then woe be to those who are so unfortunate as to be under their tyranny! . . . It is supposed by some that, when a

large assembly of men, a 'Board' or 'Society' or 'Association' meet together, and take a vote on anything, that it is settled for ever, and that their authority cannot be gainsaid or questioned. They are wise men, and must know just what it is right to do. But, in fact, such assemblies are often very poorly fitted to judge of such matters concerning what is right or what is wrong. They are ignorant of the facts; there is little time for discussion or investigation; and the mass, for want of better information, follow the lead of a few worldly, shrewd managers, who manipulate affairs to their own liking. Sometimes, in deliberative assemblies, important matters are decided by vote, when a considerable proportion of those who vote do not really know what they are doing, or understand the results of their action. They want to do right, but are mystified and misled; and when they have time to learn what they have done, they deeply regret their action.

"The condemnation of a mob, or Council, or Conference, is no proof of guilt. Many a man has been cajoled into voting, acting, and deciding, in such bodies, who has been ashamed of his action, and has deeply regretted it when it was too late to undo it, though he may have lacked conscience and courage to confess his error openly.

"Men need to know that they cannot delegate their responsibilities; every man must bear his own burden. If representative bodies violate truth and justice, are swayed by appeals to passion and prejudice, trample upon human rights, and inflict wrongs in the name of justice, law, and order, it makes little difference how great the majority may be who favour such a course of procedure; God will hold men responsible who participate either actively or passively in such iniquitous doings. Each man may have his excuse ready,—he did nothing, he did not understand, he was not present, nobody is to blame,—and it may be impossible to pierce these disguises; but the Lord will easily find a way to sift out the whole matter, and to make each participant, aider, and abettor responsible for his share in the proceedings. Let no man think to hide himself in a mob, or that, by going with the crowd in a rush, he can escape the glance of those eyes which are as a flame of fire. The day of revelation will come, when men, who have suffered themselves to be led into wrong courses and acts, will stand aghast at the revelation of the consequences of their own conduct. There are many voices that go up to God, there are many cries for help that ascend to the throne, and God will not forget the cry of the needy, the helpless, and the distressed. Let those who fear the Lord walk carefully before Him. Let them remember their responsibilities, and consider who it is to whom they shall give account. Let no man be misled by the madness of a mob, whether in Church or in State, whether in Conference or Association, whether dealing with nations or with men. Let no man allow others to act for him in matters of vital interest, unless he *knows what is right*, and is prepared to stand by it, and defend it. In the day of judgment, mobs will melt away; crowds will vanish and be lost in a greater crowd; and *individual souls*, searched and sought out by an eye which neither slumbers nor sleeps, will stand in the presence of the Judge, where every man shall give account of himself to God. Happy shall they

be who, in that day, are able to render up their account with joy, and not with grief, in the presence of the Eternal King. No majority vote can stand against the will of the Everlasting God. Right is stronger than majorities, stronger than rulers, stronger than kings, and priests, and popes, and princes; and God stands with the right, and for the right. Let us stand with Him, even if we stand alone."

Had these striking sentences been written as a distinct condemnation of the proceedings at the City Temple on that "Black Monday" in 1888 when the Lord's faithful servant was "censured" by his brethren, they could hardly have been more appropriate. In the seven years that have elapsed since that sadly memorable occasion, so many important events have occurred that the history of the period is in danger of being forgotten or misread. It may be worth while, therefore, to recall the principal incidents that preceded what some people called a "compromise", but which "the faithful" regarded as a surrender of much that they hold dear.

In *The Sword and the Trowel* for 1887, Mr. Spurgeon published several articles upon "the Down-grade in doctrine and practice," which remain to the present day unanswered and unanswerable. As long as they could possibly do so, the officials of the Baptist Union maintained "a conspiracy of silence" concerning the protest; and, at last, Mr. Spurgeon felt that there was no other course of action open to him except to withdraw from a "confederacy" which shielded and sheltered the enemies of that faith for which he was divinely commanded earnestly to contend. Then followed, in succession, the "deputation of doctors", the "vote of censure" by the majority of the Council, and Mr. Spurgeon's own condemnation of that censure in his Magazine for February, 1888. One of his deacons, now with him in glory, expressed what many felt when he said, "Well, dear Pastor, first the Baptist Union Council censured you, then you censured the Council, and that ended the whole matter."

So far as Mr. Spurgeon was concerned, that might have been the last word concerning the censure; but, meanwhile, various conferences and consultations were held, and in due time the ministers and delegates met, at the City Temple, for the annual assembly. Some sanguine spirits, anticipating an adverse vote after all the efforts that had been made to obscure the true issue, had pictured to themselves a procession of "the faithful" marching, in dignified solemnity, down the Holborn Viaduct, after the manner of the men of God who came out at the Disruption, in 1843, and formed the Free Church of Scotland. As usual, however, it was the unexpected that happened. A resolution, adopting the Report of the Council (which, of course, included the vote of censure), was proposed and seconded; a few brave men attempted to advocate another mode of procedure; but the decision was evidently a foregone conclusion, and soon, with the exception of a noble minority of seven, the whole Baptist Union had confirmed the censure on the one man who had done more than any other in the century to raise the denomination to its present position of power and influence.

We freely admit that many of the ministers and delegates did not

intend thus to condemn Mr. Spurgeon; but that was the practical effect of their vote, and they are, in the sight of God, responsible for it until the vote is rescinded in as public a manner as it was passed. We are glad to find, in various quarters, increasing indications that this black blot on the books of the Baptist Union will have to be erased. In a recent number of *The Baptist*, a minister, who is fairly entitled to speak on behalf of many of his brethren, writes:—"The censure upon Spurgeon for his fidelity to truth must be expunged. *A non possumus* is only a silly answer to that demand."

Upon one point let there be no mistake. There have been certain more or less trustworthy intimations that, if the Tabernacle church will rejoin the Baptist Union, the censure upon its late beloved Pastor will be rescinded! We hold no brief for the Tabernacle church, but we are quite certain that the present Pastor and an overwhelming majority of the members would indignantly reject such an offer if it were made to them. Mr. Spurgeon left the Baptist Union long before the vote of censure was passed, and the Tabernacle church, at its first annual meeting after his withdrawal, followed his example without any reference to the "unjust censure from his brethren." It is a singular coincidence that this meeting was held on *January 31st, 1888*,—just four years before the night when the martyr-spirit would enter the glory. For the information of friends who may not possess the *Sword and Trowel* volume containing the record of this gathering, we append Mr. Spurgeon's own "Note" concerning it:—

"On *Tuesday evening, January 31*, the ANNUAL CHURCH MEETING was held at the Tabernacle. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided, and there was a very large attendance of members. The special item of public interest was the passing, with perfect unanimity, and amid immense enthusiasm, of a resolution expressive of the hearty sympathy of the church with the Pastor in the testimony for the truth which he has borne in the 'Down-grade' articles, endorsing his action in withdrawing from the Baptist Union, and pledging itself to support him by believing prayer and devoted service in his earnest contention for the faith once for all delivered to the saints. There could not have been a more complete answer to the insinuation that the Tabernacle church is not in complete accord with its Pastor upon the burning question of the day."

Another "Note", published two months earlier, has additional interest now that the "beloved son" mentioned in it not only occupies his dear father's place, but has also publicly proved that he stands exactly where his dear father did with regard to fraternizing with teachers of error. The "Note" is as follows:—"Our beloved son in Auckland, as soon as he heard of our decision, sent two cablegrams, assuring us of his own and his church's hearty sympathy with us. We have now received a letter conveying the resolution passed unanimously by the church of which he is pastor."

Not suing, *in formâ pauperis*,—

"With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,"

but as a simple act of justice, we demand that the vote of censure upon Mr. Spurgeon should be rescinded without further delay. The

ministers who compose the Union are in the habit of teaching their hearers—or they ought to teach them—that they cannot expect peace without repentance of wrong-doing, and reparation so far as it lies in their power. Then let them practise what they preach, and prove their sorrow for their sin by at least cancelling the condemnation so unrighteously pronounced upon the Lord's faithful servant. Alas! they can never make reparation to *him* so long as they live; but his Divine Master has amply compensated him for all that he endured for the truth's sake.

Many persons were perplexed by the fact that Mr. Spurgeon was partially restored to health after what appeared to be a fatal illness, and then was "taken home." Those who have thoughtfully considered the whole circumstances can possibly explain what others have not been able to understand. Mr. Archibald Brown has many times declared that *Mr. Spurgeon was God's witness to the Church in this age*. When the Church (not the world) rejected his testimony, the Lord determined to recall him, as a king recalls his ambassador when he is not treated with the respect due to him in his representative capacity. There was, however, one passage of Scripture that had first to be fulfilled; it was that gracious promise of the Lord Jesus Christ:—"Verily, I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting." Mr. Spurgeon was compelled, "for the kingdom of God's sake," to leave "brethren" who loved the teachers of error more than the principles or the advocate of truth; but he received "manifold more in this present time," when almost the whole Christian Church gathered, as it were, around his bed in sympathy and supplication, and then joined in congratulation and thanksgiving for his progress towards recovery. Still, his "brethren" had not, as an organized body, repented of their sin in censuring Christ's ambassador-in-chief, so his recall was made permanent; and, in consequence, both the Church and the world are to-day far poorer than they seem to realize.

Some have said that, if Mr. Spurgeon had been living now, he would have returned to the Baptist Union. How little such people knew our dear "Mr. Greatheart"! Those who were with him to the last have again and again certified that his attitude towards that "confederacy" remained unaltered down to his latest conscious moment. Here is a copy of one of the many letters that he wrote shortly after the City Temple "compromise":—

"Westwood,

"April 27, 1888.

"Dear Friend,—I was astounded when I read on Tuesday what had been done on Monday. I wired Mr. C. Williams that I had nothing to do with it. My dear brother thinks he has won a great deal for Evangelical truth; but, as the evil ones remain in, I am sure it is all a hollow truce. Ah, me! I am very low;—crushed, but crushed nearer to the Rock. *Now I will have no more to do with the Union in any way. My path is clear.* The spirit of conciliation which

was shown enables me to take pleasure in feeling no personal grievance; but, *for the cause of truth, I can never again risk any connection with that company.*

"The Lord direct us! Pray much for me. How to preach on Sunday, I cannot tell, for I feel weak physically, and heavy in spirit. Yet will I encourage myself in God.

"Yours heartily,

"(Signed) C. H. SPURGEON."

Could the English language furnish plainer words than those we have italicised? Mr. Spurgeon also wrote in far stronger terms expressing his opinion of the "Black Monday" transaction; but, for the present, we think the above declarations are sufficiently explicit.

It is said, however, that the Baptist Union is so much better than it was in 1888. Is it? No doubt, there are individuals who, by divine grace, have been brought up from "the Down-grade" since the earlier years of the controversy; but what about the "Down-graders" who, all the while, have been going from bad to worse, descending one scarcely knows where? From the Baptist Union itself we have proof positive that the state of affairs is *worse than it was*, for one of the most prominent opponents of Mr. Spurgeon's protest has since felt compelled to leave those with whom he formerly fraternized. This shows that he, at all events, thought there was no improvement.

Whatever any others may do, we are quite certain that all who were heartily in sympathy with the great leader, whom they increasingly miss and mourn, can endorse Mr. Archibald Brown's recent outspoken declaration in his letter to *Word and Work*, an extract from which must close our present article:—

"Never was I further from any re-union with the London Baptist Association or the Baptist Union. I came out from the former because it refused to make 'Evangelical' as defined and accepted—so far as a definition goes—the credal basis of the Association. It would define the term, but refused to make the definition a basis. I came out, and have never regretted doing so, and shall remain out so long as the cause remains. To me, things are simply going from bad to worse in Christendom as a whole. The very idea of my hauling down my colours is ridiculous as well as sad. Were I in the London Baptist Association or Baptist Union to-day, I should feel compelled to come out to-morrow; but what that has to do with my preaching to either, if they are willing to hear me, I cannot see. I will bear a witness for God and His truth anywhere. When I 'desert' the memory of dear C. H. S., or that grandest step in a grand life, viz., 'the Down-grade witness' with all its heroic sacrifices, please do me the kindness to believe that Archibald Brown has gone insane. Just where I stood then I stand now, and every argument for the stand has tenfold force to-day."

Heaven-born Music.

(See Mrs. Spurgeon's "Personal Notes on a Text" in *January Sword and Trowel*, and Mr. Tydeman's Paraphrase in the *February Magazine*.)

BEHOLD the handmaid of the Lord,
 Waiting to know His will;
 Before the lab'rer walks abroad,
 Her heart is praising still.
 While meditating on the grace
 In God's most holy Word,
 Angelic minstrels fill the place,
 And heavenly strains are heard.

* * *

With opened ear, the listener caught
 A message from her King;
 She pondered long the tender words,
 And then began to sing.
 His "loving-kindness" was the theme,
 His grace so rich and free;
 Her heart was full, her lips poured forth
 Their heaven-born melody.

* * *

Not far away, a pastor sat
 In happy, pensive mood;
 He heard the song, took up the strain,
 And whispered, "God is good,
 That He should thus His handmaid cheer
 Amid her loneliness;
 Should fill her lips with messages
 That other lives must bless."

* * *

While thus he mused, the fire burned,
 His soul burst forth in song;
 He, too, must join the minstrelsy.
 In notes both clear and strong.
 His theme the same, the music fell
 Like echoes from above.
 The "sweet-voiced singers" were abroad,
 And caught the song of love;
 And now, ten thousand loyal hearts,
 Whose sins have been forgiven,
 Unite to swell the harmony
 Of this glad song from heaven.

JOHN BURNHAM.

Notices of Books.

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

The Book Fund and its Work, 1894.

By MRS. C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster. Price, sixpence; post free, sevenpence.

ONCE more, Mrs. Spurgeon has finished her annual task of telling the story of "The Book Fund and its Work." That it is a task, can be plainly seen by all who read the chapter in it entitled, "Book Fund Reports." Yet we are fully persuaded that, when our readers have seen the Record for 1894, they will echo the loving and encouraging words of dear Mr. Spurgeon concerning previous Reports, "Cheer up, wife; it is a long time coming, but I'm sure it will be very good when it *does* come; the Lord always has helped you through, has He not?" There is again a very touching and tender "In Memoriam" chapter, without which the Book Fund Report would scarcely seem to be complete. "The Letter Bag" is as full as ever of grateful epistles from ministers and clergymen who have been aided and cheered during the year.

Friends who remember the "Mr. Diffidence" described in the "In Memoriam" Report will be pleased to make the acquaintance of "Mr. Diffidence" *Secundus* and *Tertius* in this new Record; and all who love the Lord must bless His holy name for using Mr. Spurgeon's little book, *All of Grace*, as the means of working "A Miracle of Mercy." Mrs. Spurgeon has given an interesting outline of an imaginary journey "Round the World in the Track of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons;" and a beautiful story of the providential care of "Books at the Bottom of a River." The pathetic incidents in connection with the distribution of the Pastors' Aid Fund appeal to every Christian heart, while the account of the Auxiliary Book Fund shows that local preachers have also been largely helped and encouraged. The frontispiece of the Report is a pretty sketch of Mrs. Spurgeon's Lemon Tree, and the closing chapter brings the history

of that emblem of the Book Fund down to date (see page 113 in the present Magazine).

Will all who read this notice get the little book, make it known to others, and aid the dear Manager to continue her loving service for Christ's poor servants?

The National Temperance League's Annual for 1895, Edited by ROBERT RAE (33, Paternoster Row), has for a frontispiece the portrait of our friend, the late Professor Cheshire, and is, as usual, full of statistical and other information that is indispensable to thoroughly-equipped Temperance workers.

From the same publishing office comes a two-shilling volume by DR. DAWSON BURNS, *Pen Pictures of some Temperance Notables*. The sketches are well drawn, and will help to furnish material for many a Temperance speech or lecture.

We have received a copy of the third impression of the sixth edition of DR. ROBERT YOUNG'S *Analytical Concordance to the Bible*, published by G. A. Young and Co., Edinburgh, at various prices ranging from 24s. to 52s. 6d. With the volume comes also a threepenny pamphlet, entitled, *The Battle of the Concordances*. If anyone is seeking the best of all the Concordances, we advise him first to read this pamphlet, and then to procure Dr. Young's unrivalled work. It is a pity that attempts appear to have been made to disparage this masterpiece of painstaking study and diligent research in order to commend another Concordance, which is excellent in its own line, but not comparable to Dr. Young's analytical arrangement of the Hebrew and Greek words used in the Scriptures, with their literal meaning, and the correct pronunciation given in English letters, together with an index of Bible words after the method so admirably adopted by Alexander Cruden.

Christian Baptism; or, "How Readest Thou?" An appeal to the Word of God. By FRANK H. WHITE. Partridge and Co.

THE first edition of this little book has been so widely and greatly blessed, that Mr. White has done well to send it forth on a new mission. After careful revision, and the insertion of much additional matter, it is now one of the best manuals ever published upon the subject of which it treats. The author has sought to declare all the counsel of God concerning Christian baptism, but he can truly say that "not a sentence has been written in other than a Christian spirit." Its price is 8d., and 1s.

Taken Home. A Brief Record of a Beloved Son. E. Wilmshurst, Blackheath, and 10, Paternoster Row.

THIS short biography is admirably adapted to children. One to whom we handed it, after perusal, pronounced it "a beautiful little book." It consists chiefly of extracts from the diary kept by a godly youth on a visit to Australia in search of health, and indicates the working of divine grace upon his heart. We were interested in reading, on page 4, that, in Cranbrook Parish Church, there is an old baptistery dating back six hundred centuries. We were not aware that Baptist principles were quite so ancient; evidently, the writer meant six hundred years.

"Only a Mill Girl." Stirling: Drummond's Tract Depot.

A BOOKLET commending the good work of the Girls' Letter Guild. A few fragments gathered from a mill girl's life, showing how she came into contact with the Guild, and the good results that followed.

Willie Weston's Wonderful Sixpence. By DOROTHEA TOWNSEND. Elliot Stock.

"A STORY for boys," yes, and men, too; a story for the mining districts, which ought to be in every miner's home in the land. For a few pence, one can have a considerable amount of plain, sensible talk upon the subject of thrift, that is bound to do good.

Golden Vials. By M. E. L. Marshall Brothers.

A DAINTY booklet, intended to help its owner both in praying and in praising. Choice Scriptural and poetical quotations are given, with alternate pages prepared for systematic records of prayers offered and praise presented for answers received. A pretty present for a Christian young lady's birthday. Price 2s.

Counsel and Comfort on the Way of Life. By JANE PELL. Elliot Stock.

A VERY helpful little work. Happy is the class that has a teacher who can impart such "counsel and comfort" as is contained in these addresses. What our late beloved Editor said of *Cross-bearing*, by the same writer, can be said of this booklet also, "Gracious and good."

Dorcas, and other Addresses. By JESSIE COOMBS. Torquay: E. L. Seeley.

A HALF-CROWN volume of gospel addresses which will be exceedingly useful to Bible-class teachers. Scriptural thoughts are clearly expressed in simple yet chaste language. The book ought to have a wide circulation, especially among young women; and the more so because the profits on its sale will be given to the Torquay Y. W. C. A., of which Miss Coombs was the founder.

Education and Life in the United States. By SELINA HADLAND. Elliot Stock.

THE esteemed Principal of Milton Mount College, from 1873 to 1889, has compressed into the sixty-eight pages of this pamphlet more information about American educational, social, and religious life than many writers would have published in a large volume. Those who are glad to be excused from the fatigue and expense of such a trip as Miss Hadland evidently enjoyed in 1893, are highly privileged in being able to read these "leaves from" the traveller's well-used "note-book." Her references to Dr. Gordon, of Boston, are specially interesting now that he has been "called home."

Letters and Sketches from the New Hebrides. By MAGGIE WHITECROSS PATON. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS interesting and fascinating volume is both the supplement and the complement of Dr. Paton's wonderful story of the Lord's leading and blessing in the New Hebrides mission-field. Mrs. Paton's letters and sketches enable us to see the labourers in the far-off isles of the sea "at home"; and a pretty picture it is that she has drawn with her "graphic and gifted pen." Her vivid, and often humorous descriptions of the details of every-day life "behind the scenes" of public missionary service, must have charmed her correspondents, and it is well that they are now published for the benefit of a wider circle of readers than those to whom they were originally addressed. The volume ought to be in every home where the name of J. G. Paton has become a household word; that alone would secure for it a very large sale, but not larger than it deserves.

Kwang Tung; or, Five Years in South China. By JOHN A. TURNER, Wesleyan Missionary. Partridge.

ONE of the most readable books upon China and the Chinese which we have seen for a long time; full of interest and information, and published just at the right time. The profits on its sale will go towards the reduction of the Wesleyan Missionary Society's debt. Such a work ought to have a large sale, and so doubly bring profit to the Society.

Oowikapun; or, How the Gospel reached the Nelson River Indians. By EGERTON R. YOUNG. C. H. Kelly.

THE bearer of the remarkable name, which is the title of this work, is the hero of a missionary story. A young Indian hunter, having heard the gospel, does not rest till he brings a missionary to the Nelson River Indians. The book ought to be in all young people's libraries; they will find plenty of adventures and incidents, and their interest will be well sustained to the end of the narrative. Mr. Egerton Young's missionary books

and lectures are always permeated by a gracious spirit, and his latest one is no exception to the rule.

The Great Closed Land. A Plea for Tibet. By ANNIE W. MARSTON. Partridge and Co.

IT is an encouraging sign of the increasing interest taken in Tibet that a second edition of this work has been so soon required. The carefully-prepared maps of "the great closed land" and neighbouring countries, make the present volume even more valuable than the previous one. Such a book must help to hasten the time when Tibet will be opened to the heralds of the cross. God speed the happy day!

John Horden, Missionary Bishop. By Rev. A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A. Sunday School Union.

ANOTHER volume of the "Splendid Lives" shilling series, telling in an interesting fashion the story of forty-two years' labour on the shores of Hudson's Bay. The more of such missionary records we have, the more missionaries will be forthcoming in the future.

From Snowdon to the Sea. Stirring Stories of North and South Wales. By MARIE TREVELYAN. John Hogg.

THOSE who read the author's *Glimpses of Welsh Life and Character* will have some idea what to expect in this volume. It is a wonderful collection of myths, legends, and ghost stories, mingled with historical records of brave deeds done in "gallant little Wales." Of course, there is much that is only mythical, as well as a good deal that is capable of easy explanation, as when people have been drinking heavily, and then "see spirits." There is one chapter on "Experiences of the Supernatural" which contains a charming story of "the special and merciful interposition of Providence" in preserving the lives of two godly men by means of "the wonderful, mysterious, and sweet spirit-singer of Valle Crucis Abbey." Such stories of the supernatural, we can readily believe.

From Day to Day ; or, Helpful Words for Christian Life. Daily Readings for a Year. By ROBERT MACDONALD, D.D. Nelson and Sons. (3s. 6d.)

WE are glad to see this new and cheaper edition of a book which our late beloved Editor thus commended when it was first issued:—"We have many admirable works of this kind, but Dr. Macdonald's will rank among the best. Sound in doctrine, deep in experience, wise in utterance, and yet thoroughly popular, his readings for every day will command an immense constituency, and will bless and edify thousands for many years to come." "True, O king!"

The Great Reconciliation and the Reign of Grace. By EDWARD SEERLEY, Vicar of the Martyrs, Leicester. Elliot Stock.

IT is a pleasing sign of the times that a cheaper edition of this important work is so soon issued. We cordially commended it on its first publication, so need only just mention it now.

Chrissy's Endeavour. By PANSY. Sunday School Union.

THIS old favourite "Pansy" story, is rightly included in "The Endeavour Library", for the history of the heroine of the tale is largely associated with the well-known letters, Y. P. S. C. E. "Endeavourers" will do well to read the book, and then pass it on to those who may by it be won for the C. E. Society.

The Family. By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN. Religious Tract Society.

THIS talented writer seems in her element when describing the joys and sorrows of the upper circles of society, and these "Reminiscences of a House-keeper" give good scope to her versatile powers. The narrative is so true to life that it might have been a recital of facts; yet we suppose that the story is mainly, if not altogether, the product of the author's vivid imagination.

Messrs. Blackie and Son (50, Old Bailey) continue to issue new volumes for the furnishing of their "School and Home Library." The latest pub-

lished are:—*Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield*, *White's Natural History of Selborne*, *Michael Scott's Tom Cringle's Log*, and *Scott's Ivanhoe* (2 vols.). These five make up a total of twenty-four books, many of which are standard works of considerable value, all issued at the uniform price of 1s. 4d. each.

The Perfect Home. By Rev. J. R. MILLER, D.D. Sunday School Union.

Is it possible to find or to make "The Perfect Home" in this sublunary sphere? No doubt it is in the highest degree desirable. England never needed homes more than she does to-day. We have any number of houses, hovels, tenements, flats, castles, and palaces; but *homes* appear to become fewer year by year. The home is the unit of all society; as is the home, such will be the nation presently. The healthy God-fearing home-life of our fathers played a very considerable part in the making of the England of to-day. Anything that tends to wither that life, is a national curse; anything that favours and fosters it, is a national blessing. Dr. Miller, in this volume, has done his part, and has done it with his usual thoroughness and felicitousness, to improve the happy homes on both sides of the Atlantic; and his book deserves to find a place in every home where the English language is spoken. Certainly, no home can hope to be perfect without the principles here so admirably expounded. It is a most suitable gift for all who are about to start housekeeping with the view of making a "home" for themselves.

A similar commendation can be accorded to the same author's *Secrets of Happy Home Life* (Hodder and Stoughton).

The Face of the Lord Jesus Christ. A Bible Study. By HENRY JOHNSON. Marshall Brothers.

A LITTLE book to be read and prayed over. The author glorifies his Lord, and in so doing helps his fellow-Christians to see the light of the King's countenance.

Notes.

On *Thursday evening, January 31*, the third annual C. H. SPURGEON MEMORIAL SERVICE was held in the Tabernacle. Considering the very wintry weather, a large congregation assembled under the presidency of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon. On previous occasions, the proceedings have been more after the order of public meetings: but this year it was deemed advisable to make the anniversary an opportunity of seeking the conversion of the unsaved, and the fuller consecration to Christ's service of those who were already on the Lord's side. The gathering, therefore, formed part of the series of special services, and was itself the most memorable of them all.

Suitable hymns were sung, Messrs. Mayers and Chamberlain leading very sweetly in two of them; Pastor J. A. Spurgeon prayed; Pastor Thomas Spurgeon delivered the address that is published in the present Magazine; and Pastor James Stephens, M.A. (Highgate), gave a lucid and powerful exposition of Hebrews xiii. 7 (R.V.), especially urging the Tabernacle church to imitate the faith and the faithfulness of the late beloved Pastor, whose action, in the great conflict that cost him his life, Mr. Stephens most heartily approved and commended. Pastor E. Roberts (South London Tabernacle) spoke concerning the best tributes that assembly could pay to Mr. Spurgeon's memory,—(1) That those who were not Christians should yield themselves to Christ, (2) That those who were Christians should go forth more fully resolved to live for Jesus.

The following telegram from Pastor A. Hall (Merthyr Tydvil) was read:—"Memorial service here unites with you to revere his memory and to maintain his testimony. God bless the special gathering!" Also one from Pastor Archibald G. Brown, in which he said: "Never was I more heart and soul with you and with your dear father's testimony against 'the Down-grade.' I glory in the step he took, and would take it with him again to-morrow if it were possible." The agreement of the great bulk of the audience with this emphatic declaration was manifested by applause again and again renewed; and the climax of the meeting was reached when Pastor Thomas Spurgeon read, amid a thrill of sympathetic interest, his dear mother's message:—"I am with you in spirit, in sorrow, in sympathy. We mourn together a very great and bitter loss; yet together we look from earth to heaven, and see our grief changed into glory. Now the dear son, whom God has chosen to follow in his father's footsteps, needs all your love, and encouragement, and prayers. Give these to him abundantly, and the Lord will bless you." The proceedings of the evening were most appropriately closed with prayer by Deacon T. H. Olney.

PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON writes:—

"The Tabernacle Special Services are a matter of history now, but their influence is by no means past. In weather so extreme that some one said it was almost a sign of grace to come to the meetings at all, there were gathered together a goodly number of faithful ones to pray and work for Zion's welfare, as also some who were seeking the way to Zion. If the cold affected the attendance, it did not reach the spirit of the meetings. Very earnest and faithful were the addresses on each occasion, and there was scarcely a service from which some immediate result was not seen. Many were led to turn from sin, and to accept the Lord Jesus as their Saviour.

"The Pastor has in glad possession letters from several of the converts. They were sufficiently sure of their faith in Christ, and of their consequent salvation, to commit to paper a record of their happy experiences. The Lord perfect that which concerns them! May the good work thus started never cease!

"At some fifty of the homes of Tabernacle members, prayer-meetings were held on the evening of February 13th. The average attendance seems to have been about a score,—not a bad record for such a night. The Lord was in every place, and much fervent prayer for the Church and Pastor was made unto God. Such pleading cannot go unanswered. We praise the Lord for blessing already to hand, and believe that He is able to give us much more than this. The rest is surely on the way."

On *Lord's-day evening, February 3*, twenty-six new members were welcomed into the Tabernacle church, among them being Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon, who was received by transfer from the Auckland Tabernacle.

In memoriam.—Death has been very busy of late in religious as well as other circles. Among the many members of the Tabernacle church recently "called home" is Mrs. John T. Olney, who has survived her late husband about two years and a quarter. Her name stood second on the church roll, and she had long been the treasurer of the Ladies' Maternal Society, but in 1892 felt obliged to relinquish the position. She will be missed by many.

We need scarcely say that we deeply sympathize with the bereaved husband and children of Mrs. Archibald G. Brown, whose lingering illness came to an end on February 5. We pray especially that the Lord's gracious presence may comfort and cheer our beloved brother, whose ministry has been so greatly owned by the Lord whom he delights to honour.

Seldom has any public institution suffered such heavy losses in so short a time as the Sunday School Union has sustained by the

deaths of the Editor of its paper (*Mr. Yates*), and two members of its committee (*Mr. J. E. Tresidder* and *Mr. W. H. Millar*). All Christians should earnestly pray that the right men may be chosen to fill their places, for it is of the utmost importance that those who exercise so great an influence over our Sunday-school teachers, should themselves be full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. The calling away of *Mr. W. Tresidder*, so quickly after his brother, must move many to remember, in tenderest sympathy, all the members of the doubly-bereaved family.

The home-going of *Dr. A. J. Gordon*, of Boston, U.S.A., is a loss to the Baptist denomination all over the world, and possibly not less will Congregationalists and Presbyterians miss *Dr. W. M. Taylor*, of New York. We recollect how delighted this eminent minister of Christ always used to be when he could spend a Sabbath in the Tabernacle, and follow it up with a long week-day among the Surrey hills and vales in the company of his dear friend, "John Ploughman." Now that these three of the heavenly King's mighty men,—*C. H. Spurgeon*, *A. J. Gordon*, and *W. M. Taylor*,—are "together before the throne," how much there must be for each to hear and tell! Is America as well as England unfaithful to the Lord, and is He, therefore, withdrawing his chief ambassadors?

In *The Sword and the Trowel* for January, 1888,—that year with three eights which was in so many senses *annus mirabilis* to *Mr. Spurgeon*,—he called special attention to the issue, in the regular weekly series, of his two-thousandth published discourse. During the past month, a far higher figure has been reached. Had the beloved preacher been spared to write this month's "Notes," he would have gratefully acknowledged the goodness of God in permitting him to see No. 2,400, and he would certainly have urged all who read it to pass it on to their unconverted friends, with earnest prayer to the Lord to make it the means of leading them to escape for their life. The title of the sermon, "Number 2,400; or, 'Escape for thy Life!'" has been chosen to show that it is of a similar character to "Number 1,000; or, 'Bread Enough and to Spare;'" "Number 1,500; or, 'Lifting up the Brazen Serpent;'" and "Number 2,000; or, 'Healing by the Stripes of Jesus.'" All these are admirably adapted for circulation at or before evangelistic services, and also for personal presentation to the anxious or the careless. Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster will be pleased to supply quantities at reduced prices, or they can be obtained through all booksellers.

COLLEGE.—*Mr. R. A. Belsham*, during the latter part of his College career, has been working at Melbourn, Cambridge-shire; he is now leaving us to enter more fully upon his work as pastor there. *Mr. A.*

Griffiths has taken the oversight of the Sweet Turf Baptist Church, Netherton, Dudley.

Mr. T. J. Longhurst, whose work at Cambray Chapel, Cheltenham, was described in our issue of June last, is removing to Wadham Street Chapel, Weston-super-Mare; and *Mr. C. Pummell*, whom we reported last month as having returned from South Africa, has settled at Vauxhall Chapel, Upper Kennington Lane, London. *Mr. T. N. Smith*, who came back from the United States, some months since, has become pastor at Tetbury, Gloucestershire.

PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—*Mr. N. H. Patrick*, writing from Tangier, on February 11, says:—

"You will be glad to know that very many Spaniards are coming to our meetings. Without doubt, some attend through curiosity, and others hoping to obtain money, clothes, or work; but in many instances there is evidently a real thirst for the gospel. In our Sunday evening adult meeting, we have an attendance of from one hundred to one hundred and forty. At the same hour, Miss Brown, of the North Africa Mission, has the adjoining schoolroom full of children, from fifty to seventy being present; and, besides these, from fifty to one hundred and forty adults and children are unable to obtain admission.

"The converts have stood firm during our long stay in England, and we are rejoicing over several who have lately yielded themselves to our Lord Jesus Christ. About a month ago, — gave clear evidence of conversion, and told me of his desire for baptism. I asked him, 'What would you say if some fellow-bricklayer were to ask you what he must do to be saved?' He replied, 'I should say to him, "Confess your sins to God; believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and you will be saved straight away."'

"One is amazed at the awful ignorance, in spiritual matters, of the Spaniards who have never before come in contact with Protestant teaching. They know much about Mary, but next to nothing about the Lord Jesus Christ. I am not exaggerating when I say that, to the majority of them, the truth that all have sinned, and that Jesus died for sinners, comes as an entirely new idea. Moses Benoliel is working away amongst the Jewish people under my supervision. Pray for the ten thousand Hebrews in Tangier. We are all well, and rejoicing in our work."

C. H. SPURGEON'S EVANGELISTS.—*Mr. J. Meek*, of Southall, writes, concerning *Mr. Burnham's* mission:—

"The church here has desired me to thank Mrs. Spurgeon very much for our dear brother's services. We had a glorious ten days' mission. It has done us members no little good; and a dear brother came to see me, last week, and offered himself as a

candidate for baptism, distinctly stating that his decision for Christ was due to the ministry of Mr. Burnham. We shall always have pleasant memories of this mission, and only regret that it was so short. I cannot convey to you the joy that our brother's visit has been to us. Our dear pastor, Mr. Williams, is doing a good work, and this supplementary service will greatly encourage him in his labours."

Pastor Colin Chrystal also reports as follows with regard to our brother's Worcestershire services:—

"Our people have very much enjoyed another visit of Mr. Burnham. He has conducted meetings at Atch Lench and Dunnington, during the past two weeks, with very encouraging signs of blessing; and the services are being continued this week at Harvington Mission Room. From the beginning, the congregations were good; and although the weather was extremely cold, the numbers increased night after night. Believers have been stirred up, and we are hopeful that a number of the unconverted have been brought to the Saviour. Amongst those who have professed conversion, are two young people in the homes where Mr. Burnham has been living."

From February 24 to March 4, Mr. Burnham is to conduct a mission at Stow-in-the-Wold; from March 10 to 15, he is to be at Willington; from March 17 to 25, at Repton; and on the 31st, at Yalding.

Pastor H. A. Burleigh sends the following account of the mission at Drummond Road Chapel, Bermondsey, begun by Mr. Harmer, and continued by Mr. Chamberlain:—

"The special evangelistic services were indeed 'times of refreshing.' We were so sorry that Mr. Harmer was laid aside through illness after his first day's good work among us; but, at short notice, Mr. Chamberlain took up the work, and, with the exception of two nights, was able to carry on the mission. At each service the gospel was earnestly preached and tenderly sung. Though Mr. Chamberlain sings so well, he does not pose merely as a singer, but is an evangelist every inch of him, and uses all his gifts of head and heart and voice for the glory of God and the salvation of men."

The weather being so exceedingly severe, Mr. Harmer's medical adviser would not permit him to go either to Dudley or Melton Mowbray; but, providentially, Pastor S. Pilling, formerly of Blackpool, was able to take the evangelist's place. Of his mission at Dudley, Pastor E. Milnes writes:—

"I need scarcely say that it was a disappointment that Mr. Harmer's illness prevented him from fulfilling his engagement here. He, however, sent us a good substitute in Mr. Pilling, who conducted the services, and preached with earnestness and power. Owing to the very inclement

weather, the meetings were only fairly attended. Our young people, who were expecting great things, worked well; but they failed to induce the outsiders to come in. We had, however, large congregations on Sunday evenings, and also at the men's meeting; and the searching addresses of Mr. Pilling were much enjoyed by our members and friends, and will, I trust, result in greater usefulness."

Mr. Harmer is fully expecting to conduct the next missions for which he is engaged, viz.—February 24 to March 10, Auckland Hall, West Norwood; March 17 to 25, Ross, Herefordshire; and March 31 to April 8, Alfreton, Derbyshire.

ORPHANAGE.—The next *collectors' meeting* will (D.V.) be held on *Tuesday, March 5*. Tea at 5 o'clock. Friends willing to collect for the institution will be supplied with boxes or books by applying to the secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, S.W.

Orphanage Sunday-school.—On *Wednesday evening, January 23*, a lecture, illustrated by dissolving-views, upon "Sunday Rest, and Sunday Labour," was given by Mr. Wheatley, of the Working Men's Lord's-day Rest Association. The institution of the day of rest, its observance as recorded all through the Bible, and its use and abuse, were all graphically depicted, and could not fail to impress the orphans with the importance of keeping God's day holy.

From *January 26 to 31*, Mr. Newton Jones, of the Sunday School Union, held a short mission amongst our orphan children, which was attended with most gratifying results. On the Saturday evening, the teachers and staff assembled to welcome the missionary; and there was a good attendance of workers at each meeting. Mr. Jones has a forcible but simple way of presenting the gospel, the exceeding sinfulness of sin, showing the great need of a Saviour, being made very prominent. Each address was illustrated by an original chart, and many personal incidents. It was soon evident that a spirit of earnest enquiry was awakened among the children; many voluntarily stayed to the after-meeting for prayer and counsel with their teachers, and several, it is believed, yielded themselves to the Saviour. To God be the glory! Will our friends pray that these young lambs may all be folded by the Good Shepherd?

The annual teachers' meeting, for the election of officers, etc., was held on *Feb. 6*. After the business, an adjournment was made to the Memorial Hall, where the members of the staff united with the teachers at supper. An earnest and solemn address was given by the Rev. W. R. Mowll, M.A., Vicar of Christ Church, North Brixton, in which he urged all to live and to work in the light of Christ's second coming. This would prevent sleepiness, and provoke earnestness in their teaching. They were not to suppose that

children knew the gospel; it is surprising what ignorance about it exists amongst all classes. The nature and heinousness of sin must ever be enforced, and the Christian worker should, above all things, be personally consistent, otherwise there will be a serious hindrance to his work.

COLPORTEAGE.—We are glad to be able to report that our Secretary, Mr. Corden Jones, is improving in health. It will, however, be necessary for him still further to recruit his strength as soon as the weather is favourable for a visit to the Isle of Wight.

From all parts we are informed of the difficulties of the work during the wintry weather, and of the serious effects of the cold upon our colporteurs. One of our agents, an earnest, energetic brother, writes:—"I am much better, and hope now to keep regularly at work again. It is bad travelling; in some places, the snow-drifts are quite six feet deep. There is also a good bit of distress; but our God is good, and will not forsake those who trust in Him."

In our "Note" last month, we pleaded for help; and, although it has not come in the way we might have expected or looked for, yet our faith, as expressed in the words, "and that will speedily come," has been rewarded, as is shown in the record of gifts to the General Fund of our Association. We are very grateful to God and to all the friends who help us; and, as it is the Lord's work, He will see that His purposes are accomplished by sending through His people all needed assistance.

All communications should be addressed to W. Corden Jones, Colportage Association, Temple Street, Newington, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—January 28th, sixteen.

PERSONAL NOTES, BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.—Dear friends,—You gave me loving evidence that you tenderly felt for me during the season of sacred grief which has lately come and gone. Will those of you who wrote the kind, sympathetic letters and messages which came to me, accept my warmest thanks for them, and my assurance that they were greatly valued? Some were from known friends, others were without name; but they all brought "wine and oil" to pour into my sore and aching heart. I was, at the time, too pressed with work, and too weary in both mind and body, to answer them all, so I take this opportunity of telling you how glad I was to receive them, and how much I thank you for the love which prompted you to write.

News from India of the *Hindi translation of Sermons* has come at last; but it is not so encouraging as I had expected it to be. We must have "long patience", the missionaries say; things move so slowly in those lands where—

"The glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist!"

A goodly number of copies of the translated sermon have been disposed of, small parcels of them have been sent to many remote parts of India, they are taken every day into the Bazaars, and on every possible occasion they are presented to those who can read them. But my anticipation that Anglo-Indian pastors would eagerly purchase them for free distribution among the native population, has not yet been realized. However, I do not mean to be discouraged: we must wait on the Lord to know whether all His will has been done in the matter, and to ask earnestly for His counsel and guidance. I have written to my dear friends to scatter widely and freely the remaining copies of the edition, and when these are all disposed of, we shall see what the Lord would have us do.

One very cheering item of news was contained in Mrs. Stubbs' letter. "Do you know," she wrote, "that this very sermon, No. 1,500, was printed in English in a Calcutta newspaper in 1834, and that dear Mr. Spurgeon, at a Monday evening prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle, told the people of the fact, and added, 'This is the very sermon of all others I should have chosen, had the selection been made by me'?" His dear words come to me like a promise of future blessing from the Lord, and encourage me to persevere. If God *withholds*, sometimes, in order to prove our faith and patience, it is that He may, later on, load us with benefits. We can wait and trust, if this pleases Him, for as soon as the set time comes, we *shall* see His work prospering in our hands.

A good account is given of the influence of the English sermons in Patna. Mrs. Stubbs tells me of a gentleman there, to whom she gave a few copies, and who afterwards thanked her with intense earnestness, saying that they had been made a great blessing to him in bringing him out of the backsliding state into which he had fallen. We praise the Lord for this mercy, and *look up for more*.

The dear brother who sends me the following deeply-interesting personal experience, has allowed me to use it as I am now doing. It needs no comment, for I believe every reader's heart will accord a sympathetic acceptance of the sad and moving story. He tells it thus:—"I should like you to know of a great deliverance from sore trial, that came to me through dear Mr. Spurgeon in the summer of 1890. I was spending part of my holiday in London. I had for some months, I fear, backslidden in heart; the springs of the divine life were running low, and there came to me a great and subtle temptation. I must acknowledge, as Asaph did, 'my feet were almost gone: my steps had well nigh slipped.' I left my temporary home, on the Sabbath morning,

to worship at the Tabernacle; but I shrank from going. I think I felt *afraid*; yet I was, as it were, compelled to turn my steps thither. My gracious God, who knew my peril, surely guided my feet that morning.

"Never since my conversion at the Surrey Music Hall, in 1859, had the words from the dear preacher's lips come to me with such mighty power. You will find the sermon in the Volume for 1890, No. 2, 165, 'The Serpent's Sentence.' I trembled and wept as I heard it. In his own inimitable way, Mr. Spurgeon said now and again of Satan, 'I warrant you, he ate a mouthful of dust that day.' I was humbled, stripped, smitten, and *saved*."

"I bought the sermon as soon as it came out, and read it again and again with many tears, deep contrition of heart, and profound thankfulness to God. The paragraphs from page 519 to page 522 appeared to me to be words given, by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, for my salvation from a temptation which, had I yielded to it, would have been my own ruin, and have brought shame and disaster on others. Mr. Spurgeon never knew what his words, by God's grace, had done for me; I often thought of telling him, but shame kept me back. Now I make the acknowledgment to you, knowing how gladly you welcome any tidings of blessing resting upon the message ever spoken with such power by your now glorified husband."

After transcribing my correspondent's letter with my own hand, in order that his confidence may be strictly respected, I am conscious of an intense desire that the recital of his past peril and deliverance should prove to be the beacon-light to guide some other tempest-tossed soul into safe anchorage. If this Magazine and these "Personal Notes" should come into the hands of some one dangerously near to a great and secret sin, and in the position so touchingly described by the writer of the foregoing letter, I do beseech such an one to pause, and turn, and fly to Christ for refuge and pardon. These words are all meant *for you*, poor tempted one. The Spirit of God has constrained my friend to write, and me to publish this testimony to His power and grace, *for your sake*; and if you will but believe, you shall be saved! "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." Satan is wily, and watchful, and strong; but he can have no power at all to harm those who cry out to the Lord against him. Let the sweet compassion of God toward my once unhappy and imperilled friend persuade you to return and repent. I said Satan was "watchful"; but you see how the dear Lord watched to better purpose, and with more compassionate results than he, for His love drew the tempted one to the place where His servant stood ready to speak the very words which *He* had given, and His grace opened the heart to receive them, and thus the Good Shepherd

brought back His wandering sheep with great joy. Let Him rejoice over you, too! Let Him see of the travail of His soul in your salvation, and be satisfied!

If any tempted or tried one would like to read the sermon which was so blessed to my friend, I will gladly post it on receipt of address and a penny stamp.

The £10, for which I asked last month, is received in one sum, just as the Magazine is going to press. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits!" Nay, His mercies tread so quickly in each other's footsteps, that it is not possible to forget them; they crowd closely around me, and claim constant songs of thankfulness and joy. This special answer to prayer is a very precious blessing, and another proof, added to many more, that the Lord cares personally and providentially for all His people's needs, and that He can and does supply them when they cry to Him. "Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

Dear "Somebody," your kindness has made me very happy to-day, and filled my "mouth with laughter", and "my tongue with singing." I know nothing about you, except that you live in Ireland (the envelope told *that* secret), and that you are very good to respond thus generously to my appeal. It comforts me, however, to think that the Master Himself knows all about you, and the beautiful deed which you have done so quietly. In His own sweet way, He will assuredly reward you. My gratitude to you is deep and sincere, my words do but feebly express it. I have sent the money to Mr. Frey, and I expect he will now get on quickly with the publication of the book, *Parm Sermons*, in Lettish, and may God speed this gospel plough in Liefland!

"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"*Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, Thou understandest my thought afar off.*"—Psa. cxxxix. 2.

"*Thou knowest.*" Come, my soul, here is a test as to thy present spiritual condition! Wilt thou apply it? Wilt thou be weighed in this balance of the sanctuary, and see whether or not thou art found wanting? Does thy Lord's intimate knowledge of thy every thought, and desire, and action, oppress and disconcert thee, or art thou willing and glad to live under such close inspection, and even to covet the glances of that eye which searches thee through and through? Nothing but "full assurance of faith" in the precious blood shed for thee on Calvary can give thee *this* boldness. Happy art thou, my soul, if thou knowest that God "looks through Jesu's wounds" on thee, and through those wondrous windows of ruby sees thee so changed and beautiful that He can say, "Thou art all fair, My love, there is no spot in thee."

"My downsitting and mine uprising," Lord, dost Thou love me so much as to watch tenderly over me in such small matters? How the thought comforts me! We do not care about the details of the every-day life of *strangers*; but when we love anyone very dearly, we take great interest in all that concerns them; and even so, my God, this searching, knowing, understanding, compassing, besetting, laying of Thy hand upon me, are all most precious tokens to me of Thine unutterable love! How watchful and careful should this knowledge make me! "My down-sitting and mine uprising." My home life! My daily duties, both of work and of leisure! My going out and my coming in, my conduct and bearing under all circumstances! How these are all gathered into the compass of those five words! Lord, help me to walk worthy of Thee, unto all pleasing!

"Thou understandest my thought afar off." What infinite knowledge! Well may

the psalmist say, "It is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it!" *Before* I think, God knows my thought! O my soul, are not thy thoughts the source of most of thy grievous perplexities and sorrows? They are always so unruly and rebellious, sometimes so unholy and profane, that all thy efforts to bring them into captivity to the law of Christ are unavailing! Then, see where thy help lieth. The God who can understand thy thoughts "*afar off*" has the power to restrain them; nay, more, before they reach thee, while they are yet distant and unexpressed, He will purify and cleanse them, so that they shall enter thy heart as angel whispers, and pass thy lips only as words of love and blessing. Dear Master, I make Thy servant David's prayer my very own, and say, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. Johnson	0	10	0
Pastor T. Braewood	1	0	0
From estate of late Rev. Thos. King ...	6	19	2
Executors of the late Mr. H. B. Frearson	450	0	0
Mrs. Henderson	1	0	0
Mr. Stevens	0	5	0
Pastor Geo. Linnecar	0	12	6
Collection at Salters' Hall Chapel, per Pastor A. Bax	2	1	1
Mr. W. Clissold	1	0	0
Pastor Frank Durbin	0	10	0
A Southwell friend, per Pastor J. H. Plumbridge	0	10	0
Miss Powesland, per Mr. J. T. Dunn ...	0	10	0
Contribution from Peckham Park Road Chapel, per Pastor Frank James ...	3	13	6
Part collection at Cottage Green Chapel, Camberwell, per Pastor J. A. Brown, M.R.C.S. ...	1	10	0
Half collection at Upton Chapel, per Pastor W. Williams	4	14	6
Miss Watts, West Croydon Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon... ..	8	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Rev. R. J. Beeclyff	0	2	6
Mr. Thomas S. Penny	2	2	0
"In yet fonder memory of C. H. Spurgeon"	0	10	6
Mr. W. Pitcher	1	1	0
Contribution from Christ Church, Aston, Birmingham, per Pastor W. A. Wicks	1	1	0
B. G.	10	0	0
J. G.	10	0	0
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—			
M. L. H., Edinburgh	0	10	0
Mrs. Dalglish	5	0	0
	5	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Jan. 20	8	5	2
" 27	24	5	3
Feb. 8	19	16	3
" 10	18	6	6
	70	15	2
	£583	17	11

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.
Contribution from Nottingham Tabernacle, per Pastor J. Clark	1	1	0
Mrs. Moore	0	4	0
A. H. W.	0	5	0
Widow's mite, H. M. S.	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Wilkinson	1	0	0
Mr. Massey's Bible-class, Mansfield Street Mission	1	0	0
Stockwell Orphanage Sunday-school, per Mr. W. J. Evans	1	12	0

	£	s.	d.
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Missionary Association, per Mr. T. H. Olney	5	0	0
Mr. E. Barker	0	10	0
Mrs. Fergusson (for Mr. Patrick's Spanish Mission), per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	0	5	0
	£11	2	0

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss M. Duncan	0	5	0	Collected by Miss A. Mitchell	0	3	5
Mr. F. G. Barnes	0	1	6	Mr. B. Bull	0	10	6
"Inasmuch"	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. H. J. Williams	0	6	0
Lesbury	0	10	0	Mr. S. Hulstaff Coles	0	10	0
Mr. G. Fox	0	10	0	Collected by Miss R. Robinson	0	10	0
Mr. J. Hart	1	0	0	Miss E. Geddes	35	0	0
Mr. Oliver Hart	0	10	0	Rev. J. Kempton	0	5	0
Mr. H. Holt	1	0	0	W. H. W.	0	10	0
Mr. Thos. Butcher	1	1	0	A widow	0	2	0
High Street Baptist Chapel, Merthyr				Miss Hewlett	0	5	0
Tydvil, Christmas day collection, per				A Folkestone working-man	2	12	6
Pastor A. Hall	2	1	0	Miss J. Jordan	2	10	0
Bethlehem Baptist Chapel, Rhydfelan,				Mr. J. Chudley	1	1	0
per Mr. T. Thomas	2	2	0	One who enjoys C. H. S.'s sermons	0	5	0
S.W. London Band of Hope Union,				Stamps, Liverpool	0	1	0
per Miss S. R. Carr	2	2	0	A. B. B.	0	5	0
Mrs. Campbell	0	10	6	Mrs. Alexander	0	5	0
D. N.	0	6	0	Mrs. Walker	2	2	0
Mrs. J. C.	2	0	0	Mrs. Tippetstone	0	5	0
Mr. J. Badley	0	1	0	Mr. H. Smith	0	13	6
H. M. F.	0	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Baker	1	0	0
Mr. G. W. Arnold	0	5	0	Messrs. George Borwick & Sons	20	0	0
Mrs. C. Cooper	0	5	0	Per Mr. D. Elvin:			
Mr. S. F. Hurnard, per Mr. E. C.				Miss S. Weals	1	0	0
Bowtell	1	0	0	Mrs. D. Elvin	1	1	0
Master A. W. McConnell	2	0	0	Mr. D. Elvin	1	1	0
Mr. W. H. Skinner	0	5	0				3 2 0
Mrs. Wood	0	2	6	D. M., Old Deer, N.B. (with £14 for			
Mr. C. Corbett, per Pastor J. S. May	0	5	0	Dr. Barnardo's Homes)	6	0	0
Mrs. Bucknell	0	5	0	A Suffolk friend	1	0	0
Miss Roleston	0	10	0	Mrs. Whatley	0	5	0
Three young well-wishers	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Warrington	0	3	6
Collected by Mrs. S. M. Bissett	1	3	6	Mr. J. Mote, per Mrs. Hazelton	0	10	0
Mr. W. Webber, per Mrs. C. Spurgeon	0	10	0	Mr. W. Price	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Johnson	1	0	0	In memory of Jamie	1	0	0
A working-man reader of the				Miss Fiddkin	0	5	0
"Christian Herald"	0	4	0	Per Mr. J. Green:			
Mrs. E. Williams	2	0	0	Collected by Mr. A. T.			
Misses Frances and Lissie King	0	6	0	Biggs	0	14	8
Miss E. Barns	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. T. Batt-			
Mr. E. Joscelyne	0	10	6	cock	0	3	1
Collected by Miss Geikie	2	2	0	Collected by Mr. Green	0	13	0
Mr. J. Beerton	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. E. Palmer	0	12	2
Collected by Mrs. Gallyon	2	5	4	Collected by Mr. E. Russell	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Rossiter at Brockley				Collected by Mr. A. G.			
Road Baptist Chapel	7	4	0	Wheeler	0	13	10
Mr. R. Crafts	2	2	0	Collected by Mr. Morris	0	1	0
Mr. W. A. Bradley	0	5	0				3 0 3
Mr. S. H. Baker	1	0	0	Mrs. Andrews	0	5	0
"A little thankoffering for many				Mr. J. Carter	0	2	6
mercies"	0	1	0	Miss P. Hubbard	0	5	0
Mrs. J. T. Downing	0	5	0	E. F. B.	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. C. Adlem:				Mr. W. H. Harvey	0	5	0
P. M.	1	0	0	Mrs. Risdon's Bible-class, Plymouth	1	5	0
Church of England	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. A. H. Burnett (office			
Mr. Hunt and son	0	2	0	box)	0	10	6
M. G. H.	0	1	0	Mr. P. Mackinnon	10	0	0
O. S.	0	1	0	Miss J. Merriman	0	1	0
Some friends	0	4	6	Mr. R. Miller	10	0	0
Mr. Adlem's family	0	6	6	Mrs. L. N. C.	1	0	0
			2 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge	0	10	0
Mr. E. Godwin	0	10	0	Mr. Daniel England	1	0	0
Corporal G. W. Jonkers, H.M.S.				Mr. C. Hunting	2	2	0
"Skipjack"	0	10	0	A friend	0	1	0
Mr. W. Austin	0	5	0	Misses A. Hooper and F. Reeve	1	4	0
Mr. J. Suttée	0	4	0	Mr. E. F. Davies	1	1	0
Mr. J. Keith	1	10	0	T. A. L. H. W.	2	0	0
Collected by Miss G. Shaw	1	0	0	Mrs. Ashcroft	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Horton	1	1	0	Mr. J. H. Webster	0	5	0
Stamps	0	3	0	Mr. E. Gulliver	0	5	0
Mr. J. Jones	0	2	8	Miss Jarman	1	0	0
Mr. C. Rye (old boy)	0	2	0	Mr. W. Potter	2	2	0
A friend, Newcastle	0	3	0	Lieut.-Colonel A. M. Arthur	2	2	0
Fruitfruits for 1895	0	6	0	Collected by Mrs. Clews	2	11	6
Mr. J. H. Earnshaw	0	5	6	Mr. W. H. Stening	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. John Riley	0	1	0	A thankoffering from Tatenhill ...	1	1	0
Mr. J. Crocker	5	0	0	Mr. D. Land	0	5	0
"For Christ's sake"	0	1	0	Collected by Mr. E. Adcock ...	0	5	0
A. P. B.	0	10	0	A. E. G.	0	2	6
J. W. G.	0	10	0	Mr. T. Pawkes	3	0	0
Mrs. Runcieman	0	4	0	Collected by Master John Kingsland,			
E. Williams... ..	0	5	0	per Mr. F. Neve	0	5	2
Mr. D. Burgess	0	10	0	Postal order, Dunkeld	0	5	0
Mr. Henry Smith	0	10	0	Mr. Geo. Greenland	10	0	0
Collected by Mr. Geo. F. Smith ...	1	12	0	Miss E. B. Reid	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. S. Dale	0	8	3	Mrs. Dunlop	2	0	0
Masters Dan and Lundie Davidson ...	0	5	0	Mr. W. Butcher	0	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Lymbery	0	5	0	Percy Horn	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Mansfield's grand-				E. C.	0	4	11
children	0	5	0	M. A. G.	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Smith	0	5	0	Miss Lily Morley and friends ...	0	12	0
Mrs. E. Worral	0	2	6	Mr. J. W. Jackson	0	15	0
Mr. J. Amos	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Jordan	1	1	0
Mr. W. Barritt	0	5	0	Mr. T. S. Penny	2	2	0
Mrs. E. Bell	0	5	0	Mrs. H. Keevil	10	0	0
Mrs. Wilshe	0	4	6	Sandwich, per Bankers	1	1	0
Miss M. A. Butterworth... ..	5	0	0	R. G.	20	0	0
Collected in Orphanage boxes at South				J. G.	20	0	0
Street Baptist Chapel, Greenwich ...	3	5	0	Mr. S. Pearce	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Tarrant	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Haynes	1	0	0
W. D.	0	2	6	Mr. A. G. Lonnon (old boy) ...	1	0	0
From a friend	0	5	0	Mr. Jas. Woodward	0	5	0
Mr. James Wilson	0	5	0	Mr. E. Norledge	0	2	6
From a friend, per "The Morning				Mr. W. Smith's little son ...	0	1	0
Star"	0	10	1	Mr. H. Bradley	0	3	0
A Southwell friend, per Pastor J. H.				Mr. J. France	0	2	0
Plumbridge	0	10	0	Mrs. J. Battershill	5	0	0
Mr. J. Culpin	1	0	0				
Mr. W. Quant	1	1	0	Per Mrs. Jas. Withers:—			
Mr. T. Jamieson	2	0	0	Mr. D. Heelas	2	0	0
Mrs. Hewkley	0	10	6	Mrs. G. W. Palmer	0	10	0
From two sisters	0	4	6				
Mr. W. H. Vardill (old boy) ...	0	10	0	Per Mr. C. F. Dafforne:—			
From a gentleman, per Mr. Hunting-				Collection in Duke Street			
don Stone... ..	50	0	0	Sunday-school	0	12	8
Mr. R. Morgan	0	10	6	Miss W. Davis	0	4	6
Messrs. Foulger & Co.	1	1	0	Miss R. Dafforne	0	6	0
				Miss E. Bird	0	6	0
Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon:—				Miss C. Matthews... ..	0	2	10
Mr. J. B. Meredith	2	2	0	Mrs. Green	0	2	6
Mr. L. Haigh	1	0	0	Dr. Cooper	0	2	0
Friends, per Mrs. Evans... ..	0	5	0	Smaller sums	0	4	6
A reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons ...	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Creasey	2	1	0
Mr. J. Woodward... ..	25	0	0	Mr. Isaac Vinal	1	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Peters	0	10	0	Mr. A. J. L. White (old boy) ...	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. J. Sear	0	12	6	Mr. T. Pearce	1	0	0
Mrs. Uridge	0	10	6	Miss E. Fyson	0	2	6
Miss E. York and a friend	0	10	6	Miss J. Crichton	0	5	0
Mrs. Halstead and sisters	0	7	6	H. T. H. G.	0	5	0
Corporal and Mrs. Richardson... ..	0	6	6	A. L.	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Taberner	0	5	0	Miss Keay	1	0	0
Collected by the Misses Williams ...	0	8	11	Mr. J. J. Pierce	1	0	0
Miss M. Shipway	0	15	0	Mr. J. L. Evans	0	10	0
Dr. Riddell, per Mrs. Russell	2	10	0	Mr. A. Marshall	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Norman	6	0	0	Box at Orphanage gates and office-box	0	3	8
J. B.	0	3	0	M. Y. H.	2	12	0
Mrs. M. Macintyre	0	10	0	Mrs. Semark	0	10	0
Miss Shillito and Mrs. Oldfield... ..	2	2	0	Orphan boys' collecting cards (second			
Mr. J. S. Maok	0	10	0	list)... ..	16	8	10
Mr. J. Hughes	0	5	0	Orphan girls' collecting cards (second			
Mrs. E. Williams	0	10	6	list)	6	8	7
Collected by Mrs. E. Schofield... ..	0	14	0	Exors.	51	1	5
Collected by Mrs. Rouse... ..	0	4	8	Executors of the late Mr. H. B.			
Collected by friends, per Pastor C.				Frearson	450	0	0
Ingram	2	4	9	Executors of the late Mr. James			
Mr. F. J. Fry	0	10	6	Lawson	500	0	0
Mr. G. F. Chamberlin	0	5	0	Executors of the late Mrs. Frances			
Mr. J. Wilcs	1	1	0	Atkinson	100	0	0
B. L.	0	5	0	Executor of the late Mr. John Cotton			
Mr. C. A. Goodbody	0	10	0	(second instalment)	20	0	0
M. and A.	0	10	0				
Miss Powsland, per J. T. D.	0	10	0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—			
Orphanage box at Tabernacle gates ...	1	2	1	Samuel Smith	0	2	0
Mr. F. F. Belsey, J.P.	1	1	0	Mrs. W. Nicoll	1	0	0
Miss M. A. Dobson	1	1	0	Mrs. Gray	0	10	0
				M. L. H., Edinburgh	0	5	0

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards (Second List):—Bryett, C., £1 1s; Beard, B., 16s; Bristow, G., 1s; Busby, A., 5s; Clow, R., 11s 6d; Crudge, E. B., 5s; Doel, B., £1; De St. Legier, J., 1s 6d; Davies, W. G., 5s; Day, H., 10s; Everitt, E. L., 5s; Edwards, W. G., 6s; Fox, J. B., 1s; Gardner, D., 8s 6d; Grundy, T., 8s; Hewlett, H., 6s; Jansen, W., 5s; Johnston, C., 8s 9d; Knights, W. J., 2s 6d; Leak, A., 5s; Lench, E., 8s 7d; Llewellyn, H., 7s 6d; Morgan, R., 14s; Manktelow, P., 8s 6d; Newton, G., 2s 9d; Norris, E. E., 10s 6d; Page, J., 2s 8d; Fife, C. N., 10s 6d; Pratt, J. E., 13s; Phillips, W., 10s; Robins, O., 5s; Rouse, G., 8s 1d; Smith, A., £1 1s; Sargeant, D., 3s 6d; Simmonds, G., £1 1s; Terry, G. F., 12s; Tier, C. H., 7s; Warren, H., 1s; Weston, H., 10s; Wallis, B., 4s; Ward, P. W. (second amount), 2s 6d. Total, £18 8s. 10d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards (Second List):—Bishop, A., 1s 8d; Clarke, M., 5s; Copplestone, G., 1s 6d; Durham, L., 10s 6d; Day, M., 2s; Elliott, A., 7s 8d; Garden, W., 2s 6d; Halls, J., 4s 3d; Harris, E., 2s; Hazelton, D., £1 1s; Hicks, S., 1s; Hicke, M., 2s 6d; Hunt, M., 1s; Langdon, E., 5s; Majoram, E. K., 6s 2d; Muge, B., 2s 9d; Norveil, B., 2s; Page, L., £1 1s; Parr, F., 1s 4d; Payne, C., 2s 6d; Rose, N., 5s; Smith, A., 6s; Saltmarsh, E., 5s 8d; Sands, M., 2s 6d; Tutt, M., 2s 1d; Wallis, E., 4s. Total, £8 8s. 7d.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from January 15th, 1895, to February 14th.—PROVISIONS:—100 4-lb. Cakes, Messrs. Peek, Frean & Co.; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 1 cwt. French Plums, Mr. Frederick Fisher; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman & Hildvard; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 36 lbs. Suet, Mr. W. Snelling; 16 lbs. Honey, Mr. William Marchant.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—2 Shirts, The Girls' Sewing Class, Hope Baptist Chapel, Cross Keys, per Miss A. Hughes; 1 pair Boots, Miss S. Hughes; 8 Night Shirts, Mrs. Jackson; 8 Vests, for No. 7 Boys, Miss Ball; a quantity Remnants of Cloth, Messrs. J. Platt & Co.; 14 Shirts, 2 Knicker Suits, 2 Guernseys, 4 Caps, 1 Coat, The Bible League Sewing Meeting, Weston-super-Mare, per Mrs. Urquhart; 12 pairs knitted Cuffs, 1 pair knitted Socks, from A.B.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—22 Garments, Miss Poole; 70 Articles, Miss Jones' Bible-class, Chatsworth Road Baptist Chapel; 3 Articles, Miss J. Wood; 30 Garments, The Girls' Sewing Class, Hope Baptist Chapel, Cross Keys, per Miss A. Hughes; 48 pairs Gloves, Miss Cooper; 3 Garments, Anonymous; 1 Jacket, Mr. A. Wolland; 16 Articles, Miss A. Spackman; 24 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 18 yards Flannel, Miss M. Hoadley; 31 Articles, The Bible League Sewing Meeting, Weston-super-Mare, per Mrs. Urquhart; 2 Articles, Mrs. Gardner; 55 Articles, Friends of the Derby Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. Blunt.

GENERAL:—A parcel of Temperance Literature, Mr. A. P. Brown; 3 Scrap Books, and a few Magazines, Miss Poole; 35 Books, and 1 Dolls' Game, for No. 4 Girls, Miss Jones' Bible-class, Chatsworth Road Baptist Chapel; 1 cwt. Blacking, Messrs. Carr & Son; 1 load Firewood, Mr. F. Fisher.

ERRATA, Sword and Trowel, January:—Mr. and Mrs. Polls, £1, should be John and Ann Potts. *February:*—13 Articles, Anonymous, should be 7 Articles (Girls'), 3 Handkerchiefs, and 3 bottles Sweets, A friend at Kilburn.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th, to February 14th, 1895.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Abercarne, Mr. D. W. James ...	10	0	0
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association ...	50	0	0
Gildersome, per Rev. J. Haslam ...	10	0	0
Kettering, per W. Meadows, sen. ...	10	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. B. White ...	1	5	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school ...	10	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. Robinson ...	5	0	0
	£96	5	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. E. Cole, proceeds of lecture ...	1	10	0
J. and E. Galley ...	0	10	0
Executors of the late Mr. H. B. Frearson ...	450	0	0

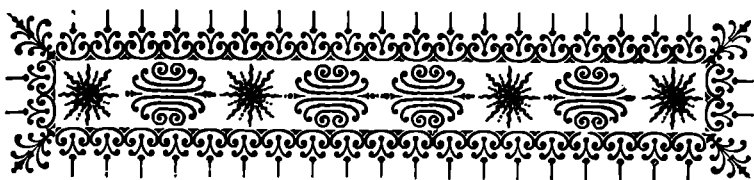
A. and R. Bullman ...	0	10	0
Pastor T. Breewood ...	0	10	0
A reader of <i>The Sword and the Trowel</i> ...	0	2	6
Two friends, per Mr. Mizen ...	0	6	0
A friend, per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Tutton, Swansea ...	0	5	0
Miss Poate, Southsea ...	1	0	0
R. G. ...	10	0	0
J. G. ...	10	0	0
M. and A. ...	0	4	0
Mrs. D. Heelas, per Mrs. J. Withers ...	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Knott, Cheltenham ...	0	5	0
	£476	12	6

Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering from Albert Hall, Nottingham, for Mr. J. Manton Smith's services ...	10	0	0
Thank offering from Hendon for Mr. J. Manton Smith's services ...	5	0	0
Mr. E. Harker ...	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
R. G. ...	10	0	0
J. G. ...	10	0	0
	£35	10	0



THE

Sword and the Trowel.

APRIL, 1895.

Young Preachers Not to be Despised.

A COLLEGE LECTURE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.



DEAR BRETHREN,—I want to address you, this afternoon, not quite in the form of a sermon, but yet somewhat in that fashion, taking for my text Paul's first Epistle to Timothy, fourth chapter, from the twelfth to the sixteenth verses :—

“Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity. Till I come, give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine. Neglect not the gift that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy, with the laying on of the hands of the presbytery. Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them; that thy profiting may appear to all. Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine; continue in them: for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee.”

I. My first observation is, that THERE IS A GREAT TENDENCY TO DESPISE YOUTH, especially among those who wish they were themselves youths, whose age is their only authority for despising those who are younger than they are, and whose years are the only proof of their wisdom. Such men are very likely to sneer at those whose knowledge is far greater than their own, and to look down upon them simply because they happen to excel them in one thing that they cannot help.

I do not believe that wise old men despise youths in the least degree ; of course, they do not look up to them, it would be a reversal of nature if they did. Yet they do not despise them ; they are more likely to be encouraged by them, they often feel quickened by them ; as they look at their younger and more vigorous brethren, they have bright reminiscences of their own early days, and they themselves seem to grow young again. I know some old men of this kind ; they have grey hairs on the top of their heads, but they are not grey within, they are rejoicing in the perpetual verdure of their youth even at seventy or eighty years of age. Still, it is the tendency on the part of many old men to despise the younger members of society.

Yet, *if it were necessary, youth could be vindicated.* Why, there is no road to age except by way of youth ! A young man cannot help the fewness of his years ; and, as they increase, he is getting rid of that which some seem to regard as a drawback ; and all the while he is swiftly riding on the wings of time, and speeding towards the period of discretion *and infirmity*. He cannot help being young ; but even during his youth there is no reason why he should be despised. Young men have done a great deal in this world ; if they have not accomplished more than old men have, they have at least done as much for the people among whom they have lived.

We could mention, you know, such names as that of Samuel, called of God while yet a child ; and who was more noble than he among all the judges of the chosen race ? There may have been some of them more valiant in fight ; but none were of braver spirit, none were more full of wisdom, none were more worthy to be leaders of God's ancient people. No man could wish to have a grander testimony to his integrity and uprightness than that which was accorded to Samuel when Saul had been chosen king of Israel. Hear how this truly grand old man addressed the whole assembly :—"And now, behold, the king walketh before you : and I am old and grayheaded ; and, behold, my sons are with you : and I have walked before you from my childhood unto this day. Behold, here I am : witness against me before the Lord, and before His anointed : whose ox have I taken ? or whose ass have I taken ? or whom have I defrauded ? whom have I oppressed ? or of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes therewith ? and I will restore it to you. And they said, Thou hast not defrauded us, nor oppressed us, neither hast thou taken ought of any man's hand. And he said unto them, The Lord is witness against you, and His anointed is witness this day, that ye have not found ought in my hand. And they answered, He is witness." Samuel, even while yet young, was a man after God's own heart.

Then there was that other man after God's own heart, young David, who was never perhaps so fully a man of God as when he was hardly a man ; his later days were far more obscure, and dim, and misty, than those bright morning times when the Lord was his Shepherd, and he was made to lie down in green pastures, and was led beside the still waters. It was a grand part of David's life when he was hunted like a partridge on the mountains, yet all the while was soaring like an eagle above the hills. So may I say, in a measure, of his famous son, Solomon. It was not in his old age that he was noted for his wisdom ;

even in middle life, strange women had turned away his heart; but it was while his heart was young and tender that he made the wise choice that the Lord approved. Solomon as a young man certainly shines far more brightly than Solomon the aged; it was while he was comparatively young that all nations heard of his wisdom, and the wisest of sages came to learn what the young man had to say.

I scarcely need mention Daniel, the wonderful total-abstaining young man. There is hardly one of the ancient saints who seems to have been so perfect as he was; I do not know of any fault that is recorded of him. He is the John of the Old Testament, the man who saw more visions than any other prophet, the man greatly-beloved, even as John is called the beloved disciple. Under divine inspiration, Daniel wrote a Book of Revelation long before John came into the world; indeed, there are many interesting points of resemblance between Daniel and John. I should say that John, too, was a young man, probably the youngest of all the apostles, and certainly the best of them.

If we were to descend from Scripture times, there would be no difficulty in finding a long list of young men, who never lived to reach any other age, who yet did a splendid life-work, and whose service deserves throughout all ages to deliver young men from being despised. I am sure that, if anyone were to read the stories that have been written or that might be written about the exploits of young men, he would never afterwards think lightly of them.

Yet, brethren, we must admit that *youth certainly has some disadvantages*. We cannot speak with the authority of experience concerning things which we have never gone through. We are obliged to borrow from others, to act by faith upon the observation of others, because we have not yet made these observations ourselves. Some of you have no notion what it is to be over fifty years old, and I have no idea what it must be to be seventy; but we shall have one day, if we live long enough; and so, by experience, we shall understand what are the peculiar trials and troubles of middle life and declining years. We have our own drawbacks; but we have not yet tasted and tried many things that our "grave and reverend seigneurs" have done. We speak of such subjects as a young man understands, whereas the old men talk of themes that are more appropriate to the whiter wigs that they wear. To some people, there is a great deal in the manly appearance of a minister; and there are some who will only receive instruction from one who looks like a man of wisdom.

I hope you will consider that, in this year of grace, 1887, I can be no longer reckoned among young men, yet I trust that you will not put me down as having at present any affinity to the old men. I have left the period of youth, and reached middle life, wherein all wisdom is, or ought to be concentrated; but I have not yet arrived at anything like old age, I must leave that honour to Mr. Gladstone and "Father Rogers." I believe I have just arrived at the best time of life. I may whisper to you, brethren, that I used to think the same when I was nineteen, and I had an exactly similar opinion at thirty-five. At *our* age, brethren, we have many advantages. What if we are not so weighty as the old men? We can make up for that by moving faster. We cannot speak with the authority of so many years; but it may be

that our speech is more fluent than that of our elders, so that we can say more in the time, and thus make up in quantity what, perhaps, we lack in quality. We are not so solid as our seniors; but then, at the same time, we are not so heavy. We have force and elasticity, our blood does not creep in our veins, our breath does not freeze in our lungs, we have energy, we have faith, we have confidence, we can wake men up as the old men cannot, we have vigour and daring and dash, and we often lift up a church from the very dogs where some dear old fogie has dragged it down.

But what is it about youth that people despise? How dare they despise youth? They know that they would like once more to be young themselves; would they not? They would give their grey beards to have none at all; they would give their eyes, and their spectacles, too, if they could only see as we see; they would give their legs, and their walking-sticks, too, if they could only run as we run. Why, if they try to run up a hill, they puff like a pair of bellows; they are getting old and feeble; yet they dare to look down with scorn upon us! What can there be in us to despise?

I fancy, brethren,—and I speak as the mediator between the old men on the one hand and the young men on the other,—I fancy that what they despise in you of this playful, fickle, juvenile age is *that which they see when youth is too juvenile*. That is to say, there is a measure of playfulness which even my old friend over here likes;—I am not now referring to any individual,—I am, metaphorically, putting the old man on the right side and the youth on the left. Well, my old friend likes some fun; but he does not care to have row, and noise, and larking, and joking always going on. There is a tendency that way in some young men, who seem to think that play is the main business of life. It ought to be the sauce and curry of life, not the chief dish upon the table. Old men will despise you if you are all playfulness; and I should think that you will despise yourselves, when you are in your sober minds,—if that ever occurs,—therefore it is no wonder that the old gentlemen despise you when you are nothing but frolicsome, and frothy, and foolish.

Then, too, *young men are often too hasty*. They jump at conclusions, they must do the thing they are about, offhand, there and then. I believe that many a noble enterprise has been the result of that dashing, unhesitating spirit, and that a glorious hastiness has often driven the devil like chaff before the wind. Yet there is an unseemly hurry-scurry for which there can be no excuse whatever; and it is that sort of thing which often causes young men to be despised. Still, it is a grand thing, while so many are sound asleep or carelessly indifferent, to see an earnest young fellow riding along, on a bare-backed steam-engine, red-hot, and never so much at home as when he is trying his hardest to beat the lightning or outride the whirlwind.

We notice, sometimes, in a young man, *a positive silliness*. You would think he was a great boy, and you ask yourself how much it would cost to put him in knickerbockers. He is five feet ten inches in height; but, bless the dear child! he would be in his proper place if you put him in a kindergarten class. Give him some toys, especially a rattle, pretty little darling! Oh, what a poor, weak speech it was that he

delivered at the tea-meeting, the other evening! Do you never meet with young men of that sort? Of course, they never come within these walls! The older men tell me that they see a great many of these very silly young men, and that when these young idiots preach, they say to their hearers, "Pat us on the back, dear friends, say that we have preached very nicely." They do not put it quite in so many words, but that is what they mean. Such a simpleton said, "Mrs. Grundy was *so* pleased with my sermon," and other ladies paid him such pretty compliments, and told him what a dear young man he was! All that such a creature as this is fit for is to take cauliflowers round the town; he would do admirably for that kind of work, as he is such a donkey! There are some young men who will not be bigger fools than they are now even when they get old, for that would be quite impossible; they are already as asinine as they are ever likely to be. May the Lord speedily change their nature by His grace!

The old men sometimes say that *the young men are very proud*. Dear brethren, do not let anybody ever have cause to despise your youth through any display of pride on your part. You can easily get yourself up in the proudest possible manner; pride can be shown in your dress, it can be shown in your speech, it can be shown in all your habits. As soon as ever it is discovered, I do not say, "Go and hang yourselves," but I do say, "Hang your pride at once."

I must admit that there are some young men who act so foolishly that you may very well despise them; and one or two of you, brethren, may easily bring a bad name upon the whole College by foolish, silly ways. Young men now are despised because of what some of these old men whom I have mentioned did when they were young, and they are only too ready to believe that we must be as bad as they once were. My hope is that we shall not be as our fathers, who were a stiff-necked generation.

II. The apostle Paul has given us, in our text, admirable advice as to HOW THE YOUNG ARE TO AVOID BEING DESPISED. He says, "*Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers.*" Nobody can despise a person, be he young or old, who is an example of believers. If our lives are such that they set the pattern for our fellow-Christians, and especially if they are fashioned according to the pattern given us by the Lord Jesus Christ, nobody can despise us because we are young. Even a holy child is honourable in the sight of God and men, and the youngest saint who lives like Christ is worthy of universal reverence. A holy old man is venerable, but a godly young man is also to be venerated and highly esteemed.

Paul exhorted Timothy to be an example of the believers "*in word.*" That, I suppose, means, "*in preaching.*" We are to be exemplary preachers, such preachers that, if anybody wants to know how to preach, he may come and hear any one of us, and so learn how to do it. If we are such preachers as this, when the old men hear us, they will not despise us, but will honour us notwithstanding our youth.

"*In conversation,*"—or, in behaviour, in general conduct, in everything we do. When we are about to do anything, let us reflect and consider how it will appear in the eyes of other people, and especially, let us consider whether it will be approved by the Lord

Jesus Christ; and if we are not quite certain on both these points, let us not do it.

Paul says, next, "Be thou an example of the believers . . . in *charity*," that is, in love, ever manifesting a loving spirit. We ought to be an example to all the rest of the church in love to the brotherhood, and love to sinners, and love to the truth, and love to God. May we all be examples of the believers in all these respects! There are some men, and some ministers, too, whose love is very cold, and whose charity is almost *nil*; let them see that, if we cannot testify from a long experience, we can at least love with a warm affection.

"*In spirit*," that is, in the general tone of our life; our spirit being unselfish, prayerful, happy, holy. If there is a deeply spiritual tone about us, people will not despise our youth, I am sure. If any of them are so foolish as to despise us for being under twenty-one, we need not mind what such persons say, or what they think.

"*In faith*." Now, years ought to add strength to our faith, because we have had a longer time in which to prove the promises to be true; yet, brethren, that is the truest faith that has had no experience. We ought to have a glorious, fearless faith, like the first-ripe clusters of the vine, or like the virgin drops from the honeycomb. Faith should be sweetest and strongest of all when the dew of our youth is upon us. I am sure that old men, when they are doubting and trembling, rejoice to see us believing in God, marching on with a dash and a swing, confident of victory.

One other point Paul mentions, and that is a most important one: "Be thou an example of the believers . . . in *purity*." Oh, my brethren, do give good heed to this apostolic injunction, especially in your connection with the female sex! Ministers are sometimes called into intercourse with men and women under peculiar circumstances, and we are necessarily with them occasionally in private. Be not only pure in your connection with them all, but be careful not to do or say anything that can be fairly construed into evil, for the tongue of slander has often spit its venom even upon a pure character, and the stain has not been wholly wiped out during a long lifetime. I should advise you to keep out of the way of certain people when you have cause for suspicion as to what they may do or say. I remember being at Mr. Stott's chapel one night; I had preached, and the people had responded very heartily to the appeals I had made to the unconverted, and many of them seemed to be impressed. I was praying with one man, and Mr. Stott was talking to another, when someone came to our friend, and told him that a young woman wanted to see him. When he heard her name, he said to his friend, "You go and see her." "But she says she will not see anyone but you." "Well," replied Mr. Stott, "I will not see her alone; I would not be in the vestry with only that woman on any account." Afterwards, he said to me, "That is a woman whose tongue would slander any man, or even an angel if she had the chance; her tongue is very lightly hung, and she speaks without thought, and says this and that when there is nothing in it, and I do not mean to let her say it about me." I know that you young men are sure to be hunted up by silly women; some of them take to the red-coats, but others look after the black-coats. Don't you let

them catch you; but when the right time comes, you catch one of them; meanwhile, when there is not one to be caught, don't you go courting them. Avoid everything that might by any possibility lead to evil. I believe, many a time, the act of sin begins in a very small matter; perhaps an impure word was uttered, or it may have been only a look, or a thought; and ere the man has been aware of the consequences, it has come to something that is altogether wrong, and has made him a wreck for life. I believe that you single men are generally safest the further you are off from the females; but, anyhow, a good rule for you will be, never to do anything that may not be done by any member of the church, and always to aim at being the purest of the whole. The minister, like Cæsar's wife, must be above suspicion; mind that it is always so with you, my dear brethren.

This is the kind of thing that makes old men despise youths; I could tell you of a man who, to my certain knowledge, had no less than four young ladies to whom he was supposed to be engaged at one time; and I used to wonder which one would really have him at last. By the infinite mercy and goodness of God, he escaped a trial for breach of promise, and he is all right now; but he had more than one narrow shave, and if he had been severely punished, it would only have served him right. I should not advise you, brethren, to have any strings to your bow just yet; and when you do begin this archery practice, mind that you do not have more than one string at a time, otherwise you will deserve to be despised.

(To be continued.)

Pastor Charles Spurgeon's Letters.

No. IV.

THE Christmas holidays had just begun, so that all the trains including "specials" were crowded to excess; but, through the courtesy of the traffic manager, a compartment in a saloon carriage was "reserved" for myself and my travelling companion. This proved to be a luxury for which both of us were very grateful, for the journey was a tedious one even under these advantageous circumstances. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," and in consequence of the excessive traffic, and, as a sequel, unpunctuality of the train service, we were able to see the famous Hex River Pass by daylight. The scenery here is very fine; as the train climbs the mountain side, with tortuous curves and steep gradients, until it reaches an altitude of some 5,000 feet, the view is both extensive and interesting. Such scenes atone somewhat for the weariness of continuous travelling over the Karoo, a desert expanse with nothing to break a long monotony. One notices the vast tracts of land which form the grazing districts around the farms dotted here and there among the valleys, and can see flocks and herds in abundance. Every now and then, a team of some fourteen to twenty-two oxen, with a huge waggon, may be seen along the road, "trekking" up country, with merchandise, or some Dutch family on the way to their farm. The huts of Hottentots and Kaffirs are visible

on all hands, and the natives themselves are much in evidence, attired in their blankets of a bright red ochre colour.

Arriving at King William's Town, at seven o'clock on *Sunday morning, December 23*, many friends had gathered to bid us welcome. It was particularly pleasing for Pastor H. J. Batts to find a gathering of the members of his church present to greet him by singing a "welcome home" hymn; and amongst the number first to meet him were some of the younger ones of his own family. It was very strange, upon leaving the station, to see immediately opposite to us a familiar name in large letters on a workshop,—“W. Higgs, Builder and Contractor.” One did not feel so far away from home after all, as not only the good friend of whom we were reminded but all *our* loved ones seemed to appear before us on arriving here. It was an incident that struck us at the time, so we record it.

After a ride of nearly sixty hours, we were glad of rest; and the weather being intensely hot, we remained indoors until the time for evening service. During the holidays, united services are held in rotation in the three Nonconformist Churches; and on this occasion, the Presbyterian minister officiated in the Wesleyan Church. On the following Monday, it was our pleasure to visit the Orphan Home which is under the directorship of our kind host, Pastor H. J. Batts. How vividly remembrances of the festivities at Stockwell came up before our mind, and it was our delight to follow at least one custom that finds favour there, namely, the giving of a shilling to every child. Our investment was not great, for a sovereign more than met the need. There are seventeen children cared for at present; and only want of room and lack of funds prevent the extension of this Christlike charity. If home claims were not so pressing, I should feel like asking that a “Spurgeon Cot” should be established here, since a student of our dear College is so worthily following the example of the late beloved President. It would only mean about £12 per annum, including everything. The writer gave a brief address to the children and friends, and then the distribution of toys off the Christmas tree followed. We are hoping to help this good work before we leave the town.

Christmas day was spent quietly indoors until the evening, when a visit was paid to the German Baptist Church, to witness the children's observance of this holiday. On Boxing day, we set out at eight o'clock in the morning to visit a Native Mission Station at T'shabo, some twelve miles distant. Here, two ladies from Australia are labouring among the Kaffirs, and a right good work they are doing. A couple of rooms adjoining the Mission-hall afford meagre accommodation for these missionaries; but here they dwell, existing chiefly upon rice and mealies. They visit the huts lying all round the hills, and hold services on Sunday, as well as school for the children daily. It was to be a great day on the occasion of our visit, for six persons were to be baptized. After each candidate had been most carefully examined, a procession was formed, and a large party of friends wended their way down to the river flowing at the foot of the hill. Upon reaching the banks, a suitable spot was selected for the immersion, previous to which it was our joy, through an interpreter, to address the assembly upon the divine ordinance of believers' baptism, and to offer prayer on behalf

of those who were about to confess Christ. It was a most impressive scene, and our heart rejoiced while we witnessed our coloured brethren and sisters avow their faith in Jesus. We thought of some in the homeland who are still disobedient to the Lord's command, and only wished they would be impelled by such an example as this to delay no longer, but "Arise and be baptized."



KAFFIR BAPTISM AT T'SHABO MISSION.

A church-meeting followed, and the six new members were duly admonished concerning their responsibilities, and then received the right hand of fellowship. We were charmed with the simplicity of the whole proceedings, and we also admired the exemplary caution in admitting the candidates into the church. A very happy season was spent around the Lord's table, and we felt how truly one all believers are in Christ Jesus; it matters not whether we are black or white, we are brothers and sisters in Him. The heathen shall be His inheritance, and it is by such earnest labour as we witnessed amongst the Red Kaffirs that the day is hastening for this glorious fact to be fully accomplished.

Our New Year's Eve was spent at a Watch-night service in the Wesleyan Church, King William's Town; so we started 1895 in the house of God, and prayed for the dear ones at home, after giving a brief address from Psalm ciii. The first preaching services we have held took place at Alice, a small township some forty miles from here. Through the kindness of a friend, a Cape cart and four good horses, with a careful driver, were placed at our disposal, and the journey was comfortably accomplished. We witnessed one of the most wonderful thunder-storms we have ever seen, and gloried in the sight. Showers fell continuously; and when it rains here, it pours, so that many country folk were prevented from attending the meeting. Our heart has been greatly cheered by hearing that conversions resulted, and we trust these are the first-fruits of our labours in South Africa. Oh, that the gospel may "run" throughout the Colony, and that many may be "turned unto righteousness"! It would then be a cause for thankfulness that even sickness brought us to these shores, God would be glorified, and our heart greatly gladdened.

I shall hope to report the commencement of evangelistic work when next I write, as my programme is in course of formation. The "Text Union" is taking root out here, and will grow rapidly, as I am endeavouring to establish branches wherever I visit. God bless this "Text Bond" the wide world over! Farewell, till we meet again.

The March of the Months.

No. IV.

"How sweet
To sit upon my orchard seat!
And birds and flowers once more to greet,
My last year's friends together."

APRIL, the month of buds and blossoms, is upon us. What a contrast a few weeks have made! On a Saturday night, well on in February, we walked along the frozen country roads, piled with snow on either hand; up from the valley where we left the ice-bound canal; across the bleak common, amid gorse bushes covered with rime; by the village pond, cut into black slides; along between bare hedges, through which the East wind moaned; and past soughing trees, whose crinkled branches looked like the twisted ringlets of Medusa's

head, shaking in rage or pain to the frosted moon. Again, along by cherry and apple orchards, bare and silent save for the sighing wind, down into a deep cutting, when, as in a moment, wraps and hair were stiffened out in ice. A steep climb brought us back to the high ground, where the road ran through hedges of hazel and elder, and out by a farmhouse on to another common, fringed with the houses of a pretty village. Since that bitter night, how much has changed ! The frost and snow have disappeared, the wind kisses the opening buds as a mother would her new-born babe, while the trees in the orchards bulge with bloom, soon to make brave show in pink and white.

The common, which was our terminus that cold night, is one of the most charming of the many round London, and is never more so than in late April when the gorse is golden. The heath slopes down in green turf from the village street, breaks after a while into heathery paths flanked with furze and junipers, and then thickens into dense underwood with here and there a clearing, in the middle of which stands some noble beech spreading its gracious shelter all around. You may follow the winding paths till you reach the road, or till the common meets the field, through a thick belt of firs, beech, and oak, among whose branches it is worth a day's journey in spring to hear the birds keep evensong.

But, on that February night, we were on our way to a worthy elder's house, where we were sure to find a guest-chamber. The intense cold caused us to hasten, but we were too full of memories not to be alive to every yard of the road. We passed snowy hollows, in which we had lain in summer, and slouched our hat to keep gnats from biting. Passing on, we sighted garden-gates, over which we had leaned, on a preacher's Monday, as we drank our fill of the beauty of the gorse-covered common, in full bloom on a late April day. On the heath stands a little church, with a miniature enclosure for buried treasure. As we viewed it, white beneath the wintry moon, we thought of the times long ago, when the buds were bursting into tender leaf, and the wallflowers were in bloom in the ancient pastor's garden, as we walked out with the old man on to the common he loved so well, for which, too, he ever pined when the infirmities of age drove him from the spot. He lies now amid his own people, in the little graveyard, within a stone's cast of the house from which I have often disinterred him (let me be an egotist after this), on a spring morning, to walk and gossip with me of Howard Hinton, Vince, Charles Stovel, Dr. Ackworth, Birrell, Brock, and a score more of the worthies of his youth. I see him as I write : his lean figure, his fidgety twitch, the nervous way in which he would plant his silver-mounted stick on the velvet turf, his white head, his round parson's hat, and his black suit, scrupulously brushed, all make the picture of a worthy servant of Jesus Christ, of what is now called "the old school." Many owed their conversion to him. He was upright in all things. His word was law, and gospel, too. He was a Jupiter among the junipers. I have often thought I should like to burn a little spice to his memory. We read the service over him in harvest-time. The circle round the grave contained many noted faces ; some had come

from far to pay their respects to the village pastor. It was afternoon, and the sheaves could be seen in the adjoining fields, while around, in God's acre, stood the sheaves of his ministry. Years have passed since that day. The gorse, ere April wanes, will be in full bloom again, the stately junipers will keep guard over the heathery ways, and a new generation of lads and lasses will whisper love under the benign branches of the beech during the lengthening evenings of the spring. But the old pastor and his ministry will be talked over yet, even as the elder and I talked it over on Sunday, after the sermon, while we sat by the cheery fire, within view of the snow-covered common. The old man's likeness greeted us from one side of the wall, while opposite to us was a face, never to be looked upon without an inspiration, and to be seen more than ever now wherever you may journey in rural Britain,—the face of dear C. H. SPURGEON, of holy memory,—in his day, the true Primate of all England, Teacher of the People, and Editor of pages on the other side of which we feel it almost sacrilege to write.

Every Winter turns to Spring. Along the footway, warmed by the April sun, the veteran totters on his stick. He has got through. He leans on the stile to think. The moat shimmers in the sunlight; the delicate half-open leaves gently move with the West wind; the bank is damp and warm; the hedges are full of young life, the boughs which bend over the brook are heavier, and the birds sing among the branches. In the churchyard, which straggles down the hill, there are many fresh graves. The old man's contemporaries are fewer; but the Winter has changed to Spring, let us hope, even for them. If the veteran can walk a little further, he will see the fruit trees in blossom, and the reviving smell of the renewed earth will quicken his stagnant senses, and lift the gathering film from his eye. Oh, what will it be when we, who love the Lord, shall all put off our winter shrouds, and the mists shall lift from off the hills of God, and we shall be together in the Homeland?

One year, at Easter time, well on in April, I was driven through the cherry country when the trees were in bloom. Blossom-time in Japan has been graphically described; how crowds go out to see the beautiful sight. Walt Whitman, too, has waxed eloquent on the spring toilet of the American woods; but who has dealt adequately with blossom-time in England? Yet what more exquisitely beautiful sight can possibly greet the eye than a fruit country during April and early May? First the wall fruits, peach, nectarine, and apricot, for favoured eyes; then the great cherry trees, lining the road for many yards, or massed in a long bank of bloom at the rear of a farmhouse, rising in grandeur, and filling the common sight of him who treads the highway, while the sweet scent is distributed, *gratis*, everywhere. Then follow the plum and apple. Late apple buds are especially beautiful; such a pink as lies on children's faces fresh from play, or on the maiden's cheek whose bloom is health of body and of mind. The blossom has the tree all to itself for a while, the leaves unfolding in time to defend and nourish the baby fruits. Then is an anxious period. There may be a regiment of grubs hidden beneath a webby film on the stem of an apple tree. They issue forth, leaving the great cocoon empty, and you

spy them making for the young green leaves. If you are not active, it is "good-bye" to your tree. So, in the spring-time of the spiritual life, there is a danger lest the canker-worm should eat up the green leaf, and wither the early fruit. Blessed is he who is daily under the vigilant eye of the Great Husbandman.

In mid-April, the cuckoo returns; and soon after, the swallows. The hedges, brakes, banks, and trees have become the dwelling-places of birds. Wonderful weavers and builders are these; argument, one would think, for an all-inspiring God. Of their nests it has been well said,—

"What nice hand,
With every implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make us such another?"

Yes, "the time of the singing of birds is come." We can say it even as the patriarchs of old, who kept their flocks on the uplands of Judah. May "the winter of our discontent" be past; may we, as branches of the true Vine, be "in blossom" and give forth fragrance; and may we be privileged to hear, and have grace to follow Him, who saith, "Rise up, My love, My fair one, and come away"!

H. T. S.

Mr. Spurgeon's First Outlines of Sermons.

(Continued from page 64.)

LIII.—HE TOOK NOT UP ANGELS.

"FOR verily He took not on Him the nature of angels; but He took on Him the seed of Abraham."—Hebrews ii. 16.

I. OUR LORD JESUS DID NOT APPEAR IN THE NATURE AND FORM OF AN ANGEL, BUT OF A MAN.

Here was amazing condescension and wisdom, for—

1. He could not have died in any other nature.
2. He could not have become a perfect pattern for us.
3. He would not have been one with His Church and brethren, and so—
4. He could not have sympathized with us.

5. The human race would not have been so honoured as it now is.

6. Nor should we have had a pledge of our resurrection.

II. OUR LORD JESUS DID NOT SAVE THE ANGELS THAT SINNED.

Here is sovereign, distinguishing grace.

Angels and men were both sinners, and both deserved eternal wrath.

There was no reason why man, and not Satan and his angels, should have been chosen unto salvation.

1. They were perhaps equal in sin; there were in each, pride, discontent, evil thoughts, rebellion, and robbery. Man was tempted, and perhaps some devils were, and the prize set before them was greater than that which was set before man. Satan had more light, but man had light enough to know what was right.

2. There was no more to excite mercy in one case than in the other. Satan had fallen farthest. Satan could not be more ungrateful than was man. Neither of them sued for mercy. Satan will suffer as much as, if not more than, man.

3. Satan had greater powers of mind and intellect than man. He was not subject to the physical infirmities of man, and consequently, if saved, he could, humanly speaking, have served God better. He would have been an apt scholar. There would not have been such obstacles to his sanctification; man could not have been such a tempter to the devil, owing to his nature. God's mightiest foe would thus have been conquered. His salvation would only have been a restoration, man's salvation is a sort of revolution.

Yet God, to manifest the sovereignty of His grace, chose man, and passed by the angels that sinned. Learn hence the justice of election as well as its grace.

LIV.—TAKING PLEASURE IN THE STONES OF ZION.

"For Thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof."—Psalm cii. 14.

This Psalm was probably written towards the end of the captivity, either by Daniel or Nehemiah; it bears the impress of the writer's deep love of his country.

The Jews, as well as many other people, have an intense love to their own land; they desire to be buried in it, and always arrange, if they can, to have some of its dust put into the grave with them.

The Psalm is also applicable to the spiritual Israelites; they love the stones and dust of the spiritual Jerusalem. What are they?

I. THE DOCTRINES,—by which every Scriptural truth is meant.

They must be diligently cared for; churches cannot expect to flourish where the doctrines are corrupt, *e.g.*, Popery, Arminianism, Socinianism, Antinomianism, etc.

God's people love the truth, and search the Scriptures to find what it teaches concerning election, total depravity, final perseverance, justification by faith, sovereign grace, etc.

II. THE ORDINANCES,—the pillars of strength.

The services of the Sabbath are our delight; baptism and the Lord's supper, together with all meetings for prayer, are our joy.

III. THE SAINTS ARE LIVING STONES.

They will love, assist, and pray for each other. We delight to see new-born souls; we do not despise the meanest dust appertaining to Zion, the city of the great Son of David.

IV. THE AGENCIES.

Preachers of the Word here, and there, and everywhere; the brethren who speak for Christ in the villages, the Sunday-school teachers, the home and foreign missionaries, the Christian workers generally.

Wherever the walls of Zion are falling, we want to help to build them up. We take an interest in everything good.

1. He who takes no interest in the spiritual Zion is not a Christian.

2. We should be ready to show our love to it.

Appeal for the particular cause we are to help to-day.

LV.—THE LITTLE FIRE AND GREAT COMBUSTION.

"Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"—James iii. 5.

The apostle, speaking of so small a member of the body as the tongue, compares it to a fire,—small in beginning, but none can tell how great it may be in the end.

Thus it may be said of the influence both of good and evil.

I. GOOD,—many useful things, small at first, are great afterwards, —rivers, mustard-seed, etc.

1. *In the world*, all great and good enterprises have had small beginnings, as the gospel itself, Missionary Societies, Sabbath Schools, the establishment of churches in heathen countries.

2. *In the man*. Grace is small and weak at first,—little love, little knowledge; but it spreads, and fires the whole being. On earth, it is but as the smoking flax; in heaven, it is eternal noon.

3. *By a man individually*, little can be done, but that little spreads as a fire does. Newton's mother. Luther. John Berridge in Water-beach. Praying men.

4. *By the word in season, by work for God, by prayer*.

II. EVIL, like fire, increases. American forest fires.

1. *In the world*. Adam and Eve did a small action; yet how great is the result, earth's sin and hell's torment bear witness.

2. *In the man*, evil is progressive. Great crimes succeed to small; men do habitually what they once trembled at. Hazael. Anger. Wars. Foul murders.

3. *Individual influence for evil is great*.

Tom Paine. John Smith. Priest in Lucerne.

(1) Let us not fear for the cause of God.

(2) Let the humble rejoice in what God does in them and by them.

(3) Let us beware of the smallest sin.

LVI.—REST FOR THE WEARY.

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

There are many false resting-places; Christ alone can give true rest. Consider—

I. THE WEARY; WHO THEY ARE NOT, AND WHO THEY ARE.

1. Not those who think themselves good enough without God's grace.

2. Not those who love worldly pleasures.

3. Not those who are indifferent to religion.

But—1. Those to whom past sins are burdensome.

2. Those who mourn over the sin still in them.

3. Those who long for Jesus to save them by His grace.

II. THE COMING: "Come unto Me."

1. It is not a proud, self-righteous coming.

2. It is not a single cry, or groan, or a hasty prayer.

But—1. A humble, dependent, full trust in Jesus.

2. An earnest and continued invocation of Him.

III. THE REST.

1. It is glorious here.

2. Far more glorious is "the rest that remaineth."

Give a hearty exhortation—

1. To burdened Christians, to roll their burdens on Christ.
2. To poor sinners, to trust in Him.

Divine Spirit, give life, energy, fire, and a blessing!

LVII.—GOD GLORIFIED IN THE SAVED.

"*And they glorified God in me.*"—Galatians i. 24.

Paul had established the Galatian church; the people had received him kindly, but through certain false teachers they had been led to despise both Paul and his doctrine. Paul proves himself to be an apostle of the Lord, and declares justification to be of faith.

Paul was not boasting when he uttered these words, "They glorified God in me."

I. IN HIS CONVERSION, AS WELL AS IN THAT OF OTHERS, WE SEE REASON TO GLORIFY GOD.

We know it is His work, and His only.

In Paul's conversion, there were several circumstances which specially glorified—

1. *God's grace.* He had rejected the gospel, and hated and persecuted the good.

2. *God's sovereignty,* in that, though Paul was so sinful, He saved him, and passed by many others. Why not Agrippa or Gamaliel?

3. *God's power.* He was violently opposed to Christ, a very rigid Pharisee, yet in the very act of rebellion he was saved; not by some sickness bringing him low, not by Peter or eloquent preachers proclaiming the truth to him.

So also, in every sinner's conversion, the same is manifest:—

1. *God's grace;* at least, to the soul converted, this is evident enough.

2. *God's sovereignty.* If rich, God's sovereignty is seen, since so few among the rich are chosen; if poor, it is seen in that God should notice the poor. If learned or unlearned, if virtuous or vicious, if old or young, sovereignty will be always manifest.

3. *God's power.* The will has to be turned, the affection taken off one object, and set on another, evil habits conquered, yea, even what men call impossibilities are performed. No education, science, or morality could do this. Preachers and angels would be powerless without the Spirit of God.

II. IN PAUL'S AFTER CONVERSATION MEN HAD CAUSE TO GLORIFY GOD.

He was not behind the very chief of the apostles, taught by direct revelation from God, a most eloquent and successful preacher of the gospel, possessed of charming graces; yet he gave God all the glory for what he was: "By the grace of God I am what I am."

So also we all should seek that men may glorify God in us,—

1. By a thoroughly consistent walk.
2. By activity in God's service.
3. By patience and submission under trial.

We should impute all our graces to Jesus, the Author and Finisher of them, both in ourselves and others.

“Our Own Men” and their Work.

XVI. PASTOR G. T. ENNALS, CANN HALL ROAD, LEYTONSTONE.

THE subject of this month's sketch has just passed his Jubilee birthday. That event was celebrated in a manner which reflected



Yours very truly
G. T. Ennals.

great credit upon both himself and his people. They presented him with a handsome gold watch, and several other valuable tokens of their love for him, and of their high appreciation of his ministry. The presentations were made in terms, and applauded in a manner, that must have largely increased their value to the recipient. It is pleasant indeed to see one who has “worn the white flower of a blameless life,” and been thoroughly devoted to the service of his Master, thus honoured by those who have witnessed the life, and

participated in the benefits of the service. Most heartily would we blend our congratulations with those of his people; and we feel that this is an appropriate time for giving him a place in these notices of "Our Own Men."

Mr. ENNALS was born at Gedding, in Suffolk, in the year 1845. He was "born again", and joined the church at Rattlesden, in the same county, when he was fourteen years of age. Four years later, he preached his first sermon, in the open-air, at High Town Green. Immediately after this, he came to London, and in due course, became a member of the church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Our late revered friend and tutor, Professor Rogers, was at that time conducting a Bible-class, every Monday night, after the prayer-meeting. This Mr. Ennals joined, and there he felt himself being gradually drawn towards the Christian ministry, and prepared for that sacred calling. The desire to make known to others what he had felt and tasted of the Word of Life, grew strong within him; and he soon found opportunities for indulging his desire in the various mission-halls connected with the Tabernacle. The services thus conducted were much enjoyed by those who attended them, and the gospel preached was the power of God unto the salvation of many who believed. Giving proof that he was called of God to the work, friends advised him to give himself entirely to it. Resolving to do this, and feeling the need for further and fuller preparation, Mr. Ennals applied to be received into the Pastors' College. His dear Pastor, the ever-beloved C. H. Spurgeon, had noticed him, and felt such an interest in him that he appended his name to the application form he had to fill up, and Mr. Rogers and two of the Tabernacle elders joined in the recommendation. Of course, such testimonials implied his admission; and he was duly enrolled as student when he was nineteen years of age.

Having pursued his studies for about twelve months, Mr. Ennals was invited to take charge of a church in Bedfordshire. The country deacons pleaded with the dear President to allow the young man to accept the invitation; but Mr. Spurgeon firmly declined, and insisted that the student should continue his studies for a longer period. When he had enjoyed the advantages of a full College course, and was thus better equipped for his work, Mr. Spurgeon sent him to Billingboro', in Lincolnshire, to open an old chapel which had been closed for some time, and to try to form a church. The "peerless President's" wisdom in choosing him for the task was soon apparent. In six months, the old chapel was too small for those who flocked to it, and the Public Hall had to be taken. From the opening service onward, this was always filled, a church was formed, a Sunday-school was commenced, and great prosperity attended every part of the work. Unhappily, Mr. Ennals became a victim to ague, and although he adopted every possible method to overcome it, he was unsuccessful, and after struggling on for about two years, he felt himself obliged to leave Lincolnshire.

Soon, however, he was at work again as pastor of the church at Harvey Lane, Leicester, where for four years he occupied the pulpit made historic by the ministry of Dr. Carey, Robert Hall, and J. P. Mursell. Following such illustrious predecessors, one can easily

imagine that the difficulties of the position would be great; but they were bravely and nobly met. From the first there was a steady prosperity; and at the end of the four years, the membership of the church had been exactly doubled.

From Leicester, Mr. Ennals went to West Hartlepool in 1872. Here, there was a small chapel, with a site for a larger one. In a little while, the building was crowded, and the necessity for the erection of the new one became apparent. Responding to the need, the friends began to prepare to build. When all the arrangements had been completed, Mr. Ennals was suddenly plunged into the deepest trouble. In five days, he lost two of his three children; and the life of the third being threatened, he had reluctantly to leave a work full of promise, after a year and a half of enjoyable service.

A few months later,—in 1874,—Mr. Ennals received and accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Great Shelford, in Cambridgeshire. He looks back to the period he spent there as being about the happiest that could fall to the lot of any pastor. For ten years, amidst much blessing, he enjoyed the favour of God and of his people. Whilst at Shelford, he took a leading part in promoting the formation of the Cambridgeshire Association, he was its secretary for four years, its president during his last year of residence, and on leaving, the Association gave him a substantial recognition of the value of his services. In 1884, he removed to London, for a needful period of rest.

Having resumed his work of preaching, and having served many churches as an occasional supply, in April, 1886, he was asked by the London Baptist Association to take charge of a work that had been begun in Cann Hall Road, Leytonstone. Mr. Spurgeon, who had always been a true friend to him, urged him to comply with the request: and, after the manner of his great and ever-generous heart, promised to help to make up his salary for the first year. Thus encouraged, Mr. Ennals took up the work. In the previous year, a site had been purchased, and a school-chapel erected. The present beautiful and substantial building was erected and opened in the following year, 1887. In July of that year, a church was formed, and Mr. Ennals was chosen pastor. The success that has attended his work is indicated by the fact that, every month since the formation of the church, there have been additions to it. Up to the present time, no less than 580 members have been received; and, meanwhile, the Sunday-school has grown from 370 to 1,200 scholars. To provide for this remarkable increase, the school accommodation had to be extended, a year ago, at a cost of £1,486. The cost of site, chapel, and schools, has been about £6,500; towards this amount, the sum of £5,400 has been raised, but the total income for all purposes has been about £9,000. This magnificent sum, raised in so short a time by a young church, makes the friends worthy of any help that the Lord's stewards may be able to give them towards liquidating the remaining debt of £1,100.

The pastor and people, having been greatly blessed in their work at Cann Hall Road, have gone out into the neighbourhood, seeking to be a blessing to others. In connection with the church, there is a

mission-hall in Edith Road, Stratford, where services are regularly held. There, they are having such success, that the hall is inadequate for the work, and contracts have been accepted for a new one to seat 250 people.

For nearly seven years, Mr. Ennals has conducted a church magazine, which he designates *The Beehive*. Two thousand copies are distributed every month, in the homes around the chapel, by thirty-six helpers. The magazine always contains a short sermon by the pastor, and a few pages of what he calls, "My Notes," in which he deals with the different phases of his own and the church's work, and gives prominence to all matters that it is important to keep before the minds of his fellow-workers.

This brief sketch of Mr. Ennals' life as a pastor shows that, wherever he has gone, rich blessing has attended his labours. The churches he has served have been greatly revived and increased during his ministry. It is not difficult to account for this. He has a proper conception of his position and work, as "a man sent from God" to make known His truth, and to seek to promote the interests of His cause. This one purpose is supreme with him, and while he devotes to it all his time, and all his powers, it makes all his work to be purely spiritual. He does not adopt any questionable methods to attract attention, to gather people, or to collect funds. The sphere in which he moves is sacred to the things of God, and he will not have it desecrated by those that are not of God. He will not, for example, as he puts it himself, have his church or schools made into "a training-ground for music-halls and theatres."

What has been said makes it clear that Mr. Ennals is an earnest and diligent worker. Every interest of the church, and every department of its service, have his constant attention. He keeps in touch with the whole, and seeks to guide it aright. He literally lives in and for the discharge of his duties as a minister of Christ. Moving perpetually amongst his people in their homes, he tries to learn their needs, that he may seek messages and help from God to meet them; and, knowing that the soul-needs of one and all, when they gather in the sanctuary, can only be truly met by Jesus Christ, he never fails to point them to "Jesus and Him crucified." Of course, his sermons prove that he does not regard the truths concerning "Jesus and Him crucified" as being something that can be stated in a few brief sentences. To him, the theme covers all the truths concerning Jesus Christ, all the truths that emanate from and gather around Him; and thus he finds a message for every condition and every experience of heart and life. But evermore he keeps to the front the essential truth that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and the whole of his ministry seems to proclaim—

"No theme is like redeeming love,
No saviour is like ours."

Mr. Ennals is president of the London Baptist Board, and in that capacity he recently addressed his brethren on "Modern Preaching." We should like to have quoted largely from that address, to show his own views as expressed by himself; but we have only space for two

or three short sentences :—"The mission of the preacher is the same through all time, and his message is unaltered in its substance by the changes of centuries and the condition of men. We have to preach the everlasting gospel, a gospel which is a revelation of great facts concerning God and man, sin and salvation, life and death, eternal life, eternal death. . . . Not from the nineteenth century has the preacher received his commission, but from the Lord, to whom at length he will have to give account of his ministry." To fulfil these views in his own ministry, we desire for our brother a long life, and ever-increasing power.

S. PILLING.

"My Jesus, I Love Thee."

I LOVE Thee, Jesus Christ of Bethlehem ;
 I deem Thy sweet and holy infancy,
 A higher honour than the diadem,
 Which Thou didst leave, when Thou wert born to be
 A sharer of our frail humanity ;
 Wearing the badge of earthly poverty
 In time with us, that, in eternity,
 We might be lifted to a throne with Thee.

I love Thee, Jesus Christ of Nazareth ;
 Thy uncomplaining and obedient youth
 The only perfect pattern furnisheth
 Of filial service, wrought in grace and truth ;
 Veiling Thy royal dignity awhile,
 Under the guise of lowly servitude,
 Growing,—beneath Thy heavenly Father's smile,—
 In wisdom, and the favour of the good.

I love Thee, Jesus Christ of Galilee ;
 I mark Thee as Thou movest to and fro,
 Along the busy street, or by the sea,
 Or as the Healer in the house of woe,
 A man among the sons of men ; and yet,
 So far above the noblest of the race,
 That, though no crown upon Thy head was set,
 Men felt Thee King of gentleness and grace.

I love Thee, Jesus Christ of Calvary ;
 As to the cross Thou passest lone and faint,
 Bearing the load of our iniquity,
 In shame and weakness, yet without complaint.
 Oh, when I think on Thee, Thy weariness,
 Thy broken heart, Thy blood for me outpoured,
 And then remember my unworthiness,
 How can I choose but love Thee, O my Lord ?

The Church versus the Stage.

A LANCASHIRE PASTOR'S EXPERIENCE.

MANY of our readers doubtless remember the articles upon "Worldliness in the Church" which appeared in various numbers of last year's *Sword and Trowel*. Fresh proofs of the prevalence of the evil continue to come to hand from various quarters; in some respects, the latest is the saddest we have yet received. The particulars have been published in various papers, secular and religious, so that we need have no hesitation in referring to the matter, especially as the subject under consideration is "the burning question" in many nominally Christian communities, and is of vital importance to all true followers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

In the present instance, we believe there is no doubt about the facts which have led to the resignation, by our brother, R. S. LATIMER, of the pastorate of Trinity Baptist Church, Colne, Lancashire, which he has held, and successfully maintained, for more than seven years. By faithful preaching of the gospel, by consistent Christian conduct, by loving and gentle entreaty, by earnest warning against worldliness, and by special care for the younger members of the congregation, the pastor hoped that he had been able to build up a truly spiritual church; but, alas! in the costly building where the Trinity Church worships there is a choir, and certain members of that choir have of late been in the habit of appearing night after night upon the stages of the Theatre Royal, Colne, and the Grand Theatre, Nelson.

In December last, the pastor called the attention of the deacons to the general question, and asked for firm and prompt action to be taken. Since that time, the matter has attracted widespread interest in the neighbourhood; the unspiritual masses glorying in what a local paper calls "the triumph of art over bigotry", but "the faithful" hanging their heads in sorrow and shame. At the February deacons' meeting, Mr. Latimer, feeling that he could no longer be silent when one of the principal young ladies of the choir was appearing nightly before the footlights in silken lower garments in the character of a youth, and yet taking her place on the Sabbath mornings before the worshippers in the house of the Lord, to assist in leading the service of praise, submitted a resolution asking the offenders to choose between the choir-seats and the theatre-boards. To his surprise and grief, the resolution met with such decisive opposition from one or two influential deacons that he saw that he must either hold his tongue or retire from his post. He has accordingly sent to the church notice of his resignation, and his work at Colne will terminate at Midsummer.

Meanwhile, the choir pursues its own course without even a formal protest being lodged by the church against the conduct that has brought about such calamitous results. Yet there are more than a few "*even in Sardis*" who have not defiled their garments by contact with the theatre, and they have nobly stood by the brave pastor in his time of trouble and conflict. It is a thousand pities that their number is not large enough to enable him, with a strong yet loving hand, to grapple with this deadly foe to the spiritual well-being of

the church. His Christlike demeanour throughout this painful controversy must have endeared him to the godly portion of his flock, as it will ensure for him the sympathy of his brethren and of the denomination at large so far as Baptist ministers and church-members are what the Master would have them to be.

Doubtless, the Lord, whom Mr. Latimer has sought to honour throughout his whole ministry, will, in His own time and way, reward his loyalty and fidelity by entrusting him with fresh service in a sphere where he will not be asked to acquiesce in anything which, to his mind, is defiantly antagonistic to the will of God. His Scriptural action in seeking to clear the church at Colne from complicity with the theatre, and in coming out from those who have decided to remain on friendly terms with the evil thing, ought to be a strong recommendation to any true church of the Lord Jesus Christ which is wanting as its pastor one of His faithful servants. To such, it is only needful to say that Mr. Latimer's address is 124, Keighley Road, Colne, Lancashire.

Seed-Thoughts from C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons.

SELECTED BY J. D. KILBURN, ST. PETERSBURGH.

USE the means of grace, or you will soon forget the God of grace.

Christ made this world, and thousands more; and He has still undiminished power to create and to sustain. Can you not trust Him?

You will never get to heaven except you let Christ prepare you for heaven.

Christ's coming to earth will avail you nothing if *you* do not come to *Him*.

God troubles now in order that He may comfort for ever. Satan comforts now in order that he may trouble for ever.

Believer, Christ has bought you,—do not forget at what a cost, and for what a purpose.

God's judgments may tarry long, but they will fall at the right time.

If you run without divine guidance, you will want to run back again, but you may not be able to do so.

An unsubdued will is like a maniac's hand.

If God sends a double burden, He will give double strength.

Will God take away the manna till you come where the corn is?

A Good Example for Employers.

OUR readers will remember that the January number of this Magazine opened with an address by the late beloved Editor on "The Pastor's Need of the People's Prayers," in which he said:—"Will everybody here try and bring some other person on Thursday night to hear the gospel preached in this place, and I will ask the Lord to give me a soul-winning sermon, and I shall be very glad if you will all try to bring some fresh hearer to listen to it?" Mr. Spurgeon appealed for this personal service in addition to the prayers of the Christians present, and then, turning to Mr. Olney, he remarked:—"It appears to me to be a good suggestion: what do you think of it, Mr. William Olney?" Mark the earnest deacon's reply:—"It is a very excellent thing indeed, sir. I promise, by God's help, to bring my one, and more if I can. I will try to bring some of the men who work for me, and I will give them one hour less work on Thursday so that they may come." Thus, when it was proposed to make a special effort to reach others who had not been won for Christ, Mr. Olney's thoughts at once turned to his workmen. Evidently he was anxious for the salvation of their souls; and he practically told them so, by freeing them from work an hour earlier than usual to enable them to go and hear words whereby they might be saved. In acting thus, Mr. Olney set an example that other Christian employers would do well to follow.

We have just met with a case in which a master's care for the spiritual welfare of his *employés* seems to be almost part of the regular routine of the business. One of our brethren has recently conducted a mission at Melton Mowbray. During his stay there, on two successive Tuesday afternoons, he was asked to visit the works of Mr. J. T. Crosher, and to hold a service with his men. Mr. Crosher is head of the firm of Tebbutt and Co., the celebrated Melton Mowbray pie manufacturers, and is also a Stilton cheese factor, trading under the style of Tuxford and Nephew. He employs some fifty or sixty men. When our brother visited the works, business was suspended, and nearly the whole of the men gathered in a room prepared for the purpose. They were joined by Mr. Crosher, some of the members of his family, and Mr. Stevens, the manager; and for three-quarters of an hour all united in the worship of God. This was no spasmodic effort, but part of a continuous series of services. Every Tuesday afternoon, from the beginning of the year to its close, the time from a quarter past three till four o'clock is set apart from business, and sacredly kept for spiritual purposes. Additional interest is given to the matter by the fact that the one who most frequently takes charge of the service is Mrs. Crosher, the wife of the master. It is, indeed, a gratifying thing to see a Christian man, with his family by his side, manifesting such a desire for the spiritual welfare of those whom he employs. We do not believe that he loses anything by it in a pecuniary sense, for the men, appreciating the interest he takes in them as a Christian, prove their gratitude by their devotion to his interests as a master. But, better still, the services have been the means of permanent good to many, and the moral tone of the whole place has been purified and ennobled.

For some years past, a system of providing mutual sick benefit has

existed among the *employés* of this firm. On the illness of one of their number, his fellow-workmen contribute at the rate of threepence per week each, towards his benefit during the period he is away from work, and the amount thus raised is augmented every week by one half, the gift of Mr. Crosher, and in this way the sick man receives a substantial sum while he is unwell. Of course, if more than one is on the sick list, the members double or treble their subscription, and Mr. Crosher increases his amount in proportion. During the last year, £53 4s. 9d. was subscribed and disbursed in this way.



We give this case, because it affords a good example to Christian masters. Of course, we know that all employers may not be able to stay their business, even for so short a time as three-quarters of an hour, to gather their servants for worship, and to lead them to the service of the best of all masters. There may be conditions that make this impracticable, if not impossible; but we are sure that much more might be done than is at present attempted by Christian employers for the spiritual well-being of their *employés*.

Dear reader, have *you* servants under you? Then, do you make it manifest that you have a real concern for the eternal welfare of their souls? Your position is one that gives you special influence in this direction; do you use it, prayerfully and persistently? If all Christian masters and mistresses would do this, it would be a grand means for getting the working-people into our churches, and it would give a glorious impetus to the cause of Christ. Remember your duty to *your* Master, and from this day, do what you can for the souls of those around you.

Faith Restful ; or, Lying Afloat.

WHEN a chain cable is about to be placed on board ship, it is tested *nearly up to its breaking strain*. As there is not likely to be a greater strain ever after upon it, captain, underwriters, pilots, and sailors, all feel that they can safely trust to it

This is a wonderful day for so-called criticism ; but very few, if any, can point out

THE BREAKING STRAIN OF FAITH.

No chain is stronger than its weakest link ; for, usually, a chain breaks "a link at a time." Let me set you a puzzle, Mr. Higher-critic ! Find the weakest link in the verities of "the faith." Let there be searching, candid, and severe tests applied, and when the final trial has been made, then, for salvation from sin, or for peace in time of peril, the heart may rest without needing to ask, "Will it bear the strain ? Is it likely to break ?"

Workers for God often remind one of some men who had to lift a large boiler by means of a crane. There were plenty of men to turn the handles ; but they were *all afraid*, especially when there was the least surging or swaying. All seemed to say, "This work must be done, but we are afraid to do it." Tedious was the task ; trying was the fear ; but how much more quickly the handles moved when a man, whose word could be trusted, shouted, "You are only lifting *five tons*, and the breaking strain of that chain is *sixteen tons*."

When, with the feeling of fear concerning our Master's work, we lose all the joy of service, and sit supinely by the task we dare not leave, yet have not the heart to accomplish, may not this simple question speedily put us in a right state of mind,— "What is the breaking strain of true faith in God ?"

May not the same thought be applied to the restless worried heart ? When are we *not* to trust ? Where is to be the limit of our faith in Christ ? It seems as though the Lord's people never thought of the "unexplored remainders" in the glorious Lord, who bids us to "trust" and "fear not." People talk of the rest of faith as though rest were harder than work. Oh, that they would honour Christ by believing in Him, and resting on Him !

There was a man, who had been aroused by the Spirit of God to seek salvation ; but, as he said afterwards, the simplicity of faith "tripped" him. How to trust, without doing anything for salvation, he could not understand. He was taking lessons in swimming at that time ; and his instructor was trying to teach him to float. "Now," said he, "place your hands by your side, and just lean back in the water, and the water will keep you up." The man tried to do so, but moved, and spoiled the floating, for down he went. "Try again, but keep as still as death," was the word of the teacher. *He did as he was told*, and there he lay, *afloat*. Just then, the Holy Ghost said in his

heart, "Lean like this upon Jesus." He leaned, and the assurance of salvation came.

When we heard this story, it seemed to us too good to be kept; so, going to see an old Calvinist, who was doubting, it was told to him just as it is stated here. Calling upon him, a month later, we asked, "How are you?" and at once the reply came, "Lying afloat; I've been lying afloat a month; and when I found the joy of lying afloat, I went to old Mr. ———, a Methodist, who also doubted, and he has been lying afloat, too, for nearly a month."

Oh, how blessed to lie afloat upon the boundless ocean of the mercy of God in Jesus Christ! Such trust, rest, peace, our God can give us, in service or in suffering. May every reader of these words prove it to be so, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

Roker, Sunderland.

GEO. WILSON.

The Atonement, its Place in the Book of Acts.

A PAPER BY PASTOR ISAAC NEAR, OF DESBOROUGH, READ BEFORE THE KETTERING AND DISTRICT BAPTIST FRATERNAL UNION.

IT is not our intention, in this paper, to deal with the necessity of the Atonement, nor yet with the theories of this doctrine which abound; but with the fact of Atonement itself, and its treatment by the apostles as revealed in their recorded "Acts." In doing this, we shall of necessity indicate our own theory, for all who believe in this doctrine have their theory concerning it. Dr. Denny says:—"There is no such thing conceivable as a fact of which there is no theory, or even a fact of which we have no theory;" by which I understand him to mean that we cannot accept anything as fact without having some opinion of that fact. The fact being the thing itself, what we think and say respecting it constitutes our theory.

We believe in the Atonement made by Jesus Christ; we have our ideas of the way in which that Atonement was made, of its purpose, and its effects, Godward and manward. By Atonement, we mean that satisfaction which Jesus rendered to God on our behalf when He laid down His life, and suffered a shameful death on the accursed tree.

The late Professor Gracey, when dealing with this doctrine, said that "From the broadest point of view, the Atonement contains a manifestation and a representation,—a manifestation of God to man, and a representation of man to God," which is perfectly true. It is this fact which gives us confidence in Christ and His work. He was "God manifest in the flesh," God's Representative and man's. All through His life, He was rendering satisfaction to law and justice on our account. In His death, He completed and crowned His wondrous work; then it was that all the divine requirements were met, and all that was necessary for our salvation was accomplished.

We do not think that it would be possible to make too much of this doctrine, though even this great central truth ought not to be dwelt upon exclusively; but our conception of this truth will largely determine our views of other related truths. If we are wrong here, we shall suffer elsewhere. This doctrine has been likened to the heart, which supplies the body with the blood which is its life; let this organ be weak, and the body will be affected to its utmost extremities. Thus the Atonement supplies

the gospel with its life-blood, and will ever determine the vitality of all its verities. If we are saved, it will be by Him whom God sent in love to be the propitiation for our sins. If we are to be instrumental in bringing men back to God, we must sustain right relations to Calvary. Our theology must be adjusted to the cross, and our teaching must radiate from Christ crucified. Unless the atoning work of Jesus be maintained in the position assigned it by God in His wisdom and love, the whole system of revealed truth will be dislocated; instead of beauty and harmony, there will be disproportion and discord, and the hopes of humanity will be shattered. To have right conceptions of this doctrine, as indeed of every aspect of Christ's mediatorial work, we must be enlightened by the Holy Spirit, for it pertains to His ministry to testify of Christ, to "take of the things of Christ, and show them unto us;" in a word, "to glorify Christ." Unless we are guided by the Spirit and Word of God, we shall greatly err. We may exercise our reason upon the work of Christ, but reason must be instructed by revelation; we must unfeignedly accept the authority and teaching of God's Word.

"This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail."

"What saith the Scripture?" must ever be our enquiry, and the Scripture as a whole, if our theology is to be well proportioned; but in this paper, for special reasons, we confine ourselves chiefly to the Book of Acts. We have not to prove the doctrine of the Atonement from this Book, but to ascertain if the apostles preached this doctrine, and the position it occupied in their ministry.

It need hardly be pointed out that the term "Atonement" is only once found in the New Testament (Rom. v. 11). The Greek word, of which this is an equivalent, is however used in several places, but not once in the Acts. This need cause little surprise, seeing that this is what it professes to be, a book of Acts, not of theological definitions. If we were to argue against the doctrine from the absence of the term by which it is usually denoted, the same kind of argument would apply with equal force to the doctrine of the Trinity and of the immortality of the soul. The absence of the term little matters so long as the fact itself be present; and such is the case, for Christ, who is Himself the Propitiation, the Atoner, the Reconciler, is everywhere prominent, for He was the constant subject of apostolic preaching.

To infer and reason that, because this doctrine is not elaborated in this Book, therefore the apostles knew little about dogma, and cared even less for it, would betray, on our part, a strong bias against the doctrine, and also a very slight knowledge of their previous training, and of the spiritual conditions under which they carried on their ministry. It would be just as unreasonable to affirm that the apostles did not believe in the ethical teaching of Christ, because they did not codify the Sermon on the Mount. If it could be proved that they did not preach Christ, then it might be affirmed, with some show of reason, that they did not teach either the ethics or the doctrine of Christ; but as we know that He was preached by them in the power of the Holy Spirit, we are confident that they must have preached both ethics and doctrine. The great commission which the apostles received was all-inclusive. Preaching Christ included His death, and its cause and object, as well as His beneficent life. A treatise upon the sun would include the fact that it is the source of light and heat. Preaching Jesus as the Sun of righteousness, the Light of the moral world, includes all the facts of Christ's mediatorial work. We should think it strange if one, lecturing upon either Dr. Livingstone or J. T. Comber, omitted the object which took them to Africa's pestilential regions, and the fact that their mission cost them their lives; and it would be strange indeed if Peter and the other apostles

preached Christ without setting forth the object of His incarnation and the purpose of His death. We are told that "they preached Jesus and the resurrection." If they preached His resurrection, they must have preached His death, for, as one has pointed out, "Resurrection is meaningless apart from death." Hence we are forced to this conclusion that, though the term "Atonement" is not found in the Acts, the fact itself was taught by the apostles, seeing that "Jesus and the resurrection" was their theme.

In considering this subject, we must also bear in mind the training which the apostles had received. To begin with, they were Jews, and had been taught the necessity of an atonement to make reconciliation for the sins of the people; this was firmly rooted in their minds. Then we must remember that for three years they had all (Paul excepted, of whom we shall treat presently,) sat at the feet of Him who "spake as never man spake." Peter, the Pentecostal preacher, had heard Jesus say, though he did not then fully understand his Master's meaning,—“for the Holy Ghost was not yet given,”—“The Son of man *must* go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day.” He had been at that wondrous mountain conference, when Moses and Elias appeared as representatives from the invisible world, and Christ's decease at Jerusalem was discussed. He had heard his Master say, “The good shepherd giveth His life for the sheep. I lay down My life for the sheep.” Had he not also heard Him declare, “Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit”? Was he not with Jesus at the Last Supper, when, taking the cup, He declared, “This is My blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins,” and again, “The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom (or, ‘price of redemption’) for many”? On the eve of His ascension, Jesus gave His disciples their final instructions, and said, “Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day; and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem. And ye are witnesses of these things.”

I have quoted these passages to prove that the apostles were not ignorant of the nature and purpose of Christ's death; it had been declared to them as distinctly as language could express anything. Are we, then, to infer that, because the terms “Atonement” and “Substitution” are not found in the great Pentecostal sermon, that Peter was an unfaithful witness? We cannot believe that such was the case, especially as he was full of the Holy Ghost; and I, for one, cannot think that the Holy Spirit would have blessed Peter, and given him such marvellous success, had he not faithfully carried out the instructions which he received direct from Christ. I do not believe the apostles began their ministry with “a germ theory”, out of which, in later years, they evolved the doctrine of Atonement by the substitutionary work of Christ. The sermon of Pentecost was full of Christ, the people were convinced that He was the Messiah, and in answer to their conscience-stricken enquiry, they were commanded to “Repent, and be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins.” In this reply, the Messiah is at once shown to be the Atoner of sin; and to make Atonement, His life-blood had to be shed, the sacrificial Victim must die. Peter knew that the blood of Jesus was “shed for many for the remission of sins,” and these sin-convicted souls were at once directed to Him who, by the ransom-paying, bought us with a price. Those penitent souls accepted Jesus as their Saviour, they were baptized, and added to the Church. Great stress was laid, times and again, by the apostles upon the name of Jesus; they knew that salvation was carried in the very name. “Jesus” not only stood for a Person, but it signified His character and His work. Said the angel, “Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save

His people from their sins." No wonder, then, that Peter should declare to the Jews, "Unto you first God, having raised up His Son Jesus, sent Him to bless you, in turning away every one of you from his iniquity" (Acts iii. 26), and again, "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (iv. 12). In chapter v., verses 30, 31, Peter boldly proclaimed salvation through Jesus Christ, saying, "The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged on a tree. Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins." In verse 42, we read, "And daily in the temple, and in every house, they ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ;" the Messiah Saviour was their continual theme. When Peter visited Cornelius, we learn from chapter x., that he preached peace by Jesus Christ, and the forgiveness of sins through faith in His name, and the result was Pentecostal even to the gift of tongues.

Turning for a minute to the evangelist Philip, we note that this man was the companion of the apostles; from them he would learn much concerning the truth in Jesus. Under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and the tuition of the apostles, he would be likely to have right conceptions of the work of Christ. This man went down to Samaria, and like the Lord Himself, found the fields white unto the harvest. Christ was preached, miracles were wrought, souls were saved, "and there was great joy in that city." Will anyone believe that this would have been the result had he not made known the way of salvation by the substitutionary work of Jesus? That Philip believed in this truth, is very evident; and if he preached it in one place, he would surely do so in another. But Philip is not allowed long to remain even in such a promising sphere as this Samaritan city; by celestial direction, he undertakes a journey toward the South, and on the way falls in with an Ethiopian of an enquiring turn of mind. Dispensing now with angelic agency, the Holy Spirit Himself assumes the command, saying to Philip, "Go near, and join thyself to this chariot." Obeying, he ascertains that this man is reading of the suffering Messiah as described by Isaiah. "Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same Scripture, and preached unto him Jesus," *i.e.*, the Saviour (viii. 35). There can be no doubt in the minds of the unprejudiced as to the line he took with such a chapter for his text,—the sacrificial nature of Christ's death, its substitutionary character, would be set forth; the Atonement made by Christ for sin would be explained, and Jesus as the Saviour faithfully proclaimed, hence, the man's conversion, his baptism, and his rejoicing.

Coming now to the apostle Paul, who was not a whit behind the very chief of the apostles, we know that he dwelt much upon the sufferings and death of Christ, and its justifying, cleansing, freeing power. In chapter xiii., verses 38, 39, we read that, after describing the death and resurrection of Jesus, he said, "Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses." At Thessalonica, he reasoned out of the Scriptures, "opening and alleging, that Christ *must* needs have suffered, and risen again from the dead" (xvii. 3). Why "*must* needs have suffered" but that Atonement might be made for our sins, that we might be saved from their dominion and condemnation. At Athens, where some say Paul did not preach the gospel, but natural religion, we are told that "he preached unto them Jesus, and the resurrection" (xvii. 18). After the Mars Hill discourse, we read, "Certain men clave unto him, and believed," which carries conviction to my mind that Jesus was faithfully preached as the Redeemer and Saviour. From Athens, Paul proceeded to Corinth, where, for a year and a half, he testified "that Jesus was Christ," and though not recorded in this Book, it is elsewhere written that "Christ crucified" was his

theme. At Ephesus, he laboured for the space of three years, "Testifying both to the Jews, and also to the Greeks, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ" (xx. 21). Verse 28 reveals the apostle's views of the death of Jesus. Charging the elders of the church, he said, "Feed the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood." Thus Paul was a firm believer in the sacrificial and substitutionary nature of Christ's sufferings and death. Before Agrippa this was also declared; and it is evident, from the statement made on that occasion, that the fact of Atonement by Christ Jesus must have had a very prominent place in his preaching: "Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come: that Christ should suffer, and that He should be the first that should rise from the dead" (xxvi. 22, 23).

Such ideas as these were not Paulinisms, they belonged to the very warp and woof of Christianity, they pertained to the very texture of the gospel. Whence did Paul obtain these ideas of the sufferings and death of Christ? In chapter xx., verse 24, he assures us that he "received" his ministry of the Lord Jesus, "to testify the gospel of the grace of God," and in another place (Gal. i. 11, 12), he declares in the most solemn manner, "I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached of me is not after man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." Paul's was not a second-hand theology, in the sense that phrase is often used; neither was he quite so original as some seem to imagine. Dr. Saphir says:—"God took him away from men, and revealed Himself to him, opened to him the mystery of redemption as to no other man in all Christian history." No wonder, then, that Paul made so much of "Christ crucified," "opening and alleging that Christ must needs have suffered." In the last chapter of the Acts, after reaching Rome, we read in verse 23 that he "persuaded them concerning Jesus, both out of the law of Moses, and out of the prophets," and in the last verse we find Jesus the Saviour is still his theme; for two years, in his own hired house, he was "preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ."

From these various passages it is evident that the apostles were assured that the sufferings and death of Jesus were of a sacrificial and atoning character. They believed that Jesus was delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God to be the propitiation for man's sin, that He came to effect reconciliation between man and God, and that this was accomplished in the body of His flesh through death. With Jesus as their theme, they could not avoid giving the Atonement a very prominent place in their ministry. It was well said by the late Dr. Thomas that "The basis of Christianity is the biography of one Person, Christ; and that the chief feature, the spiritual significance and moral value of that biography, is suffering. His life is a history of suffering." We know that His sufferings culminated in His death on the cross, and that His blood was then "shed for many for the remission of sins." The apostles were led by the Spirit into the truth concerning the life and death of Jesus; they knew that His name denoted His sacrificial work of saving from sin. Jesus declared of the Holy Spirit, "He shall take of mine, and shall shew it unto you. He shall bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you." This assures us that the apostles must have preached the fact of the Atonement.

We know that much of what is affirmed of the death of Christ applies with equal force to other aspects of His work, which proves the unity of His work, and that it should be considered as a whole. It is impossible to separate one part of His work from other parts without marring its beauty. The truths of the gospel interpenetrate each other, and "cannot be marked

off with geometrical exactness ;” but there stands this great fact which cannot be obliterated, whatever may be the theories formed of it, God caused our iniquities to meet upon Jesus, He rendered satisfaction to God on our account for the violation of law on our part. He was dealt with as our sin deserved to be dealt with, and endured an equivalent to the penalty which we had merited. We have pardon and life through the obedience and death of our Representative, the divinely-anointed Saviour.

Had we laid the Epistles under contribution, we could have supported our conclusions “by many infallible proofs.” We ought not to expect to find the Christian faith systematized in the Book of Acts, any more than to find the Levitical dispensation set forth in the Books of Chronicles. To know what the apostles preached, and to ascertain more clearly their views of the sufferings and death of Christ, their writings must be studied with their “Acts.” There can be no doubt that the Epistles embody the substance of the doctrine they preached, even as books published in recent times by Dr. Dale, and Dr. Stalker, and others, contain on their own testimony the substance of their pulpit ministrations. In the Acts, we have an outline of apostolic movements, with a few summaries of their addresses, indicating their line of action, and methods of procedure ; but enough is recorded even in the Acts, as we have seen, to prove beyond all question the fidelity of the apostles to Christ crucified. They preached a suffering Saviour, they preached Him as the ransom price, purchasing the Church with His own blood. They preached the forgiveness of sins through faith in His name, knowing that He shed His blood for that very purpose. The marvellous results tabulated bear witness that they must have proclaimed Redemption through His blood. Had not Jesus been set forth as the atoning Saviour, the Holy Spirit would not have so signally sealed their labours in the conversion of souls by thousands.

If Christ is the theme of the ministry to-day, He will be preached in His offices as Prophet, Priest, and King. Especially will He be set forth in His representative character as the sinner’s Substitute, Sacrifice, and Saviour, that men may be reconciled to God. If this be so, the Atonement will have its God-assigned position. The ministry that is Christo-centric, will lead us to Calvary, and constrain the preacher to take his stand by the cross ; and, pointing to the thorn-crowned Victim hanging thereon, to cry, “Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.”

In one of the battles of the American Civil War, a young colour-bearer fell mortally wounded. Holding on to the banner-staff, he felt someone pulling at it, and heard a voice saying, “Give us the flag.” Death had blinded his vision ; he could only just speak, and he asked, “Are you friends or foes ?” The reply was, “We are friends.” “Then,” faltered the dying youth, “if you are friends, let me hold the flag till I die.” Soon he was gone ; and soon we also shall be gone. Oh, let us hold to the cross ! Let us make everything of Jesus, the soul’s only hope ; living and dying, carrying out the charge given by the beloved C. H. Spurgeon in one of his last letters, wherein he said, “Cling to the gospel of forgiveness through the substitutionary sacrifice, and spread it with all your might each one of you, for it is the only cure for bleeding hearts.” Let us keep on witnessing to small and great, as did Paul, “that Christ must needs have suffered,” to purchase us with His blood.

“Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name ;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
‘Behold, behold the Lamb !’”

Notices of Books.

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

Talks with Men, Women, and Children.

By Rev. DAVID DAVIES, Hove, Brighton. Sixth Series. Sampson Low and Co.

NINETY-THREE Talks, and not a dull one amongst them! The word "Talks" most happily describes the contents of the volume. The discourses to men and women have nothing of the pomposity of great sermons preached before a congregation, they are just pastoral, brotherly talks straight from the preacher's soul to his hearers' hearts; while the children's portion must have often proved the brightest part of the whole service. Christmas-trees, oaks, olives, vines, robins, glow-worms, and even elephants' tusks and crocodiles, have been turned to good account on Sabbath mornings at Holland Road, and useful lessons for old and young have been drawn from such mottoes as "Ich Dien!" "Domine, Dirige Nos!" "Quis Separabit?" "Semper Fidelis," etc. This volume has an additional value from the appropriate pictorial illustrations to many of the subjects; it ought, therefore, to have an even larger circulation than its five widely-scattered predecessors.

Christian Endeavour Melodies. Edited by JOHN BURNHAM. W. Nicholson and Sons.

THIS choice collection of hymns and tunes has been specially compiled for use in the Y. P. S. C. E. Both notations are combined, and words alone (2d. and 4d.), or words and music (2s. and 2s. 6d.), can be obtained either of the publishers, or from Mr. Burnham, Fern Bank, Brentford. Christian Endeavourers ought to be very grateful to our brother for having provided them with such an admirable assortment of bright and cheerful melodies, several of which are composed by himself. The standard hymns at the end of the book bring up the total to 255, and add to the usefulness of the volume.

Talks with Bunyan. By Rev. DOUGLAS THOMPSON. With Preface by ARCHIBALD G. BROWN. Stock.

WE remember the joy of the "peerless President" of the Pastors' College when his students began to appear as authors, and the hope he expressed that the College might become like the tribe of Zebulun, from which many came who handled the pen. Had he still been with us, he would have given a hearty welcome to this volume; it seems according to the fitness of things that the pastor of Bunyan Tabernacle should discourse upon the immortal dreamer. Though much has been written upon Bunyan, there was room for this work. The author has struck out a course for himself, which enables us to look at these characters from different viewpoints; and he has produced a work of considerable merit, worthy of a place amongst the rapidly-increasing Bunyan literature of the present day.

The Custle Street Pulpit for 1894.

Sermons by W. H. J. PAGE. Calne: W. A. Webb.

ANOTHER volume by "One of Our Own Men." It is not attractive in its outward appearance, but it is full of sound, solid, Scriptural teaching, plentifully and appropriately illustrated. Mr. Page furnished a large number of extracts and illustrations in Mr. Spurgeon's volumes entitled *My Sermon-Notes*; but he evidently had ample stores in reserve, and he has made good use of them in the dozen sermons here published. Preachers and hearers alike would be all the better for the perusal of these discourses, which will be sent, post free, for 1s. 6d.

"*The Heart's Ease*" Series. Four-page Letter Leaflets. By EDITH G. CHERRY. Morgan and Scott.

COMFORTING, strengthening, inspiring. Admirably suited for their purpose.

"*Weston Series.*" *Plain Points for Plain People.* By Rev. ARTHUR FINLAYSON. Stirling: Drummond's Tract Depot.

THE fervent words of an earnest soul seeking his brother's highest good; they amply justify their title. Full of good sense and good feeling.

Studies in the History of Christian Apologetics, — New Testament and Post Apostolic. By Rev. JAMES MACGREGOR, D.D. Edinburgh : T. and T. Clark.

THIS work merits all praise as the product of a scholarly, gifted, and gracious mind; and it deserves to stand, with other books from the same pen, in the foremost rank of modern Apologetic literature. Its sterling value consists in the fact that it exhumes the past, and shows the bearing of former fights and victories, — mostly forgotten in the present day, — upon the theories that now wage war with Evangelism, and which, despite their formidable air, are the direct outcome of the dragon's teeth sown in past ages, and disposed of, it was hoped, long before this generation saw the light. This is an aspect of the theological situation which is particularly displeasing to the enemy, but absolutely necessary to be known by the modern defender of Christianity. The Christian's boast, as regards his faith, concerns its antiquity; but rob the enemy of his plumes of novelty, and you take away his chief adornments, and leave him disconsolate indeed. The thought must be MODERN, for how otherwise can he glory in it? But it is not modern. As Dr. Macgregor observes:—

"Strauss and others might take it ill to be twitted with the circumstance that the learning, of which they made large display, had been borrowed without due acknowledgment from such Christian treasures as that of English Lardner's master-work. But even to the most sensitive ambition, there was nothing essentially mortifying in the historical fact, that the recent 'Theories', which have played a great part in the movement, were anticipated by English deists of last century: not only Renan's, which, at bottom, is only old vulgar infidelity in a new dress, but also the mythic theory which made Strauss famous, and even (on the part of one who was supposed to be not quite sane) Baur's peculiar 'theory' of primeval Christian history."

To understand the age in which we live, the forces now at work either in

the creation or decay of faith, the past must be made luminous; and when this is done, by the touch of a master-hand, then it is found that there is no new thing under the sun save the old, old gospel.

Studies on the Christian Evidences, being Apologetics for the Times. By ALEXANDER MAIR, D.D. Edinburgh : T. and T. Clark.

A THOROUGHLY nineteenth-century book, in every respect up to date, but reflecting, somewhat more than we care for, the spirit of concession which, in the present day, is the passport to respectability in certain quarters. This applies especially (1) to the insistence given to the notion that science must rule in its own domain even where that domain is overlapped by Scripture; (2) to the quarter shown to the theory of Evolution which, though admittedly an unverified hypothesis, has yet, by anticipation, room provided in these pages for its reception when furnished with the stamp of scientific authority, as if the mere theistic character of the causality underlying Evolution was sufficient in itself to justify such an attitude; and (3) to the chapter on Inspiration and Revelation (a chapter which might, indeed, be worse, though we wish it were better), where the author's view seems to be that the Bible is authoritative simply in the religious sphere, and that "where, in the course of the narrative, it does require to touch on such external matters (those, namely, affecting the different branches of science), it simply does so in the current language and forms of the age, without meaning to affirm either that they are right or that they are wrong."

While calling attention to these points, which are, to our eyes, blemishes rather than beauty spots, we gladly recognize that this book is, in the main, what it claims to be, "a common-sense" exposition of Christian Evidences. *In form*, this able and lucid work is altogether to our mind, though not always so *in substance*; perhaps, it savours too much of common-sense, and errs by too great an infusion of "sweet reasonableness." It would have been a better and more

valuable book had it possessed less of the scent and flavour of modern theological fashion.

Christian Doctrine: a Series of Discourses. By R. W. DALE, LL.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE scheme of doctrine considered in these discourses deals with the Existence of God, the two-fold nature of Christ, the nature and mission of the Comforter, the Trinity, Man, Sin, and the Atonement. We cannot say that we see eye to eye with the author on every point. It is true, as Dr. Dale affirms, "that God's existence is made certain to us, not by reasoning, but by experience," but why is not this experience,—supernatural in its character, decisive in its sanctifying effects, and overwhelming in its glory,—portrayed in words that burn? It has been well said that "The grand revelation comes direct from the divine mind to our mind, from the divine heart to our heart." Dr. Dale goes backward and forward in this matter, and altogether fails to emphasize the majesty, the grace, and the inexpressible splendours attaching to the true knowledge of God.

Still more unsatisfactory is the teaching given as to our Lord's humanity. One might almost suppose, from this exposition, that there were two natures in two persons, instead of in one Person; for Dr. Dale holds that Christ was intellectually under the same limitations as ourselves. Thus, we are told that, when he was approaching the fig-tree, "He did not know, any more than Peter and John knew, whether there were any figs on the tree until He came near enough to examine it; and then He found that there were none" (p. 61). In like manner, our Lord's question to His disciples, "How many loaves have ye?" is made to imply His ignorance. Comment is needless. Perhaps, when Dr. Dale again preaches on this subject, he will explain why our Lord did not once use words of limitation. He never said, "I think," or, "I imagine," or, "I suppose," or, "I reckon," or, "I hope," or, "I remember," or, "I forget." How was He able, if He had limitations such

as ours, constantly to dispense with expressions that are daily indispensable to us?

In discussing these points, we have exhausted our space; but it should be said that, while we strongly disapprove of portions of this work, there are other parts with which we heartily agree.

(This notice was printed before Dr. Dale's lamented decease; but we insert it as it was written, as it expresses the reviewer's unbiassed opinion.—*Editor.*)

Parochial Sermons. By Rev. H. W. DEARDEN, M.A., late Vicar of Southborough, Kent. Elliot Stock.

THESE sermons are simple in structure, direct in aim, and evidently the outflow of an earnest spirit. The object of the preacher is not so much to expound doctrine as to apply it, bringing the truth home to the conscience, and comparing it with the life. It cannot be doubted that, in connection with a Church where the name "Christian" covers much that is loose and indeterminate (and this is becoming increasingly the case everywhere), such sermons as these are calculated to bring the hearers to their bearings, and to destroy a religious confidence that is vain. Mr. Dearden is not a rhetorician, or, in any respect, an ambitious preacher; but (we speak metaphorically) he preaches with a fan in his hand. Would that there were more of such preachers!

What is the Gospel? By Rev. P. B. POWER, M.A., and other writers. "Home Words" Publishing Office.

THIS work is a symposium to which many present-day clergymen are contributors. The voices are many, but the witness borne is one. In the answers returned, there is nothing loose, or indecisive, or *ultra*. The voices agree in saying:—"It is not Christ and the Church, or Christ and the priest, but Christ alone for salvation. Neither Church, minister, nor sacraments are ever conditions of receiving Christ." May this excellent little book, Evangelical to the core, pass from hand to hand, and from heart to heart!

The People's Bible. Volume XXIV. Romans—Galatians. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. Hazell, Watson, and Viney.

ANOTHER volume of this colossal Bible-work, which now hurries to its completion. There seems to be no limit to Dr. Parker's freshness of thought and treatment. He never prosed, but is always alert, and packed to the full with originality and suggestiveness. All the features that have secured for previous volumes their enthusiastic welcome are here seen, and will ensure for this one a similar greeting. If there be a drawback, it is that a sense of eager haste to get the remaining volumes finished has compelled the preacher to pass by many critical and important passages in these wondrous Epistles. For example, the Epistle to the Romans, which deserves a whole volume to itself, has only sixteen brief discourses, with never a single one on the ninth chapter, with its vast and far-reaching problems; even on the magnificent eighth chapter, there are only two homilies. But when all this is regarded, still, what there is is precious both in strength of matter and forcefulness of method. Speaking on the preaching of "Christ crucified", Dr. Parker finely says:—

"Paul's subject was not only Jesus Christ, but Jesus Christ crucified. *Many persons would get rid of the last word if they could.* Paul never sought to get rid of it: he magnified it, he glorified it. He did not preach Jesus Christ the Socialist, Jesus Christ the Theorist, Jesus Christ the Wonder, Jesus Christ either a prospective or a retrospective Aristotle, or Plato, or Socrates. Paul preached, morning, noon, and night, Christ on the cross, Christ crucified, Christ shedding His blood that men might not die. We can make no gospel out of any other word than 'crucified.'"

The Mystic Secret, and other Sermons. By JAMES LEWIS. C. H. Kelly.

THOSE who expect to find anything here upon "Mysticism", or much upon "the mystery of the gospel",

will be disappointed. The sermons, being upon Christian living, are more ethical than mystical. The first is upon Contentment, and is based upon Lightfoot's paraphrase of Phil. iv. 11, 12, wherein Paul is said "to have been initiated in the never-failing mystery, and to possess the true secret of life." The rest of the discourses have no relation to the title of the volume. In their line, they are good; but we believe in a better line, in which the doctrinal, the experimental, and the practical are blended in due proportion.

There is much that is excellent in this work, but we must take exception to the statements that "every man is a child of God," and that "the minister's work resembles that of Scott's 'Old Mortality', who removed moss and dirt, and made clear and distinct the inscriptions on the tombs of saints and martyrs." We have not so read Scripture; our Lord still declares, "Ye must be born again." The "old mortality" in us must receive the sentence of death, and the Spirit of Christ must be imparted before it is possible to live the Christ-life. The author seems to draw a fanciful distinction between being a child of God and a son of God, which will not stand the test of the Infallible Word. Little is said here of the atonement; and no wonder, for if all are the children of God, what need is there for an atonement?

First Things First. By Rev. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

SIXTEEN sermons or addresses to young men on the first principles of the Christian life,—full of freshness, force, and manly vigour. We should demur to some of the author's positions, e.g., as to being a true Christian without a belief in Christ's Divinity (p. 41); as to "the blessed results" (!) of the Oxford movement (p. 199); or the moral infallibility of the Bible as distinct from plenary inspiration (p. 218). Apart from these blemishes, this is a book for young men to read, to master, and to lend or give to such as stumble in their search for Truth.

Lessons from God's Flower Garden. By Rev. W. M. WHITEMORE, D.D. George Stoneman.

A FEW of the many "Flower Sermons" delivered to young people by the late beloved Editor of *Sunshine*, at St. Katherine Cree Church, Leadenhall Street. It was a good work to collect these addresses into a volume; the whole series ought to be published, for they are as fresh and interesting as little children, and as fragrant as the flowers in which the preacher so much delighted.

John the Baptist. By Rev. J. ELDER CUMMING, D.D. *Reality.* By Rev. J. T. WRENFORD. Marshall Brothers.

HERE are Vols. VIII. and IX. of "The Keswick Library," as rich in gospel truth as they are tasteful in style. In saying these are worthy of their predecessors, we ensure a welcome for them in many Christian homes. May they be as messengers of God to longing hearts! As Mr. Wrenford was used of God to help Miss Havergal to her last five-and-a-half years of glorious life and service, his words may be helpful to others still; we trust they will.

Infant Baptism. By Rev. A. E. BARNES-LAWRENCE, M.A. Marshall Brothers.

THIS fierce philippic, from the pen of so esteemed a man, is a strong attack on the Baptist position. Its strength, however, is in assertion more than in argument, as on page 39:—"In fact, Baptism, as now universally practised by the Baptists, is not to be found in the whole New Testament." After this, it is a little refreshing to read:—"To sow division and separation among brethren on a point as to which Scripture is absolutely silent, seems to me almost unpardonable" (page 53). Our author says (page 7):—"It is clear that the New Testament itself gives no decisive utterance upon the subject either one way or the other. If it did, there would be an end of the controversy." We reply that Scripture utterance is clear and decisive enough, if men would but listen to its voice and obey, instead

of citing, as the writer does, "the voice of the Church" (page 74), and scraps from the Fathers (pages 76-8).

Without following the inferences and traditions of the worthy vicar, we may remind him of the Baptist herald of our Lord, of our Saviour's own baptism, of the Great Commission, and of every Apostolic baptism recorded. Since these were all immersions of professed disciples (save our Lord Himself when thirty years of age), we understand the force of Ephesians iv. 5, "There is . . . one baptism." When our friend takes the babe to "baptize", or rather "rhantize", is not he the sanctioner of "two baptisms"? No, no, Mr. Barnes-Lawrence, you are a brother beloved in Christian faith and love and service; but here you attribute silence where Scripture speaks plainly, and blame Baptist brethren, because they are not mystified by attempting to be loyal to a "Baptismal Service" out of joint with the Word of God. We are sorry you seem so angry with the Baptists; but your quarrel is not with them, so much as with their Master and His written Law. Meantime, whilst we *must* obey our King, we also add, "Let brotherly love continue."

An admirable antidote to the errors in the above work is supplied by the booklet (6d. and 1s.) entitled, *Why I Abandoned Infant Baptism*, by Rev. J. MOUNTAIN (Partridge and Co.). In the preface, by the Rev. Charles Stirling, it is truly said that "the baptism (sprinkling) of unconscious babes is now the *root error* upon which is based that soul-destroying sacramental and sacerdotal system against which, in these days of superstition, we are called on to contend to the death."

Jewels in the Breastplate: an Emblem of Christ's Heart. By F. J. WILLIAMS. Partridge and Co.

A Dainty little book, whose pages sparkle with holy thoughts as bright as the jewels of which they speak. Here is a well-filled storehouse of treasures for a single shilling.

"*The Ascent of Man*," Its Note of Theology. By the Rev. PRINCIPAL HUTTON, D.D. Alexander Gardner, 26, Paternoster Square. (1s. net.)

So many religious teachers have been content to join in the chorus of acclamation which has greeted Professor Drummond's recent book, that it is refreshing to find a strong man raising a note of protest. Dr. Hutton is Principal of the United Presbyterian College, Edinburgh, and this shilling pamphlet contains his opening lecture, delivered on October 16th, 1894. Happy are the students who listen to such a lecturer! The Principal has been well advised in publishing his lecture, for it is worthy of a much larger audience than that which first heard it. It is, as its title implies, a searching examination of *The Ascent of Man* from the theological standpoint; and every careful reader of Drummond's book must admit with Dr. Hutton that it gives "an inadequate view of Christianity", that "the Christianity of this book is A MENTS QUANTITY, without any recognized presence of sin or retribution, and therefore without any distinctive Remedial or Redeeming character."

The pamphlet abounds in crisp, terse, telling sentences, as, for example, "Are God and Nature, after all, but dynamic equations? or is Nature, if not the Be-all, the Do-all of God?" Again, "The tone of much of the language of the book is to make Science, so-called, Umpire, and Master, and Patron. But Christianity will not be patronized. It is not at the bar. Men judge Christianity, but Christianity judges them." Again, interpreting Drummond's demand for a "Universal Religion which Science could accept" as meaning that, if Christianity "will only be amenable to human theory, and be content to be the highest piece of Nature, a *concordat* may be established between the wisdom of the world and the ways and thoughts of God in Christ," Dr. Hutton grandly says, "This cannot be. Jesus knows no compromise. Every knee must bow to Him."

Very heartily do we commend the pamphlet to all who are in danger of being fascinated and led astray by

Professor Drummond's brilliant but baneful book.

The Government of God in relation to the Evolution of Man. By WILLIAM WOODS SMYTH. New and Revised Edition. Elliot Stock.

WE consider this an able book by a strong thinker, albeit we do not agree with his main thesis. There are three kinds of Evolutionists, the Atheistic, the Agnostic, and the Theistic. Mr. Woods Smyth is a Theistic Evolutionist, and he has some strong things to say in refutation of Agnosticism; but we are not convinced that Evolution, even in the sense for which he pleads, is yet established. He considers that Scientific Evolution best explains the Bible account of creation, contending that the Bible says nothing about the *mode* of creating, and claiming that such passages as "God formed man of the dust of the ground," and "the first man is of the earth, earthy," etc., prove that Adam was produced by "natural descent" in the Darwinian fashion; yet, by a singular inconsistency of interpretation, he takes literally the creation of Eve, and of the animals brought to Adam to be named!

The main object of this work is to show that God's Government of Man, as revealed in the Bible, including the whole remedial system, is in perfect accord with the principles of Evolution. The book is a singular amalgam of the scientific philosophy of Herbert Spencer, and the theology of Professor Finney. In the course of his reasoning, Mr. Smyth says many striking things, and many beautiful things; but he also says many strange, and to our thinking, unscriptural things, as, e.g., when he tries to reconcile Calvinism and Arminianism, or when he confounds Justification with Regeneration, etc. As may be surmised, the book runs somewhat on the lines of Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*; indeed, Mr. Smyth, in his preface to the second edition, distinctly charges Professor Drummond with appropriating, without acknowledgment, some of his ideas; and accuses him, in his latest book, *The Ascent of Man*, of "barefaced" plagiarism from Herbert Spencer!

Notes.

MRS. SPURGEON will be very grateful if she can be relieved from all correspondence during the month of April. The strain of her work has been so great for a long time that she must obtain at least temporary rest in order to gain strength for renewed service afterwards. Will all applicants for Book Fund grants kindly give special heed to this request?

PASTOR CHARLES SPURGEON reports his health as much better, and sends information concerning the commencement of his evangelistic campaign in South Africa, together with a list of engagements so far as they were arranged up to the time of writing. The last place he names is Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, where various English papers have erroneously announced his acceptance of the pastorate. He is introducing the Text Union wherever he goes; and, as the home register of members on the 14th ult. had reached 9,350, probably by this time not less than 10,000 friends in various parts of the world are greeting one another with the "Text for to-day, please." It would be a source of great joy to Mr. Charles Spurgeon if he could induce *all* our readers to adopt the Text Bond.

PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON kept remarkably well during the very severe weather of the winter; but the break-up of the frost brought to him, as to many more, the mysterious malady which goes by the name of "influenza." He was, however, only kept out of the pulpit two Sabbaths; and, though still weak, preached twice on Lord's-day, March 10, and presided at the great communion service in the Tabernacle. On the following Thursday evening, the Pastor delivered a special discourse on behalf of the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews, and from that date resumed the full duties of his ministry. The Conference of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association, which is to commence on April 29, will necessarily impose a heavy burden of responsibility upon Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, and we therefore beg all our believing readers earnestly to remember him in their prayers.

One of the latest victims of influenza, and one who will be greatly missed by many friends, and those whom he has so generously helped, is *Mr. Thomas Greenwood*, the father of our friend, Pastor Thomas Greenwood, of Catford, and of Mr. B. I. Greenwood, the president of the Cornwall Road Mission, Brixton. Some months ago, a serious illness threatened to terminate the valuable and useful life which was precious to so many; but the blow at last was sudden and severe, and "he was not, for God took him." For many years, Mr.

Greenwood was one of the deacons of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and his services were invaluable to the late beloved Pastor, especially in the financial matters of which he was such a complete master. Although he resigned the diaconate several years ago, and latterly resided at Keston, he retained his membership and sittings to the last. It was therefore appropriate that Pastor Thomas Spurgeon should take part in the funeral service at Catford Hill Baptist Chapel, at which Pastor John Wilson, of Woolwich, presided. With the bereaved widow, sons, daughters, and all mourning relatives, we have the sincerest sympathy, for in their loss we have a share; yet with them we rejoice that all is for ever well with the beloved one.

COLLEGE.—Mr. F. W. J. Butler, one of the students, has recently matriculated at the London University in the second division.

The following brethren have removed:—Mr. John Stanley, from Semley, to Coate, Oxfordshire; Mr. F. T. White, from Faversham, to Stogumber, Somersetshire; and Mr. J. G. Gibson, from Chico, to Bartlett Street, San Francisco, U.S.A.

C. H. SPURGEON'S EVANGELISTS.—Concerning *Mr. Burnham's* mission at Stow-in-the-Wold, Pastor F. E. Blackaby says:—

"It is a real pleasure to write you a line or two about Mr. Burnham's visit to us. My people took to heart his early advice to get much to their knees, and we had a fortnight's special pleading for a blessing, and in answer to our supplications the Lord brought our good brother among us, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith. You will not, therefore, be surprised to hear that the meetings grew in size and interest from the first, and, through the kindness and self-sacrifice of our brother (for news came that Mrs. Burnham was very ill with influenza), we were able to continue the mission two days longer than we had intended; and were able to finish up with a largely-attended tea, followed by a thanksgiving and praise meeting. At this gathering, Mr. Burnham read a dozen brief letters that had been sent to him; ten of the writers attributed their conversion to his visit. We shall all remember his stay here with pleasure and gratitude, and we cherish the hope of seeing him among us again, for he has convinced us that God has well qualified him to 'do the work of an evangelist,' and *he does it.*"

The illness of Mrs. Burnham prevented our brother from fulfilling his next engagement; but, providentially, *Mr. Pilling*, who recently conducted two missions as Mr. Harmer's deputy, was still at liberty, so he took Mr. Burnham's place, with much acceptance, at Repton and Willington.

From April 2 to 12, the evangelist has promised to be at Barton Fabis and neighbourhood, and from April 13 to 15, at Miss Watney's Hall, South Croydon.

Mrs. Crosher writes from Melton Mowbray:—"We deeply regretted Mr. Harmer's illness and absence; he has had our sincere sympathy. We have been most grateful for your kindness in sending Mr. Pilling amongst us; please accept our best thanks. Truly, we have had a most refreshing and blessed time. The intensely cold weather and illness prevented many from being with us; but I believe those who were present will have to bless God throughout eternity for the mission, for while some have been strengthened and helped, others have found the Saviour."

Mr. Harmer was able to undertake his promised mission, from February 24 to March 10, at Auckland Hall, West Norwood. We have had from Mr. T. W. Stoughton an exceedingly favourable opinion of the evangelist's qualifications for his work, and a most cheering report of the services conducted by him. Believers have been edified, backsliders restored, and sinners saved, while the general operations of the Auckland Hall Mission have received an encouraging stimulus. Mr. Stoughton's generous contribution to the C. H. SPURGEON'S EVANGELISTS' FUND is a substantial proof of his appreciation of Mr. Harmer's labours.

Our brother's next engagement, from March 17 to 25, was at Ross, Herefordshire; from March 31 to April 8, he is to be at Alfreton, Derbyshire; and from April 12 to 28, at Millom, Cumberland.

ORPHANAGE.—The quarterly meeting of collectors was held on *Tuesday evening, March 5*, Mr. John Chown presiding. We are glad to report a cheering increase in the numbers attending, and the enrolment of new collectors. These meetings never fail in interest: the part of the programme rendered by the children themselves being always much appreciated. Addresses were given by the chairman, who greatly resembles his honoured father, the late Rev. J. P. Chown; and by Professor McCaig, of the Pastors' College, who spoke upon a theme suggested by the head-master, "Urge the friends, for every sake, to continue to help the Orphanage." The President and Mr. T. H. Olney also addressed the meeting.

The first section of the West of England tour included visits to High Wycombe, Oxford, Faringdon, Swindon, Trowbridge, Bath, Bristol, and Weston-super-Mare. In every place, the friends worked with a will for the Institution, and, despite the severe weather, the meetings were well attended, and the results most gratifying. It is proposed to resume the tour, and to include the following places:—March 29, Brixham; March 30 to April 1, Plymouth and Devonport; April 2, Truro; April 3,

Penzance; April 4, Hayle; April 5, Helston; April 6-8, Falmouth; April 9, St. Austell; and April 10, Taunton. Will friends kindly note these fixtures, and refer to local bills for the arrangements?

COLPORTAGE.—Our secretary, Mr. W. Corden Jones, has not yet been able to resume his office duties. From Ventnor he writes:—"I am conscientiously doing my best to regain lost power, and you may rely upon my return at the first hour possible."

This month we are sorry to find a great falling off in our General Fund, which is really the mainstay of the work. With the welcome change in the weather, we hope there will also be a speedy change here, especially as we are about to make up our balance-sheet for the year.

Mr. Beer, of Greenwich, one of our colporteurs, reports:—"My sales in December last reached £35, and in February £22. Through storm, snow, and ice, and very much distress, God has led me on, and given me much blessing and help. I shall never forget the personal kindness of my late superintendent, Pastor Charles Spurgeon. His dear father's sermons are sold here as much as ever, and are relished by the people as much as their Sunday's dinner." This good brother is greatly cheered by the loving help and kindness he receives from the friends at Greenwich.

Contributions and all communications to be sent to W. Corden Jones, Colportage Association, Temple Street, St. George's Road, Southwark, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—eleven.

PERSONAL NOTES, BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.—The Lord is touching His people's hearts in a very remarkable manner, and moving them to send me help in the work of translating dear Mr. Spurgeon's sermons and books into foreign tongues. A glance at the list of donations for this special purpose, in the fund "For General Use in the Work of the Lord," will show how much interest is taken in this particular and important service. My "Personal Notes" this month must largely consist of information as to the details of the separate efforts, for those who entrust me with the means of carrying out these plans, ought to know as much as I can tell them of the work being done.

Popular favour evidently runs in the direction of *Liefland*, and this is doubtless the Lord's doing, for He has not only opened the people's ears "to hear the joyful sound," but, in His mercy, has so signally prepared the way for the printed messages, that we should indeed be blameworthy, did we not eagerly seize the blessed opportunity of speeding them to every part of the land. There were three "Somebodies" who lovingly responded to my appeal for

£10; (God bless them all three, and give them a hundred-fold reward !), but as the first one who sent the money had, of course, the joy of helping with the first edition of *Farm Sermons*, the two "Somebody-elses" kindly allowed me to use their generous gifts for the publication of more of dear Mr. Spurgeon's works in Lettish.

And you will see, by the letter I have transcribed for you, how splendidly this all fits in with what the Lord has put it into Mr. Frey's heart to do. Please note the delightful incident of the arrival of "Somebody's" £10 as a direct and immediate answer to prayer, and the grand faith of the dear men of God, who sent the book to be printed *before* receiving the money. Mr. Frey says:—"Dear Mrs. Spurgeon,—I am convinced that you have much opportunity to see how wonderfully the Lord does answer prayer, but, nevertheless, I cannot help telling you what the Lord has done with dear Mr. Spurgeon's *Farm Sermons*. After I had asked you for the £10, I did give the manuscript to the printer. The book was ready to publish, except the putting on the price at the last page, which is the custom in Lettish literature. When I received *The Scord and the Trowel* of February, and read your appeal for the £10, I did not know what to do. Should I print the full price,—sixty copecks,—or have faith to believe God would send the £10 through you, and so the people could have it for forty copecks?

At that time there was a fellow-worker with me, so we did pray very earnestly, and we both felt we must trust the Lord to help, and we put it at the lower price. To-day, the first copies of the book came from the binders, and, as I was unpacking them on my table, I did receive your kind letter, with the cheque for £10! To the Lord be thanks for His help and mercy! I am convinced that the book will be much blessed; and now it is so cheap, our poor people, who are longing for it, can buy it."

Mr. Frey goes on to say that he hopes soon to commence the translation of *Morning and Evening Daily Readings*, and I shall be able to help considerably with these, through the generous response to my previous appeal. Mr. Frey has himself greatly benefited by the Daily Portions, so it will indeed be a labour of love to render them into his native tongue. My soul blesses the Lord for the favour with which He regards this work, and the singular success which He grants to every distribution of Lettish translations. My friend, Mr. Kilburn, is also greatly rejoicing over it; he says, in a recent letter from St. Petersburg:—"It is a real joy to me to see that you are beginning the issue of cheap books in Lettish. The idea is a capital one. The people are very poor, and could not buy a book, however much they might love it, if it were not sold at a very low price. But if so sold, they will try to buy it, and will value it all the more, and perhaps read it

with all the more interest. I hope you will find many to help you in this grand work for the Lord's kingdom."

Last month, I intimated that there was a prospect of some of dear Mr. Spurgeon's sermons being translated and published in the Telugu language, and now I am pleased to give further details. From "The Mission Boat, Kolair Lake, India," a letter came to me, asking for help in the work. It was written by a Canadian Baptist missionary, who claims to be "to a slight extent" an old student, because, for a few months in 1875, he "had the joy of hearing the beloved President address his students on Friday afternoons." He says, very kindly:—"Your Personal Notes," in *The Scord and the Trowel*, seem like so many letters to your friends, and you must not be surprised if you receive answers occasionally.' I am only too pleased to enlarge my circle of Christian friendship in this way: it is a source of much joy to me, and I greatly appreciate the fact, that our dear Magazine has not only travelled into these remote regions, but has been welcomed with love, and read with special blessing.

The writer of the letter is deeply interested in the work of translating the sermons, and very desirous that the people under his charge should participate in its benefits. Certainly there is a wide field for the scattering of the precious messages, and a waiting multitude of people who would be blessed by their perusal. You shall hear what my correspondent says about them, and then you will commend me, I am sure, for employing your gifts in the furtherance of so excellent a service when the right time comes. "You must have heard, dear Mrs. Spurgeon," writes Mr. Craig, "of the great hosts of converts the Lord has given in this district (Godavari). I am happy to say we have about 2,000 members in the country, between the Kistna and Godavari rivers; of these, about 1,600 are under my care. The country is intersected by irrigation canals, many of which are navigable; and I have this lake, which I believe is the largest fresh-water lake in India, to tour over. Our work extends beyond the river, away North-east to the limits of the Telugu country, nearly as far as Berhampore, and I think there are about 1,000 more members scattered over that stretch of land, with twelve stations, occupied by a fair force of Missionaries. Will you help us to give your dear husband's sermons to these eager and waiting people?"

I have written to intimate my willingness to share in the expenses of translation, and now await further news. Concerning this work, a friend says:—"Christian people do not seem to realize the mighty influence they can exert in this way, in almost every land. If they wake up to the fact, they will give more generously than they have ever done before, towards the translation of dear Mr. Spurgeon's sermons."

I have something new and good to tell you from India. A few years ago, Mr. Chowwryappah, the pastor of the Madras Native Baptist Church, wrote to my dear husband, asking his permission to translate *Evening by Evening* into Tamil. This was given in the following words:—"The more of my works you translate, the more indebted I shall be to you." Thus encouraged, the good man applied himself to the task, and when completed, printed and published the book at his own expense. He sent a copy to Mr. Spurgeon, who then promised him help in issuing *Morning by Morning* when ready. 'I bless God that, through the kindness of those who entrust me with means for this purpose, I am able to fulfil my dear one's promise. I have sent Mr. Chowwryappah £5 towards the expenses, as he is unable to bear all the charges of such a work again. From *The Madras Times* I quote an exceedingly favourable review of the first book, and it is a cheering guarantee that the second volume will prove as faithful and true a reproduction of the precious words in another language:—"It has been, for a long time, a desire, nay, a rage, on the part of Tamil Native Christians, to have some of Mr. Spurgeon's well-known books translated into their own tongue; so they hail the production of this volume with unqualified delight. The translation is able, because precise. The thoughts and figures of the original work are retained with the least possible modification; and the great worth of the volume before us is that, while it is easy and intelligible to the mass of the people, it loses none of its classic interest to the educated few. The book all through is marked by a clear flowing style, as well as by a very felicitous power of expression, and we can only hope that the translation of the sister volume, *Morning by Morning*, may be undertaken by the same able and kindly hand."

Mr. Burnham kindly sent me a brief account of a conversation which took place between a fellow-traveller and himself during a railway journey. I think it will interest you as much as it cheered me. He says:—"I happened, on a journey to London, to travel in company with a Wesleyan minister. As soon as he found out who I was, he warmed up at once. 'Ah! that dear Mr. Spurgeon,' he said, 'he was almost a prophet! When I was quite a lad, in my country home on the border of Wales, I heard that "young Spurgeon" was to preach in the Market Hall of Merthyr Tydvil. With others, I went. Boy-like, a few of us managed to get near the entrance as he was leaving, so as to "have a good look at him." Judge of my surprise and pleasure when he stopped for an instant, looked me full in the face, laid his hand on my shoulder, and in passing me, said, "God bless you, my boy, and make you a preacher of His blessed gospel!"

At that time, I was not even converted, so one may guess how far such an idea was from my mind; but I never lost the impression of that touch and prayer, and, in the light of my later history, I regard his words almost as a prophecy!" Mr. Burnham adds:—"I think I have given the sweet little story *verbatim*, as it was told to me. *Laus Deo!*" And thus, dear readers, I give it to you, joining fervently in the ascription of praise to our gracious God.

"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give Me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water."
—John iv. 10.

O weary Man, footsore and sorrowful, sitting thus on the well, asking a draught of water at the hands of a poor sinful woman,—Thou art my Lord and my Redeemer. I believe in Thee, I love Thee, I worship Thee!

Nearly two thousand years have passed since Thou didst speak the sweet words which are now comforting my heart, yet with what power, and solace, and blessing, do they come to me at this moment!

"If thou knewest." Lord, Thou hast told me who Thou art, Thou hast in mercy revealed Thyself to me, I know Thee to be that blessed "*gift of God*" which alone can save, and satisfy my soul. The depth and compass of heavenly love are manifested in Thee, and Thou hast shown me, not my need only, but the sufficiency of Thy grace and power to meet it!

I am an empty sinner, Thou art a full Christ!

"Thou wouldest have asked." This, too, O blessed One, Thou hast taught me and enabled me to do; and my heart's constant cry, "Lord, give me this living water," is familiar to Thy listening ears! It is *Thyself* I want; Lord, "my soul thirsteth after Thee, as a thirsty land." Not Thy gifts, nor Thy grace, nor even Thy glory, could satisfy the desire of a soul which Thou hast made to long for *Thyself*. Thou, the Giver of all other precious things, art Thyself the choicest, the "unspeakable" gift! Lord, into the thirst of my empty heart, pour the full stream of Thy living love! Give me Thyself, or I die!

And, having asked, I believe that Thou dost give, for Thine own lips have said it, "*He would have given,*" and I whisper softly to myself, the blessed words, "*Who loved me, and gave Himself for me,*" realising the sacred, overflowing joy of pardoned sin, and peace with God, filling and satisfying my soul.

So dear Lord, my spirit, like a weary bird, folds her wings, beside this sweet well-spring of comfort, creeps into this blessed "*Cleft of the Rock,*" and is at rest.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
J. B. C.	1	0	0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Pastor E. Ashton	0	5	0	Feb. 17	7	3	6
Pastor Isaac Near	0	5	0	„ 24	18	9	0
Mr. Connold	1	5	0	Mar. 3	17	7	0
Collection at Queen's Road Baptist				„ 10	17	7	6
Chapel, Wallington, per Pastor J. E.					63	7	0
Jasper	1	10	0				
Mr. C. J. Whittuck Rabbits	10	10	0		£79	15	6
Collected by Miss Jephse	1	0	0				
Mr. R. Brazil	2	0	0	Amount of £8, acknowledged for Pastors'			
Pastor Charles L. Gordon	0	5	0	College last month, from Miss Watts, West			
Mr. W. Pitcher	1	1	0	Croydon Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. A. Spur-			
Pastor J. R. Cooper	0	5	0	geon, should have been for Pastors' College			
Rev. R. J. Beechiff	0	2	6	Missionary Association.			

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
H. McS., widow's mite	0	5	0	H. H., per Pastor T. Spurgeon	0	10	0
Wm. and J. E. M.	0	10	0	East Finchley Baptist Chapel Sunday-			
C. N.	0	5	0	school, per Pastor J. J. Bristow	14	6	7
Contribution from Beulah Baptist					£21	16	7
Chapel, Thornton Heath, per Miss							
Fenner	6	0	0				

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. Bradley	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. D. Hawkins (Messrs.			
Mrs. Key	1	1	0	Clements & Newlings, Ticket Writers) 2	4	9	
Mr. John White	1	0	0	Mr. L. Hiley	1	0	0
Mr. J. H. Jones	1	0	0	Miss Drake	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Slodden	0	2	6	Mr. C. Schultz	1	1	0
Miss W. Alison and friends	1	10	0	Mr. F. J. Collier	2	2	0
"Inasmuch," E. S.	0	1	0	Collected by Mrs. Bellyse	0	14	8
Mr. T. Pattison	0	5	0	Mr. Bottein... ..	0	2	6
Collected by Miss E. Allen	0	2	0	J. B. C.	1	0	0
Postal order, Nottingham	1	0	0	Per Mr. J. P. Morris:—			
Per Mr. L. J. Taylor:—				Mr. C. Carter	0	1	6
Mrs. Morgan	0	2	0	Master W. T. Morris	0	1	6
Mr. Morgan	0	1	0	Miss E. McGrath... ..	0	6	8
Mrs. Taylor... ..	0	2	0	Collected by Mrs. Funnel	0	4	2
				Eastgate Baptist Sunday-			
S. E. A. L.	0	5	0	school	1	8	2
Collected by Mrs. E. Stevens—							
Trowbridge	5	1	0	A young man, per Pastor U. Slater	0	4	0
Other places	7	9	6	Mrs. Shinn	0	10	0
	12	10	6	Mrs. Watts	4	0	0
Mr. A. Young	0	2	0	Mr. J. C. Henderson	0	5	0
Mr. B. Nicholson	1	1	0	Mr. D. Stewart	1	0	0
Mrs. Edwards	0	6	0	A. R.	0	5	0
Mr. J. H. Biggs	0	15	0	Collected by Mrs. J. T. Crosher	12	0	0
Collected by Master G. Soddy	0	12	6	Mrs. Bolton... ..	0	5	0
Mr. D. Smith	4	4	0	Collected by Mr. W. Dixon	0	12	6
Stumps, Liverpool	0	1	0	Collected by Miss Potts	0	10	0
Mr. F. G. Barnes	0	3	0	G. E., Northampton	0	10	0
Tithe offering	10	0	0	Collected by Mrs. J. A. James	1	14	2
Leathersellers' Company, per Mr.				Mrs. Ellis' children	0	1	0
W. A. Hepburn... ..	10	10	0	A. S. Mc.	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Smith	1	10	0	Mr. S. H. Perriam	0	10	0
Mr. M. Dobson	0	3	0	Mr. W. Runciman, per Mrs. J. A.			
Collected by Miss E. Davie	1	5	0	Spurgeon... ..	3	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
W. I. ...	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. Jas. Friend, sen. ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Laidlaw ...	0	10	0	Collected by Mr. G. B. Vanheson ...	1	1	0
Mr. S. Brooks ...	0	10	0	Collected by Miss Jackson ...	0	16	0
T. Grundy (Orphan boy's card) ...	0	4	3	Collected by Miss Daisy Bond ...	0	15	0
Mrs. Critchell, per Mr. G. Hicks ...	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Coppin ...	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. G. Hicks ...	2	1	0	J. E. F. S. ...	19	0	0
Mr. A. Wilson ...	1	0	0	Collected by Miss Slipper ...	0	2	0
Collected by Mr. S. E. White ...	0	16	0	Collected by Mrs. Hoskins ...	0	6	0
Collected by Mrs. Wheeler ...	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Firth ...	0	3	0
Mrs. Harvey ...	2	0	0	Mrs. Thirza Haynes ...	10	0	0
Rev. J. G. Potter, Agra ...	0	10	0	A reader of "The Sword and the			
J. G. Bristol ...	0	1	0	Trowel" ...	2	2	0
Mrs. E. Dives ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Allmeyer ...	0	5	0
"Value received" ...	0	10	0	Mrs. A. Harris ...	0	2	6
Mr. A. Goodenham ...	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Perry ...	0	5	1
Mr. H. Foster ...	0	3	0	Collected by Mrs. Fromow ...	0	13	0
Stamps, Market Harboro' ...	0	0	6	Collected by Mr. A. H. Bullman ...	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Lloyd ...	1	1	0	Collected by Miss F. Jeffery ...	0	7	0
Collected by Miss E. Cubitt ...	1	4	0	Collected by Mr. H. S. Green ...	0	3	3
Collected by Mrs. Hawthorne ...	1	0	0	Collected by Miss M. Collins ...	0	17	0
Mrs. Darling ...	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. M. Pilgrim ...	0	2	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Vincent ...	0	10	0	Collected by Miss E. Price ...	0	13	0
W. G. D. ...	0	10	0	Collected by Mr. E. E. Kerry ...	0	5	0
Mrs. G. Rees ...	0	18	8	Collected by Miss P. Luscombe ...	0	5	0
Miss C. Coleman ...	1	0	0	Collected by Miss E. Howard ...	0	1	6
Mr. J. Riley ...	0	1	0	Collected by Mrs. Gale Smith ...	0	10	0
Collected by H. H. K. ...	0	13	0	Collected by Mr. A. Colley ...	0	10	0
H. H. K. ...	1	0	0	Park Chapel Mothers' Mission, Brent-			
Collected by Mrs. Rayner ...	0	7	2	ford, per Mrs. Wenham ...	0	14	6
Mr. Jas. Clark ...	50	0	0	Mr. J. H. Earnshaw ...	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. M. Smith ...	0	7	0	Collected by Miss E. Andrews ...	0	4	7
Collected by Mrs. Gooding ...	0	7	0	Collected by Mr. Morgan ...	0	9	7
Collected by Mrs. Straw ...	2	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Kingston ...	0	6	2
Collected by Mr. A. S. Barter ...	0	15	0	Collected by Miss A. Berry ...	0	19	1
Mrs. Young ...	5	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Herrmann ...	0	7	6
Collected by Mrs. Blake ...	0	15	0	Collected by Miss S. Hughes ...	0	10	6
Collected by Master C. Court ...	0	4	0	Mrs. Raybould ...	1	1	0
Postal order, Aylsham ...	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Knowlman ...	0	9	0
Collected by Mr. J. Whittaker ...	0	10	0	Collected by Miss F. W. Peters ...	0	3	6
Collected by Miss E. Gray ...	0	9	0	Collected by Miss S. Sculfor ...	0	3	6
Mr. J. Binstead ...	1	15	0	Postman's pence ...	0	10	11
Collected by Mr. D. Cheek ...	0	4	1	Collected by Mr. A. Wilson ...	0	2	8
Collected by Mr. A. Webb ...	0	3	7	Collected by Miss Dicker ...	0	2	7
Mrs. Styles ...	0	10	6	Collected by Miss Curtis ...	0	2	7
Mrs. A. V. Uridge ...	0	5	0	Collected by Miss D. Sutherland ...	0	16	3
Mr. W. Bradley ...	0	3	0	Collected by Miss Fowler ...	1	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Robinson ...	0	3	4	Collected by Miss A. Orsman ...	0	11	0
Collected by Miss Harrison ...	0	2	0	Young Men's Bible-class, Belle Isle			
Collected by Mrs. Court ...	0	5	0	Mission, per Mr. G. Evans ...	2	0	0
Collected by Miss Ena Stevens ...	0	7	6	Boscombe Baptist Church Young Men's			
Collected by Mrs. F. Battam ...	1	12	0	Bible-class ...	0	4	0
Collected by Miss S. T. Pocock ...	0	14	0	Miss Jane Murray ...	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Tucker ...	0	6	6	Mr. G. Shaw ...	3	0	0
Collected by Miss M. C. Hull ...	0	8	0	Mr. G. E. Byerley ...	0	10	6
Collected by Mr. H. Shipton ...	1	0	0	Mr. T. Allen ...	0	4	0
Collected by Mr. H. Burton ...	0	10	0	Collected by Master H. McDonald ...	0	5	3
Collected by Miss L. Wicks ...	0	2	0	Collected by Master A. Pullum ...	0	7	0
Collected by Mrs. Freestone ...	0	4	0	Collected by Mrs. Starkey ...	0	3	6
Collected by Mr. Geo. Tolley ...	0	10	0	Orphanage boxes at Tabernacle gates ...	0	12	9
Collected by Mrs. J. W. Champ ...	0	9	0	Mr. J. Hutton ...	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Holder ...	1	2	6	Collected by Mrs. Sidery ...	0	12	0
Collected by Mrs. Weeks ...	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. S. R. Goddard ...	0	2	6
Collected by Miss D. Martin ...	0	1	0	Mrs. H. Blake ...	1	1	0
Collected by Miss L. Collis ...	0	8	0	Mrs. Stephenson ...	0	1	0
Collected by Miss E. Rich ...	3	4	0	Mr. G. Ord ...	1	0	0
Collected by Miss K. Butler ...	0	3	0	Mrs. E. Gray ...	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Green ...	0	13	0	Per Mrs. James Withers:—			
Collected by Mrs. Penning ...	0	5	0	Mr. W. Moore ...	5	0	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell ...	0	14	0	Mr. H. Cooper ...	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Fox ...	0	6	0	Mrs. Collier ...	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. Camplin ...	1	1	6	Mrs. J. Davies ...	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Turner ...	0	0	6				
Collected by Mr. S. Church ...	0	16	0				
Collected by Miss N. Bartlett ...	0	18	3	Sadie ...	5	17	6
Collected by Mr. H. Barrett ...	3	15	6	Mr. J. Wilson ...	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Ely ...	0	12	0	Mr. P. E. Chapman ...	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Legge ...	0	5	5	Miss C. Sladen ...	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Cox ...	0	8	0	Collected by Mr. Lane ...	0	0	10
Collected by Miss E. Comber ...	0	5	0	Mr. H. B. Ferne, per Mrs. J. A.			
Collected by Mr. W. R. Garrett ...	0	6	6	Spurgeon ...	1	1	0
Mr. J. Baxter ...	2	0	0	Mrs. Curtis ...	0	5	0
				Mr. R. F. Lewis ...	0	14	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. Cave	0	10	6
Mr. J. Ballantyne... ..	1	10	0
H. Hutchinson (Orphan boy's card) ...	0	11	0
Mr. E. E. Gowing	0	10	0
Executors of the late Miss Grace Cant	5	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. Samuel			
Coxeter	4	4	10
Mr. R. Parsons	0	2	6
Mr. R. Porter	0	5	0
Mr. E. E. Tidswell	0	3	0
Mrs. Anderton	1	0	0
Mr. E. Reynolds	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Crees	2	2	0
Mrs. S. Long	1	0	0
Clara	0	0	8
Mr. H. Varney	0	15	0
5 per cent. for 1894	1	3	0
A servant of Christ, per Pastor J. A.			
Spurgeon	0	10	0
Mrs. Frearson, per Mr. Gordon ...	0	1	0
Postal order, Glasgow	0	5	0
Mrs. Consitt	0	2	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	1	1	0

Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—			
"An Old Independent" ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Smith (threepenny			
pieces, farthings, paper,			
and bottles)	1	5	6
A few friends in Irvine,			
per Mrs. Muir	1	5	6
Mr. H. Dickens	0	1	6
Proceeds of a service of			
song at Bathford, per			
Mr. J. Batt	0	15	0
	8	7	6

Collections in memory of Pastor C. H.

Spurgeon:—			
Springburn Baptist Church, Glasgow	1	2	0
Burwell Baptist Sunday-school, Cambs.	0	7	6
Haddon Hall, Bermondsey, Sunday-			
school, per Mr. H. K. Olney... ..	7	2	0
St. Clement's Baptist Sunday-school,			
Norwich	0	7	0
Memorial Sunday Collection, Caersaws			
Baptist Church, per Mr. E. George	1	3	2
Newbridge, Mon., Baptist Sunday-			
school	2	4	0
Congregational Sunday-school, South			
Molton	0	8	0
Warwick Street, Leamington Spa,			
Baptist Church Sunday-school ...	2	9	2
Zion Congregational Sunday-school,			
Newbridge, Mon.	1	0	0
Collected by Richmond Street Sunday-			
school, per Mr. W. R. Everett ...	39	0	0
Doncaster Baptist Sunday-school ...	0	14	0
Wycliffe Baptist Sunday-school,			
Reading	0	13	6
Bethel Sunday-school, Maidstone ...	1	5	0
Little Alie Street Sunday-school, Bow	1	1	0
Pear Tree Green Congregational Sun-			
day-school, Southampton	0	10	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Southwick ...	1	2	0
Mrs. Urquhart's Sunday - class,			
Weston-super-Mare	0	10	6
The Young Women's Class of the			
Christian Band, Victoria Baptist			
Church, Deal	1	4	0
Men's Bible-class, South Street Baptist			
Church, Greenwich	2	2	0
Rosebery Park Baptist Church Sun-			
day-school, Fokesdown	1	0	6
Victoria Baptist Sunday - school,			
Wandsworth	1	10	6
Abercarn English Baptist Church			
Sunday-school	1	5	6
Tower Street Baptist Church Sunday-			
school, West Hartlepool	0	6	6
Houston Free Church Sabbath-school	0	10	0
Cross Street Chapel, Islington	6	3	5

Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the
Orphanage Choir:—

Bristol:—

Colston Hall	12	0	0
Counterslip Church	10	10	0
Mr. S. Iles	5	0	0
Per Mr. Isaac Thomas	14	14	6
	42	4	6

Bath:—

Per Mr. G. Cox	12	11	4
Mr. T. Bush	0	5	0
	12	16	4

Weston-super-Mare			
Trowbridge	14	15	0
Mrs. Doel	1	0	0
Mr. I. Chapman	0	10	0
	16	5	0

Oxford:—

Per Rev. Chas. Dann	13	0	0
Y.M.C.A.	2	10	6
	15	10	6

Swindon	5	2	6
Barking Congregational Church ...	7	6	1
Tottenham Baptist Church	7	4	2
Faringdon, Berks. (2nd amount) ...	0	5	0
Wynne Road, Brixton (Programmes)	0	9	2
Lackland Hall, Chelsea	10	0	0
Wheatheaf Hall	2	6	2
Bow Baptist Chapel	5	16	0
Exeter Hall	4	9	7
Abbey Road, St. John's Wood (2nd			
amount	4	6	7

Received at the Collectors' Meeting,

March 5th. Boxes:—

Abbey, Miss	0	5	2
Allsop, Mrs.	0	4	1
Allen, Miss	0	1	11
Appleton, Miss	0	13	6
Brice, Master A.	0	4	5
Burton, Miss	0	2	10
Bell, Master E.	0	13	11
Bellefontaine, Master W.	0	3	7
Bown, Master C.	1	5	10
Betteley, Master H.	0	2	2
Buckingham, Miss	0	8	5
Best, Mrs.	0	14	3
Belleine, Miss P.	0	5	6
Belleine, Miss C.	0	4	0
Bown, Miss	1	5	11
Bliss, Miss	0	5	10
Bailey, Miss	0	7	2
Barnden, Mrs.	1	10	6
Brown, Mr.	0	6	11
Boswell, Mrs.	0	11	9
Burgess, Misses A. and D.	0	10	9
Butler, Mrs.	0	14	9
Bickers, Miss M.	0	6	0
Boyce, Miss G.	0	6	0
Ball, Miss	0	4	1
Blandford, Mrs.	0	11	4
Claridge, Miss	0	1	0
Cane, Miss	0	7	6
Cornish, Miss F.	0	6	3
Cook, Miss	0	8	0
Cook, Mrs.	1	17	7
Clow, Mrs.	0	3	11
Carter, Miss	0	9	2
Cobley, Miss E.	0	6	6
Clow, Miss E.	0	19	10
Child, Mrs.	0	11	2
Clinch, Miss	0	4	5
Carpenter, Miss	0	7	0
Corry, Miss J.	0	7	3
Cooper, Mr. J.	3	3	5
Cheeseman, Miss E.	0	1	3

Donations :—	£ s. d.	Collection at the doors ...	0 8 3	£ s. d.
Mr. J. Chown	5 0 0			10 13 3
Mr. Thomas H. Olney	5 0 0			£612 19 10
Mrs. H. Young	0 5 0			

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from February 15th, to March 14th, 1895.—PROVISIONS:—1 Tin of Honey, Mr. William Marchant; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 24 Quarterns Bread, Mr. Law; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 2 fore-quarters Beef, weighing 40 stone, Mr. Samuel Barrow; 20 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong and Co.

Boys' CLOTHING:—3 Shirts, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 12 Ties, Miss M. Rogers; 12 pairs Knitted Socks, Miss Morris; 1 pair Knitted Socks, Anon.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—12 pairs Knitted Cuffs, 1 pair Knitted Stockings, A. B.; 10 Articles, Mrs. J. R. McLaren; 35 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 3 Garments, A. A.; 14 Garments, Mrs. Day; 14 Flannel Jackets, The Reading Working Party, per Mrs. James Withers; 3 Garments, Miss A. Mallett; 25 Garments, The Young Women's Bible Class, Carrubber's Close Mission, Edinburgh, per Miss Lear; 6 Articles, Anon; 24 Hats, 24 pairs of Gloves, M. Y. H.; 7 Garments, Mrs. G. Perrin; 7 Ulsters, Mr. D. Smith; 1 Quilt (also 1 Quilt and 5 Garments, omitted in January), Miss Marsh.

GENERAL:—1 Doll, Miss A. Mallett; 1 large Load of Firewood, Messrs. J. Keen and Son.

ERRATUM in *Sword and Trowel*, March:—55 Articles, Friends of the Derby Baptist Chapel, should be Friends of the Derby Street Baptist Tabernacle, Burton-on Trent, per Mrs. Blant.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1895.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£ s. d.
Bethnal Green—	
Mr. W. R. Fox	6 5 0
Mr. C. E. Fox	6 5 0
	12 10 0
Mr. J. A. Tawell, Earl's Colne... ..	10 0 0
Cardiff and Penrhikyber—	
Mr. R. Cory... ..	11 5 0
Mr. J. Cory	11 5 0
	22 10 0
Orpington, per Mr. W. Vinson	10 0 0
Chard Western Baptist Association	11 5 0
Friends at Maldon, per Mr. A. G. Sadd	7 10 0
Aylesbury, per Messrs. Taylor and Gurney	10 0 0
Ironbridge, per Mr. A. Maw	10 0 0
Bromsgrove, West Midland Baptist Association	11 5 0
Fritham, per R. W. S. Griffiths	11 5 0
Horsforth, Miss Bilbrough	11 5 0
Sellindge, per Mr. Thomas R—	10 0 0
Cambridgeshire Association, per Mr. R. J. Moffat	12 10 0
Langham, per Mr. Robert Scott	11 5 0
Wilts and E. Somerset Baptist Association	11 5 0
Repton and Swadlincote, per E. S.	20 0 0

	£ s. d.
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	10 0 0
Hereford, per Mr. S. Ward	11 5 0
Stroud, per F. C. Evans and Sons	10 0 0
Southampton, per Mr. R. Beck	11 5 0
Wolverhampton, per Pastor J. S. Drummond	11 5 0
	£246 5 0

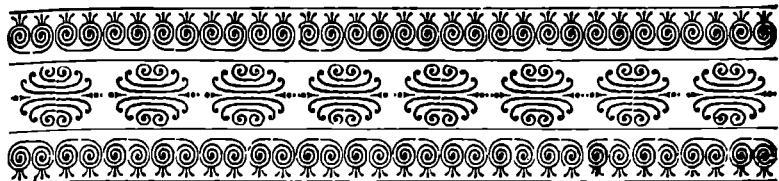
Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£ s. d.
M. Phillips, Brentford	0 5 0
E. York, Little Houghton	0 10 0
A Cottager	0 5 0
Mr. Marshall, Hounslow	1 0 0
Mrs. Raybould	1 0 0
A servant of Christ	0 2 6
Mr. R. Brazil	2 0 0
H. H., per Pastor T. Spurgeon	0 10 0
Omitted from previous list:—	
Mr. Fishwick	2 2 0
Mr. J. Gagard	0 5 0
Mr. Peel	0 5 0
	£8 4 6

Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1895.

	£ s. d.
Mr. R. Brazil	2 0 0
	£2 0 0



THE

Sword and the Trowel.

MAY, 1895.

Young Preachers Not to be Despised.

A COLLEGE LECTURE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

(*Concluded from page 163.*)

THE apostle Paul thus continues his advice to his son Timothy:—"Till I come, give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine;" and you, brethren, will do well to obey his injunction. There are three things, you see, to which you are to give attention,—reading, exhortation, doctrine. There is, first, your own "reading." Give diligent attention to your private study of Scripture; read it frequently, read it carefully, read it prayerfully, read it with an earnest, anxious desire that the Holy Spirit, who inspired it, may teach you its hidden meaning. Next, you are to give attention to "exhortation", speaking to the unconverted, exhorting them to repent of sin, and trust in Jesus, and stirring up the saints to more complete consecration to the Lord's service. You are also to give attention to "doctrine." You cannot put the doctrine into the sermon if it has not been first put into yourself; those foolish fellows who think they have a fertile soil within their own brains, wherein everything that is good will grow of its own accord, must be themselves very verdant. Their foes and their friends, too, will discover that fact first, and they will find it out themselves afterwards. If any of you are unwise enough to think that you are going to bring out of your brains what has never been

put in, a very few weeks ought to be sufficient to convince you of your mistake.

"Neglect not the gift that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy, with the laying on of the hands of the presbytery." Timothy seems to have received the *charisma*, which in those times was imparted by the laying on of the hands of the elders. We do not practise the laying on of hands in the Baptist ministry now because we have nothing that we can communicate by such a process. As soon as we have anything to impart in that way to our brethren, we will put our hands on them; but we do not see the good of laying empty hands on empty heads. If any of you have special gifts which have been received from others, whether you have birth-gifts, or gifts obtained by education or practice, do not neglect them; for they will grow smaller if they do not grow greater. They will be like a fire that is left alone, it must go out unless you stir it up; therefore, put the poker in, and make it burn. Use your gifts, or they will soon be of no use to you or anyone else. Nobody who is sensible will despise a man's youth when he takes care of his gifts, when the people can say, at the end of the first six months of his ministry, "He preaches better every time we hear him," and when he has been with them three years, they say, "He was only nineteen when we first had him, and you would hardly think he is the same man, he is so much improved. Visiting among the poor has taught him many useful lessons; then, too, he has had trials of his own, he has been married, he has had a suffering wife, and he has been ill himself, but he has grown wonderfully; he is a much more gifted man than when he first came to us, in fact, we are always afraid that we shall lose him, and that he will be called away from us to a much wider sphere." On the other hand, if he neglects his gifts, this is what they will say, "Oh, those first two or three sermons that he preached! They ought to have been published, for they were really wonderful productions. He did pretty well for about six weeks, and then his preaching became very dull; he went up to the Conference, and when he came back he seemed to waken up for a Sunday or two; but he soon went off to sleep again. We go to chapel, and home again; but we generally feel that our minister has given us nothing at all for our souls to feed upon. The fellow appears never to get out anywhere except when he crawls into his garden in his dressing-gown and slippers, and smokes his pipe, or goes out to tea with some old gossip or scandal-monger. He never seems to read or study, he never tries to improve himself, and there are some of our young members who would beat him hollow at preaching." When this is the state of affairs, the deacons write or come to me, and say, "Could you not move our minister to another place?" Move him! I wish I could; but men of his stamp are steadfast, unmoveable, *never* abounding in the work of the Lord! Oh, brethren, do not any of you get into that dreadful state!

What next does Paul say to his son Timothy? "*Meditate upon these things.*" Turn them over in your mind; often be thinking of the doctrines of grace, and of these precepts of the apostle. Think of the things that he had mentioned—your word, *i.e.*, your preaching, your conversation, your charity, your spirit, your faith, your purity,

your reading, your exhortation, your doctrine. "Meditate upon these things." That meditation is a thing to which some brethren never seem to attend; they borrow out of other people's books, but they never meditate on their own account. A book that suggests thought is one of the best works you can have in your library, but you must never rely so much on what others have written as to neglect your own personal meditation. Do your own thinking, do not put it out as you put out your washing, have a thinking-machine at home, and do your own thinking. Do not send your coffee out to be ground, grind it yourself. Keep a mill, and grind your own corn. Set apart a certain portion of every day in which you resolve to be all alone for quiet meditation upon the Word; and if people want you at that time, let them want you. Bore your way into the truth as the little maggots bore their way into the nuts, and eat a road right through. "Meditate upon these things." Meditation is the chewing of the cud. After you have had a good feed of truth, just imitate the cows when they have been browsing, ruminate, turn it over and over in your mind till the blessed morsels become part and parcel of yourselves. I do not believe any meditative young man is despised; meditation gives a kind of age to a man, and if it does not set grey hairs upon his head, it sets them upon his heart, not to indicate decay, but ripeness.

"Give thyself wholly to them," or, "Be thyself wholly in them." Get inside the gospel. I believe naughty boys in the street, when they see a man on a horse that he cannot ride properly, tell him to "get inside." The same advice might often be very rightly given to a preacher of the gospel. I have seen many a minister who seemed to me as though he wanted a piece of rope tied round him to keep him on his creed, for he could not ride it. Why did he not get inside it? The inside of the gospel is where the ladies and gentlemen ride; it is only poor silly fools who ride on the outside. "Be thyself wholly in these things," that is, put your whole self into your preaching; there is not much of it at the best of times, therefore, put yourself into it, and so make the most of it. Go right at the people; as I once before said to you, take yourself, and ram yourself right into the gospel gun, and then fire yourself point-blank at your hearers. The apostle says to the Thessalonians, "We were willing to have imparted unto you, not the gospel of God only, but also our own souls, because ye were dear unto us." When you do that, your people will say, "Why, here is our minister himself come home to us! If we reject Christ, we must reject our minister as well, and we love him, and would not willingly grieve him for all the world;" and very likely they will accept both you and your Master also.

I do not say that we may not have a little recreation at times; but I do say that a minister must not have a divided aim. I do not know any reason why a Christian minister should not play a game of cricket; but I never knew one get much credit for the superior style of his bowling or batting. There was one preacher whom I used to know, and when he was wanted the answer generally was, "He is at such and such a cricket ground. He and another minister, and three or four other sporting characters spend four days a week up

there during the season." The Lord have mercy upon the people who have to listen to such preachers! The man who always has his bat in his hand, I would bowl him out, and send him home to his books and his work. There is a difference between anything that is taken up for relaxation and that which is pursued as a regular occupation. For instance, there is one of our brethren whose people tell me that nearly all his time is employed in seeking to raise prize chickens. Now, a man who keeps a few fowls for an amusement, or to supply the needs of his family, would be quite right in doing so; but it is another matter when his whole time and strength are devoted to such pursuits. When one of our brethren kept a few pigeons, he was only imitating Noah when he was in the ark; but if a minister is noted as a pigeon-rearer and pigeon-flyer, he will not be likely to see the people come flying as doves to their windows.

You ought to have one great aim in life, and to be able to say with the apostle, "This one thing I do." I would be willing to be a fool at everything else if I only knew everything about the gospel; at the same time, I would try to know a little about everything that was worth knowing, so that I should not be a fool at anything. Still, the main thing for you and me, brethren, is to know all about Christ and his salvation. There are many ministers who are very great tale-writers. Well, a man may very properly write much, as it will assist him to speak correctly and easily; but when his whole mind goes into the tales that he is writing, I am persuaded that his preaching cannot be up to the mark. If anything diverts your mind from your main work, you will not do it well. I hope, however, though you are young, that the people will say of you, "Well, he does his best, he is not very experienced, and he often makes us smile, but his whole heart and soul are in his work. He has the spirit of a man of God, he is just the right kind for the Lord to bless, and he will grow into the very man we need as a pastor and teacher." They will not despise your youth if they are able to say that of you.

"*That thy profiting may appear to all.*" That is, that they may all see that you are a growing young man. Congregations and churches do not like a minister who cannot grow any bigger. I always fear for any man who thinks he knows all he ought to know, or imagines that he is all he ought to be. You do, sometimes, meet with a man who prides himself on being absolutely perfect; he never makes a mistake, and even if we all differ from him, we are all mistaken, he is not. Here is a young man who has finished his education. Very likely! He never went to College, and he looks with sovereign contempt upon all who have. He is not one of your "man-made ministers"; God has made him, and a beauty he is! In his own time and place, he might let you give an address to his people; how condescending he is! He means to see how far you fall short of what he is. Though you are as old as he is, he will correct you. There is one of our students who left the Baptists some years ago. Occasionally he favours me with a criticism, for which I am exceedingly obliged to the ninny. These donkeys cannot err, they cannot make mistakes, so they think; they are all that they should be, and,

consequently, they cannot grow, there is no room for them to develop. Their house is so big that it covers eternity, and fills infinity; it would be impossible to add a new wing to it. Men of this size are despised by everybody; and young men may easily get as big as this in their own estimation. The people will soon observe that you are not everybody, even though you say you are; they will soon perceive that you do not know everything, even though you pretend that you do. On the contrary, let them constantly have to say that you do know more than you did, that you are growing and advancing men. If you do this, nobody will despise you; or, at least, nobody can rightly despise you.

Now, to finish, notice the sixteenth verse: "*Take heed unto thyself.*" Many other things beside charity must begin at home. Keep yourselves right. Take heed to your whole bodies, minds, spirits. A Christian man ought, as far as possible, to try and keep his body in a healthy condition; he should regard it as a temple of the Holy Ghost, that is to be kept with the utmost purity. I have always admired the saying of that good man, who said, "I shall die to-day; therefore, I must be washed. I would not like to leave even this body with a speck of dirt upon it, for the body should be clean that is redeemed by Christ, and consecrated to the service of God." Dirty ministers ought never to be Baptists; it ought to be true of us in a double sense, "but ye are washed." Never look untidy in your appearance, brethren; if any of your garments do get worn and seedy at any time, brush them up, and make the best of them. We have known some young men who have not been as careful as they ought to have been in these little things, but sometimes these lesser matters are of great importance. We must in all things take heed to ourselves, even to that which concerns the body; much more to that which relates to the mind, and most of all to that which affects the soul.

"*And unto the doctrine.*" Take heed unto the doctrine that you preach, brethren. Do not go forth, in the name of God, and say what is not according to His will; otherwise, the people will have cause to despise your youth. Give them the Word of the Lord in all its fulness, and they will not despise you if they are what they ought to be. Do not go and make blunders about doctrine; do not mix up different doctrines, and make a mingle-mangle of them, as some do. Read Hodge, read Dr. Gill, read Calvin, John Owen, and others who are worth reading; get all the theology that you can into your mind and heart, for you will need it if you are to be "thoroughly furnished unto all good works." Still, take heed to yourself first, because, however sound your doctrine may be, it will not be of much service to your hearers if you are not yourself right with God.

"*Continue in them.*" Be one of those who, when they have found the right track, keep in it; cleave to what you know to be the truth. There is a minister to whom I say whenever I meet him, "Well, what are you now?" He has changed his views so many times, that I never expect to find him what he was the last time I saw him. Once, when I put the usual question to him, he said, "Well now,

Spurgeon, I think I really shall take this question as an affront." "All right!" I replied, "but what are you now?" "Well, you see, I left that place where I was when I last saw you, I could not get on at all there;" which was exactly what he had told me about every other spot where he had been. I knew him first as an Arminian, violently preaching against me. He read my sermons, and became a Calvinist; not content with that, he became a hyper, and denounced me. He continued to read my sermons, and he joined the Baptists. The last time I saw him, I felt that the course of nature could no further go, for he had reached the Plymouth Brethren! He is now, I suppose, somewhere or other in space, like a comet. Do not be like that, brethren. "Continue in them, continue in them, continue in them, continue in them." I would like to say that sentence over and over so many times; say it to yourselves—"Continue in them, continue in them, continue in them." No wise gardener would think of transplanting a tree just as it is bearing fruit, but he would leave it to grow where it is. So let it be with you, brethren, take fast hold of the ground where you are planted, and bring forth much fruit to God. Lay hold of the truth; be like a young man who is learning a business in which he hopes to succeed, and secure a competency; only let it be the business of your life to master all the truths of the gospel. "Continue in them. Continue in them."

"*For in doing this thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee.*" Some people would have a suspicion that Paul could not have been sound when he used language like this. It is enough to make the hair of our hyper brethren stand on end; they would consider the apostle to be a rank Arminian. One of them actually said, "As if a man could save himself! How can we save them that hear us? We were not called to save them; it is the work of the Spirit of God, we cannot do it." I have heard the most solemn objurgations as to man's inability. "Save themselves! They can't do it. Why, there ain't not none of 'em that can't do not nothing at all!" There brethren, you cannot get over that sentence. I remember hearing a man of this school before I was nineteen,—I do not suppose I was scarcely seventeen. He said to me, one day, as we stood outside the chapel, "Do you believe that a man has any power of himself?" "Well," I replied, "you have power to stand where you are, have you not? You have power to go up the chapel walk if you like." "No," said the old gentleman, "a man has not the power to go into the house of God at all until the Spirit gives it to him; he can walk to the public-house, but he cannot walk to the house of God." "Well, but," I said, "when the gospel is preached, surely the man can go in and hear it if he is so inclined;" to which the only answer that I received was, "May the Lord teach you something that you have not learned yet! You do not know the very vital truths of the gospel. How can a man hear when he is deaf? His ears must be first of all unstopped, and they cannot be unstopped until the Holy Spirit begins to work in him." I once preached a sermon from the text, "The forts and towers shall be for dens for ever, a joy of wild asses, a pasture of flocks; until the Spirit be poured upon us from on high, and the wilderness be a fruitful field, and the fruitful field be counted for

a forest." My dear father and grandfather honoured me by listening to me, but some of the congregation had gone out, believing in that horrid idea of man being a log of wood, and doing nothing at all. I remember so well noticing their departure, and saying, "I hope there is a sign and token for good already, for the wild asses have begun to move." I am sorry to say that that particular work ceased from that moment.

We believe thoroughly in the grace of God, and yet we perfectly understand what the apostle meant. If you obey this command to Timothy, you will save yourself from the rebuke, "Thou wicked and slothful servant." You will save yourself from being idle; you will save yourself from being despised; you will save yourself from the corruptions that are in the world through lust; and you will save your hearers from getting dissatisfied with you, you will save them from neglecting the means of grace, you will save them from getting into a dead, cold, lukewarm state, and instrumentally your preaching will be the means of saving their souls eternally.

Finally, brethren, let each one of us say, "I cannot preach as I would like to do, and as I hope to do by-and-by, but I am going in for winning souls; and, by the grace of God, I will win them." Do not complain as some young ministers do, "What right has that old deacon to tell me that I do not preach as well as the minister who was there before me? Why does he speak to me in such a dictatorial manner? He ought to defer to me, and not expect me to defer to him. Am I not Sir Oracle? When I speak, let no dog bark. If people despise me, I will despise them. Why, I was at a meeting, the other night, and they did not ask me to speak; yet I am a minister as much as that old gentleman who prosed away for nearly an hour, and I do not see why I should not have as much honour as he has.' Yes, you talk like that, and then everybody will despise you, and it will serve you right; but if you will carry out Paul's injunctions to Timothy, and bide your time, you will have no wish to despise anyone else, and no one else will have any good reason for despising you. May you all be such ministers as Paul desired his son Timothy to be! God grant it! Amen.

What is it, and Where is it Found?

BY CHARLES SPURGEON.

ABOUT twelve months ago, the "Text Union" was started, and already it has taken root and borne fruit. Its growth has been after the Scriptural fashion, for, in connection with it, sinners have been converted, and some saints glorified, so our desire that it should "take root downward, and bear fruit upward," has been fulfilled. Its branches also run over the wall, for foreign lands now furnish large numbers of members, and seedlings are found springing up in every part of the world. There is a twofold significance to the double question which forms our title. The "Union"—"What is it, and where is it found?"—is that the meaning of your query? or do you refer to the "Text"? The "Text Union" is composed of some

10,000 persons who commit to memory the portion for the day found in *Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack*; and, whenever an opportunity occurs, pass it on to friends and fellow-members. It is a voluntary service, and no pledge is needed, for experience proves that the pleasure and profit derived from the reading and recital of the passage are sufficient to cause a continuance of the custom day by day. Indeed, if a member should neglect to provide himself with the text, he will not go either long or far without some one refreshing his memory.

The record of the spiritual help these passages have been to hundreds would fill many pages in the Magazine; and it is not until you become a member, and appropriate the portions to your own need, that you discover the value of the Text. Repeated testimonies have been received, that even the fact of so many feeding upon the same "Bread of Life" every morning is a source of real enjoyment because of the fellowship thus created between members in Africa, America, Australia, China, India, New Zealand, Mauritius, the Continent of Europe, and Great Britain.

WILL NOT YOU, DEAR READER, SHARE IN THE FEAST,

and go out with the Lord's host to gather the manna in the morning? Become a member at once, by sending four halfpenny stamps to Mrs. Charles Spurgeon, "Haddon," Dartmouth Row, Blackheath, S.E., and you will receive forthwith Almanack and Card of Membership. *Do not delay, but join now.*

There is, however, another answer to the questions at the head of this article, and it has to do with the interpretation of the Text, and where it is to be found in the Bible. Many a discussion has been started among friends and members over the day's portion, and new light has been thrown upon various Scriptures. It is the rule in some households for an explanation of the passage to be given at family prayers; or the pastor, in visiting, will make the portion the key-note of conversation; and many a weary journey has been turned into a pleasure-trip by the entertaining talk of fellow-passengers on the Text as their topic. Nor does the good derived from the "Text Bond" end here, for now the challenge comes "Where is it found?" so one has to be conversant with Book, chapter, and verse. Many are not content with merely memorizing the short sentence selected for the day; but, having leisure, they read the full portion from the Word of God. This is well, for often the context will make all the difference in the meaning, and frequently furnish the reader with some new thought on a familiar passage. It is a good thing also to become acquainted with the location of Bible texts for ready reference in times of need.

The "Text Union" is a veritable kaleidoscope, and the more it is turned over in one's mind, the more beauty is seen in it, with its ever-varied portions falling, like many-coloured prisms, day by day, into a spiritual pattern of comeliness and grace. Will you also, dear reader, through joining our ranks, prove by personal experience how helpful this "Text Bond" is to growth in the divine life? Do so, and you will never regret it.

The March of the Months.

No. V.

"Then came fair May, the fayrest mayd on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her season's pryde."

WE have now reached a period of the year in which our ancestors revelled, and of which poets have sung through many generations. I have often tried to think back to those days of the old singers who loved to picture the month as a beautiful maiden, clothed in sunshine, and "throwing flowres out of her lap around." Perhaps we have wondered, in some of the Mays of late years, what has become of the sweet time over which our forefathers went into raptures. We have moped under dull skies, shivered in the East wind, and even hurried before the driving snow-storm. Truly, Winter lingers in the lap of May sometimes with a vengeance, and wrecks his spleen when Spring peremptorily bids him depart as an unwelcome guest.

But we will not be cynical. It is a symptom of dyspepsia to have a good memory for bad days. Rather will we call to mind years long since, when as children we sat in the lengthening grass of the meadow, picking yellow long-stalked buttercups, and nipping off the heads of daisies, while the deft fingers of our earliest sweethearts wove the chains. Where are they all,—those playmates in the May fields of well-nigh forty years ago? Most of them dead. Very few indeed have come down the stream of life abreast with us. Like the butterflies we used to chase, their bright day was soon over. The majority of those boys and girls did not see thirty. As the mind goes over their names, a sigh escapes us as we think of the fate of some of them. How full of life they were! How clever, yet how ill-balanced! How easily led! How soon ruined! But we do not look back on those May fields in the maturity of a superior wisdom. By the grace of God only are we what we are.

Year by year, in juvenile days, we would go out early on the first of May, to see what spoil of flower and bough we could bring home. Very seldom, on our bleak hills, could we find the whitethorn out; we had to be content with a spray of buds. But the blackthorn rewarded us, though with as many scratches as blossoms. Yet he who would pluck the flower must brave the thorn. Then we would climb the oak, and lop off sprays where the young leaves burst in a tuft from some branch bearing the oak-apple. Others, less adventurous, would search for "lords and ladies" on the hedge bank, and laugh as they stripped off the hood, to find "the parson in his pulpit" underneath. We would saunter back later with cowslips from grassy slopes, primroses from the copse, dog violets, buttercups, celandines, and an *omnium gatherum* of hedge flowers. But a river had to be crossed on the way home, and over the river, at one spot, ran a low wooden bridge. This was a place of temptation to the boys of the party. It was curious how tired they were when the water was reached. They would lay down their load of greenery, then lean over

the hand-rail to watch the minnows which played hide-and-seek under the old timbers. But the girls, knowing the nature of the boys' memories, would gather up the leafy treasures from the creaky planks of the bridge, and go off with their double load. No sooner did this happen than away would go jackets, and up as far as possible the primitive anglers would push their shirt-sleeves, then prone upon that part of their bodies, which, in after life, might be known to them as the seat of many sorrows, they would go, and, with their heads hanging over the river in a way that would have frightened their mothers, they would try to allure the little fish into the palm of their hand.

Happy May-days of the long ago! We were great inventors then; but our inventions were excuses to get away from any task, that we might explore the windings of the shining stream with tucked-up breeks. There were evenings when we caught all kinds of flies as bait for fish, and there were sunshiny Saturdays when we made our first collection of butterflies, gaining our knowledge of "peacocks", "admirals", and "fritillaries", from the pages of *Young England*, the "Boy's Own Paper" of those days.

There was one boy, a very well-mannered, nice lad, who had a taste for finding glow-worms. We used to start, he and I, in the twilight, along by the marsh meadows, capturing the shining insects on the bank of the river, or on the slope of the hill where it rose above the mist. What that excellent boy did with his imprisoned lamp-holders, I forget. All I remember is that we shut these ladies of the insect world up in a perforated box, into which we were wont to peep to quiz the dotted lights. Every lad, of course, knows that the glow-worm is the wingless female of a kind of beetle, and that the greenish light is a signal to her mate, who has wings, as much as to say, "Slow up; here I am!" How the gentlemen with wings got on when all the lights were gone, it would be idle to say.

There were days, too, when I would steal away alone, and make for the fields lying around a ruined nunnery. I would lie on the slope just above the ancient walls, and then let my fancy rove. I can see now the kine pasturing amid ruins,—the lichen-covered stones of a departed system, unwept when dying, unhonoured when dead. Over all would be the deep blue sky, such as can be seen when May is merging into June. I would muse and list till the shadows lengthened, till the call of the cuckoo came across the fields; then hie me home along lanes bordered with tall hedges all in evening dress of May blossoms.

Ah, the whitethorn bloom, how it brings to my mind heathery downs, scattered over with giant thorns! I have walked on such hills when swept by great winds; I have made my way across them in the dark; I have lingered on them in dreamy September, when the blue mist has seemed like a mystic veil, spread by unseen hands over the face of the dying summer. But I have also stood, with my back to the wood, and looked along the billowy upland when each bush has been on fire,—a white heat of sunshine and May bloom. Down in a narrow lane, at the foot of one of these hills, lies hidden an ancient Puritan meeting-house. It was in the woods which clothed the

opposite heights that "the faithful" used to hide when it was dangerous to appear in the conventicle, and it was in the heath-fringed dells of the moorland that they whispered prayer. Year by year, the followers of the Book, coming across the downs to worship, must have seen the thorns in bloom. Perhaps some worthy elder drew the attention of the rest to the dewy spray, and, as he shook the beads from the branch, while the fresh scent stole forth to enrich the air, he might have likened it to a child of God in the full flower of grace, dripping with the dew of the Spirit, and sending abroad the rich aroma of a holy life.

I remember well, one spring time, being struck with the beauty of the gardens of suburban London. It is years ago, but I recollect that my destination was beyond Denmark Hill, and my quest, the residence of Mr. Dransfield, one of the elders of the Tabernacle. As I walked along, I was charmed with the glimpses I got of the variety of trees and shrubs in bloom in the grounds of the larger houses. There is something which gives rest to the mind in a well-ordered garden. Many times since, the choice clothing of the trees in Spring has relieved my eyes after the strain of the streets; but it is curious how often, unbidden, that walk to the good elder's house has come up as a comment on the Springs of other years.

The ancients at the Metropolitan Tabernacle will well recollect Elder Dransfield. He was in bloom all the year round. It is probably no new story to the readers of this Magazine that, coming downstairs on the morning of his eightieth birthday, the elder greeted his family with the exclamation, "I'm on the light side, and the bright side, the happy side, and the heaven side of eighty!" Over twenty years ago, there was an all-day prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle. Elder Dransfield prayed with great quaintness and unction. Among those who followed was Francis Tucker, of Camden Road Chapel. Mr. Tucker's prayer was like a holy psalm. Then Mr. Dransfield said, "I should like to pray again, if you will let me," and afresh he led the assembly in supplication. Both these holy men have long since passed to their rest, but each new Spring the trees, in their harmonies of colour, preach of Him who reneweth the face of the earth, and who also reneweth sinful men by His Spirit, till at last "the body of our humiliation" is "conformed to the body of His glory, according to the working whereby He is able even to subject all things unto Himself."

H. T. S.

A Word in Season.

SOON after my conversion, I was struck by the frequency with which believers, in prayer or conversation, referred to the trials and conflicts of the Christian life. To me, at first, all was sunshine and smooth sailing; and I could not understand these allusions, and half persuaded myself that the troubles were more imaginary than real. Warm in the enthusiasm of my first love to Christ, is it any wonder that these remarks fell upon my ears as "a strange language"?

Some months later, I came to London, into a house of business, where I found sixteen young men, and myself the only professing Christian among them. There were two or three infidels who led me a fearful life for a while. *Then* I began to understand that *the Christian life is a warfare*; and he who puts on the armour is called to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." It was a painful and trying experience for a young believer; but, while I would not *choose* it, I thank God to-day for it, and have no doubt it was needful discipline to fit me for the service the Master had in store for me.

My employer lived out in the country, and, with his son Fred, came to and fro daily to business. Fred was a bright, sunny youth, genial and frank, and the soul of honour; not only the idol of his father's love, but the favourite with all of us in the establishment. Whilst caring little for the *associations* of the ball-room, he had a passion for dancing, and for this reason his company was eagerly sought far and wide.

It happened, one morning, that Fred and myself were left alone; and he came to my department, and began chatting freely about the ball to which he was going with a lady friend on the morrow. As his spirits rose, mine fell; and while I listened in silence, I yearned intensely to be the means of blessing to the dear lad, and secretly pleaded for "a word in season" on this the first opportunity I had of speaking with him concerning his spiritual interests.

When he paused, with much trembling I ventured to suggest that this butterfly kind of existence must, after all, prove very unsatisfactory; that life, with its momentous issues, is far too serious to be thus frittered away; if he were stretched on a bed of sickness, it would afford him little comfort to reflect that his company had been courted in the ball-room. With all the earnestness begotten of intense feeling, I urged him to abandon the ball-room and its fleeting pleasures, and to seek the Lord while He might be found. Much more was said which I need not record; and, after a while, our conversation was interrupted by customers. Fred left them to me, and I never had another opportunity of talking privately with him. I afterwards learnt the sequel to our interview.

His aunt (who kept house for us), on entering the drawing-room, found him sitting with his face buried in his hands, and his elbows on his knees. She enquired, "What's the matter, Fred? Are you not well?"

"Yes, aunt, I'm well; but I was thinking."

"What were you thinking about? What has sent you into such a brown study?"

"To tell the truth, aunt, Mr. Burnham has been speaking to me sensibly and seriously, and his words have robbed me of all relish for the coming ball; I've about made up my mind not to go."

"You surprise me, Fred, after looking forward to it for weeks; what a disappointment it will be to Miss ——!"

"I can't help it, aunt; I am persuaded that what Mr. Burnham has said is perfectly true; and the more I think of it, the less am I inclined for the ball."

"Well, Fred, if that is your determination, you will have plenty of opportunity for selling your tickets, as there is quite a rush for them."

"No, aunt," he exclaimed, throwing his tickets in the fire, "if the ball-room is not good for me, neither is it for anyone else."

The next evening, instead of going to the ball, he and the young lady went for a long walk, which proved to be their last. The following day (Saturday), Fred looked pale, and complained of headache; but little notice was taken of this, as he was subject to bilious attacks. At the closing hour, he left with his father, calling out in his usual cheery tone, "Good day, gentlemen! Shall see you on Monday."

On reaching home, as the pain increased, he was sent to bed, and the family doctor was called in. With a look of alarm, he exclaimed, "Mr. T——, your boy has small-pox; you must call in a nurse at once."

Very rapidly the dear lad grew worse, and the broken-hearted father, who saw his idol slipping from him, would not leave the bedside day nor night. On the second evening, after lying silent for a while, Fred beckoned his father nearer, and said, as the tears stole down his cheeks, "Oh, pa, I feel I am *such a sinner!* What shall I do?"

What could the unsaved father reply? The nurse, who had known the lad from his childhood, was passing the bed, and overhearing what he said, replied, "No, Fred dear, you are wandering; a more dutiful son could not have lived; you have been a very good boy, has he not Mr. T——?" Before the father could answer, Fred looked sadly at the nurse, and replied, "Oh, nurse, don't try and bolster up a dying lad with a false hope! I may have been a dutiful son to my earthly father,—I hope I have,—but, oh, I have forgotten my Heavenly Father! and I am afraid He will not now receive me at the very last hour of my wasted life."

Unable to help him in this matter, both father and nurse were silent, and left him to his reflections.

As he lay there, our conversation of the previous Thursday came vividly back to his memory, and God used it in leading the dear lad into the light.

Calling his father again to his side, he said, "Pa, will you sing?"

"What shall I sing, my boy?"

"Is there not a hymn that begins, 'Begone unbelief, my Saviour is near'?"

Reaching down a hymn-book, the father began to sing, but broke down completely. The poor boy tried to pick up the strain, but finding his voice fail, said, "Ah! I *used* to sing" (he had been a sweet singer), "but I can't now; never mind, I shall soon sing better than the angels, for they can't sing the song of redemption, and I shall sing, 'Unto Him that loved us.'"

Later that night it was evident that the end was near, and Fred knew it. Calling his father to the bedside, he said in a faint whisper, "Before my voice is quite gone, I have a message to leave. Ere the sun rises, I shall be in heaven. When you return to the City, give my warm love to Mr. Burnham, thank him for his earnest words last

Thursday, and tell him, when he comes home, I shall be watching for him at the gate of heaven." These were his last words; an hour later he had crossed "the narrow stream", and was "home at last."

Six weeks passed before the father came again to business, and then his bruised, crushed appearance was heart-breaking. His hair had turned grey with grief, the six weeks had added ten years to his life! The moment he caught sight of me, he burst into tears, and fled from the shop. An hour later, he sent down for me to see him in the drawing-room; as I entered, he threw his arms around me, and wept out Fred's dying message.

From that day until I left his establishment, he clung to me as to his own boy; and many a seasonable tract or leaflet have I slipped into his pocket when assisting him on with his coat, and many a quiet message have I given his melted heart when closeted with him on some business errand.

His great sorrow and these messages were used of God in leading him to Christ; and he was able to say with David, concerning his son, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." How true are the wise man's words (Proverbs xxv. 11), "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver"!

JOHN BURNHAM.

Pastor Charles Spurgeon's Letters.

No. V.

A MONTH of hard work for the Master has just been completed, and I am once again seeking rest at King Williamstown.

Briefly stated, I have travelled some 190 miles by post-cart (not post-card, as one newspaper reported of a minister), and over 800 miles by rail.

This is quickly written, but the journey is not as easily or as speedily accomplished. Folks in the old country have a meagre conception of what it means to undertake such a tour. The labour involved is greater than is imagined, for the roads are in most places rendered so bad by the heavy rains, that the lumps and bumps are innumerable. Up hill and down dale, across extensive plains, through swollen and swiftly-flowing rivers, and over lofty mountains, is the ever-varying experience when one travels either in post-cart or train. Such is life in more senses than one; and happy is the man who can feel that, however rough or roundabout the road may be, he is being led by a faithful and unerring Guide, and that his steps are ordered by the Lord.

My first mission commenced at EAST LONDON, a very different spot from that with which many are familiar in our great city. This is a seaport of some 7,000 inhabitants, and a favourite resort for holiday-seekers needing invigorating ocean breezes. Here one of "Our Own Men" holds the fort for King Jesus, and does it bravely and successfully. Brother David Hay accorded me a right hearty welcome, and escorted me to the residence of the Mayor, where

generous hospitality was shown me during my sojourn. Unfortunately, wet weather greatly interfered with our meetings, yet showers of blessing accompanied the teaching and preaching of the Word. The Baptist, Wesleyan, and Presbyterian Churches were used each afternoon for the Bible Readings, and every evening Gospel Services were held in the Mutual Hall. On the Sunday evening, just about the time when the people were starting for the meeting, one of the severest dust storms arose, and East London maintained its reputation in being able to provide as good a specimen of this Colonial luxury as any other town. Great was our astonishment and greater our joy to find that a crowd already filled the hall, and late-comers had to remain as outsiders. The rain and thunder, which are almost invariably the sequel to such a "kicking up a dust", followed during the service, and every flash of lightning only added intensity to the message, and seemed to carry home the truth with heaven's own fire and force. We spent a very happy and useful week, and left with cordial invitations to return as soon as possible.

Our next effort was at KING WILLIAMSTOWN, and a series of similar services composed our programme. Again the elements were unpropitious, and many were consequently unable to attend. The spiritual tone of the gatherings was a marked feature, and lasting impressions were made by the solemn word declared in the evenings. Our worthy host and friend, Pastor H. J. Batts, rejoicingly reports that the work done is bearing fruit, and several are coming out on the Lord's side.

After a day's rest, a drive of forty miles brought us to ALICE, where we were greeted most heartily on this our second visit. After conducting an evening service on the Wednesday, next morning all was bustle to get off to WHITEHOUSE, some fourteen miles distant, where C. S. was to open the Knott Memorial Chapel. It poured in torrents, and yet, when we arrived at the new building, which stands "next door to nowhere, and some three miles from anywhere," we found over 300 people on the spot, having gathered there in bullock-waggons, buggies, spiders, Cape-carts, and on shanks' pony; some coming more than thirty miles. Twice was the chapel crowded, the meetings being separated by a veritable feast, provided *gratis* by the farmers around. It reminded one of the gospel provision so amply and freely made for all who are in need; for there was enough and to spare. Besides fowls, turkeys, and sucking-pigs, two fat oxen had been killed to furnish fare for all. The monetary offering, too, was most liberal; for over £50 was collected, and the promise that the balance of £60 or more, left out of the total cost of the building, viz., £500, would be met, so that the writer was able to declare to the glory of God that the chapel was free of debt.

Another drive through the continuing downpour brought us back to Alice. Here we spent the next four days, and by lecture and sermons sought to magnify the gospel, and edify the people. Pastor F. W. King is doing a grand work here; he is much beloved by the folks around, and is a man after God's own heart. A branch of the "Text Union" has been formed here, and already a membership of over 200 has been secured.

For the next week, we had to experience all the discomforts of post-cart riding, our first jaunt and jolt being to SEYMOUR, then on to BALFOUR, with a brief visit to the Katberg mountain, and forward on to FORT BEAUFORT, finishing up with a forty-eight miles' drive to GRAHAMSTOWN. In all of the former places, a service was held in the evening, and eager listeners crowded the sanctuaries on each occasion.

The scenery along this lengthy route was both grand and beautiful, and in a large measure helped the weary traveller to endure the fatigue involved. A warm welcome from Pastor G. W. Cross and a host of friends awaited me in Grahamstown. On the night of my arrival, a reception was accorded me in the house of some prominent townsfolk, and over 120 ladies and gentlemen gathered to greet the man who bears the honoured name of his sainted father. On the following morning, a ministerial breakfast was organized by my kind host, when, under the roof of the Baptist parsonage, brethren of all denominations met me at the morning meal, and we feasted and had fellowship, both temporally and spiritually. Friday night was devoted to the delivery of my lecture on "Nails," when an enthusiastic audience filled the hall. Sunday was a high day for the children, as the anniversary of the schools in connection with the Baptist Church was to be held, and three services made up the *menu* for the day. At each service, the congregations were greater than the buildings could accommodate, and the evening meeting, held in the Commemoration Church, belonging to the Wesleyans, was exceedingly large, some 2,000 persons filling the vast building in every part. There are those who tell us that the gospel of the cross is played out, and that the people must have something more attractive and entertaining; it is a libel on both the gospel and the people. I care not where it is, in South Africa or South London, the old truths are still able to win both the ear and the heart of men and women; so I, for one, mean to follow the brave example of my glorified sire, and stick to the preaching of Christ and Him crucified.

Leaving Grahamstown, we took train for CRADOCK, to visit another old College man, Mr. J. Maginnes. *En route*, a service was held at ALICEDALE, while we waited for the train. The meeting in this railway camp will never be forgotten, for a tremendous thunderstorm broke right over the place. It is thus described by one who was present:—"Did you notice those three-fold flashes succeeded by their three distinct peals of thunder, three claps in quickest succession that then merged in awful clamour, and rolled about the hills? It was glorious! Then your voice, that soared above the roar of the rain, and spoke within the crash when it thundered;—the people sat as though they were fascinated, awed by the storm, and held by the voice." Bidding farewell to the friends who had accompanied me thus far, I reached Cradock at 10.25 the same night, and after five meetings here, journeyed to BLOEMFONTEIN. A week of very successful meetings has been carried through, and Pastor A. J. Edwards and his church have been cheered by the visit.

Thus concluded a month's mission, and God must have the glory of it all.

Unpublished Notes of C. H. Spurgeon's New Park Street Sermons.

REPORTED BY PASTOR T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

No. XI. Delivered in 1859.

"For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God."—1 Peter iii. 18.

GOD is just, and a just God must punish sin. The great question is, "*How can God be just, and yet the Justifier of the ungodly?*" False religions endeavour to answer this question, but they completely fail. The poor heathen thinks he has found the answer in his own terrible sacrifices. He thinks he may give "his first-born for his transgression, the fruit of his body for the sin of his soul." The deluded Papist thinks he has found an answer to the question in his daily mass; he says that there is in it "a propitiatory sacrifice for the quick and the dead." It is not thus that God's justice is vindicated, neither is it thus that His mercy shines forth in its glory.

There is a cold, speculative theology, that seeks to put this question far away. There are a few men who scoff at the atonement, and reject the thought of sacrifice. These never will be more than a few; they never can be many. The heathen and the Romanist *may* impress the multitude; but that system which denies the doctrine of atonement by the blood of Jesus Christ, or which puts it in the background, never can succeed. Its adherents may profess to be intellectual, because they are ignorant; but they will never convince the masses. It is stamped on nature by God that every man feels in his conscience a craving after a reply to the question, "How can the just God justly forgive me the sinner?" If that question be not answered in some way, so that it may be seen how God can save, and yet maintain His justice, no system of theology can by any possibility succeed.

We must resist the tendency that seems to be in the minds of some, to keep back this vital truth, the fundamental truth of the Christian religion, namely, the doctrine of the substitutionary sacrifice of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Let us not argue against this tendency; but let us rather destroy it by our own personal determination to preach more earnestly and more constantly "Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." The quickest way to slay error is to proclaim the truth. The surest mode of extinguishing falsehood, is to boldly advocate Scripture doctrine upon Scripture principles. Scolding and protesting will not be so effectual in resisting the progress of error as the clear proclamation of the truth in Jesus.

Let me now try to preach the doctrine of substitution, which is the Scripture answer to the questions, "How can God's justice have its full dominion, and yet God's mercy exercise its sway?"—"How can there be a full-orbed justice and a full-orbed mercy, and neither of them eclipse or cast a shadow over the other?"

I. BEHOLD THE PERSON OF THE SUFFERING SUBSTITUTE: "CHRIST also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God."

The Substitute was of *complex nature*. He was truly man, and yet He was truly God. *Christ Jesus* who "suffered" in the room, place, and stead of God's chosen people, *was man*, man of the substance of His mother, most surely man. He partook of all the weakness of humanity, and was in all respects, sin only excepted, tempted as we are; yea, He became "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh." He was the perfect man, the only man in whom there never dwelt sin. There was no sin in His nature. No taint of original depravity ran in His veins. In His human nature He was "without spot or blemish." Conceived in a miraculous manner, He partook not, in any degree, of that transgression which is transmitted to us; for we are born in sin, and shapen in iniquity.

Christ did not receive any of that imputed sin which has fallen upon the race from Adam. Christ never fell in Adam. He was "the seed of the woman", but He never lay in the loins of Adam. As a private person, Christ never fell; by nature, He was not in any sense a participator or partaker in Adam's sin. Though, on the part of His people, Jesus took upon himself Adam's transgression, and bore it right away, He himself was, in His original, without the shadow of a spot, the immaculate, the perfect Lamb of God's passover.

The life of the man Christ Jesus was in every respect blameless. From His eye no fire of unhallowed anger ever flashed. On His lips the word of deceit never rested. His pure mind never knew an imagination of sin. Satan's sparks fell on Christ's soul like fire dropping into the ocean, and were quenched for ever. Hell's quiver of temptations was emptied upon Him, but no single arrow ever stuck in His flesh and blood. He stood invincible and invulnerable. He could not be wounded by temptation. "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in Me," was His own triumphant declaration. Not only did Christ not sin, but He could not sin. "*He knew no sin.*" He had no acquaintance with sin, He was a stranger to sin, sin had no commerce with Him, He had no dealings with sin personally. His head turned not dizzy when upon the pinnacle of the temple. When down in the depths of humiliation, no grief found expression void of completest resignation. He was ever pure, perfect, spotless, holy, acceptable unto God.

The sufferings of Jesus have power to bless others, seeing they were not necessary for Himself. He had no need to suffer as the result of sin, nor yet that, by the discipline of suffering, He might be purged from its evil. There was no reason in Himself why He should ever know pain, or heave a sigh. His sufferings all had reference to His people. His object in suffering, bleeding, dying, was to secure the salvation of His chosen. Our souls may now trust Jesus, the perfect man, with the utmost confidence.

Let us also ever bear in mind that, *while Christ was truly man, yet was He also very God.* We believe and must ever teach that the perfect humanity of Christ did not lower His perfect Deity; His Divinity was undiluted and infinite. He was "Very God of very God," possessing all the attributes of the eternal Jehovah. He, who did hang upon the cross, was the same God who made all worlds. The very Word, who did bear our sins in His own body on the tree, was

that Word by whom all things were made, and without whom "was not anything made that was made." We know nothing of a human atonement apart from the Deity of Christ Jesus. We dare not trust our souls upon a saviour who is but a man. If all the men that have ever lived, and all the angels that exist, could have wrought together, and striven throughout eternity to offer a sacrifice that should be a propitiation for the sins of a single man, they must have failed. None but the shoulders of the Incarnate God could bear the stupendous burden. No hand but that which set fast the spheres could shake the mountains of our guilt, and bear them away. We must have a Divine Sacrifice, and it is our joy to know that we have this in the person of our Lord Jesus Christ.

As for those who do not believe in the Deity of Jesus Christ, let them go their way, and preach what they will, we cannot stay to enter into controversy with them. We would speak of them as Mr. Gadsby did. A building where Unitarianism was taught was erected opposite the chapel in which William Gadsby preached the gospel of the grace of God. One asked Mr. Gadsby, "Do you not feel sad about this opposition?" He replied, "*Opposition*, man! I do not know of any opposition." "No opposition?" "No, brother, none whatever. Suppose I kept a baker's shop, and sold good wheaten bread, and some man came and opened an ironmonger's shop opposite, would that be opposition?" "No, that would be quite a different line of business." "So," said Mr. Gadsby, "the Unitarian Chapel is no opposition to us; it is in a different line altogether. It is a different article they have to deal out. We deal with the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and on that a soul may rest for eternity; but they deal with 'another gospel, which is not another,' with that which can never bring peace on earth, or blessedness in the world to come. There is no opposition." Of course, in another meaning of the word, there is the greatest possible "opposition" between us and Unitarians; and we will pretend to no manner of union with them, for we can never give up our belief in the Divinity and Deity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, nor can we have any fellowship with those who reject that blessed truth.

Let us stand beneath the cross of Calvary, and behold our Lord Jesus hanging there, and remember that His bleeding body was in alliance with the unsuffering Deity. Those wounds of His, that streaming, spear-rent side, was taken into union with the nature of the living and eternal God. The infinite merit of the Godhead was imparted to the sufferings of the manhood. Neither your sins nor mine can ever exceed the merit of the precious blood of Christ. If our sins be high as mountains, the ocean of His atonement, like Noah's flood, covers the utmost summits of the mountains. It prevails twenty cubits upwards, till all the highest mountains are covered. Though our sins be never so crimson, the blood of Jesus Christ is more crimson, and the one washes out the other. Though our iniquities be never so dark and bitter, His death was more bitter and dark, and the black bitterness of His death hath taken away the blackness and bitterness of our sins; and therefore it is that "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him."

Sinner, look at Jesus Christ! There is power in His atoning blood to wash away all thy sins. None can limit the efficacy of the precious blood of Christ. No sins can be too black or too numerous for that precious blood to cleanse. The blood of Jesus Christ is sufficient to accomplish all that God has purposed to accomplish by its shedding. Christ shall never fail in any respect. His cross is a battering-ram against which nothing shall stand. Before the cross of Christ, the stupendous ramparts of our condemnation must rock to and fro even to their fall; and not one stone shall be left upon another that shall not be thrown down. We need a greater confidence in the cross of Jesus Christ, a surer rest evermore on that Rock of Ages cleft for us.

II. CONTEMPLATE THE SUFFERINGS OF THE SUBSTITUTE: "Christ also hath once suffered for sins." These were endured on behalf of all them that believe. See Him in Gethsemane.

"Gethsemane, the olive-press!
 (And why so called let Christians guess)
 Fit name, fit place, where vengeance strove,
 And griped and grappled hard with love.
 'Twas here the Lord of life appear'd,
 And sigh'd, and groan'd, and pray'd, and fear'd;
 Bore all incarnate God could bear,
 With strength enough, and none to spare."

There, for us, Jesus sweated until His soul became so full of agony that the blood flushed the rivers of His veins, and at last burst the banks and overflowed. "His head, His hair, His garments bloody were." He was clad in a ruby robe of His own blood; and there He continued still wrestling, with His soul burdened, and "sorrowful even unto death," that He might prevail on His people's behalf, and that He might suffer the wrath of God for their sins.

He rose from the place where He had been pleading, renewed in strength, and went forth to meet His doom. He was betrayed by Judas, one of the twelve. His own familiar friend, whom He had trusted, who did eat of His bread, lifted up his heel against Him. You who have been forsaken by your firmest friend in the hour of your direst need, you that have known a plighted troth broken, pretended love turned into a deadly hatred, you may guess, but you can only faintly guess, the tremendous sorrow that came into the Redeemer's soul when the traitor, Judas Iscariot, betrayed him.

They hurry the Saviour away to Annas, to Caiaphas, to Pilate, to Herod, then back again to Pilate, without any breathing time, without any respite. They accuse Him of sedition. *The King of kings seditious!* They accuse Him of blasphemy; as if God could blaspheme! They could find no witnesses against Him, except the basest scum of the people, who were prepared to swear to any falsehood, and even these agreed not one with another. There stood the perfect man, the Son of God, accused and slandered by men who were not worthy to be spit upon.

They condemn the innocent, they mock Him, they laugh at Him, they jeer at His majesty, and torment His sacred person. He is given up to the tender mercies of the Roman soldiery. They set Him in an

old chair as though it were a throne. They had just before torn His back with scourges, till His bones stood up like white cliffs in a sea of blood. They crown Him with thorns. They cast an old purple robe on His shoulders, they mock and deride Him, as though He were a sham king. For a sceptre, they give Him a reed; for homage, they give Him spittle; for the kiss of salutation, they give Him the lips of mockery. Instead of bowing before Him as their King, they blindfold Him, and smite Him in the face.

Was ever grief like Thine, Thou King of sorrow, despised by Thine own subjects? Thou, who didst give them breath, dost have that breath back again on Thee in violent and blasphemous oaths! Thou didst give them life; and they spent that life in mocking Thee!

Jesus is led forth to Calvary. He is nailed to the cross by cruel and wicked hands. The rude rabble jeer at His sufferings. Within His soul, there is an agony such as we cannot fathom. Above, there are the swelling waves of Almighty wrath against our sins, covering all His soul. Hark! that dreadful soul-piercing cry, "MY GOD, MY GOD, why hast THOU forsaken ME?" It seems to be the gathering up of all His griefs, sorrows, and sufferings into one expression. Like some enormous lake, which receives the torrents of a thousand rivers, and holds all within its banks, so does that sentence seem to grasp all His woes, and express them all, "My God, my God, *why hast Thou forsaken Me?*"

At last, He bows His head, and yields up His spirit! At one tremendous draught of love, the Lord hath drained destruction dry for all His people. He has "suffered" all that they ought to have suffered. He hath given to the justice of God a full recompense for all their sins. He has on their behalf presented a complete atonement,—

"And, to the utmost farthing paid
Whate'er His people owed."

What joy it is, believer, to think that thou hast such a perfect atonement to rest upon! If there were one sin Christ did not suffer for on the cross, or one evil thought of one of His people that He did not bear, we could not be saved. But He has "finished" the whole of His people's transgression, He has made an end of all their sins, He has obeyed all the jots and the tittles, as well as the great and weighty things, of the law of God, He has magnified it, and made it honourable. He has gone to "the end of the law for righteousness"—not half-way, but all the way; not near to its boundary, but even to its very end. He has not merely sipped from the cup of wrath, not merely tasted a portion of its bitter draught, but He has drained it to the very dregs. Ere He died, He turned the cup of wrath bottom upwards, for He had taken all it contained; and when He saw that there was not a single black drop trembling on its brim, He exclaimed, with the loud voice of triumph, "It is finished!" He had drunk the whole. Glory in this, ye living people of the living Christ! He hath offered for you a complete sacrifice, acceptable unto His Father. Glory in this, ye chosen people of the living God, that "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God."

III. REJOICE IN THE RESULT OF THE SUBSTITUTION.

The sufferings are finished. The debt is paid. Justice is satisfied. The law is magnified. Righteousness is established. For all His people's sins Christ has made a complete atonement, and for their justification He has risen from the dead.

Now, poor trembling seeker, what sayest thou to this? Canst thou not now rest on Christ? God is satisfied with His Son's atoning sacrifice; canst thou be dissatisfied with it? God thinks Jesus enough; canst thou think Him too little? Did the Lord, the King, against whom thou hast offended, accept the reconciliation; and dost thou unbelievably and distrustfully say, "I fear it is not sufficient"? Cast away thy guilty fears, I beseech thee. May the blessed Comforter enable thee now to say,—

"Just as I am—without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

Thou art to be saved by faith in Christ, who "hath once suffered for sins," and in Christ alone. Do not seek to make a saviour of thine own feelings. Do not think thou must experience this, or that, before thou comest unto Jesus. Christ wants no preparation from thee. Salvation consists in simply casting thyself down on Christ. Cast thyself down on thy very face in the dust before Him, and once for all have done with thine own wretched self. Rely not on anything thou canst do, or think, or say, or know; rest alone on Jesus only, and thou art saved. Be thou who thou mayest, and what thou mayest, though thou wert the very worst sinner out of hell, be thy soul the blackest, yet if thou wilt trust in Christ who "hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust," thou shalt be saved.

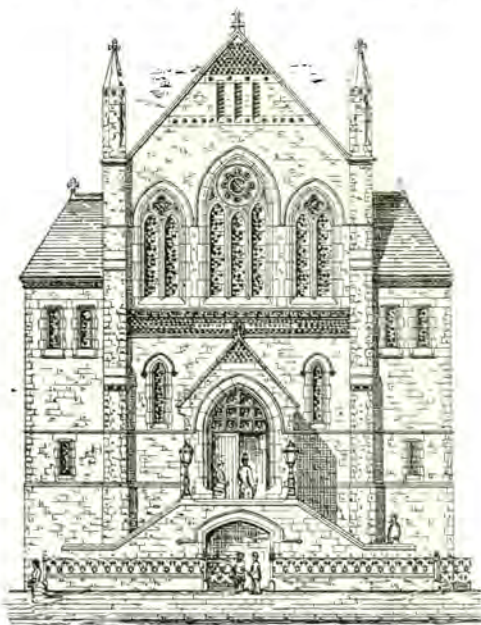
Trembling sinner, look to Jesus, and thou art saved. Dost thou say, "My sins are many"? His atonement is wondrous. Dost thou cry, "My heart is hard"? Jesus can soften it. Dost thou exclaim, "Alas, I am so unworthy"? Jesus loves the unworthy. Dost thou feel, "I am so vile"? It is the vile Jesus came to save. Down with thee, sinner; down, down with thyself, and up with Christ, who hath suffered for thy sins upon Calvary's cross. Turn thine eye thither; see Jesus only. He suffers. He bleeds. He dies. He is buried. He rises again. He ascends on high. Trust Him, and thou art safe. Give up all other trusts, and rely on Jesus alone, alone on Jesus, and thou shalt pass from death unto life. This is the sure sign, the certain evidence of the Spirit's indwelling, of the Father's election, of the Son's redemption, when the soul is brought simply and wholly to rest and trust in Jesus Christ, who "hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God."

May the Holy Ghost bless these words, and send them home with comfort to many hearts, for our Lord Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

XVII. PASTOR W. W. BLOCKSIDE, NEW BROMPTON, KENT.

HAVING looked at the accompanying view of the elegant edifice which is known by the name of THE BAPTIST TABERNACLE, NEW BROMPTON, will the reader kindly accompany us as we make a (mental) survey of what used to be "The Workman's Hall" in the same town? To do so, we enter the High Street, and pass through the side door of an eating-house. Step along the passage; do not go up the stairway in front of you; notice the word on the wall "Private." Bend a step to the left; it is dark; never mind, walk



by feeling. We are now in a small room, and in the right-hand corner, see, there are five steps; mount these, pass on through another short passage, and here we find ourselves inside a long, low, narrow room, large enough to seat about a hundred people. The skylights serve the double purpose of illumination and ventilation. Underneath there is a storehouse, and also a stable. *This is The Workman's Hall*, and this, too, is the cup of the acorn from which the goodly tree of "The Tabernacle" sprang.

Do you ask about its history? Here it is. In the summer of 1878, an ardent Baptist, resident in the town, sent up an earnest request to Mr. Spurgeon for preachers to be sent to New Brompton; "for," said he, "the place is rapidly growing, and in dire need of the gospel." An application of this kind went straight to "the peerless President's"

heart, and immediate steps were taken to send preachers of that gospel he so much loved. Two new students were appointed to begin the work, one of whom was Mr. W. W. BLOCKSIDGE. "Take The Workman's Hall, brethren," said Mr. Spurgeon; "make a collection at each service, pay all expenses, and come and tell me at the end of the year how you have got on."

By the end of the allotted period, the place was filled with hearers, and soon afterwards became literally packed, so that Sunday evening was usually, in a double sense, a *most melting season*. Moreover, the Word preached was in the power and demonstration of the Spirit, for souls were saved, and early in the year 1879 a little church of sixteen members was formed. The Hall in which the church found its first home was rightly named, for from its formation it has been a *working church*. A Building Fund was immediately started, and in 1880 a freehold site was purchased.

In 1881, the fellow-student having accepted a call to a pastorate in Gloucestershire, the friends at New Brompton were anxious to secure the permanent services of Mr. Blocksidge. The outlook was far from inviting for a married man with two children. There was no building, save this tea-room, in which the congregation could meet; the people were entirely of the artizan class, without the sign of a wealthy person among them; and the membership, though very encouraging for the brief period during which the work had been carried on, was only forty-six. The way was mountainous, rough and precipitous, yet the voice of God was heard in the united call of the church, and that was enough for the brave, dauntless spirit of this man of God, and in the June of the year above-mentioned, he became the pastor of the little Baptist church, New Brompton.

Mr. Blocksidge—of whom, through the kindness of Messrs. Lowe, Fletcher, and Hulme, of Old Brompton, we are able to present an excellent portrait—brought into his work in Kent a wide experience of Christian usefulness, which had its origin with the Rev. Charles Vince, of Graham-street Chapel, Birmingham, through whose powerful ministry he was brought to the Saviour. He possessed a burning zeal for the truth, a deep passion for the souls of men, and a mighty faith in God. The happy contagion of his intense earnestness spread among his people, and before the year closed they had erected a school-chapel, seating 250 persons, at a cost of £790. This was soon filled to overflowing, so that it became necessary to hire the Public Hall (unavailable till then), and in this building the Sunday services were held for a period of three years.

From the first, one object was ever in the heart and mind of the pastor and his people, viz., the erection of a suitable house of prayer as a permanent home for the church and congregation. To this end they bent all their energies, and, at last, to the joy of all, the memorial stones of The Tabernacle were laid on July 19th, 1888. The handsome and commodious sanctuary—with seating accommodation for 650 persons, and excellent school and class-rooms for 550 scholars—was ready for opening on January 30th, 1889, and the beloved President's son, Pastor Charles Spurgeon, preached a most appropriate and—as to the central truth to be proclaimed from this

pulpit—a most prophetic sermon, from the words, "Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."

With such perfect premises, the work rapidly advanced on all hands; so that, to-day, there is a membership of 280, with a Sunday-school numbering 520, a Band of Hope with 260 on the roll, well-attended Bible-classes are held each Sunday afternoon; there is an excellent branch of the Y.P.S.C.E., beside a Young Christians' Band; over a thousand meetings of various kinds are held in the buildings during the year, and the place is all alive with active workers.



In every movement that has for its object the uplifting of his fellow-men, Mr. Blocksidge is to the front; and the esteem in which he is held by his fellow-townsmen was enthusiastically shown at the Gillingham Urban District Council election, when they placed him at the top of the poll with 1,232 votes, far above the second on the list. His name has long been a household word throughout New Brompton, and his pastoral work is highly appreciated by all who know him.

There is one object yet to be attained. The Tabernacle, which has cost (with previous expenditures) £4,400, is not free from debt. This burden has been annually reduced in a most praiseworthy manner;

and to stimulate the church to a final effort, a friend and neighbour has made the generous offer of £100, *on condition that the remaining £900 is raised this year*. The worthy pastor and his people are most anxious to secure this sum; but, after fifteen years of incessant giving and soliciting, it is little wonder that they feel almost exhausted. They have already, in cash and promises, £500 towards the amount required; but *the last £400* has still to be collected. If a brother may plead for "a brother beloved", let me say that no man from the Pastors' College ever more truly deserved assistance. The late dear President took a great delight in him, and in his own inimitable way said of him:—"He has a double portion of '*stick to it*' in his nature."

A quotation from Mr. Spurgeon's last letter about this work may fittingly close this brief sketch:—"With all my heart I recommend the case of New Brompton. This church has been gathered by the indefatigable labours of Mr. Blocksidge. . . . They urgently need help. . . . I have done my utmost. . . . Never was there a more deserving case,—a hard-working church, where it is needed, and where it is a power for good, calls upon us for help; let us give it for our Lord's sake."

Will all who are able to respond to this appeal communicate as early as possible with Pastor W. W. Blocksidge, 26, Green Street, New Brompton, Kent?

F. E. BLACKABY.

Does God Answer Prayer?

WE do not ask this question because we have any doubt about the response that should be given to it; but in order that our readers may have the opportunity of sending their own replies. It may be that some tried and tempted souls will be moved to pray on their own account if they read the testimony of a friend who can say, "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles." It will comfort others if they know of those who have had spiritual deliverances in answer to earnest supplications; but we shall be glad to publish authenticated instances in which the Lord has granted temporal favours to petitioners at His throne of grace. Mr. Spurgeon used often to tell how deeply, even as a child, he was impressed by hearing of a good man who prayed about a *key* which he had lost; and in one of his sermons to children, "Christ, the Burden-Bearer," he relates how Anna Shipton, when quite a girl, learned the true meaning of prayer while pleading with the Lord about a *locket* which had been stolen from her. It is somewhat remarkable that the first two testimonies that have been given to us relate to answers to petitions concerning the temporal affairs of God's children.

THE INJURED DRESS.

One of our readers says:—"Years ago, when I was a dressmaker, a blue silk dress was finished, and ready to go home, as I thought; but, on taking it up, I was horrified to find on it two large grease

stains, completely spoiling its appearance. How they came there, I could not imagine. The material had cost ten guineas, and my friend who worked with me, and myself, had not as much money as that between us, so there was no hope of replacing it, to say nothing of all the labour we had spent upon the dress. We both felt that we were in much the same difficulty as the Israelites were in when the Red Sea was before them and the Egyptians behind; only one way was open, that was *upward*. So, like them, we cried unto the Lord. In answer to our supplications, we seemed directed to a certain simple remedy for the mischief; we tried it, praying all the while. Every trace of damage to the dress disappeared, and you may imagine that we sent it home with grateful thanksgivings to the Lord who had wrought for us what, in our circumstances, was a great deliverance."

Mr. John A. Stooke, of the China Inland Mission, who has often sent articles for *The Sword and the Trowel* from his distant sphere of service for the Saviour, is now at home on furlough. He writes as follows, concerning—

A CHINESE WOMAN'S PRAYER OF FAITH.

"At one of our stations, in North China, an old woman became interested in the gospel message, and in a very simple, childlike way believed in the Lord Jesus Christ as her personal Saviour. At this station were two brethren, both bachelors. One day, the elder of the two wanted a Chinese garment cleaned, and, in order to help the old woman, he gave it to her to do. She took it home, and spread it upon the table ready to commence operations. Before doing so, she knelt down and prayed, 'Lord Jesus, help me to clean this *pei-sin* without spoiling it, and tell the gentleman to give me 100 cash (4½d.) for doing it.' In the same room lay her husband and his friends, confirmed opium-smokers, who simply laughed at this strange request; and no wonder, because 50 cash would have been ample pay. However, on she went with her task, and when it was finished, took the garment back to its owner. Prior to this, he had asked his friend, who was the treasurer, for 100 cash. 'Why!' said the other, 'that is far too much.' 'Never mind,' he replied, 'let the poor old soul enjoy the extra benefit; it may do her good.' And so, the Lord honoured the old woman's faith in this simple, yet wonderful way. The brother did not know until afterwards the story of her unique prayer.

"The Lord loves such believing prayer. May *we* just trust Him more after this fashion! May it be ours, not only to pray, but also to know the joy of experiencing *special* answers to our pleadings!

"P.S.—Let much prayer go up for China, just now, that the present state of affairs may prove to be the Lord's way of opening other doors for the gospel message."

We have received particulars of many other answers to prayer, both on temporal and spiritual matters, which have been given to our readers; but the above are all we can insert in the present number of the Magazine. These have been delayed through want of space; others shall be published as soon as possible.

My Bible and I.

BY JOHN D. GILMORE, BRANNOXTOWN.

TRACING the history of my belief in the Bible, and getting back to first causes, I am not ashamed to acknowledge that *I believe in the Bible because my father and mother believed in it.* Over twenty years ago, when leaving my home to begin the battle of life for myself, my mother gave me a Bible as her parting gift; earnestly asking me to read a portion of it daily, to follow its counsels, and to shape my life according to its precepts. Well would it have been for me had I, from the first, attended to her loving counsel, and started to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the precious truths of the Book which, to me, now, is precious above rubies. The Book she gave me I have yet; nor would I willingly part with it. It is unique in its way; containing within its covers the Old and New Testaments, the Book of Common Prayer, and the Psalms of David in metrical version, together with a collection of "Hymns for Special and Holy Days."

Whatever the world may say, the testimony of a father and mother, who found the Book precious and helpful to them, and who, with their dying breath, could heartily commend it, is testimony not to be despised. Some there are who sneer at young men who, as they say, are "tied to their mother's apron strings." I would there were more such captives. Were we only true to our mothers, we would be better, nobler men. Is it, after all, such a "manly" thing to sever all connection with our father's God and Friend? We can start a "down-grade" chapter in our family history, a chapter without the Word of God, and without the God of the Word. We can imitate the sin of Jehoiakim, and cut the leaves of the Sacred Book with a penknife, and cast them into the fire that is upon the hearth. Many have done it; many are doing it. Has the doing of it improved their life?

One dark sultry day, in the leafy month of June, a gentleman drew near an old homestead in a beautiful valley in North Wales. Through the thick trees, he could hear the loud voice of an auctioneer pressing the crowd to buy. On the farm there had lived an old Christian couple, who had a godless son. The mother had been long dead, and now the father had passed away to join "the ever-increasing procession of the saints", and the son was selling off all he considered "rubbish" in that old home. By-and-by, they came to the family altar. There was the little table by which the old man had so often knelt, the well-worn family Bible from which he had read for years, and the old arm-chair in which he had so often sat. To touch them was sacrilege. "Bring them out," said the son, "there shall be no more psalm-singing and Bible-reading here; such superstition is over now in Oakhouse. Sell them." So they sold them, amid the shudder of the crowd, and the old tear-bedewed Book passed into other hands. A few months later, the gentleman passed that way again, and found the old house forsaken, tenantless, and no longer fitted for a home, its roofless condition plainly saying that they who forsake God may find themselves forsaken of God.

Though I am not ashamed or afraid to acknowledge that my faith in the Bible is, first of all, an inherited faith, the heritage of a Christian home, I must, with shame, acknowledge that, when I left my home with the precious Book in my possession, I did not then love its pages, its sublime prose and poetry, or care to read its saving truths. For a time, the Book lay neglected and unused, its invitations rejected, its precepts unheeded; with the result that my life was drifting away from its true centre; sin, blighting and blasting and cruel, steadily and surely getting the complete mastery. Alas! I am not the only one who has left a Christian home, and found, on entering the arena of life, that the subtle temptations of the evil one were too strong for him, the pleasures of sin too luring, unless his life were rooted in the life of the Son of God.

In the gloomy cell of an Indian jail, a number of prisoners were attentively listening to a gentleman, who was earnestly entreating them to study the Scriptures. Wishing to ascertain if they possessed the precious volume, he put the question, "Have any of you a Bible?" After a considerable pause, a soldier, who was under sentence of death for murder, broke the silence, and amidst sobs and tears, confessed that he once had a Bible. "But," said he, "I sold it for drink. It was the companion of my youth. I brought it from my native land. Oh! if I had listened to my Bible, I should not have been here." Thanks, ten thousand thanks, be to God, who, in His sovereign grace, not only saved me from going so far astray as this poor man went, but brought me to a complete standstill in my evil course, and—

"The prints of evil footsteps, on the downward path I trod,
Were blotted out for ever by the mercy of my God."

Then, the Word of God became to me a living Book, containing living words, telling of the living, loving, life-giving Saviour; and the faith in the Book, which was largely taken for granted, because my father and mother believed in it, became a faith rooted and grounded, confirmed and established in personal conviction; and now I can say,—

"We've travelled together, my Bible and I,
Through all kinds of weather, with smile or with sigh;
In sorrow or sunshine, in tempest or calm,
Thy friendship unchanging, my lamp and my psalm.

"We've travelled together, my Bible and I,
When life had grown weary, and death e'en was nigh;
But all through the darkness of mist or of wrong,
I found there a solace, a prayer, or a song.

"So now who shall part us, my Bible and I?
Shall 'isms' or schisms, or 'new lights' who try?
Shall shadow for substance, or stone for good bread,
Supplant divine wisdom, give folly instead?

"Ah! no, my dear Bible, exponent of light!
Thou Sword of the Spirit, put error to flight!
And still through life's journey, until my last sigh,
We'll travel together, my Bible and I."

Puritans and Pilgrims.

BY W. D. MCKINNEY, ANSONIA, CONNECTICUT, U.S.A.

THE Puritans believed in the living God, in the Lord Jesus Christ, in the Bible, in the evil of sin, and in the beauty of holiness. They prayed in faith, and worshipped with fervour. They believed themselves to be priests of the Most High by the anointing of the Holy Spirit. They therefore rejected the aid of all human priesthood, and asserted the spiritual liberty of all God's people. They trusted in neither priest, prelate, nor pope. God's Word was their infallible guide, earth their place of pilgrimage, and heaven their eternal home. Liberty to worship God, they craved and secured. For this they endured exile, and imprisonment, and death. For this they contended in parliament, and pleaded through the press. For this they charged on Marston Moor, and scattered the Scots at Dunbar. They lived and died, not for themselves only, but for others. Whatever of true Evangelical religion there is to-day in the United Kingdom, whatever genuine resistance there is to the claims of the papacy, whatever civil liberty is enjoyed by the people, whatever is pure, honest, truthful, and noble in the national life of England—all these are included in the rich legacy left by the Puritans.

The Pilgrims of New England were the genuine children of the Puritans. They left the old home, and came to the American Continent to secure civil and religious freedom. They landed on bare rocks, and lived amongst dense woods. Their prayers and psalms were heard above the howls of wild beasts and wilder savages. The primæval forests fell beneath their sturdy blows. They built first the meeting-house, next the school-house, last of all the farm-house. God was worshipped, children were educated, men were developed, laws were enacted and observed. Liberty, regulated by law, was enjoyed by all; peace and prosperity blessed the new commonwealth.

“Yes, call that holy ground,—
Which first their brave feet trod!
They have left unstain'd what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!”

At length, a time of trouble came. France endeavoured to strangle New England liberty in its rocky cradle. The spirit of the Pilgrims rose in stern resolution, and burning ire. It marched forth, and broke the bonds of French Jesuitism in the West, and impelled Wolfe to victory and death on the heights of Quebec. The same spirit commenced the revolution, which abolished the authority of kings, and combined all the colonies into a republic. In our own time, the descendants of the Pilgrims spoke out in burning words of testimony against African slavery. At last, they smote it to death by the sword of justice, and decreed its everlasting burial by constitutional law. This spirit still lives, and guards civil and religious liberty. It is determined, to preserve the ark of the national covenant. For this purpose it will keep open the public school, purify politics, control the saloon, secure religious equality, and evermore preserve the unity of the republic.

The Four Anchors.

“They cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day.”—Acts xxvii. 29.

THE night is dark, but God, my God,
 Is here and in command;
 And sure am I, when morning breaks,
 I shall be “at the land.”
 And since I know the darkness is
 To Him as sunniest day,
 I’ll cast the anchor *Patience* out,
 And wish, but wait, for day.

Fierce drives the storm, but winds and waves
 Within His hand are held;
 And trusting in Omnipotence,
 My fears are sweetly quelled.
 If wreck’d, I’m in His faithful grasp,
 I’ll trust Him, though He slay;
 So letting go the anchor *Faith*,
 I’ll wish, but wait, for day.

Still seem the moments dreary, long?
 I rest upon the Lord;
 I muse on His “eternal years”,
 And feast upon His word;
 His promises, so rich and great,
 Are my support and stay;
 I’ll drop the anchor *Hope* ahead,
 And wish, but wait, for day.

O wisdom infinite! O light
 And love supreme, divine!
 How can I feel one fluttering doubt
 In hands so dear as Thine?
 I’ll lean on Thee, my Best-beloved,
 My heart on Thy heart lay;
 And casting out the anchor *Love*,
 I’ll wish, and wait, for day.

From “The Canadian Baptist.” Author’s name unknown.

The Spurgeon Memorial Sermon Society.

The Honorary Secretary, Mr. W. Taverner, 36, Exeter Street, Brighton, asks us to say that the Society is now in a position to supply to any part of the United Kingdom as many of Mr. Spurgeon’s sermons as can be regularly circulated as loan tracts. They will be sent free, and carriage paid, on condition that any contributions given by the readers are forwarded to the Society. All communications should be addressed as above.

From London to Mount Zion.

THIS Tenth Annual Report of my distribution in house letter-boxes of *Extracts from the Sermons of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon* (published by the Religious Tract Society), and of cards entitled *Jesus Saves Now*, and *Trust Jesus*, to men on their way to work between 5 and 7 a.m., covers a period of nine months in consequence of a three months' sojourn in the East. Before starting on that journey, last March, I bought French translations of some of the sermons from the R. T. S., and gave them to fellow-passengers on French railways, and on the Messageries Maritimes steamers, and they were received kindly, read attentively, and then put away carefully with the evident intention of perusing them again.

On the Lord's-days, when at sea, some of the English passengers, in response to an invitation to assemble in one of the saloons for united worship, declined; others said "Yes," but did not appear; a few, however, did come, and we read portions of the Bible, sang hymns, prayed, and I read sermons of the late beloved Pastor, including No. 2,205, "My times are in Thy hand," the last sermon I had the privilege of hearing Mr. Spurgeon preach. Thus we endeavoured to obey the divine injunction, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy," though under unfavourable circumstances arising from the presence of card-players; yet we verified the gracious promise of our Divine Master, "For where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them."

I may observe, in this connection, that in five Roman Catholic catechisms, which I purchased in Rome, Naples, and Florence, bearing on their pages the *imprimatur* of the ecclesiastical authorities, the Commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy," which God wrote on the tables of stone, and delivered to Moses, amidst the thunderings and lightnings of Sinai, is impiously changed into a papal command, "Remember to keep holy the *festivals*!" After mass in the morning, the Lord's-day in Romish countries is almost universally perverted into a day of idleness and frivolity; and card-playing, theatres, horse-races, and bull-fights constitute some of the amusements of the people. In these five Italian catechisms, and also in about twenty catechisms in my possession, published in England and Ireland, under the sanction of the Romish hierarchy, the second Commandment of the Decalogue, which forbids the manufacture, veneration, and worship of images, is wholly suppressed; and the tenth Commandment is divided into two, apparently to make up the correct number, ten!

The number of extracts from the sermons distributed in house letter-boxes, since my return from the East last June to the end of March, was 42,000; and I presume that at least 42,000 people took them into their hands, and read the titles, "Love your Bibles," "There is something in the Bible for you," "A straight line to Christ," "Ye must be born again," "Who is Christ's friend?" "Believe and Live," "Reasons for coming to Christ," "Get Christ for your Friend," "Able to Save," etc.; all of them powerful incentives to consideration, reflection, and conversion to God. The number of cards handed to working-men was 16,220; and the presentation of them afforded abundant opportunities for saying a few earnest words for the Master. For those who, through the alienation of the natural heart from God, obdurately reject His messengers of mercy, as is sometimes the case, and say to Him, "Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of Thy ways," one can only feel grieved, and pray that they may be brought to a better frame of mind and heart.

I may just mention that, on two Sundays at Jerusalem, being requested to conduct the nine o'clock morning service in Christ Church school-room, on Mount Zion, I had opportunities for distributing some of the sermons, and they were gladly received.

T. G. OWENS.

Notices of Books.

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

The Christian Pictorial. Vol. IV.
Alexander and Shephard.

THIS excellent illustrated weekly becomes increasingly interesting. It is a credit alike to its editor, its artists, and its publishers. The portrait gallery introduces many of the lesser-known but worthy ministers and Christian labourers of various denominations, especially those connected with the Y.P.S.C.E.; and the miscellaneous illustrations help to familiarize the readers with scenes from Bible lands as well as with work and workers at home. The "Talks with Men, Women, and Children," by Rev. David Davies, form an important part of the handsome volume which completes the second year's issue of the paper.

The Teaching of Tennyson. By JOHN OATES. Elliot Stock.

In attempting to summarize the teaching of Tennyson, much must depend upon the point of view from which the late Laureate's writings are examined. Mr. Oates reveals his position when he writes of Calvinism: "In spiritual minds it wrought out noble and stately characters, it moved them with mighty impulses, and produced some of the strongest saints. We find them amongst Huguenots, Waldenses, Covenanters, and Puritans. . . . The creed controlled the mind of Europe for three centuries; but it is now exhausted, and can never be revitalised." Probably Mr. Oates thinks this is true, and doubtless he wishes it were; but, until the Word of God and the Lord who gave it are both destroyed, Calvinism will continue to live, and will therefore have no need to be "revitalised."

While we are, theologically, at the opposite pole from the poetical apostle of "the larger hope"—whatever that vague expression may mean,—we can appreciate his teaching where it is not contrary to the Scriptures, and we welcome him as an ally when-

ever he advocates truth, temperance, righteousness, and purity.

After Five Years in India. By ANNE C. WILSON. Blackie & Son.

THE daughter of Dr. Norman MacLeod, who is also the wife of a "deputy-commissioner, magistrate, and collector in a secluded district of the Punjaub," here gives a series of life-like sketches of the people amongst whom she has lived for five years. Her "first impressions" are recorded in letters so graphically written that they lure one on to the less interesting chapters on administration and law, public works, education, land laws and money-lenders, caste, etc. A number of photographic illustrations, clear bold type, and chaste binding, make up a choice volume, well worth the published price of six shillings; yet we must warn readers not to expect to find much about the religious life of the inhabitants of the Punjaub.

Hebron: or, the Place of Fellowship.

By ADA R. HABERSHON. Holness.

AN admirable compilation of the Scripture references to Hebron, with their bearing upon "Fellowship", which is said to be the meaning of the name Hebron. Without any wresting or straining of the passages, much valuable instruction is given. The whole series must have been very useful to those who attended the Bible-readings where the substance of this twopenny booklet was delivered.

Silver Wings, and Other Addresses to Children. By A. G. FLEMING. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

THESE eight addresses, filling nearly 200 pages, are admirable specimens of preaching to the young. Old-world stories speak with counsel for to-day, and the gospel rings out its music so sweetly that even children should be charmed by it. We trust these Silver Wings will take their golden message home to many hearts.

The Moral Conflict of Humanity, and other Papers. By A. C. KENDRICK, D.D., LL.D. Baptist Tract and Book Society.

WE quite agree with the American publishers of this volume, that the superior merits of the papers it contains deserve embodiment in a permanent form. They are too good to be scattered like Sybilline leaves, and too precious to justify the loss of any fragment. These papers are the theological remains of a great thinker; and, withal, of one whose sturdy independence of thought betrays no trace of special pleading. While taking exception to one or two of the conclusions arrived at by Dr. Kendrick, we yield to none in our admiration of his gifts, and in our sense of the general worth of the volume before us. The first paper, on "The Moral Conflict of Humanity," is to be reckoned among the finest theological disquisitions in the whole English language.

Simon Peter: his Later Life and Labours. By CHARLES S. ROBINSON, D.D., of New York. Nelson and Sons.

NOT so much a delineation of Simon Peter as of the Master Himself, and only incidentally of the disciple. We do not write this by way of detraction, but rather to prepare the reader for the better feast that awaits him. The pages of this book literally glow with interest, and the presence or absence of Peter is a matter of no moment at all. The spell of fascination is not heightened when he appears, nor is it lessened when he disappears. It is seldom one comes across a work where the mere exercise of reading is made so easy and delightful. Dr. Robinson wields the pen of a ready writer; and whether we regard grace of spirit, grace of contents, or grace of form, this work is full of grace.

Songs of Faith, Hope, and Love. By JOHN DICKIE. Kilmarnock: "The Young Watchman" Office.

A LITTLE book of sacred songs, full of the Saviour's praise. Some of them are well worth setting to music.

The Lord's Supper: its Meanings and its Teachings. By GEORGE CLARKE. Marshall Brothers.

So simple, clear, and brief is this tasteful exposition, that it cannot fail to help the converts gathered by our evangelistic friend. As a safe and useful guide, we cordially commend it.

The Beauty of Holiness. By W. LANCELOT HOLLAND, M.A. Stirling: Drummond's Tract Depot.

ADMIRABLE! Holiness is set before us here in so fair and true a guise that we are enamoured of its beauty, and travel through the twelve chapters in quick succession, eager to achieve and to enjoy what is so well portrayed.

Sanctification. By Rev. EDWARD HOARE, M.A., Honorary Canon of Canterbury. Wm. Hunt and Co.

It is well that a fourth and enlarged edition of this weighty little volume has been issued. It is one of the best manuals on Holiness we have seen. It is clear as crystal; it exalts grace, without suppressing responsibility; it does not shirk the difficulties, or promise present sinlessness by any special process; it simply takes the Word of God, reverently expounds and practically applies it. We trust it may be instrumental in producing much "fruit unto holiness" in the family of faith.

The Duration of the Ages. By BERNARD PIFFARD, Hemel Hempstead. Passmore and Alabaster.

IN this shilling pamphlet, an earnest student of the Scriptures presents us with his conclusions as to the distinction between the "Age" and "Ages" and "Ages of Ages." We cannot follow all the views expressed, but there is much wise counsel and faithful warning worthy of all heed.

The Great Problem; or, Man's Future Place and Work in the Universe. By J. S. Elliot Stock.

THE successive stages of man's history, as shown in Scripture, are dealt with as the bases of his ministry in the age to come. The study is reverent, devout, and kept within the scope of Revelation.

Number in Scripture: its Supernatural Design and Spiritual Significance.
By E. W. BULLINGER, D.D. Eyre and Spottiswoode.

THIS volume bears on every page the marks of deep meditation and surprising originality of research. Dr. Bullinger ploughs largely with his own heifer; and we are safe in saying that the reader, no matter who he is,—the more theological the better,—will find an immense store of new things. Perhaps the number *two* might have had more said in its favour, for the dualism of Scripture is a wonderful study; but the other numbers are well filled out, too well to be conducive to comfort in some cases. Poor *thirteen* is shown to have such a record as dooms it to complete excision from the society of all respectable figures. Of the number *five*, the converse holds. We have our fears lest this number should be exalted beyond measure by its Bullinger setting, for to be the number descriptive of *Grace* is an honour indeed. The mischief that lurks in *sic* is confirmed in this work, while the reference to *stigma*, the Greek sign for it, is far from complimentary to a modern religious movement, whose favourite letter it resembles (see page 283). The interpretation of the number 153 is admirable. The like applies to the number 999, which in general estimation means no more than one short of a thousand. But we may not enlarge. There are uses and applications of number in this book to the structure, genealogies, and language of Scripture, such as invest the work with an altogether fresh and edifying interest; while it should also be said that, so far as was possible, Dr. Bullinger has brought his Hebrew and Greek erudition within the compass of the English reader's intelligence. To the best of our judgment, this is by far the most elaborate and many-sided exposition of the significance of "number" ever issued; and as the whole is quarried from the Word of God itself, we feel that the learned author has rendered admirable service, both as

regards the edification of the believer and the defence of the Faith.

John Medley's Life Story, and other Remarkable Records. By A PRISON CHAPLAIN. Alfred Holness.

THE prison chaplain who has preserved these "remarkable records" of what the grace of God can accomplish, is evidently a man of the right stamp, who believes in the possibility of salvation for the worst of sinners through the preaching of Christ crucified. We are glad to reprint the following story of blessing resulting from the personal application of John iii. 16 to one of his hearers:—

"When walking, one afternoon, on the Stockbridge Road, with a clerical friend, my companion called my attention to a man a considerable distance before us, who was shouting, and flourishing a large stick. At first, my friend seemed to think he was under the influence of drink; but, as he approached us, we saw there was no unsteadiness in his gait. Furthermore, we heard him repeating one and the same word only; that word was, 'Whosoever,' and he kept repeating it until we met, when I recognized him as the Romsey drover I had spoken to in prison. We shook hands very cordially, and he at once seemed eager to explain his rather eccentric conduct. 'You may think my conduct odd; but when I saw you on the road, I could not help thinking of the sermon you preached a morning or two before I left the prison. It was from that text, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," and before you finished, you said the name of the Saviour was in it, and also the name of the sinner, and then you pointed down from the pulpit at me, and you said, "You are the sinner, and your name is WHOSOEVER, but Jesus the Saviour will not let you perish if you come to Him, and believe in Him." Then and there I said to myself, "I will believe, and He will save me, and pardon my sins." And I did believe, and my name now is "Whosoever," and Jesus is my Saviour.'"

From the Exile to the Advent. By
Rev. WM. FAIRWEATHER, M.A.
Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

A USEFUL handbook for Bible-classes, and well worth the modest florin charged for it. The work is really well done, and each period in turn, whether Persian, Greek, Maccabean, Asmonean, or Roman, is treated clearly and concisely. It is a pity the writer takes for granted so many assumptions of the critics, lumping Joshua with the Pentateuch, and claiming that the product in its final shape (the "Hexateuch") belongs to the period of the exile. If the adoption of these views is a necessary passport to popularity, the sooner such a fashion dies the better.

How to Read the Prophets. Part V.
By BUCHANAN BLAKE, B.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

DEALING with "Isaiah (chapters xl.—lxvi.) and the post-exilic prophets," the author here completes his plan of presenting the prophetic writings of the Old Testament in their chronological order, that is to say, the order as the "higher critics" conceive it. Thus, the second part of Isaiah's prophecies is here given as uttered after the return from Babylon, the Book of Daniel is wrenched from the captive of that name (page 238), and is ascribed to as late a date as 168—165 B.C. In fact, the volume follows the latest fashion in pseudo-Biblical chronology, which we suppose will hold the field in critical circles till the next school arises to demolish it. "Importance is attached to the mention of 'Psaltery' as showing that the Book of Daniel must have been written after the time of Alexander the Great [330 B.C.], by whose conquests Greek civilization had been spread" (page 238). But, apart from evidences of commercial contact between Babylon and Greece in Daniel's time, the Assyrian monuments disclose the eight-stringed harp, which came from Greece within eight years of its invention, centuries before Alexander's day! Half the diligence displayed in such works as these, devoted to the evidences available to reverent faith, would yield

more profit, and teach us far more truly "how to read the prophets."

The Book of Jonah. A Monograph.
By JOHN KENNEDY, M.A., D.D.
Alexander and Shephard.

RIGHT glad are we to see that the author of this work remains unaffected by the *Zeitgeist* which has blown so many about like chaff. The volume is one of the best specimens of the highest criticism. The so-called "higher critics" have a formidable antagonist in Dr. Kennedy, for he is not content with simply standing on the defensive, but carries the war into his adversaries' camp. It is very refreshing to see how he riddles the theories of the allegorists, and exhibits the credulity of the apostles of "modern thought", turning their weapons against themselves. As we read the attempts made to explain away the historicity of the Book of Jonah, we are amazed that men with any pretension to scholarship are not ashamed to advance such inanities. The swallowing of Jonah by the whale is a small affair compared with the feats of the would-be prophets of the present day. Verily, there is no ignorance so crass, and no credulity so great as that of those who, professing themselves to be wise, prove that they are otherwise.

We rejoice that Dr. Kennedy has produced this valuable work, by which the truant prophet has been rescued from the voracious fish of modern criticism.

Grace and Godliness. Studies in the Epistle to the Ephesians. By H. C. G. MOULE, B.D. Seeley and Co.

THE substance of these studies was originally given, in the form of lectures, to about one hundred and twenty clergymen who met, last July, in the Divinity School, at Cambridge. We rejoice that they were ever delivered, and that they are now brought before a much larger audience. The work is both critical and expository; the author sends us back to the Bible, the fount of sacred knowledge, and treats his theme in a reverent spirit. No attempt is made in these pages "to revise the

Christianity of our Lord." There are those who fancy themselves quite equal to such a task; not so the author of this work. The Epistle is studied "as if it were a newly-discovered document." Its main literary and historical questions are examined. The Father's relation to the Son, to the Spirit, to the Church, and to the members of the Church, is treated in a truly edifying manner. The practical is shown to spring out of the doctrinal, and holiness is seen to be "the final cause of faith." A charming picture of the primitive Christian is depicted, as he lived the life of Christ, under normal conditions, "in Asian circles, in the year 63, to the glory of the grace of God."

Referring to that "restless craving for strange converse with the unseen" which is so widespread to-day, we notice the following paragraph:—"Only a few weeks ago, I read the report of an occasion when, in a place of Christian worship, and under the presidency of its pastor, the apostleless of modern theosophy, the enthusiastic and able woman who, once a materialist, now preaches in India and England the creed of Mahatmas and of astral bodies, gave by invitation and with a welcome a discourse upon her faith. If this is possible already, what will be done in the dry tree?"

Surely, that tree must be very far gone in rottenness where this sort of thing is possible; but it is inexpressibly sad that, in a leading Christian (!) church in London, and in the Baptist denomination, too, this abomination should have been permitted. How long, O Lord, how long, shall such evils be possible?

The Argument for Christianity. By GEORGE C. LORIMER, D.D. Baptist Tract and Book Society.

A MASCULINE work of 480 pages, exhibiting much solidity of judgment, cogency of thought, wide reading, and applied scholarship. We are sorry that Dr. Lorimer, while setting his face as a flint against *evolution* as a theory of causation, is, nevertheless, of opinion that of "evolution as a theory of the Divine method in

ordering and processioning the universe, there need be no controversy" (page 24). We think that, if controversy is required anywhere in these days, it is just *there*. Still, on the lines Dr. Lorimer has elected to conduct his argument, he has ably succeeded in building up a solid fabric. We would specially commend the third chapter, which contains the argument from Christ Himself. We feel, however, that the main argument for Christianity, so far as the world is concerned, is not one which can be written, but one which must be lived. Unless the lives of Christ's people speak for Him, apologetic works might as well be buried in the Red Sea. Dr. Lorimer, to some extent, covers this ground in his *argument from humanity*, chapter vii.

The Parchments of the Faith. By Rev. GEORGE E. MERRILL. Baptist Tract and Book Society.

THE results of textual criticism, on the merits of which there is room for diversity of view, could hardly have found a more painstaking chronicler than Mr. Merrill, of Newton, Massachusetts, U.S.A. He has executed his task in the spirit of an enthusiast, and has spared no pains in presenting to the reader a complete digest of documentary evidence, up to date, in a manner that is lucid alike to the senses and the intellect. We heartily commend this book on the grounds of literary form and well-assorted information. Being beautifully printed, on excellent paper, and embellished with choice plates, it is a marvel of cheapness at 4s. 6d.

Eternal Punishment. By A SEARCHER. Hodder Brothers.

UNHAPPILY for the Rev. Edward White, this Searcher, who probably is a scion of the ancient Greeks, has at last got on his track, and is able here to show that he has searched him out to some purpose. The moral is: Theorize if you so prefer, but be warned by the fate of Mr. White, and keep clear of scholastic dogmatism, lest the Searcher annihilate you in the names of Homer, Sophocles, and other classic immortals.

Good Reading about Many Books mostly by their Authors. T. Fisher Unwin.

THIS is a good deal more than "a peep behind the scenes." Over forty popular writers either tell the history of their own volumes or of the books written by their friends. Mr. Fisher Unwin certainly had "a happy thought" when he devised this unusual method of advertising the works here described.

Charles Kingsley. An Essay. Bristol: Albert Pole and Son.

THE essayist is evidently a greater admirer of Kingsley's teaching than we are; but he fairly sets forth the redoubtable Canon as he was, and says much that is interesting about his writings and other work.

Vignettes. By AUBREY N. ST. JOHN MILDMAI, B.A. Elliot Stock.

WE should fancy (and our author warmly eulogizes Dame Fancy) that this medley volume was the product of a convalescent period, when the writer was too weak for solid work, and too well to be idle. The dedication is to his "Brother, and priest, and host, and dear old fellow." A tinge of the mystic, a dash of the poet, a smack (almost two smacks) of the priest, and a certain literary flavour, combine to make a book that will not take the public by storm, but which will probably be welcomed in the private circle where the writer is known and loved. His doctrines are decidedly not Evangelical; if they were, he would be branded as "a pessimist."

Both Worlds Barred. By SYDNEY KEAN. T. Fisher Unwin.

WE scarcely remember receiving for review a more utterly worthless work than this. It is hardly possible to find in it a single redeeming quality. We are told that the subject of the story—he is too contemptible a character to be called a hero,—although a Presbyterian minister, "had at no time been entitled to pose as an experimental instance of the power of the gospel, . . . his hold of religion had been by no means a firm one." It is not surprising, therefore, that the book is largely occupied with

descriptions of Down-grade doctrine, ministerial and lay drunkenness, and a general looseness and laxity which, happily, do not exist in real life, even in the home of golf and whisky.

Achan's Ghost. By JOHN M. BAMFORD. C. H. Kelly.

THERE is no "ghost" in this story, and very little about "Achan"; but it is well worth reading by those who are not ghosts, or who may be Achans. The temperance teaching of the book is clearer than the gospel doctrine; love is rather exalted to the detriment of faith,—a common fault of the present day.

Mother and Son. By EMMA MARSHALL. "Home Words" Office.

A CAPITAL story of a brave boy who suffered much through his father's forgery, but who rescued his parent from drowning, afterwards married the young woman he loved, "and they all lived happy ever afterwards." The kind clergyman and his good wife are pretty much in evidence, but that will make the tale all the more acceptable to Episcopalian readers.

Jane and her Family. By ELIZABETH LANG. Nelson and Sons.

A VERY small story, only suitable for a very little girl.

Messrs. Blackie and Son (50 Old Bailey) have added five more volumes to their "School and Home Library"; viz., *Washington Irving's Conquest of Granada* (2 vols.), *Captain Marryat's Canadian Settlers*, *Lives of Drake and Cavendish*, and *Miss Edgeworth's Moral Tales*. These and previous issues will furnish considerable variety either for the school or the home library.

Sermons for Children. By NATHANIEL WISEMAN. R. D. Dickinson.

WE always thought it took a wise man to talk successfully to children; these thirty sermons assure us of the fact. They are full of life and interest from first to last; and, though not always definite in doctrine, they are very practical, and delightfully illustrated.

The Tragedy of Morant Bay. By E. B. UNDERHILL, LL.D. Alexander and Shephard.

THOUGH thirty years have passed away since the dark days of Governor Eyre in Jamaica, this record of those stirring times by one who had a leading part in them, as Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, throbs with interest in every page. Its treatment of the economic troubles of the island displays statesmanlike sagacity: its vindication of the Baptist Churches there, and of their coloured members, is triumphant and complete; and the part played by the author himself in securing an amended constitution for the country, with wiser laws and ampler justice, is a golden chapter in a long life. Dealing as it does with a crisis in colonial history, the book is one of great public interest; but for Baptists its interest is special, and should secure it a certain place wherever Baptist literature is prized or read.

Let us Draw Nigh! By Rev. ANDREW MURRAY. Nisbet & Co.

MANY of our readers are probably already acquainted with the larger work—*The Holiest of All*—from which this shilling booklet is reprinted. If they are not, this series of meditations on Hebrews x. 19—25 would prove a

fitting introduction to Mr. Murray's masterly exposition of the whole Epistle. The beloved expositor needs no words of commendation from us; the mere mention of a new book from his pen will at once ensure its purchase by tens of thousands who have already profited by his Spirit-guided instructions.

The Beacon of Truth; or, the Testimony of the Quran to the Truth of the Christian Religion. Translated from the Arabic by SIR WALTER MUIR, K.C.S.I., LL.D. Religious Tract Society.

THE endeavour here is to meet the Mohammedan on his own ground, and to expound, by the aid of his own received authorities, the untenableness of his position, and the call to enter the portal of truth which the Scriptures supply. This book shows an intensive grasp of the subject, and is an able illustration of the *argumentum ad hominem* both as regards Mohammed himself and his numerous followers. In the words of the translator:—"No apology of the Christian faith carrying similar weight and cogency has ever been addressed to the Mohammedan world." May it soon be translated into the vernacular of every land inhabited by those professing the Moslem faith!

Notes.

On Wednesday evening, March 20, the annual meeting of HADDON HALL MISSION, BERMONDSEY, was held under the presidency of Samuel Barrow, Esq. Special interest attached to the gathering, as it was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the work. Among the speakers on the occasion were Pastors J. A. and Thomas Spurgeon. It was reported that, during the year, 28 persons had been baptized upon profession of their faith in Christ, making a total of 366 baptisms since the opening of the Hall in 1884. The number of communicants on the register is 290, all of whom are members of the church at the Tabernacle. All the agencies of a vigorous mission are in active operation, and the spirit in which the work is carried on is plainly indicated in the following extract from the Report presented at the meeting:—

"Our one aim is the salvation of the

people; and the means we put forth are those clearly pointed out in the Word. We sympathize with all efforts after social improvement, but we do not feel that they come within the scope of our work. As to secular amusements, we never touch them, and the word 'entertainment' is *unknown* upon our handbills. God graciously sets His seal of approval by letting us see not only large congregations of hearers, but a constant succession of enquirers, from amongst whom there come those who are baptized and united to us in church-fellowship. The Lord has been very gracious to us in providing the financial supplies for His work. Our own people are generous, and kind friends have been raised up outside our number. The total income from all sources, and in all departments, for the past twelve months, was £791 8s. 1d."

During the evening, subscriptions

amounting to £74 (including £15 from the chairman) were handed in; and to Mr. William Olney, the President of the Mission, an illuminated address was given, together with the sum of £64, which he said that he should distribute amongst the widows of workers who had been "called home."

On Wednesday evening, March 27, the TABERNACLE ANNUAL CHURCH-MEETING was held. There was a large muster of members at the tea, and a still greater gathering afterwards in the Tabernacle. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided, and after the opening hymn, led the assembly in prayer. The statistics for the year 1894 were then reported, as follows:—Increase, by baptism, 215; by letter, 62; by profession of faith, having been previously baptized, 16;—Decrease, by transfer and joining other churches, 213; by non-attendance, 114; by emigration, 16; by deaths, 76; by other causes, 7;—leaving a net decrease of 133, and a membership on December 31st of 4,965. The present number of missions connected with the church is 22, with sittings for 3,905 persons; there are also 28 Sunday and Ragged-schools, with 659 teachers and 8,387 scholars.

The Pastor mentioned the many reasons there were for thanksgiving in looking over the first year of his pastorate, and indicated one or two directions in which help was required. Mr. Thomas H. Olney read the church accounts, all of which showed a balance in hand except the Almshouses Poor Fund, which often needed extra aid even in the late beloved Pastor's time. Hearty thanks were accorded to Mr. Olney, he was asked to continue in office for the ensuing year, and the Pastor presented to him, in the name of the church and congregation, an illuminated address congratulating him upon the completion of his twenty-fifth year in the Tabernacle treasurership. In the course of his reply, Mr. Olney gave some interesting reminiscences of previous Pastors, from Dr. Rippon to the ever-beloved C. H. Spurgeon.

The College accounts were read and passed; but they need not be described in detail here, as they will be published in full in the forthcoming Report. A resolution of sympathy with officers and members unable to be present having been heartily carried, the singing of the Doxology, and prayer by the Pastor, fittingly closed the harmonious and enthusiastic meeting.

On Wednesday evening, April 17, the Bible-classes connected with the Tabernacle Sunday-school met, at the invitation of the Pastor, in the College Lecture-hall. There were about 500 present. Refreshments having been served, the members of the various classes were introduced to Pastor and Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon. The Pastor then gave an address of welcome, expressive of the interest which the church took in the work of the Sunday-school, and

especially in that portion of it represented by the Bible-classes.

A pleasing item in the programme of the evening was the presentation of a basket of flowers to Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon, accompanied by an address, which was read by Miss Minnie Strudwick. We regret that lack of space prevents the insertion of more than one paragraph from this very interesting document:—

"We welcome you amongst us with much cordiality, and ask you to accept the assurance of our sincere esteem and regard. You have come many thousands of miles across the seas to aid your husband, our beloved Pastor, in his work for God, and we earnestly pray that the choicest of heaven's favours may descend upon you in this the land of your adoption."

The Pastor having replied on his wife's behalf, Mr. Frank Thompson spoke in the name of the deacons, and Mr. Charlesworth for the elders, wishing the Bible-classes continued and increased prosperity. Representatives of the various classes then gave short reports of their work and present condition; Mr. Mayers and Miss M. Ryan sang sacred solos, and a small choir, conducted by Mr. Harvey, assisted in the musical portion of the programme. Prayer by Mr. F. H. Ford brought to a close a very happy, helpful, memorable gathering.

The annual Report of THE RELIGIOUS TRACT AND BOOK SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND, lately issued, contains many references to the usefulness of Mr. Spurgeon's works. Among the books representing the kind which the Society has sought to keep to the front, the Directors mention "Spurgeon's *Around the Wicket Gate* and *All of Grace*." One of the colporteurs, who is labouring in Essex, the county where Mr. Spurgeon was born, says:—"Around the Wicket Gate and All of Grace (with three by other authors) are my most popular books." The agent in Ayrshire writes:—"Next to the Bibles and Testaments, the books that take best with me are Spurgeon's *John Poughman's Talk and Pictures*, *Around the Wicket Gate*, *All of Grace*, *According to Promise*, etc., etc." A colporteur in Orkney reports:—"Spurgeon's *Farm Sermons* and *The Saint and his Saviour* have done much good."

What joy such tidings always brought to the dear author's heart while he was with us, and how grateful are we that the Lord's blessing continues to accompany the books though the loving, living voice cannot now reach our ears!

Pastor Archibald G. Brown's annual Letter to his helpers, and Record of service during 1894, have a specially pathetic interest this year because of the necessary and tender mention of the home-going of his long-afflicted wife. All who sympathize with truly Evangelical mission work should write to our beloved brother, at 22, Bow Road, E., for the little book, and send to

him such help as they can afford. The following weighty words by Mr. Brown ought to be widely read, and earnestly pondered :—

"Looking abroad, I see much to cause sorrow and holy fear. I know that I am counted a 'Pessimist' by many in this matter, and a prophet of evil. Better, however, be a true prophet of evil than a false one of peace. The 'down-grade' tendency in the churches, deplored and denounced by dear Spurgeon, not only continues, but gains accelerated speed. The Word of God is being undermined by those who are supposed to have no other work to do than to proclaim it. Satan's note of interrogation is being placed after nearly every book of the Bible. 'Hath God said?' is fast taking the place of 'Thus saith the Lord.' The need of conversion is but little emphasized, and evolution is superseding regeneration. The growing worldliness of the churches is beyond all question, and the theatre has its advocates in the pulpits. As the result of these things, revivals are seldom heard of. Stagnation seems the order of the day. The old-fashioned doctrines of the Bible did rouse men and give birth to mighty movements; but 'modern-thought' theories leave the world untouched or only tickled. A mutilated Bible is no two-edged sword."

This witness is true; but how many will believe it?

COLLEGE.—Mr. W. Holyoak is leaving College to take the oversight of the church at Bromley Common, Kent.

The following brethren are removing :—Mr. G. Curtis, from Sheerness, to Henrietta Street, Handel Street, London; Mr. J. H. Grant, from Chalfont St. Peter's, to Coalville, Staffordshire; and Mr. W. Maynard, from Westmoreland, to Syston, Leicestershire. Mr. J. C. Hewson is leaving Stratford Grove, on account of ill-health, and going to Perth, Western Australia. Just as these "Notes" are passing through the press, we hear that Mr. H. A. Phillips, of Southport, has accepted the pastorate at Cambray Chapel, Cheltenham.

C. H. SPURGEON'S EVANGELISTS.—Pastor A. P. Sanders writes, concerning the mission conducted by Mr. Pilling at Repton and Willington :—"Both churches received much blessing during the services, and at Willington several persons were brought to a knowledge of Christ. As the pastor of the Repton church, I am very grateful to Mr. Pilling for his earnest and telling work."

Of Mr. Burnham's services at Barton Fabis and neighbourhood, Pastors J. R. Godfrey and G. E. Payne report :—

"Considerable interest was manifested from the first meeting, and was on the whole well maintained throughout, though on one or two evenings local circumstances

somewhat interfered with the attendance. Our brother has won a deep regard in the hearts of those with whom he has come in contact, especially those with whom he has had most to do. 'The more we see of him, the better we love him,' is the testimony; and our friends who entertained him greatly appreciated his company, and felt he left a blessing in the home. We are grateful for our brother's visit, and should he come to us again, there will be many who would gladly give him a warm welcome."

From May 5 to 10, Mr. Burnham is to hold a mission at Earls Barton.

Concerning Mr. Harmer's services at Ross, from March 17 to 24, Pastor J. J. Knight writes to Mrs. Spurgeon :—

"We were all very grateful to you for sending us our good brother, who proved himself a most helpful worker and winner of souls. His kindly, genial spirit was refreshing to me, just struggling through an attack of influenza; and his loving, pleading addresses were greatly used of God among the people. I have been repeatedly asked, 'When is Mr. Harmer coming again?' It has been my joy, since our friend left, to receive letters from those who have been blessed during the mission, which speak volumes in favour of the grand old gospel. Someone who heard Mr. Harmer said to me, 'Well, Mr. Knight, give me Spurgeon's men for clear expositions of gospel truth,' and I felt thankful for the remark. There is certainly no uncertain sound about Mr. Harmer's addresses. Christ is kept to the front, and the cross is made conspicuous in every service."

Pastor J. Frankland, Congregational minister, Alfreton, sends us the following report of what he calls Mr. Harmer's "bright and successful nine days' mission" from March 31 to April 8 :—

"The Christian Endeavour Society initiated the movement, and right heartily did the young people enter into the work. For some weeks previous to the mission, prayer was made for its success, and a special prayer-meeting was held every night of the week preceding the services. Consequently, Mr. Harmer's visit was hopefully anticipated, and it was attended with the happiest results. Christian workers were inspired, those whose feet had well-nigh slipped were humbled and restored, and, best of all, souls were saved through the evangelist's faultlessly clear and convincing message. On Sunday afternoon, April 7, Mr. Harmer addressed a large congregation of men, his incisive and convicting words being listened to with perfect attention. On the following Monday, a tea and praise and thanksgiving service happily closed the mission. This is Mr. Harmer's second visit to us, and we hopefully look forward to his coming again."

From April 12 to 28, Mr. Harmer was at Millom; and from May 4 to 12, with the help of Pastor W. F. Price, of Paignton, he is to conduct a mission at Gipsy Road Chapel, Norwood. He will be glad to hear from any brethren who desire his services during the summer months.

ORPHANAGE.—*Founder's Day, Wednesday, June 19.*—The festival programme promises to be as interesting as in previous years; and our friends, we are sure, will rally in large numbers to celebrate a day fraught with such precious memories. We are asked to announce that the following friends have consented to take part in the proceedings:—Afternoon chairman—Sir John Barran, Bart., M.P.; Evening chairman—Martin John Sutton, Esq.; Speakers—Revs. A. Connell, W. Cuff, J. W. Ewing, J. M. Gibbon, Newman Hall, W. Horne, F. A. C. Lillingston, C. Moinet, Arthur Mursell, G. F. Pentecost, James Stephens, John Spurgeon, J. A. Spurgeon, Thomas Spurgeon, Alfred Wells, and W. J. Woods; and Messrs. F. F. Belsey, and F. W. N. Lloyd.

The visit of Mr. Charlesworth and the choir to the West of England was heartily welcomed by hosts of friends. Everything was lovingly done to make the tour a success; but, alas! the general depression throughout Cornwall told against the meetings. Loss of income from mining reverses, and the failure of many of the crops, reduced the total below the amount derived from former visits. Still, under the circumstances, the results were satisfactory, and the President and Managers desire to express their sincere thanks to all friends who helped to make the proceeds as good as they were.

The following engagements have been made:—May 7, Newbury; 8, Reading; 11—13, Weymouth; 14, Portland; 15—18, Guernsey; 19—24, Jersey. Will friends in the districts kindly note these fixtures; and, if possible, attend the meetings?

Orphanage Sunday-school.—On Wednesday evening, March 27, J. C. Ashton, Esq., gave his popular lecture "A Tour in North Wales," illustrated with magnificent dissolving-views. Most of the pictures had been photographed by himself, and hence many choice peeps, not usually found in such lectures, were exhibited. Both teachers and scholars were so thoroughly interested that they expressed an earnest hope that the institution might be favoured with another visit from Mr. Ashton at no very distant date.

On Lord's-day afternoon, April 7, the quarterly united service was held, when an excellent address was given by Pastor T. F. Touzeau, of Loughboro' Park Congregational Chapel, on the subject of Daniel's fidelity, taking for his text Daniel i. 8. The whole service was a very bright one, and will not easily be forgotten.

COLPORTAGE.—Last month, we said:—"Our secretary has not yet been able to resume his office duties." The Committee have since received with regret the resignation of Mr. W. Corden Jones as secretary of the Association.

There is, this month, a slight improvement in the receipts on behalf of our General Fund; but we shall be glad if further help can be rendered in this direction. At least £50 per month is needed to keep our work in a healthy and prosperous condition.

Our colporteur, Mr. Garrett, of Cheddar, one of our most energetic salesmen, writes:—"The rough weather of the past winter, throwing so many out of employment, makes selling our books very difficult work. On going through my last year's accounts, I find sales as follows:—84 Bibles, 54 New Testaments, 2,154 books under sixpence, 950 from sixpence, 13,025 Magazines, 632 Almanacks, 24 small books, 1,508 Scripture and Christmas Cards, 448 large Texts, 538 Tracts given away, and 49 Sermons or Addresses delivered. These items of sales put together make about 19,418 publications for the year 1894, amounting to £251 17s. 6d. Much good is done by circulating so many good books, texts of Scripture, Scriptural Almanacks and the like.

"I meet with much encouragement on the road. 'Call again,' says one, 'we do not get many visitors here to talk about good things.' Another says, 'I like the tract you left last time; it did me good.' At one place where I was preaching, 'all down across country' for seven miles, they said, 'You don't come to see us very often; but you do help us when you come.' I said, 'It is the Lord who helps you through me, and you must thank Him.'"

Thus, these good brethren go on amidst many difficulties, and yet confidently trusting the dear Master to bless their constant labours, believing that whilst they remain "steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord," they will in due season receive the commendation, "Well done, good and faithful servants!"

All future communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, Temple Street, Southwark. Cheques and money orders should be made payable to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association.

The annual meeting will be held on Monday evening, May 27, in the Tabernacle.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—April 4th, ten.

PERSONAL NOTES, BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.—Some one wrote to me lately, asking me to make my "Personal Notes" rather more "personal!" I expect that, if I granted the request, and wrote much about myself, I should rouse plenty of adverse

critics, whose advice might be more plain than pleasant! I think we had better go on as we have begun. These monthly chats with my dear readers should chiefly refer to the work and service which the Lord has entrusted to my care, and which they help me to carry on; but when a little bit of individual experience can interest, or comfort, or benefit my friends, then it should by all means form part of our delightful converse. "Converse?" Yes, I have chosen the word wittingly; for I receive so many letters containing kind references to my "Notes" that I seem always to be having a tender talk with one or another of those who still love my dear one, and, for his sake, try to encourage and gladden me.

There are two communications now open on my desk which unite in themselves the chief points of interest to you—they are "notes" of service, and are sufficiently "personal" to please all, and displease none. Let me read them to you. The first is from a retired minister, in delicate health, and he says very graciously that he is one of the many who have shared in the benefits of the Book Fund, and therefore he has reason for singing a loud doxology on account of the "silent and solitary worker at Westwood." What blessings the books have brought to him, he can never fully express. The volume of *Morning by Morning*, which I gave him sixteen years ago, is still in regular, loving use, and he refers most touchingly to a certain portion which, on the morning he wrote, had been read at family worship, and he says:—"As we knelt together before the Throne, we gave unfeigned thanks to God upon every remembrance of your beloved." Very, very tenderly he speaks of my husband, praising God for what he was, and all he did, and for the power still resting abundantly on his works. Then he concludes his letter thus:—"Will you come with me in spirit, dear lady, and enter a small village chapel near Salisbury Plain on any Sabbath morning in the year? You will notice a goodly congregation assembled at the orthodox hour of 10.30. In the pulpit stands a stern-looking man, the blacksmith of the village. Is he preaching? No, he is reading. But what? Is it a sermon? Yes, it is Mr. Spurgeon's sermon for the week; and, believe me, these poor people would not give up this privilege on any account! They have been accustomed to have the sermon thus read for many, many years, and much blessing to souls has been the result. May this bring loving encouragement to dear Mrs. Spurgeon!"

The second note is one of the "precious fruits brought forth by the sun" when the Lord makes the beams of His blessing to fall upon the Book Fund. I shall have a very special and "personal" word to say to you soon concerning *this*, which is my life-work:

and, meanwhile, I want you to see how sweet to my taste is the grateful joy with which the gifts are received, and how substantial and enduring are the benefits conferred. A country minister thus writes:—"I must tell you what big blessings dear Mr. Spurgeon's books are bringing to me. I have been refreshed, strengthened, and encouraged by them; and I cannot but express my deep thankfulness to the Lord and to you for sending them. If gratitude counts in the list of Easter gifts, I have a very large parcel to forward to you. I don't want to weary you with a long letter, and I must ask pardon for venturing to write just now; but I couldn't keep all my thankfulness back, it is 'good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over,' and I felt that the overflowing must fall at your feet. May God, as I am sure He will do, supply your every need for this blessed work, and greatly enrich you with His heavenly grace! An angel might envy you the wondrous service, which God has put into your hands, of giving such constant joy and help to the servants of Jesus."

A brief note from Zahleh, Syria, informs me that the sermons in *Arabic*, which were distributed at Christmas, made a greater stir among the "ecclesiastical bones" than they did the year before, although the public burning was not renewed. A still more violent "curse" was pronounced against them, with the result of making everybody wish to read them! Thus the overruling Lord frustrates the evil designs of His adversaries, and "darkest threads grow golden in His hand" when faith learns how to place and leave them there.

A friend in *Bombay* tells me that, in many places in India where there is not a resident minister, the dear Pastor's sermons are read every Lord's-day in the Anglican churches! He says also that he has met with several cases of conversion through reading them; and that at Chunen, where the Lord has been working mightily, and souls have been saved, the sermons are in great demand; they are distributed from house to house, and eagerly read in private, as well as listened to in the church services.

Of course, the sermons, of which my correspondent writes, are in English, but presently, by God's blessing, we shall have them in many native dialects; and then, I hope and believe that a still more mighty work will begin among the people of that great dark land.

How manifestly high is the estimation in which the Lord holds His faithful servant's word and work! What increasing honour He puts upon the unswerving declaration of the grand old faith which ever characterized his utterances! Can a single one of those who have preached "another gospel" point to results so glorious and unparalleled?

Two more sermons, translated into *Lettish*, have passed through the Russian censor's hands unchallenged; or, as Mr. Frey quaintly and gratefully puts it, "Again the Lord did help to get the permission for two more sermons in the Lettish language." Three others are translated, and waiting for the authorization of the official, and the dear people are praying that this may soon be given. Mr. Frey loses no time over the sacred work; and the money which the kind "Somebodies" entrusted to my care will soon be expended in scattering the blessed words all over Liedland.

Dear friends, there are very many of you deeply interested in this work, and longing for the conversion of multitudes by its means. This is sure to come, good seed must bring great harvest; but do you not think it would be well for us to unite in special supplication to God for the man upon whose decision, humanly speaking, their publication rests? What a trophy of grace would he be! What a glorious testimony to the power and love of the Lord would be given, if the "censor" were himself brought to the knowledge of the truth, and became a lowly follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, through his official perusal of the dear Pastor's sermons!

"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"He that spared not His own Son, . . . how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?"—Rom. viii. 32.

Dear Lord, faith's fingers are joyfully touching the keys of this carillon of sweet bells this morning, and making them ring jubilantly to the praise of Thy gracious Name!

"How shall He not!"

"How shall He not!"

"He that spared not!"

"How shall He not!"

What a peal of absolute triumph it is! Not a note of doubt or uncertainty mars the heavenly music. Awake, my heart, and realize that it is *thy faith* which is making such glorious melody! Thou canst scarcely believe it for gladness? Yet it is blessedly true, for the Lord Himself hath given the grace, and then accepts the tribute of gratitude and praise which that grace brings. Press the tuneful keys again and again, for faith holds festival

to-day, and the joy of assurance is working wonders.

"He that spared not!"

"How shall He not!"

Hear how the repeated negatives gloriously *affirm* the fact of His readiness to bless! These silver bells have truly the power to scare away all evil things.

"He that spared not His own Son." He gave His most precious treasure; *could* He withhold any lesser good from thee? He has given thee pounds; will He refuse thee pence? No; while faith is thus quickened into lively exercise by the Spirit of God, the cadences of exulting praise must ring out, clear and loud, *"How shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?"*

Think well, my heart, what "all things" mean to thee! If thou hast Christ, then *along with Him*, and included in Him, thou dost possess "*all things*." All spiritual blessings, rich and precious, are laid up for thee in this Divine storehouse, and God's choicest and most excellent gifts are here *waiting* for thy faith to claim them. Rejoice, O my soul, that Christ, and "the things of Christ" cannot be divided! Pardon, peace, sanctification, close walking with God, constant communion with Jesus, and the indwelling of the Holy Spirit,—are not all these gathered together "with Him" as a cluster of ripe grapes on a choice vine? Having Him, thou hast all else. There is not a need nor a desire of thy inner life which cannot be triumphantly met by faith's unwavering challenge, *"How shall He not?"* Nor is there a necessity of thy temporal state which cannot equally claim the blessing of possessing "all things" in Christ.

Lord, quicken my faith, give me to see how deep and wide, and full and free, is the unspeakable love which spared not Thine own Son, and therefore *can spare* every other gift, to me, Thy undeserving child! I thank Thee that it is not "way over Jordan, Lord," that I must go to "ring these charming bells"; but here, now, in the sanctuary of my heart, and all day long in the open cloisters of my daily life, I may make the blessed music resound to Thy glory, and my own exceeding gladness,—

"How shall He not!"

"How shall He not!"

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Pastor H. Clark	Miss E. Deal	0 10 0
Pastor W. White	Collection from Victoria Place Baptist
Contribution from Putney Baptist	Church, Paisley, per Pastor J. Crouch	3 5 0
Church, per Pastor S. H. Wilkinson	1 10 0	Pastor C. T. Allen	1 0 0
Mr. R. Booth, per Mr. R. Baxter	1 0 0	Pastor L. S. Steedman	0 10 0
Pastor C. Deal	0 5 0	Mr. S. Osborne	1 0 0

	£	s.	d.
Part collection from Highfield Road, Dartford, per Pastor H. Spindelov	2	0	0
Mr. E. W. Jacobs	0	10	0
Mr. John Mead	1	1	0
Mrs. Mead	1	1	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
Mr. J. Wilson	1	14	9
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Rev. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Mrs. C. J. Whittuck Rabbits ...	10	10	0
Collection from St. Mary Street Baptist Chapel, Bridgwater	0	19	0
Mr. Thos. Penny	1	1	0
Mr. Robt. Gunston	1	1	0
Mr. H. Sutton	1	1	0
Mr. J. Roe	1	1	0
Mrs. Jennio	5	0	0
Mr. Fredk. Howard	2	2	0
Rev. W. May	3	3	0
Mrs. Lees	0	10	0
Mr. W. Pitcher	1	1	0
Miss E. Brown	0	5	0
Pastor D. Taylor	0	10	0
Mr. W. H. Tyndall	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. John Cave	2	0	0
Miss A. T. Roberts	10	0	0
Mr. T. M. Whittaker	1	1	0
Mr. T. B. Crisp	1	0	0
Pastor J. H. Grant	1	0	0
Mr. H. C. Wales	0	10	6
Mr. W. Rainbow	0	3	6
Mrs. Welch	0	5	0
Mr. Jas. Grose	2	2	0
Mrs. Hester Keevil	10	0	0
Mrs. Faulconer	50	0	0
Miss Sterdman	50	0	0
Pastor E. H. Pullen	0	5	0
Mr. G. S. Everett's Bible-class ...	3	0	0
Mr. T. Whitehead	1	1	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
March 17	23	3	6
" 24	14	12	0
" 31	27	1	0
April 7	20	0	3
	88	16	9
	£276	14	6

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.
One penny per day for January and February	0	5	0
Mr. W. Gwillim	1	1	0
H. Mc ³ , "The widow's mite" ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Lees	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
One penny per day for March ...	0	2	8
Mrs. M. Ellwood	3	0	0
	£5	3	8

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 15th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Bell	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. G. Harvie ...	0	14	0
Mr. D. McIntyre	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Longshaw ...	0	8	0
Drawing-room sale, per Mrs. Boggis...	3	17	0
Mr. J. Grant	0	6	0
M. and A.	0	10	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0
G. M.	5	0	0
Dr. A. Fennings	45	0	0
Miss A. Neikle	2	0	0
Mr. F. G. Smart	5	0	0
Mrs. Gordon	0	2	6
Mrs. H. Windmill	0	10	0
Collected by Miss M. Passmore ...	0	7	6
Mrs. Gearing	0	5	0
Mr. H. Humphrey	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge	0	10	0
Captain W. B. Allen	0	10	0
Mrs. Dowson	0	10	0
Miss Brown	0	3	0
Rev. S. R. Young	0	3	7
Mr. D. A. McDonald	0	2	6
Miss K. Munro, per Mr. D. A. McDonald	0	2	6
Postal order, North Shields ...	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. H. Stinson ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Fordham	0	10	0
Miss M. Hall	3	3	0
Mrs. John Roberts	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Saunders	0	2	6
Miss L. N. Furner	0	5	0
Mrs. Clapton	1	1	0
Mrs. Mitchell	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. John Taylor	1	0	0
B. G., Norwich	1	0	0
Miss Adcock	0	10	0
Miss C. Clarke	0	1	6
Miss Grieg	0	1	6
Collected by Miss E. C. Hutchings ...	0	4	0
Mrs. Richardson	0	1	0
Mrs. Knight	10	0	0
Mr. James Macfarlane	1	0	0
Mr. D. D. Sinclair	1	0	0
Mr. John Hill	1	0	0
E. C.	0	10	0
A. R. C.	0	10	0
Mr. Thos. Trounson	0	10	0
Mrs. Lawrence	0	5	0
Miss Annie Hill	0	5	6
Master W. A. Lewis	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Webb	0	4	4
Mrs. Jones	0	1	1
Mrs. Shepherd	0	1	0
Collected by Mr. J. Smith	1	0	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mrs. J. C. Fisher	5	5	0
Mr. John Cameron	5	0	0
Per Mr. R. Baxter Booth:—			
Mr. Hugue	1	0	0
Mrs. R. Booth	1	0	0
Mr. R. B. Booth	1	1	0
	3	1	0
Mrs. Worsdell	1	0	0
Mrs. Wood	0	10	0
Mrs. Duckenfield	0	10	0
Mr. J. E. Stevens	0	5	0
Mrs. Slodden	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss C. M. Stevenson ...	1	5	0	Mr. Butcher ...	0	3	0
Collected by Master H. Reddiah ...	0	2	0	Sandwich, per Bankers ...	1	1	0
Miss Thornton ...	1	0	0	Miss Pool ...	10	0	0
Mr. W. Haines ...	1	0	0	Mr. J. N. Goad ...	0	6	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pearce ...	0	5	0	Mr. F. J. Rumsey ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Boase ...	0	2	6	Postal order, Chasetown, Walsall ...	0	2	6
Boxes at Victoria Baths, Peckham, per Mr. G. W. Casley ...	1	4	6	Mr. W. Miles ...	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. M. Broughton ...	1	9	0	Mrs. Yates ...	0	10	6
Mr. S. Clarke ...	1	1	0	Mr. J. Wilson ...	0	10	0
"In memoriam," Ethel Bertha ...	1	1	0	Miss S. Thompson ...	1	0	0
Mr. C. Walter ...	10	0	0	From one who has received blessing ...	0	5	0
Mr. C. H. Hooper ...	0	6	0	Mr. J. Foulkes, jun. ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Lees ...	0	2	0	Miss West ...	0	5	0
Mr. W. Dean ...	0	2	0	Mrs. M. A. Eaton ...	0	5	0
Miss S. Nassham ...	0	5	0	Mrs. G. Howes ...	0	4	0
Mrs. N. Sparrow ...	0	10	0	Mrs. C. Mitchell ...	0	2	6
Mr. C. Barton ...	0	2	0	Collected by Miss E. Hardwick ...	1	5	1
An old subscription, Swaffham ...	0	2	0	Collected by Mrs. MacDonald ...	0	5	0
Mr. R. Stewart ...	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. M. Easton ...	0	3	0
Miss I. Wornell ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Beales ...	1	0	0
Mrs. J. D. Le Feuvre ...	0	10	0	Royal Engineers' Charitable Fund, per Mr. T. W. Pearson ...	10	0	0
Miss E. M. Scott ...	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. Gaunt ...	1	0	0
Collected by Master Bertie Todd (age 6) E. B. R. ...	0	8	6	Mrs. Pilgrim (towards cost of Bibles) ...	0	2	6
Mr. John Hooper ...	2	0	0	Collected by Mr. James Fish ...	0	15	0
Mrs. G. Spencer ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Wilson ...	0	10	0
Pastor A. G. Haste ...	0	2	6	Mr. H. T. Bigglestone ...	1	1	0
Mr. H. J. Checker, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon ...	0	10	0	M. H. ...	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Graves ...	0	2	6	Collected by Mr. Older ...	1	0	0
Postal orders, Huddersfield ...	2	0	0	Mr. G. H. Quincey ...	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Dodwell ...	0	3	4	Mr. Millard ...	0	5	0
Collected by Miss M. A. Knights ...	0	0	6	Mr. G. R. Ward ...	0	2	6
Mr. James Smith ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Davies ...	0	4	0
Mr. James Brown ...	5	0	0	A. L., for Jesus' sake ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Newman ...	0	7	6	A widow ...	0	4	0
Miss Mackereth ...	0	2	6	Mr. S. H. Perriam ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Lixertwood ...	0	5	0	A birthday remembrance, R. T. ...	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Robert Brazier ...	0	2	6	From one who loves God's children ...	0	2	6
Mr. J. W. Moore ...	0	2	6	From one of Christ's little ones ...	0	2	6
Miss M. A. Sargent ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Joyce ...	1	10	0
Messrs. W. C. Jarvis & Sons ...	1	0	0	Mr. A. Edmeades ...	1	1	0
Mr. G. Wood ...	0	2	8	Mrs. Hood ...	0	5	0
Mr. H. C. Eastman ...	0	10	0	"Thou knowest" ...	0	2	6
Mr. Rochester Brown ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Robinet ...	0	2	0
Mr. E. W. Jacob ...	1	0	0	Collected by the Misses L. and G. Powell ...	1	1	0
Readers of <i>The Christian Herald</i> , per Mr. A. McLatchie ...	5	3	0	A friend ...	0	10	0
Stamps, Putney ...	0	1	0	H. C. V. ...	0	5	0
Mr. B. Bull ...	0	10	6	Mrs. Windmill ...	0	10	0
Mrs. G. S. Kempton ...	2	2	0	L. E. S. ...	0	1	0
Mr. Frederick Fitch ...	5	0	0	Stamps, London, S.W. ...	0	10	0
Mr. John Mead ...	2	2	0	Collected by Miss Faircy (No. 7 Boys) ...	0	4	1
Mrs. Mead ...	2	2	0	Mrs. E. Cooper ...	0	5	0
Postal order, Bristol ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Lees ...	0	10	0
Orphan boy's card, W. G. Sanders ...	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Roger ...	1	10	0
Miss Reid ...	0	10	0	Collected by Miss Daniell ...	1	8	0
Mr. G. Freeman ...	0	6	8	Postal order, Hatcham ...	0	1	6
Readers of <i>The Christian</i> , per Messrs. Morgan & Scott ...	15	0	0	Mr. Jno. Riley ...	0	1	0
Mr. C. Boardman ...	2	2	0	Postal order, London, W.C. ...	0	5	0
Mr. T. Lewis ...	1	1	0	Collected by Mr. H. Watson ...	0	4	0
Mrs. Elree, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon ...	0	10	6	Mr. J. J. H. Gardner ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Liddall ...	0	10	0	A retired Baptist country minister ...	0	5	0
Miss S. Simpton ...	0	2	6	Mr. J. Hallam ...	0	2	0
Postal order, Langham Place ...	1	0	0	D. B. ...	0	2	6
Stamps, Guildford ...	0	0	6	Mrs. M. Davey ...	0	2	6
Stamps, Paisley ...	0	2	6	Mr. W. H. F. Tyndall ...	10	0	0
Mrs. A. V. Uridge ...	0	5	0	Collected by Miss S. A. Ackland ...	0	10	0
Mr. R. Dawson ...	0	5	0	Miss Smith ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Hay ...	0	2	0	Miss Clont ...	1	0	0
Frances Minnie ...	0	1	0	Miss A. Buckland ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Chesworth ...	0	5	0	Postal order, Paisley ...	0	5	0
Mrs. A. White ...	0	1	6	Mr. O. Barfoot ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Coad ...	0	2	6	Mr. Barry ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, per Miss Fitzgerald ...	1	1	0	Mr. Thomas Bowler ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. N. Hutchens ...	4	0	0	Mrs. Robert Reid ...	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Hoyle ...	0	14	0	Lance-Sergt. G. W. Jonkers, I.I.M.S. Skipjack ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Day, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon ...	0	10	0	Major Howard Sprigg ...	2	13	0
				For Jesus' sake ...	1	0	0
				A friend ...	0	5	0
				S.C.K. ...	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. C. Wedland... ..	1	0	0	Fochabers Free Church Sunday-school	0	7	6
Mr. W. Ranford	0	10	0	Penzance Sunday-school ..	0	8	6
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—				Congregational Sunday-school, Axminster	0	17	6
The Dowager Lady Abercromby	1	1	0	Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Mr. C. O. Lindgren	3	0	0	Lake Road Chapel, Portsmouth	38	5	0
Collected at the British and American Church, St. Petersburg	6	0	0	Stockwell Baptist Chapel, Mutual Improvement Society	0	10	0
Mr. H. Dickias	0	1	6	Ramsden Road Baptist Sunday-school, Bournemouth	5	2	6
	10	2	6	P.S.E., Hawkstone Hall	1	11	1
Exors. of the late Mr. Wm. Mathewson	50	0	0	Sale of Programmes, Teddington	0	16	1
Mr. E. Curtis (for 200 Bibles for the Boys' Day School)	10	0	0	Sale of Programmes, Union Chapel, Parish Street, Tooley Street, S.E. ...	0	6	0
Mr. P. Rumney (for 200 Bibles for Girls' Day School)	10	0	0	Brockley Road Baptist Chapel	8	14	10
Collections in memory of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon:—				Sale of Programmes, Woolwich	1	6	9
Upton Chapel Sunday-school	1	0	0	Truro	3	10	0
Chatsworth Road Sunday-school, Hackney Downs	0	10	0	Brixham	8	0	3
Portmahon Sunday-school, Sheffield ...	1	5	2	Havle	5	14	3
Union Baptist Sunday-school, Shirley	0	8	0	Helston	14	18	6
Gold Hill Baptist Sunday-school, Chalfont	1	0	7	Mr. R. Cotton	5	0	0
Lordship Lane Baptist Sunday-school	2	2	0				
Brighton Road Sunday-school, South Croydon	1	18	0	Plymouth	10	6	0
Lower Tooting Baptist Sunday-school	0	11	8	Mutley Baptist Chapel	10	17	7
Beulah Baptist Sunday-school, Thornton Heath	1	0	0	George Street Chapel	13	14	3
Centenary Baptist Sunday-school, March, Cambs.	1	0	0				
New Southgate Sunday-school, per Pastor G. Freeman	1	7	6	Oaklands Baptist Chapel, Surbiton ...	8	0	0
Walsworth Road Sunday-school, Hitchin	0	17	0	Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, Brixton	2	2	0
				Girls' Choir at the Annual Meeting, Pioneer Mission, Pastor E. A. Carter	0	10	6
				Mr. R. Hayward	0	10	6
					1	1	0
					£504	19	6

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from March 15th, to April 16th, 1895. — PROVISIONS:— 98 lbs. of Bacon, Mr. Jno. Horn; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 2 Sacks Flour, Mr. W. Wyman; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 1,000 Buns, Mr. W. Medcalf; a quantity of Buns, Mr. A. J. Law.

Boys' CLOTHING:—6 Pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. E. Hogg; 2 Pairs Knitted Socks, 1 Small Gold Chain, Miss P. A. Carter; 2 Shirts, Miss Dawson; 6 Shirts, Mrs. E. G. Wilkinson; 2 Jackets and Vests, 3 Shirts, 2 Collars, Miss S. Hughes.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—4 Garments, J. D.; 10 Articles, Miss Dawson; 6 Garments, Mrs. E. G. Wilkinson; 12 Articles, The Misses Wormald and a Friend; 35 Garments, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 34 Articles, Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; a quantity of Old Jackets, Stockings and Ties, Mr. Thomas Yorath; 8 Articles, Miss Wood.

GENERAL:—A quantity of Magazines, Mrs. Savory; 1 Box containing 53 Volumes, Anon; 1 Load Firewood, Mr. G. Boxall.

ERRATUM in *Sword and Trowel*, April:—Mr. Everett, 16/4, should be Robert Street Ragged School.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1895.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—	£	s.	d.	Worcestershire Colportage Association	£	s.	d.
Southern Baptist Association	60	0	0		30	0	0
Wallingford, per Mr. Wm. Davies, Toronto	45	0	0		£238	15	0
Great Totham, per Rev. H. J. Harvey	10	0	0	Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—			
Norfolk Congregational Union for East Dereham	11	5	0	Mrs. J. Hommens, per G. Garrett ...	0	2	6
Corton, per Mr. Thos. Harris	11	5	0	E. G.	0	2	6
Devonport, per Mr. W. Hawkes	11	5	0	Mrs. C. H. Price	0	10	0
Melkham, per Mrs. H. Keevil	11	5	0	Miss Ballantine	0	2	6
Catford and Forest Hill, per Mr. J. G. Priestley	5	0	0	I. Quick, Somerset	0	2	6
Thornbury, per Mrs. Taylor	7	10	0	Mrs. H. Windmill	0	10	0
Suffolk Congregational Union	10	0	0	Mr. F. Wells	1	1	0
Tewkesbury, per Pastor J. E. Brett ...	1	5	0	Miss E. C. Kemp	1	0	0
Ilkeston and Riddings, per friend, New Zealand	45	0	0	A friend, per G. H. Powell	0	2	6
				Mr. John Mead	1	1	0
				Mrs. Mead	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. E. G. Fitzgerald	1	1	0	Mrs. Walter, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	3	0	0
Mr. E. W. Jacobs	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Bullman, per Pastor			
E. Dale	0	10	0	Thos. Spurgeon	1	7	6
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6	Mrs. H. Barrett	0	10	0
For the poor colporteurs	0	10	0				
Mrs. E. Stevens	0	5	0				£15 10 6
Mr. H. Wood	1	1	0				
Miss M. Whyke, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	0	10	0				

A Box of Magazines, per Mrs. K. King.

Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. J. Manton			
Smith's services at Upton Chapel ...	10	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. J. Manton			
Smith's services at Brighton...	5	0	0
	£15	0	0

C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 13th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Lillie	0	10	0	Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Ross	1	1	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Pilling's services at Repton and Willington (in place of Mr. Burnham)	4	0	0	W. Ernest Jones	0	10	0
F. C. W.	0	2	6	Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Barton Fabis and Market Bosworth	3	10	0
Mrs. H. Dickson	0	10	0				£15 5 6
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Alfreton	2	0	0				
J. W. H.	2	2	0				
An Old Independent	1	0	0				

Mrs. Spurgeon's Fund for General Use in the Lord's Work.

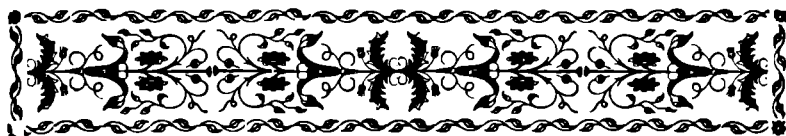
Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 13th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Mansfield	1	0	0	L. O. E.	0	10	0
A sermon-reader, Brighton	0	2	0	Mrs. Edwards	0	2	6
F. C. W.	0	2	6	Miss Spliedt (for Lettish sermons) ...	0	19	6
A thankoffering from a friend... ..	2	0	0	Mrs. James Medwin	1	0	0
"Welsh sister"	1	0	0	"Eliza"	0	2	0
For translations of sermons:—							
Mrs. Friston	0	5	0				£7 13 6
Mrs. H. Dickson (for Lettish sermons)	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 Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Campbellton, White Horse Road, Croydon, if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to the Head-master, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Special Notice.—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stockwell Orphanage be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and the Pastors' College Evangelist, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," and for the support of Mr. Harmer and Mr. Burnham,—C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists,—should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.



THE
Sword and the Trowel.

JUNE, 1895.

En Voyage;—or, Hindrances and Helps in
Church Work and Life.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS AT THE EIGHTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE
PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION,
BY THE PRESIDENT, THOMAS SPURGEON.

BRETHREN beloved, I feel that my first word to you this morning must be concerning Jesus. Is He not our glorious King? Has He not called us into His blessed service, and appointed and anointed us to speak His truth? Let us rally round Christ this morning, and cry, "Thine we are, Thou Son of David!" Let each man throw his heart into this word of consecration—

"Reign over us, Lord Jesus!
O make our hearts Thy throne!
We would be Thine for ever,
We would be Thine alone."

Then let me speak a word about our glorified President. Whoever charges me with making too much of him, I shall not expect that blame from you. We glorify God in him; and if departed politicians, and deceased soldiers, and poets of past ages have still admirers left, who strew their tombs and monuments with flowers, we, too, will have a Primrose Day. I know not what his favourite flower may have been,—

he loved them all; but we will strew upon his monument—this College and this Conference are the best amongst his monuments,—we will strew on them this morning, not our posies, but our praises to God for him, as we glorify the grace of God in him. I hope there is no one present who has ever dreamed of envying the man, whoever he may be, who now, or later, or previously, has tried to fill his place. Brethren, you may spare yourselves the trouble, for really there is no occasion for it. How difficult it is to fill his place in any department, no one knows but those who have attempted it; and as for filling his place here, where he was at his best,—a loving father among loving sons,—well may you say, “The Lord help you!” That is my constant prayer, “Lord, help me!” I cannot be a father amongst you, but I may be at least a little brother, and if you were *such* sons to him, be, I pray you, *such* brethren to me! I have long ago concluded that his mantle was not for any *one*, but I have also hoped and prayed that when the threads and shreds of it are distributed, there may be a piece for each man who wants to have it, that so his life and death may be an inspiration for us all.

Brethren, we have not forgotten that his last message to the Conference was a bugle blast. I was not privileged to hear it, but from the reading of it I have learned that it was martial in matter, in metaphor, and in motive. The Scriptures helped him largely with martial imagery, and I thank God that we are still in the field, and still engaged in the fight, and that the voice of that trumpet still waxes louder and louder.

We, for our part, propose to be nautical rather than martial. We are to draw our illustrations from the other branch of the service; not that we shall be at sea, I hope. We have the example of our fallen—nay, rather, of our risen—chief in this matter also. Have you forgotten his sermons, “There go the ships!” and “Am I a sea or a whale?” and others that might be mentioned? So, this morning, I bid you look toward the sea, as the prophet’s servant did, hoping for a cloud of blessing to climb from the horizon. Not one, Lord, grant us more than one,—of the size of a man’s hand to start with, if it please Thee,—and if, since clouds assume such strange, fantastic shapes, each of these clouds may be like a man’s hand, and each cloud has a rift in the midst of it, ’twill only serve to remind us all the better of Him concerning whom one said, He was “the Man with the holes in His hands.”

“They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep.” Brethren, this is literally true. Some of us have learned more of God on the surging main than on the solid earth. We have been impressed with His power in the midst of the storm as we could scarcely have been had we tarried on *terra firma*. Someone has said, “He who would learn to pray should go to sea.” Have I not beheld them on their knees in the midst of the tempest? Have I not seen them counting their beads, and crying to their saints and to the virgin? But there is a more excellent way than this,—“He who would go to sea should learn to pray.” Alas for the man who has not learned the way to the mercy-seat before the storm comes on!

Thank God that some of us have gone so often that we can find our way in the dark.

It is true that Biblical writers have not used nautical metaphors very largely, and for a very good reason; they knew very little of the sea. Brethren, you will do well to use metaphors that you understand. I believe that Moses once made a short voyage on the Nile, but he was very young at the time. I know also that he crossed the Red Sea, but not in a boat. Surely if David, instead of being a man of war from his youth up, had served on board a man-o'-war from his childhood, instead of swords, and shields, and towers, and spears, we should have heard of tillers and of taffrails, of hulls and of halyards, of reefs and of rudders. David knew a little about spars, it is true; but they were spars with lions, and bears, and giants, and Saul, and the Philistines. But, brethren, we have as an emblem of salvation the biggest and the strangest of boats. Its name was "The Ark", and its builders were Messrs. Noah and Sons. The patriarch Job speaks of "the swift ships", and in several places in the prophets references are made to nautical matters. If I mistake not, the Evangelist Luke uses a nautical term when, in his opening words, he speaks of "those things which are most surely believed among us." Are not these "the matters that have been fulfilled among us", just as the voyage of a ship is fulfilled when it furls its sails, and drops its anchor, and the journey is at an end? Paul, of course, speaks of anchors and of shipwreck. Well might he turn to the sea for his imagery, for thrice had he suffered shipwreck, and a night and a day had he been in the deep. The apostle James speaks of the small helms which guide the great ships whithersoever the governor listeth. And we have in Ezek. xxvii. the sinful city of Tyre described under the image of a ship. According to the inspired record, she was "perfect of beauty," which is a prophetic way of saying she was "Al at Lloyd's." Her planks were of fir trees from Senir, a cedar mast from Lebanon sloped upward from her deck, her oars were made of Bashan oak trees, and benches of ivory inlaid with boxwood were occupied by her rowers. Fine linen embroidered in Egypt served her for her sail, and a blue and purple awning stretched athwart her deck. There were on board the rowers, for she must make progress; the pilots, for she would need guiding; the calkers, who were the carpenters, "the stoppers of chinks", as the margin has it. There were soldiers, for they were going forth to battle; and merchants, for they would do some trading. Thus it is written she was "made very glorious in the heart of the seas."

It has struck me that a ship such as we have had described is not an unfitting emblem of the Church of Jesus Christ, of any portion or section of it that you care to separate from the rest, nor a bad emblem either of an individual Christian. One of the finest sights—I was going to say "on earth"—I must be allowed to use the Hibernianism,—one of the finest sights on earth is a ship at sea. There is nothing more graceful or majestic than a fine clipper ploughing her way through the seas, dashing the obstacles from her bows, and speeding to her haven. Ruskin speaks even of a fisher-boat as being sublime. If that be true, what shall be said of one of man's finest creations, a great staunch ship breasting the billows?

"She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife."

Well, then, let her stand as an emblem of what God has made, and Christ has built, and the Holy Ghost has launched,—the Church of the living God. We have rowers on board, though some of them are resting on their oars. We have pilots, too, though some of them have left their charts on the piano or the mantelpiece. We have soldiers, too, the shields of all too many of them being fastened on the bulwarks, as if for ornament, rather than on their arms for service. We have merchants also on board. Alas! that they are not all content to trade for gold, and silver, and ivory, but that they must also sometimes bring the apes of "modern thought" and the peacocks of Ritualism and worldliness!

In one particular the resemblance fails. The inspired Word tells us of this ship, "Thy rowers have brought thee into great waters; the East wind hath broken thee in the midst of the seas." In other words, she had been badly handled; she sprang a leak, she foundered in mid-ocean, and went down "all standing," as the sailors have it. Thank God, there is no fear of this!

"With Christ in the vessel,
We'll smile at the storm."

We carry something more than Cæsar and all his fortunes. Jesus is with us, and He will bring us safely home.

"Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known."

Surely there is scarcely anything more interesting than to trace the history of a seagoing craft. The building has commenced, and the sound of the hammer is heard in our land. The day for launching at last arrives, the dogshores are knocked away, and down the ways she glides. One thing about the launching of a ship I have never been able to make head or tail of, and that is the christening; but it does appear to me about as full of meaning and of use as the christening of infants. One part of that ceremony, however, I do approve of, and that is the breaking of the bottle of wine upon the bows. So may all the champagne bottles perish! There is more of interest to follow: the fitting and the furnishing, the lifting of the tapering masts, the swinging of the yards, the bending of the sails, the start upon the maiden voyage, the successes of its career, the storms and perils that it meets. Oh, thrilling as the story of such a craft may be, it is by no means so romantic as the record of the Church of God! Jesus built her, and not without the sound of hammer and the piercing of the nails was the Church produced. Christ baptized her with His Spirit, when He sent the disciples forth to "preach the gospel to every creature." The dogshores were knocked away, all prohibitions were removed, all embargo was taken off, and He who had previously said, "See thou say nothing to any man," now bade them tell everybody all concerning it. Oh, how soon the storms came on! The Bay of Biscay

is not nearer to the English Channel than were the days of persecution to the Day of Pentecost. But, brethren, still she sails. Notwithstanding many a tempest, she lives. Some have prophesied that her day is done, that she will soon be turned into a hulk. Some have not so good a hope for her as that,—she is to go to the bottom; and others think that she has already run aground. But notwithstanding every obstacle, and in spite of the false pilots within her, and the stoppers of the chinks who have tried to scuttle her instead of to save her, she lives and will live until she is safely moored in the Fair Havens.

What a wide field for illustration and suggestion have we here! We might speak at length concerning the ship herself, her freight, her furniture, her tackling, her officers, her crew, anchors, cables, charts, and compass. We might tell of the elements she dwells in—the air above, and the water beneath and around; of the winds that buffet her, and of the waves that wash her, of the currents that drift her, and of the rocks she has to avoid, of the whirlpools and the waterspouts, and of the fog, the greatest of all the dangers that beset the mariners alike on a ship and in the Church.

But my purpose this morning is to speak, first, of some of the difficulties and dangers of the voyage,—the perils in the sea,—and, secondly, of certain favouring influences and circumstances of which full advantage should be taken,—

Hindrances and Helps in Church Work and Life.

Well, now, brethren, I think we have at last got under weigh.

I. THE DIFFICULTIES AND DANGERS OF THE VOYAGE.

1. May the Lord, the High Admiral of the seas, deliver the Church and every Christian, first of all, from getting into *the doldrums*! “The Doldrums” is the sailors’ name for the region of perpetual stillness. My experience of the belts of calms, whether of Cancer or of Capricorn, is anything but pleasant. I could wish that it might never be my lot again to have to pass through what seamen call “the horse-latitudes.” The oppression of the atmosphere, I cannot forget. The electrical disturbances that affected both body and mind, are fresh in memory; as also is that awkward rolling, which made one fancy that the masts must come out of her as she rolled “gunnels under” every now and then. Then there was the dreadful flapping of the idle sails, as if they asked for work to do—flap, flap, flap, against the straining mast. I asked a helmsman once if he ever fell asleep at the wheel. “Not with the wind blowing,” he said. “Well, be honest, man, tell me,” I said, “did you ever fall asleep at the wheel?” and he replied, “Well, I must confess I did once. It was in a horrid calm like this, there was nothing to do.” I cannot forget the slow progress in the doldrums, with the shortest runs on record for each day. Alas! for the Church, and for the Christian, and for the Christian minister, who have reached the doldrums, when every current shifts the course, when no breeze inflates the canvas, when the crew grows sleepy and lethargic, and progress is almost imperceptible. These are the times when the prayer-meetings are

so thinly attended, and are almost as dull as death. These are the times when the people fall asleep in the church,—literally sometimes, and spiritually always. These are the times when decorum and propriety take the place of desire and of activity. I for one am hoping that you and I shall never be connected with churches which have got into the doldrums. God deliver us from this! I have heard of one who, having gone to a specially lively meeting, said to the friends who had it in charge, “A very good meeting, but it was too excitable. You know, Solomon’s temple was built without the sound of hammer or of tool.” He forgot, you know, that they had not squared those blocks and carved those pillars without the hammer and the tools somewhere. So the friend who had conducted the service said, “Yes, brother, that is right enough; but we are not building temples here, we are blasting rocks.” There comes into my mind, as I speak thus, the vivid and weird description given by “The Ancient Mariner” of glittering eye, about the doldrums:—

“Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
 ’Twas sad as sad could be;
 And we did speak only to break
 The silence of the sea!

“Day after day, day after day,
 We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
 As idle as a painted ship
 Upon a painted ocean.

“The very deep did rot: O Christ!
 That ever this should be!
 Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
 Upon the slimy sea.”

Apply that to the Church in the doldrums; it is a very good description of it. I grant you that there are some who go to the other extreme; and if I must go to one extreme, I elect to go with those. Anything is better than this absolute lifelessness. I would rather run to the excesses and absurdities of the most *outré* section of the Salvation Army than join the stagnationists. When the wind drops down, the sailors try to raise the wind by whistling. I have heard them at it half the day. I have heard of a sailor who whistled an opera right through, but it was not operative. Thank God, we know something better than this, if the wind does die down. The ship-master took Jonah by the shoulder, and said, “What meanest thou, O sleeper? arise, call upon thy God, that we perish not.” He was to pray that the wind might drop. We pray that it may rise. Let us get to our knees, brethren, for this is the only way to get out of the doldrums.

2. Equally anxious am I to be saved from what is called the *Sargasso Sea*, a large tract of accumulated sea-weed, in the North Atlantic, with drift-wood and wreckage mingled with the algæ. It is the rubbish-heap of the ocean. You almost expect to see a board up, “Rubbish may be shot here.” At a little distance, it looks substantial enough to walk on, but you had better not try it. It does, however, succeed in retarding very materially the speed of the ships. It is said that the sailors of Columbus thought they had reached the verge of the

world and the very fringes of creation when they got in the Sargasso Sea. Brethren, here is an emblem of the entanglements that beset the Church and the Christian.

The New Testament speaks of three sorts of entanglements—the yoke of bondage, the affairs of this life, and the pollutions of the world.

Alas, that the Church, at least in some sections, is entangled with *the yoke of bondage*! To the Galatians, this meant that they were returning to the beggarly elements, that they had “fallen from grace” in the only sense in which that term is used in the Scripture, that they had forgotten that by grace and grace only we are saved. I fear me that some Christians and some churches have got into the Sargasso Sea, and are entangled with Rationalism and meritoriousness. They preach the nobility of man instead of the sinfulness of sin. May the Lord deliver us from this, and from everything that does not set God on the great high throne, and Jesus side by side with Him! I find that, in a comparatively ordinary letter that Whitefield wrote to a friend, he says, just in the closing lines, “Free grace for ever!” Brethren, put that, not at the end of your ministry, but throughout it, with a large mark of exclamation—two if you like,—“Free grace for ever!” “Free grace for ever!!” Don’t be afraid of preaching the exceeding sinfulness of sin, the *heinousness* of guilt. I heard a good brother say, the other day, that he heard a man preach on “The ‘hyenousness’ of guilt.” Brethren, I did not say, the laughing hyena. I do not think my uneducated friend was wide of the mark. Sin is a wild beast, raving, raging, tearing, and devouring; and we have to picture sin after just such a fashion. Oh, let us preach also the necessity of cleansing, and the power of the blood!

“Nothing but the blood of Jesus.”

I like to think of that story of the artist,—I do not vouch for its accuracy,—of whom it is related that, being bidden to paint a picture of the passage of the children of Israel through the Red Sea, he made nothing more than a red daub of surging ocean, and his patron said, “But where are the Egyptians?” Said he, “They are drowned, every one of them.” “And the Israelites—where are they?” “Oh, they have got over safely!” And for my part, I am content with “nothing but the blood of Jesus.” The Red Sea of His atoning sacrifice must be clearly visible in our ministry so long as it lasts.

Be not entangled either in *the affairs of this world*. I am not to say much this morning on this matter, but just to hint concerning it. There is a temptation to most of us to dabble in politics, and to preach what some people are pleased to call “A social gospel.” Be very careful how you approach this Sargasso Sea. You may become cumbered with too much serving before you are aware of it. “Mary hath chosen the better part.” Be also ware of the flowers of oratory, and of the inclination that I suppose is in the heart of most of us to do something very fine. Enticing words of man’s wisdom are not the channels by which saving grace is conveyed. I was rather pleased to notice, the other day, a word of advice given to the Y.P.S.C.E. You know the meaning of those mystic letters. The advice was given to the flower

committee of that excellent Society, and it ran thus, —I am going to give it to you in another sense, —“Once in a while, omit flowers altogether, and try the effect of simple green.” This was for the decoration of the pulpit, you must know. Brethren, I perceive that that expression is capable of two meanings. I am not responsible for the one that you attribute to it; but, without laughing, let me say that we shall do well if we adorn our ministry with some olive branches first, reminding us of Jesus’ agony and passion, and of the peace He came to bring; then, with some little bunches of the hyssop from the wall, for “without shedding of blood is no remission.” Let there be a sprig or two of cypress, for He was buried. He—

“Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.”

And do not forget the palm branches, brethren. “It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God.” These are fit adornments for the pulpit wherein the gospel is proclaimed.

May I speak a word of warning, also, concerning *the pollutions of the world*? All I say on this and every other theme, I wish to say in all brotherly love and kindness, but I cannot hold my peace. Worldly conformity is still rife amongst us. I do not believe the devil liked our brother Brown’s pamphlet concerning his “mission of amusement”; but it didn’t stop him at it, though it may have hindered him. He is at it still. Let me tell you a little parable. Once upon a time, a good ship sailed all too closely to the fringe of the Sargasso Sea. I know not how it came to pass that the captain found himself there all unawares; but having discovered his danger, he called his officers and crew and passengers together, and proposed to put the helm “hard over,” and to sail right away from it. Said he, “The longest way round is the shortest way there, if the shortest way means attempting to go through this tangled mass of seaweed.” All the officers did not think so; some of them agreed to it, but certain of the crew and of the passengers would not have it. “Well then,” said he, “I must leave you.” He got into the captain’s gig, and rowed away. What became of the craft, I do not know. The reading of that riddle is, that there are men who would rather climb down the rope-ladder of resignation, and step into the open boat of pastorlessness, than remain on the quarter-deck of a ship whose inmates are resolved to tolerate worldliness, and to conform to the customs of the ungodly.

So we have spoken of the doldrums and of the Sargasso Sea.

3. From one other place I do desire to be graciously saved. Lord, deliver us from *the ice-fields*! It has been lately reported that the North Pole has been discovered by an explorer. Did he think that he was first? I can tell him that a Baptist minister discovered it long ago. “Are you united in your church?” said one to another. “Oh, yes!” he said, “united—yes.” “Thank God for that!” “Ah, but,” he said, “we are frozen together!” It reminds me of the story that I think our late dear President used, when he told of the Greenland whaler, discovered in 1775, adrift and derelict, with the date in the log 1762, proving that she had been for thirteen years

unmanageable, or rather that for that number of years her master and her crew had been frozen in their hammocks. Alas, some churches have been even for a longer period in the glacial age! I came across, the other day, the report of a church in another part of the world, and amongst certain items of expenditure was this: "Ice for church, \$5.75"—now you know the other part of the world, \$5.75. They do it cheaper than that in England. There are certain members of churches who are willing to supply icebergs.

It is quite easy to tell, when you are voyaging, if you are approaching the region of the ice. Watch the quartermaster. Every hour, perhaps oftener, he drops the sea-thermometer into the water, and he can tell by that whether the ship is getting near the bergs. Moreover, there is a chill in the air that makes the most ignorant passenger go down for his overcoat, and wonder where he is getting to. The prayer-meeting is the thermometer of the church. Believe that, and test it, and act accordingly. Icebergs are very beautiful, fair and fantastic; they defy description. They are very huge; I suppose that at least three times as much as is visible above the water is invisible beneath. But if they are fair and fantastic, and in a sense quite beautiful, they are terribly dangerous. I had rather be wrecked, I think, upon an iron-bound shore than cast upon an iceberg. What hope is there for men who are wrecked in such a case? May I quote "The Ancient Mariner" again?

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

"And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!"

It does not make you want to be there, does it? And I confess that a true and interesting description of a church from which the fire has gone has never made me say, "Lord, let me live amongst them!" The scenes of icebergs and icefloes are also the scenes of storms, and, strangely enough, of volcanoes. I do not suppose there is a church in the world more quarrelsome than the iceberg church, for when people have got frozen through sheer inactivity, they must have something to do, so they raise their grievances, and quarrel at their list. How strange it is that some people are never at peace unless they are at war! As soon as one grievance is done, they would fain have another. I know a little tiny, toddling girl, who has, by way of plaything, a glass globe filled, apparently, with water, and on a marble base. In the water there are little flakes of some material heavy enough to sink to the bottom. Inside, there is a representation—a rude one—of a house, and of a man with his umbrella up, arrayed

in garments of many colours. The way to play with it is just to shake it up, and then the snow begins to fall on house and tree and umbrella. The little lassie says, "Mother, do wind up the snow-storm again." With those who delight in strife, storms are mere child's-play. One man went out upon a stormy day to call upon a friend. When the maid came to the door, he said, "Mr. So-and-so in?" "No," she replied, "I am sorry to say he's out." "Well, then, I'll see Mrs. So-and-so." "She's out, too." "Well, may I speak to the son?" "Unfortunately, he's out." "May I have a word with the daughter?" "She's out." "Well, then," said he, "let me come and sit by the fire for five minutes." "But the fire's out." To you, brethren, I say, as the Puritans used to say to their intelligent audiences, "You are wise, and can apply it." Oh, let us be serious when we see that the devil has an awful advantage of us if we get snowed-up or ice-bound! I think it was Napoleon who took a Dutch fleet ice-bound in the river, his Hussars riding on their steeds right up to the vessels' side, for they could not get away. So Satan makes an easy captive of the church that has become ice-bound.

"Satan triumphs when he sees
The strongest saint begin to freeze."

II. Brethren, for the few minutes that remain, I would speak on the happier theme,—

THE AIDS AND HELPS TOWARDS HEAVEN.

1. First among these, so far as physical geography is concerned, are *the currents of the sea*. These have only comparatively recently been understood, but it has long been known that the navigator who ignores the currents loses ground. There are helpful influences, as well as hurtful ones. It is, I believe, an axiom of physical geography that "For every current there is a counter-current." But these currents need studying, and seeking out, and cultivating. I speak only of three of them, and they have Scriptural names.

The first of these is *faith*; faith in an unseen God, in His sovereignty, and in His love; faith in prayer—the prayer of faith. Now, this is an under-current which the world and the carnal mind cannot utilize, which, indeed, every Christian does not fully understand. Let me read you the experience of an English officer. "When crossing the Strait of Sunda in an open canoe, he found himself carried away by a current. He threw into the water a bucket loaded with a weight, which he caused to sink to a great depth, while he still held this novel species of anchor with a cord. It was not long before the boat became borne along in an opposite direction to that of the surface current. A submarine stream had, in fact, carried the bucket with such force as to overcome the surface current." It needs no explanation or application to you. Only let me say, "Pay out the rope, brother, let down the bucket, deep, deep, deep down, and by faith and prayer, and trust in God omnipotent, counter-currents shall be counteracted, and obstacles overcome."

Current number two is named *hope*. It is not easy to tell always where the currents of the sea originate, or whither they may lead; but

concerning our hope we need have no doubt. Ours begins in the gospel, and ends in glory. "Our Lord Jesus, who is our hope." "Christ in you, the hope of glory." It is true that the apostle compares hope to an anchor. So use it, if you are in the wrong current; but hope can be itself a current, carrying us sweetly and swiftly along.

Current number three is named *love*. "Now abideth faith, hope, charity,"—I prefer "love"—"charity" is so misused to-day,— "the greatest of these is love." Brethren, the greatest of the currents of the sea is the Gulf Stream, a vast river in the midst of the ocean. It issues from the Gulf of Mexico, hurries through the Straits of Florida, thirty miles broad and 2,200 feet deep; at four miles per hour, it hastens Northward. Later in its course, it becomes seventy-five miles broad, and all along is warm and blue, running between the green banks of the ocean. The Gulf Stream is a great advantage to ships if the skippers know how to use it, but it is a still greater blessing to the shores. As it goes away North, it meets from the Northern pole the icebergs that are drifting Southward. They suffice to break the current, but not to beat it; it is only divided. Then it flows to mitigate the rigours of Norway, to supply Iceland—treeless Iceland—with drift-wood for its fires, while the right arm of it comes towards the British Isles, and makes Ireland green and London foggy. Oh, that we knew more of the great Gulf Stream that issues from the heart of God! I have never measured its breadth, no one can fathom its depths, its speed no one has yet calculated, but its efficacy is seen and felt on every hand. I speak of the love of God which is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us. O Father, help us to love Thee, help us to love Thy Son, Thy Spirit, too, and the whole brotherhood! Help us to hate nothing but sin and error! Help us to love sinners to Thy feet!

2. Then there are *currents of air* as well as currents of water. You have heard, surely, with the hearing of the ear, of the trade winds; some of us have heard those winds themselves. North-east and South-east they are always blowing, with marvellous regularity. Happy is the master of the ship who early "picks them up"; or is it not that the winds pick him and his vessel up? So he puts it, however, he "picks up the South-east trades," and by them is helped round the Cape of Good Hope. What are our trade winds?

The *histories* of the past. It would be well, surely, for our churches, and perhaps for us, if knowledge of Baptist history were wider and larger. We thank God for the memory of the martyrs, for the noble army that stands around Him now. For the confessors we praise Him, for their lives, and deeds, and words have been an inspiration to us many a time, and we have weathered many a storm, and rounded many a promontory, thanks to the histories of brave deeds of long ago.

Shall not happy holy *memories* serve as trade winds, too, to help us on our course? Memories! The word is sweet, but I want a sweeter. Oh, you who were privileged to attend these Conferences in the years gone by, what memories are yours! I have never been to more than one, and yet the memory even of the record of them is to me a help and an inspiration. I feel the fresh breeze blowing me towards my goal as I

remember what he said, and how you prayed, and how God blessed. Oh, keep his memory green, and keep it green by ever doing as he bade you!

And what about the *promises* of God—"exceeding great and precious"—winds that never fail, for from His fist He lets them blow on every needy, supplicating heart?

Brethren, my last word has nearly come. Have you ever heard of "The brave West winds"? I blessed God when they began to blow. There was no more battling against head-winds, no more of that close-hauled sailing which meant sea-sickness to most passengers. The brave West winds! They came behind with mighty force, and away we sped for many thousands of miles, with fair winds and flowing sheets. Oh, it was glorious sailing, that! Fine weather all the time; a strong wind, with huge green seas careering round us—the hugest waves the world over, thirty or forty feet in height. The waves in the Channel are bad enough, but they are only eight or ten feet high; but with stately march these big waves chased each other, and helped us on towards the sunny South. You know of whom I speak, and of what mighty power I tell. We have got us now to where we came this time last year, when we spoke of the power of the Holy Ghost. He is the brave West Wind. I dare to speak of Him under such an emblem, for Jesus did the same. Not that He is mere breath, but because the best thing earth or sky affords, with which to compare Him, is this same mysterious, but well-nigh omnipotent wind. Said a thoughtful passenger to me on my first voyage across the Southern Ocean, "What a pity it is,"—for the wind was blowing fair and fresh—"What a pity it is that we cannot use it all!" They were taking in sail; and the fresher it blew, the more they had to furl. Soon we were speeding along under little more than bare poles. I liked the thought,—“What a pity it is we cannot use it all!” Suppose a ship could be constructed on which the sails could be piled the more the breezes blew, what a pace she would go at! And oh, if you and I would only trust the Holy Spirit more, and use Him to the full, we should be sluggards and laggards no longer! Then would we show the world our heels, and speed away towards heaven, successfully serving Christ the journey through.

To what purpose have I spoken, if I have only interested you, or perhaps amused you? Oh, brethren, shall we resolve to trust Him more than ever, to trust Him instead of organizations, and arrangements, and human plans? These are something, but He is everything. I know a minister who had to revise his sermon on the Monday, and was rather surprised when he found that, having spoken on the Sabbath about the "*afflatus*"—brethren, you know what that means,—the reporter had written, what think you?—*apparatus*!—"apparatus!" But, brethren, the reporter was not the only man who has made that mistake. There are thousands in our churches who are substituting human apparatus for the *afflatus* of the Divine Spirit. Lord, help us never to confuse these two, but to look to Thee alone! Amen.

Mr. Spurgeon's First Outlines of Sermons.

(Continued from page 172.)

LVIII.—THE AFFLICTION OF AHAZ.

"AND in the time of his distress did he trespass yet more against the LORD: this is that king Ahaz."—2 Chronicles xxviii. 22.

Affliction, since the Fall, has been the common lot of all men; it is as universal as its cause, sin. It has become a law of nature; and as it is useless to attempt to avoid sorrow, we must see in what way it tends to our advantage.

I. TO THE GODLY, AFFLICTION, IN THE HAND OF THE SPIRIT, IS USEFUL.

1. It shades our earthly prospects, and sets us longing for glory.
2. It is like correction, it keeps us from destruction.
3. It manifests our graces.
4. It tries and confirms our faith by experience, and so sanctifies us, and meetens us for heaven.

But—

II. TO THE UNGODLY, AFFLICTIONS ARE NOT NECESSARILY USEFUL.

They are used by God sometimes, as in the case of Manasseh, the Philipian jailor, etc., but they are not necessarily useful, for—

1. We might then expect all nurses, doctors, sextons, etc., to be very holy.

2. Ahaz, Pharaoh, the Israelites, and many others were afflicted, but they were not benefited by the trial.

The fruits of sickness are temporary, evanescent fears.

Nor is sickness the best time for repentance,—

1. For the mind is apt to deceive itself, and mistake fear for faith.
2. The pain of the disease distracts the mind.
3. Death-bed repentances are seldom genuine, and it is highly improbable that he who has lived in sin should be willing to give it up at the last moment.

Lesson 1. We ought to strive that affliction may be sanctified.

Lesson 2. Those who rely on conversion during sickness are indeed foolish.

Lesson 3. Those who sin most in time of trouble are terribly wicked.

LIX.—THE WISE MEN'S OFFERING.

"And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary His mother, and fell down, and worshipped Him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh."—Matthew ii. 11.

Just before the birth of Jesus there was a general expectation, both by Jews and Gentiles, of the coming of the Messiah. The Jews knew it from their prophets. Simeon and Anna and many more were waiting for Christ's coming. The sceptre had now departed from Judah, and even the Rabbis declared that the advent of the Messiah was near. The Gentiles knew it partly by tradition, the Arabians by their descent from Ishmael. Balaam had foretold it. The Persians were probably taught it by Zoroaster; the Romans, the lords of the Jews, had heard of it, and there are allusions to it in many ancient writings.

Other nations were acquainted with it both by their books and by intercourse with the Jews, some representatives of that nation being found in all countries.

The Magi, or wise men, were probably attached to some Eastern court, like Daniel and his companions were in Babylon. They were students of astronomy (often of astrology), natural history, and theology. They were probably favoured with divine communications, as Melchizedek and Job were. They may possibly have practised wicked arts; but even then, how wonderful the power that could make them seek Jesus!

They took particular notice of the heavenly bodies, and on this occasion observed a new luminary. Some have conjectured that this was the light which shone round the shepherds, but this luminary was a permanent and moving light. They had been in the habit of associating the appearance of a new star with the birth of some important personage; and knowing that the Messiah was expected, they concluded that it was "His star." Led by God, who willed that His Son should be honoured by wise men as well as by shepherds, seeing that He was Lord of all, they set out, guided by this star or remarkable luminary. If they started from Arabia, which was often called the East, and was noted for wise men, they must have traversed deserts, and encountered many dangers.

They were led by the star to Judæa, but there probably the star forsook them, and they had to enquire at Jerusalem for the place where the King was born. They had such strong faith that they did not doubt it, but asked, "Where is He that is born?" This going to Jerusalem was providential, for—

1. By this means Herod knew of Christ's birth; his malice was excited, and our Lord was driven to Egypt and Nazareth.

2. The whole Jewish nation would notice their coming, and would thus have evidence of the birth of the Messiah. Even the great Sanhedrim knew that He was to be born in Bethlehem.

Again the star appeared, and led the wise men to the house where Jesus was. They worshipped "Him", not Mary; and gave presents to Him, as men do in the East when they visit princes. This money doubtless supported the holy family in Egypt. The Magi on their return would publish these things, and thus the nations would be prepared to receive Jesus.

1. Here is a tale of the leadings of providence.

2. The wise men set us an example of worshipping Jesus, and offering Him the best that we have.

3. Here is an anticipation of the time when all nations shall bow before Him.

LX.—THE FIRST PROMISE.

"And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."—Genesis iii. 15.

This is a most glorious promise, the first and only one until the time of Abraham. We will notice,—

I. THE OCCASION OF ITS GIFT. Examine the preceding verses.

II. THE CHARACTERS MENTIONED.

1. The seed of the woman. Jesus and His elect,—all who believe on and partake of the spirit of Jesus.

2. The seed of the serpent. Satan and the wicked who bear a likeness to him. Scoffers, sinners, self-righteous, rejectors of the gospel. Between these two parties there is a continual conflict.

III. THE BRUISING OF THE HEEL OF THE WOMAN'S SEED.

1. In the temptation, suffering, and death of Jesus.

2. In the persecution of God's people.

3. In the struggle of every Christian's heart.

Bruising the heel is painful, it makes the way more difficult, but it is not fatal; it causes distress, but not death.

IV. THE BRUISING OF THE HEAD OF THE SERPENT AND HIS SEED.

1. In the triumph of Jesus, and Satan's confinement in the pit.

2. In the salvation of all the elect.

3. In the overthrow of hell's dominion in the world, and the establishment of the kingdom of righteousness.

Lesson 1. Believers must look for trial.

Lesson 2. As surely as trial comes, final triumph will also come.

LXI.—THE PEACE OF GOD.

"And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."—Philippians iv. 7.

We who dwell in England in times of peace know little of its value. War is one of the most awful scourges of the world; it is the destroyer of every holy thing; peace is the angel of heaven.

The apostle here speaks of a wondrous peace.

I. INTERNAL PEACE: "The peace of God"—the peace which God causes.

There is no civil war in the renewed soul; it is at war with the enemies outside its walls, but not with itself.

1. Peace of mind or intellect. The soul finds rest in the doctrines and precepts of the Word.

2. Peace of the affections. There is a holy content and satisfaction.

3. Peace of the emotions. Fear and dread are banished.

4. Peace of conscience, by obedience to its dictates, and yielding to its demands.

II. EXTERNAL PEACE: peace with others.

1. We are at peace with all men. Jesus gives us love even to our enemies. Humility of mind, calmness of spirit, and holiness of life secure this peacefulness.

2. Peace with God. It is a peace—

(i.) *Profound and perfect.* There are not the slightest bickerings; it is no mere truce, nor superficial peace, like that of parties bound to keep the peace towards one another; but a real peace arising from moral conformity, sympathy, and love.

(ii.) *Unbroken peace.* Justice breaks it not. Holiness cannot. Truth cannot. Afflictions cannot. All these are engaged to defend it. God will not, and we cannot, for the covenant is secured in Jesus.

(iii.) *Eternal peace.* Justification and sanctification are eternal, as the covenant-making and covenant-keeping God is eternal.

(iv.) Heavenly peace, as with the babe and its mother, the lamb and the shepherd. The peace of man with his Maker even on earth is as real and true as that enjoyed in heaven.

III. THE TRIUNE GOD, ITS AUTHOR: "The peace of God."

1. God the Father, the planner, the giver of the Son.
2. God the Son, the procurer, the covenant-fulfiller and surety.
3. God the Spirit, the perfecter of this peace in our soul.

LXII.—THE IMPROVEMENT OF OUR TALENTS.

"After a long time the lord of those servants cometh, and reckoneth with them."—Matthew xxv. 19.

This parable cannot refer to saints alone, for one is condemned; it must apply to all men. God has given to all men certain talents to be used and improved; the wicked do not improve them, and therefore are condemned. God gives His saints grace to improve their talents, and then rewards them for so doing through Christ Jesus their Lord.

I. GOD HAS GIVEN TO ALL SOME POWERS WITH WHICH TO GLORIFY HIM.

1. He has made nothing in vain, not even beasts, plants, insects, much less man, who is superior to them all, the lord, the vicegerent of the earth, endowed with high faculties. A Christian man is the superb work of God, His masterpiece, the crown of creation.

2. Is not this one reason why men are spared, that they may glorify God?

God might have damned men at once, but He lets them live on. He could have taken all His elect out of the earth at once, as He does many infants; but He wishes them to glorify Him here.

3. The Scriptures contain no record of a believer without talents.

II. GOD EXPECTS US TO IMPROVE ALL OUR TALENTS. Wealth, learning, ability, courage, prudence, wisdom, influence in society or in the family.

1. For our own and others' good.
2. In so doing they will be increased.
3. No spiritual sloth is allowable.
4. We are not to please ourselves.
5. Nor to seek any other object than God's glory.
6. Nor to spend ourselves in sin.

III. HE WILL CALL US TO A RECKONING. This will be conducted with justice; the books of judgment will be opened, there will be a scrupulous examination, and men's consciences will be their own accusers; according to their talents the Lord will require at their hand.

Let us examine ourselves, and see if, during this year, we have improved our talents. If not, are we not guilty of ingratitude?

The wicked will be punished for sin, the righteous will be rewarded by grace alone.

(To be continued.)

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

XVII. PASTOR HENRY JAMES BATTS, KING WILLIAMSTOWN,
SOUTH AFRICA.

IT has been said that "distance lends enchantment to the view;" and this is in measure quite true of many persons as well as places; but when the distance is so great that the view becomes merged into space, and is lost to sight, this adage might give place to another, "out of sight, out of mind." Separation from the homeland, as a rule, means isolation to those who hold pioneer posts in the Christian ministry, and work up-country in newly-colonized territories. It would be well for both home and foreign brethren to come a little closer to one another, and to know more of each other's work; especially would those in far-off Africa thereby feel helped.



"Our Own Men and their Work" in England having had a full and rightful share of prominence in these pages, we now introduce PASTOR H. J. BATTS, of King Williamstown, British Kaffraria, to our readers. A very honourable career marks him out as one worthy of first rank among those who hail from the Pastors' College; indeed, in South Africa he is a *sine quâ non*, and has done as much as, if not more than, any other man to further the interests of the Baptist cause. True love never exaggerates; it is the false tongue that flatters, so let a friend of nearly twenty years record the facts of his College chum's career.

To begin at the beginning, he was born; and for thirty-nine years he has been growing. As a native of Hampshire, he hails from Lymington, and the early days of his childhood were spent in that neighbourhood. The village school affording the most rudimentary instruction, and the parish church under the rectorship of an old navy chaplain, were the only advantages, educational and spiritual, that he enjoyed for some time, until his mother began to attend the dissenting chapels in the vicinity, and her son was usually her escort on Sunday evenings. Impressions had already been caused by the Word preached; but it was reserved for Pastor E. Osborne, of Carlton Baptist Chapel, Southampton, to be the instrument, and a baptismal service the agency, under God's blessing, in bringing our friend to decision for Christ, and leading him to avow his faith by being baptized.

Being connected with the church, the new convert was soon actively engaged in Christian work, until his qualifications for a ministerial career were the subject of a conversation commenced by Mr. Osborne, much to the youth's surprise. Leaving business, Mr. Batts went home to study, and there he received the kind help of Pastor Thomas Evans, of Milford, and every Sabbath found him preaching in the

village chapels of the district. Having made application to the Pastors' College, he was admitted, in August, 1876, at the age of twenty; and his two years' student course is thus described by him—"the sunniest memory of my life." During the period of training, he was engaged by the Evangelization Society, and for six months filled the position of student-pastor of a church in Ipswich.

In September, 1878, Mr. Batts left England, under the advice of the late beloved President and all the tutors, to take up the work at Cape Town, as a supply during the pastor's absence on a visit to the old country; and for twelve months he held the post most manfully and successfully. At the conclusion of this period, four distinct calls came from different parts of the Colony, and at length the pastorate at Port Elizabeth was accepted. When first appointed to this new sphere, the congregation was of small dimensions indeed; but by indomitable energy and plodding perseverance he soon gathered together an assemblage which uncomfortably filled the building in Queen Street. During a very happy seven years' labour here, he was instrumental in building two chapels,—one at Walmer, costing £450, and another at the South end of the town, where Pastor C. H. Homer now ministers.

Mr. Batts then responded to an urgent call from King Williamstown, to rescue the church from utter collapse, and heroically he left a full chapel, a loving people, and a larger salary, to save, if possible, a cause from becoming a total wreck. The prosperity which has followed his self-denying and consecrated ministry proves how acceptable such a sacrifice on his part was to the Great Head of the Church. The membership has steadily increased from a mere handful, numbering only forty-five, until to-day there is a band of 210 in fellowship. All the agencies of a really live church are in going order; but special mention must be made of the Christian Endeavour Society, in which the pastor takes the keenest interest, and is a universal favourite amongst the young people.

As a preacher, Mr. Batts appeals to the hearts of his hearers in homely, well-chosen language. He has a pleasant delivery, with a good voice, which lends itself to pathos and power in his pulpit discourses. In the town, he is held in very high esteem, and the community would suffer a great loss if he were removed from their midst. Whether as Financial Secretary to the South African Baptist Union, or the Burial Board of King Williamstown, or as a member of the Vigilance Committee or Board of Management of Dale College, he is invaluable as a colleague and coadjutor. One of the noblest works he has organized, and of which he is the Honorary Director, is the "Orphan Home." Here, about a score of children are sheltered, clothed, fed, and educated; and Mr. Batts occupies the place of foster-parent to these otherwise destitute bairnies. Thus, his religion is not confined to theory, but partakes largely of the practical; and he bestows his benevolence with a bounteous hand. He is deservedly popular, and beloved both for his word and work's sake.

Mr. Batts has seen the Baptist denomination grow from a ministerial staff of six to some twenty-seven, and he has had something to do with nearly every new church that has been established in the Colony,

from Cape Town away up to the Transvaal and Natal. We have heard him designated more than once as "the Bishop", and certainly he well merits the title if it means "overseer of labour" in and for the churches. He was selected as one of the deputation sent to the old country on behalf of missionary enterprise among the Matabele and Mashonaland tribes, thereby proving the confidence placed in him by his brethren as a fitting representative of the South African Baptist Union, of which he has been an official for over fifteen years.

It has been the writer's joy to see the worker at his work, so he can testify to the thoroughness of the service and the genuineness of the servant. A friendship of close upon twenty years has been strengthened by mutual companionship and Christian fellowship. As a visitor to South Africa, let me close by saying,—Never let "Our Own Men" in distant colonies, struggling hard for God and truth, feel that they are forgotten; but, by fervent prayer, and practical sympathy, support them in their self-sacrificing toil. I only echo the united cry of ten of "Our Own Men" when I say, "Brethren, pray for us."

CHARLES SPURGEON.

Family Devotion.

WRITTEN IN 1853, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

I WAS delighted, when riding one Sabbath evening from the place where I had supplied for a minister, to see in one place a father with four or five little ones about him, sitting on a small plot of grass before the cottage door. He had a large Bible on his knee, and they had their Bibles, too, and he in the midst was holding his finger up with all solemnity and earnestness in simple style endeavouring to enforce some sacred truth. It was a road but little frequented on the Sabbath-day, and I would hope that scarce a rumbling or rattling noise was there heard on the holy day of rest, save the gig bearing the minister to and fro from the place of his labour, or other vehicles carrying devout worshippers to the house of God. It seemed almost a sacrilege to drive by, even though I was returning from a sacred errand. It seemed some sort of sacrilege, I say, to break the spell for a moment, and take the eyes and the attention of the little ones even for an instant from such sweet employ. A little further was a house which had a small workshop joining it; the door was open, but no one was there. But there stood a chest, and on it lay a Bible of the largest style, and on the floor below was a cushion which still bore the impress of knees which there, we trust, had bent in wrestling prayer. Perhaps a mother had there been begging at the Redeemer's hands the souls of her dearly-beloved children; or, perhaps, some son, in answer to that mother's prayer, had been secretly pouring out his soul for mercy from the hands of God. Yet once more we saw a little girl spelling over to her parents the words of the Book of Truth, and one felt constrained to pray that the daughter and the lowly pair might be able ever to read their titles clear. I have seen hills and forests, vales and rivers, fine buildings and romantic ruins, but never,

never have I seen a sight more simple, beautiful, and yet sublime. Blest households, of whom these things are written, may you not be solitary instances, but may God raise up thousands like unto you!

Household piety is the very cream of piety. There is no place in which religion so sweetly opens all its charms as in the family round the hearth. Who does not admire the house where at the hour of prayer all are assembled, and the head of the household reads from the sacred page the word of inspiration, and then all on bended knee seek for a blessing on themselves that day, or in joyful strains give thanks to heaven for the manifold mercies freely and constantly dispensed? Who, on the other hand, can refrain from pitying the family with whom the day is a round of duties begun and ended without one prayer to God? No place where all may come together and feel as one! No way for the parent to express his thoughts of love for his offspring's souls! I know the sweetness of kneeling at eventide beneath the paternal roof, and then hearing the father say, "Lord, we bless Thee that our son is again returned in health and strength, and after an absence from each other we bless Thee that we are now met an unbroken circle. Oh, our God, we beg most earnestly of Thee that we may all meet around the throne in heaven, not a hoof being left behind!" The father's words are all but choked in their utterance whilst he weeps tears of joy to think that his first-born is walking in the ways of God, and the mother sobs aloud, and her tears are falling big with gratitude, that once more she is kneeling beside her son, the delight of her eyes, whilst the whole tribe are around her secure from death and ill.

Man! woman! have you no family altar? Then, from my inmost soul, I pity you. I pity the wretch without a chair or bed to rest his bones on; I pity the miserable creature who shivers in the wintry blast, and finds no fire to give the needed heat; but more I pity the homeless creature, for he is truly homeless, who has no altar—no family prayer. Half happiness is absent where this is neglected. I despise unmeaning formality, but this is no form. Cease spoiler! lay not thy ruthless hand on this most sacred thing; rather let the queen of night forget to rise with all her train of stars than family devotion even begin to be disused. The glory of Britain is her religion, and religion's proudest glory is the Christian's home. Who is so foolishly alarmed as ever to suppose that an invading host will ravage our fair shores when the whole land is studded with castles—not with turret towers, it's true, but yet with places where the God of Jacob dwells, residing as a fire around, a glory in the midst? Go invader, go, the prayer of households will blow thee adown the white cliffs of Albion like chaff before the wind! The flag of old England is nailed to the mast, not by our sailors, but by our God; and He has fastened it there with something stronger than iron,—He has nailed it with the prayers of His people, the fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters, with whom He delights to rest. From the tents of Jacob arise the fair-footed sons of Zion who on the mountains stand declaring good tidings of great joy, and from these tabernacles there is gradually gathering a host, glittering and white, who continually praise God and the Lamb.

The March of the Months.

No. VI.

"While flowers are wet with dew,
Dew of our souls, descend."—C. H. S.

NEVER, within recent memory, has the year been so long struggling to its prime. For weeks, the buds were kept closed by bleak winds and dull skies; but, at last, the disadvantages of the youth of the year are over, and the early ailments of 'Ninety-five somewhat atoned for by the sunshine of the later Spring, to be followed, we hope, by a glorious June. Yet, after all, there has been this year an amount of dead ground to be covered with new life which only those who have an eye for details in nature can realize.

Travelling in the West of England, at the beginning of April, I noticed scores of choice evergreens, usually nurtured by the soft Western climate, blasted by the cold winds, and all the colour bleached out of them. The havoc wrought by the winter was never more apparent than when the shrubs stood out burnt and dead against the clear April sky. Many a choice growth, which had gladdened the eye of the lover of foliage, was gone for ever. It will take all the green drapery that June can show to cover the vacant places. Gardens are like homes; when a loved object is stricken and dies, it leaves a strange sad gap. The companions which grew by its side accommodated themselves to its growth. Now it is gone, the boughs of neighbours, which intertwined, drop helplessly. It will be some time ere the green thickens on the spot where the myrtle stood. Regrets seem out of place in June. Yet who has not felt their loss keenest when the season has come round that *he* enjoyed, or when the *one* has stood by a vacant place in the grounds, formerly occupied by a favourite tree, on which *both* were wont in years past to watch the blossoms? A garden, which has been affectionately tended year after year, and shared in appreciative love, becomes much more than a thing of beds and borders.

Many years ago, early on a Lord's-day morning in glorious June, I wandered in quiet meditation among the graves of a country churchyard. My walk had lain through fields full of luscious grass, by hedge-rows blushing with wild roses, and I entered the peaceful sleeping place through a gate whose lower bars were grey and golden with lichen. It was a favourite tryst to me. I had from that gate watched the evening star shine out of a sky of gold, and turning, witnessed the full moon rise between the elms. But this visit was "early on the first day of the week." Many thousands of folk lived, loved, struggled, sinned, and suffered in the town lying near by; and then, when the brief fitful fever was over, a certain number of them were carried out to this quiet acreage beyond the busy streets. All the preliminary hearings of their case concluded, they were as prisoners remanded without bail, to await the Great Assize. As I passed among the graves, I came to the conclusion that many of the dwellers in these "cold *hic jacets* of the dead" were as completely forgotten as were erstwhile prisoners in

the Bastille. But not all. Over the dewy grass came an old man, dressed in deep black, with a broad white neck-cloth and a snowy high collar. He did not notice me, for he seemed to have a purpose as he picked his way carefully among the graves. At last, he paused before one comparatively new. There he stood for long, with folded hands; but, ere he settled into this position, he stooped down, and very carefully replaced a piece of turf which had slipped from the mound. After a long while, as it seemed to me, he slowly turned to go. It was evidently difficult for him to tear himself away. When he was quite gone, I went over to where he had stood, and read the new hand-rail. It was only a simple inscription to his "beloved wife" who had passed away a few months before, full of years. But who shall say how much love that hand-rail spanned, or who shall tell how many sacred memories and hopes had visited that old man as he stood, in the early light of the Day of the Resurrection, beside the grave of his dead wife? I have thought of that little scene when I have now and then glanced down the rant and rubbish which appear periodically, and which are supposed to represent the thought of the age on married life, but which might often be branded as base libels on the fathers and mothers of both writers and readers.

Not far from this country churchyard dwelt an old man, who, during the summer months, used to open his cottage for an early Sunday morning prayer-meeting. The place had a bad name, for it was called "Newgate"; but old Henry Long's cottage was distinguished from the rest by a small board affixed to the wall, on which was written, "Pilgrim's Lodge." The occupant was a remarkable man. He was usually attired in a velveteen coat with brass buttons, knee breeches and gaiters, and a round hat. The velveteen gave place to black when he appeared at "meeting." At the time I knew him intimately, he was about seventy,—fresh-faced, bright-eyed, with his white hair cut close,—such was Henry Long. He was a peasant, but also one of nature's wise men. He was a great authority as to the crops, the highways and byways, and could tell you much about the feather and fur of the field and hedge. Hugh Miller speaks of his *Schools and Schoolmasters*; Henry Long was one of my schoolmasters. He was wise, too, in the wisdom which cometh from above. I used sometimes to fancy, so quaint was he, that he had strayed out of Bunyan's allegory, and wandered down into the nineteenth century.

"See there," he would say, pointing to the twinkling lamps of a train entering a tunnel, "that is what we should do; have the light of God inside, then we shan't be afraid when we go into the dark!" On Sunday mornings, the minister was either the "recruiting sergeant", or "drill sergeant", who took his orders from the Captain. If the sermon roused the old man much, the "sergeant" had been "keeping him up to time," or "putting him through his paces pretty lively."

Henry Long was a great friend to young men. It was his delight to stimulate them in the service of the King. One of his practices was to meet, on Sunday nights, any two of them who might have gone by his place to a village a few miles off to take a service. He would come along the road slowly, and when near enough would call out,

"Well, did you get your marching orders; and did you cry, 'Right about face! Quick march!'" Then, when he was close up, he would add, "Yes, 'Quick march!' young men, from sin to grace; always tell the people that."

Such was the man who unlatched the door of his "Pilgrim's Lodge" on Lord's-day mornings through the summer for prayer. The floor of the room was of brick, and some of the seats were strangely made; but the quiet walk, the glorious freshness of the morning air, the fellowship and the fervour, made the whole a season which carried within it fragrance for a lifetime. The old disciple was generally in his garden, bare-headed, looking out for his guests. Then he would lead through the low doorway, over which clustered a simple monthly rose. A few minutes later, "the holy hymn" broke "on the morning air." We had not in use then the most appropriate hymn ever written for early devotion; though Henry Long's prayer-meetings probably covered the year when the now-glorified Editor of this Magazine wrote those exquisite lines which I have made the key-note of this article:—

"While flowers are wet with dews,
Dew of our souls, descend;
Ere yet the sun the day renews,
O Lord, Thy Spirit send!

"Upon the battle-field
Before the fight begins,
We seek, O Lord, Thy sheltering shield,
To guard us from our sins!"

Many of the ancient land-marks have disappeared from that part of the country I have been describing. Old Henry Long departed for glory years ago. When I heard of it, far away, a sudden mist seemed to rise between me and the street. The fields, too, have nearly gone, and the town has crept round to the churchyard gate; not *my* gate! It is no place for lichens and long grass now. But it does me good to revive the memories of "Pilgrim's Lodge"—to think of the alms-houses I used to pass, around whose gables twined the white rose and the red, roses like to those in which Eve stood half-veiled in Eden, as Milton sings; of laburnum, too, hanging over old walls, like "dropping fire"; and the grasses in the fields, touched by the morning ray, as with a wand, to rise from dewy sleep! What variety! The silky bent grass and meadow-sweet; the feather-grass and fox-tails. There, in that fair field, "Quakers" "Roundheads" and "Cavaliers" all lived at peace till the scythe came. And now we swing the lichened gate, and walk amid the white memorials of the dead. But we are on our way to "Pilgrim's Lodge" to pray. The sun is mounting higher in the sky, and the "Sun of Righteousness" arises upon our spirits "with healing in His wings," while the graces of the soul chime forth their morning songs to Him who is the Resurrection and the Life.

H. T. S.

In Memoriam — Principal David Gracey.

THE body of Mr. Gracey was laid to rest in Norwood Cemetery rather more than two years ago. It was felt by many friends that it would be well if a stone marked the place of his interment; and toward the close of last year a scheme was set on foot to erect an appropriate memorial, it having been first ascertained that this would be appreciated and cordially accepted by Mrs. Gracey.

A Committee, consisting of the President and Tutors of the College, with two of the students, undertook to carry out the proposal. The appeal made by them for funds was not confined to the members of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association. The Committee sought help, as far as possible, from *all* who had been trained in the College; and the result proved that they were right in supposing that some of the brethren who are not in the present Association would wish to participate. Donations were received, not only from the British Isles, but from the United States, North Africa, South Africa, Congo, St. Helena, India, Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand.

Most of our readers are already aware of the high esteem in which Mr. Gracey was held by those who came into close contact with him in College, and by many others besides. It may not be unfitting, however, to give a few extracts from letters received by the secretaries to the Memorial Committee, testifying to the sincere regard and warm affection of the writers for their beloved Tutor:—

"God was good to us in giving us such a man. He taught us where books failed. He showed us how to think, to trust, and to live. They were happy days when we listened to him."

"The dear departed Principal well deserves such a token of affection from those who loved him so warmly, and owe so much to him."

"As one who owes to our beloved and glorified Principal more than he can express, I gladly respond to your circular."

"I dearly loved Mr. Gracey, and that makes me regret the smallness of my donation; but God knows."

"No amount could express the reverence and affection I feel for him to whom I owe so much."

We are glad to be able to present to our readers a view of the stone which has been erected. Visitors to Norwood Cemetery will have no difficulty in finding Mr. Gracey's grave, if they pass through the chapel cloister at the back of Mr. Spurgeon's monument. The memorial is chaste and simple (in harmony with what it was felt would have been Mr. Gracey's own wishes), and consists of a marble headstone, of Gothic design, the College crest—a hand grasping a cross, with the motto, *ET TENEO ET TENEOR*,—being carved in a panel on the face of it; two palm branches, emblematic of victory, are carved in side panels. Mr. Gracey's nationality is commemorated by shamrocks carved on the capitals of the side columns. The text upon the stone is the one which it was believed that the beloved Principal

was endeavouring to utter shortly before he "fell on sleep" In case any of our readers should be unable to decipher the whole inscription, we give it in full:—"In loving memory of DAVID GRACEY, Principal of the Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, born, 24th September, 1841; died, 9th February, 1893. 'I have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord.' (Gen. xlix. 18.) Erected by ministers, tutors, students, and other admirers of the talents and graces of this 'man greatly beloved.'"



The design was suggested by Mr. W. Higgs, and was worked out and executed by the Art Memorial Co. (late W. Piper), West Norwood. The secretaries are grateful to the Trustees and Tutors of the College, and to all the ministers and students who have contributed towards the erection of the memorial.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

"For all Thy saints, who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesus, be for ever blessed!
Hallelujah!"

Come Home.

Come home !

The thunder rumbles threateningly above,
The storm-cloud gathers in the darkening West ;
" Come to the ark, like the o'er-wearied dove,"
Come, foolish one, to happiness and rest.

Come home !

A Saviour's voice is calling now to thee,
O wanderer o'er the wild and-trackless waste ;
The voice of Him, who, for thy liberty,
The awful bitterness of death did taste !

Come home !

The Spirit whispers softly, pleadingly,
That Spirit who has marked thy mad career,
And oft, unknown, has been a Friend to thee,
Oh, wilt thou not to-day His warning hear ?

Come home !

A Father's heart yearns lovingly for thee,
A Father's eye still watches o'er thy path,
A Father's arms are spread invitingly,
And mercy yet rejoices over wrath.

Come home !

The holy angels wait expectantly,
With song suspended, and with silent lyre ;
Oh, breathe the prayer they long to hear from thee,
And thrill with new-born joy the heavenly choir !

Foots Cray.

E. A. TYDEMAN.

Seed-Thoughts from C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons.

SELECTED BY J. D. KILBURN, ST. PETERSBURG.

IF, in your dire necessity, you draw largely on Christ, will He fail you ?

No rocks can wreck your ship, and no storms prevent its entering the haven, provided you obey the Pilot's orders.

Christ was always busy, but never in a hurry.

Work generally does good, worry always does harm.

On Becoming "Broad."

BY R. SHINDLER.

"I LIKE him ; he is broad," a friend remarked, the other day, and the expression left the hearer somewhat puzzled, and "at sea," to understand the meaning intended. It sounded rather vague and hollow, and we began to wonder what it meant ; where, in fact, "Broad" began, and where it left off. Broad and narrow are not convertible terms, and our earlier acquaintance with the distinction drawn between them in the Scriptures was decidedly not favourable to the former. But our friend was a good fellow, and so we tried to penetrate the mental gloom, and comprehend his meaning.

Who, or what was "Broad" ? Was it a reality, or a myth ; or did it really mean something noble or inspiring ? Our mind was an open one. Was it being all things to all men, or was it a deception altogether, luring its deluded follower on to dangerous and unlawful ground ? What did the speaker imply by that word "*broad*" ? Would he call brass, gold ; or chalk, cheese ; or call a stone, fish ? Was a pound avoirdupois sixteen ounces still, or had it become anything you please ? Had honest convictions become melted in a blaze of charity ? Was butter still the produce of old England's dairies, or had it become transformed into very superior margarine ? We knew that beer had fallen from its former estate ; for a judge in the Royal Courts lately told us that a company had been formed for making it—not in the old way from malt and hops, but by a combination of invert-sugar, sulphuric acid, and gypsum, the latter being, as we all know, a kind of plaster of Paris, highly invigorating when drunk in solution (?) ! This is a sign, probably, that brewers are getting "broad", and ready to declare that black and white are much the same thing. It will, probably occur to us all that, to attenuate, and to seek to render invisible the difference between substances essentially different, may be very clever, but it is none the less dishonest and censurable.

Are we to be allowed to do in religion and theology what we would not attempt socially ? Is error to be tolerated under the spurious covering of falsely-called charity ? Are we to be allowed to believe what we *like*, instead of what is *written*, and then to imagine that God will countenance this trifling with His Word ?

Out upon that caricature of holy things which substitutes for immediate salvation through the sufferings of our Saviour, a dream of salvation *after* death by sufferings of our own ! The soul that sinneth, it shall die ; but the righteous shall enter into life eternal. Faithful men like Polycarp, Justin Martyr, Wycliffe, Huss, Martin Luther, and the noble army of martyrs who have died for the grand old truths of the Bible, might well cry shame upon the drivellers of to-day, in whose maunderings, belief and disbelief, righteousness and unrighteousness, truth and error, are strangely mixed.

Mr. Spurgeon once told a story of a gentleman whose coals were found to contain so large a quantity of slates, that he sent a letter to his coal merchant requesting him to deliver the coals and slates in separate sacks in future ; and Mr. S. added, "That is what we want done in other matters besides coal,"—the separation of the true from the false, the

gold from the alloy. There certainly will only be two divisions at the end of the world, and there cannot rightly be any more now.

No specious argument can stretch thirty inches into a yard ; and while duplicity may be a fine art, and reserve the height of wisdom, let us not be as dumb dogs that cannot bark to warn off the law-breakers of the divinely-inspired Word.

What do we believe ? and "What is truth ?" as Pilate asked. We adopt Queen Elizabeth's definition as being, while simple, yet substantially sound. Questioned by the agents of the Pope on the point of Transubstantiation, she replied,—

" Christ's was the word that spake it,
He took the bread, and brake it,
And what that word doth make it,
That I believe, and take it."

And what the Word of God makes the Word of God, that we believe and accept. As Mr. Spurgeon says, we must take the Bible narrative in its simplicity, and purity, and plain common-sense interpretation. We need pay no shilling to any priest for him to ask the cardinal, and for the latter, in turn, to enquire of the Pope. The Bible is so plain a revelation, that, rightly viewed, and reverently approached, he who runs may read, and "he may run that readeth it."

Weakness and indecision should be unknown in the Church and children of God ; for, as Milton sings,—

" To be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering."

"Quit you like men, be strong," is the inspiring word ; and, "Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."

The Israelites in Canaan were not to consort with the Canaanites (as the "mixed multitude" led them into deeper sin) ; but they were to remain a separate and peculiar people. Joshua was to be strong and very courageous. Even the gentler Samuel was nerved to hew Agag in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal, and Elijah was not allowed to make any compromise with Baal, while the historic scene on Carmel seems to remain a warning and memorial for all time, that justice and judgment are the habitation of God's throne. What keeps England still—

" Great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,"

but its Christianity ; and, as a whole, the public worship of God ?

As the temple service began in the ancient days, so it continued, and so it ended when the sceptre departed from Judah, and Shiloh came to His own ; while the Saviour Himself cast out the intruders in the holy courts, and overturned the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves.

To be "broad" is not necessarily to be high in principle or in tone. What we want, and what the age requires, is that which will—

" Keep down the base in man,
Teach high thought and amiable words,
And courtliness and the desire to please,
And tone of truth, and all that makes a man."

It is not laxity we require ; but fixity in divine things. Height, more than breadth, we should earnestly seek after. If plants only spread, and did not rise, where would the trees be ? In rising, the trees of the wood and forest gain strength ; and in proportion as we rise above the level of our natural finite thoughts, shall we obtain strength from heaven.

Let our sympathies be deep as humanity itself, and wide as the love of God ; but let us at all times remember that "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" but that of Jesus, and that we who are but servants of the Most High God can no more alter His Word, or change His decrees, than we can save ourselves from the wrath to come.

What would happen if astronomers became "broad" in their ideas ? If some thought that Saturn would look better in the position of Mars, that Jupiter should change places with Venus, and were to transpose the position of the heavenly bodies at the dictation of some imaginary "modern thought", what would the mariners say when, perhaps, dashed on known or unknown rocks through the then incorrectness or uncertainty of the nautical almanack, which now gives them, on all parts of the ocean, their position and bearings, with unerring accuracy, through daily observations of the heavens ? Would they not curse the false guides that had deceived them ? The astronomers are wise ; they take their stand behind the immutable laws of God, telling the track of the comets, and movements of the hosts of the starry orbs of heaven, years, if not ages, in advance. No "modern thought", or "development" of the stars in their courses, for them. They have long since found out that the laws of God in nature know no variableness nor shadow of turning ; and that is why these things are foretold with the utmost nicety. Is there not a lesson to be learned from this mathematical precision, that may well make us pause before attempting, from *our* standpoint, to—

"Justify the ways of God to men" ?

Enough is it for us to know that there is a future glory, and that there is a future woe ; but what either may mean, "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard." Of the ransomed—

"Thus much (and this is all) we know,
They are completely blest ;"

while, to attempt to discover more, would only tend to leave us—

"In wandering mazes lost."

Enough is it, that, "as far as the East is from the West, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us ;" and while we dare not say to the ungodly that all will come right at last, we may be the bearers of the blessed invitation, "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Let us look above the mists, and doubts, and thoughts of earth, to "that beautiful land on high," where the righteous shall be—

"Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in."

The Pastors' College Evangelical Association.

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE was commenced at the College on *Monday afternoon, April 29*, by a prayer-meeting, at which the President of the Association (Pastor Thomas Spurgeon) presided. A goodly company of London and country brethren, together with the present students, assembled in the Conference hall, and it was soon evident that the opening hymn, composed by the late beloved President, was literally true,—

“The Holy Ghost is here,
Where saints in prayer agree.”

Many earnest supplications were presented at the throne of grace, and much loving sympathy was expressed for brethren who were unable to be at the gatherings of the College clan this year. In the course of the afternoon, the President gave a charming little exposition of the two texts that he had chosen as the motto for the Conference of 1895:—“Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth;” and, “Grant unto Thy servants, that with all boldness they may speak Thy word.” The right key-note for the week was struck, and the engagements that followed were to a very large extent in harmony with the proceedings at the first meeting.

The number of ministers present was largely augmented by tea-time, and others from distant parts of the kingdom continued to arrive during the evening. At the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, as pastor of the church, presided, and gave a very hearty welcome to the brethren. Several prayers were offered, Mr. J. Manton Smith sang, and addresses were delivered by Pastors A. Hall (Merthyr Tydvil), and Sydney J. Jones (Liverpool). Mr. Hall bore testimony to the undying esteem and love for Mr. Spurgeon in Wales, and emphasized the need of continuing his grand protest against false doctrine; Mr. Jones spoke with much power upon “The force and the leading of the Bible in human history.”

On *Tuesday morning, April 30*, the first hour and a half were, as usual, devoted to praise and prayer. Again the Spirit of God was manifestly present, and His gracious influence was realized in a very marked degree. During the devotional service, every vacant seat became occupied, and soon every inch of standing-room on floor or gallery was also filled by an expectant audience that rapturously greeted the President as he rose to deliver his first Inaugural Address from the spot that must ever be fragrant with hallowed memories of his beloved father's words and works. It is needless to attempt to describe the Address, for we are happy to be able to give it to our readers in full, as revised by the speaker. The universal testimony appeared to be that the deliverance from the presidential chair was well worthy of a position by the side of the wonderful utterances of the never-to-be-forgotten past.

After a short recess, the Conference business was transacted, the items of general interest being as follows:—The deaths of four ministers, one student, and three associates, were reported, two names were removed from the roll, and four students were admitted into the Association, making the present total 740. The Emergency Committee was re-appointed, the Assurance Community's accounts were passed, Mr. Allison being heartily thanked for his services as Manager, and asked to serve in the same capacity during the ensuing year. Pastor T. W. Medhurst then proposed, Pastor A. G. Brown seconded, and Pastor J. A. Spurgeon supported, the re-election of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon as President of the Association for the year 1895—6. This was enthusiastically carried by the uprising of the whole assembly, and with apparently equal unanimity Pastors J. A. and C.

Spurgeon were re-elected Vice-Presidents. On the proposition of Pastor W. Cuff, seconded by Pastor John Wilson, it was unanimously resolved—"That the very best thanks of this Conference be given to our brethren, H. O. Mackey and Sydney J. Jones, for the splendid and patient service they have rendered to the Conference during all the years that have gone by." Professor M'Caig and Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A., having been elected Secretaries, the long morning session was closed with the benediction.

The evening meeting was held at the Orphanage, under the presidency of Mr. T. H. Olney, who interested his large audience with reminiscences of Dr. Rippon and other pastors of the church now worshipping at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The President gave good tidings of his brother in South Africa, and also asked the brethren to aid the College Missionary Association as they might be able. One of its representatives, Dr. Churcher, spoke of the needs of North Africa, and of his new sphere of service at Soussa, Tunisia. Pastor A. G. Brown, in a bright cheery speech, told of the great stake he had in foreign missions, having given his three daughters to the Lord's work in China. (Little did he think that, within four days, tidings would reach him that the husband of one of those daughters had gone to glory from the misnamed "Celestial Empire", and that perhaps he himself would shortly be on his way to "the land of Sinim", to comfort and bring home the suffering widow.) Our thoughts were still centred round China, as the last speaker, Mr. A. H. Huntley, told of the trials and triumphs of the service with which he and his brother had been associated in the Province of Shensi.

On *Wednesday morning, May 1*, after a season of thanksgiving for the blessings of the previous day, and supplication for still further favours, the remaining items of Conference business were transacted. The President read the following letter from his brother, the reading being several times interrupted and emphasized by very hearty cheering:—

"Beloved Brethren,—

"It is a great grief to me that I am absent from the Conference; but so the Lord wills. Of course I think about and pray for you all, and ask that Heaven's best benisons may be upon the gatherings. May God sustain my dear brother in the arduous duties that devolve upon him as President, and mightily bless his utterances to you all!

"It has been a great joy to me to give joy to some of 'Our Own Men' labouring in South Africa. Among those already visited are Brethren G. W. Cross, H. J. Batts, D. H. Hay, J. Maginnes, and A. J. Edwards, while it has been my pleasure to meet Brethren Baker, Russell, and Evans. All are doing well in their several spheres, and I have been extremely gratified by the evident prosperity of their work. Our beloved College is nobly represented by these brethren, and may well be proud of her sons in South Africa. You will receive a letter of fraternal greeting from them; the only fault I find with that epistle is the eulogistic manner in which they speak of myself and my poor services. Receive their words *cum grano salis*.

"I felt that I must send you a brief message,—if it is not out of place,—which has been upon my heart.

"During an enforced season of rest, I have busied myself by reviewing the heroic stand my beloved father took, against error, and for the Truth, and it has more than ever convinced me that *he was right, and therefore worthy of our imitation*. Nor am I alone in my judgment, thank God, for I have met men of eminent piety and abounding usefulness out here, men who have been and still are the pillars of the churches, who maintain the like opinion. I tell you, my father's name and deeds are held in high esteem

in this Colony; and *that* action which must ever be linked to his name is *the one* that calls forth their loudest praise.

"When our glorious leader was with us in person, how we felt his power, and loved his presence! We are, however, not without some compensating blessing now that he is gone from our midst. There is such a thing as *post mortem* power and posthumous influence, and in a very marked degree this is the legacy of our glorified President. A sublime life was ended some three years ago; but the influence of it—equally sublime—remains to-day, an ever-increasing force in our hearts, and an inspiring power in our lives. Mighty as was the audience that listened to the matchless living voice as it told out 'the old, old story' with simple eloquence, 'He being dead, yet speaketh,' to a vaster congregation, which will increase with the centuries.

"Our President's after-death influence is both perennial and progressive. It is more alive to-day than when he opened 'The Treasury of David,' or stood as the 'Interpreter' in the 'Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.'

"If it were not for the pain the insult brings, one might laugh at the attempts some Mrs. Partingtons make with their old brooms to brush back the ever-rising tide of his usefulness and popularity.

"Some battered the flambeau by unqualified falsehoods, others sought to quench it with unjust censure, but the beating and bruising only made it burn the brighter; and when, at last, the torch was extinguished by being wholly consumed, the fire remained, for the flames had caught the lives of others, and they are blazing still.

"Verily, brethren, it was no false fire that flashed from our Aaron's censer, but the fire of God; and with it he kindled the sacrifice upon the altar of our hearts, and even caused the stones and wood of our humanity to burn for the glory of God and the honour of Jehovah's truth.

"When the faggots were crackling around the stake to which Latimer and Ridley were bound, the enemy thought this bonfire was the *finale*, and exulted in this as the last flare up; but they were wrong, for the martyr's words were true, a candle was lit which has never been put out, and its gleam is glancing o'er the world of darkness and superstition to this day. In like manner, the globe of light, which shone so brightly during our President's life, shall never cease to glow with intenser brilliancy, 'as the stars for ever and ever.'

"Let the sons of the College be copyists of their sire. When our hero fell, he did not lose his grip of the ensign, but seemed by his last effort to plant the waving colours of the Cross firmly on his breast, making his own decease to be, as it were, a vantage ground for the elevation of the Royal Standard. Brethren, let us rally round his tomb, over which still floats the banner of Calvary, and defend both him and it with loving loyalty.

"It will be an evil day when any quarter is shown to the adversaries of those principles and doctrines which bear the blood-stains of Golgotha, and which cost the lives of many martyrs, and amongst the number our noble father. By the memories of the conflict which cost us our commander, may we be nerved to continue till we conquer and are crowned with the self-same chaplet of renown, and on our bier, as on his, shall be inscribed the words—'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.'

"May we all be kept 'faithful unto death,'

"King Williamstown,
"British Kaffraria."

"So prays,

"Yours in the gospel,
"C. SPURGEON."

The letter from the brethren in South Africa alluded to in the above, was also read. We regret that we can only spare space for the following extract:—

"It is our peculiar joy to hail *you* (Pastor Thomas Spurgeon) as President,

and to assure you of our loving regard. We pray that your father's God may mightily sustain you in the honourable position which it is our delight to see you hold, as pastor of the church rendered illustrious throughout Christendom by the wonderful and unique ministry of the ever-beloved and revered Founder of our Alma Mater, and we gratefully recognize the good success God has granted to your labours in the gospel. The presence of one of our Vice-Presidents (Pastor Charles Spurgeon) in the Colony is giving us great pleasure, and his preaching has proved marvellously acceptable to the people, while our churches have been stimulated by his visits."

It was resolved that a letter of hearty sympathy should be sent to Professor Fergusson; Pastor Thomas Greenwood was elected Remembrancer; *Monday, June 17*, was fixed as the DAY OF UNITED PRAYER; Mr. Harrauld announced that Mrs. Spurgeon's Conference gift was to be the late beloved President's volume of Communion Addresses, entitled "*Till He Come*," and Mr. Ewing reported that some friends were giving, through Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon, Mr. Pike's "*Life of Dr. Spurgeon*."

At the conclusion of the business, the President left the meeting in the charge of the Vice-President, as the strain of the previous day made it needful for him to have a brief rest. The remainder of the morning was devoted to Professor Marchant's paper on "Spiritual knowledge as a means of spiritual growth," and a conference upon the very important topic, "How to maintain and increase the pastor's own spiritual life." This was opened by Pastors H. E. Stone and J. S. Morris, and about a dozen brethren followed with short speeches or prayers.

In the evening, the annual meeting of the subscribers and friends of the College was held under the chairmanship of F. L. Edwards, Esq., of Loughton. The President of the College gave the report for the past year; addresses were delivered by Pastors Thomas Spurgeon, W. Cuff, D. J. Hiley, and T. G. Pollard; Messrs. Sloan and Grose (the latter a French brother converted through reading Mr. Spurgeon's sermons) spoke as representatives of the students; Mr. Meredith, who had recently returned from Tangier, gave an interesting account of Mr. Patrick's work there; and Messrs J. M. Smith and F. H. King added to the enjoyment of the evening by their singing. The collection for the College around the supper-table, with the contributions of friends unable to be present, amounted to rather over £1,300.

On *Thursday morning, May 2*, the President was back at his post, apparently quite recovered from the strain of his previous labours. In the course of the devotional service, he read a letter giving the pleasing information that special prayer for a blessing on the Conference was being presented by the members of the Prayer Union in connection with the Tabernacle Sunday-school Young Christians' Association; and supplication on behalf of the youthful suppliants was offered by two of the ministers. A letter from Professor Fergusson was also read, and most heartily welcomed. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon then delivered his address upon "The resurrection of Christ and the Christian's present relationship to him," basing his meditation upon Hebrews xiii. 20, 21. This was followed by an address, partly read and partly delivered, by Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A., of Dublin, on "A plea for the doctrines of grace, commonly called Calvinistic." It was a timely utterance, and we have great pleasure in announcing that Mr. Brown has kindly promised to place it before our readers. When he does so, we trust that they will secure for it the widest possible circulation, for nothing would be so likely to counteract the evils of the prevalent Down-gradeism as a return to the glorious doctrines of grace. In the evening, the Tabernacle was almost crowded for the Conference public meeting, at which the Pastor-President presided. Prayer was presented by Mr. W. Olney, addresses were delivered by the chairman, the President of the College, Professor Marchant, Pastors R. S. Latimer and

Hugh D. Brown, and Messrs. Hill and Dubarry (students). The collection for the College realized £50. At the supper for ministers and students in the lecture-hall, the thanks of the brethren were very heartily accorded to the hosts who had entertained the country pastors during the week, and also to the Tabernacle hospitality committee who had so admirably provided for the wants of the ever-increasing numbers gathered at the meetings.

Friday morning, May 3, as usual, the great day of the feast, was begun with prayer and praise, in the course of which special mention was made of the approaching departure to America and Australia of our beloved brother, Pastor F. H. White. Heartly thanks were accorded to Mrs. Spurgeon for her Conference present and for her continued gifts to the brethren, and a similar vote was passed for the volume given through Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon.

The closing service of the Conference was commenced by the President reading Luke x., followed by prayer by Pastor J. W. Ewing, and then for three-quarters of an hour the President held the audience spellbound while he preached to them from Luke x. 20. The sermon will be printed in full in next month's *Sword and Trowel*. The Vice-President, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, conducted the communion service, which was closed as usual by the whole assembly standing, with hands linked, and singing the Scotch version of Psalm cxxii.

At the farewell dinner, Pastor T. Greenwood, the new Remembrancer, reported that the ministers and students had contributed or collected £122 2s. for the College during the past year. Then came the usual cheers for all bearing the honoured name of Spurgeon, and with the doxology and benediction another memorable Conference was appropriately concluded.

Three Messengers of Mercy.

IT was a useful church ordinance, not perhaps peculiar to the Baptist denomination, which required all applicants for membership to give, in their own language, a plain, unvarnished statement of the evidence to be offered in justification of their faith. We say it *was* a useful church ordinance, because we fear that the wholesome practice is on the decline. Candidates are either becoming too bashful, in that respect at least, to face the ordeal which we are free to admit that it is, or else the churches are now less concerned about the beliefs of their members. It has been our privilege to hear many such avowals as terse as they were refreshing. And very trite and axiomatic oftentimes are the matured testimonies of the aged believers in our rural districts, who are—

“Waiting for Jesus their Lord,
To take down the tent, and roll up the cord.”

But, to our mind, the confession of an English “merchant adventurer” in the days of Charles II., recorded by Dr. Mc’Crie, is worthy of a high place among such epigrammatic utterances. So far as we can discover, the goodly pearls of which he was in quest were of a purely material character. He thus sets forth his experience:—

“I came to Irvine, and heard a well-favoured, proper old man (David Dickson, the singing theologian), with a long beard, and *that man showed me all my heart*. Then I went to St. Andrews, where I heard a sweet, majestic-looking man (Robert Blair), and *he showed me the majesty of God*. After him, I heard a little fair man (Samuel Rutherford), and *he showed me the loveliness of Christ*.”

It pleased the Lord to use, as the vehicle of his wonderful communication to praying Daniel, one of most remarkable mien, with a voice like a

multitude, and to John in Patmos a like messenger was sent to unveil the bride, the Lamb's wife, and the New Jerusalem. But if men to-day had only ears attuned to hearing, what sweet messages of love and mercy might they not yet hear from humbler ambassadors! This "merchant adventurer's" experience is but one more piece of evidence of the way in which the Spirit of God is constantly working. The *order* of the revelation made to him is specially noteworthy as setting forth in its sequence the simplicity and completeness of the divine plan of salvation. This brief outline indicates the blessed universal "rule of the road" from darkness to light.

We note that, in order that the unwelcome knowledge of his evil heart by nature might result in a happy issue, he had to shape his course in an altogether different direction, and face dangers and experiences quite at variance with his heretofore nautical life; and, during his progress across the whole width of Scotland, this pilgrim, led by Him who worketh all things according to the counsels of His own will, received new faculties; his old spiritual blindness had disappeared ere he reached the opposite shore. Thus he was enabled to see the true relation of the majesty of God and the loveliness of Christ, and the co-relation of both to his awakened soul.

Cheltenham.

W. L. LANG.

Notices of Books.

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

Light in the East. By BISHOP THOBURN. Morgan and Scott.

AN interesting record of the trials and triumphs of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India and Malaysia. Those who follow the teaching of the New Testament with regard to believers' baptism will sorrowfully notice that "converts" who are not converted are sprinkled as in some home churches, and thus Christ's ordinance is being pushed aside by man's perversion of it.

Madagascar of To-day. By Rev. W. E. COUSINS. Religious Tract Society.

A MOST timely publication concerning the island in which all Christians must feel deeply interested, especially now that war threatens to destroy what even fierce persecution failed to overthrow. Let British believers carefully study this admirable little work, and pray to the Lord of the Malagasy saints to bring good out of the seeming evil of the present state of affairs in the island.

The Armenian Crisis in Turkey. By FREDERICK DAVIS GREENE, M.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It is terrible that such a book as this should ever have to be written; but the unspeakable horrors here described having been perpetrated, it is well that Mr. Greene has issued this "appeal to the civilized world." After reading the certified evidence of the massacre in Sassoun, no one need question the awful facts. None but the God to whom vengeance belongeth can adequately punish such iniquity; but each of us must see that England is cleared of all complicity with those who are capable of such dreadful infamy.

ALL who desire to know and to spread the truth about the Opium Question should read, and circulate as widely as possible, the May number of *National Righteousness* (Morgan and Scott, 2d.); also Mr. JOSHUA ROWX-TREE'S admirable shilling pamphlet, *The Opium Habit in the East* (King and Son, King Street, Westminster).

The Inspiration and Accuracy of the Holy Scriptures. By Rev. JOHN URQUHART. Marshall Brothers.

WE welcome this portly volume as a valuable contribution to the most important controversy of the times. Mr. Urquhart first considers the Scriptural doctrine of Inspiration, rightly giving prominence to the view held by the writers of the New Testament, and especially to the teaching of our Lord Himself. After an admirable summary of the evidence thus supplied in favour of Verbal Inspiration, Mr. Urquhart gives an outline of the Genesis and History of the rationalistic "higher criticism." A knowledge of the German critics and their methods is certainly not likely to lead one to regard with favour the results of the "higher criticism." Canon Cheyne, in his *Founders of Old Testament Criticism*, has drawn as favourable a sketch as possible of these men; but with all his evident desire to speak well of them, the rationalistic and unevangelic bent of thought which characterized most of them clearly enough appears. It is therefore to be expected that, viewed with other eyes, their rationalism should be very prominent; and Mr. Urquhart's picture, though taken from a different stand-point, is, we venture to think, at least as true to life as that which Canon Cheyne has given.

The third and largest part of the book is, in some respects, the most important, dealing as it does with "Critical Results tested by Modern Discovery." Many of our readers are familiar with the fact that, of late years, the testimony of the recovered inscriptions of the Egyptian, Assyrian, and Babylonian monuments has been confirmatory of the historical accuracy of Scripture. Here we have that testimony collected and arranged in a way that cannot fail to be helpful to every student of Scripture who still holds the old faith, while even unbelievers may well be led to reconsider the claims of the Bible, and higher critics themselves to question their own conclusions. Mr. Urquhart devotes this part of his book mainly to the consideration, in great fulness of

detail, of the monumental confirmation of the historicity of those much-maligned books, *Esther* and *Daniel*. He does his work well. Objection after objection is met and demolished by some silent stern witness from the grave of ancient greatness; and one can but praise God that He has so marvellously provided the needed refutation of the reckless charges brought against the Divine Record.

There are hints in the book that Mr. Urquhart will pursue this work, and we trust that he will be encouraged in like manner to set forth, in marshalled array, the great body of similar facts in confirmation of the other historical books of the Old Testament.

In a valuable appendix, the recent unfortunate volume of Dean Farrar on *Daniel* is especially, examined and vigorously handled.

Mr. Urquhart has, in this volume, done yeoman's service to "the cause of God and Truth", and has made the whole Church of Christ his debtor. Let those who prize the Inspired Word see that this valuable contribution in its defence is circulated wherever it has been or may be the subject of attack.

The Making of Israel: From Joseph to Joshua. By Rev. C. ANDERSON SCOTT, B.A. *The Truth of Christianity.* By JAMES IVERACH, M.A., D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

Two more of the Bible Class Primers edited by Dr. Salmund are here offered to help the teacher of the young. So small, they can be had for sixpence each; so great, they deal alike with history and truths divine; so effective, scholarly, and up to date, they are worthy of all commendation. We should rejoice if all our elder scholars were taken through the course of training for which these text-books provide.

The Sweet Singer of Israel: Selected Psalms illustrative of David's Character and History, with Metrical Paraphrases. By BENJAMIN GREGORY, D.D. C. H. Kelly.

EIGHT of the Psalms are treated here by one who is himself a master in

Israel. While critical insight is not lacking, the writer's strength is rather in his sympathy with the author, and in his unshaken loyalty to Scripture. One of the best of the Methodist series of "Books for Bible Students." We can cordially commend it to our readers. A graceful dedication to Dr. Maclaren adorns the title-pages.

The Psalms at Work. By CHARLES L. MARSON. Elliot Stock.

A VALUABLE work of reference that has reached a second and revised edition. It is by no means exhaustive, for probably every verse in the whole Psalter might be annotated from the experience of the saints in all ages. Still, Mr. Marson has selected his illustrations so admirably that it would not surprise us if many others followed his example.

Lessons to an Adult Bible-class on the Life of Christ. By R. MILNER. Vol. II. Elliot Stock.

WE are glad that the sale of the first volume of these "Lessons" has been sufficient to warrant the issue of a further collection of them. If the whole life of Christ is to be treated with similar comprehensiveness as in these two volumes, quite a little library will be the result. The members of the Bible-class who heard these "Lessons" are to be congratulated.

Ben-Hur: a tale of the time of our Lord. By L. WALLACE. Partridge and Co.

A NEW and illustrated edition of a work that has attained considerable notoriety on both sides of the Atlantic; but we do not admire it any the more for that reason. "The time of our Lord" is too sacred to be turned to account for tale-telling, and we do not wish to know more about that period than the inspired writers or contemporary historians can tell us. It seems to us truly shocking to weave into a story the dying words of our Saviour upon the cross.

Scripture Truths made Simple. By Rev. J. R. GREGORY. C. H. Kelly.

AMONG the shoals of books being published for children, this one has a

mission and a value of its own. To tell the young, in language they can understand, great truths about the Bible, God, the Lord Jesus, the Holy Spirit, and various Bible doctrines, from Sin, Repentance, etc., to Crossing the River, and "After Death," is to fulfil a ministry of no mean order. We cannot endorse the idea (p. 69) of parents giving their babes to Christ in baptism, nor do we find one Scripture reference which so explains the ordinance, or even suggests the baptism of a babe; but, apart from this, the addresses are as admirable in their clearness and simplicity as the idea is in conception.

The Biblical Illustrator. By Rev. JOSEPH S. EXELL, M.A. ROMANS. (2 vols.) Nisbet and Co.

THE crowded condition of our review pages has unavoidably delayed the insertion of a notice of Mr. Exell's compilation of illustrative and expository extracts upon the Epistle to the Romans. That important part of the Inspired Word well merited the two volumes devoted to it in this most useful series. It is not surprising to find that C. H. Spurgeon appears to be quoted even more largely than usual, for this Epistle furnished him with a great store of texts for sermons. The wide range of authors prevents anything like harmony in the teaching, but this very variety will be an attraction to many readers. Those who cannot afford to buy a number of commentaries will find the essence of them in *The Biblical Illustrator*.

Nuggets of Truth from the Epistles. By W. G. CARR. Hodder and Stoughton.

ALL is not gold that glitters, but the gold of this land is good. Half-a-crown invested in these "nuggets" will enrich the buyer beyond all count with golden stores from the treasures of Truth. Not a chapter, and hardly a verse, from Romans to Jude, but is happily lit up, and made to flash with light. By all means, get these nuggets, smelt them in the furnace of prayerful thought, and mint them into coin for current every-day use.

Dogmatic Theology. By WILLIAM G. T. SHEDD, D.D. Vol. III. Edinburgh : T. and T. Clark.

THE two previous volumes of this massive work received a hearty welcome from our late beloved Editor, and he would have given just as cordial a commendation to this supplemental volume had he been spared. Instead of doing so, we doubt not that he has had the joy of meeting the author in the presence of their Lord; and together with Calvin, Augustine, and Paul, they have doubtless discussed, from their heavenly standpoint, the great problems here considered. Our younger readers may be frightened at the sight of the names of the different divisions of the subject,—Bibliology, Theology, Anthropology, Christology, Soteriology, and Eschatology,—but those who love the deep things of God will here find “waters to swim in.”

Possessors of the former volumes will do well to secure this one, which Dr. Shedd hoped would substantially add to their value because of the large number of “carefully-selected citations from works in the Ancient, Mediæval, and Reformation periods, and also from the English and Continental divines of the 16th and 17th centuries that are not easily accessible, and are an equivalent for a large library of treatises.” 12s. 6d. is not at all too much for 528 pages, ex. 8vo. intended to shed light on such difficult and sublime subjects.

The Blessed Dead in Paradise. By J. E. WALKER, M.A. Elliot Stock.

A SECOND and revised edition of a work which must have a special interest to our readers, because of the solace it afforded to Mr. Spurgeon as he was entering his long fatal illness. He then wrote:—“No one can read this volume without feeling that one of the great books of the century is here,—the live blood of a great soul upon one of the most vital of subjects. Mr. Walker’s book will be a standard work. The reading of it must, under the divine blessing, be a great enjoyment and benefit to the believer.” It would be superfluous to add a word to such a commendation.

Broken Ideals, and other Sermons. By JAMES THEW, of Leicester. H. R. Allenson.

THIS work will be sure to charm many by its tenderness of spirit, chasteness of diction, and felicity of expression. It “is in the main designed for devotional purposes,” and contains much that is calculated to prove very helpful to the spiritual life; but it is deeply to be regretted that, with so much that is true and beautiful, the Name that is above every name is so conspicuously absent from some of these sermons. In taking “the liberty of expressing his faith in the religion of his fathers in forms suited to the age in which we live,” the preacher ought not to drop the name of Jesus. Whatever may be the spirit of the age, Jesus belongs to all the ages, and therefore to “this present evil age.” He alone can save in any age. In some of these discourses the person of Jesus is only casually referred to, and in “Morning Thoughts” the name does not once occur. We fail to see how “the essential gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ” can be preached without introducing “Jesus, the name high over all.” This is the great deficiency in this volume. The landscape is here; but the sun that alone can make it glorious is veiled. Had it been allowed to shine forth in its full glory, these “ideals” would have been more beautiful, and would have been more calculated to lessen the number of “broken ideals” in actual life.

Seventy Sermon Outlines. By Rev. HENRY WOODCOCK. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., London; and W. Andrews, The Hull Press.

THESE outlines embrace a wide range of subjects, and, though not all of equal merit, contain much thought-quickening material. Those who need such helps,—and most preachers do at times,—will find this volume very useful.

We should have liked a few more salvation subjects, with Calvary well in view; but, as this is a first series, and professes to deal with texts not often used, probably the Cross will be more prominent in the

second volume. It is not absent from this one, and we can heartily commend it, not only to the lay preachers and village pastors for whom the author has specially prepared it, but to town and city ministers also. The book is well worth its price, 3s.

The Lord's Prayer. By Rev. GEORGE MILLIGAN, B.D. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

THE preacher modestly sends forth his utterances as "Village Sermons," albeit they would be appropriate and well worth hearing in any company of disciples. They do not call sinners to repentance, but they do urge believers to larger and intenser prayer and life. Their simplicity will suit the village, while their grace of style and grip of truth in their own direction will secure their welcome in the manse and the college.

Bible Readings from Ceylon. By Mrs. ARTHUR S. LIESCHING (née Fanny Gregson). Marshall Brothers.

THE heart-breathings of a soul fired with the Saviour's love are given in these pages, and serve as a memorial of a devout and gracious worker called early to her Lord.

"*Instead:*" or, *Transformations of Grace.* By SOPHIA M. NUGENT. Marshall Brothers.

TENTH of the Keswick series, this gracious little volume gathers and unfolds the purposes and promises of God, till the soul is drawn out in longing for the beauty and blessedness revealed.

God speed you, little messenger of grace and mercy!

"*The Divine Art.*" By Rev. F. A. HOGGIN. W. J. Ellis, Southend-on-Sea. (6d.)

THIS dainty booklet, by "one of our own men", is worthy of great praise for its literary merit, spiritual insight, sound teaching, and practical aim. It would make a capital birthday gift, and as the proceeds of its sale are to be devoted to the reduction of the Southend Chapel debt, friends by

purchasing and distributing copies will not only derive personal pleasure from the book, but will help a deserving cause.

The Gospel on the Continent: Incidents in the Life of James Craig, M.A., D.D., Ph.D. Edited by his daughter. Hodder and Stoughton.

IT is said that one half the world knows not how the other half lives. In like manner, a great part of the Church of Christ knows nothing of the life and labours of its most devoted servants. Here is a record which thrills us with interest, and evokes our gratitude for such a faithful labourer to Jew and Gentile. The grace, devotion, and zeal of this most successful Presbyterian missionary were only equalled by his fidelity to Truth. In the face of dead Lutheranism and fashionable Rationalism, he witnessed unflinchingly for the old Gospel and the living Word. His daughter testifies (p. 31):—"To him, the Bible was the message of God to a lost world. He firmly believed in the plenary inspiration of Scripture; and the more closely he examined the Word of God, the more firmly he became convinced that the apparent discrepancies found in the Book were chiefly due to our ignorance of the mind of God, or to mistakes made by copyists. He recognized that, from the return of Judah from the captivity in Babylon, very great care had been taken to preserve the purity of the text as it then existed. To him, the Holy Scripture was the Word of the living God to teach the way of salvation."

Equally explicit was Dr. Craig's personal belief and his teaching of the doctrines of grace and of man's responsibility. Faint hearts in all the churches would do well to read this book as a cordial for their fears.

James Talbert, Dundee: Recollections of his saintly life and patient sufferings. By J. C. SMITH. Dundee: Mathew and Co.

JAMES TALBERT was bed-ridden for over sixty years, and for a large part of that long period Mr. Smith was one of his most frequent visitors. It was

meet, therefore, that he should prepare this simple but pathetic story of one of the excellent of the earth who is now in the land where sickness can never come. He was one of the almost innumerable invalids who have been cheered and blessed by Mr. Spurgeon's printed sermons. What would those poor sufferers do without the discourses that continue to be issued week by week? Happily, they need not have any anxiety upon that account for many a year to come.

John Thomas, First Baptist Missionary to Bengal. By Rev. ARTHUR C. CHUTE, B.D. Halifax, Nova Scotia: Baptist Book and Tract Society.

So little is generally known of the man whom Mr. Chute alliteratively calls "pioneer preacher to benighted Bengalese" that we cordially welcome this impartial account of Carey's predecessor as missionary and translator. For one thing, John Thomas is worthy of remembrance as having been blessed to the salvation of Krishna Pal, or Krishnoo Pawl, the convert who wrote that choice hymn, which Dr. Marshman rendered into English,—

"O thou, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy misery bore."

Sir John Franklin and the Romance of the North-West Passage. By G. BARNETT SMITH. Partridge and Co.

WHILE we are awaiting tidings from the travellers to the far North, and commemorating the jubilee of Franklin's last voyage of discovery, it is appropriate that among "Popular Biographies" we should have the history of one of the most renowned of all Arctic explorers. Mr. Barnett Smith has done his work well, and his volume should be a great favourite among the young people of both sexes.

Notes on Romanism. By Rev. P. BARCLAY, M.A. Edinburgh: R. W. Hunter.

"THERE is a spurious liberality current in these times, which takes little account of Romish or any other kind of error, which freely helps Romanism with its influence and its money, and which gives no heed to

its manifold devices and falsities." In the sixpenny pamphlet from which we have quoted, Mr. Barclay calmly and conclusively combats the evils of Rome, while urging the claims of the gospel as the only remedy for souls ruined by sin. We trust these *Notes* may be widely noted.

The Student's English Dictionary. By JOHN OGILVIE, LL.D. New edition, edited by CHARLES ANNANDALE, M.A., LL.D. Blackie and Sons.

A MOST useful work, especially for students with limited means. It is the book for a journalist to have at his elbow. The editing evidences painstaking, with here and there a dash of quiet humour which one hardly expects in a dictionary.

Dr. Annandale refers in his preface to the etymologies and woodcuts as special features of the volume. With regard to the latter, it may be generally said that it is the difficult which needs illustrating in a work of this character. Where that has been done, the treatment is most praiseworthy. Some illustrations of well-known objects might have been dispensed with, and more of the uncommon things set forth pictorially.

The etymologies give a distinctive character to the book; but we could hardly say that the editor's treatment of the words relating to baptism is satisfactory. He seems to us to stand on two stools, with the usual consequences. Baptism in this work is derived from *baptizo*, which is translated "I baptize," from *bapto*, "I dip in the water," the interpretation being "The application of water by sprinkling or immersion." To baptize is, "To administer the sacrament of baptism to; to christen." This is altogether contradictory. Liddell and Scott are much more pronounced. *Baptizo* with them is, "to dip repeatedly, dip under," and *bapto* is, "to dip, dip under, to dye, colour, steep," with the Latin equivalent of *immergere*. The editor is quite sure who are Baptists. They are "those Protestants who believe in baptism by immersion, and reject infant baptism." Quite so, only that we should have said that baptism is immersion.

"*Fernbank*" Messages. By JOHN BURNHAM. J. E. Hawkins and Co.

TWELVE four-page poetical leaflets by our evangelistic friend, whose writings in prose and verse are familiar to our readers. Just the thing for enclosure in letters. The packet will be sent post free, on receipt of 6d. in stamps, by J. Burnham, Brentford.

In the Master's Service. By Mrs. HARVEY JELLIE. Stoneman.

AN interesting little collection of incidents in a Sunday-school teacher's life and work, that will be helpful and stimulating to other teachers. Several of the reminiscences are worth repeating.

Teaching and Teachers. By H. CLAY TRUMBULL, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE fourth edition of a work which has already been of great service to Sunday-school teachers, and may still be commended to those who have not yet made its acquaintance. Dr. Trumbull has considered his subject from every conceivable point of view, and teachers who follow his guidance, whether in or out of school, must be the better fitted to discharge their duty to the scholars entrusted to their care.

Prayers for Heart and Home By Rev. F. B. MEYER, B.A. Nisbet.

THE manufacture of crutches for crippled pray-ers, or praying cripples, implies that the need of such artificial helps still exists. Stereotyped supplications at their best are but poor substitutes for heart prayers at their worst; but for those who *must* have ready-made petitions, Mr. Meyer has provided a supply of average merit.

The Best of Both Worlds. By Rev. THOMAS BINNEY. E. Knight, 18, Middle Street, E.C.

MR. KNIGHT has done well to follow his reprints of John Angell James' books for young men and young women with a new issue of Mr. Binney's famous volume. The unreasonably long paragraphs in the original have been broken up, and the

work has thus become more serviceable to the young people for whom it is specially intended.

Three Divine Sisters. By ROBERT TUCK, B.A. Alexander and Shephard.

THESE thoughts on the trinity of graces form a tasteful brochure, well fitted to furnish food for the devout, as well as gracious help for younger Christians.

Pure Pleasures. By ROBERT P. DOWNES, LL.D. C. H. Kelly.

ATTRACTIVE outwardly, and dealing with an attractive subject, this volume ought to make an appropriate present for young people. It is interesting, instructive, and in parts inspiring. The style of the writer is poetical and polished almost to a fault; we could dispense with some of the smoothness and sweetness for a little more ruggedness and strength. There is, in the book, a wealth of illustration new and old, and of quotations from varied sources. Indeed, we think there are rather too many quotations; we should prefer to hear more of Dr. Downes himself, for he can indite good matter,—witness the chapter on Holidays, which is almost free from quotations, and is one of the most eloquent in the whole volume.

We are not prepared to say, with our author, that children are "naturally Christian", and we know there is more than the "*shadow of the Fall*" upon them; but we do agree that there is a grace of the Holy Spirit "proper and suited to a child," and there is no reason why we should expect the children to run to great lengths in the ways of sin before being converted.

The closing chapter, on Religion, would have been more complete had there been something definite about the *beginning* of the religious life in the experience of conversion, and we should also have liked more about Jesus Himself as the source of the purest and truest pleasures; but, on the whole, the book is one to be cordially commended.

Notes.

As soon as possible after the Sabbath following the Conference, PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON went to sojourn for a fortnight by the sea for needful rest and change after the arduous duties connected with his presidential office. Before these lines reach our readers, we trust that he will be back again at the Tabernacle, in full vigour, for another season of holy service.

PASTOR CHARLES SPURGEON has arranged to sail for home (D.V.) on June 12, by the ss. *Dunottar Castle*, in which he went to the Cape six months ago. He appears to be thoroughly restored to health, and therefore ready for work wherever the Lord shall indicate that He desires him to labour. His visit to South Africa has evidently been the source of great encouragement and help to the ministers and churches in the Colony.

We rejoice greatly that PASTOR ARCHIBALD G. BROWN's protest, entitled *The Devil's Mission of Amusement*, has reached its 153rd thousand. It is needed as much now as when it was first issued, if not even more, for churches of all denominations, and many of which we might have hoped better things, seem bent on seeing which can do most to prepare people for the music-hall, the theatre, and the dancing saloon. Wherever professing Christians are turning from the spiritual methods by which our Lord would have his kingdom extended in the earth, this pamphlet should be circulated. Copies can be obtained, 1s. per dozen, or 7s. per 100, of Robert Banks and Son, Raquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

COLLEGE.—Mr. E. Harborough has taken the oversight of the church at Lewisham Road, Greenwich.

The following brethren have removed:—Mr. E. S. Hadler, from Thorpe-le-soken, to Fivehead and Isle Abbots; and Mr. R. Yeatman, from Post Falls, Idaho, to Roslyn, Kittitas Co., Washington Territory, U.S.A.

C. H. SPURGEON'S EVANGELISTS.—Pastor H. A. Hunt, of Earls Barton, writes:—

"Mr. Burnham has been conducting a week's special evangelistic services here with great acceptance. There have been good congregations, and an earnest spirit manifest throughout the mission. Although no visible results have been seen, good cannot but follow Mr. Burnham's simple and faithful setting forth of the gospel of Jesus Christ. It was what we needed, and we have been greatly strengthened by his words, and we pray that the greater earnestness of our own lives produced by our brother's work may, by God's grace, bring about, indirectly, and in course of time, what we have longed for in the salvation of others."

From June 16 to 18, Mr. Burnham is to be at Great Ann Street Mission, Bristol.

Mr. Harmer spent April 11 to 28 at Millom, Cumberland. Pastor J. Hodgson reports:—"We do not pin our faith to numbers; but ten have professedly found Christ, and many have been stimulated and encouraged in the Christian life. More than this, we are sure that all the fruit has not yet appeared. A class for enquirers has been formed, in which the new life will be fostered, and some direction given in Christian service. For our good brother Harmer, we have nothing but words of commendation; he has worked hard and nobly. We are grateful indeed for his help, and sorry that we cannot send a larger donation to your fund; but we believe the Lord can make that right on our behalf."

With the assistance of Pastor W. F. Price, of Paignton, Mr. Harmer was to have conducted a mission at Gipsy Road Chapel, Norwood, from May 4 to 12; but the engagement was cancelled, and at short notice the two brethren arranged to hold a series of services at Lansdown Chapel, Stroud. Pastor W. T. Soper, since, for Christ's sake, with a band of faithful followers, he came out from another congregation, has been the happy leader of a company of spiritual people who are always ready for a soul-winning mission. He writes:—"The time has been the most difficult in the year for securing large congregations, but on Sunday night the place was packed, and a goodly, growing number attended the week-night meetings. At most of the services we had cases of conversion, and in every meeting the presence of the Lord was powerfully felt. I am confident we shall yet reap much more from the mission, for I know of other souls made anxious under the Word preached and sung. The restoration of backsliders will, I trust, cause the result of our mission to be far-reaching through a reconsecration of some who have for a while been slack in the Lord's work."

"I pray that Mrs. Spurgeon may continue to have generous donations to her Evangelistic Fund."

We have italicized the last sentence in Mr. Soper's letter, believing that some of our readers have it in their power to answer his prayer.

ORPHANAGE.—It is hardly necessary for us to remind our friends that *Wednesday, June 19*, is the day fixed for this year's *Festival at the Stockwell Orphanage*. The fact that the gathering is to be held on the anniversary of the beloved Founder's birthday, must give it a special interest to the many thousands who continue to love C. H. Spurgeon as truly as ever. Full particulars will be duly announced, so that we need only repeat the list given last month of those who are expected to take part in the

proceedings :—Afternoon Chairman—Sir John Barran, Bart., M.P.; Evening Chairman—Martin John Sutton, Esq.; Speakers—Revs. A. Connell, W. Cuff, J. W. Ewing, J. M. Gibbon, Newman Hall, W. Horne, C. Moinet, Arthur Mursell, G. F. Pentecost, James Stephens, John Spurgeon, J. A. Spurgeon, Thomas Spurgeon, Alfred Wells, and W. J. Woods; and Messrs. F. F. Belsey and F. W. N. Lloyd.

Orphanage Sunday School.—On Monday evening, April 22, a meeting was held in the Memorial Hall, under the chairmanship of Mr. H. H. Hart, president of the Brixton Sunday School Union, when the prizes won by the children in the recent Scripture examination were presented by Mr. Goodchild. Out of 207 who were examined, 50 passed in the first class, 143 in the second, and only 14 failed. Interesting addresses were delivered by the chairman, and by Pastor F. G. Wheeler, Gresham Chapel, Brixton.

The annual meeting of the Orphanage Sunday-school was held in the Memorial Hall, on Monday evening, May 13, when a large number of teachers and friends assembled with the scholars. Mr. Alderman F. F. Belsey, J.P., presided, and distributed 261 prizes for industry and good conduct, the cost of which was entirely defrayed by the teachers and their friends. The Report showed a good amount of work accomplished. There are 642 members of the International Bible-reading Association, including several former scholars who still retain their membership. The Band of Hope has 315 members; in the Young Christians' Band there are 49 boys and 36 girls, and meetings are held monthly. Collections have been made for Dr. Churcher's work in North Africa, £1 13s. 1d.; for the Baptist Missionary Society, £13 16s. 6d.; for Dr. Phillips' Indian Sunday-school Mission, £3 1s.; for the Ragged-school Union Holiday Homes, £1; for the Continental Sunday-school Mission, £1 4s. 6d.; and for the Temperance Hospital and Band of Hope Work, £20 3s. 7d. The chairman said that he had never visited a more interesting school, held as it was in a building full of holy memories of the esteemed Founder, C. H. Spurgeon. The teachers had special advantages in having their scholars always present, and also because they were surrounded by holy influences during the week, and thus the Sunday-school work was perpetuated.

COLPORTAGE.—We are sorry to report only a small sum received this month for our General Fund. Possibly, this is partly owing to the large amount contributed to the Pastors' College. It is the turn of the Colportage Association next; and we trust that many of the Lord's stewards will come immediately and generously to our help. This agency has proved invaluable as a means of reaching and blessing the people in the villages and hamlets of our land. Surely Christians

do not realize as they might what a powerful instrument is thus placed in their hands for carrying the gospel to great multitudes of all classes, who are outside our churches, and who cannot be so well evangelized in any other way.

Our colporteur at Downton, Mr. Mizen, writes :—"I have been twenty years in this district, and have got used to the people, and am everywhere well received. Since I came here, two chapels have been built, as many as ninety persons have joined the church at Lockerby, and more than fifty at Kidlynch. These are the places at which I preach mostly; if I had not been here, I do not think they would have been built at all. Only yesterday, I called to see two aged Christian women. They said that no one had called to see them this year. I should have liked you to have been there; it was a blessed time we had; the Lord helped me to speak and to pray. One of them said it was a foretaste of heaven. This is my every-day work; and the books are doing very much good in the district, they supply a long-felt want, and keep bad books out. I should have been pleased to have been able to report many cases of conversion; but it is God's work to change the heart, and unless I see a marked change, I do not like to say there is. God will bless His own Word in His own time."

So the good work goes on; and we are anxious not only to maintain the present staff of men, but to extend the agency as widely as possible, and we earnestly appeal to all who love the Lord's cause for help to carry on a service of such great importance to the world and to the Church.

All contributions and communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, Temple Street, St George's Road, Southwark.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle :—April 25th, five; at Haddon Hall, May 2nd, six.

PERSONAL NOTES, BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.—Last month I hinted to you, dear friends, that I had something special to say concerning my Book Fund. Now the hint has grown into an indication, and it is this. Ten years ago, as most of you are aware, I published an account of my service, in a book entitled, *Ten Years of My Life*. God gave it grace and favour in the eyes of His people, and it had a very successful sale, passing into a third edition (the sixth thousand), and by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster's generosity, bringing to me *all* the profits of its publication—a goodly sum, which I had the joy of giving, in its entirety, to the Book Fund treasury.

Since then, it has pleased the Lord to add another ten years to my earthly pilgrimage, and this date of eighteen hundred and ninety-five completes twenty years in the service which the Lord so manifestly gave

into my charge. Before the volume was published in 1885, I endured all sorts of fears and quakings of heart at the thought of launching my little boat on the troubled sea of public opinion, lest it should suffer shipwreck, even though my beloved husband then stood at my side, and his consent and approval could usually nerve me to any endeavour.

But now it is "Ten Years After," and I am alone, bereft of my wise and strong earthly counsellor;—shall I dare to send out another claimant on the love and indulgence of my friends? I want *you* to answer this question for me; I should like to have your opinion on the matter, and I invite all who take any interest in my work to write and tell me frankly what they think of the suggestion. I will (p.v.) let you know, in "Personal Notes", the result of the correspondence. Perhaps it is only fair to say, beforehand, that my own feeling leans toward the publication of the book. It would seem a pity to keep back the sequel to the first sweet story of God's love and faithfulness. His grace and goodness, so apparent in the first ten years, have been continued, nay, I think I may say, have been exceeded in this later decade, for that which was wonderful mercy when I was a happy and cared-for wife, becomes unspeakable tenderness and compassion when the Lord is fulfilling His gracious purpose to be a Husband to the widow. What say you, dear friends; shall the record be given?

I have heard a good deal, lately, of some people who openly boast that their religion is, and ought to be, confined within the walls of their church, and that they do not seek to desire to bring it into any connection with their daily life and its duties or delights. They go to church on the Sabbath morning, perform various pious genuflections, hear certain selected words softly intoned by vested priests, pay a small tribute to the Deity who perchance *may* have some influence over their affairs, and whom, therefore, it is just as well to propitiate with a coin of the realm; get it all over as soon as they can, and then feel free to take their own way, and cram into the rest of the day, and all the subsequent days of the week, as much of gain and greed and worldly enjoyment as is possible! The *fact* itself is not a novelty, but I think the unblushing *boast* of it is a new feature, and a very significant sign of the times, the God-dishonouring, man-exalting times in which we live.

There is another class of persons, whose spiritual sight is not so darkened as to lead them to mistake evil for good, as do those described above; yet who so far imitate them that they fall short of the high standard of holy living and godliness which assures "a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men." They are well described in a passage which I read this morning in one of Mr. Andrew Murray's

books:—"How much our Christianity suffers from the fact that it is confined to certain times and places! A man who seeks to pray earnestly in the church, or in the closet, spends the greater part of the week or the day in a spirit entirely at variance with that in which he prayed! His worship is the work of a fixed place or hour, not the blessed outcome of his whole spiritual being."

Dear friends, to which of these two classes do you and I belong? I ask myself the question, and find that, though I may be blameless on the first count, on the second I must plead "guilty" before God. Too often, the humble, trustful, thankful spirit, which seemed to characterize the quiet hour with God in the morning, has *not* been carried into all the events and experiences of the day; the resolution to "set the Lord always before me" has been for a while forgotten, and I have allowed the fogs and glooms of earthly cares, ay, and even the smoke from the altar of sacrifice and service, to obscure my soul's vision, and hide, for a time at least, that glorious goal towards which my heart pressed when I felt myself to be in the presence of God.

Must you not, my dear readers, many of you, join me in making the same sorrowful confession? Yet it ought not to be thus. If the Spirit of God dwells within us, a different state of things is not only possible, but it is enjoined upon us. If we *pray* in the Spirit, we must also *walk* in the Spirit; and "the exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe" is more than equal to any strain which our cares or circumstances can bring to bear upon it. What a revolution there would be in all our Christian circles if each one of us carried into every thought and word and action of the day the fragrance and freshness of our seasons of sweet communion with our Master! It is good to *talk* with God; it is far better to *walk* with Him. About the former, we *may* be self-deceived; but about the latter—never!

Well, dear friends, we cannot set the world right; we have not the power to persuade or convince multitudes of their errors of doctrine or practice; but we *can* see to it that we ourselves are walking "worthy of God," and letting our light shine so brightly that all may see more plainly the pathway to the Celestial City because we are passing along it.

On Sunday evening, May 5, 1895, at Christ Church, Brixton, Dr. Kane, of Belfast, was preaching for Mr. Mowll, when he startled the congregation to eager attention by introducing dear Mr. Spurgeon's name into his discourse, and paying a loving tribute to his memory as "the Prince of Preachers." He told the story of the Pastor's conversion in a little Primitive Methodist Chapel, and repeated with tender

pathos and power the words, "Look, look, look!" which, as we all know, were used of God to direct the weary longing soul to the Saviour of sinners.

A friend of mine was present at the service, and she told me that every face brightened, and all eyes were on the preacher when the dear name was so unexpectedly mentioned. A most impressive silence prevailed while the doctor spoke of him, and all felt that very sweet and sacred emotions had been stirred in their hearts by the eulogium passed on the Baptist preacher by one of the dignitaries of the Church of Ireland.

Hath not the Lord said, "Them that honour Me, I will honour," and could there be a more complete fulfilment of the promise than in dear Mr. Spurgeon's experience before he was taken home, and in the devotion to his memory since his departure? Surely no man, either living or dead, has had heartier homage paid to his talents, and virtues, and Christian character, than he who is so greatly beloved amongst us, though we see his face no more.

I have been greatly interested in a letter recently received from the Congo, that "short cut to Heaven", as it has been called by some whose dear ones have passed that way. Our brother, Mr. Ross Phillips, tells me that, when he returned to his work from his furlough in England, and once again mingled with his people, he found they were delighted beyond measure because he remembered and addressed them *by name*. This simple effort of memory seemed to them such a convincing proof of his real and enduring affection, that their joy in his presence was increased by it tenfold.

"As in a glass darkly," can we not see here a faint gleam of the glad raptures our souls shall know, when we reach the heavenly shores, and are welcomed home *by name* to "the rest that remaineth"? "My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me," is the experience of every true child of God even here on the wilderness plains of earth; but oh! dear friends, what will it be in the glory-land, when, "knowing as we are known," we shall see His face, and hear His voice, and follow Him, no longer by faith, but in full fruition?

There was another incident mentioned in the letter which will interest you. A little boy, passing the house of the missionary at San Salvador, was shouting out at the top of his voice, "Kieleka wete wingi! Kieleka wete wingi!" (Truly great joy!) The missionary's wife hearing this, and wondering what the child could mean, called after him, and asked the cause of his "truly great joy." "We have got the Word of God," he said, and went on still shouting his song of triumph. His joy was but an echo of the gladness of all the people at the

completion of the translation of the New Testament into the Congo language. What a reward for the patient toilers left in that land of shadows, to see the first beams of the Light of life thus welcomed with "great joy"!

The "Notes on a Text" for this month are not written by me. I wish I could claim the authorship of lines so full of sweet simplicity and spiritual grace. They were sent to me by an unknown friend, on the 26th of March, as a paraphrase of the "Text for the day," and they straightway spoke to my heart, bearing, as it seemed to me, a message from the loving Lord. Hoping that they may bring similar pleasure and profit to my dear readers, I gladly share them with you; and if my impressions are repeated in your experience, you will find that before you have read many lines, you will be *praying* them, so naturally do they express the longings of a renewed soul. Simple though the words are, they lift up the heart to God as on wings, and quicken every gracious desire for His love and leading.

"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"*Make Thy way straight before my face.*"—
Psalm v. 8.

The way is dark and gloomy, Lord:
Its faint lines I can scarcely trace;
So now I plead Thy holy Word,

"*Make Thy way straight before my face.*"

"*Make Thy way straight.*" *My way* is
clear,

The way my heart is fain to pace;

But what *seems* right is wrong, I fear,

"*Make Thy way straight before my face.*"

"*Make Thy way straight.*" Thy Word is
plain;

Oh, let it shine upon this place

With loving counsel once again,

"*Make Thy way straight before my face!*"

"*Make Thy way straight;*" 'tis crooked
now,

With turns and bends I cannot trace;

So, with this prayer to Thee I bow,

"*Make Thy way straight before my face.*"

"*Before my face,*"—the way behind

Has been made clear in every place:

I cry (the past still borne in mind),

"*Make Thy way straight before my face.*"

I know that Thou dost safely guide

Each child of Thine by Thy free grace;

Therefore, O Lord, for me provide,

"*Make Thy way straight before my face.*"

On my blind eyes Thy glory shed.

And fear, and doubt, and darkness
chase;

And make me *willing* to be led

In "*Thy way straight before my face.*"
A.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Calder ...	10	0	0	Donations from Baptist Chapel,			
Mr. A. Leete ...	1	1	0	Stockton-on-Tees, per Pastor T. L.			
Pastor J. L. Bennett ...	1	0	0	Edwards ...	4	0	0
A friend ...	0	10	0	Collection at Old Baptist Chapel,			
Mr. A. Blackwood ...	5	0	0	Rushden, per Pastor W. J. Tomkins	2	10	0
Mr. J. Alder ...	1	1	0	Pastor G. K. Smith ...	0	10	6
Pastor J. A. Stooke ...	0	5	0	Mr. G. Wheeler ...	2	0	0
Miss Pearce ...	2	2	0	Pastor J. J. Kendon ...	2	2	0
Mrs. Bonetto ...	2	2	0	Mr. Fredk. Hunt ...	5	5	0
Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A. ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Low ...	2	0	6
Mr. J. W. Grose ...	2	2	0	Mr. G. E. Horn ...	1	1	0
Mr. P. Holland ...	1	0	0	Mr. W. Blott ...	5	0	0
Miss E. E. Jones ...	0	5	0	Mr. Henry Keen ...	3	3	0
Mr. Geo. Gibbs ...	1	1	0	Contribution from Salem Chapel,			
Mr. Thos. Wilcox ...	2	2	0	Dover, per Pastor E. J. Edwards	3	0	0
Part collection at Stepney Baptist				Friends at Diss, Norfolk, per Pastor			
Chapel, King's Lynn, per Pastor T.				J. Easter ...	0	10	0
Perry ...	1	7	6	Commonion collection at Walkley			
Pastor W. B. Nichols ...	0	13	0	Baptist Chapel, Sheffield, per Pastor			
Mr. T. Gould ...	1	1	0	A. G. Haste ...	1	0	0
Mr. Egerton Burnett ...	2	2	0	Contribution from New Brompton, per			
Misses A. Y. and Emily Gould, "In				Pastor W. W. Blocksidge ...	2	2	10
loving memory of our dear mother's				Per Pastor E. B. Morrison ...	0	4	6
translation into glory" ...	4	0	0	Pastor R. S. Latimer, proceeds of			
Mr. C. P. Arlow ...	5	5	0	lecture ...	1	5	0
Pastor F. W. Walter ...	1	0	0	Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang ...	5	0	0
Mr. James Batty ...	0	5	0	Collection at Beulah Chapel, Thorn-			
Mr. W. Edwards ...	25	0	0	ton Heath, per Pastor T. Lardner	1	1	0
Mr. J. A. Tawell ...	5	0	0	Mr. N. P. Sharmar, per Pastor R. T.			
Miss Hadfield ...	10	0	0	Lewis ...	1	0	0
Miss E. Farley ...	2	2	0	Mr. A. Norris ...	0	10	0
Pastor A. Priter ...	0	10	0	Mr. T. H. Olney ...	50	0	0
Collection at Lower Edmonton Baptist				Mr. Alder ...	0	10	0
Chapel, per Pastor D. Russell	1	11	6	Mrs. Pearce ...	1	1	0
Mrs. J. Wood ...	2	0	0	Mrs. Newman ...	0	10	6
Mr. M. H. Foster ...	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Ling ...	4	4	0
Dr. T. Barnardo ...	5	5	0	Mr. A. C. Hollands ...	2	2	0
Offering from Talbot Tabernacle, per				Mrs. E. Jeffery ...	1	1	0
Pastor Frank H. White ...	2	0	0	Mr. Round ...	1	10	0
Miss Howe ...	0	5	0	Mr. H. Arnold ...	1	11	6
Mr. M. Williamson ...	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Arnold Lake ...	1	1	0
Mr. Abraham ...	5	0	0	Mr. W. Greatrex ...	1	0	0
Mr. E. Rawlings ...	10	0	0	Mr. Joshua Keevil ...	5	0	0
Mr. G. Harris ...	2	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Rouse ...	5	5	0
Collection at Zion Chapel, Chesham,				Mr. and Mrs. Lovell ...	3	3	0
per Pastor H. Trueman ...	1	13	3	Mr. and Mrs. Stott ...	2	10	0
Contribution from Salem Chapel,				Mr. and Mrs. O. Parker ...	5	5	0
Boston, per Pastor W. Sexton ...	1	0	0	Pastor E. J. and Mrs. Edwards	2	2	0
Contribution from Markyate Street				Mr. and Mrs. Frisby ...	10	0	0
Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. S. Bruce	0	15	0	Miss Frisby ...	1	1	0
Pastor J. J. Irving ...	0	10	0	Mr. F. Mullis ...	5	0	0
Contribution from Chatteris Baptist				Mrs. W. Olney ...	3	3	0
Chapel, per Pastor W. K. Bryce ...	1	0	0	Mr. W. Olney ...	3	3	0
Mr. J. G. Hall ...	1	1	0	Mr. H. K. Olney ...	1	1	0
Dr. J. A. Dunbar ...	5	5	0	Pastor Archibald G. Brown	5	0	0
Collection at Boundary Road Chapel,				Mrs. Higgs and family ...	50	0	0
Walthamstow, per Pastor W. Murray	1	11	6	Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgs ...	21	0	0
Mrs. German ...	1	11	6	Mr. and Mrs. R. Miller ...	10	10	0
Collection at South Street Chapel,				Mr. W. M. Higgs ...	2	2	0
Greenwich ...	10	0	0	Miss Lottie Higgs ...	2	2	0
Pastor A. W. Wood ...	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hill	15	0	0
Contribution from Teddington Baptist				Mr. Edmund J. Hill ...	2	2	0
Chapel, per Pastor B. J. Williamson	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Catterson ...	2	2	0
Per Pastor T. W. Medhurst:—				Mr. G. Finch ...	3	0	0
Alderman R. Cory, J.P. ...	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Wilson ...	2	2	0
Mr. S. Gray ...	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Arnold	10	0	0
Mr. J. Davies ...	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Warren ...	5	0	0
Mr. J. Jones ...	3	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Wilkins	2	2	0
Mr. W. Grey ...	0	10	6	Pastor and Mrs. A. Hall ...	2	2	0
	10	12	6	High Street Baptist Church, Merthyr			
Mr. J. M. Rabbich ...	1	1	0	Tydvil, per Pastor A. Hall ...	2	0	0
Mr. Thos. Lewis ...	1	1	0	Mr. Thos. Underhill ...	1	1	0
				Mr. J. A. Whittard ...	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. G. S. Morphus, jun.	1	1	0	Mr. E. Pearce	5	0	0
Mr. P. R. Phillips	3	3	0	Dr. and Mrs. Dowen	2	2	0
Mr. F. Fisher	5	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Lovell	1	10	8
Mr. Chas. Phillips	3	3	0	Mr. and Mrs. R. Bomford	5	6	0
Miss Minnie Phillips	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. H. Taylor	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wollacott	10	0	0	Mrs. James Withers	2	2	0
Miss May Wollacott	1	1	0	Mrs. Spurr	1	0	0
Miss N. Keridge	1	1	0	Mrs. Raybould	5	5	0
Mr. R. W. Harden	5	0	0	Mr. G. P. Baker	1	1	0
Mr. Joseph Hall	3	0	0	Pastor and Mrs. J. Benson	5	0	0
Mr. Benjamin Hall	3	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Henderson	2	0	0
Mr. W. Mannington	5	0	0	Mr. James Tait	1	1	0
Pastor and Mrs. Thos. Spurgeon	10	0	0	Mr. C. Powell	1	1	C
Mr. Johnson	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Booker	1	0	0
Mr. James Hall	10	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Hoon	2	0	0
Miss Lila Hall	5	0	0	Mr. Martin	1	1	0
Mr. W. Vinson	5	0	0	Mr. S. A. Read	5	0	0
Mrs. Scandrett	1	1	0	Mr. L. A. Head	1	1	0
Mr. John Goslin	1	1	0	Mr. S. Hornblow	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Winckworth	5	5	0	Miss Carrie Clarkson	1	0	0
Mr. Hugh Corry	2	0	0	Miss Rosa Thomas	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Alderton	3	3	0	Mr. and Mrs. H. Barrett	3	3	0
Mr. J. P. Coe	3	3	0	Mr. C. Bond	3	3	0
Mr. J. C. Wadland	2	2	0	Mrs. Upton	5	0	0
Mr. J. S. Wadland	1	1	0	Mrs. Tinniswood	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Spice	2	0	0	Mr. Ottaway	1	5	0
Mr. T. K. Freeman	1	1	0	Mr. A. E. Layzell	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Garment	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Pitts	1	11	6
Mr. M. Romang	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Archer	5	0	0
Mr. M. Romang, jun.	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. E. Morgan	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Green	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Parker	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons	2	2	0	Mr. George Redman	5	0	0
Mrs. McKay, sen.	0	10	6	J. M.	3	0	0
Mrs. R. Hawkey	2	2	0	Mrs. Oldfield	1	1	0
Miss Thorpe	1	1	0	Mr. J. Short, jun.	3	3	0
Miss A. Buswell	1	0	0	Mr. W. T. Dives	1	0	0
Miss K. E. Buswell	1	1	0	E. M. R.	0	10	6
Mrs. G. M. Hammer	3	3	0	A. M. P.	0	5	0
Mrs. Summers	5	5	0	Mr. F. M. Payne	0	10	6
Miss Allen	2	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Blake	1	10	0
Miss E. A. Gilbert and friend	5	0	0	Mrs. M. Davies	3	3	0
Miss Winter	2	2	0	Mrs. Sayer	1	0	0
Mrs. Moore	1	0	0	Mrs. A. Hassall	1	1	0
Mr. Geo. Higgs	5	0	0	Mrs. Outhbert	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Payne	5	5	0	Miss Outhbert	0	10	0
Mr. George Apthorpe	2	0	0	Mr. J. Buswell	3	0	0
Mr. T. W. Doggett	5	0	0	Donation from Landsdowne Baptist			
Mr. and Mrs. Smith	1	1	0	Church, Bournemouth, per Pastor			
Mrs. E. Stevens	1	1	0	W. C. Minifie	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. Essex	4	4	0	Pastor W. C. Minifie	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. O. Neal	1	11	6	Pastor J. M. Cox	0	10	0
Mr. J. Leaver	2	2	0	Collection at East Dereham Baptist			
Mr. and Mrs. T. G. A.	5	0	0	Chapel, per Pastor R. J. Layzell	1	3	6
Mr. and Mrs. Sortwell	5	0	0	Collection at Orpington Baptist Chapel,			
Mr. A. G. Smith	0	5	0	per Pastor W. Usher, M.D.	2	10	0
Mr. R. W. Jones	0	10	0	Mr. Geo. Lister	2	2	0
Mr. R. Snelling	0	6	0	Pastor J. E. Perrin	0	5	0
E. R. L.	5	0	0	Rev. A. Billington	5	0	0
Two friends	1	0	0	Rev. J. A. Arnold	2	0	0
Miss Wado	2	0	0	Friends at Eythorne, per Pastor G.			
Mr. Jas. Clark	25	0	0	Stanley	2	11	6
Pastor W. Williams	2	2	0	Mr. James Bovett	25	0	0
Miss Easton and friend	1	6	0	Pastor F. C. Cartar	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mills	5	0	0	Mrs. H. Kent	0	10	6
Mr. J. B. Meredith	5	0	0	Miss Dransfield	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Barrett	2	2	0	Mr. H. Packham	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Everett	5	5	0	Friends at Carlton Chapel, South-			
Miss G. Olney	1	1	0	ampton, per Pastor N. T. Jones-			
Mrs. Rowton	0	10	0	Miller	2	2	6
Mrs. Ellwood	10	0	0	Mr. Henry Mallett	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Olney	2	2	0	Pastor L. Levinsohn	0	10	0
Mr. W. Johnson	10	0	0	Miss Splendid	2	18	3
Mr. G. C. Heard	5	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. Evans	25	0	0
Mr. W. H. Wilcox	5	5	0	Pastor J. D. Gilmore	2	0	0
Mrs. W. H. Wilcox	3	3	0	Donations, per Pastor A. McDougall	0	10	0
Miss Wilcox	2	2	0	Donation from Paignton Baptist			
Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Pearce	5	5	0	Chapel, per Pastor W. F. Price	1	5	0
Miss Pearce	1	1	0	Mr. John La Touche	5	0	0
Miss Marion Pearce	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. James Stiff	10	0	0
A. B. C.	0	2	6	Mr. M. H. Hodder	2	2	0
Miss Hooper	1	10	0	Mr. R. V. Barrow, M.P.	10	0	0

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Collected by Mr. F. Malling	0 8 0	Collected by Mrs. Oborn...	1 3 2
Collected by Mrs. Roney	0 2 2	Collected by Mr. Arthur Chell	0 1 6
Collected by Mr. Alfred Grose	0 7 0	Collected by Mr. Harvie	0 7 0
Collected by Mr. W. G. Griffin	0 6 3	Collected by Miss Saunders	0 4 4
Collected by Mrs. M. L. Smith	0 3 4	Collected by Miss Coudrey	0 6 1
Collected by Miss L. Buswell	1 15 7	Collected by Miss Baker	0 8 0
Collected by Miss L. Blackman	0 5 3	Collected by Miss L. Wood	0 8 6
Collected by Miss A. Blackman	0 4 6	Collected by Miss A. Tagg	0 5 0
Collected by Miss M. Bryan	0 3 1	Collected by Miss Harris	0 4 6
Collected by Mrs. Carter	0 6 0	Collected by Mrs. Newman	0 6 3
Collected by Mrs. Soper	0 12 3	Collected by Mrs. Oborn...	0 13 0
Collected by Mrs. Laurie	0 4 9	Collected by Mrs. Atkinson	0 4 1
Collected by Mrs. Breeewood	0 19 0	Mrs. Moore	0 4 0
Collected by Miss Hancock	0 6 1	H. McS. (the widow's mite)	0 5 0
Collected by Mrs. Ely	0 10 6	E. H. (£5 note)	5 0 0
Collected by Miss Partington	0 8 9	Mr. James Bove t	25 0 0
Collected by Mr. Mason	0 4 1	Miss Splidt	1 0 0
Collected by Miss S. Tesh	0 9 2	Sunday-school children, Clarence Road	
Collected by Mrs. Holman	0 13 3	Chapel, Southend, per Pastor F. A.	
Collected by Mrs. S. Gibbons	0 3 0	Hogbin	0 7 3
Collected by Miss Underwood	0 5 1	Sunday-school collection, Starch Green	
Collected by Mr. H. Beeken	0 2 6	Gospel Mission, per Mr. W. T. Page	0 5 6
Collected by Mrs. Brazil	0 12 3	J. H. B.	0 5 0
Collected by Mrs. Newnan	0 6 9	Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-	
Collected by Mr. J. W. Harrald	1 8 3	school Missionary Association, per	
Collected by Miss Snowdon	0 18 11	Mr. T. H. Olney...	5 0 0
Collected by Miss Knowlden	0 3 6		
Collected by Mrs. Jensen	0 5 8		
Collected by Mrs. Clark	0 4 2		
			£71 13 8

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from April 16th to May 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Rev. R. T. Thomas	0	2	6	Mr. S. L. Pewtress	0	10	0
Mrs. J. J. Monk	0	8	0		2	10	0
Mr. F. Duffell	0	10	11	Jno. F. H.	1	0	0
Miss M. E. Jenkins	0	2	6	Mrs. Shearman	5	0	0
Mr. J. Horn	0	5	0	Mr. J. H. Barnshaw	0	2	6
Mr. E. C. Bowtell	1	0	0	Miss Cunninghamham	0	10	0
Mrs. Vickers	0	5	0	Sidney and Frances Mills	0	3	6
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0	Mr. A. Milne	2	0	0
A thankoffering from Great Ellingham	0	5	0	Mr. D. Crowhurst	1	0	0
Miss Jane Bowie	0	7	0	Miss J. Preston	5	0	0
Miss R. Shaw	1	0	0	Miss M. Edwards	0	5	0
Mr. J. H. Russell	0	5	0	I. T. G. H.	0	5	0
Mr. F. T. Battam	1	1	0	Mr. J. Coutts	5	0	0
Mrs. Smith	4	10	0	Mr. W. Browne	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	6	0	Pastor G. D. Cox	1	6	0
Stamps, London, E.C.	0	1	0	Wellash	1	0	3
Miss E. Kewer	0	5	0	Boxes at Tabernacle gates	0	13	5
Mrs. Cartwright	0	2	6	M. A. Z.	0	5	0
Collected by Miss H. Taylor	0	5	0	Pastor G. W. Linneear	0	12	6
George Lane Baptist Sunday-school,				Mr. B. Thomson	0	10	0
South Woodford	1	1	0	Mr. F. G. Barnes	0	1	6
Mr. Thomas Fish	0	2	6	Mr. F. C. Knight, per Pastor R. B.			
Mr. W. Lawrie	0	10	0	Morrison	0	5	0
A friend	0	2	0	Pastor R. B. Morrison	0	19	0
A Bible-class, Baptist Chapel, Berwick-				Zion Sunday-school, Chesham	0	10	6
on-Tweed, per Mr. T. P. Black	0	13	1	Collected by Mrs. Winsor	0	7	3
T. D. and Miss P.	0	7	6	Mr. D. Cavie	1	1	0
Postal order, Norwich	0	2	6	Mr. Jas. Wilson	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Hemsley	0	12	4	Mr. W. Harris, per Pastor A. Hall	0	10	0
Mrs. A. E. Gregory	0	2	6	Stamps, Londonderry	0	1	0
Mrs. S. Slodden	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. Leaper	0	10	0
Mr. John Watson	1	1	0	Miss B. D. Lewis	1	0	0
Mr. John Rundell	0	2	6	Postal order, Hounslow	0	5	0
Miss E. E. Ellery	0	1	6	Mr. G. W. Skeats	1	1	0
Per F. R. T. :-				Collected by Miss Winifred Nash	2	5	0
A. A. T.	1	5	0	"Winter"	0	4	2
Mr. T. R. Johnson	0	5	0	Mr. Jno. Carter	0	2	6
Mrs. Collingwood	0	5	0	Rev. John Burnham	1	1	0
Mrs. Mold	0	5	0	Collected by Master Bennie Bomford...	1	7	9

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school,				Mr. Harry Cooke	0	1	0
per Mr. T. H. Olney	10	0	0	Mrs. Shearman	1	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. White	1	5	0	Mr. T. Richards	0	5	0
Horsforth, per Miss Bilbrough	11	5	0	Mr. James Batt	0	5	0
Aylesbury, per Mr. Thomas Gurney	10	0	0	Collection at Overbury, per E. Balmford	0	6	2
				A. B.	0	2	0
	£161	5	0	M. A. K.	0	5	0
				"Scotland," per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	5	0	0
<i>Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—</i>				Mr. John Neal	1	1	0
	£	s.	d.				
Mr. E. A. Sinclair	0	5	0		£9	10	2
E. H., Birmingham	1	0	0				

Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. John Neal	1	1	0	Mrs. Collin	0	10	0
Thankoffering for Mr. J. Mantion							
Smith's services at Grimsby	3	0	0				
Thankoffering for Mr. J. Mantion					£7	0	9
Smith's services at Southampton	2	9	9				

C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's ser-				Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's ser-			
vices at Millom	1	10	0	vices at South Croydon	3	12	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's ser-							
vices at Earls Barton	3	3	0		£13	5	0
"Scotland"	5	0	0				

Mrs. Spurgeon's Fund for General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss Hamblen	0	5	0	Pastor George Cobb	0	10	0
Mrs. Keevil	10	0	0	A. A.	0	5	0
Lisle	0	10	0	Mrs. Greenwood	2	0	0
<i>For translations of sermons:—</i>							
Postal order from Fleet, Hants	0	5	0		£13	16	2
Mr. H. Dickens	0	1	2				

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 Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Campbellton, White Horse Road, Croydon, if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to the Head-master, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Special Notice.—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stockwell Orphanage be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and the Pastors' College Evangelist, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," and for the support of Mr. Harmer and Mr. Burnham,—C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists,—should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.

ANNUAL PAPER
CONCERNING
THE LORD'S WORK
IN CONNECTION WITH
THE PASTORS' COLLEGE
NEWINGTON, LONDON.

1894-95.



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1895.

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Blackheath, S.E.

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Mr. T. H. OLNEY, Holland House, South Side, Clapham Common, S.W.

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Mr. J. BUSWELL, 32, Stockwell Park Road, S.W.

Mr. W. HIGGS, Sussex Lodge, Binfield Road, Clapham, S.W.

Mr. J. HALL, 2, Grantley Villas, Larkhall Rise, S.W.

Mr. WALTER MILLS, Water House, Shoreham, Kent.

Mr. JAMES E. PASSMORE, "Parkfield," Queen's Road, Clapham, S.W.

Mr. S. R. PEARCE, 426, Brixton Road, S.W.

Mr. F. THOMPSON, 48, Chelsham Road, Clapham, S.W.

Mr. WILLIAM OLNEY, 9, The Paragon, New Kent Road, S.E.

Financial Committee,

T. H. OLNEY.

WM. HIGGS.

J. BUSWELL.

JAMES E. PASSMORE.

Secretary,

E. H. BARTLETT.

The work of the College has for many years been adopted by the Church at the Tabernacle as its own. The accounts are examined with the accounts of the Church by auditors chosen by the Church, and are read and passed at the Annual Church-meeting in the beginning of the year.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

*I Give and Bequeath the sum of _____
pounds sterling, to be paid out of that part of my personal estate which may by law
be given with effect for charitable purposes, to be paid to the Treasurer for the time
being of the Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, Surrey, and his
receipt shall be a sufficient discharge for the said legacy; and this legacy, when
received by such Treasurer, to be applied for the general purposes of the College.*

The Trustees' Report.

WITH another year's College work completed, we gladly report its success and continued blessing. An annual statement of necessity compels the repeating of familiar facts, which lose their freshness though still requiring to be re-stated at each anniversary. We can only echo our former Reports that this good work for God, His Church and His Truth, is being carried on by us in dependence upon His blessing, and in response to what we believe to be His will.

As the Pastors' College is a recognized department of the Tabernacle, the Church contributes by its Weekly Offering a substantial sum every year towards its support. This help is always gratefully acknowledged at the Annual Church-Meeting.

It is with much pleasure, we report the welcome addition of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon to the board of management.

The Tutors' Reports will show that quite an average amount of work has been done by the students both in the class-room and among the churches.

Eighteen of our young brethren have settled in the ministry during the past twelve months, and we ask for them the prayers of our subscribers, that their careers may be long and useful. Our numbers now remaining in College we do not propose to increase at present, although the applications from most likely men abound. We confidently await the time, when our gracious God shall move the hearts of His stewards, to increase the present income of the College. We shall then gladly entertain the pressing requests of some of these eager applicants for the help the College would afford them, until the number of students is once more raised to its old level. We must adjust our expenditure to our receipts, and we meanwhile wait upon Him, who has said, "The silver and the gold are Mine," to enable us to take an advance step again.

We are convinced that the need for the Pastors' College is as great as when our beloved and departed leader, C. H. Spurgeon, first founded it, and desire to acknowledge, with heart-felt gratitude, the sustaining grace and gifts of our bounteous Jehovah since His servant's departure.

We appeal to all who love the Truth which Mr. Spurgeon so fully and fearlessly preached, to aid us to carry on this great and good enterprise with increased vigour and success.

Desiring a continued interest in your prayers for managers, tutors, and students,

We are, yours to serve in the Lord,

For the College Trustees,

JAMES A. SPURGEON, *President.*

FRANK THOMPSON, *Hon. Secretary.*

Mr. Marchant's Report.

IN my remarks on the present condition and the past year's work of the College, there seems little that is fresh to which to call attention, unless it be our reduced numbers. These are smaller than at any previous time during my past fifteen or sixteen years' connection with its tutorial work: about forty-five names are now on our roll. The wisdom of this reduction, gradually made from the time of our dear Founder's death, and made as a precautionary measure, has been but too fully justified by the state of the funds. The loving and faithful support that has come to us from the Tabernacle Church has been very heartily accorded, and the amount wonderfully well sustained. But outside support has diminished. Meanwhile, the applications of the Churches for students, either as supplies for the Sunday, or with a view to settlement, have been numerous. On a few occasions, nearly all the brethren have been engaged in preaching on the Lord's-day. This statement is but made in view of the fact that, if the diminution in our number has still to go on, we shall soon be unable to meet the requests made for preachers. This brings us more and more near to the question, which will apparently have to be considered—If the Churches require Pastors' College men, what will such Churches do to support the Institution that is endeavouring to train them?

The spirit of the College is as it was. The doctrines that were, still continue to be "those things which are most surely believed among us." Nor is this in any merely perfunctory and formal sense. The loving fervour of the brethren in the discussions, in the criticisms they offer on the sermons, and in the weekly sermons themselves, is continually in evidence among us as to their joy in the doctrines of the grace of God. During the year, the spiritual and mental quality of the weekly sermons has, on the whole, been gratifying. A few discourses might be named as manifesting unusual freshness and power.

One of the students, Mr. W. J. Butler, matriculated in the second division in the London University examination of January last.

The health of the students has been fairly good, and while a few cases of general sickness, and, lately, two or three of influenza, have slightly hindered our work, yet we have had here also reasons for much thankfulness.

My Theological Lectures, given on Wednesday mornings, have been regularly continued. After finishing the series on Anthropology, the consideration of The Fall and its Consequences, and especially the Doctrine of Sin, for a long time engaged our attention. For the last few weeks, I have been lecturing on the Person and Work of the Saviour. I have met two classes weekly in the study of Homiletics, and two in Euclid; the senior class in the latter subject, and the junior in the former, have recently been engaged in other studies. The Definition and Classification of Words, with their Derivation, and Synonyms, and some other English subjects have given me further opportunities of meeting the juniors. In Junior Greek Testament, the brethren have read nearly to the close of the first Epistle of John. In

Middle Greek Testament, we have read part of the 10th, with the 11th and 12th chapters of John's Gospel, the whole of the Epistle to the Philippians, and we are now engaged in studying the Epistle to the Hebrews. The seniors have read with me to the end of the 11th Chapter of Romans, the 15th chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, and we are now beginning the Epistle to the Galatians. I think that good work has been done, diligently and perseveringly, throughout the year.

F. G. MARCHANT.

Mr. McCaig's Report.

IN presenting a Report of another year's work in our beloved College, I am glad to be able to testify that the good hand of the Lord has been upon us, and many indications of His favour have been given. We still follow, in the College work, the old *methods* which approved themselves to the saintly men who have gone before, whose memory to us is still so fragrant. We believe that we have the same sort of *men* in training as in former days—consecrated to God, faithful to His Truth, and full of love for the souls of men. We believe the College has the same high *mission*—not to seek scholastic distinctions, but to aim at winning souls to Christ; and we seek, as a College, to proclaim the same old *message* of salvation through a crucified Redeemer, which has ever been the glory of the institution.

Throughout the year, the men under my care have zealously pursued their studies, and a fair amount of progress has been made.

I have had specially to deal with the three languages in which the superscription of the Cross was written, Pilate thus unwittingly proclaiming the fact, in Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew, that Christ is King, and that these languages are never so well employed as in setting forth the glories of the crucified Lord.

In our study of these three languages we have been mindful of our allegiance to our Lord; and our hope is that all the knowledge we acquire of Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew may the better help us to set forth in our own tongue His Kingly claims upon the sons of men.

In GREEK, the seniors, during the first part of the year, read part of Xenophon's *Hellenica*; and have since been reading, with growing interest, Homer's *Iliad*, Book XXIV. The juniors were occupied for a time with Xenophon's *Anabasis*; and then passed on to study a selection of Lucian's *Dialogues*. The seniors have also continued their study of Curtius, and Greek Composition; while the juniors have been giving special attention to verb formations and other important items.

In LATIN, the seniors have read part of Sallust's *Catiline*, and Virgil's *Aeneid*, Book III. The juniors have read a portion of Eutropius' *History of Rome*, and Cæsar's *Gallie War*, Book IV.; they have also given considerable attention to Latin Syntax.

In HEBREW, the seniors have read a considerable portion of *Isaiah*, with a growing appreciation of the literary and spiritual beauties of that

wonderful book. The juniors have been going faithfully through the Paradigms of the Verbs, and have read the three opening chapters of *Genesis*. In connection with the study of Isaiah and Genesis, we have noticed some of the groundless assumptions of the so-called "Higher Criticism." An Elementary Class was formed six months ago, and good progress has been made in the initial stages of the Grammar. There is a strong desire on the part of the brethren to acquire sufficient knowledge of Hebrew to enable them to use their Hebrew Bibles to advantage in their ministry, and there can be no doubt that, in view of present-day questions, a knowledge of Hebrew is becoming more and more an important desideratum.

I have throughout the year continued to conduct the class in the study of Hodge's *Outlines of Theology*. We have carefully considered and discussed such important topics as Regeneration, Faith, Repentance, Justification, Sanctification, etc., etc.

My class in New Testament Greek Synonyms was, in August, increased by the addition of some of the junior brethren, and we then changed the subject to Church History. We have used as our text-book *Henry's Outlines of Church History*, by Fernandez, and the information there given I have sought to supplement from all available sources. This has been not the least interesting of our classes, and as we have followed the fortunes of the Church of Christ through twelve chequered centuries, we have been profoundly impressed with a sense of the power and vitality of the pure Gospel, and of the evil and the folly of Ceremonialism and Sacerdotalism.

ARCHIBALD McCAIG.

Dr. Asher's Report.

THE close of another College year affords the opportunity of a brief report of the work done in the classes under my care.

With pleasure I testify that the diligence displayed and the progress attained by the students have been highly commendable and satisfactory.

Junior men have continued the study of the Greek and Latin Grammar, and exercises in translation; and, in the English Classes, they have studied Abbots' *How to Write Clearly*, Bain's *Rhetoric*, and Trench *On the Study of Words*. Expositions of *Lessons in Logic* (Jevon) have been given to men of the second year; while in *The Bible Handbook* (Angus), the Books of the Old Testament, with the Gospels, Acts, and earlier Epistles, have constituted our chief study. In Ethics, Wayland's *Moral Philosophy* has been our text-book; it has been carefully read, summarised, and commented upon.

The seniors have studied Smith's *History of Greece*, the weekly oral examinations in which revealed the care and thoroughness with which the work had been done. The same students during the past session have attended and manifested great interest in a new course of Lectures on Physiology, including such elementary medical and surgical information as may be serviceable in rendering first aid to the injured,

and prove useful to those who hope to labour in the Foreign Mission-field.

My connection with the College during another year has confirmed and increased my favourable estimate of the abilities, graciousness, and devotion of the students; and I anticipate for them a successful career in the preaching of the faith which was once for all delivered unto the saints.

W. USHER.

Reports of the Evening Classes.

AT the close of another College year, it is very pleasing to report that a good year's work has been done by the Evening Classes. Despite the severity of the winter we have just passed through, the attendance has been well maintained, and the interest in the studies has certainly not diminished.

It is most gratifying to notice the close bond of fellowship which exists among the members, their steady earnestness, their continued prayerfulness, and their consecrated aim to fit themselves more efficiently to proclaim the glorious gospel that, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

Most of the men are actively engaged in Christian work, several preach regularly at their own Mission Halls, and three or four are hoping soon to be qualified for admission to the Pastors' College.

Our discussion and sermon classes continue to be as attractive, interesting, and instructive as ever. Excellent results have followed the institution of these classes.

Our course of study this year has embraced the following subjects, viz.—Trench, "On the Study of Words"; Blaikie's "Geography of the Bible"; Elementary Science with experiments; "The Verbal and Plenary Inspiration of Scripture," and "The Nature and Attributes of God."

S. JOHNSON.

I am pleased to be able to report that the work done on Monday and Wednesday evenings reflects credit on the members of the classes. Each one has shown a praiseworthy desire to profit by the advantages offered here, and the men have repeatedly spoken of their increased usefulness in Christian work, owing to the helpfulness of the course of study.

On Monday evenings, classes have been held for the study of Greek and Latin, as heretofore. During the early part of the year, elementary and advanced classes were held in each language. The elementary classes studied grammar, while the advanced classes read an author. In Latin we read *Cæsar*, and in Greek, *Homer*. During the latter part of the year, there has been only an intermediate class in each language.

On Wednesday evenings, the subjects of study have been, English Grammar, English Literature, and Logic. The work in these subjects has followed the usual lines. The main object has been to make the subjects practical and useful. The lessons in Logic have been much appreciated, and good results have followed its study.

T. F. BOWERS, B.A. (LOND.).

SHORTHAND CLASS.—This Class was established in 1878, and is thus in the seventeenth year of its existence. It has met continuously, excepting holidays, in the "Desk Room" of the College, every Friday evening, from 8 till 9 o'clock.

There is no set period during which the members must learn the System, "slow and sure" being the motto; but as soon as they have a thorough knowledge, and can write it at a tolerable speed, another class is formed for beginners, and there are always brethren waiting to join.

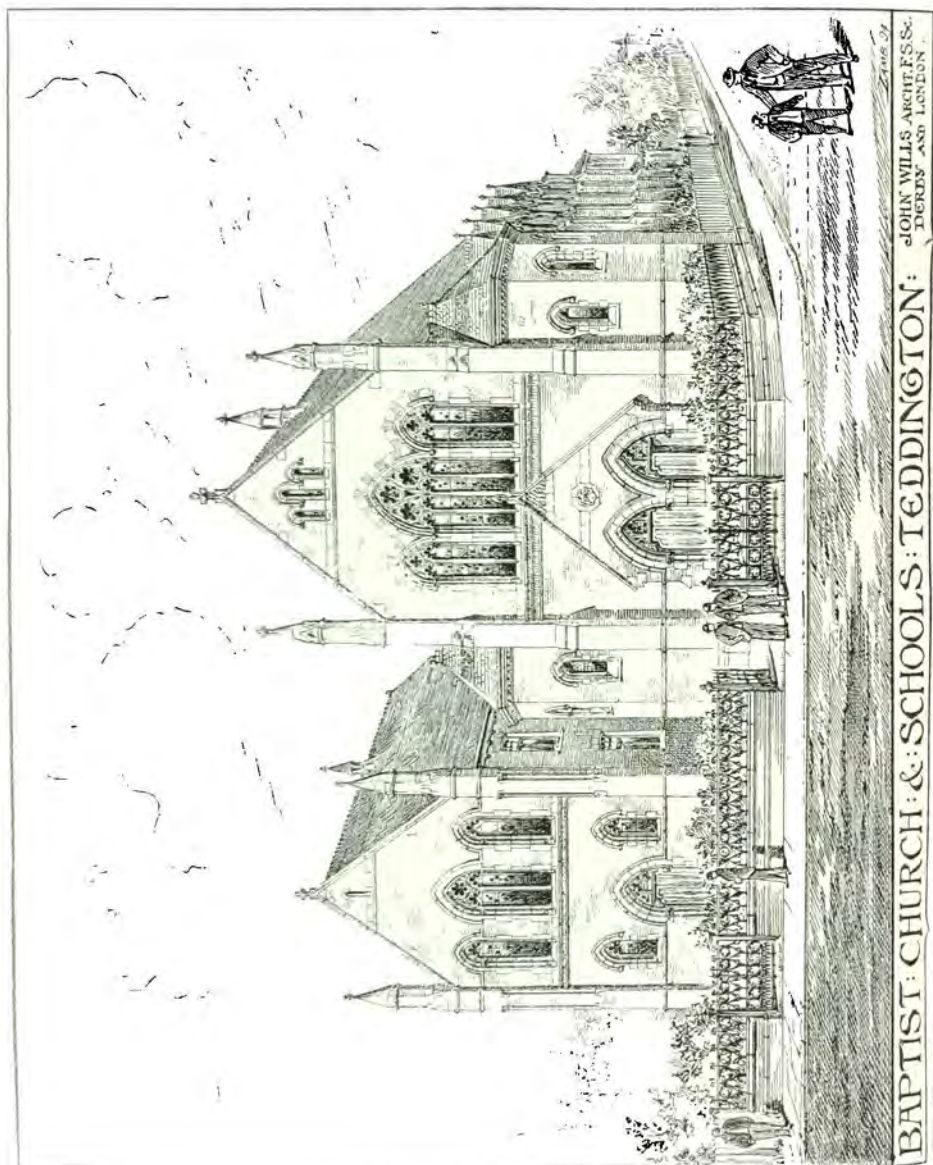
Last September, a new class commenced, the students of which have gone through *The Phonographic Teacher*. An examination was lately held, when several members obtained Sir Isaac Pitman's Elementary Certificate for knowledge of that book. It now meets as an Advanced Class, studying the *Manual of Phonography*, together with *Æsop's Fables*, for reading and dictation practice. We shall later on have practice for speed, phraseography, and discussions on the best outlines for difficult words.

Some very pleasant evenings have been spent over this study, the members feeling they are pursuing it with the Lord's help, which is always sought, and they are anxious to use the knowledge obtained in some department of His service, as well as in every-day life.

HAYDN PINKESS.

New Chapels or Churches.

METROPOLITAN DISTRICT.



BAPTIST CHURCH & SCHOOLS: TEDDINGTON:

JOHN WILLS ARCHT. F.S.S.
TEDDINGTON AND LONDON.

Teddington Baptist Church.

PASTOR, R. J. WILLIAMSON.

THIS church is the outcome of the earnest labours of brethren who were connected with the Metropolitan Tabernacle Country Mission, now incorporated with the Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelists' Association. There being no Baptist or Congregational church in Teddington, in 1881 the Mission sent brethren to hold services in the open-air, and subsequently in the room of the Y.M.C.A. After a time the Mission rented a small chapel which had been vacated by our Wesleyan Methodist brethren for a larger and more convenient building. The little chapel was the property of a wealthy resident, the late Mr. Park, who, although not identified with any religious body, was at heart a Baptist, and a great admirer of the late beloved C. H. Spurgeon. He therefore regularly returned to the treasurer of the Mission half the annual rent of £20 as his contribution to the cause.

For many months the work was very difficult and of slow growth; for the place of meeting and its associations had no attractions for the well-to-do class.

After several changes, the Mission sent our brother, Joseph Clark, now pastor of the church at the Nottingham Tabernacle, but then engaged in business in the City: the Mission also appointed another member, Mr. Chalmers, as a fellow-worker with him. Mr. Clark took up his abode at Teddington, that he might the better serve the cause of Christ; and very soon his earnest and instructive preaching and able leadership resulted in the formation of a church of baptized believers and frequent additions of converts. He encouraged and helped the friends to secure a suitable site for a chapel and to erect a temporary iron building thereon; and, as "nothing succeeds like success," he soon had around him a band of friends able as well as willing to assist and consolidate the young and vigorous cause. It was not long before Mr. Spurgeon, who had made note of our brother's gifts and zeal, cordially welcomed him to all the privileges of the College.

Mr. Clark was followed at Teddington, in turn, by Brethren A. Greer, D. Spencer, and the present pastor, R. J. Williamson, a Pastors' College man, who accepted the hearty invitation of the church in 1892. Mr. Williamson's work has been graciously owned of God to the ingathering of sinners and the upbuilding of believers.

The iron chapel became so inconveniently crowded at the Sunday services, that a larger building, with premises adapted to the work of an earnest and aggressive church, was an imperative necessity. A building fund, which had been slowly growing for several years, was by a strenuous effort increased sufficiently to warrant the commencement of building operations. The memorial stones were laid on August 1st, 1894, and the opening services of the beautiful and commodious chapel, of which an illustration is given on the preceding page, were held in January. It will accommodate 780 persons, and the cost, so far, is about £3,400. This sum includes the purchase of freehold land and the expense of removing the iron chapel to the rear of the permanent

building. The erection of the schools must be deferred until the present liabilities are discharged, or at least greatly lessened.

We have already referred to the interest which the late Mr. Park manifested in the cause. In his will he bequeathed the sum of £1,000 to the Baptist church in Teddington. By a clerical error, it is described as the "*Peculiar* Baptist church," by which was evidently intended the "*Particular* Baptist church," which is the correct designation of the Teddington church, as it is of the parent church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The error, unfortunately, rendered a suit in the Court of Chancery necessary. The Court has given the testator's trustees power to pay over the legacy to this church as soon as the personalty is realized. It is hoped, therefore, that the trustees will decide so to do. In the meantime, the generous help of the Lord's stewards will be greatly appreciated by the worthy pastor and his fellow-workers.

Willesden Green Baptist Church.

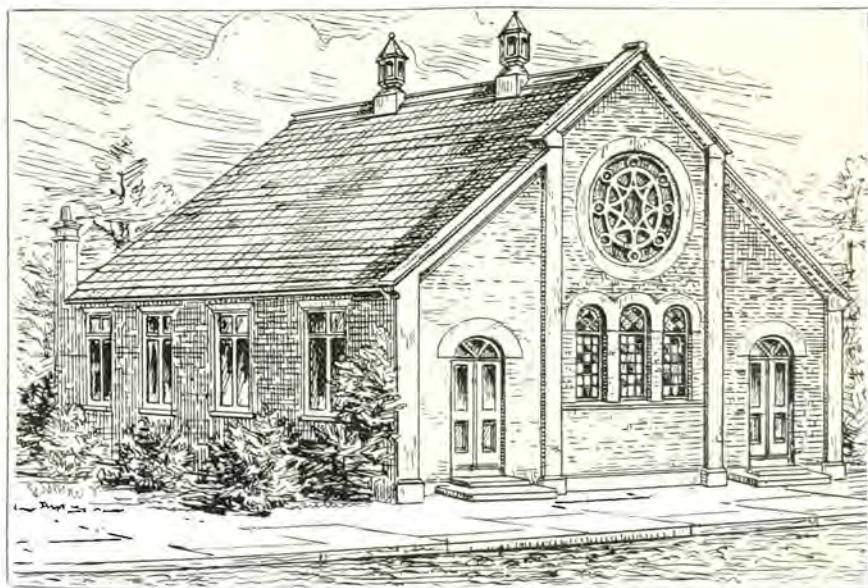
STUDENT-PASTOR, W. J. SEARS.

THE work here was commenced about fourteen years ago. A few earnest Christian friends residing in the locality felt that there was a growing need for a Nonconformist place of worship, especially in view of the fact that Willesden Green was rapidly being transformed from a country village into a residential suburb of London. They accordingly waited on the late beloved President, who readily offered to help them. Two students were consequently sent down from the College week by week to hold open-air services. After a short time, a tent was erected on a piece of waste ground; but as the winter drew on, this was abandoned, and a room in a cottage rented, in which to hold the services. From the cottage the next move was to "a converted stable", and from thence to a shop which was fitted up for divine worship. As the little band of workers increased, they resolved to endeavour to secure a site for a permanent chapel and Sunday-school, and, in the meantime, to erect a school-chapel. Again, on appealing to Mr. Spurgeon for help, they were heartily encouraged, and he generously became the first contributor to the Building Fund. A freehold site in a prominent position in the High Road was secured on mortgage, and on a portion of this a building was erected for the accommodation of about eighty worshippers. Since that time, the building has been twice enlarged, and class-rooms and vestries added, until it is now capable of seating about 300 persons. After a few years of encouraging successes, the tide of prosperity seemed to turn, and the cause declined almost to extinction. A few consecrated and brave-hearted souls, the majority of whom had been the means of the foundation of the cause, manfully determined, in God's strength, that the work should not be given up; and accordingly, in their need, they again appealed to the College for help. On the first Sunday in February, 1894, Mr. Sears was sent down to supply the pulpit, and this led to a subsequent invitation being unanimously given to him to take up the

work as Student-Pastor. Since that time, God's blessing has been resting in an encouraging way upon the work ; souls have been added to the Lord and to His church. The congregations have considerably increased, and the membership, which was then about thirty, now numbers fifty-nine, all heartily striving to consolidate and extend the good work. A Christian Endeavour Society has recently been organized, and the members take an active part in the church work.

The cause is unfortunately hampered by debt, and funds are earnestly needed to rid the church of the mortgage on the ground, and other burdens, which in all amount to nearly £1,000.

The site, which is certainly one of the finest in Willesden Green, is large enough for the erection of a chapel capable of seating 600 people ; and it is believed that if such a chapel were erected, a strong cause for the Lord Jesus might be built up in this neighbourhood, in which Ritualism and Romanism are very active. Will some of the Lord's stewards help ?



Wapthorpe Road Baptist Chapel, Silbertown, E.

PASTOR, T. G. POLLARD.

IN last year's College Report an account of this East-End cause, with an appeal for help to erect a chapel, was kindly inserted. Now we desire to record our thankfulness to God for His goodness to us. In our perplexity we sought the advice and help of Mr. W. Higgs, who has most generously assisted us by building the chapel, and letting the cost

stand as a loan. The chapel, which is on freehold ground, has accommodation for 320 persons. It has a frontage of 44 feet, with space left at the rear for future extension. It is of red brick, with white facings, and is of a plain design, suitable to the neighbourhood. The interior has a light and cheerful appearance.

Memorial stones were laid on October 31st, 1894, by the Rev. E. W. Tarbox (honorary secretary of the Home Counties Association), Mr. S. Browne (deacon of the church), and Rev. V. J. Charlesworth. The opening services were held on February 6th.

We have a debt of about £1,000, which we shall do our best to clear with the aid of God's stewards.

In addition to this, we have to report the settlement of Mr. Pollard as pastor, after labouring among us during two years, while attending the College. For our present happy position and hopeful prospects we are indebted to the self-denying efforts of the church members, the Trustees of the Pastors' College, and the Home Counties Baptist Association.

All this we take as evidence of the blessing and favour of God, and we hope to do much for Christ in this needy district. We therefore ask for the earnest prayers and the generous sympathy of all who desire the extension of the kingdom of God in the East-End of London.

THE DEACONS.

West Silbertown Tabernacle.

STUDENT-PASTOR, A. POOLE.

THE work at this place is the outcome of the generosity of W. D. Knight, Esq., who erected the iron chapel, and bore all the expense of the services.

About three years ago, Mr. Knight applied to Dr. Spurgeon to take over the work in connection with the College, and Pastor H. Dunington was asked, for a time, to undertake to raise a Baptist Church, Mr. Knight promising to pay the minister's stipend. Mr. Dunington began the first Lord's-day with five adults. Good congregations were soon gathered, and for nearly two years a good work was done.

Other arrangements then being necessary, Mr. A. Poole was sent from the College to undertake the work as Student-Pastor, and under his ministry twelve have been converted, four of whom have been baptized, and the communicants' roll now numbers twenty-one. Every Lord's-day a band of young converts visit some four hundred and forty houses, and distribute nearly two hundred of the late dear President's sermons and large numbers of Gospel tracts.

The Prayer-meeting, Christian Band, and Sewing Class for Factory Girls, have been well maintained. The sphere is a difficult one; but the workers have met with much encouragement.

Eleanor Baptist Mission Hall, Waltham Cross.

STUDENT-PASTOR, THOMAS DOUGLAS.

WE have just had the pleasure of forming a new church at Waltham Cross, making the second from our membership; the first was formed, twenty-three years ago, at Totteridge Road, Enfield Highway.

The work at Waltham Cross was begun under the auspices of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Country Mission, and was afterwards taken over by the church at Paradise Row. The late pastor, Rev. W. Jackson, succeeded in raising sufficient money for the purchase of the freehold and the erection of a Mission Hall.

Soon after my settlement, a district visitor was regularly engaged, and through her instrumentality the work has been much strengthened.

About twelve months ago, an arrangement was made with the College for students to supply the pulpit on the Sunday, the workers at the Hall believing that they were strong enough to form a separate church. The energetic little band persevered, and at last gained their end. We formed the church, and welcomed Mr. Thomas Douglas as Student-Pastor. The formation of the new church lessens our membership, but we trust our loss will be a great gain to the growing district of Waltham Cross. We have another Mission Hall on the borders of Epping Forest.

As to the parent church, we are thankful to be able to report true progress in every branch of our work. Our numerous agencies are in a healthy and flourishing condition, and doing good service.

During the two-and-a-half years of my pastorate here, many have been added to the church. The building has been repaired, renovated, and some important improvements carried out, at a cost of over £100. We are happily free from debt.

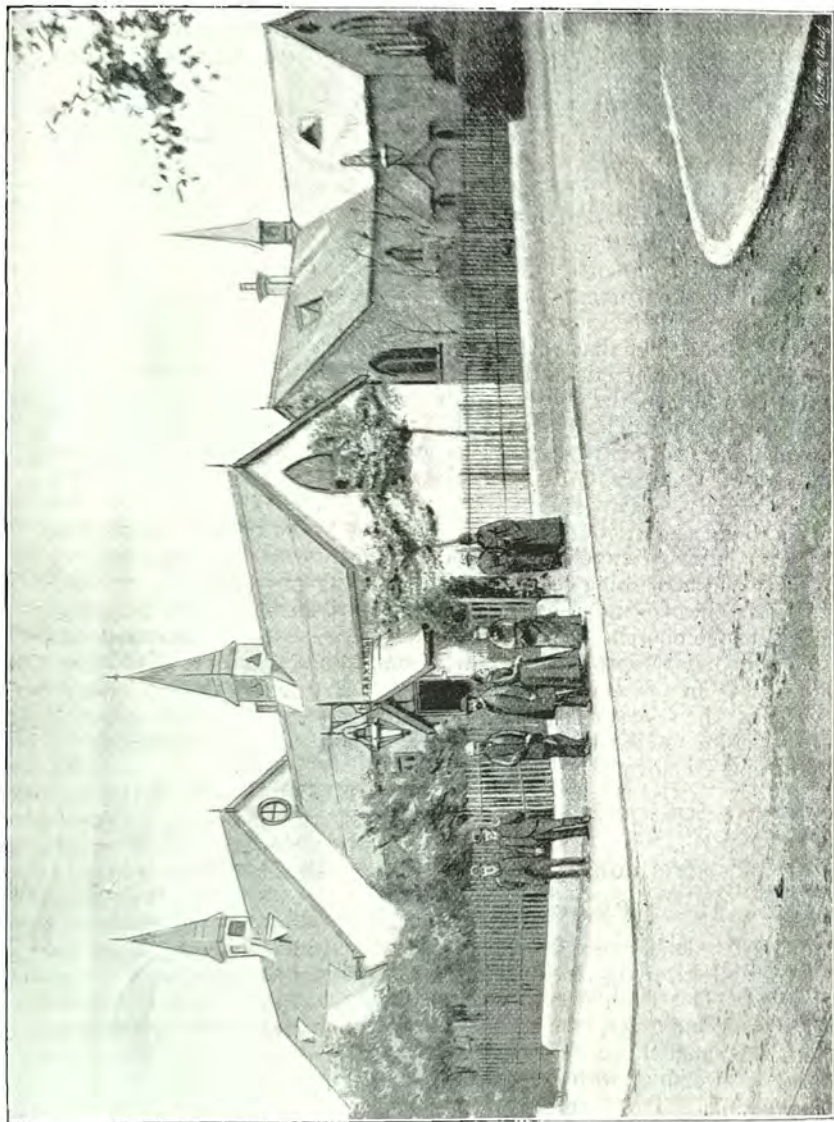
During the severe weather, we gave over 2,000 meals to poor children. It was a joy to feed these hungry little ones, and to speak to them "of Jesus and His love."

GEORGE H. KILBY.

Brighton Road Chapel, South Croydon.

PASTOR, R. E. CHETTLBOROUGH.

THE valuable property, of which an illustration appears on the following page, is situated at the junction of Brighton and Crunden Roads. The land, which is freehold, is at present partly covered with iron buildings, the larger of which is 44 feet by 42 feet, and the smaller 40 feet by 20 feet. These can be used as one place of worship, with accommodation for a congregation of about 700 people. There are two class-rooms below the smaller building, and four lofty class-rooms detached from the main building. There are also a stock-room fitted with cupboards, stored with sufficient crockery, etc., for a tea-meeting of a thousand people, and a vestry for the pastor. The entire range of buildings is thoroughly furnished



: BRIGHTON ROAD CHAPEL SOUTH CROYDON.

with every necessary appliance for the use and comfort of a large company of worshippers and workers. This property in its entirety has been made over by a lady connected with the Church of England to Dr. J. A. Spurgeon, and by him has been put in trust for the use of the Baptist denomination. Although the conditions as to the gift and the actual transfer of the property have only been arranged since the late beloved President was called home, he took great interest in the matter, and in consultation with his brother arranged that the work should be conducted on the same lines as the Tabernacle Church and the Pastors' College. The present pastor, R. E. Chettleborough, having succeeded in banding the people together, a church was formed on September 10th, 1894, consisting of 105 members, which has now increased to 130. A baptistery has been put in the chapel, and two baptismal services have already been held, and there are more candidates coming forward. This new church has been assisted financially by the College Trustees, and its members and pastor desire to record their thanks to them, and to Dr. J. A. Spurgeon, for generous help.

East Ham Baptist Church.

STUDENT-PASTOR, ROBERT SLOAN.

IN answer to a request for particulars as to the work at Barking, and especially as to the cause at East Ham, I have not a great deal to say about it, nor of myself in connection with it: it seemed to be the leading of the Lord from the beginning. The facts are these. There was no Baptist cause at East Ham, though there were a number of Baptists in the neighbourhood, which has grown marvellously of late. Ten years ago, the population was 10,000; now it is estimated there are 40,000 residents, and houses are being built at the rate of between 1,000 and 2,000 a year.

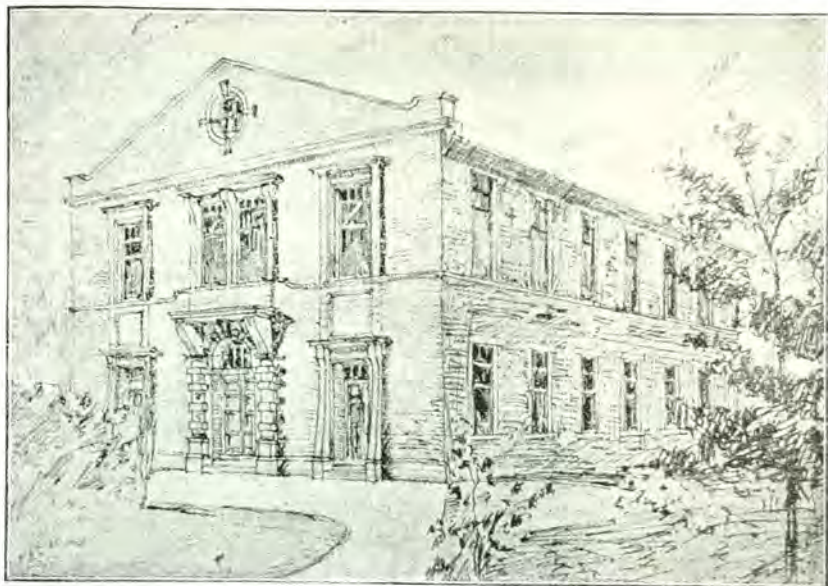
At East Ham there was an iron Congregational chapel, and several Baptists attended. So much political and other matters were introduced that some of the worshippers protested, and ultimately sent in their resignations. Several of these friends came to worship with us, and very soon I had the joy of baptizing eleven and receiving them into our fellowship, amongst them a young commercial traveller, Garment by name, and his wife. Mr. Garment offered to lend sufficient to build an iron chapel at East Ham. A suitable piece of ground was purchased for £150, and soon a building was erected and furnished at a cost of £600. The sum of £60 is owing to the builder, to be paid in two years, and the remainder to Mr. Garment, who generously lends it at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. We are greatly indebted to the dear President of the College for his kindness in the matter. He promised help to the young cause, and when the time arrived, he sent a very able and earnest student, Mr. Robert Sloan, to minister to the people, and not only this, but sent him free of expense to the cause for three months. The question arose as to the advisability of working the new cause as a branch of our Barking Church, or of constituting a distinct church at once. The latter course was eventually decided upon.

On the 24th of January of this year, in the afternoon, I preached the opening sermon, which was followed by a tea-meeting. The public meeting was presided over by Mr. Frank Thompson, deacon of the Church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and £32 was raised for the building fund.

The chapel has been comfortably filled on Sunday evenings from the commencement; the sitting accommodation is between 300 and 400. There were so many applications for membership that it was evidently the wisest course to at once form a church; so, on March 7th, at the earnest request of the friends, I preached, and after the address I baptized nine candidates, and gave the right hand of fellowship to *forty-two*. It was a season we shall all long remember. Thus again our dear Alma Mater justifies her continued existence by planting and building up new churches, and fitting men to take the oversight of them, thus preventing the "glut" that we so often hear about. God is still blessing the work. Young Men's and Young Women's Classes are flourishing, Sunday-school, Y.P.S.C.E., Open-air Work, Prayer-meetings, etc., etc. I hope, in the course of two or three years, to see this a vigorous, strong, and self-supporting church.

D. H. MOORE.

THE PROVINCES.

**Irwell Terrace Baptist Chapel, Bacup.**

THE church here was formed in 1821. Its first chapel, of the truly antique, regulation meeting-house type then in vogue, was built in 1823. It has, however, had a glorious history, its ministers having been F. W. Dyer, T. Dawson, a famous man, a godly preacher; his name is a household word yet in this valley. Then came G. Mitchell, E. F. Quant, J. G. Hall, A. Bowden, and J. S. Hughes. The present pastor, T. B. Field, removed from Cheddar, Somersetshire, three years ago. Many causes had contributed to the weakness of the community, one of them being the uncomfortable and insecure building in which the people met. Two years ago, steps were taken to erect a new chapel on the same site, at a cost of £2,200, towards which we have £1,200 in hand.

The work is now in progress, and our people, although entirely of the working class, are doing their very best to raise funds, in the hope that the new chapel may be opened free from debt. It will be seated for 530 persons. Under the organ and choir gallery are three vestries. The walls are of Yorkshire stone, locally known as "Parpoints."

The following particulars of our work may be of interest. Our church-roll numbers 180 members. We have 350 scholars, and our School has in connection with it the following branches, viz. :—(1) Band of Hope Society, 200 members ; (2) Young Men's Mutual Class, 50 members ; (3) Children's Sick Club ; (4) Christian Endeavour Society ; (5) Pastor's Week-night Children's Class, 100 members ; (6) Reading and Recreation Room, open all the year round to Young Men ; (7) a select Lending Library ; (8) Bible-reading Association ; (9) Men's Sick Benefit Club. Our work will be much facilitated when our new building is completed.

I hope the above brief sketch and the illustration sent herewith will be of service for the College Report. It is very difficult to write about oneself. We have had good times the last three years. It has meant much hard work in visitation, preaching, etc., and much travelling and lecturing about the country to get money.

Such work as this is not so romantic as forming an entirely new church ; but it is quite as needful to resuscitate an old cause.

T. B. FIELD, *Pastor*.

Trinity Baptist Chapel, Radcliffe.

PASTOR, ISAAC WATSON.

RADCLIFFE, a rapidly-growing town of nearly 40,000 inhabitants, is about seven miles from Manchester and three from Bury. In the year 1880, Mr. G. M. Harvey, a merchant in Bury, impressed with the spiritual needs of Radcliffe, commenced a series of evangelistic services in the Club Room of the Co-operative Hall. We should here say that this truly consecrated young man was the son of the late Rev. J. Harvey.

In less than twelve months, the Divine blessing vouchsafed to the leader and his small band of helpers led to the formation of a church of baptised believers, and the organization of numerous Christian agencies. Even in these early days, the need of convenient premises for the services, Sunday-school, and Bible-classes, was sorely felt, and Mr. Harvey purposed to build a house for God. "A goodly sum was raised, an eligible plot of ground secured, and plans for a new sanctuary prepared. When his vision was about to become a reality, God's finger touched him, and, to the inexpressible grief of all, he entered into rest on October 14th, 1888." This heavy stroke seriously affected the Baptist community, and for four years this band of poor working people, with no pastor to lead, and no men of influence to direct, "held the fort" under circumstances of no ordinary difficulty.

In the summer of 1891, one of "our men," Isaac Watson, the pastor of a happy and united people at Driffild, while on a visit to his brother, the minister of St. Paul's Wesleyan Church in Radcliffe, gladly responded to the request of the Baptist friends to conduct their services

for them during his stay : an instance of the way in which many hard-working ministerial brethren spend their *holidays* and seasons of *rest*. The effect of Mr. Watson's visit was so spiritually stimulating, that the friends were anxious and prayerful for the way to be made plain for them to secure his services. By the help of the Lancashire and Cheshire Association, this was made possible, and our brother commenced his work as pastor of the church in December, 1892. A tide of prosperity at once set in ; former agencies for good, which had almost died out, were resuscitated, and not a few evangelistic, temperance, and philanthropic efforts were inaugurated. The Sunday-school increased from 115 to 400, and there was a largely-attended Bible-class. The preaching of the Word, too, was evidently greatly appreciated, for th



congregation increased threefold. This blessed success brought with it difficulty ; for the hired hall where all these gatherings were held, from the first inconvenient, now became a hindrance to the further progress of the work. It was therefore imperative that the building scheme should be carried out.

In this, the friends were greatly encouraged by the practical sympathy and hearty recommendation of their appeal for help of ministers of different denominations in the locality, as well as of several honoured Baptist brethren. Memorial stones of the new chapel and schools, represented in the engraving, were laid on June 30th last year. And now, in place of a record of joyful gatherings to celebrate the completion and the opening of a beautiful and well-appointed place for Christian

worship and Christian work, we give, in his own words, our brother's short, sad story of a dark providence which has sorely tried his own and his people's faith in their All-wise God :—

"All proceeded well till Saturday, December 22nd. On the Friday afternoon, I met the architect, and with him examined the work. The men were engaged in moving the scaffolding from the church : it was ready for the roof. Next morning, one of our young men came to tell me of the disaster caused by the terrific gale. When I went, it was to see the place in ruins, one side being completely wrecked. The floor-joists were snapped like matchwood, and the strong iron girders were bent and twisted. It was a sorry sight for me. I felt my heart fill. The work of months was destroyed. . . . I am staying here on account of a break-down in my health. I am too ill to say more than a word or two. . . . The townspeople were full of admiration for the new place, and did all they could to comfort me. We shall get over the trial by the grace of God."

Later on (April 4th) he wrote :—

"At this moment we have only been able to commence rebuilding ; the severe weather has told against us. . . . Under these circumstances, and owing to my illness, it cannot possibly be ready for the opening till September. Meanwhile the services are held in the small hired hall. I am still at B—, and though much better, have not preached yet, but hope to return in a few days. I enclose an appeal just issued by our church-officers, from which you will learn that a wonderful revival among our young people is going on : the paragraph marked is an understatement :—'It is generally assumed that building operations impede the spiritual life and work of a church. We have not found it so. All along we have had conversions. But since the disaster by the gale and our Pastor's serious illness, the Lord's hand has been more than ever manifest. When you remember we have no place of our own, and that our hired hall is "wholly inadequate and unsuitable," you will be agreeably surprised at what we now plainly and truthfully state. *Over fifty persons have confessed Christ this year, and are waiting to join the church. They are, with four exceptions, all from our Sunday-school.*'"

The above are extracts from private letters to the writer, not meant for printing in the Report ; but they reveal our brother's tender, brave, and trustful heart, and we trust will touch the hearts of those of our friends who can help this esteemed minister and his people in, or rather *out of*, their present trial.

We would advise those of our friends who do not take in *The Sword and the Trowel* to procure the January and February numbers : in the first, they will find an interesting article on Pastor Isaac Watson and his work, written just before the calamitous storm happened ; in the second, "A SPECIAL CALL FOR HELP," written on hearing of the Radcliffe disaster. Among the first to send, not only the silver of sympathy, but the far more useful notes and gold of generous help, were dear Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, and President J. A. Spurgeon.

Address "letters containing articles of value" to Pastor Isaac Watson, Radcliffe, near Manchester.

THE "FORWARD MOVEMENT" IN OUR VILLAGES.

**School-Chapel, Abbots Langley, Hertfordshire.**

BEFORE giving particulars of the village chapel, to which our wood-cut above hardly does justice, we must briefly notice the steps, in the order of the divine Providence, which led up to the building of this pretty village chapel and the inauguration of a Christian church. In November, 1878, Mr. Macmillan, then in business, undertook the management of the work at Hunton Bridge, a branch of the church at Beechen Grove, Watford. Feeling constrained to devote himself wholly to the work of the ministry, he entered the Pastors' College. In 1881, he left the College to take the oversight of the church at Kings Langley, which was then in an almost hopeless condition, the congregation having dwindled down to less than a dozen, and the number of members to *three*. In a little time things improved, and each year steady progress has been made. The chapel has been re-seated, a school-room built, a baptistery put in, and now there is a *bond-fide* membership of over fifty.

Some time after this, the partial oversight of the work at Leavesden, another village cause connected with the Watford Church, was undertaken by Pastor Macmillan.

In 1891, mission work was begun in the neighbouring village of Bedmond, and here for nearly four years a good work has been carried on.

In July, 1893, the large and growing village of ABBOTS LANGLEY was invaded, and a branch cause of the Kings Langley Church was planted. For some months the services were held in a cottage rented for the purpose. Soon, however, an opportunity of purchasing a piece of ground in a suitable position for a chapel presented itself, and was embraced.

In June of last year, the foundation-stones of a school-chapel were laid, and in September the opening services were held.

The building will seat rather over a hundred persons. It is built of dark grey bricks with red facings, and tiled roof. Both without and within, it presents a very pleasing appearance, and has given great satisfaction. Messrs. Andrews and Sons, of Watford, were the architects and builders, and did the work at little over cost price. The cost, including ground, was £350, of which £100 has yet to be raised.

Ground is left in the front for the erection of a chapel, and it is not improbable that this will be undertaken before long.

The work has been full of encouragement, and shows signs of vitality and growth. There is now a membership of nearly twenty.



Mission Chapel, Codrington, Gloucestershire.

THE Old Sodbury group of Baptist Churches, of which I am pastor, has been instrumental, through God's blessing, in erecting another Mission Chapel. For some time, services had been held in the village of Codrington, in a thatched cottage—the only place available.

As the people manifested a strong desire for the work to continue, it was thought desirable to erect a chapel. A site was obtained from one of their number at a nominal cost, and the building proceeded with. Unfortunately, the vicar of the parish greatly opposed the movement. Upon the occasion of laying memorial stones, he had printed and circulated a letter, from which we quote the following sentences :—

“ My own feeling about this painful business may be summed up in one short Bible History question : What was the sin by which we are told sixteen times in the Bible Jeroboam ‘made Israel to sin’ ? Was it not that he prepared and set up places of worship for God’s people other than that place which God himself had chosen in Jerusalem ? I see no difference in Jeroboam’s act—‘ which made Israel to sin ’—and the act of those who are now setting up a place of worship in this parish, separate from, and opposed to, the place which, by Divine appointment, has existed here for well-nigh a thousand years.”

The opposition, however, did us good. Sympathy was aroused, and, by Divine help, the chapel was opened practically free from debt. In this we have much to be grateful for to the Giver of all mercies ; also for allowing us to see His Word prosper in our midst.

A. J. PARKER.

I N D I A.

Letter from the Pastor of the Lall Bazar
Baptist Church, Calcutta.

THERE is always a space between the sowing and the springing up of the seed. Sometimes the space is short, at other times it is long. Sometimes the springing up is abundant, and sometimes it is scanty. And thus it is in spiritual sowing also. From that to which we have given but little care, there springs a great harvest; and sometimes from that to which we have devoted much heart-ache, there comes nothing but the dust and ashes of disappointment. There was a Hindoo, and he was said to be a holy man. He had stood for eight years, and would not sit, nor lie down, but only lean against a tree, or upon a staff, by night, and day, and always. He told me he had only four years more to remain in that position, and then he would have fulfilled the vow he made to God, neither to sit nor lie down in His presence, for twelve years. I said but little to him, for I thought a man who could be so determined would not yield to what I said, or heed my pleading. But I had not counted on the Holy Spirit, who should go with the Word, and not return void. So I spoke but a few words, and handing him a Testament said, "If you do not find peace in keeping your vow, you will find it in this Book; 'Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you.'" And I turned down the leaf at the 14th chapter of John's Gospel. Afterwards it yielded the peaceable fruits of righteousness; for the people told me that the holy man had broken his vow, and that his eight years of torture (for it was torture to him) had gone for nothing, because the vow was broken by his reading a Christian book. But when I saw him again, the story he told me made my heart glad, and I said, "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth good in His sight." He said that the Book had made him weep his heart away, and by it he saw that all the toil he had undergone was vanity and lies. I asked him what word it was that gave him light: and he said, "'Peace I *give* unto you,' and so, if He *gives* it, He will not want me to *earn* it; and then I sat down, and the vow was broken." I laughed in spirit, as Abraham did before the angels, and replied, "Yes! 'I sat down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet unto my taste.' Then 'He brought me into His banqueting house, and His banner over me was love.'" And the answer he made me was, "It is as sweet as all that, and sweeter still; for now I find rest, oh! such rest, in Him." I have thought of that as a great harvest for such little sowing.

But how often in our work we are overruled by our feelings! We are one day like the hart skipping upon the mountains for very joy; and at another time like the weary bullock that lies down in the road under its burden, and refuses to go any more. And yet, when that time is on us, often there is a greater blessing hovering near. We had done all we

could one day to lift up Christ, till, wearied out, we gave over, and stood in silent prayer, with our hat in our hand. Then the people, thinking we needed help, began to drop some copper coins into it, and that roused us. Giving back the money to them, we said, "It was for something you have, of more value than money, that we came here to-day." We told them of the value of the soul, and, when we tried to tell of its loss, the words choked us, and we could only speak with our hands, and eyes, and tears: our voice had gone! Then the people said, "If we weep not for our own sins after this, how great will be our crime!" And I saw them weeping, and inwardly I said, "After the shower, the seed grows." Very soon we reaped with joy; for there came four students from that company, who to this day follow Jesus, and call themselves His disciples. When, at evening time, the flower droops, and bows its head before the breeze, it is often in that hour of darkness most subtle and far-reaching in its perfume, and fragrant in the honey that lies nestling in the cup. Oh, to be ready for every breeze that blows, so that the fragrance of our words and our lives may go beyond our own vineyard, and light up the eyes of those that are weary, and gladden the heart of those that droop! For the wind bloweth where it listeth, and it may blow the next time we speak for the Master.

We have baptized sixteen this year, and might have baptized more; were it not that we need so greatly to repair this old Chapel of Dr. Carey's. But the people are so poor, and needy, that it seems easier for us to get souls than to get money here. But the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof, and it is so full, too, that we think the Father will give that also, if we walk uprightly, for from such He will withhold no good thing. How long will this land lie in darkness, and the shadow of death! How long will it be before the day breaketh, O Lord of Hosts!

LALL BAZAR CHAPEL, CALCUTTA, 1894.

G. H. HOOK.

CEYLON.

Letter from the Pastor of the Cinnamon Gardens Baptist Church, Colombo.

AN English-speaking church in the midst of a large heathen population should surely be an intensely living and missionary church. This was what I felt when I was led to think of English work in a foreign land; and now after seven months' residence here in Colombo, I feel it more deeply still. I shall, therefore, be profoundly grateful if I may be used of the Master to lead His people into the reception of much of the Holy Spirit's power, and then out to the heathen in loving missionary labour.

The need is immense. With a population of 130,000 people, and not more than 30,000 at the most even nominally Christian, we are constantly face to face with the overwhelming need; and when one sees the ignorance and superstition of most, and the wickedness and sufferings of many of the people, one just longs for the day when every church member shall be an earnest missionary. Beyond all things, we pray that God may save His people here from falling into the condition of so many "Christians"; a condition in which the heathenism of the heathen produces no pang of grief and leads to no prayerful effort to save! With yearnings such as these, we are seeking to do our little best amidst many difficulties.

It may interest English readers at home to know how our building is used on the Lord's-day. We begin at 7.15 a.m. with our English-speaking Sunday-school, under the superintendence of our esteemed friend, Mr. John Ferguson, who is ably supported by a staff of devoted teachers. The Sunday-school is flourishing. The numbers are increasing, and there is a gracious spiritual movement in the hearts of some of the scholars. At 8.30 a.m. comes our English service conducted by the pastor. The next meeting is in Tamil and Cingalese. A very mixed assembly, including "the poor, the lame, the halt, the blind," gathers at 1.15 p.m. This service is conducted chiefly by Mr. David, the Tamil evangelist, whose message is interpreted into Cingalese by a deacon of the native church at Mattakkuliya. The congregation is cheering in numbers, and much good is being done; several persons, converted directly out of heathenism, have recently been baptized. It looks as if God's blessing upon this work will necessitate the formation of a Tamil church. Then at three o'clock comes the Cingalese Sunday-school. This school is not large; its great need just now is efficient male teachers. At four o'clock, the Cingalese service takes place, conducted by the native minister, Pastor Henry de Silva, a devout man and a diligent worker. The attendance at this service is fairly good, but we are hoping that other agencies may soon help to swell the numbers. At six o'clock, I again occupy the pulpit for the second English service, when, besides our usual congregation of Ceylonese and others, we often have a good sprinkling of British soldiers present. And then the day is closed by a brief, earnest prayer-meeting.

Among our direct missionary labours we have the work of a Cingalese Bible-woman, supported by the Baptist Endeavourers of the Sheffield district. She takes different districts weekly, visits from house to house, speaks the message of the Gospel wherever she can get a hearing, and conducts little meetings of women and children in the homes of some of the people. Her work is very difficult, but her visits are finding more favour with the people than at first, and we know that her constant sowing of the "good seed" cannot be in vain. Then our Christian Endeavour Society carries on a weekly open-air meeting in Cingalese and Tamil. With the aid of our baby-organ, and some Tamil lyrics and Cingalese choruses, we are able to secure a good audience. The attention is devout; and the tracts given away at the close of the meeting are eagerly asked for.

I have continued, whenever possible, the Bible-class begun by our

brother Durbin, at the Agricultural School, among the Buddhist and Roman Catholic students ; and I have been much encouraged by the testimony of some of these young men to definite blessing received. I find many opportunities of speaking through interpretation to Christian and heathen congregations, and it is my joy to accept every such opportunity that I can.

Besides these efforts, some of the church-members have little portions of the great field which they work themselves, *e.g.*, two or three members of one family conduct a sort of Ragged-school ; another brother manages a little Tamil Sunday-school ; and at the bungalow of another family two meetings are held weekly, one for children and the other for servants.

Thus, in various ways, we are seeking to carry out the great commission, to preach the Gospel to every creature. The results are with the Lord ; but we trust that from this field we may be honoured to reap large sheaves of golden grain to the glory of the Great Husbandman.

T. I. STOCKLEY.

CHINA.

Three New Churches.

OUR last year has been one of great encouragement. We have seen the hand of God working for us in a remarkable way. When we penned the report of the previous year, though we had great hopes of the future, yet we were a little cast down because of the opposition which had been offered in so many ways as the result of the riot which had occurred at our principal station. Though some time had elapsed since that riot, yet we had not altogether escaped its depressing effects. One of these was a spirit of indifference among our daily listeners in the preaching-hall. Another was organized opposition to our opening up fresh ground for work.

The Lord, in His goodness, has brought this time of trial in a measure to a close, and we have the joy of reporting a larger accession to our numbers by baptism than at any previous time, and also the extension of our field of work in a remarkable way.

All the baptisms took place in the month of June, when, in two different rivers, severed by two days' journey, we immersed, upon profession of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, forty-two candidates. Of these, twenty-four were from our principal station, and six from the only out-station that was mentioned in our report of last year. Of the remaining thirty, five belonged to TING-KIA-MIAO, which is now constituted another out-station. To these five, we added ten by transfer from our principal station, and with these established a new church. The natives, mainly as a result of their own efforts, set up a chapel in this place just before we left them for our furlough.

In another walled city, two days' journey from our principal station, the first-fruits amount to nineteen ; and in a market town, still another half-day's journey, the Lord gave us as first-fruits six for baptism. Thus we have a total for the year of forty-two, with three new churches

established. Besides these, we have been enabled to start public worship in two other cities, in each of which candidates for baptism will soon have finished their probation.

Seven years ago, there was not one Christian in the whole of this district, neither was there one station where the Gospel was regularly preached.

To-day we have :—

Stations and out-stations	7
Churches	5
Total membership	128
Christians on probation	70
Missionaries (1 male, 3 females)	4
Native workers	15

Of the native workers, one evangelist and one colporteur are supported by foreign funds. Another (the presiding elder and evangelist in one of our new out-stations, where there are nineteen as first-fruits) is paid by the native churches. The other twelve are self-supporting, and do voluntary work when their time and circumstances allow.

“The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.”

ALBERT HENRY HUNTLEY.

The writer of the above report, our beloved brother, Albert Huntley, left College for China in 1887. Two years later, he was joined there by his brother George (also from the College), and the Lord has greatly blessed their arduous labour, and supported and comforted them in their many trials. The friends of the China Inland Mission and of the Pastors' College will rejoice together at these “signs following,” signs also of “more to follow,” even “showers of blessing.”

Mr. Albert Huntley has lately been obliged to return to England after seven years' absence in China, and he would be glad to find a sphere of usefulness near London. He is remaining in England for a few years, owing to the state of his wife's health. Indeed, they both suffered much while passing through a period of riot at their station. Our brother's address is 7, Lower Terrace, Notting Hill, W. We know that he would like to have the oversight of a church which could not *wholly* support a pastor. We commend our dear friend's case to any church needing such service.

NORTH AFRICA.

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

TANGIER.

A FEELING of sadness rather than of gladness comes to us as we sit down to pen a brief outline of our past year's work here; for our story might be very largely made up of *the illness of workers*,

and consequent absence from Tangier. Mrs. Patrick was ordered to England in the Spring, and the doctor's report was so alarming that I was obliged to follow her. She is now in good health, for the which blessing we praise God. During our stay in the homeland, I was able to take part in ninety-nine missionary meetings, and was also greatly refreshed in body, soul, and spirit by the change. My three other helpers in the work were all invalided home, so that our work for several months was almost at a standstill.

Since our return, we have had *large meetings*. Our premises are far too small, and we cannot obtain larger. On fine Sunday evenings, we have about 130 adults in one room, and at the same hour some seventy children in a second room, and still from fifty to 150 children and adults are unable to obtain admission.

Our Mothers' Meetings, Dispensary, Morning Prayers, Day-school, Sunday-school, and Instruction Class are all well attended.

The steadfastness of the converts is most encouraging, and their number is being added unto; but over fifty regular attendants at last winter's meetings have left Tangier, and in consequence our band of converts is still small. This constant migration is trying to flesh and blood; but we can only trust they have received the truth, and may help to spread it.

We have had little persecution, but quite enough to keep us awake.

During the year, I have engaged Moses Benoliel, a Hebrew Christian of Tangier, to labour amongst the 8,000 to 10,000 Jews in this town. For the past twenty-five years he has been employed in Algeria by the British and Foreign Bible Society. We are hopeful concerning his work of visiting, selling and distributing the Scriptures, etc.

We ask for a continued interest in the prayers of our well-wishers.

N. HARDINGHAM PATRICK.

THE MEDICAL MISSION, TUNIS.

TO report on a year which was half spent in England, on furlough, is hardly a congenial task for any missionary, yet such is my present duty. However, though I summered at home, the Spring of 1894 found me at work in the chief town of Morocco, and that of 1895 in the capital of Tunisia.

Place may change, but duty remains; for the solemn city sleeping in the far west, and Tunis waking from her slumber, nearly 1,000 miles eastward, both need the Gospel.

The narrow steep streets of Fez, ignorant of wheeled vehicles, and the wide roads of Tunis, noisy with train and tram and rattling carriages, alike need to be trodden by messengers of peace; for, notwithstanding all that civilisation has done, it has done nought to save men's souls.

"Ye shall be My witnesses, saith the Lord." This commission, this promise, this honour, has been mine in both these great cities during the past year; and while the difficulties have differed, the results have been alike. And what have been the results? First, hundreds have

crowded in both places for healing for their bodies. A medical missionary need never be an idle missionary. Four mornings each week the patients gather in force. Two days are for men, and two for women. We have just now from forty to fifty each morning, which are about as many as our strength can manage. The number of patients' visits registered last month was 436; and this month, so far, the number is 535. All these have had the Gospel preached to them. Many more have been visited in their homes; and in the quiet of their secluded houses, Jesus has been lifted up to hearts, grateful, at least for the moment, for benefits received.

But what *are* the results? Who can tell? Certainly the writer cannot. He himself is conscious of much personal failure and lukewarmness.

As to the people, some few are rudely angry with the Gospel. Others listen in sullen silence, or mumble texts to keep away its influence. Many attend lightly, and pretend to believe in Jesus as much as we. Some listen eagerly, some receptively, and some few, one feels, are hearing unto everlasting life.

I feel, sometimes, like a boy casting stones upon a frozen pond. There they lie, seemingly having made no impression; but by-and-by, when the thaw comes, they will all sink in. Will our friends pray for a mighty thaw, by the Spirit's power, of hard North Africa?

I am sincerely grateful to dear friends who have not forgotten us. Living as we do amid a sea of Islam and Ignorance, Romanism and Infidelity, it is no small help to be relieved of care about our daily bread; and though results are mostly lost to sight, is there not being laid up, for donor and missionary alike, treasure in Heaven, in souls saved, in faithful witness borne, and in loving obedience to the great Master's last command?

T. G. CHURCHER.

15, *Rue de la Municipalité, Tunis.*

The Work of the Evangelists.

J. Manton Smith's Report.

I am thankful to be able to report the completion of another year's work in the Master's service.

The retirement of my beloved and honoured colleague, Mr. W. Y. Fullerton, after the most happy fellowship for a period of fifteen years, was a great trial to face ; but the guiding hand, which led Mr. Fullerton to settle as pastor of the church at Melbourne Hall, Leicester, has also guided and upheld me throughout the year. Not a single Mission has been held without manifest tokens of the divine blessing in the conversion of souls, and in the quickening of our church members. With but few exceptions, my work has been carried on in fellowship with the pastors, mostly "our own men," and our united efforts have been concentrated upon the churches, and the neighbourhoods in which they are placed. The results have been most encouraging ; for the sheaves have been garnered, and the work has been zealously followed up. Letters of thanks have not only been received by myself, but pastors have written to the Presidents of the College and the Conference Association. To God be all the glory !

While it is impossible to tabulate results, I may mention the principal places visited during the year.

Hastings Railway Mission.—Crowded services were held amongst a class of men whose opportunities for attending the ordinary means of grace are limited. Many decisions for Christ were recorded.

Stockton-on-Tees.—Here the work was carried on in conjunction with our brother, Pastor T. L. Edwards and the members of his church. It was my joy to meet with many who were brought to the Lord during a Mission conducted by Mr. A. J. Clarke and myself seventeen years before : several who were drunkards at that time are now in good positions, and several are actively engaged in Christian work. In a letter Mr. Edwards wrote to the President, he says, "It has been a season of refreshing to us ; both believers and unbelievers have been blessed."

Islington.—The services were held in the Presbyterian church, of which Dr. Thain Davidson was formerly the minister. The present Pastor, Rev. Henry Norwell, entered very heartily into the work, and the Mission was successful throughout.

Bath.—Brother Hamilton is a Pastors' College man, with whom it is a joy to labour. During the first part of the Mission he was absent, through ill-health, but he was able to return towards the close, and to share in our joy over the salvation of souls.

Retford.—Here the prospect at the outset was not encouraging, as the chapel is "out of the way" ; but we are glad to report that the success of the Mission rebuked the fears which had been expressed, for seven professed conversion. The minister, brother S. Skingle, is one of "our own men," and he was greatly cheered and helped.

St. Albans.—Services were held in the Tabernacle, which is a

testimony in itself to the devoted labours of the Pastor, our brother H. W. Taylor. Both pastor and people were most earnest in their co-operation throughout the Mission.

Farsley.—The Baptist chapel here is really a Nonconformist Cathedral, capable of holding 2,000 people: and it was crowded throughout the Mission. Many came out on the Lord's side.

Hendon.—Our brother, H. O. Mackey, and his helpers entered very heartily into the work of the Mission, and had the joy of witnessing "the power of the Lord to heal." It was a time of refreshing to us all.

Norwich.—This was a united Mission, and I had the great joy of Mr. Fullerton's fellowship for several days. Testimony to the success of the work has been borne by those who shared in the labour as well as by those who received a blessing.

Llandudno.—It was a pleasure to visit our brother, Mr. Raymond, and to have his loving co-operation at all the services, which were well attended. The Lord wrought with us, "confirming the Word with signs following."

Taunton.—Pastor Levi Palmer's Men's Bible-class is an inspiration in itself; and with the aid of this holy band of workers we expected a good time, and we had one never to be forgotten!

Niton, Isle of Wight.—Our brother Mr. Bateman, and his people, gave us a hearty welcome, and the work was most encouraging.

Nottingham.—For three Sundays the services were conducted in the Albert Hall, and on week-nights in the Circus Hall. Souls were saved, and God glorified.

Leeds.—Mr. Fullerton and myself were invited to take part in a united effort of the Nonconformist Churches. To me it was a happy week; but with four meetings a day, I could not but feel the strain of the work. The success of this Mission will long remain a joyful memory to all concerned.

Bournemouth.—The meetings were held in the Lansdowne chapel, brother W. C. Minifie, pastor; and they were marvellously attended. Seekers were dealt with at the close of every service, the front seats being vacated to make room for them. Many thus confessed Christ before the congregation, an ordeal from which there was no disposition to shrink.

Tabernacle Watch-Night Service.—For many years I have taken part in this service; and as often as possible I have attended the Monday-night prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle.

In looking forward to service in connection with the churches, I would bespeak the continued sympathy and prayers of the brethren, that "the Word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified."

J. MANTON SMITH.

Mr. Burnham's Report.

Seventeen years have passed since our late beloved President pressed me into this holy, happy service; and I can honestly say, I love the work more warmly to-day than the first day I entered upon it; and

nothing but failing health or stern necessity will ever tempt me to forsake it.

The past year has been full of joy and blessing in the work ; and scarcely a place has been visited, but God has been pleased to smile upon our efforts, and grant us "signs following" the Word.

We have been specially cheered by repeatedly meeting with results, "after many days," of which we knew nothing at the time. In one place, *e.g.*, we received valuable help, in public prayer and at after-meetings, from one (now a Scripture-Reader to West-End infirmariés), who dated her conversion to our visit to her home twenty-one years ago. On another occasion, as helpers were distributing handbills in the street, a lady took one, and exclaimed, on seeing the evangelist's portrait, "Why, that is Mr. Burnham!"

"Do you know him?" asked our friend.

"Indeed, I do ; for I was led to Christ in his work, eleven years ago!"

A specially interesting case was that of a minister who called. Grasping my hand, he exclaimed, "I have wanted this opportunity for years ; I claim you as my spiritual father. Thirteen years ago I was led to Christ in your work in Yorkshire ; since then, I have passed through College, and am now minister of a London church. On behalf of my deacons and church, I have called to secure you for a fortnight's Mission with us."

I must mention what peculiar joy was mine, after twenty years' longing, to visit the place of my conversion, and there conduct a three weeks' Mission, which God was pleased to use for His glory.

One engagement (March 17-25) I was obliged to forego, and send brother Pilling as a substitute, on account of my dear wife's serious illness. With this exception, I have been enabled, in good health, and without a day's failure (thanks to last summer's trip to the "Sunny South"), to fulfil the following rather lengthy list of engagements :—Harringay, St. Ann's Chapel, Modbury ; Kent (among the hop-pickers) ; Peterchurch (3rd visit), Bayswater, Caton (2nd visit), Chiswick (2nd visit), Slough, Southall, Atch Lench (2nd visit), Dunnington (2nd visit), Harvington (2nd visit), Stow-on-the-Wold, Willington, Repton, Barton Fabis ; besides casual Sunday engagements at Dawley, Brentford, Yalding, and Miss Watney's Hall at Croydon.

JOHN BURNHAM.

Mr. Harmer's Report.

Another year's service for the Master has passed away. It has been a year of joy and sorrow ; joy in the work of leading souls to Christ, sorrow by being laid aside so much through sickness. Thanks be unto our Lord, I am now well and strong, and hard at work. Dear Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon has taken over a part of the evangelistic work, and she has met with very hearty support ; friends are still much interested in the needs of the churches in the country districts, and generous help has been forthcoming. The

churches still send more invitations than we can entertain, and in most cases there seems to be a healthy tone among the members, and a desire to see the Redeemer's Kingdom extended by the ingathering of souls.

During the time of my sickness, our brother, Mr. Pilling, was disengaged, and able to take my engagements at Dudley and Melton Mowbray. Very cheering reports have come to hand as to the results of his work and faithful preaching of the Gospel. Mr. Chamberlain was also able to take up the work at Drummond Road when my health broke down. The good hand of the Lord has been with us, and the year closes with praise and thanksgiving. During the season I have conducted evangelistic services at the undermentioned places :— Bromley (Mr. Hodder's Hall); the Mariners' Church, Antwerp; Poole, Dorsetshire; Miss Watney's Hall, South Croydon; Nottingham Tabernacle; Monkwearmouth; Yarmouth; Southwell, and Newark, Notts; Burnley and Colne, Lancashire; Old Basford, Notts; South Croydon; Drummond Road, Bermondsey; Auckland Hall, Norwood; Ross, Herefordshire; Alfreton, Derbyshire; and Millom, Cumberland.

A. A. HARMER.

MR. J. S. HARRISON has preached at the following places during the past twelve months :— Chomley Hall, Highgate; John Street, Edgware Road; Westbourne Grove Baptist Chapel. In March and November, at Miss Watney's Hall, Croydon; Polytechnic, Regent Street; Catford Baptist Chapel; Vernon Chapel, King's Cross; Devonshire Square Chapel; Montague Street, Blackburn; St. Giles's Christian Mission; Great Assembly Hall, Mile End; Stratford Conference Hall; Stratford Town Hall; Baptist Chapel, Praed Street, Edgware Road; Aldersgate Street Y.M.C.A.; Auckland Hall, Norwood; Springfield Hall, Tottenham, and Dalston Junction Baptist Chapel.

The Work of the Pioneer Mission.

WE are thankful to God that the object for which our Mission was commenced is being more and more realized, and many souls have been saved, especially in connection with some of our centres. Weak, struggling, and, in some cases, almost closed churches, are by the gracious blessing of God being helped spiritually, numerically, and financially. What our late dear President said years ago is truer than ever to-day :—"This Mission work is most important. . . . New churches are springing up through his [Mr. Carter's] efforts."

We have been used of God in a number of the English counties, having helped in two places in Dorsetshire, three in Lincolnshire, one in Cheshire, one in Hampshire, one in Middlesex, one in Staffordshire, one in Leicestershire, and, at least, five in Lancashire.

And now we have been led to undertake work in Scotland in connection with Mr. MacGregor's Dunoon Mission Training College;

namely, at Largs and Gourrock. We have commenced work in Glasgow, namely, at Partick and Govan ; both large populations, where there are many to be reached. Our work in these and other places has been, by the providence of God, made possible by the generous help given us for the special purpose by Mr. R. Cory ; and the whole undertaking is, we believe, clearly the leading of God and a very definite answer to prayer.

Pastor Morley, at New Brighton ; Pastor Westlake, at Douglas, Isle of Man ; and Pastor Jones, at Farnworth, are doing well. Pastor Frank Russell (late of Hull) has taken up the work at Sharon Hall, Liverpool. These brethren are all Pastors' College men ; but in charge of some of our missions and churches are some brethren from Dunoon, and others who have not yet been to College. In all cases, however, the whole Mission is, under God, the outcome of the influence of our late beloved President and his College ; for we hail from that. To God be the glory for the influence he had and still has upon us.

We are now about to take up a place in London, and probably two or more in other parts, and we are expecting the money for many more : *so says faith in the providence and promises of God.*

We thank all who have helped us and prayed for us, including our many Tabernacle friends.

E. A. CARTER.

[Contributions for the "Pioneer Mission" may be addressed to the Treasurer, Mr. Robert Hayward, "Oreston," 104, Bolingbroke Grove, Wandsworth Common, S.W., or to the Pastors' College, for Mr. E. A. Carter.]

SUMMARY OF RESULTS.

DURING the past thirty-nine years, nine 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 (one hundred and 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 seven hundred and forty-eight brethren. Of these, six hundred and sixty-four 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	928
,, now in our ranks as Pastors, Missionaries, and Evangelists	664
,, without Pastorates, but regularly engaged in the work of the Lord	30
,, not now engaged in the work, but useful in secular callings	28
,, Educated for other Denominations	2
,, Dead—(Pastors, 92 ; Students, 10)...	102
,, Permanently Invalid	14
,, Names removed from the College List for various reasons	88

To this "summary" the late beloved President in one of the Reports appended the following note :—"The last were not removed from our list in all cases from causes which imply any dishonour, for many of them are doing good service to the common Lord under some other banner. We are sorry for their leaving us, and surprised that they should change their views ; but this also is one of those mysteries of human life which are beyond our control." We ought to add, that for years past we have lost all traces of many of those referred to, and have reason to believe that several of them are dead.

STATISTICS

INCREASE.

Return for the year.	Number of Pastors making re- turns.	By Baptism.	By Profes- sion of Faith.	By Letters from other Churches	By Restora- tion.	Total Increase.
1865	71	1,224	224	367	47	1,862
1866	101	1,774	218	544	51	2,587
1867	121	2,098	208	593	67	2,966
1868	140	2,175	186	529	43	2,933
1869	150	1,958	244	670	92	2,964
1870	157	2,032	236	602	73	2,943
1871	169	1,768	299	648	72	2,787
1872	172	2,053	222	741	98	3,114
1873	197	2,633	334	899	150	4,016
1874	230	3,173	358	1,134	109	4,774
1875	237	4,284	317	1,242	208	6,051
1876	264	3,752	456	1,322	148	5,678
1877	283	3,655	479	1,456	193	5,783
1878	296	3,600	557	1,655	142	5,954
1879	305	3,479	701	1,631	121	5,932
1880	330	3,950	699	1,723	156	6,528
1881	363	4,642	838	2,196	232	7,908
1882	387	5,000	935	2,014	203	8,152
1883	387	5,008	1,065	2,046	191	8,310
1884	397	5,338	880	2,126	257	8,601
1885	398	5,522	1,020	2,338	305	9,185
1886	421	4,852	968	2,451	236	8,507
1887	381	5,014	1,022	2,258	299	8,693
1888	391	4,180	1,029	2,121	200	7,530
1889	385	4,880	1,125	2,197	308	8,510
1890	414	3,991	1,382	2,368	206	7,947
1891	406	4,000	1,153	2,238	192	7,583
1892	413	4,493	1,255	2,647	168	8,563
1893	402*	4,532	869	2,341	216	7,959
1894	416	4,892	1,356	2,313	223	8,784
TOTAL . . .		113,784	21,772	49,549	5,195	190,300

* The discrepancy between the figures for 1893 in this year's Report and that of 1894, is due to the addition of 14 returns received too late for insertion last year.

OF THE CHURCHES.						
DECREASE.						
By Death.	By Dis- mission to other Churches.	By Exclusion.	By Erasure for Non- Attendance.	Total Decrease.	CLEAR INCREASE.	Total Number of Members in Church Fellowship.
100	195	89	67	451	1,411	7,359
133	309	168	111	721	1,866	10,222
138	347	93	150	728	2,238	12,502
158	364	92	257	871	2,062	14,716
202	433	79	404	1,118	1,846	15,784
234	460	84	511	1,289	1,654	17,536
295	495	94	417	1,301	1,486	18,640
255	580	95	416	1,346	1,768	19,925
337	731	88	455	1,611	2,405	24,435
368	813	134	486	1,801	2,973	29,746
426	886	119	534	1,965	4,086	32,263
446	943	172	902	2,463	3,215	35,812
447	1,121	146	921	2,635	3,148	39,121
487	1,097	114	1,095	2,793	3,161	39,951
487	1,279	159	1,402	3,327	2,605	42,324
500	1,386	156	1,354	3,496	3,032	46,185
636	1,608	225	1,270	3,739	4,169	53,660
654	1,650	200	1,670	4,174	3,978	56,264
699	1,871	153	1,769	4,492	3,818	59,524
738	1,788	174	1,959	4,659	3,942	62,478
748	2,113	402	2,046	5,309	3,876	67,334
829	2,167	246	1,964	5,206	3,301	71,266
708	1,747	308	1,890	4,653	4,040	63,419
674	2,019	245	1,871	4,809	2,721	61,010
742	1,940	174	1,783	4,639	3,871	66,851
726	2,045	124	1,897	4,792	3,155	74,808
728	1,886	117	2,069	4,800	2,783	63,211
735	1,998	127	1,729	4,589	3,974	65,540
762	1,899	118	1,926	4,705	3,253	66,205
832	2,349	152	2,772	6,105	2,679	74,693
15,923	40,362	4,768	38,091	99,154	91,146	

416 Churches furnish returns for 1894: of these, 284 show an average increase of 13 members per church; 100 an average decrease of 10 members per church; 32 show the same numbers as in previous return; thus giving an average INCREASE OF 6 MEMBERS PER CHURCH.

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JAMES HALL,
FRANK THOMPSON, } *Auditors.*

PASTORS' COLLEGE SOCIETY OF EVANGELISTS.

Account for the Year 1894.

RECEIPTS.			PAYMENTS.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
To Donations ...	112	13 6	By Salaries ...	480	0 0
„ Contributions from Churches visited	162	7 1	„ Travelling Expenses ...	54	3 4
	275	0 7	„ Printing ...	5	10 0
To balance in hand January 1st, 1894	146	16 11			
	421	17 6			
To balance Deficit, December 31st, 1894	117	15 10			
	£539	13 4		£539	13 4

J. A. SPURGEON, *Treasurer.*

E. H. BARTLETT, *Secretary.*

Audited and approved, March 27th, 1895. { JAMES HALL, FRANK THOMPSON, } *Auditors.*

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LOAN BUILDING AND RESERVE FUND.

Account for the Year 1894.

RECEIPTS.			PAYMENTS.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
To Balance in hand, January 1st, 1894 ...	729	9 4	By Loans to Churches :—		
„ Repayments of Loans ...	1,116	7 2	Southgate ...	250	0 0
			Wimbledon ...	500	0 0
	£1,845	18 0			
				750	0 0
			Balance in hand, December 31st, 1894	1,095	16 6
				£1,845	16 6

	£	s. d.
Loans outstanding, December 31st, 1894 ...	4,022	7 10
Cash Balance in hand „ „ ...	1,095	16 6
Total of Fund ...	£5,118	4 4

T. H. OLNEY, *Treasurer.*

Audited and approved, March 27th, 1895. { FRANK THOMPSON, JAMES HALL, } *Auditors.*

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

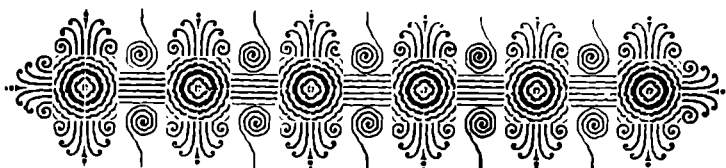
Statement of Account from January 1st to December 31st, 1894.

RECEIPTS.				PAYMENTS.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Donations	199	8	9	By Salaries and Travelling			
„ Contributions from				Expenses of Dr.			
Churches visited by Mr.				Churcher & Mr. Patrick	398	18	2
Patrick and Dr. Churcher	50	7	3	„ Printing... ..	4	0	0
„ Collection at Special				„ Cost of Collecting-boxes	5	2	0
Meeting at Tabernacle	52	6	3	„ Mr. Wigstone (Spanish			
„ Contribution from Ml.				Mission)	20	0	0
Dunn's Men's Bible-							
class, for Mr. Wigstone					428	0	2
(Spanish Mission) ...	20	0	0				
	322	2	3				
„ Balance in hand,				„ Balance in hand,			
January 1st, 1894	307	16	5	December 31st, 1894	201	18	6
	£629	18	8		£629	18	8

Examined and found correct,

February 12th, 1895.

JAMES HALL, }
FRANK THOMPSON, } *Auditors.*



THE

Sword and the Trowel.


JULY, 1893.

Unpublished Notes of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons.

REPORTED BY PASTOR T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

No. XII. Delivered at Elgin Place Church, Glasgow, in November, 1864.

"Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord."—John xx. 20.

- I. IRST, dear friends, notice that THE DISCIPLES SAW THE LORD AS DIVINE. "The doors were shut where the disciples were assembled." "Then came Jesus and stood in the midst." How did He enter? Only as God. Suspending the laws of matter, He passed into the room, for there was no aperture through which He might enter. The disciples saw him standing "in the midst"—manifestly revealed as God. We all believe in Jesus as God; that is a doctrine concerning which we have no hesitancy or doubt. *Have we all seen Him as God? Have we seen the Christ as Jehovah-Jesus, as Jehovah-tsidkenu, "The Lord our Righteousness"?* We should soon get rid of our doubts and fears if we saw Jesus thus; if we were leaning on the strong arm of the omnipotent Saviour. The eternal, invisible God is revealed in the Lord Jesus. Our doubts and fears come because we think too little of Jesus Christ, and do not worship Him as God. If we estimated Him at His true value, we should have no troubles, but should rejoice in casting all our care on Him who careth for us.

On the eve of a great battle, a certain commander went round

the camp to the tents of his soldiers. Stopping outside one tent, he listened to the conversation, and heard the soldiers talking together somewhat in this strain,—“We are in great difficulties now. Our commander has brought us into a place of peril. There are so many thousands of the enemy's cavalry, so many regiments of the line, such a force of infantry; they will certainly overcome our small forces.” The commander, drawing aside the tent curtains, said, “How many do you count me for?” It was as though he had said, “I have fought so many battles, I have won so many victories, surely I can overcome these foes.” Our Lord and Master, the Captain of our salvation, might well say to us when we are doubting and desponding, “*How many do you count Me for?*” Estimate your Lord at His proper value, and you will see that more are they that are for us than all that can be against us. “If God be for us, who can be against us?” When, by faith, you have once had a true view of Christ as God, you will see every mountain full of horses and chariots of fire round about His people.

II. Next, THE DISCIPLES SAW THE LORD AS THE GREAT PEACE-BESTOWER. Jesus said unto them, “Peace be unto you.”

I trust that wondrous sight is no strange vision to your eyes and mine. Do you remember the time when Jesus first spake “peace” to your soul? I may be talking riddles to some here; I perceive that they are simplicities to many of you. Do you remember that sacred spot where Jesus first met with you? Some among us can point to the hallowed place, where, when we were burdened with sin, and full of woes, we saw One hanging on a tree, who turned His dying eyes on us, and said, “I bore your sins, and carried your iniquities,” and then our souls had perfect peace. Dark and terrible was the night when all our sins were let loose against us, when, like the sea in a storm, we had no sort of quiet; then Jesus came, and walked upon the troubled waters, and said to our sins, “Peace, be still,” and suddenly there was a great calm, so deep, so profound, that it seemed an earnest of the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

Since that time, we have had many troubles; again and again have we been cast into the depths, and we have done business in the great waters; but whenever Christ has come, we have had peace. No matter even if we have had enemies in our own household, and stern conflicts in our own nature, and little else to rest on than God, still we have had peace, perfect peace. When all earthly props have been dashed from under us, we have found the name of Jesus sufficient to give us sweetest solace. His presence is enough to give us sunlight, even in the darkest night. Jesus is enough to fill us to the brim, even when every earthly cistern has been emptied and broken. O believer, see to it that you never seek peace anywhere but in your Lord! May it be your happy privilege to see the Lord, and to hear Him say, “Peace be unto you!” Christian, the tear is in thine eye, thine heart is palpitating, thou hast had a great loss; thou art expecting a greater one; or a sharp trial has fallen upon thee unexpectedly. Brother, speed thee away to the chamber of communion; tarry there a little season with thy door shut. Presently thou shalt come forth, thy face wreathed with smiles, thy step elastic, thy heart glad, and

thou shalt say, "Now I am full of peace, for I have seen the Lord. I have told Him in prayer all my griefs and sorrows. I have meditated on His way, so much rougher and darker than mine; and now I feel that, if He could thus suffer for me, I must not, I dare not repine at my own lot. Here and now I am filled with gladness, for I have seen the Lord."

III. Thirdly, THE DISCIPLES SAW THE LORD SENDING THEM OUT TO WORK. Jesus said to them, "As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you."

I fear there are very many of our church-members who have not yet seen the Lord thus, as the great Sender-out of His people into the world to do good. Did it ever startle you to think what a little, comparatively, the Church of God is doing for Christ in these days? Twelve poor men, within the first century, had traversed every land, and proclaimed the gospel in every tongue, till it seemed as if the Christians would soon out-number the heathen population of the known world. We have, I was about to say, millions of church-members, and I suppose we have not less than millions all the world over; yet, what are we doing for Christ? Hardly anything, in comparison with what the early Christians did. We keep up our chapels and our churches;—and there are some who are hard-pressed even to do that;—but how few we have who feel the force of the divine commission within them, how few there are who are fully consecrated to Christ, wholly dedicated to His service, sent into the world by Christ, even as Christ was sent into the world by His Father! In some of our Baptist churches,—and I expect things are about as bad in other denominations,—there are people who, when they take a seat, attend once, or occasionally twice, on the Lord's-day, listen listlessly to the sermon, and come out now and again to a week-evening service, think they have done all that is required of them. Ask them why they do not come to the prayer-meeting, and they "with one consent" begin to make excuse. Ask them to give to the missionary society, and they say they have "so many calls" upon them, though I half suspect that they never listen to the said "calls." They do not teach in the Sunday-school, nor visit the sick, nor distribute tracts. "Not they, indeed!" They think themselves to be too respectable ever to do anything for Christ! The idea of working for Christ has never come into their minds; their chief business is to find fault with other people who do work, and to criticize them. The Lord deliver us from the do-nothing, grumbling, complaining church-members!

We want men who, having seen the Lord, henceforth feel that they have nothing to care about but Christ. They know that He has delivered them from death, from sin, from guilt, from wrath; that they now have joy, and peace, and everlasting life, which shall be crowned with eternal glory, and therefore they must spend and be spent for their Saviour. Such men are a power in the world, and in the Church. The missionary, with his life in his hand, who lands on the barbarian shore, to teach the savage how to pray, is one who, surely, must have seen the Lord. The humble woman, who, leaving all the quiet and retirement of the fireside, goes out to labour among the poor

and worthless, that she may lift them from degradation, and teach them to know and love Jesus, is surely a woman who has seen the Lord. The merchant, who has gone out to make wealth, but only that his wealth should be Christ's, who has traded for Jesus, that is a man who must certainly have seen the Lord.

In all our churches we want members who will work for Jesus Christ, members like that aged saint, who was wont to say that he did eat and drink and sleep eternal life. He had become so thoroughly consecrated to the Lord, that he trusted he did nothing except for Jesus. God help us thus to devote ourselves, all that we have, all that we are, and all that we hope to be, to Christ Jesus, for time and for eternity!

Some of our church-members remind us very forcibly of that passage in Job, where it is written, "The oxen were plowing, and the asses feeding beside them." There is no small number belonging to that latter class in our churches at the present time, those who are too well content to be "*feeding*" everlastingly, but as for doing any of the work of the church, they will sit still, leaving God to do it, or others to do it, but they do not so much as touch any work themselves. What will these church-members do at the coming of the Son of man? When Christ cometh to gather together His people, when the tree shall be known by its fruit, when He shall come "whose fan is in His hand, and He will thoroughly purge His floor, and gather His wheat into the garner; but He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire," what shall these unprofitable servants do in that day? What shall they do who have hidden their talent in the earth, and kept back their Lord's money? What shall these do, whose crown, if they ever have one, shall be without a star? What shall these do, who have never been spiritual progenitors in Israel, but barren and unfruitful; these selfish ones, ice-bound and frost-bound in the nakedness of their own little spirits? Oh, may the Lord have mercy upon all such now! May they from this time see the Lord as sending them out to work, even as Christ Himself was sent out by His Father!

IV. Once more, THE DISCIPLES SAW THE LORD INVESTING THEM WITH POWER AND ABILITY TO WORK. "He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

Christ never gives commands without also giving strength for obedience to His commands. To know our mission, and not have the power to fulfil it, would be misery indeed. We must, therefore, if we are to be useful in Christ's service, see the Lord bestowing upon us all the power we need for the work. Dear friends, I know not how many of you have in this sense seen the Lord. When a man has once experienced the influence of the Holy Spirit of God, he is lifted up above the common race of mankind, the level of ordinary humanity. Other men deliberate, and are cautious or afraid; but the Spirit-possessed man dashes forward. When others labour, there is not the effect there is in his work. True Christians are not like the men mentioned in Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, who steered the ships, and held the ropes, but were dead men still. The man with the Holy Ghost within him is all-alive, and therefore is mighty. Heaven yields to him; man is plastic in his hands, like clay in the hands of the

potter; and the earth trembles before him, for the man is mighty when God fills him with His Spirit.

V. "Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord." Now let us enquire,—HOW AND WHERE CAN WE SEE THE LORD?

And I would reply,—Not in dreams and visions. Some people talk about what they see when they are asleep; I would rather by half know what they do when they are awake. I do not think it matters much what our disordered brains dream about when we sleep; we have something more important to think of than those flimsy flights of fancy, those vagaries of restless imaginations.

First, *we can see the Lord in sacred Scripture.* Augustine said truly:—"The Scriptures are the swaddling-bands of the child Christ Jesus." Here, as we unwrap the Scriptures, we behold the Lord. "He feedeth among the lilies," and these Books of the Bible are "beds of lilies" and of "sweet spices" where He reposes. Often have we seen the Lord in the ancient types, in the Psalms, in the Prophets, in the Evangelists, in the Epistles. The Holy Scriptures are like a looking-glass. If we look up to heaven, we cannot see the Lord yonder; but if we cast our eyes down upon this glass, then He looketh down from heaven in the glass, and, as in a glass darkly, we see Him mirrored, and we are content to wait for the time to come, when we shall see Him, face to face, in His own eternal kingdom.

Next, *we see the Lord in the Word preached.* If we do not see the Lord in the preaching, the preaching is worthless. A sermon without Christ! If you hear one such, it is your misfortune; if you hear another from the same preacher, it is your sin! Never give a minister an opportunity to preach two sermons to you without Jesus Christ in them. Such a preacher is too clever for a true child of God. If a baker makes bread without flour, do not eat his bread, unless you wish to be poisoned. If a man is clever enough to preach Christless sermons, do not injure yourself by listening to him. Listen to an illiterate, blundering, uncouth minister, who can only throw out his sentences about Jesus in rough order, rather than to a polished, intellectual, learned preacher, who is so clever and such an ornate orator that he can do without our blessed Lord and Master. A minister should ever be "as Moses" who "lifted up the serpent in the wilderness," that the serpent-bitten and dying might look and live.

Again, *we see the Lord in Scriptural baptism*; not in baby sprinkling, but when the believer is "buried with Him by baptism into death," and "planted together in the likeness of His death" and "of His resurrection." The believer, when he is baptized, is not regenerated by baptism, not "made a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven," as infants are erroneously said to be in the Church of England Prayer Book Catechism. The believer knows he has no right to be baptized until he is regenerated, until he is saved; but, being saved, he sees in his baptism an appropriate emblem of his union with his Lord in His death, His burial, and His resurrection. He has died with Christ, he has been buried with Christ, he is risen again with Christ, and thus in his baptism he is glad, because he has seen the Lord.

So, *in the Lord's supper, how glad we are when we see the Lord Himself!*

What views we have there of Jesus! There we have "the communion of the blood of Christ," and "the communion of the body of Christ." Also, *in private, solitary communings, we have seen the Lord.* There are times when Jesus is specially near to us in our solitude. Oh, that we could have more of such seasons!

In varied scenes we may see the Lord. Abraham saw the Lord as a wayfaring man. Moses saw the Lord in the bush that burned with fire, and was not consumed. Jacob saw the Lord, and the Lord wrestled with him at Jabbok. Joshua saw the Lord as captain of the host. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego saw the Lord in the furnace of fire. Daniel saw the Lord in the den of lions. We often see the Lord in the chamber of affliction, in the home of bereavement, and in the habitation of poverty. We see the Lord, who "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin," we "therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

We see the Lord from different points of view, first one way and then the other. Perhaps, in the darkest hour we shall ever have, we shall see the Lord the best. In the worst affliction that shall ever come sweeping over our heads, like big waves threatening to destroy us for ever, it may be *that* will be the very time when we shall see the Lord more clearly than we have ever before beheld Him, or than we ever shall behold Him, till "we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." Happy is that trial, that affliction, which enables us to say the better, "We have seen the Lord."

VI. Lastly, IF WE HAVE SEEN THE LORD, WHAT THEN? Let us go at once, and say unto Thomas, "We have seen the Lord." Do not begin to make excuses for not telling Thomas. Do not say, "I love retirement; I could not speak, I am so bashful." No doubt modesty is a great virtue; but I am not quite certain that it is the greatest virtue a soldier can exhibit. Remember, that by your profession you are a soldier of Christ; and we do not usually think that soldiers ought to be so modest as to be ashamed to show their faces in the day of battle. There are too many nominally Christian people who are far too modest in this way. Shake off just so much of your retiring modesty as may not be necessary to your usefulness, and dare to say something for your Lord, who bled, suffered, agonized, and died for your salvation. What was that I heard you say? "I never did tell anyone what I have felt." That is the very reason why you should begin at once, this very hour.

I have done; only that I fear there are some here who have never seen the Lord at all. What shall I say to *them*? I preach the gospel to them. Here it is in our Lord's own words: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." To believe Jesus Christ is to trust in Him, to rely upon Him. Whosoever trusts his soul on Christ Jesus is saved. However black his sin may have been, the moment the sinner trusts in Jesus, he is saved; his sin is gone, the Holy Spirit enters into him, he becomes at once an heir of a glorious immortality, and he shall see the face of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in the glory everlasting. May the Lord add His blessing, for Jesus' sake! Amen.

The Upper Springs ; or, the Best Source of Joy.

SERMON PREACHED AT THE EIGHTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE
PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, BY THE PRESIDENT,
THOMAS SPURGEON.

"Notwithstanding in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven."—Luke x. 20.

THERE is nothing here, nor indeed throughout the whole of the Scriptures, prohibitive of joy. Our Father is "The happy God." "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth"—that is, God Himself rejoices, the angels doubtless sharing in His gladness. All nature proves that Jehovah is a happy God. The glistening heavens and the listening earth, the verdant ground and the vocal air, the glimmering sunbeams and the shimmering sea, all say that God is glad, and that He is glad to have His children glad. For this purpose the stars twinkle, and the birds warble, and the brooks babble, for God desires to shed His joy in all His creatures' hearts. Jesus also rejoiced, "Man of Sorrows" though He was. That face which was so marred more than any man's, lit up with gladness oftentimes. It is true, there are not frequent records of His joy, but there is one, the one that we have read of, which surely indicates that, even in the furrows of that careworn face, light and joy were sown. Like a fresh-water fountain in the sea,—and I remember how our late dear President used to be pleased to point out, off the coast of Mentone, such a phenomenon,—like a fresh-water fountain rising in the sea, Christ Jesus' gladness showed itself ever and anon, despite the surging sea of sorrow that surrounded Him. The Holy Spirit is joyful, too. It was not without reason that, as we read the passage, I stayed a moment to remind you that when Jesus rejoiced, it was not merely in His spirit, but in the Holy Spirit, for so the Revised Version, I think correctly, has it. The fruit of the Spirit is love, *joy*, peace, and so on. They are not separate fruits; they are various sections of the same fruit, like the sections of the orange enveloped in the single peel. God would have His children happy, for He is happy Himself. Father, Son, and Holy Spirit are ever glad.

But He would have us cultivate a spiritual joy. We have said that psalm-singers need not be miserable. We will say, on the other hand, with James, "Is any merry? let him sing psalms." There must, however be a wide, wide difference between the merriment of the worldling, and the holy mirth of the redeemed one! The joy of the wicked is as the crackling of nettles under kettles,—a revised version, if you will, but one that conveys, I believe, more really than our accepted one, the alliterative assonance, the play upon words, of the original. How soon the nettles are consumed, and what black smoke and ill-looking ashes remain behind! But there is no reason why the good man should not be a glad man; there is every reason why he should be of all men the gladdest.

But, brethren, there are degrees even of spiritual joy, and we desire to know the best sort, rising from the purest causes. "I have spoken

unto you," said Jesus, "that My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." Be joyful, by all manner of means, beloved; but see to it that your joy is of a spiritual sort, see to it also that you get the best even of that sort. You know from whom to derive it. Ask for Christ's joy, and *see that you get it*, for there are imitations, worthless imitations, even of this holy commodity.

In order that our joy may be of the brightest and best, Jesus regulates, and qualifies, and controls it. His disciples—seventy of them—came back with beaming faces and leaping hearts. He did not put a damper on their gladness, but He did endeavour to show them how it might be ennobled. Happy is he who, having an ear for music, secures the services of a master of the art lest he play all too crudely, or sing without expression. They had learned to play and sing, but Jesus takes them still in hand, and seems to say, "You need training yet. Joy, joy, joy, by all means shall be yours, but let it be of the best available sort. To this end, let Me tell you not to rejoice so much in your success in service, as in the fact that you yourselves are servants and sons of the Most High God. I would have you drink of the upper rather than of the nether springs." "Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say rejoice."

There is first, then, *correction*: "Notwithstanding in this rejoice not," and secondly, *instruction and direction*: "Rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven."

I. First, concerning THE CORRECTION. Jesus receives the seventy graciously, and He loves them freely, too, for He confirms their gifts and powers. "Behold I give unto you," said He, "power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy: and nothing shall by any means hurt you. I rejoice in the power that you have had and that you have exercised, and to show My joy in that, I confirm, and strengthen, and increase those gifts." Then He corrects and qualifies their exuberance. We know that it is no mark of love to leave correction out, but rather that love shines brightest in what seems to some a sombre sky. When the bright light is in the cloud it is bright indeed.

1. Notice that *He did not forbid their joy*, nor blame them for their smiles. That would have been far from Him. The negative is not absolute, but comparative. There was good reason for their joy. Had they not been commissioned in the service of the King? Had they not come back with the first stains of strife upon their new uniform which He Himself had given them? Had they not been out upon His Father's business? And He who when He was but a lad rejoiced to do His Father's business, and almost rebuked those who seemed to wonder at Him, would surely be the very first to rejoice in the joy that doing Father's business brought these faithful sons of His. Yonder is a rough man digging in his garden, trying to eradicate the weeds, and his little lad is playing beside him. Every now and then the child attempts to lift a weed from the pathway, or the plot. Probably he pulls its head off instead of raising it by the roots, but he comes and drops it into the rubbish basket which his father is quickly filling, and says to him, "Am I helping you, father?" What, think you, does the rough man say? He says

"Yes," with a smile to give it emphasis. Was that strictly true? I am not careful to enquire as to the exactness of his answer. He wanted to encourage his little lad in helping father, and if the help was so minute that outsiders question the veracity of his reply, you and I, who have felt the same, excuse the man, and say he showed his nobleness by letting the little lad do what he could. And Jesus was not going to stop these men from serving Father even though they did it poorly and badly. He Himself knew the joy of being His Father's servant, and He delighted that His disciples should share that infinite gladness. Brethren, they who have served God longest love His service most! One man said that he would gladly be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord, and another went beyond him with a hyperbole of love when he said, "I would be a doormat, if I could serve Him better." Moreover, these men had been singularly successful in their work; therefore had they an extra reason to rejoice. They seemed to have been well received. It is true, Christ sent them out as lambs amongst wolves; but it looks as if the mouths of the wolves had remained shut. We have no record at all events, of any ill reception. They had met more sons of peace than they expected. Moreover, they had been helped to bring health back to many a sick one. What joy it must have been to see the light gleaming in the eye that was so dim, and the colour returning to the cheek that was so pallid! We hope, too, that some had believed the message that "the kingdom" had come nigh to them. In any case, they had not been unsuccessful, it is evident, in their mission, and they could not help rejoicing. I tell you, brethren, that if they had tried to bottle up their joy they could not have succeeded, for springs like this must find some vent. Christ knew this, and loved to see them glad. Let me remind you, too, that they had had some surprising results. More than was promised appears to have been granted. Well, that often happens because "He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think," and above all even that He has promised and is pledged to do. This is the highest note in their song of triumph, "Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through Thy name. We did not expect that. We did hope and believe that we should heal the sick, and that some would receive the message of the kingdom, but this marvellous influence that Thou hast granted us has brought us ten-fold joy." All this was perfectly legitimate, and Jesus smiled upon it.

2. Yet *Christ declared that their joy was somewhat defective.* To their intense surprise, I suppose, He pointed out a flaw. Oh, how apt we are to think that what is of us is well-nigh perfect, that what is ours is all it should be! We took an old-fashioned ornament to the jeweller, and asked him to value it. He submitted it to the usual tests, and said, "I can allow you nought for this,—it is not gold at all." Or in another case he declared, and we had no reason to doubt his verdict, that what we thought was eighteen carat was only ten carat. That is what happened here. They came back saying, "Lord we have good cause for gladness now." "Well," He said, "let us put it to the test," and when that test was solemnly applied, He had to say, "This is not the real thing; at least, it is not the best thing. It is good for what it is, and for what it professes to be, but

there is something infinitely better than this. There is a dead fly in this ointment. The trail of the serpent is on even this fair flower. It is not altogether satisfactory." Oh, brethren, we must bring all our work, and even our success, to God for His inspection! I read, the other day, that there is a fortune in store for a man who discovers how to find out if there is a flaw in an axletree. As it is, such blemishes are discovered only when the axle breaks. There is for you and me no hope of discovering where the hidden flaw is in what of ours seems strongest and truest, unless we bring it to the Lord Himself who sees inside as well as we see outside, and tries the reins of the children of men. The balances of the sanctuary alone make evident the short weight. Now, wherein was this joy at fault?

You will see, I think, that there was the possibility of an unworthy spirit in this case. These men came back boasting of the defeat of the demons. It would surely have been better if they had rejoiced in the deliverance of the captives. They were glad because they had wrought a conquest. Would it not have been more according to Christ's mind if they had rejoiced in the rescue they had achieved in His name? It does look as if they said within themselves "Well, we have given these devils a right good drubbing this time. We have beaten them off the field, and no mistake." And so the impure element crept in. They were exulting over Satan, instead of rejoicing in the Lord Jesus. Brethren, there is a tendency to this with all of us. You remind me that Jesus said on this occasion, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." Yes, but it is not said that He rejoiced over it. Whether His remark refers to the original apostacy of Satan and his banishment from heaven, or to the recent victories achieved over him and his forces, we need not stay to ask. But it is evident that, although Christ beheld Satan fall as lightning from heaven, the feelings in His heart concerning Satan and his fall were not of that vindictive sort that now animated the disciples' hearts. Does the fireman rejoice because he quelled the flames? Assuredly, but his greatest joy is that he carried the bairn down the ladder, and put it in its mother's heaving bosom. Does the physician feel glad at heart that another ailment has been driven back? Most certainly, but his greatest gladness is that his patient has turned the corner, and is beginning to get well. It may be that the distinction is a fine one, but there is a distinction. May the Lord help us to learn it!

Moreover, the joy that springs of success in service is apt—is it not?—to degenerate into pride? Oh, brethren, be very careful how you pray for success! It is not every man who can stand upon a pinnacle without growing dizzy. There is an awful risk of mingling self; it is very difficult to separate the victor from the victory. It is not always easy to pass all the glory on to God. There is indication that these men failed just here. I know that they said, "The devils are subject unto us through Thy name,"—it should rather be "*in* Thy name," for so the Revised Version has it. That is to say, they recognized that it was through the repetition of the formula that Christ had given them that the devils fled. They would never have thought of taking to themselves all praise for this. But it had not sufficiently impressed itself upon their minds that Christ and Christ alone was the victor,

that they were the merest agents in the matter, and that He could have done as well without them as with them. I am afraid that, "in Thy name," although it is a phrase that seems Christ-honouring, became with them a medium of self-praise. Perhaps that was why Jesus said, "Rejoice rather that *your names* are written in heaven." Some of the apostles had lately failed to cast out a demon, and I should not be surprised—perhaps I am measuring their corn by my own bushel—if there were just a little self-gratification with the seventy when they found that they could do at least as well as some of the full-fledged apostles. May the Lord deliver us from this temptation! It is not our prayer, nor our fasting, that works the miracle. It is true that certain demons cannot be driven out unless we pray and fast; but there is our danger, and unless the Lord's hand is on the helm of our hearts, we shall be sucked into the vortex of this whirlpool. Brethren, do you know this peril? Have you ever felt it? Search your hearts and see. I remember to have heard one say, "There had been half-a-dozen workers at him, but they could not move him, and I just went off the platform, laid my hand upon his shoulder, said a word, and he yielded to the Saviour." There is something about that kind of talk that jars, and grates. It is not in any sense or to the smallest degree our influence, but the Lord who works with us, through us, and in us.

Such joy, too, is apt to be fitful and irregular, like the tides of the sea, or like the phases of the moon. Brother, if all the joy you are to have in service is to be derived from success, it is a poor look-out for you when the success, for some reason or other, does not happen to come. Suppose the demons are not subject to you—obstinate devils that they are. Suppose you meet with a reverse. What then? Away goes your joy like a butterfly, out of your garden, over your neighbour's wall, and beyond your grasp.

Remember, moreover, that such success is not necessarily a sign of grace. Children of darkness could cast out devils. Judas could exorcise the demons. Some will be disowned at last who in Christ's name did many wonderful works. A sinner may be the means of converting a sinner, just as the stake, itself dead and lifeless, can uphold the sapling which is budding into beauty; just as a finger-post can point the wanderer to his destination, though it stands stock still itself; just as, indeed, a lump of ice may be so placed that the rays of the sun shining through it can set light to tinder. Rejoice in your success, by all means, but rejoice with trembling, for you are walking on difficult, delicate, and dangerous ground. Tell the Lord about it, and He will show you a more excellent way.

II. This brings me to the matter of DIRECTION. It is as though Jesus sweetly said to His disciples, "Well now, you have found yourselves capable of joy, of such joy as you had never even dreamed of. You are in an ecstasy of delight. This is a God-given faculty. Because it is so precious,—nay, so priceless,—let Me guide you into all truth concerning it. You have learned to sing; by all means sing, but let Me pitch the note, and lead the strain. Rejoice in this, but not in this only, nor in this chiefly. I will give you a theme worthy of your noblest tune: 'Rejoice rather, that your names are written in heaven,'

that you are chosen of God, that you have the assurance of personal salvation, that your names are inscribed in the Book of Life, and that, though despised on earth, you are written down in the record of the citizens of the New Jerusalem."

1. They were to rejoice rather in this because *it is not open to the dangers of the other joy*. It is safer and purer. No pride is possible in this case. Where is boasting, then? It is excluded. Self cannot enter here. John Newton said that the greatest of the three wonders that would meet him in heaven was the fact that he was there himself. And if our names are written in heaven, it is certain, brethren, that our fingers did not hold the pen nor provide the ink.

"Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal Book,
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took."

Said the chief captain to Paul, "With a great sum obtained I my freedom." Paul had the better of him when he answered, "But I was freeborn." Brethren, this is true of us in a nobler and more spiritual sense. We are born again, born from above, and in the family register which is on the table of our God our names are written by the hand of Love.

2. This joy, too, is *fuller than the other*. The cause of this gladness is productive of all Christian graces. It is the fountain-head of all that is good. It is all-inclusive. Saving grace is far far better than miraculous gifts. It is better to be good even than to do good.

3. Moreover, *it is surer*. We said, just now, that the children of darkness could cast out devils, and that Judas could work side by side with the faithful, amongst the apostles or the seventy. But there can be no intrusion in this case of those who are not really the Lord's. "The Lord knoweth them that are His." Oh, brethren, when we sit round that table, Jesus' face will wear no sad expression as He looks around. He will not need to say, "One of you shall betray Me." There we shall not have to enquire, "Lord, is it I?" It will be plainly seen and gladly owned that all around that table have a right to be there, because their names are in the everlasting Book.

4. And if we get this cause of joy, our gladness *will not be fitful*, there will be no rise and fall of the tide, we shall be upon the shores of a tideless sea. Suppose the devils refuse to be subject to us, our joy is gone, if that is our only source of gladness, but *this* remains for every disciple. However poor his estate, however feeble his attempts, however little his success, if he has been able to sing from his heart, as we sang just now,—

"I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me,"—

his name is written in heaven in just as large a hand as is the name of our late dear President, or of any of the Evangelists.

"We all shall be there, the great and the small,
Poor I shall shake hands with the blessed St. Paul."

Yes, for our names are written side by side in the Lamb's Book of Life. Oh, I love to think of the substantiality and the permanency

of this joy! It has been my lot already to see two sorts of rainbows. How well do I remember driving from a service on a moonlit night in the fair land of Tasmania! Across a broad smooth stream there stretched an arch of light. I had never seen such a thing before,—a lunar rainbow, almost white, but with just an indication of the colours of the prism here and there,—the ghost of a rainbow, a spectral iris, yet none the less beautiful on that account. I know not where the raindrops came from, for the sky looked clear. It seemed almost as if the stars were angels' eyes, and that they were weeping for a while. But it was soon over and gone. You have all seen the ordinary rainbow, and have found it almost difficult to disbelieve the fable that, at the foot, a pot of gold is to be found, so beautiful is that many-coloured arch. But that, too, is gone with the summer shower. There is a rainbow round the throne; the sight of it is like unto an emerald. Thank God for that! We shall be able to look upon it. There is nothing so restful to the eyes as emerald green. The token of His covenant and of His love will stare us in the face through all eternity. Our names are written in heaven! Brethren, no one can erase those everlasting lines. Write you your name just where you will, and it will last but for a moment;—upon the sands, but the next high tide effaces it; upon a tree, but its growth, however slow, causes it to grow less plain, and the tree itself will fall ere long. Carve it in the stone, but the process of disintegration is constantly going on. I have only seen one place on earth of which they said with any show of truth, "If you write your name there, it will outlast your life. Come here many years after, and you will find it still legible, even though you write with an ordinary black lead pencil." I did not write my name there, for I saw Smith, and Jones, and Robinson, and a host of others, and I thought it would be more distinguished not to be amongst them. There is, in fair New Zealand, what is rightly called the wonder land of the world,—the district of the thermal springs, with geysers, and boiling mudholes and solfataras, and the like. Amongst the rest of the wonders, we beheld the beautiful White Terrace, composed of huge steps of pure white silica like unto marble, with pools of water, turquoise blue, on every step, and at the top the steaming vapour from the boiling cauldron which supplied the water that flowed all down this alabaster stairway. It was of this that they said that, if you wrote your name in black lead pencil on one of those steps, though the water was constantly falling on it, it would remain, they knew not for how long a time. And truly some names were of many years standing, and would have lasted longer had not God seen fit one day to turn some tap below, and then the pent-up fires broke forth, and the terraces themselves were carried far away so that no trace of them has been found unto this day, and *the names went with them*. I remember, before that calamity took place, speaking of the great white throne under the image of this white terrace, for I had never seen anything that so forcibly reminded me of what that sight must be. But, brethren, if your names are written on that throne, there is no volcanic eruption to touch it, there is nothing in time nor in eternity that can remove those divine inscriptions.

5. Just this other word. Because the source of this joy is surer,

and fuller, and purer, and more permanent than any other sort, it becomes, necessarily, *more potent*. The joy of good influence is helpful, but this joy masters every grief.

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes."

It was this, that made Jesus glad. In that hour,—just at that very juncture,—Jesus rejoiced, as if to say, "My brother, I will not merely tell you of a better joy, but show you how I share it," and His face began to beam, and the light of the glory of God was seen upon it. As He found His utmost delight in the fact that His Father, Lord of heaven and earth, had revealed His truths not to the wise and to the prudent, but to babes,—to these seventy, and to those to whom they had ministered,—He bade them rejoice in God's electing love, and showed them how to do it. The joy of the Lord shall be your strength, brethren. Drink deep of this river of His good pleasure, and you will be able with me to say as James Montgomery said,—

"A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possessed,
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.
"Write but my name upon the roll
Of Thy redeemed above,
Then heart and mind and strength and soul
Shall love Thee for Thy love."

So may it be with all of us! Amen.

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

XIX. PASTOR T. B. FIELD, IRWELL TERRACE CHAPEL,
BACUP, LANCASHIRE.

IT is impossible to approach the consideration of the work done by the Baptist Pioneers in the Rossendale Valley, at the head of which lies the busy Lancashire town of Bacup, without evoking concurrent memories of William Grimshaw of Haworth, of the Brontës, and of Dr. John Fawcett, as the leading luminaries of the past. Quite a host of minor worthies, too good to be forgotten, would arise to the minds of men now "in the sere and yellow leaf"; but even a brief mention of these would carry us beyond our Editor's forbearance. To say that the good work now visible in this valley, where the population has settled in swarms, yet feels the touch of these vanished hands, would perhaps be deemed a little too materialistic; but certain it is that the exhaustless increment of the prayers of that Methodist band who gave life to the dry bones in a wide circle from Haworth—for there have been, as there are to-day, dry bones, even among the Baptists,—is the blessed heritage of the cause over which our Brother T. B. Field presides, as well as of many others within that favoured circle.

As we Baptists have no historical society, and apparently care little to perpetuate the inspiring events of the past in connection with our denomination, it is necessary to say a few words by way of explanation, or rather, amplification of our reference to the religious leaders we have mentioned. It is somewhat singular that so large a district as that covered by Lancashire and Yorkshire should have experienced so little of the effects of the momentous "ejection" of 1662 as not to be able to present more than four surviving churches which took their rise in consequence of that unwise act. But of the effect of the great Methodist revival and the New Connexion Baptist movement there are marked traces. The first of these notable events furnished to our churches some grand pioneers of the gospel, who as industriously as widely scattered the good seed of the kingdom. Among them, the work of Dr. John Fawcett is perhaps the most conspicuous, and many of the churches in the Eastern part of Lancashire owe their origin directly to him. He was an apt pupil of William Grimshaw's, and his teacher, while he never left the Episcopal Church, upon principle daily broke the rule of his "orders" in obedience to Christ's last command by passing, without the least compunction, the borders of parish after parish in prosecution of his evangelistic work. He further opened in his vicarage a "school of the prophets", firing the pupils with the same eager quest for souls which gained for him the *sobriquet* of "the mad parson." These students were evidently wisely selected and carefully taught, and had, in addition, the privilege of hearing as models, the two Wesleys, Whitefield, Romaine, and Henry Venn, in the quaint old church of Haworth.

These men of God, following their marching orders, went everywhere preaching the Word of the Lord to the masses. Naturally enough, many of them became Baptists. This fact recalls a remark of the late Principal Rogers to his assembled pupils at the Pastors' College:—"Gentlemen, I feel very much like a faithful mother-hen who, having hatched a sitting of duck's eggs, sees the young birds all taking flight to the water with what seems to her overweening confidence and no little danger, but observing that no harm comes to her dear brood, grows more calm and content." No doubt the espousal of the Baptist position was directly the result of the vigorous insistence of their teacher that they should study and act upon pure Scriptural direction, and teach nothing which could not be clearly proved from the Bible.

IRWELL TERRACE CHURCH, BACUP, was founded in October, 1821, its fifty-three original members seceding from "Ebenezer"—the original representative of the denomination in Bacup. It passed the usual "upper room" experience, common in those days when iron chapels had not yet made their *début*. Two years, however, sufficed for this discipline; and the friends opened their new chapel under cheering auspices, the leading lights of Liverpool, Manchester, and Bradford, being among the preachers. Those were days when such towns seemed very far off by reason of the difficulties of locomotion. The church was favoured in securing so vigorous a pioneer pastor as Rev. F. W. Dyer, he being followed eleven years later by Rev. T. Dawson, who was a child of the historic church at Salendine Nook, and who himself

became worthily historic during his sixteen years' pastorate and as nursing father to a number of good preachers. He raised the membership of the church from sixty-four to 330, during a period of great emigration, all the departments of Christian service showing a corresponding advance. He was assisted by several like-minded co-pastors, one of the best-remembered of whom, John Howe, took sole charge of the mission church at the adjoining factory town of Waterbarn, when it had become strong enough to run alone, and laboured to his active life's end on the behalf of his loved flock.

Zion Chapel, Bacup, is also an offshoot from Irwell Terrace; but as the old church grew stronger, and was doing more efficient work, the sanctuary, in which the members worshipped, became weaker, material decay showing itself all too evidently. At last, dry rot so pervaded its woodwork that it was judged unsafe for further occupation. Recognizing the full meaning of this fact, the worshippers have set themselves in good earnest to replace the old structure by a substantial, convenient, modern edifice, which they hope to be able to open free of debt. A view of this building, which is now in course of erection, appeared in the Pastors' College Report published in last month's *Sword and Trowel*. The friends have in hand £1,300 out of the £2,200 they need. We wish them God speed in their appeal to the Lord's stewards to aid them to complete the work for which they have already done so well among themselves. All donations will be gratefully acknowledged by Pastor T. B. Field, Thorn House, Bacup, Lancashire.

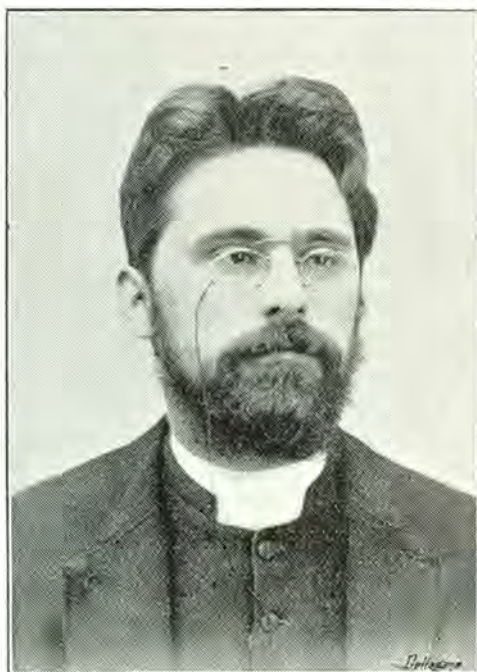
PASTOR T. B. FIELD is another of London's contributions to the edification and organization of our country churches. Born in the Metropolis in 1858, he passed through Bloomsbury Day-school, and came afterwards under the good influence of Pastor T. G. Tarn, while he held the pastorate of Peckham Park Road Chapel. Gower Street and Maze Pond Sunday-schools have also left their impress upon Mr. Field. He was baptized, in his seventeenth year, by Mr. Tarn, and in Park Road Sunday-school discovered his preaching ability. We are not surprised at the development of a love for mission work, which subsequently, however, took a home direction, when we learn that he had for associates in his novitiate such brethren as Sydney Comber and J. G. Potter.

His earliest connection with the Pastors' College was in the Evening Classes, from which he passed up, in 1878, to become one of the day students. His course was a short one, but evidently a busy one; for, at the close of 1879, we find him called to the charge at Ashwater, Devon. Here he did a good work for over three years, and developed powers of organization which have grown with years. Satisfactory additions to the church, and chapel building, and formation of new stations, notably that at Okehampton, attest both his prayerfulness and energetic usefulness.

In 1883, the members of Appledore Baptist Church called Mr. Field to be their leader. Here, good work and heavy domestic trials seemed to be his mingled discipline for four years. In 1887, we find him in charge of that typical missionary church at Cheddar. As if its seven branches were not enough for the untiring pastor and his noble band

of helpers, he added yet another at Barnwell, which has, under the smile of the Master, so progressed that it is now an independent church. Beside the addition of a hundred members, and the usual building operations, which our brother seems instinctively to set going wherever he labours, he set himself the laudable task of freeing from debt the mission chapels connected with the church at Cheddar, and succeeded in his purpose; while, amid his many pastoral engagements, he also filled conspicuous public offices which are honourable to all good citizens.

Three years since, he accepted a call to quite a different kind of sphere. Departing from beautiful agricultural Somerset and Devon,



he settled in a hive of industrial activity at Bacup, to preside over the work at Irwell Terrace Chapel. Here he has done an excellent work; but so great is the appreciation of his labours as pastor of the church at Cheddar that, so late as August last, he received a cordial and unanimous invitation to return; but he felt it to be his duty to decline, though the request was so kindly proffered. As in his former spheres, the large number of extra-pastoral duties with which he is identified at Bacup show how deeply he is rooted in Lancashire soil, and how usefully he is employed. Long may he remain so, and greatly may his labours be blessed, is our hearty prayer both for himself and for his people!

W. L. LANG.

Some Welsh Songs and Singers.

BY R. SHINDLER.

"FROM the uttermost part of the earth have we heard songs, even glory to the righteous."—Isaiah xxiv. 13—16.

The verses to which the above sentence belongs form part of a merciful prediction concerning the remnant of Israel, scattered by the successive devastations of Shalmanezzer, Nebuchadnezzar, and the Romans. Though the number of Israel was as the sand of the sea, a remnant should be saved as they returned unto "the mighty God." Their song would therefore be "salvation unto our God who sitteth upon the throne," and "glory to the righteous"; to Him who is pre-eminently righteous, and to all who are righteous in and through Him.

If we plant ourselves at Jerusalem, England would seem to be, and it would be in reality, one of the uttermost parts of the earth, while Wales would be just a little more remote. But Wales has furnished her tribute of song-worship, though, as to the dimensions of the Principality, she is small among the thousands of Israel. Her sons and her daughters have lifted up their voice, they have sung for the majesty of the Lord, they have cried aloud from the sea.

Shut off from England by "a strange language", Wales participated only in a small degree in the mighty upheaval of the Reformation. Though once the home of the purer faith of British Christianity, when Augustine, by his zeal and craft, and persecuting power as the emissary of the Pope, sought to bind Saxon England with the chains of Rome, Wales, when at length subjected to the Roman see, became as besotted as any of her votaries, and was slow to cast off the chains of superstition, and accept the freedom of the gospel. Only by very slow degrees did the light of the Reformation penetrate her beautiful valleys, and gild her majestic hills; and so her songs were few and far between.

Only at very distant intervals, during the reign of Papacy, did any of the Welsh bards tune their harps to the notes of Bethlehem and Calvary. Three hundred years ago, however, there arose a singer, though not a very skilled one. This was Captain Thomas Middleton, afterwards knighted by Queen Elizabeth. He was a son of Richard Middleton (or Myddleton), governor of Denbigh Castle. The family was of Norman origin; but became Welsh in language and spirit through marriages and intermarriages. Thomas was a brother to Sir Hugh, who brought the New River to London, and whose monument still stands on Islington Green.

As a sea captain, Sir Thomas fought the Spaniards, varying his employments by translating the Psalms of David into Welsh verse, that so another river, the river of the water of life, might flow through the valleys and among the hills of his beloved Wales. The work was finished, we are told, at the Island of Scutum, in the West Indies, 24th January, 1595. The noble purpose of the brave captain was frustrated, however, by the very peculiar metres of his verse being so intricate that there was neither music to fit them nor skill to sing them.

The captain afterwards became a wealthy London merchant, an alderman, a justice of the peace, and a Lord Mayor in 1614. He purchased

Chirk Castle, and founded the Myddleton family there. A contemporary of his—Edmund Kyffin—got as far as thirteen psalms in his effort to bless his country. In his preface he states, as speaking for the nation at large, that they were not only zealous to rob and kill the Spaniards, but were anxious to save their souls; and so they printed and circulated among them a large number of religious books with this laudable purpose in view.

Edmund Prys, Archdeacon of Merioneth, succeeded better. He prepared his psalms to be sung, or chanted, in church, on Sundays. His version was in use in the time of John Elias, and portions of it were used on some occasions by him with fine effect and happy results. The author of "Sweet Singers of Wales"* relates a story concerning one of the early Calvinistic Methodist evangelists, who had ventured into Anglesey to preach the gospel at Penmynydd. A band of ruffians was there ready for him, resolved that, if he tried to preach, they would make an end of him there and then. When he arrived, they began to gather around him. He took his stand on a large stone, and setting his face towards Carnarvon, gave out the lines,—

"I lift mine eyes unto the hills
Whence willing help shall come," etc.

The cowardly ruffians thought he was expecting armed men from the hills of Arvon, and drew back. They agreed, however, to hear what he had to say, and so went over the fence, and crept safely under its cover, where they could hear and not be seen. The leader of the band writes:—"Under that sermon, on the most wonderful day of my life, I came to know myself as a lost sinner,—lost every way and in everything outside of Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

Nearly a century later, there was a certain cattle-dealer, at Cayo, Carmarthenshire, who often attended the fairs at Barnet and Maidstone to sell his stock. He had received a good education in his youth, was quick and nimble-witted, and by his intercourse with the English, he came to speak and write the language fairly well. He was good at a tale and a song, and was the life of the inns where he stayed in his frequent journeys. Travelling home, one Sunday morning, he heard singing at the Independent Chapel, Troedrhewdalar, Breconshire, and was attracted within. He left the old chapel a new man. His life of sin and folly was over, and the dawn of a new day gradually burst upon him. His undoubted poetic talents now found a more congenial sphere. The Methodist revival had deepened the spiritual life in many, as it had originated it in many more. The solemn, classical strains of Archdeacon Prys' psalter, though truly Evangelical, would not satisfy the demands of the new life. David Jones, the cattle-dealer, translated Dr. Watts's psalms; and he also made some hymns of his own, which are still among the treasures of Welsh psalmody. He was not a preacher; but he knew how to pray. He went one day to Lampeter to accompany an evangelist who was to preach in the street, or in a cottage, as circumstances directed. A band of ruffians set on the house where they were, dragged out many of the worshippers, and used great

* H. Elvet Lewis. Religious Tract Society.

violence. Jones kneeled down on the ground in the street, and began to pray. There was such power in his prayer, that the persecutors were startled; they stood still; and at length were so terrified, that they fled as for their lives, "smitten by the God of the man who prayed in the street."

David Jones did not belong to the Methodists, except in spirit, and the other Nonconformists sometimes thought him extravagant in his utterances. He answered them in a short poem, which Mr. Lewis has translated in his "Sweet Singers of Wales." Here is the first verse,—

"Men of the world are asking,
Much wondering at me,
When I my Lord am praising,
'What can this folly be?'
I am released from bondage,
And though the mockers throng,
The precious blood of Jesus
Shall always be my song."

He describes his experience when passing through the throes of the new birth, and relates how he came to "peaceful Zion", and asks how he could be songless, since he could say,—

"The precious blood of Jesus
Is all the world to me."

He concludes the piece with an unanswerable appeal,—

"What though I leap rejoicing?
Sweet reverence guides my thought;
Like David's godly dancing
When home the ark was brought;
Or, like the lame man's rapture,
Healed at the temple gate,
The precious blood of Jesus
Brought health and good estate."

Another sweet singer, William Williams, of Pantycelyn, was soon to tune his harp. He who transformed the cattle-dealer into a poet, changed the young medical student into a Barnabas, to pour consolation into other wounds than those of the body; and the same divine hand that tuned David's harp tuned the lyre of the best of all Welsh hymnists.

"Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,"

and

"O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,"

seem to be "strung and tuned for endless years."

Some of our sweetest hymn-writers, alike in the past and the present, belong to the softer sex. One of these, in Wales, was Ann Griffiths, a farmer's daughter, who was born in 1776, and who died in 1805, near Llanfyllin, not far from the vast reservoir of the Liverpool water-works, and not very far distant from the spot where the minions of the then Earl Powis arrested John, Earl of Cobham (Sir John Oldcastle), the first British nobleman who died a martyr for the Protestant faith.

Ann was a merry girl, fond of dance and song and rustic gaiety, and the earnest godliness of her brother and other Methodists was a

fruitful subject for her taunts and jeers. "See the pilgrims going to Mecca!" she would say, as she beheld the groups travelling to a prayer-meeting, or a sermon, or an Association assembly.

One day, when on her way to a merry-making in Llanfyllin, she was induced by an old servant of her father to enter the Independent Chapel. Here God met with her. She went home in distress, and her presence was never again found in gatherings for mere amusement and folly. Her experience was a deep one, both of sorrow and of joy. She had all the qualifications for a mother in Israel; but she was called away at the age of twenty-nine, when she had been a Christian eight years, and a wife about ten months. Her hymns and her letters read more like the utterances of a well-taught divine, than the simple outpourings of one who had only lately left her girlhood behind her. Reproducing, in an abbreviated form, her biography, by Mr. Morris Davis, Mr. Lewis has given us, in his sketch of her, one of the best papers in a very interesting book. Unlike many others who scribbled verses from their childhood, Miss Griffiths did not experience the sweet inspiration of song until after her conversion. And thus it happened:—Returning home alone after an exciting service at the chapel where she attended, with her soul full of humbling thoughts of her own unworthiness, and of the love, and grace, and glory of Christ, she turned down a narrow sheltered lane to pray. Thus engaged, the spirit of song lighted upon her, and her muse began. When she reached her home, she had made one verse of her first hymn,—

"My soul behold the fitness
Of the great Son of God;
Trust Him for life eternal,
And cast on Him thy load," etc.

This became the fourth verse. The first was,—

"Great Author of salvation
And providence for man,
Thou rulest earth and heaven
With Thy far-reaching plan;
To-day, or on the morrow,
Whatever woe betide,
Grant us Thy strong assistance,
Within Thy hand to hide."

Mr. Lewis tells us that, recently, and more than once, when a party of miners of a town in Glamorganshire had been dismissed from their employment, they assembled in an open space for conference, and commenced proceedings by singing this verse. Of David Williams, of Thomas and David Charles, and of others, hardly, if at all, inferior to the foregoing, there is not space to speak. The book from which we have quoted must tell the rest.

We may note, however, one peculiarity in Welsh songs or hymns, which belongs also to the best of Welsh sermons, namely, their picturesqueness. Strong and bold figures are employed, and made to serve to illustrate the subject or the truth in hand. The Eisteddfod has brought out the talents of several modern Welsh poets, but few of their productions take the form of hymns. There are, however, some happy exceptions. Rev. Evan Rees has given us a fine hymn, taking as

his theme a refrain in a verse of the revival hymn by W. Williams, *Pen Caltraia*, "Heights of Calvary,"—

"Calvary, with radiance glowing,
Thither now I turn my face;
Immortality is flowing
From above, in streams of grace:
'Heights of Calvary!'
Build thy nest there, O my soul!"

Rev. Thomas Levi, Aberystwith, has written some fairly good Sunday-school hymns, such as,—

"The ark upon the deluge
Was Noah's safe abode;
Though sail and helm were wanting,
His Captain, then, was God.

"The Lord was very angry,
And all the world was drowned;
Not even lofty mountains
Could anywhere be found.

"Though sail and helm be wanting,
If the ark be our abode,
We'll sing above the deluge—
Our Captain, still, is God."

The last verse of the closing hymn in the book (by Mr. Benjamin Davies) must close our paper. It is founded upon the Welsh phrase, "Iddo Ef"—"Unto Him,"—

"If Jesus sowed in tears
The harvest of the years,
When days were dim;
One day shall stand revealed
His golden harvest field,
And all His works shall yield
Praise—unto Him."

Pastor Charles Spurgeon's Letters.

No. VI.

MY last letter gave a condensed account of a month's active service; I have now to report a period of rest. By the kind invitation of T. B. King, Esq., I became his guest at Burnham House, King Williamstown; and under his hospitable roof I have enjoyed a time of leisure. My host is a deacon of the Baptist church, and one who can rightly be termed "a pillar in the house of God." He is a Baptist to the marrow of his backbone; and I have met with few as his equals in knowledge of the principles and polity which obtain in our beloved denomination. He is worthy of whom I say this,—that there is no one who has done more for the establishment, maintenance, and extension of the cause of Christ after our order in South Africa than Mr. King; and it has been a great pleasure to be an inmate of his happy home. The kindness received has made my holiday most enjoyable and beneficial, and the rest has not resulted in rust, either to mind or body.

When the engines cease from their activity, then is the time for

polishing and oiling the machinery, so that, when the valves are opened and the wheels revolve again, all is found in good going order, and the output will be better than before they were stopped. If recreation becomes re-creation, then sanctified leisure and holy holidays are both a spiritual and physical benefit to the Christian worker. The mending and washing of nets by the fisher-folk are equally important work to the "casting" of the same, and catching fish. To be "apart a while" is a means of grace which begets a fitness and freshness for enduring the strain of excitement attendant upon "multitudes coming and going."

We have learnt, too, during our "lying to" in the roadstead, the value of quiet worship. It has been our joy to go up to the house of the Lord with those who keep holy day, and without any advertisement to attract a curious crowd, we have gathered with the ordinary congregation, and, after the manner of our Saviour, who, on the Sabbath-day, entered the synagogue, and unostentatiously conducted the service, we have opened the Book, read the Scriptures, and expounded the Truth. We have often thought that the private talks with which our Lord's disciples were favoured must have been more refreshing, both to the Master and to His followers, than when the multitudes thronged Him, and the people pressed upon Him to hear the Word of God.

While appreciating very highly the enthusiastic receptions which have been accorded me by the over-flowing congregations assembling in every place I have visited, for spiritual pleasure and profit give me the calm seasons of worship which result from attending the house of God "incognito." It was a surprise to those who had gathered, one Sunday morning, when the writer, returning from a service he had conducted in the German Baptist Church, went up into the pulpit, and preached the sermon, thus relieving Mr. Batts, who was very unwell at the time, and gratifying the good people who had met for worship. It has been by these easy services that the rest has been saved from monotony, and the leisure from laziness. If the bow is always bent, and the string kept at fullest tension, the archer will soon need new "artillery"; and he is wise who unbends and unstrings for a season, occasionally keeping his hand in and his aim true by fitting the arrow to the bow.

During the past month, notwithstanding the sudden climatic changes incidental to the period when summer is ending and winter setting in, our progress toward complete recovery has been very marked. Dr. Care and Dr. Exercise have to receive credit for the cure, under the blessing of "the Great Physician." A malady which has crippled one's powers of service for over three years is not to be overcome either rapidly or easily; and it is a matter of great thankfulness that partial victory can be reported, and signs are evident that the enemy is retreating. With the returning vigour of body, there is the declining of the disease, and robustness reigns where hitherto langour held dominion. It will not shock the readers of such an energetic magazine as *The Sword and the Trowel* to learn that the writer, in company with Mr. T. B. King, has greatly enjoyed "golfing" over the splendid links above King Williamstown. After a few instructions

and introductions to "driver", "niblick", "cleek", and "putter", he can quite endorse the sentiment expressed by some poet-golfer, —

"To swing, then drive, to putt, and hole,
To some may seem absurd and droll;
To me, it is a joy, a pride—
Worth twenty other games beside."

Even from such a pastime there are lessons to be learned, and while the body is being invigorated, the mind and spirit may be strengthened. The novice at the game will doubtless receive these three injunctions:—

"Keep your eye steadfastly on the ball."

"Keep from trying to achieve impossibilities."

"Keep your temper."

Now we maintain that these rules apply with equal force to every undertaking in life, and especially to spiritual work. Singleness of eye means sureness of aim, and this leads to success in all Christian service. Combined with a steadfast gaze at Jesus, let there be a contented and humble spirit, one free from pride and passion, and the possessor will find that he has a grand advantage over the man who is angry, ambitious, and attracted by worldly allurements. If every believer would adhere to these golfing axioms, the "links" in our communion would be more appreciated, and the "bunkers" of difficulty sooner mastered. These are a few roving thoughts which came while roaming over the hills inhaling health-giving breezes.

We have also visited the Court House during the Assizes, and had an insight into the judicial conduct of affairs in Kaffraria. It was intensely interesting to see the various nationalities represented at one trial. Dutchmen as prisoners at the bar, with English, German, and Kaffir witnesses, so that often each language had to be spoken before the evidence was recorded, and the interpreters were kept very busy translating. Without impugning the judgment or integrity of any who sat as jurymen, one came to the conclusion that it is preferable to be tried from the Bench rather than from the Box; and, very naturally, our thoughts turned to the last great trial, when all peoples shall be gathered before the Judge of all the earth. What an assembly that will be! Such as have found salvation through the glorious Substitute, even Jesus Christ the Righteous, need fear nothing, for "who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" Nor will there be any miscarriage of justice on that occasion. Man may and does err, so that even the innocent suffer, while the guilty are acquitted; but *then*, only righteousness will be wrought, and the verdict will be in full accord with absolute justice. Reader, how will it be with you?

My vacation ended when the South African Baptist Union meetings commenced at EAST LONDON. The series of services opened with a well-attended *soirée*, presided over by the mayor, D. Rees, Esq., a member of the Baptist Church, and a liberal supporter of the cause. We had grand state on this occasion, for scarlet robe and golden chain adorned the chairman of the evening; and the poor despised dippers, for once, at least, looked even respectable to a degree, that is, after the judgment of some who seem to delight in "casting out of the synagogue" the followers of the immersed Christ.

The gatherings throughout were most helpful and successful, and the warm-hearted welcome accorded to the visitor from England was one of the most enthusiastic ever given to prince or potentate. It is impossible to enter into a detailed account of the proceedings. Suffice it to say, we thoroughly enjoyed the week, and were profoundly thankful to God for the unmistakeable testimony for the pure and unadulterated gospel borne by every speaker, preacher, and paper-reader. There was no occasion to become a "heresy hunter", for error could not live in the midst of a band of brothers loyal to Christ and His Truth. So far as we are concerned, we found no "Down-grade" in the South African Baptist Union; may it never enter there! We were honoured by being asked to speak at the *soirée*, to preach for the Union on the Sunday evening, and to close the session with a lecture on "London Life and Street Character."

Returning to KING WILLIAMSTOWN, farewell services were held on the following Sunday; and, on the Tuesday, a social gathering in connection with the Christian Endeavour Society made the final meeting ere we left the pleasant and pretty township. A large number of friends bade us "Farewell" at the station; and, as the train steamed out, the strains of "God be with you till we meet again!" ascended in the clear morning air. Our beloved friend, Pastor H. J. Batts, whose kindness and love we can never adequately repay, accompanied us to East London, where we were to embark on board the steamer *Norman* for Durban. We were, however, debarred from leaving at the expected time, as a strong gale was blowing, rendering it absolutely impossible for the tug to cross the bar, so we remained under the hospitable roof of our former host, the mayor of the town. A view of his house and garden, with beef-wood trees, yuccas, Norfolk Island pines, bougainvilleas, and plumbago plants, will give our readers some idea of the comfortable homes of successful colonists.



After waiting two days, it became feasible to reach the ship, and we left the harbour with the good wishes of our friends. A night's steaming up the coast brought us safely to DURBAN. An account of our landing and reception, and of the missions held there and at PIETERMARITZBURG, must be left for our next communication.

The Love that Passeth Knowledge.

Eph. iii. 19.

<p>THY Love, O King of Life, delighteth more Than cups that thrill, or bars of shining gold ! Thy Word and grace, to me, are choicer store Than all the goodly spoil of battle bold.</p>	<p><i>John xv. 9.</i> <i>Song of Sol. i. 2.</i> <i>Psalm cxix. 72.</i> <i>Psalm cxix. 162.</i></p>
<p>The world's vain lust can ne'er appease the heart ; Mine be this benison, Thy heavenly peace ! What of earth's good can life or hope impart ? Give me the fount whose flowings ne'er shall cease.</p>	<p><i>Luke xviii. 23.</i> <i>Phil. iv. 7.</i> <i>Luke xii. 20.</i> <i>John iv. 14.</i></p>
<p>What 'neath the sun can rid the guilty mind Of conscience-terror, sting and stain of sin ? But Thy abundant pardon leaves behind No trace of guilt, nor voice of fear within.</p>	<p><i>Matt. xxvii. 5.</i> <i>Rev. vi. 15, 16.</i> <i>Isaiah lv. 7.</i> <i>Isaiah i. 18.</i></p>
<p>How light Thy yoke has made life's burden-strain ! How kind Thy " Peace, be still," in our affright ! How comforting Thy balm to our heart's pain ! How welcome in the gloom Thy guiding light !</p>	<p><i>Matt. xi. 30.</i> <i>Mark iv. 39.</i> <i>John xiv. 1.</i> <i>John viii. 12.</i></p>
<p>The pages of the past are full of love ; Bright with Thy promises, the future waits ; Circled and crowned with good, I forward move, From strength to strength approaching glory's gates.</p>	<p><i>Psalm lxvi. 16.</i> <i>Psalm xxiii. 6.</i> <i>Psalm ciii. 4.</i> <i>Psalm lxxxiv. 7.</i></p>
<p>How the white-robed must love Thee in the light Where they behold Thee, Saviour, face to face ; When even here, denied as yet the sight, Our souls find rapture in Thy daily grace !</p>	<p><i>Rev. vii. 9.</i> <i>Rev. xxii. 4.</i> <i>John xx. 29.</i> <i>1 Peter i. 8.</i></p>
<p>Gladly I choose Thee, Jesu Christ divine, And oh, the wonder ! Thou hast chosen me ; Humbly I claim Thee, whisp'ring 'Thou art mine' ; And Thine for ever I rejoice to be.</p>	<p><i>John i. 12.</i> <i>Ephesians i. 4.</i> <i>Song of Sol. ii. 16.</i> <i>Romans viii. 35.</i></p>

R. S. LATIMER.

" I Would have Saved him, but I Couldn't."

(A CAPTAIN'S LAMENT.)

SEVEN ships of various sizes and of different rig lay upon the beach at Great Yarmouth during a heavy gale from the East, and crowds of people were upon "the front" watching the sea break over these helpless wrecks. One smart little Scotch schooner was hove up, like a worthless object, higher than the others ; and as she lay, almost "high and dry", one felt inclined to complain that such a thing of beauty should be thus cast away. The lifeboat had not been able to render any help, but the men with the rocket apparatus

had done splendid service in rescuing the crews as the ships came near enough to be reached.

The Sailors' Home was nearly full of half-drowned frost-bitten men, who were being carefully attended to by the master and matron of the Home. Going into the large room, to make enquiries about the men and boys, we saw a fine-looking captain walking the room in the greatest agony of mind, quite forgetful of the presence of his companions in sorrow and suffering,—and groaning as only a strong man can groan. For some time, his attention could not be drawn to the comforts he so sadly needed, nor could one get at the cause of his strange behaviour. At last, with gentle force he was led to a chair, and then he was quietly talked to.

"Captain, you seem to be greatly troubled about the loss of your ship; but, cheer up, you have much to be thankful for, and you can soon get another vessel."

Slowly he rose, and stretching himself to his full height, with vehemence he cried, "I am not troubling about the ship, nor yet about myself; but I am worrying about my poor cabin boy, Ah! this is a sad job, but what to do I don't know. Let me tell you about him. A few months ago, I was in one of the Scotch ports, and someone told the lad that I wanted a cabin boy. He came to me, and asked for the berth. I promised to take him if his parents were willing. He looked sad at that, and said, 'Father is dead, sir, and I want to go to sea so as to help mother.' The next day, the lad's mother came aboard with him, and I took the lad into my service. Before the mother left the ship, she said, 'Captain, I must beg a favour of you. When at sea, take care of my lad; and if you get into any danger, look to him, for he is a treasure to me.' 'Most certainly,' I replied, 'he shall be my first care, and I promise you that he shall not be left in any time of danger.' What a boy he was! always thinking of his mother; and as soon as his month's wages were due, running off to post the money to his mother. I never had such a boy. Well, sir, we had been at anchor in the 'Roads', wind-bound for some days, and I noticed that the lad's hands were frost-bitten, but he was too brave to complain. To-day, early, our anchor began to drag, and all aboard saw that we must drive ashore. Not long before the ship struck the beach, the boy came to me, and said, 'Captain, you won't forget your promise to my mother, will you?' 'Cheer up, lad,' said I, 'you'll be all right, never fear.' When we struck, the ship turned her side to the sea, and the waves began to break right over her. The lifeline was sent to us by the rocket, and all was made ready for our rescue, and then I asked the men to allow me to go first ashore, as I wanted to take the lad. All consenting, I got into the cradle, and the lad was handed to me. 'Heave away,' was signalled, and over the ship's side we went, but just then a heavy sea broke over us. I lost consciousness, and when I came to myself, the lad was gone. He had been washed from my grasp, and I have not seen him since."

Here the captain wept, such tears as only brave men can weep, and sobbed out, "I promised to save him, and *I would have saved him, but I couldn't*. Oh, what shall I say to his mother?"

As we looked at the man, and saw such real grief, our hearts were stirred, and we thought of the helplessness of man in times of greatest peril. How futile are his promises! How many *ifs* go to make up all he would do if he could! How often he fails to redeem promises made in all honesty! How bitter the disappointment to which he is subjected, and how often the brave sailor's words might be repeated, "I would have saved him, but I couldn't"! There is failure so often when men are trying to rescue their fellows. A line snaps, or a knot slips, or a rocket fails, or a boy is washed out of the cradle, as in this instance.

How different is it with the one sure Saviour and His mode of rescuing the perishing! His salvation never miscarries. His arms never lose a soul. He has never to lament a lack of power. In His hands there is complete safety; the sea has not been made yet which can wash a sinner out of His divine grasp. Dear reader, are you "Safe in the arms of Jesus"? Let it never have to be said by you, "*He could have saved me, but I wouldn't.*" There is a big black wave rushing rapidly towards you; it will soon overtake you unless you are securely sheltered from it in the arms of Jesus of Nazareth. "He is able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by Him" He will never have to utter the poor captain's lament, "I would have saved him, but I couldn't." Has He saved you?

Roker, Sunderland.

GEORGE WILSON.

Trusting in Providence.

WRITTEN IN 1853, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IF I can say, with complete confidence, "I am a child of God," why should I doubt my Father's care? Can He forget one of His family; or is He unable to supply my wants? My God knows all things; and if He knows all that happens in the wide, wide world, surely He knows all that comes in His own family, the place where He dwells.

The father who should let his children die of starvation or disease through his own forgetfulness would be scouted from the society of good men; and surely hell would boast against the faithfulness of the Lord if one of His little ones should perish.

If one child in a family ailed anything, the care given to it would be redoubled; but I am a child in need, and surely my Father now thinketh on me more than ever.

Why do I doubt His lovingkindness? I am sure He has never given me cause to do so. In six, yea, sixty troubles, He has been with me, and shall His love fail *this time*? Besides, He hath done greater things for me than what I now want. He has melted mountains for me, will He not cast away this stone? When I went through the ocean, He suffered not the floods to drown me, and shall I be dismayed at rivulets? No, by my God I have leaped over many a wall, and this shall be no barrier to me. He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with

Him also freely give us all things? Why, then, this distrust? What is the cause? Since there is none in Him, it must be in myself.

Let me look within. Ah! now I see it all, I am carnal, proud, unbelieving, wicked. He is a good Father, but I am a bad child, I am unworthy to be His son. If I loved heaven more, and earth less, instead of mourning the seeming hardness of my lot, I should be lamenting the real hardness of my heart. I am proud, too, I do not like to submit, to resign all into His hands. I am for dainties, whereas if my heart were right I should say, "Lord, if it be Thy will that I feed on bread and water, and come to poverty, I will bear it for Thy sake, even as the three holy children endured the burning fiery furnace."

I am surely the most unbelieving creature in the universe. I am afraid I shall have to feel the rod for this. My fretfulness makes a rod for my own back. It makes me unhappy now, and afterwards it bringeth me no comfortable fruit, but compels my Father to chastise me. Thus do I bring down on myself the very calamity I so foolishly deplore.

Let me remember what I profess to be. I say I am a follower of Jesus Christ; why, it is mere hypocrisy for me to say this, and then to fret about my affairs. He said that the hairs of our head are all numbered, and He bade us take no anxious distrustful thought either for food or raiment, since ravens, sparrows, and other fowls of the air are fed by our heavenly Father.

Come, let me reflect—what multitudes there are of the various orders of birds; I am told that, in tropical regions, they fly in such immense flocks that they obscure the sun. Yet He feedeth them all. O foolish heart, will He not much rather feed thee, O thou of little faith?

Up, up, my soul! be of good cheer! What! still down in the dungeon? Doth not the line reach thee yet? Think then once more. Thy life is not left to chance, to be tossed up and down on billows of uncertainty. Knowest thou not that in His Book thy ways are written, fixed by His unchangeable decree?

"All my times must ever be
Ordered by His wise decree."

It is the Lord, and yet I am saying, "*Let my will be done,*" instead of crying, "*Not mine, but Thine.*"

Now fears, ye must not come; I cannot give you audience; ye are robbers I must not admit; ye are traitors I dare not harbour.

I would that the poet's words were ever mine,—

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

"Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day."

The March of the Months.

No. VII.

"Oh, to be home again, home again, home again,
Down by the meadow, and down by the mill!"

JULY spells summer, but with a different meaning to the dwellers in town and country. Those who spent their youth in the latter, while their manhood has been employed in the offices or warehouses of the city, when the days are longest and the sun strongest, feel the chafing of the harness in which they have hitherto worked, and pine to get away to the old spots. Then it is that many sigh,—the weak, who have worked to the dropping-point especially,—

"Oh, to be wandering, wandering, wandering,
Through the green meadows, and over the hill!
Sisters are calling me, brothers are calling me,
Calling me, calling me, calling me still."

In the crowded city the heat fags, the pavement becomes a stone of sacrifice, while the close air floats from stuffy side-streets, bearing in upon the resisting senses odours far other than fresh. The fruit, which came from the gardens of Kent yesterday, after a day's exposure on a hot market-stall in some poor neighbourhood, looks more fit to throw away than to eat. The very dogs have a languid eye as they prowl among the garbage,—the business waste of a long row of costers' barrows. On a hot evening, the windows of tall tenements are thrown up, and the openings peopled with pale faces striving to get a breath of air; while, not far off, in some great thoroughfare, glaring with gas and electricity, nondescript vendors are preparing to take the privilege of a stand in the gutter, with the hope of enticing a fortune to the extent of sixpence or a shilling in coppers from a chameleon-like crowd. Some of these waiters on the passing pity of the street might well be called *les misérables*, for a more forlorn lot could not be described than those who toe the kerb, on a Saturday night, along the great trading routes of our centres of population. You are only glad that, though the air is close, the sullen sky does no more than mutter, for, should the threatened deluge come, where would all these waifs be swept to? More or less cynical answers could be given; but the question would still remain, curious, deep, and full of strange interpretations.

Have you ever watched the modern Exodus—the Exodus from the Egypt of the neighbourhood of the Stock Exchange, across the wilderness of streets and railways, to the Canaan of the suburbs and the country-side? The place to take your stand is, say, where Old Broad Street debouches upon Liverpool Street in the City of London, just in front of the two great railway termini. The season,—after a grilling day in "the workshop of the world", when, to use the expressive language of a friend from Norfolk, men might wish "to take off their skin, and stand in their bones." The time,—anywhere between five and seven p.m. The well-groomed go early. We are not concerned with these. They will be met at the other end, and

carried to their reward. But we are interested to fascination in this thickening speeding throng, with open jackets, hats pushed back, pale foreheads, grimy faces, all kinds of bags, or only a nervously-clutched "special"—alert, darting, panting, striding, self-absorbed; some as if eternity hung on the next minute,—coat-tails flying, feet taking spraying hops, like fowls skurrying to an evening feed of maize, on they go, till lost in the vortex! Yet each of these has a proper pass, or he would not be allowed to drop on the seat of the railway carriage, and wipe his brow with a handkerchief that has been on duty all day, travelling to and from the summit of his noble person.

Many in this great crowd do not go far enough for what we would describe next. Neither Hackney Downs nor Kentish Town can be looked upon as country; nor will Willesden nor Walthamstow quite do. Harrow? Yes, it will pass; there are some charming spots about Harrow. The pensive mind, intent upon a quiet hour, can find it somewhere round Harrow Church on a summer's evening. Nor will the boys of the celebrated Harrow foundation disturb him. The stately school is a splendidly-illustrated volume of English history, with the present-day pages in course of printing. But this little bit is only for the pensive mind: the mind that ponders, thinks, broods, and hatches odd thoughts; the mind that builds up the past from the stones that "cry out of the wall", and which can, from old buildings, ancient trees, and notable sites, reconstruct a crumbled age.

But the "toilers and moilers" whom we left just now,—how often have we travelled down with them out of oppressive London, through "the hay country" of the Home Counties! No sooner do you get clear of the long legs of the sprawling metropolis, than the grass fields begin. Those North of London are cut, nine years out of ten, in July. The scent of fresh hay is almost the only smell capable of overcoming the sulphurous fumes that hang round a railway carriage which has run the gauntlet of the London tunnels. How the Saturday afternoon travellers brighten up as they catch sight of the hay-makers! Some of them begin already, in imagination, to trim the grass borders of their gardens in the ominously-growing village by the line, at which the train slows down. So, through hot afternoons and evenings, the "gaol delivery" goes on, till, with sundry screams and twists, the panting, jerking thing brings its burden to a stand at some junction fifteen miles out, and then the last lot of prisoners, who have served their full time, are released, only to be remorselessly apprehended again on Monday morning by Inspector *Must*, and marched off to the station.

Yet further out, the hedges are fresh from recent thunderstorms, and bear now to the full their summer array. Wild roses rise high, and twist among the whitethorn, now covered with tassels of green haws. The honeysuckle trails from bush to bush, sending its choice perfume much further than its bines. The agrimony may be found in bloom on the sunny side of the hedge,—a place, by the way, which should recommend itself to the people of God. This said agrimony, of which the cottagers used to make "spring drink", has a most beautiful leaf, which, when bruised between the fingers, sends forth

a fragrance you will be glad to remember. It may well be compared to the precious perfume of holy trust which issues from the heart of the believer when pressed by affliction. Another tea-making herb of the old country-side is the wood betony, which blooms in July. This plant was much used in medicine in ancient times. A common compliment used to run—"May you have more virtues than betony!" Culpepper speaks of it at his house in Spitalfields, two hundred years ago. He says:—"The leaves and flowers, by their sweet spicy taste, are comfortable both in meat and medicine;" he also calls it "a very precious herb." Some of us can say as much and far more for "the Plant of Renown", even He who "was bruised for our iniquities." By the stream grows the favourite forget-me-not,—

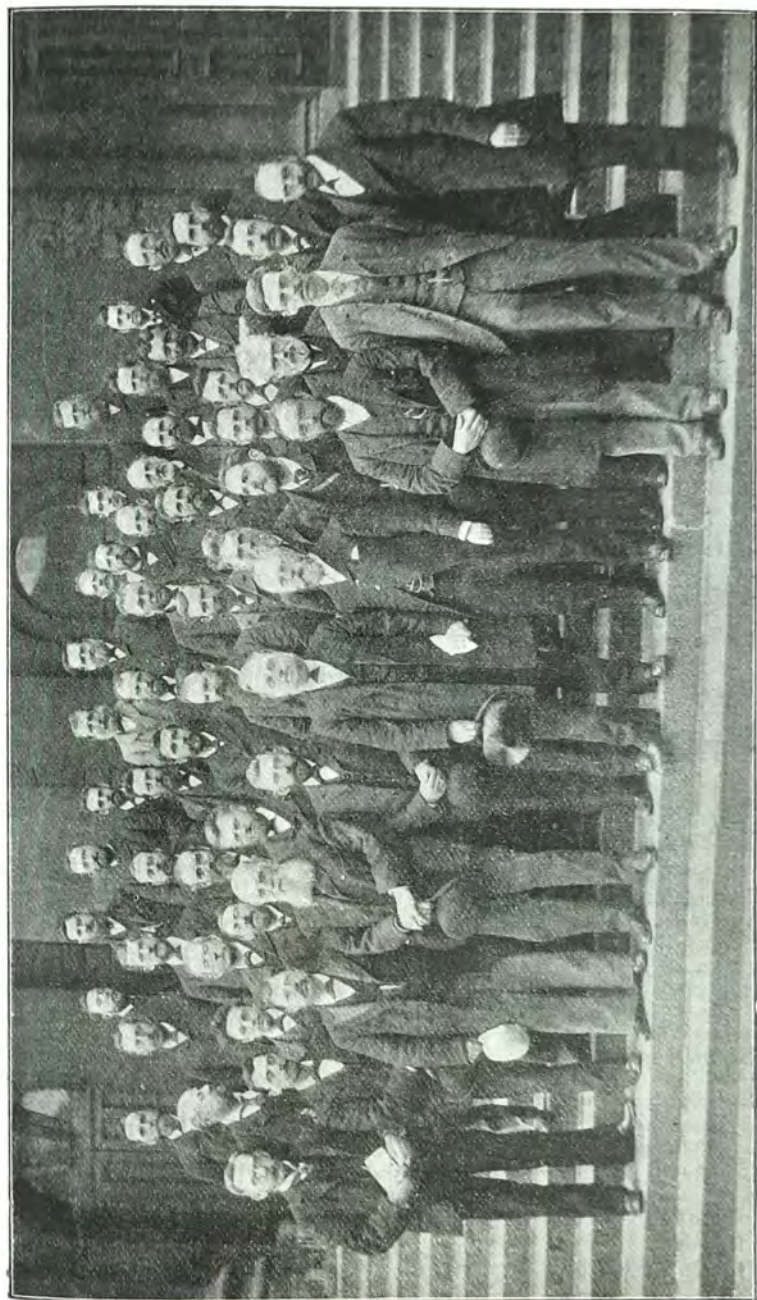
"That little blue flower, with hyphen-link't name,
Which tells you our love remains ever the same."

It begins to bloom in June, and remains "a thing of beauty", restful to the eye, through the hot days. By the July wayside grows another beautiful flower, the crimson pimpernel. How full of teaching to find, as you may, such an exquisite little gem of deep-dyed petals close to the harsh highway! Wake up, dull mind, and learn what God would teach,—that as He has made flowers to blossom close to the cart-ruts, so can He, by His Spirit, make hearts to bloom along the common ways of life!

Come out in the early morning. Your mind is at rest, for it is the Lord's-day. The trees meet in grateful shade over the narrow way. Pause at this gate. We shall see something if we are very quiet. Yes, there is a bullfinch, preening himself on a little wicket, which leads into a luscious pasture. Hush! He is getting ready to sing. Now listen! Did you ever hear the like? What a splendid songster! Every part of him sings. Talk of psalms for morning service, you have been present at a rehearsal that should help you all day. Go out a little later. We live at Vine Cottage, in a Surrey lane. It is a long walk to worship. Ere we start, we rest a moment on a flowery bank. What is this that now attracts us? It is a splendid peacock butterfly casting his chrysalis case. See, the shell cracks down the back, and the insect, with his wings like wet flaps, creeps forth! Those wings will open for the first time, if you watch. How fast they dry, and then rise! At last they open. What a revelation! A pair of wings; red, black, white, gold! Again, another pause with the wings open ready to fly; then, all in a minute, away he soars into the sunshine of God. Should you wonder if, in this Garden of the Resurrection, turning, you saw the risen Lord?

"Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
Hallelujah!"

H. T. S.



METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLPORTEURS AND COMMITTEE.

“The Same Old Plough.”

Thanks be to God! “JOHN PLOUGHMAN’S” son
 His father’s work is pushing on;
 He drives his furrow straight and true,
 Just as his sire was wont to do.

He swerves not to the right or left,
 Though they are judged of wit bereft
 Who dream the work can prosper now,
 As when his father held the plough.

“He should adopt some methods new,”
 So say the so-called “cultured” few;
 “Should cast aside that antique plough,”
 “For,” (they affirm,) “’tis worn out now.”

But he’s a ploughman wise and true,
 He knows new-fangled things won’t do;
 They cannot turn the heart’s hard sod,
 Or bring a sinful soul to God.

To well-tried tools our Pastor clings,
 With gospel truth the place still rings;
 No other “share” will he allow,
 And we all cry, “God speed the plough!”

CLODHOPPER.

Notices of Books.

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

ThethreeMidsummervolumes—*The Day of Days, Home Words, and Hand and Heart* (7, Paternoster Square)—are as welcome as their predecessors from the same office. Costing only sixpence each, they yet contain a great mass of interesting reading appropriately illustrated.

Messrs. Blackie and Son (50, Old Bailey) have added three more volumes to their “School and Home Library”: *The Life and Adventures of William Dampier, The Cruise of the Midge*, by MICHAEL SCOTT; and *The Snow Storm*, by MRS. GORE. For the future, only one volume a month will be issued.

Messrs. T. Nelson and Sons (35,

Paternoster Row) have issued five daintily-covered shilling books, by UNCLE MATT, with the object of giving to children, in a simple conversational style, useful information concerning many of our common wild flowers. The titles of the volumes entice one to peep inside, and once we begin to read, we want to go on to the end. These are their names:—*Down the Lane and Back, Through the Copse, A Stroll on a Marsh, Across the Common, and Around a Corn-field*. It appears that “Uncle Matt” is Mr. M. C. Cooke, M.A., LL.D., the author of *A Manual of Structural Botany*.

One of the books that should never be allowed to go out of circulation is *Ministering Children*, by MARIA

LOUISA CHARLESWORTH. We are glad, therefore, to see that Messrs. Seeley and Co. (Essex Street, Strand) have just issued new editions, in paper covers and cloth boards, making the 276th thousand. The story may not be written in the sensational style of modern religious novels, but it is more likely than many of them are to be a blessing to those who read it.

Messrs. Partridge and Co. have issued a new two-shilling illustrated edition of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, another book that every fresh generation of children should read, even though the slavery that suggested the thrilling tale is a thing of the past.

From the same publishers come the latest issues in the "Popular Biographies" Series, *John Knox and the Scottish Reformation*, by G. BARNETT SMITH; and in "The World's Wonders" Series, *Chemists and their Wonders*, by F. M. HOLMES, and *Astronomers and their Observations*, by LUCY TAYLOR (all 1s. 6d. each). Thus, at a small cost, one of the most stirring portions of Scottish ecclesiastical history and many of the marvels of modern science are brought within reach of the intelligent youths of the present day.

Messrs. Partridge & Co. also send copies of their latest additions to the ever-popular "Pansy" series of stories:—*From Different Standpoints*, *Those Boys*, and *Echoing and Re-echoing* (4d. each).

The Religious Tract Society has published a shilling volume, in coloured paper boards, printed in bold type, and with a large number of illustrations, *The Shepherd King; or, The Life of David*. Most of the principal events in that notable life are recounted in simple language, such as children can understand, while even the tiny tots will be interested in the pictures.

The Bible Picture Puzzles, Old and New Testament Series (6d. each), issued by the same excellent Society, will help to familiarize the young folk with many of the animate and inanimate objects mentioned in the Scriptures.

The Christian Traveller's Continental Handbook. Edited by Rev. G. H. GIDDINS. Elliot Stock.

THIS seventh edition of an admirable manual is a great improvement upon its predecessors; we are glad to note that needed corrections have been made. With this guide at hand, the Christian traveller can tell at a glance where to meet with friends like-minded, while the general information must be of service to the ever-increasing numbers who cross "the silver streak" to visit various portions of the European Continent.

After Thirty Years. Three Decades of the China Inland Mission. By J. HUDSON TAYLOR, M.R.C.S. Morgan and Scott.

FRIENDS who are unable to procure the two large volumes which contain the full "Story of the China Inland Mission" will do well to read this interesting *résumé* of the initiation and marvellous extension of missionary work in the interior of China. Costing only sixpence, it will prove of untold value if it leads many more of the Lord's children to consecrate themselves and their substance to service for Him among the still unevangelized 300 millions of the sadly-misnamed "Celestial Empire."

Joined to the Lord. By ANNIE W. MARSTON. Marshall Brothers.

ALTHOUGH not purporting to be a Commentary on the Canticles, our authoress has given us personal and practical reflections upon the successive sections of this Book, so apt and trite, so suggestive and so tender, that the devout will find it in part an exposition, but, far more, a devotional treasury. It is wisely introduced by Dr. Elder Cumming's Preface.

Things that Cannot be Shaken. By Rev. C. G. MOORE. Marshall Bros.

THIS eleventh of the Keswick series is as wise and gracious as its predecessors; and calculated, if means could charm, to allure believers to the great things of the Christian life. For spiritual help, a choicer present could not well be found.

Vedic India. By ZÉNAÏDE A. RAGOZIN.
T. Fisher Unwin.

AFTER rather a long interval, we are glad again to receive a volume of "The Story of the Nations" Series in which our late beloved Editor used to be so deeply interested. Had Mr. Spurgeon still been spared to us, he would have given a hearty reception to the latest product of the prolific pen which has already written *The Stories of Chaldea, Assyria, and Media*, and which is now preparing a fitting sequel to the present volume in *The Story of Brahmanic India*. The work before us is an elaborate elucidation of the mythical and mystical Vedas,—“the fountain-head of India's religion and law,” and especially of “the Aryan book of books—the Rig-Veda.” The author skilfully traces the methods by which the many “gods” of the Brahmins were evolved, and explains the process of natural selection by which the cow was exalted to her prominent position as the sacred animal of India. The Hindu traditions concerning the Flood show how anciently and how widely the Biblical narrative must have been known; while we have only to dig down deeply enough through the successive layers that have been accumulating for centuries, and even amid the crudities and absurdities of Vedic India we shall find much with which we are familiar in the Word of God. All too dimly and imperfectly, yet most manifestly, even in the Rig-Veda, we can discern the Trinity, the Mediator between God and men, the drink of immortality (“the water of life”), and hints with regard to sacrifice, prayer for pardon, the twice-born, and the future abodes of the two classes of mankind, which show that the Brahmins' sacred books contain, in a sense little understood by them, part at least of the one great revelation from heaven.

Vedic India is a most fascinating volume; the style in which it is written makes it a pleasure to read it, except just here and there where the author mentions “other theologies”—(there is but one Theology), and “divine beings” when he is alluding to the “myths of the Vedic Pantheon.”

We shall eagerly anticipate the pleasure of perusing the promised supplementary volume.

Julian, Philosopher and Emperor, and the last Struggle of Paganism against Christianity. By ALICE GARDNER.
“Heroes of the Nations” Series.
G. P. Putnam's Sons.

No more interesting period of history can claim our attention than when it seemed that the Roman Empire was to be universally and permanently Christian, until the figure of Julian, whom we generally name “The Apostate”, starts up. Whether he is a hero or not, must be left to individual opinion; certainly he was a very conspicuous personality in the ebb and flow of the nations, and well fills his place in this admirable and interesting series of narratives. We should be inclined to think that her classic sympathies have led the authoress (who is lecturer on Ancient History in Newnham College) to take a too favourable view of her hero's actions, though she has certainly endeavoured to set forth things in true proportion, and has produced a very clever and readable book. It is sad to find a man, on the very verge of the light, speaking officially of “the superstition of the Galileans”, and using all his power to subvert the faith of Jesus Christ. When he was slain, the Christians breathed more freely; and though it may be doubted whether he ever uttered the words, “O Galilean, Thou hast conquered,” it is true that he passed away as the defeated champion of the decaying paganism. Thereafter, the sea flowed over the rock.

Marmaduke, Emperor of Europe. By
X. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THIS is a story, somewhat after the pattern of several that have recently appeared, giving an ideal picture of the state of society in the coming days. The fault of most of these dreams is that they utterly ignore the main factors of the problem, especially the question of sin. In that, alas! they are a good deal like some modern theologians. This book, however, is on a different tack. It

seeks to apply the principles of Christ to things as they now are, without waiting for any Social Revolution. To begin with, the Germans give up Alsace and Lorraine to France, and this issues in a general disarmament, which is a consummation devoutly to be hoped for. There is a seed-thought in the volume, and considerable skill in the narration, and it is worthy of the attention of those who believe that Socialism is the only remedy for the present distress. Perhaps this is a better way; but whatever panacea may be proposed, there is but one key to the situation, and that key is CHRIST.

Sunday Mornings at Norwood. Prayers and Sermons, by Rev. S. A. TIPPLE. H. R. Allenson.

PEOPLE sometimes ask, "What is 'Down-grade' doctrine?" It is found in two forms. In some preachers,—with whom, forsooth, we are invited to fraternize in the Baptist Union and various Associations!—it manifests itself in such language as we might expect from avowed infidel lecturers. In others, the evil appears in a style of preaching which the apostle Paul would have called "another gospel, which is not another," that is, a *gospel with the gospel left out*; that "wisdom of words" by which "the cross of Christ" is "made of none effect." The volume before us is of the latter type. All the great Evangelical doctrines, which are the very life and glory of our Christian faith, are conspicuous by their absence from Mr. Tipple's teaching; while he does not hesitate to speak of a Scriptural narrative as being "highly coloured, full of exaggeration." Even from such a text as Romans ix. 11—13, the preacher thus evolves a shadowy sort of universal *post-mortem* salvation:—"The election of some, signifies the divine purpose of advancing all, and is the divine method of fulfilling it. And what does it mean, that there are daily disappearing from hence, 'behind the veil;' on the one hand, elect souls who have been chosen, not of works, but of Him that calleth, to discern and enjoy inspiring religious truth, and to reach high moral and spiritual attainment, together with a greater

number, on the other hand, whose birth and circumstances have operated to keep them outside such truth, and below such attainment? What does that mean, but that the former have been enlightened and quickened in *time*, for ministry to the latter in *eternity*? It is not that *those* are chosen, and *these* for ever excluded, but that through the choosing, now, of *those*, *these* are to be hereafter blessed."

All who are spiritually instructed in the truths revealed in the Word of God know how utterly opposed such teaching is to the inspired declarations in the Scriptures; it is, in fact, only an amplification of the "Down-grade" doctrine by which the serpent deceived our first parents in the Garden of Eden.

Whether of the Twain? By Rev. J. D. W. WORDEN. Liverpool: J. A. Thompson and Co.

AMONG the couples analyzed and compared in this interesting work are Jacob and Esau, Saul and David, Elijah and Ahab, Peter and Judas. The object of the writer is to remove the stumbling-block that exists to the reception of Christianity, in consequence of the preference which many have for worldly rather than Christian types of character. Mr. Worden, with the best intentions, concedes at times far too much to what is, in effect, a carnal antagonism to God; and, in his anxiety to propitiate rebels, takes up positions whither an instructed piety could not always follow him. Still, there is a freshness of observation ever and anon recurring that gives to this book a certain charm and power. Besides, this work has a distinct aim and a timely purpose, and on that ground is to be commended. We live in times of blasphemous assumption, when many fools think they are called to revise the Divine estimates of persons and circumstances in Sacred History. Mr. Worden, though a wise man himself, is wonderfully long-suffering towards this class,—*too kind, in fact*. Still, in certain cases, where modern thought rages and fallible reason is enthroned, this book may have its uses in cooling the fevered brain.

Bunyan Characters. Third Series. Being Lectures on the Municipal and Military Characters in *The Holy War*. By ALEXANDER WHYTE, D.D. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

WELL do we remember the pleasure we experienced, some two years since, in reviewing the first series of *Bunyan Characters*. By somebody's omission, the second volume did not come under our notice; but we rejoice in being able to give this third series as hearty a commendation as we accorded to the first. In the introductory chapter, Dr. Whyte enumerates the qualifications needed rightly to understand and to appreciate *The Holy War*, which such an authority as John Ruskin prefers to *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and Macaulay considered to be, at least, its equal. It is very evident that the Doctor himself possesses these qualifications in a pre-eminent degree, for he has produced a most profound and heart-searching work. Henceforth, the name of Dr. Whyte will be inseparably associated with that of Bunyan. We trust that, as one result of the publication of this volume, *The Holy War*, which has been to a great extent overshadowed by *The Pilgrim's Progress*, will become better known, and take the high place in Christian esteem which its merits deserve.

Reminiscences of Andrew A. Bonar, D.D. Edited by his daughter, MARJORY BONAR. Hodder and Stoughton.

PEARLS, diamonds, rubies, amethysts, and every precious thing abound in this volume. The plan of first issuing the "Diary", and following it with the "Reminiscences" now before us, is most admirable. Each volume is the complement of the other, and while a correct estimate of the character of this man of God can scarcely perhaps be gained from either alone, we confess to great satisfaction in the reading of these words of loving appreciation and praise. Would that we had more men of the stamp of Dr. Andrew Bonar, so quaint in his simplicity, so deep in his spirituality, so transparent in his character! We find some of his most pregnant sayings here enshrined; his famous addresses on "Nicodemus" and "Paul's fifteen days' visit to

Peter," while scattered all over the book is dust of gold, and like the land of Havilah, the gold is good. Miss Bonar has shown rare skill in arranging her materials; she is much more than an editor, the gift her sainted father exercised for McCheyne seems to have descended to her, and this volume and its companion will long keep green the memory of the beloved and world-honoured servant of Christ, whose name it bears.

Life and Labours of Rev. William Johnston, D.D. By Rev. SAMUEL PRENTER, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

It is fitting that the lives of such men should be written as an example and stimulus to those who come after. Dr. Johnston has left behind him in Belfast a name which will long remain as a symbol of all that is true and worthy. He began his ministry amongst the very poorest of the community, and worked with such success that he became at length a commanding figure amongst the Irish Presbyterians. Naturally, this memoir will find most acceptance amongst his own people; but the history Mr. Prenter has ably sketched will also commend itself to all lovers of the lives of good men. The book is well worthy of perusal.

The Ministry of the Spirit. By A. J. GORDON, D.D. With Introduction by Rev. F. B. MEYER, B.A. Baptist Tract and Book Society.

SUCH a work as this needs no epistle of commendation. Every page bears witness to sober thought, exact method, and ripe Scriptural acquaintance. The style is severely chastened; the sentences shine like crystals; and the whole treatment illustrates the art which conceals art, and the profundity which is lost in luminous elucidation. This is a book for the still hour, when, though the senses sleep, the spirit wakes, and meditation has its perfect work. How little the Sacred Anointer is known! But here one speaks who bears the marks of His anointing, and whose words, like the fleece of Gideon, are drenched with dew. Surely, he was ready to go in to see the King.

My Last Will and Testament. By HYACINTHE LOYSON (Père Hyacinthe). With Introduction by DEAN FARRAR. Cassell & Co.

IN this remarkable little volume, the eloquent ex-monk of the Barefooted Carmelites gives to the world three letters which deal with three great epochs in his life. His Protestation against Papal Infallibility marked his retirement from the pulpit of Notre Dame. His letter on the eve of his marriage was a challenge to the "Old Catholics", whom he had joined, to admit the right of priests to marry. "Before the Veil" is his testimony, in prospect of death, of his hope that the future will see Rome reformed, and the Vatican reconciled to modern thought. The sight of a great soul struggling for light and liberty evokes our sympathy; but these trumpet blasts lose force and permanence for lack of fuller recognition of the rightful place of the Word of God and the Holy Spirit. The book is, however, a

contribution to the signs of the times. The translator, M. Ware, has done his work most creditably.

The Spirit-filled Life. By Rev. JOHN MACNEIL, B.A. Marshall Brothers.

WHILE not written by the great John McNeill, we recognize here the ripe fruit of a gracious and Spirit-taught disciple, who, though avowedly the instructor of babes, in the homely fashion that befits Australian Colonial life, yet aims at the diffusion of Pentecostal truth and blessing. As there is an abundance of sound spiritual direction in this unpretentious work, the inference is that, if the Christian reader fails to realize the "Spirit-filled life", the cause must lie in the lack of heart-inclination rather than in the absence of head-knowledge. We are glad that some of the food provided for Australian babes in grace has been shipped to English shores for the strengthening of the children of God in the mother country.

Notes.

MANY of our readers will be pleased to learn that PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON's Presidential Address, *En Voyage*, has been reprinted as a sixteen-page pamphlet, with the author's portrait in front, price one penny. Quantities for distribution can be obtained of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster at 7s. per 100.

Pastor Thomas Spurgeon very properly protested against the inclusion in the programme of the London Sunday-school Choir Festival at the Crystal Palace of a hymn countenancing the Popish practice of Mariolatry. As the result of the attention called to the matter, the authorities withdrew the objectionable piece; but it is surprising that it should ever have been selected for singing at a large representative gathering of those who are supposed to be Protestant Sunday-school teachers and scholars.

The R.M.S. *Dunottar Castle* sailed from Cape Town on June 12, so that, all being well, PASTOR CHARLES SPURGEON will be home about the time this Magazine reaches our readers. He did not feel himself able, before his return to England, to decide whether he ought to accept the invitation to resume his pastorate at South Street Chapel, Greenwich. In his reply, he left the church free to make other arrangements; but the members resolved to renew the

invitation, and on his arrival to urge him to continue in their midst the ministry which has already been so richly blessed. It is most important for all concerned that the will of God, in this matter, should be plainly revealed; we therefore ask believing friends to unite with us in prayer that the Lord's servant may be divinely directed to the right decision. Various applications for Pastor Charles Spurgeon's services have been received, and to these he will no doubt give due attention as soon as he sees his course clear with regard to Greenwich.

Special Notice.—The annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY is to be held on *Monday afternoon, July 8*, when all friends will be heartily welcomed at the tea at five o'clock, and at the meeting immediately following. This is the occasion on which the ladies of the committee usually receive a great variety of garments suitable for ministers and their wives and families, and they will be extremely grateful if the contributions this year are even more generous than on previous anniversaries, as the need for the Society's work is as great as ever. Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon hopes to be present to receive the parcels, which should be addressed to the secretary, Poor Ministers' Clothing Society, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, S.E. Donations for the Society's funds will be

gratefully acknowledged by the treasurer, Mrs. Goddard Clarke, "Ingleside," Elm Grove, Peckham, S.E.

It is a cause for heartfelt thanksgiving that in Germany, the land from which so much of the prevalent "Down-grade" doctrine has come, translations of MR. SPURGEON'S SERMONS AND OTHER WORKS continue to meet with widespread and increasing acceptance. Two months ago, the first edition of *The Art of Illustration* was issued, and a second edition is already required. *All of Grace* has reached its sixth edition, and the fourth edition of *Around the Wicket Gate* is now in the press, while various collections of *Sermons* are either being published for the first time or re-issued after the successful sale of the previous series. Thus, abroad as well as at home, the beloved Pastor continues to testify the gospel of the grace of God, although our ears can no longer hear his glorious voice declaring the glad tidings of salvation.

On July 17, the SPURGEON MEMORIAL SERMON SOCIETY completes its third year's history, which commenced with the reading, by a Christian young man in Brighton, of Mr. Harrauld's appeal in the *Sword and Trowel* for July, 1892. It is very gratifying to know that the Lord has so abundantly blessed and prospered the Society that, at the present time, upwards of 20,000 of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons are being circulated weekly by a band of over 300 distributors. Branches of the Society have been formed in 27 towns, including Perth in Scotland, Newport and Cardiff in Wales, and two districts in London. The sermons are supplied gratis, in sets of 50 to each worker, ready-covered, and carriage paid, thus avoiding all local expenses, on condition that any contributions received from readers and sympathizers with the work are forwarded to the Society. Applicants should state the number of sets (50 sermons) required, counting one set for each worker.

The committee are anxious to extend this work to every town and village in the United Kingdom, and they will be glad to receive the names of any friends who are willing to act as local secretaries. If pastors will bring this matter under the notice of their churches or Christian Endeavour Societies, Sermon Distribution Committees might be formed, and many hundreds of friends might be found willing to devote about one hour weekly to the circulation of the sermons. The Committee are willing to supply existing Tract Societies with the sermons on the conditions stated above. They would be glad to enrol 1,000 distributors this year, and thus to make the Society a worthy Memorial of the revered and honoured servant of Jesus Christ, CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON. Will you, dear reader, make one of this number? We are sure you will experience much blessing in your own soul, and you may

thus perhaps be the means in the Master's hands of winning many for Christ. All applications should be addressed to the honorary secretary, Mr. William Taverner, 36, Exeter Street, Brighton, Sussex.

The forty-second Annual Report of the OPEN-AIR MISSION gives a most interesting account of an increasingly valuable form of Christian service. Vast numbers of persons who are disinclined to enter the house of God will listen to the preacher at the street corner or on the village green, or it may be at fairs, races, and other similar gatherings. It is necessary, therefore, that many of the Lord's servants should obey the command, "Go out quickly," that those who are "out of the way" may hear the gospel invitation. Friends who can help this work, either by personal service or by their contributions, should send sixpence for a copy of the Report to Mr. Frank Cockrem, 11, Adam Street, Strand, London.

COLLEGE.—The students are now away for their Midsummer vacation, which terminates on August 6. Mr. F. W. Jarry has been accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society committee for mission work at Cuttack, Orissa, India.

Mr. T. Greenwood is removing from Catford Hill to Ramsden Road, Balham.

Our readers will remember the circumstances which necessitated Mr. R. S. Latimer's resignation of the pastorate at Colne, Lancashire (see April *Sword and Trowel*). We rejoice to learn that he has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Boulevard Baptist Church, Weston-super-Mare (the work begun by Mr. Urquhart).

In memoriam.—Yet another of the elder brethren of the Pastors' College, *Pastor E. Speed*, has been suddenly called home. He appears to have been walking back to Bishop Burton, after visiting one of his people. A strong wind blew off his hat, and the exertion of climbing a fence, and chasing it, seems to have been too much for the weak heart from which he had long suffered, for when he was found, shortly afterwards, his spirit had returned to God who gave it. He was a faithful pastor, a loyal Nonconformist, and was held in high esteem by his church and the people in the village, his life and labours being admired even by the parson and squire who, ecclesiastically, were at the opposite pole from the humble Baptist minister.

Monday, June 17, was the time set apart for the *Conference Day of Prayer*. The President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, sent reminders to the brethren in town and country, and at the Tabernacle extra gatherings were arranged for 10 a.m. and 3 p.m., while the regular evening meeting partook of a special character.

At the morning meeting, in the College, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided, Brethren Shindler, Frank James, Chamberlain, Pummell, Judd, Wells, and Moore prayed,

and Pastor W. Williams, of Upton Chapel, gave an address of much power upon the words, "Fear not, I will help thee."

The Pastor again occupied the chair at the afternoon gathering in the College. Brethren Harmer, Dunnington, Jeffrey, Day, and Field prayed, and Pastor Frank James, of Peckham, gave a gracious word upon "Nearness to Jesus Christ," in the course of which he made a tender reference to a departed brother who, from the same platform, had said, "He who tarries long enough by the Rose of Sharon will carry away with him its fragrance and sweetness."

The evening meeting in the Tabernacle was opened with a joyful hymn. The Pastor prayed, and spoke a few hearty words of welcome, explaining the special character of the day. Pastor T. Breewood prayed, and then a very interesting address was given by a Stundist sister from Russia, Miss Von Kirchner, whose story of the persecutions of our brothers and sisters in Christ was full of painful interest. Mr. Moreton, a missionary from Portugal, gave an earnest address, in which he referred to the good work done in Spain by our Brother Wigstone and the late beloved Blamire.

Throughout the day, the labours of our whole brotherhood all over the world were commended to the Lord in prayer, and as the Pastor closed the last meeting, we left the assembly with the feeling that we had been near to God, and that an impetus for good had been given to all the churches represented in the Pastors' College Evangelical Association.

Pastor Levi Palmer, of Taunton, issued a letter to the members of his church calling attention to the speciality of the day, and urging all to observe it as far as they could; and doubtless other brethren helped to make the season one of more than usual united and earnest supplication. The President's motto text was 1 Tim. ii. 8, and surely never was there greater need than now that men should "pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting."

PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—Mr. Patrick writes:—"As the hot weather comes in, the attendance at our Spanish meetings somewhat decreases. We do not often have after-meetings, but I am constrained to tell you of two recently held. At the first, feeling quite certain that many had come through curiosity, I said, 'This meeting is only for the lost, the unsaved, the unforgiven sinners.' A young woman immediately rose, and said, 'Then, Señor, I must go; for I am not lost, but saved by faith in Jesus Christ;' and her husband, who had been wise enough to follow his wife's leading to the cross, added, 'And I also am saved.' Then a Spanish lady said, 'And I believe in Jesus, and get happier day by day;' and these three went out. Then a Pharisee stood up, and said, with a proud

toss of the head, 'I have believed in Jesus ever since I was a baby; I am not a drunkard, nor a thief, I am not lost;' and in all parts of the room men and women cried out, 'Nor I,' 'Nor I,' and some forty to fifty went out, leaving just two, who had lost their self-righteousness, and were seeking for the Saviour.

"When, about a month later, we held the second meeting, which had been preceded by a very solemn and large gathering, only seven came into the enquiry-room. Among them was a tavern-keeper who 'wanted to be saved,' and felt that he was 'a much better man than he used to be,' and thought he 'stood a pretty good chance if he continued to improve.' Another was an aged man who was under deep conviction of sin. I believe he is a true child of God, but at present he has no assurance. Another was a stone-carrier. He had never before heard anything about the Lord Jesus, and did not even know His name. He had never seen a Bible, nor prayed. I fear he went away without the priceless treasure. The last of the seven was the widow of a Spaniard whom my wife attended daily for three months in 1890. Hearing that he was nearing his end, she hastened to the cottage, and found a priest sitting by the bedside of the unconscious man. Consciousness returned for a moment, and on seeing Mrs. Patrick a bright smile lit up his face, and he murmured, 'Jesus, my Redeemer,' and fell asleep. When I asked his widow, 'What do you want, Dolores?' She replied, 'Oh, Señor, I want the Redeemer of my husband!' And, praise God! she found Him.

"Pray for these dear people, and for us also, kind readers."

C. H. SPURGEON'S EVANGELISTS.—Mrs. Spurgeon's Personal Notes this month contain a paragraph which should have our friends' careful and prayerful perusal, as it supplies the most important items concerning the work of the evangelists at the present time. Our brethren are filling up the dates for their missions in the autumn and winter; but just now, Sabbath services, with an occasional week-night gathering, are all that can be arranged. During part of June, Mr. Burnham has been at Great Ann Street Mission, Bristol; and Mr. Harmer has preached at South Croydon, Catford Hill, Hendon, and Burnham-on-Crouch. He is to be at Catford Hill again on July 7, and at Miss Watney's Mission, Hayling Road, South Croydon, for the five Lord's-days from July 21 to August 18.

ORPHANAGE.—The Annual Festival was held on Wednesday, June 19th, the anniversary of the birthday of the beloved Founder, C. H. Spurgeon. A heavy shower of rain providentially fell in the morning rather than in the afternoon or evening, and the day, though somewhat dull, was favourable to the great open-air gatherings that have been for many years

the principal items in the day's proceedings. All the buildings, including the Memorial Hall, were also crowded; and it was estimated that there were altogether about 10,000 persons present. A very interesting programme, which we have not space to mention in detail, was successfully carried out. The receipts for the day amounted to £800, to which, doubtless, will be added further contributions from friends unable to be at the meetings. The income during the past year was £1,500 less than the expenditure; but a large legacy, left some years ago, has become available during the past month, so that anxiety has once again been changed to thanksgiving and praise to the ever-faithful Father of the fatherless, who has thus provided for one of the works that is peculiarly His own.

COLPORTAGE.—The Conference of May 25 to 27 will long be remembered with pleasure by the committees and the forty-six colporteurs who were present. The meetings for prayer proved a great stimulus and blessing, and the testimony concerning the past twelve months' labour for the Master was of a most encouraging kind, showing the stern necessity for the Church of Christ to maintain this and similar agencies in town and village. This will also be apparent to all who will study the Annual Report of the Association which is included in the present issue of the Magazine. We hope also that the group of colporteurs and committee, given on page 377, will call further attention to this greatly-needed and useful service for the Lord Jesus Christ.

Help is urgently required, and a "forward movement" is impossible unless the Lord's stewards aid us at once.

Our colporteurs are not simply book-hawkers, (although we lay great stress upon the Founder's words, "Sell the books,") but they are really home missionaries and evangelists. Their sales and the systematic house-to-house visitation afford them many valuable opportunities for speaking personally to those on whom they call, and seeking to point the unsaved to the only Saviour. God has continued His smile of approval upon this work, and we rejoice to hear from every quarter of many who have been blessed.

Mr. J. W. Andrews, our colporteur at Sellindge, writes under date of June 1st:—"It has been my privilege to attend the annual meetings of our Association this year, and I may say that *I very much enjoyed them*, and gathered stimulus and strength for future work for the Master. I have now been in my district twelve years, and during that time my sales have realized £2,452 10s. 3d. I have heard of blessing received through the reading of the books, and the visitation and services; but I believe, in such a work as this, a great deal of good is done that never reaches our ears, and eternity alone will reveal it. I have now sold about 280 copies of *The Traveller's*

Guide, and great blessing has followed the reading of the same."

Readers of the Report will notice that other colporteurs mention cases of good resulting from the sale of this book.

All contributions and communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, Temple Street, St. George's Road, Southwark, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—May 30th, eleven; at Haddon Hall, May 30th, five.

PERSONAL NOTES, BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.—Very hearty thanks to the many friends who have so kindly responded to my request for their opinion as to the wisdom of publishing a sequel to *Ten Years of My Life*. So far, all are unanimous in counselling its production, and I have been much gratified and cheered by the appreciative way in which so many have written about the previous volume. Next month, I hope to tell you something of what has been said, for letters are still coming in every day, and a little chat concerning them will prove interesting to all. Then, too, I think the final decision may be announced.

Many readers of this Magazine will be pleased to learn that my "Protest against Bazaars," printed from these pages as a leaflet, has had a large sale at home, and has been translated into one foreign language,—Norwegian. There is every reason to believe that the Lord has signally blessed the effort to convince His people of the danger to the *spiritual* prosperity of a church involved in this essentially worldly and unscriptural means of raising money for Christian work. Some people have scorned my kindly warning, others have treated it with contempt because the voice which uttered it is one of the "weak things" which God sometimes chooses to "confound the things which are mighty"; but by far the larger number have shared my opinions, and rejoiced that I was led to give them publicity. I know of some instances where, in consequence of my appeal, pastor and people have agreed to set aside the contemplated Bazaar, and with simple faith have laid their earthly needs before their Heavenly Father, and trusted Him to supply them. They tell me they find it a happy and most blessed experience. I know others who have almost regretfully yielded to long-continued custom, and had a "Sale of Work", earnestly hoping to keep out of it all worldly thoughts, ways, and deeds. These have been silent as to their success, but I am sure, without their telling me, that the spirit of worldliness is *not to be banished* from a mercantile transaction of this sort, and that, strive as they will to gloss it over, and argue as they may in its defence, the principle of the thing is wrong in God's

sight, and therefore should not be tolerated among us.

Of the many, who, alas! see no evil in an unholy alliance of the Church and the world, I dare not trust myself to say much. Their frantic efforts at entertainment, their shows, and plays, and juggleries, and pitiful imitations of the world's senseless delights, are so sad an exhibition of unbelief in the power and grace of the Lord whose name they bear, that I can only marvel at their blindness! A Bazaar programme, nowadays, is about as sorrowful reading for a Christian as anything I know of. Is it any wonder that the young people of a church, trained in such ways, should, later on, drift into the darkness of scepticism and alienation of heart from God? These are they whose drugged conscience permits them to patronize the theatre on Saturday, and take their place in God's house on the Sunday,—equally at home and at ease “where Satan's seat is” or in the temple of the Most Holy God. Could it be to warn such self-deceived and daring persons as these that Bunyan pictured a door to hell, hard by the very gate of Heaven?

How brief a time it seems since I told you that I had assumed the responsibility of keeping two of the dear Pastor's chosen evangelists at their work! I then said that a generous friend promised to continue her help for Mr. Burnham, and that I had guaranteed Mr. Harmer's salary for one year. That year has now closed, and I have been enabled to fulfil all that I then engaged to do. Now we have made arrangements for another twelve months, and faith looks up again to God for means to carry on the beneficent service. Both the brethren have had, and still have, as many engagements as they can possibly find time and strength to fulfil, and readers who have, every month, carefully followed in these pages the record of their labours, must have noted that much blessing in the conversion of souls has been the result of their meetings. In very many of England's rural villages, the need of plain, simple, earnest gospel teaching is a painful reality, and these two brethren go up and down the land, preaching Christ, rousing sleepy churches, and everywhere striving to bring sinners to the Saviour's feet.

In one way, I think I am disappointed, not with them, but with some of you. I had bright hopes of so much money coming in that the two workers should increase to four, or perhaps . . . well,—I will not frighten you by stating all the lengths to which my desires carried me;—but, as an absolute fact, I have enough, though but little to spare, and this, while it gives cause for gratitude, is much less than I expected. You see, I depend (humanly speaking) mainly upon your response to the claims this work for God has upon you; for the contributions from the poor churches visited by the evangelists are necessarily small, and are even less at this season than

in the winter, when missions are held to better advantage. Mr. Burnham and Mr. Harmer have, from the commencement of their work, and at dear Mr. Spurgeon's desire, chosen to render service to the small towns and villages, rather than to more wealthy places, and this, of course, throws more of the burden of expense upon the fund devoted to their support. I tell you this, that when the Lord prospers you, either temporally or spiritually, you may remember the great barrenness of your country's dry places, and send me more help towards carrying the water of life to the dwellers in these English deserts.

In how many wonderful ways does the Lord still use dear Mr. Spurgeon's words and pen to comfort His people, and save and bless poor sinners! I have jotted down a few instances, and believe you will have pleasure in reading them from time to time. They are multiplied continually in my letters, and always claim a glad song of praise to God from my heart. The first is in connection with the funeral address the beloved Pastor gave, when Deacon Mills was laid to rest, some twelve years ago. That address was published in the pages of the *Sword and Trowel* in March, 1894, and I heard afterwards of a striking service at which the tender oration did duty a second time. It came about thus. The Magazine was sent to a lady recently bereaved, to cheer and comfort her; and she, after reading it, lent it to her minister. What was her surprise when, on the following Lord's-day, at the morning service, after the singing of the last hymn before the sermon, the pastor said, “I do not intend to preach to you this morning, but I am going to read an address given by Mr. Spurgeon at a funeral, as recorded in this month's *Sword and Trowel*.” And then, my friend says, he proceeded to read it with such tender pathos and deep feeling, that very many were moved to tears, and over all the congregation there seemed to breathe a softened and solemn influence, as from the presence of the Spirit of God.

Ah! well-beloved preacher, thy dear lips, which were wont to speak so sweetly of heavenly things, are closed and silent now;—thy lovely voice, which made its grandest music when extolling the Lord Jesus, and its softest melody when pleading with poor sinners to come to Him, is heard no more on earth:—but what triumphant songs, what shouts of joy and victory, engage and satisfy all thy spiritual powers now! There are no funeral orations for thee to pronounce in Heaven, no tears and sobs will there attest the power of thy eloquence to move the multitude as the heart of one man; but we may, by faith, if only dimly and faintly, discern something of the rapturous service thou art called to render to thy Lord in the midst of the Paradise of God! And we shall see thee, and hear thee again, some day, beloved!

"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"Why could not we cast him out? Jesus said unto them, Because of your unbelief."—Matthew xvii. 19, 20.

Dear Lord, behold another poor failing disciple comes to Thee this morning with the same pitiful question! I have tried to live for Thee, and work for Thee;—with honest purpose endeavouring to bless others in Thy name, yet, how signal oftentimes have been my failures! Lord, *Why could I not overcome the sin which so easily beset me? Why could I not check the sharp word on my tongue, and subdue the fierce risings of anger in my heart? Why can I not always walk so near to Thee that my whole life may be under Thy sweet control, and every thought, and deed, and word, be sanctified by Thy consent and approval? Why have I not the power to influence and draw others to Thy dear feet, that they may find in Thee, as I have done, "a very present help in trouble"?*

Lord, I know Thy answer to me will be the same as that to Thy first disciples. Sadly and sorrowfully Thou sayest, "*Because of your unbelief.*"

What a humbling revelation these words convey! My soul, 'tis but a little while since thou didst ring the joy-bells of faith

triumphantly! Has thy right hand already lost its cunning? Has the wicked unbelief, still lingering within thee, stopped the glorious music thy faith was making, and turned the blessed assertion of "How shall He not!" into the faithless whining question of "*How shall He?*" Satan has taunted thee with thy unworthiness. But dost thou think thy demerit could stay the hand from blessing which gave "His only-begotten Son", or overturn the covenant of grace of which He was made "Surety" in the days of old? Lord, it is too true that my faith is often bound by the fetters of unbelief, and her wings are clipped, so that she can only painfully attempt to fly heavenward. I know this is the secret cause of many an unanswered prayer, many a failure in service and in holy living. Now I bring myself to Thee, with every whit as much need of spiritual healing as the poor lunatic boy had of deliverance from demoniac possession. Cast out every evil thing, Lord, and manifest in me "what is the exceeding greatness of Thy power to usward who believe"! Thou art the Author and Giver of faith, endure me plenteously with this living grace, banish all doubt and mistrust from my heart, that faith may be always rejoicing, always conquering, always bringing glory to Thee! "Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief!"

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. G. T. Congreve ...	10	10	0
Contribution from Falmouth Baptist Chapel, per Pastor C. T. Johnson ...	1	0	0
E. J. E. ...	25	0	0
Mr. Dipple ...	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Downing ...	5	5	0
Pastor D. J. Hiley ...	1	1	0
Miss Ware ...	0	2	6
Miss Heath ...	1	0	0
Pastor E. C. Murphy ...	0	10	0
Miss C. M. Petter ...	5	0	0
A few friends, per Pastor R. E. Glendening ...	2	0	0
Mr. T. A. Denny ...	50	0	0
A friend ...	1	0	0
M. H. B. S. ...	0	10	0
W. H. ...	0	2	6
From the estate of the late Mr. J. Kidd (on account) ...	1000	0	0
Part collection from Zion Chapel, Bacup, per Pastor S. J. Baker ...	2	10	0
Rev. R. J. Beecliff ...	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Offord ...	1	0	0
Pastor W. Usher, M.D. ...	2	0	0
Mr. W. Pitcher ...	1	1	0
Collection at Wycliffe Chapel, Reading, per Pastor W. G. Hallstone ...	3	10	0
Mr. Haddon Spurgeon Gibbs ...	1	1	0
Mr. W. M. Cross ...	10	0	0
Mr. G. Jenkins ...	4	0	0
Mrs. Duncan Sharp ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Websdale ...	2	0	0
Mrs. Dunn ...	0	5	0
Mr. W. Ings, N.Z. ...	1	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:-			
May 19 ...	35	6	6
" 26 ...	27	15	6
June 2 ...	21	0	0
" 9 ...	25	0	0
	109	2	0
	£1,241	7	6

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.
Contribution from teachers of Bow Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. W. Cooper ...	1	1	0
H. McS., "The Widow's Mite" ...	0	5	0
A friend ...	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Websdale ...	1	0	0
	£2	16	0

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. Beecloff ...	0	15	0	A widow's thankoffering for mercies received from the Lord ...	1	0	0
Stamps, Hexham ...	0	5	0	Postal order, Dawlish ...	1	0	0
Postal order, Nottingham ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Hibbard ...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wooldge ...	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Freestone ...	0	6	6
Mr. T. Johnston ...	0	5	0	Members of the Young Men's Bible Class, Midway Place, per Mr. W. Reed ...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss M. Cooper ...	0	3	0	A friend ...	20	0	0
Mrs. H. Woolland ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Rennard ...	1	0	0
Miss A. B. ...	0	2	0	G. E., in loving memory of dear Mr. Spurgeon ...	0	10	0
Two sisters ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Uridge ...	0	2	6
Widow and orphan ...	0	5	0	Mrs. S. Cox ...	0	5	0
Miss E. Youmans ...	0	10	0	Collected by Miss J. Pernaime ...	0	18	0
M. S. ...	0	1	0	Mr. J. Wilson ...	0	10	0
Colonel Morton ...	1	0	0	Mr. J. Riley ...	0	1	0
Mr. W. Knight ...	1	0	0	Mr. J. Pillman ...	1	1	0
Mr. J. Higham ...	5	0	0	Collected by Miss Alison ...	0	7	0
Collected by scholars and friends at Old Baptist Chapel, Guildford, per Mr. P. Pickett:—				A Gloucestershire friend ...	0	7	6
Girls' Box ...	1	19	8½	Bethany, Cardiff: "Anonymous" ...	10	0	0
Infants' Box ...	0	6	9	Rev. W. Priest Peck ...	1	1	0
Boys' Box ...	1	16	8	Mr. W. Sicklemore ...	1	0	0
Young Men's Box ...	0	18	8	Miss M. G. Sinclair ...	0	5	0
Young Women's Box ...	0	8	8½	Blackthorn Street Sunday-school ...	1	1	0
Mr. Broughton's Box ...	2	17	6	Kirkwall ...	0	3	0
Mr. P. Pickett's Box ...	1	4	6	Miss Jane Stewart ...	0	10	6
Mr. G. B. Pickett's Box ...	0	6	9	Mr. J. Bettinson ...	5	0	0
	10	1	8	Mr. J. T. Bond ...	2	2	0
Collected by Miss A. Lewis ...	0	9	0	Mr. H. Orchard ...	1	1	0
Mr. J. Penn ...	0	2	0	Mr. H. F. Wickham ...	1	0	0
R. S. ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Lewis ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. B. Stott ...	0	10	6	Mr. D. W. Davies ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Morgan ...	1	0	0	Per Mrs. Jas. Withers:—			
Mrs. J. E. Maunder ...	4	0	0	Mr. M. H. Sutton ...	1	1	0
Mr. Joseph Wheatcroft ...	100	0	0	Mrs. James Withers ...	1	1	0
Mr. Arthur Briscoe ...	5	0	0	Mr. Alfred Sutton ...	1	0	0
Mr. C. Iberson ...	0	8	0	Mr. E. Harvey ...	0	10	6
Pastor E. C. Murphy ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Chas. Simonds ...	0	10	0
Mr. Ernest Phillips ...	2	2	0	Mrs. Herbert Sutton ...	0	10	0
Mr. George Gibbs ...	2	2	0	Mr. Alfred Palmer ...	0	10	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey ...	5	5	0	Mrs. Collier ...	0	5	0
Miss E. Gordon ...	0	1	6	Mr. H. Cowslade ...	0	5	0
Miss Hadfield ...	10	0	0	Mrs. Looseley ...	0	5	0
Miss Hadfield (2nd donation) ...	2	0	0	Mrs. J. Davies ...	0	2	6
Mr. E. H. Keen ...	5	0	0	Mrs. Parfitt ...	0	2	6
Mr. F. G. Keen ...	5	0	0	Mr. Brigham ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Curtis ...	0	5	0	Mrs. W. Shepherd ...	0	2	6
Collected by Ernest ...	0	5	0	Mr. Ravenscroft ...	0	2	6
Mr. J. Bakewell ...	0	4	6				
C. E. S. ...	0	5	0	Collected by Miss Cockshaw ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. M. Rattray ...	0	5	0	Collected by Miss J. Cockshaw ...	0	17	6
Collected by Miss M. Warren ...	0	11	0	Mr. D. Clarke ...	2	2	0
Collected by Miss Spall (No. 12 boys) ...	0	15	1	Mr. O. E. Tidswell ...	0	4	0
Mrs. Slodden ...	0	2	6	Mr. G. R. Adams ...	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Keevil ...	10	0	0	Mr. John South ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Pickering ...	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Hewat ...	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Towler ...	1	0	0	Mrs. A. Holmes ...	2	10	0
Mr. Robert Brown ...	0	10	0	Mr. Alfred Pennings ...	50	0	0
Belfast ...	0	6	0	Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Kelly ...	1	1	0
J. L. ...	1	10	0	Mr. J. Clarke ...	1	0	0
From Stromness ...	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Hogg ...	1	1	0
The Corporation of the City of London ...	52	10	0	Mr. Samuel Popplestone ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Smith ...	1	10	0	Mr. J. Billing ...	0	2	6
Mr. J. Taylor ...	1	0	0	Mr. E. Corbett Byrne ...	1	1	0
Split note ...	5	0	0	Mr. O. Hawkes ...	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. H. Shipton ...	1	10	0	Miss L. Frances ...	0	10	6
Mrs. A. L. Davis ...	0	1	6	Mrs. Knott ...	0	5	0
Mr. W. J. Benham ...	1	1	0	Mr. J. Mee ...	0	2	6
Mr. J. W. Green ...	1	0	0	Mr. B. Bull ...	0	7	6
Miss Redman ...	1	0	0	Mr. T. W. Denne ...	0	5	0
Boxes at Tabernacle gates ...	1	9	6	A friend, per Mr. C. H. Shilton ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Harding ...	3	0	0	Miss L. Bennett ...	0	2	6
Collected by Miss I. Macintosh ...	3	0	0	Mr. H. P. Bailey ...	0	2	6
Mr. F. G. Barnes ...	0	1	6				
M. D. ...	2	0	0				

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
C. M. S.	0 0 6	Mr. George Evans' Young Men's Bible-	
Stamps	0 10 0	class at Belle Isle Sunday-school ...	2 2 0
Postal order, Colchester ...	0 5 0	Mr. and Mrs. Evans, a silver wedding	
Mr. John Peachcott	0 10 0	thankoffering	5 0 0
J. C.	0 10 0	Miss Muil	1 0 0
Stamps, Chipping Sodbury ...	0 1 0	Mrs. Robson	0 2 0
A. S. McK.	0 5 0	J. B. C.	1 0 0
Mr. George Smith	0 5 0	Mrs. Duncan Sharpe	0 10 0
Miss Sladen	0 2 6	Dr. J. A. Dunbar	1 1 0
Mr. W. Jordan	2 0 0	A lover of God	0 10 0
"From a son of God"	0 10 0	Mr. C. Scruby	1 1 0
Mr. T. Fulford	0 5 0	Miss A. Mallett	0 2 6
Mrs. R. Roberts	20 0 0	Mrs. Jefferis	3 0 0
Mr. George Tingey	20 0 0	Mr. W. H. Wilcox	2 2 0
Mr. W. M. Cross	10 0 0	Lady West	2 2 0
Mrs. Patmore	5 0 0	Mrs. Baines	2 0 0
The Dowager Lady Abercromby	1 1 0	Mr. T. L. Hankin	1 1 0
Mrs. Bailey	1 0 0	Mrs. W. Hicks	1 1 0
Miss Bailey	2 0 0	Miss M. J. Brain	1 0 0
G. C. D.	1 0 0	Pastor and deacons' box at the Shore-	
Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge	1 0 0	ditch Tabernacle, Sunday morning	
Mrs. Dowson	1 0 0	offerings	1 15 9
The Misses Foord	1 1 0	Mrs. Preece	0 10 6
Mr. W. Tatnell	1 1 0	Mr. D. Campbell	0 10 0
Mrs. Tyson	1 0 0	Miss M. J. Warren	0 10 0
Mr. G. Stone	1 0 0	Mr. John Wood	0 10 0
Mrs. Ridley	1 0 0	Mrs. Boyle	0 5 0
Mr. and Mrs. Harding	6 2 6	Mrs. A. L. Davies	0 5 0
Mrs. Hearson	1 1 0	Mrs. Rettie	0 5 0
Mr. T. Lucas	1 1 0	Mr. J. Skinner	0 3 0
Mr. W. Medcalf	1 0 0	Mrs. Thorndike	0 2 6
Mrs. Greenwood	0 5 0	Mr. Clement Norton	0 2 6
Miss Brown	0 5 0	Edinburgh	0 5 0
A country minister	0 5 0	M. E. Shrewsbury	0 5 0
Mrs. Sellers	0 5 0	Mrs. Warriner	0 2 6
Mr. Markram	0 2 6	Mr. E. O. Farr	0 1 0
Mrs. E. Sharp	0 6 0	Collected by Mrs. Allum ...	2 0 0
Miss L. Sealey	0 11 0	Pastor J. S. Bruce	0 10 6
Collected by Miss E. Wain ...	7 12 0	Mr. J. Williamson	5 0 0
Miss Fort	0 10 0	Mr. James Balochyle	0 19 0
Mrs. Bucknell	0 5 0	Mr. T. James	0 5 0
Mrs. Boggis	0 10 0	Collected by Mrs. Hooker ...	0 7 6
Mr. G. F. Pringle	1 0 0	Mrs. Keyworth	2 0 0
Mr. W. Parry	0 10 0	Mr. H. Payne	5 0 0
Miss Eyles	1 0 0	Mr. W. W. Gooderham	1 0 0
Mr. J. Webb	0 2 6	Mr. John Barrie	1 0 0
Mr. E. Goodman	1 0 0	Mr. H. Proctor	1 0 0
Mr. E. L. Simpson	0 10 0	Mr. Thomas Ward	1 0 0
Half proceeds of Easter Concert at the		Mrs. Burnes and friend	0 15 0
Bethany House School, Goudhurst,		C. M. W.	0 15 0
per Messrs. Kendon, Son, & Benians	5 0 8	Mrs. Hodges	0 10 0
Mrs. Vane	0 8 0	A friend	0 10 0
Mr. R. Morgan	4 4 0	Mr. Lawrence Shepherd	0 10 0
Mr. J. Taylor	5 0 0	Postal order, North Shields ...	0 2 6
Mrs. E. Wherry	0 5 0	Mrs. Wilson	0 5 0
Mrs. Goosey	0 10 0	Misses Price	0 5 0
Rev. James Smalley	0 5 0	Woodford, Thrapston, Sunday-school,	
Miss Hayball	0 2 6	per Mr. W. French	0 7 6
Mrs. J. Herbert	0 10 0	Mr. R. Vail	0 2 6
Miss Hood	0 5 0	C. F.	0 2 0
Mrs. Gregg	0 2 0	Mr. Duncan McColi	0 2 0
Mrs. C. W. Owen	0 2 6	A friend	0 2 6
Scotch note from Brechin ...	1 0 0	Miss J. Allen	0 2 6
Miss Salmond	0 10 0	Mr. John G. Jones	5 0 0
Mr. James Asten	0 10 0	Mrs. A. Websdale	1 0 0
T. A., "In memory of C. H. S."		Mr. C. Heasman	0 10 0
Phil. iv. 19	0 5 0	Mr. J. Wickham	1 0 0
Mrs. Hargreaves	0 3 0	Collected by Miss Tudor ...	1 0 6
Mr. George Fryer	0 10 0	Mrs. Calder	21 0 0
Miss M. Bashall	5 0 0	Collected by Mrs. Brown ...	0 10 2
Mrs. E. Williams	0 2 0	Messrs. James Bristow & Son ...	2 2 0
Mr. R. Edwards	0 5 0	Miss Isabella Noble	2 0 0
Mrs. A. M. Williams	1 1 0	Miss Christina Noble	3 0 0
Miss E. Clover	0 10 0	Mrs. W. Nicoll	1 0 0
Messrs. Horn & Co. and employees'		Mrs. Fairey	1 0 0
collecting-box	3 11 6	Mrs. M. D. Smith	1 0 0
Mr. William Appleton	10 0 0	Mrs. C. Dales	1 0 0
Mr. S. Stevenson	0 10 0	Mr. Alfred Scales	1 0 0
A friend in Leamington	0 3 6	Mrs. Alston	0 10 0
Mr. S. J. Collins	0 5 0	Mrs. Alexander Thomson	0 10 0
Mr. W. Vincent	0 5 0	Mr. William Laurie	0 10 0

THE
TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE
Golportage Association,
METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE,
1894.

Founder.

THE LATE PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

President.

PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON.

Vice-President.

REV. J. A. SPURGEON, D.D.

Hon. Treasurer.

MR. C. F. ALLISON.

Committee.

MR. J. BUSWELL.
" J. J. COOK.
" J. T. CORSAN.
" G. EVERETT.
" J. HALL.
" S. JOHNSON.

MR. M. LLEWELLYN.
" WALTER MILLS.
" J. PASSMORE, Junr.
" S. R. PEARCE.
" F. THOMPSON.
" A. WOOLLARD.

Hon. Sec.

MR. C. P. CARPENTER.

Financial Sec.

MR. A. E. ALDER.

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 £45 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	1879	84	7,661 16 0	797,353	8,244
1867	6			1880	79	7,577 7 10	630,993	6,745
1868	6			1881	78	7,673 3 6	624,482	7,544
1869	11	1,211 10 6	127,130	1882	79	8,038 2 2	620,850	7,149
1870	9	1,056 11 4	92,868	1883	76	7,921 9 3	592,745	7,514
1871	10	1,110 3 4	85,397	1884	78	8,760 15 9	626,348	7,627
1872	12	1,228 10 11	121,110	1885	76	9,525 16 2	552,677	8,458
1873	18	1,796 2 2	217,165	1886	87	9,601 13 7	560,750	11,952
1874	29	2,937 1 7	217,929	1887	80	9,166 8 3	831,130	9,742
1875	36	4,415 8 7½	360,000	1888	80	8,916 11 1	624,989	9,352
1876	49	5,908 1 9	400,000	1889	84	9,688 13 7	698,272	9,866
1877	62	6,950 18 1½	500,000	1890	90	10,979 2 10	718,534	10,246
1878	94	8,276 0 4	926,290	1891	95	11,255 0 6	689,284	10,147
				1892	93	10,828 10 10	695,764	10,936
				1893	91	9,581 1 4	579,605	10,285
				1894	73	8,125 8 10	471,008	8,498

Cheques may be crossed London and County Bank, Newington Butts; and Post Office Orders made payable to SECRETARY, at the Chief Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand. All communications should be addressed to SECRETARY, Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, St. George's Road, Southwark, London, S.E.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE

COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT, 1894.

THE Committee of this Association, in presenting their twenty-eighth Annual Report, desire to express their hearty thanks to their friends and subscribers for their sympathy and support during another year, and once more to report to them some of the most interesting features of the year's work.

They are glad gratefully to acknowledge that God's blessing has manifestly rested upon the work. Reports from the Colporteurs have from time to time been received, showing that their hearts have been cheered by signs of the divine favour in the conversion of souls, and by their success in introducing good, wholesome, and sound literature into homes where heretofore it was unknown.

The number of Colporteurs employed in the various districts during the year was 73. This is eighteen less than the preceding year. The Committee have been compelled, very reluctantly, to give up these districts, as the local friends were unable to raise the necessary £45 towards the support of the Colporteur, without which the funds of the Association are not sufficient to enable them to carry on a district.

The value of the sales amounted to £8,125 8s. 10d., being £1,455 12s. 6d. less than the previous year. This decrease, of course, must necessarily follow the employment of fewer colporteurs. Yet this sum represents the sale of 815,984 various publications, the distribution of which must inevitably bring with it grand results of lasting benefit. To a large extent, these publications must supplant that leprous literature which enfeebles the mind and corrupts the morals of the readers. By them, useful knowledge is imparted, sound principles are inculcated, and the thoughts and sympathies turned to the all-wise and gracious God.

It is a matter of satisfaction to the Committee that the sale of copies of the Word of God has always borne a good proportion to the other books, and they gladly draw attention to the fact that during the past year 5,925 Bibles and 2,324 Testaments have been sold. The circulation of the Scriptures and religious books is not regulated by the ordinary laws of supply and demand. The demand must be created, for although all need such books, all do not feel the need of them. Therefore the people have to be urged and encouraged to purchase them by the Colporteurs, who must arouse their interest in what they contain.

Over four hundred and seventy thousand visits have been made to the homes of the people, from which we may expect great blessings to follow, as the visitors carry with them the message of a Saviour's love to sinful, fallen men.

In addition to these, the Colporteurs have conducted 8,498 public Gospel services, which, in many instances, have been owned and blessed of God to the salvation of sinners.

There is a deficit of £464 6s. 6d. for the past year, and the Committee, remembering the vast amount of work accomplished, and realizing the great and pressing need for its extension, confidently appeal to the Christian public for their warm and generous support, being assured that work done in the name of Jesus must meet with its reward.

The work is well organized, the Colporteurs working earnestly and efficiently, and the Committee anticipate a good year of vigorous successful effort.

The Committee have to announce that they have received, with regret, the resignation of the Secretary, the Rev. W. C. JONES.

THE LADIES' WORKING SOCIETY

For Helping the Colporteurs and their Families.

President—Mrs. THOMAS SPURGEON.

Vice-President—Mrs. S. R. PEARCE.

Collector and Treasurer—Mrs. HALL. *Secretary*—Miss HOOPER.

Committee—Miss SWAIN, Mrs. EVERETT, Mrs. WIGNEY, Mrs. FREEMAN, Miss MORRISON, Miss C. PEARCE.

THIS Society was formed, some years past, by a few ladies in connection with the Sunday School, who, having heard of the good work the Colporteurs were doing, thought they might be enabled to help them to do their work more easily by sending them parcels of clothing for themselves and their families, thus relieving them of what, it was feared, must at times be rather a heavy burden. So, in the Master's name, from month to month these most acceptable gifts have been sent forth, and they have been thoroughly appreciated, as letters from the men give proof. During the 12 years that the Society has been in existence, nearly two hundred parcels have been sent out; in the making of these, many kind friends have to be thanked for garments sent to the Society for the men and their families; such gifts are always acceptable, and will be most thankfully received.

A working meeting is held every alternate Monday, at the Tabernacle, in the Ladies' Room, from 3 till 7 o'clock. Any friend who can spare the whole or a portion of the time will receive a hearty welcome.

Parcels may be addressed to Miss HOOPER, Secretary Ladies' Colportage Working Society, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, S.E.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I Give and Bequeath the sum of _____ pounds sterling, to be paid out of that part of my personal estate which may by law be given with effect for charitable purposes, to be paid to the Treasurer for the time being of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, Newington, Surrey, and his receipt shall be a sufficient discharge for the said legacy; and this legacy, when received by such Treasurer, to be applied for the general purposes of the Association.

Extracts from Letters, and Colporteurs' Journals.

From E. PAINE, Hadleigh.

C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons.

"A young man has been saved, baptized, and joined a Christian church through reading one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. He is very anxious that others should know the same joy.

"Many of the people say they don't know what they should do if it were not for his sermons."

From J. MOREY, Sittingbourne.

Impure Literature Discarded.

"At a meeting held a short time since at Bayford Road Mission, I was speaking of the harm done by impure literature. The next day, I met a woman who was at the meeting. She said, 'After the meeting was over last night, I went home and said to my husband, Don't buy me any more novelettes; if you do, I shall not read them.' She now has books from me, and has decided for Christ. The children also are connected with our school."

From A. FROST, Wolverhampton.

Clergyman and Colporteur Work Together.

"Thankful to say I have seen fruits from my labours. One woman, whom I have often visited, told me just before she died that she had been led to Christ through my visit.

"From an extract in a Wolverhampton paper I cull the following:—'The Rev. S. R. Bluett, M.A., acting for the vicar, has, in conjunction with Mr. Frost, held about twenty joint open-air meetings, which will prove productive of much good. I write thus, Mr. Editor, to show you that happily there is a spirit of Christian unity abroad which we hope to see fostered until the desire of our friends at Grindelwald shall be gained; and though we may have our differences of Church government and polity, yet we may also feel that we are worshipping one God, that we have only one Saviour, and that the Holy Spirit is a dweller in the hearts of Churchmen and Dissenters alike.'

"I am hard at work, have a good Sunday-school, Bible-class, hold cottage meetings and week-night services, and often preach on Sunday. God is blessing my work here."

From JAMES GILPIN, of Ironbridge, Salop.

A Year of Work.

"I will endeavour to give, in as few words as possible, a report of my work for the past year. Sales: Total value, £146 ls. 9d., consisting of the following various publications—Bibles 96, Testaments 180, books under the value of sixpence 9,606, above that value, or sixpence and upwards 848, magazines 4,364, books in packets, cards in packets, Scripture texts and almanacs 4,780. Of the books sold above the value of sixpence 200 have been 'The Traveller's Guide,' reduced from two shillings to eightpence. Religious services: I have held for the year 214 gospel and temperance meetings; those for adults have been well attended, considering the many difficulties that we have had to meet; whilst those for children and young children have been more than usually so, for particulars of these see the card of membership, with programme of 'Young People's Guild' attached. Another important feature in my work is our Town Tract Society. Inaugurated by superintendent and myself two years and a-half ago, we have sought since then to perfect its efficiency and to extend its usefulness. We have 14 visitors, 790 tracts; of the following about 240 Horner's and other stories, 50 monthly magazines, 250 Spurgeon's sermons; the remainder are made up of tracts from Religious Tract Society and Stirling depôts. The results are that not a home in Ironbridge that will receive it is without its plain witness for Christ. To many,

our efforts have brought abundant spiritual blessing ; with others, first having the loan they have since bought for themselves good reading, who never before bought any ; whilst many have substituted the bad for the good.

"Trusting that this short report may be to you, as it is to me, a cause for gratitude to Almighty God for His goodness, and an evidence that the spirit of our blessed Master is with us in our work for Him."

From R. MOODY, Pewsey Vale.

The Sinner's Friend.

"The little book, 'The Sinner's Friend,' has been very useful to a Mrs. T——, at Manningford. She says it was this book the Lord used in convincing her of sin, and showing her her need of a Saviour."

From C. G. HICKS, of Thornbury.

Keeping the Boys at Home.

"As I go about my district, I cannot but notice the taste for pure and wholesome reading among the people I visit from time to time. Many are eager for Horner's and other penny stories, and anxiously wait the publication of new stories to get them to read. I find the average sales of penny stories for the past nine months has been 1,970, or about the average of 219 per month. An interesting fact in connection with these stories came to my notice last month. I was speaking to a woman about the books, magazines, &c., and she said, 'I tell mother she spends a little fortune in books.' 'Well,' the mother answered, 'I couldn't afford it when you were all at home, and now I have the boys, and they are fond of reading, and so I buy the books for them. I give them a book, and they will sit and read it, or go out into the stable and read it there, and I know where they are, while, if they went off, I should not know in what company they were, and I should be very anxious about them, but the books take all fear about them away, and I never begrudge the money I spend with Mr. Hicks.' I could not help thinking what a wise mother to keep the boys at home in the evenings for a few pence monthly, and I also wished that every mother possessed such wisdom, and prayed that God would bless the boys, and make them His own."

From R. BELLAMY, Fordham.

A Sword to Sharpen.

"A young man said to me, a few days ago, 'I mean to fight for Jesus and the salvation of souls, and I want some good helpful books to furbish and sharpen my sword for the Lord, and you are just the man to do it. I need your help, and I know you will help me.'"

From THOS. BIGNELL, Orpington.

Footman in the Servants' Hall.

"I am comforted to know that the books I sell are being read by many out of my district, and, I trust, made a blessing. Twelve months ago, a woman asked me if I had a book I could recommend that would do for her son, a soldier in India. I told her that "John Haggerly," price 6d., by Jackson Wray, would, I think, just suit. On meeting her, a few days ago, she said she had just received a letter, in which her son said he liked the book very much, and had lent it to over fifty of his companions, who had read it also. Six months ago, I sold a book, called 'Mike Healy,' to a housekeeper : after reading it, she sent it to a man she knew working on the railway : he read it in his dinner time, then lent it to his fellow workmen, till over five hundred of the men had read the same story. I trust it will bring forth a large harvest. A few months ago I met with a footman, who lives outside my district, and I sold him a copy of C. H. Spurgeon's sermons on the text 'Christ Crucified.' On meeting him, this week, he told me that he had read the sermons to the servants in the servants' hall—the housekeeper, overhearing the sermons read, asked him to read them to her, which he did. Some time ago, in calling at a cottage, the woman said, 'Come in, I have some good news to tell you,' I said, 'What is it?' she said, 'I have this morning found the Saviour.' For some time past she had been dissatisfied with herself, through reading Horner's Stories ; this led her to go to chapel ; here she was led to see herself a lost sinner, and she could find no rest until she had sought and found the Saviour."

From C. J. LEAL, of Honiton.

Billy Bray.

"I have much pleasure in reporting one conversion to God, of Mr. C——, of W——, through reading Billy Bray. I am the only visitor the people get in some places. The work in the villages is prospering. I work hard and pray hard that God will make me a blessing."

From H. W. HILLMAN, Freemantle.

"Never saw that before"

"I am very thankful for the way the sales have kept up, making a total for the year of £137 19s. 6d. By God's grace the influence of this literature sold has been, and will be helpful to true piety and godliness. Many have told me that until the Lord sent me to them no one ever spoke to them about their souls."

"A poor man, nearing the end, who had not climbed the stairs for four years, became very anxious about his condition before God. I pointed him to that text, 'Him that cometh unto Me,' and told him that Jesus would receive him. I then read the third chapter of John, and spoke to him of the new birth. He said 'I never saw that before. I can go now.' He died, some few days after, simply trusting Jesus."

From ROBERT HALL, of Ilkeston.

Always Welcome.

"You will be pleased to hear that I meet with a very hearty welcome in all the homes that I visit. There is scarcely anything doing in the colliery districts, so that my sale this year has not improved. I am happy to say that I belong to the 'Try Company,' and the Lord is with me."

From C. MIZEN, Downton.

Bad Books Kept Out.

"I have been here now 20 years in this district; have got used to the people, and am everywhere well received. Since coming here, two chapels have been built, and the congregations have increased very much. Ninety persons have joined the church at Lockerby, and more than fifty at Kidlynch, these are the places I mostly preach at, and I don't think they would have been built at all had I not been here, as there was no one to supply the pulpits. The books are well received, but there is a great want of money to buy in the district, as it is agricultural. Amongst the aged people I am always welcome. The other day, I called at a house to see a woman who was ill, she was almost in despair about her soul. She said she was such a great sinner, did I think she could be saved? I told her the Lord had shown her her state in order to save her, and that, being a sinner, and feeling her guilt, gave her a claim on the Saviour. I read the Word of God to her, and spoke of His precious promises, we then prayed, and I believe the Holy Spirit carried the word to her heart."

"Yesterday I called to see two aged Christian women, they said no one had called to see them this year before. I should have liked you to have been there; we had a little meeting, and one of them said it was a foretaste of Heaven. This is my everyday work, and the books are doing much good in the district; they supply a felt want, and keep bad books out. I should have been pleased to be able to give cases of conversion, but that is God's work to change the heart, and unless I clearly see a change I do not like to say there is. God will bless His own Word, as He has promised."

From A. WALKER, Melksham.

Led to the House of God.

"Again and again have I heard the people say, 'Ah! I do bless God you ever came here; do come to us oftener.' Spiritually, good is showing itself. Horner's Penny Stories have been useful, and they have opened the way to the house of God, for in reading these and other books supplied in two of the villages two families have been led to give up Sabbath desecration, and go to God's house. I am glad to say that we are doing a little in Band of Hope extension, we have some good meetings, and we are getting temperance literature into the homes."

From W. BEER, of Greenwich.

Spurgeon's Sermons Relished as much as Sunday's Dinner.

"My sale in December reached £35. Through storm, snow and ice, and very much distress, God has led me on, and given me much blessing and help. I shall never forget the personal kindness of my late superintendent, Pastor Charles Spurgeon. His dear father's sermons are sold here as much as ever, and are relished by the people as much as their Sunday's dinner."

From H. WEBB, Barrow.

"Looking Upward."

"On visiting this village to-day, I was informed of an old man I had often visited; he being very deaf I had been unable to converse much with him, but by making signs as best I could, I tried to direct him to Jesus. On one occasion he said to me, 'I keep looking up to Him,' pointing up to the sky. I was told that before he died he expressed great gratitude for the words the bookman had spoken to him.

"At Riley, I had a few happy moments with an aged Christian man. As I bade him good-bye, he said, 'If I don't see you again on earth, I shall look out for you up-a-top.'"

From E. GABBETT, Uxbridge.

A Little Insight into a Colporteur's Thoughts and Feelings.

"Dear Sir,—September sales have been fair, amounting to twenty pounds, and district gone over much in the usual way. Some places are more encouraging than others, both for getting at the people, and for making sales. One would scarcely credit the difference. This month is not one of the brightest for selling; neither is any holiday or busy season the best. October: Nothing special has marked the journeys through this month, excepting new mercies every day, and a falling off of magazines as they run out, and also rather quiet time for selling. Shilling and sixpenny books do not sell now like they used to before penny stories came up. It has been, at times, quite a task to sell even a small book, or a sermon, or text of Scripture; only just two or three at a penny, and the few magazines make up the day's sales. I am thankful it is so well as it is, but not satisfied with what is done; but hope for better things—larger sales—during the next two months. November commences with few orders for Christmas, nothing like former years; still I plod on in hope to obtain new subscribers to periodicals, and orders for Christmas and New Year, because small success this month means small sales next. Some few new subscribers have been obtained for magazines, but not what I would like to have. Since posting orders on the 15th November, I have been encouraged and cheered by orders coming in more than usual at this end of the month, and some from places where I did not use to do much. One clergyman gave me orders for 201 almanacks. Here is a good day's work. Left home on 16th inst. for B'agdon, about eight miles distant. Magazines already sent on; a bad road and hilly; calling in and out on the way; selling and taking orders for Christmas; about forty minutes taken through the day for refreshments, having to end of journey returned home at 10 p.m., fifteen hours; sales £2 3s. 10d. Orders taken through the day, £3."

From T. BENDALL, of Great Totham.

"The Story of Elijah," by H. K. Wood.

"I am glad to say that since I began visiting this village, some six years ago, there has been a great change, many who used to read novels and sing songs of a low character have told me of great good received from reading some of our late President's works, "According to Promise," and "Around the Wicket Gate." The village of Revenhall I have visited for about two years, and preached on Sundays once a month. I find that through taking these services I get to know the people better, and consequently make better sales of my books.

"That little book, 'The Story of Elijah,' by H. K. Wood, has been greatly blessed to several in the village."

From S. TOWNSEND, Dorking.

Traveller's Guide.

"During the year many have told me of the good they have received through reading the books I have sold them, 'The Traveller's Guide' having been specially blessed to many. At Enfold Cottages, a woman on whom I called told me of blessing she had received through reading 'The Traveller's Guide,' and having got good herself, she ordered some more to send to her unsaved friends.

"At Leatherhead, I had a talk with a family at the brickyard. They brought several 'Traveller's Guides,' and one of the copies was much prized by the husband up to the time of his death."

From J. W. KNEE, of Penrhiwceiber, South Wales.

A Good Year's Work.

"By the help of God I am pleased once again to submit a brief report of another year's work. The following figures represent the principal items of sales:—123 Bibles, 135 Testaments, 4,088 books under sixpence, 1,768 over sixpence, 4,905 magazines, 2,468 books in packets, 3,020 cards in packets, 1,078 wall texts, 4,286 tracts distributed, 6,221 visits made, 49 almanacks sold, 118 addresses given, 1,759 miles travelled—£201 13s. 7d. total sales."

From J. P. ALLEN, of Swadlincote.

Horner's Stories.

"On the occasion of my going through Mr. Rowley's pottery works, a young man said: 'Mr. Allen, you have done one thing here with these Horner's stories and your magazines; you have completely knocked a lot of bad books out of time, now we hardly see one of them.' I sometimes sell as many as twenty at a time in these works. I take no side in politics or controversial matters, but always make a point of dealing with every subject from a Scriptural standpoint, and I am always heartily welcomed by the master and the men."

From H. E. COLE, of Egham.

"Sermons Preached Specially for him."

"Colportage work, and the interest in it, has been on the increase during the last six months; and while the literature has been placed inside the homes of the people, the Gospel has been preached with good effect.

"Mr. Spurgeon's sermons have been most useful. One man, an invalid for sixteen years, tells me that these sermons are his meat and his drink, they seemed to have been *preached specially for him*.

"The work of our mission hall has been graciously owned of God, many have been blessed, and some have joined a Christian church."

From J. BROOKER, of Cowfold.

A Monday Evening Prayer Meeting Started.

"I am glad to say that I am not without signs of the Lord's presence in my work here. A Mrs. S—, of Faneing, told me the other day that through a visit paid by me she had been truly converted to God. For two years I repeated my visits without telling her anything or even getting a conversation with her, but now I am welcomed to the house at any time. She has since started a Monday evening prayer-meeting in her home, and there seems a general revival in that village spiritually, and my sales have also increased there since."

From R. MOODY, of Pewsey Vale.

"Eighteen Years a Colporteur Pastor."

"I am still toiling on through wet and dry, and I find my visits to the sick and afflicted so very helpful to me in *'selling the books.'*

"Last month, the friends at Marden Chapel celebrated my eighteenth anniversary as pastor of the little church by a tea and public meeting. I am thankful for help received from the Lord whereby I continue until this day, and full of gratitude for every soul that has been blessed.

"Eighteen years ago, the number of members was four, there are now eighteen."

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 1894 :—

BOOKS.

	VARIOUS TOTALS.		INCLUSIVE TOTALS.
Bibles... ..	5,925	Books under 6d.	129,045
Testaments (various)	2,324	Books over 6d.	50,005
Mr. Spurgeon's Book Almanack	1,105	„ in Packets	32,405
„ John Ploughman's do.	4,759	Scripture Texts... ..	59,763
„ Books (various)	1,149	Cards in Packets	126,405
Almanacks (various)	3,587		
Penny Illustrated Books... ..	128,674		
TOTAL BOOKS AND PACKETS		211,455	
„ SCRIPTURE TEXTS AND CARDS		186,168	
„ PENNY STORIES		128,674	

PERIODICALS.

Adviser	2,480	National Temperance Mirror... ..	1,768
Appeal	1,920	Notes on Scripture Lessons	3,425
Band of Hope Review	10,151	Our Little Dots	7,153
Band of Hope Treasury	2,828	Our Own Gazette	4,364
Child's Own Magazine	4,494	Prize	8,268
Gospel Trumpet	3,496	Sunshine	6,864
Herald of Mercy	2,032	Silver Link	3,262
Baptist Messenger	2,792	Good Tidings	8,476
British Workman	6,949	Chatterbox	4,272
British Workwoman	4,264	Our Darlings	1,716
Child's Companion	6,916	Sword and Trowel	7,206
Children's Friend	8,394	Young England	3,198
Cottager and Artisan	7,771	Boy's Own Paper	4,232
Family Friend	13,815	Girl's Own Paper	8,558
Friendly Visitor	4,343	Quiver	13,963
Home Words	4,212	Sunday at Home	4,457
Infants' Magazine	3,848	Cassell's Family Magazine	3,433
Mothers' Companion	14,651	Miscellaneous Magazines... ..	67,101
Mothers' Friend	1,716	Spurgeon's Weekly Sermons	18,083
Mothers' Treasury	2,816		
TOTAL PERIODICALS		289,687	

These figures give some idea of the sales made by 73 Colporteurs. In addition to this they distributed gratuitously upwards of 75,330 Tracts, made about 471,008 visits, and conducted 8,498 services.

Value of Sales from the commencement of the Association :—

£182,259 4s. 6d.

LIST OF COLPORTEURS, with Districts occupied during 1894.

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	GUARANTOR OR HONORARY LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT.
*Warminster ...	Wiltshire ...	S. King ...	1867	Mr. W. C. Toone.
*Swindon ...	Do. ...	B. Slatter ...	1869	W. B. Wearing, Esq.
Riddings and Il- keston ...	Derbyshire ...	Robert Hall ...	1872	Mr. C. Perriam.
Cheddar ...	Somersetshire ...	E. Garrett ...	1873	Mr. H. Woolf.
Dorking ...	Surrey ...	S. Townsend ...	1873	Mr. C. T. Peirson.
Maldon ...	Essex ...	J. Keddle ...	1873	Friends at Maldon.
Cardiff ...	Glamorganshire ...	Geo. Harris ...	1873	Messrs. J. and R. Cory.
Minchinhampton ...	Gloucestershire ...	W. Ford ...	1874	Messrs. P. C. Evans & Sons.
Kempsey ...	Worcestershire ...	C. Dixey ...	1874	Local Committee.
Alcester ...	Warwickshire ...	C. Skinner ...	1874	
Evesham ...	Worcestershire ...	T. Boulton ...	1874	
*Droitwich ...	Do. ...	F. Singleton ...	1874	Southern Baptist Association. T. Greenwood, Esq.
Downton ...	Wiltshire ...	C. Mizen ...	1874	
Brentford ...	Middlesex ...	H. Mears ...	1874	
Wellow ...	Hampshire ...	W. Hodge ...	1874	Southern Baptist Association.
Stow and Aston ...	Gloucestershire ...	C. Bartlett ...	1875	Oxfordshire Association.
Wolverhampton ...	Staffordshire ...	A. Frost ...	1876	Mr. T. Bantock.
Ironbridge ...	Shropshire ...	J. Gilpin ...	1876	A. Maw, Esq.
Pewsey Vale ...	Wiltshire ...	R. Moody ...	1876	Dr. Anstie and Local Committee.
*Wincanton ...	Somersetshire ...	S. Shaw ...	1876	Mr. W. Hannam.
Fritham ...	Hampshire ...	R. Bellamy ...	1876	R. W. S. Griffith, Esq.
Lymington ...	Do. ...	G. Botwright ...	1876	Southern Baptist Association.
Hadleigh ...	Suffolk ...	E. Paine ...	1876	Hadleigh Congregational Church.
*Halesowen and Harborne ...	Warwickshire ...	A. Gould ...	1877	Local Committee.
Poole ...	Dorset ...	W. Lloyd ...	1877	Southern Baptist Association.
Bower Chalk ...	Salisbury ...	W. Hardiman ...	1877	Southern Baptist Association.
Bethnal Green ...	Middlesex ...	A. Wagon ...	1879	Messrs. O. E. & W. R. Fox.
Kettering ...	Northampton ...	A. Portingall ...	1879	Mr. Thomas Meadows, Senr.
Swadlincote ...	Derbyshire ...	J. P. Allen ...	1880	E. S., Anonymous.
Orpington ...	Kent ...	T. Bignell ...	1880	W. Vinson, Esq.
Swaffham ...	Cambridgeshire ...	F. Collier ...	1880	Cambridgeshire Association.
Repton ...	Staffordshire ...	C. Payne ...	1880	E. S., Anonymous.
*Sandown ...	Isle of Wight ...	W. Suller ...	1881	Mr. Dotesio.
Sellindge ...	Kent ...	J. W. Andrew ...	1882	Mr. Thomas R., Anonymous.
Tewkesbury ...	Gloucestershire ...	B. Slatter ...	1882	Rev. J. E. Brett.
Thornbury ...	Do. ...	C. G. Hicks ...	1882	Mrs. S. Taylor.

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	GUARANTOR OR HONORARY LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT.
* Nantisham ...	Norfolk ...	A. R. Richards ...	1883	Norfolk Baptist Association.
Grant Totham ...	Essex ...	T. Randall ...	1883	Rev. H. J. Harvey.
Penrhikyber ...	Abardare ...	J. W. Knoo ...	1883	Messrs. J. and R. Cory.
Avlesbury ...	Bucks ...	Job Smith ...	1883	Messrs. J. E. Taylor and Thos. Gurney.
Melksham ...	Wiltshire ...	A. Walker ...	1884	Mrs. H. Kenvil.
Stratford-on-Avon ...	Warwickshire ...	S. Bartlett ...	1884	Messrs. J. Swallowwood and Thos. R.
Greenwich ...	Kent ...	W. Beer ...	1886	Rev. C. Spurgeon.
Eastover ...	Devon ...	H. Cope ...	1887	H. O. Serpell, Esq.
Langham ...	Essex ...	F. Hyatt ...	1887	R. Scott, Esq.
* Boroughbridge ...	Yorkshire ...	W. Rhodes ...	1887	Yorkshire Baptist Association.
St. Margaret's ...	Kent ...	B. R. Slater ...	1889	{ Kent and Sussex Baptist Association.
Cowfold ...	Sussex ...	W. Brooker ...	1889	
Egham ...	Surrey ...	H. E. Cole ...	1889	Home Counties' Baptist Association.
Chard ...	Somerset ...	G. Willatend ...	1889	Western Baptist Association.
Corton ..	Wilts ...	Thos. Haines ...	1889	Thos. Harris, Esq.
Barrow ...	Suffolk ...	Hy. Webb ...	1889	Suffolk Congregational Union.
Gildersome ...	Yorkshire ...	J. Ford ...	1889	Rev. J. Haslam.
Eastchurch ...	Sheppey, Kent ...	Jarvis Smith ...	1890	L. H., Anonymous.
Horsforth ...	Yorkshire ...	Wm. Mildred ...	1890	Miss Bilbrough.
Sittingbourne ...	Kent ...	J. Morey ...	1890	Kent and Sussex Baptist Association.
Horsell ...	Surrey ...	F. Bridger ...	1890	Home Counties' Baptist Association.
Southampton ...	Hampshire ...	H. W. Hillman ...	1890	R. Beck, Esq.
Newington and Walworth ...	Surrey ...	G. Powell ...	1890	Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School.
* Buxton ...	Norfolk ...	W. Slaymaker ...	1890	Norfolk Baptist Association.
Denmead ...	Hampshire ...	J. Gould ...	1890	Southern Baptist Association.
Earls Colne ...	Essex ...	T. R. Todd ...	1891	Mr. J. A. Tawell.
Biddenden ...	Kent ...	F. Singleton ...	1892	Kent and Sussex Baptist Association.
Dereham ...	Norfolk ...	B. Neal ...	1892	Norfolk Congregational Union.
Cowling Hill ...	Yorkshire ...	S. Parke ...	1892	Cowling Hill Baptist Church.
Catford ...	Kent ...	J. Chant ...	1893	J. G. Priestley, Esq.
* Marcham ...	Berkshire ...	M. Bunker ...	1893	Local Committee.
* Honiton ...	Devon ...	O. J. Leal ...	1893	Devon Baptist Association.
Wallingford ...	Berkshire ...	W. Bird ...	1893	W. Davies, Esq., Toronto.
Bromsgrove ...	Worcester ...	E. Tipton ...	1894	Worcester Evangelistic and Colportage Association.
Devonport ...	Devon ...	J. Hines ...	1894	Devon Baptist Association.
Withington ...	Hereford ...	S. Watkins ...	1894	Mr. J. Meredith.
Canterbury ...	Kent ...	A. R. Richards ...	1894	Kent and Sussex Baptist Association.

No. of Districts occupied during 1894 :—73.

* Districts marked with an asterisk have been discontinued from lack of Local Subscriptions or other causes.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS

Received from 1st January to 31st December, 1894.(Previously acknowledged in *The Sword and the Trowel*.)

FOR DISTRICTS.		FOR DISTRICTS.—continued.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Aylesbury, per Mr. J. E. Taylor and Mr. Thos. Gurney	50 0 0	Stow and Aston, Oxfordshire Association	50 0 0
Abercarn, per D. W. James	10 0 0	Sellindge, per Mr. Thos. R.	40 0 0
Baptist Home Mission, Abingdon	40 0 0	Stratford-on-Avon:—	
Brentford, per Mr. Thos. Greenwood	40 0 0	Per Mr. J. Smallwood	36 5 0
Bower Chalk, Local	2 13 0	Per Mr. Thos. R.	6 0 0
Bethnal Green, Mr. C. E. Fox 25 0 0			42 5 0
Bethnal Green, Mr. W. R. Fox 25 0 0		Sandown (I.W.), per Mr. Deterio	7 8 6
	50 0 0	Shipley and W. Iverhampton, per Mr. Thos. Bantock	45 0 0
Borstal, per Mr. W. R. Craske	22 10 0	Streatham Hill Congregational Church, per Rev. J. P. Gledstone	20 0 0
Brumsgrove, West Midland Baptist Association	33 15 0	Tewkesbury District:—	
Cheddar District:—		Per Mrs. Robinson	20 0 0
Per Mr. C. Burcham	6 0 0	Per Mrs. White	5 0 0
Per Rev. J. Urquhart	4 12 6	Per Rev. E. Brett	5 0 0
Per Mr. Masters	1 0 0	Per Rev. H. Davies	3 15 0
Per Mrs. Emmens	2 16 0	Per Rev. E. Balmford	3 13 6
Per Mrs. R. Clark	2 0 0		37 8 6
Per Rev. J. P. Clark	1 0 0	Thornbury, collected by Mrs. Taylor	30 0 0
	17 8 6	Totnam, Great, per Rev. H. J. Harvey Wilts and East Somerset Baptist Association	45 0 0
Corton, per Mr. Thos. Harris	43 15 0		1 6 5 0
Cambridge Association, per Mr. R. J. Moffat	50 0 0	Wycombe, High, per Rev. G. W. A. Ham Worcester Evangelistic and Colportage Association	115 0 0
Cardiff and Penrhikyber, per Mr. John Cory, J.P.	45 0 0	West Wickham, per Bromley Congregational Church	20 16 8
Cardiff and Penrhikyber, per Mr. R. Cory, J.P.	45 0 0	Western Baptist Association	33 15 0
Catford and Forest Hill, per Mr. T. G. Priestley	20 0 0	Wallingford, per Mr. Wm. Davies, Toronto	45 0 0
Cowling Hill Baptist Church	40 0 0	Yorkshire Baptist Association	23 6 8
Devon Baptist Association, for Honiton Devon Baptist Association, for Devonport	45 0 0	Yarmouth, Great, Town Mission, per Mr. S. W. Page	7 10 0
Dorking, per Mr. A. Chabot	33 0 0		£2,914 4 0
Estover, per Mr. H. O. Serpell	50 0 0	Difference between arrears and advances at the beginning and end of the year	154 11 10
Eastchurch, per L. H.	45 0 0	Part Subscription returned for Neatishead District	5 12 6
Earl's Colne, per Mr. J. A. Tawell	50 0 0		160 4 4
Fairford, per Captain Millborne	4 7 6	See General Account	£1,753 19 8
Fritham, per Mr. R. W. S. Griffith	45 0 0		
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	40 0 0	GENERAL FUND.	
Gildersome, per Rev. J. Haslam	40 0 0		£ s. d.
Home Counties Baptist Association	71 10 8	A., per E. H. B.	0 3 0
Hadleigh Congregational Church	40 0 0	Allison, Mr. C. F.	5 0 0
Harborne and Halesowen	6 5 6	Anonymous, per Mrs. C. H. S.	1 0 0
Horsforth, per Miss Bilbrough	45 0 0	Anonymous, per Mrs. C. H. S.	10 0 0
Hereford District, per Pastor J. Meredith	33 15 0	Anonymous, per Editor of "The Quiver"	0 10 0
Ilkeston, per Friend, N. Z.	45 0 0	Anonymous	0 10 0
Ironbridge, per Mr. A. Maw	40 0 0	A. H. W.	1 1 0
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association	188 17 0	"A Token of Love," from J. S. & E. C.	0 7 6
Kettering, per Mr. Thomas Meadows, senior	40 0 0	Alexander, Miss	0 3 0
Langham, per Mr. Thomas Scott	55 0 0	Anon.	0 5 0
Ludlow, per Mr. Evans	5 0 0	Alexander, Miss	0 2 6
Ludlow, per Mrs. Fitzgerald	7 15 6	A. S.	0 5 0
Ludlow, per A Friend	1 1 0	A.	0 5 0
	13 16 6	An old Independent	5 0 0
Malden, Friends at	51 5 0	An afflicted Missionary in India	1 0 0
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. E. C. Evans & Sons	40 0 0	Bethel Congregational Chapel Minister, per Mr. Whitehead	1 1 0
Melksham, per Mrs. H. Keevil	45 0 0	Brazil, Mr. R.	7 10 0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School for Newton and Walworth	40 0 0	Bennett, Miss M.	0 2 6
Norfolk Baptist Association	45 0 0	B. E. H.	1 0 0
Newton Abbot, Devon and Congregational Union	20 0 0	Bartram, Mrs.	0 10 6
Norfolk Congregational Union, for East Dereham	56 5 0	Beer, Mr. collected by	0 10 0
Orpington, per Mr. W. Vinson	50 0 0	Bayford Road Mission, Sittingbourne, per Mr. Morey	1 5 0
Repton and Swadincote, per E. S.	80 0 0		
Rendham, per Mr. J. L. Ashford	5 0 0		
Suffolk Congregational Union	50 0 0		
Southern Baptist Association	235 0 0		
Southampton, per Mr. R. Beck	45 0 0		

GENERAL FUND—continued.

	£	s.	d.
Bullman, Mr. R.	1	0	0
"Brum,"	1	0	0
Bulley, Mrs.	0	10	0
Bass, Mr. G.	0	7	3
Billing, Mr. Joseph	1	0	0
Bromley Congregational Church, for expenses	5	0	0
Blaney, Miss, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Brayne, Mr. E.	0	10	0
Basball, Miss	5	0	0
C. A. M., per Pastor T. S.	10	0	0
"Christian," Readers of, per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	22	5	0
Cooper, Miss, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
C., Mrs., Ipswich	0	2	0
C. T., Stamps	0	1	0
C. M. F.	0	10	0
Customer of Mr. Beer	0	0	6
Customer of Mr. Beer	0	1	6
C. T.	0	5	0
Casson, Mr. Wm.	0	10	0
Devon Baptist Association, for Expenses	6	18	0
Drayton Baptist Chapel, per Mr. Marshall	0	2	8
Descroix, Miss	0	5	0
Dale, Miss	0	10	0
Devenish, Mr.	0	6	0
E. K. G.	20	0	0
E. D. H., per Mrs. C. H. S.	1	0	0
Elgee, Mrs.	2	2	0
Ellison, Miss	0	2	0
"Emily"	1	0	0
Emery, Miss	3	0	6
E. B., Birmingham	1	0	0
F. C. W.	0	5	0
Fisher, Mr. F., per Pastor T. S.	2	2	0
Friends at Willington Baptist Chapel, per Mr. C. Payne	0	12	0
Friend A., per Mr. Mizzen	0	3	0
Friend A., per Pastor T. S.	0	14	0
Friend A., New Zealand	10	0	0
Friend A., per Pastor T. S.	0	10	0
Friend A., per Mr. Powell	0	2	0
Francis, Mr. William,	1	0	0
Fletcher, Mrs., per T. S.	0	2	6
Gerard, Miss D. E.	0	5	0
Gardiner, Mrs.	2	2	0
Gagard, Mr. J.	0	5	0
Gerard, Miss	0	5	0
Harriman, Mrs.	0	1	6
Haward, Mrs. Louisa	3	10	0
Harvey, Mrs. Elizabeth, per T. S.	1	0	0
Hammington Chapel, per Mr. T. Boulton	0	10	6
H. H.	0	2	6
H. B.	0	10	0
H. K., per Mrs. C. H. S.	1	0	0
H. B.	30	0	0
"Hope to do more," Kennington postmark	0	10	0
Higbed, Mrs. H.	0	5	0
Hay, Mr. P., Aberdeen	0	5	0
Hask, Miss	0	2	6
Hancock, Mr. E.	0	5	0
Halfway Mission House, Sheppey	0	5	0
Hegarty, Miss	0	5	0
Hoadley, Miss M. J.	0	2	0
Hopper, Mr.	1	1	0
Heregau, Mr. T.	0	5	0
Half Collection at Metropolitan Tabernacle, March 18, after sermon by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon	57	5	0
"Inasmuch," by Mrs. C. H. S.	0	5	0
"In Loving Memory," per Mrs. C. H. S.	50	0	0
J. G.	10	0	0
James, Pastor F.	0	2	6
Johnston, Mr. Thos.	0	7	6
Jarrett, Miss E. S.	0	10	0
J. W. J., per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	2	0	0

GENERAL FUND—continued.

	£	s.	d.
J. Mc J.	0	2	0
J. B. T., per Mrs. C. H. S.	1	0	0
Keevil, Mrs. H., per Pastor Thos. S.	5	0	0
Kirtly, The Misses	1	0	0
Killburn, Rev. J. T.	0	10	6
"Lill," Belfast, per Mrs. C. H. S.	1	0	0
L. F.	5	0	0
Legacy of the late Elizabeth Rolfe, per E. H. Bartlett	5	0	0
Lewis, Mrs.	0	10	0
Mills, Mrs., per Mr. Beer	0	2	0
M., per E. H. B.	0	3	0
Mason, Mr. J. G.	2	2	0
Mori-e, Mrs. Lindsay	50	0	0
Mead, Mr.	1	1	0
Mead, Mrs.	1	1	0
M. S., a mite towards the debt	0	3	0
Member of Mr. Everett's Bible-class	0	5	0
M. B. H. S.	0	10	6
M. H. B. S.	0	10	0
Masters, Mr. F. W.	5	5	0
M.	0	5	0
Newett, Mrs.	0	2	6
Osborne, Mr. Samuel	0	10	6
Orphanage Ladies' Working Society	0	5	0
Olney, Mrs. W.	1	1	0
O. B., per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Olney, Mr. Wm., special donation	1	1	0
Parker, balance of legacy of the late Miss	0	9	1
Price, Mr. C. H.	1	0	0
Poor member of the Church, per Mr. Chamberlain	0	1	0
Partington, Miss	0	4	0
Parker, Mr. H. J.	0	5	0
Priestley, Mr.	0	12	0
Pitts, Mr. A.	1	0	0
Poate, Miss	1	0	6
Queenborough, Bethel Chapel, per Mr. E. Brown	0	8	6
R., Mr. Thos., per Mrs. C. H. S.	5	0	0
Raybould, Mrs.	3	0	0
R. G.	10	0	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Rawlins, Mrs. E. L.	1	0	0
Reynolds, Mr. H. J.	0	5	0
Russell, Mr. Joseph	1	0	0
Residue of the estate of Mrs. M. Wale	18	14	7
Rout, Mrs.	1	0	0
Rainbow, Mrs.	1	0	0
Reader, Van Wenstrad St., Amsterdam	0	1	0
Reader of S. & T. & sermons	0	2	0
Reader of S. & T. Eastbourne postmark	0	2	6
Reader of sermons, Blackburn	0	3	6
Reader of sermons, per Mrs. J. Green	0	3	6
Sowing the good seed	0	5	0
Scandrett, Mrs.	0	10	0
S. K. J., per Mrs. C. H. S.	2	0	0
Sale of Carpet	1	10	0
S. C., per Mrs. C. H. S.	0	2	6
Scotland, per Mrs. C. H. S.	5	0	0
Spiers, Mr. Josiah	0	10	0
Smaulridge, Miss	0	10	0
Shadwick, Mrs. W. & T.	0	10	0
Stockwell Orphanage Boys	0	5	8
Christians' Bands	0	4	0
Stamps, per T. S.	0	4	0
Southwell friends, per Pastor J. H. Plumbridge	0	10	0
Seuley, Mr. L.	4	10	0
Smith, Mr. George	0	5	0
Stevens, Mrs.	0	5	0
Sinclair, Mrs. E. A.	0	5	0
Thorndike, Mrs. M. A.	0	2	0
"Thankoffering"	1	0	0
Two Friends, per Pastor T. S.	0	10	0
Underwood, Miss	0	5	0
Underwood, G. B.	0	5	0
"Villager," Worthing postmark	0	2	0
Van Notten Pole, Miss	0	10	0

GENERAL FUND—continued.

	£	s.	d.
Watts, Mrs., per Mrs. C. H. S....	1	1	0
Wale, Mrs., per Pastor T. S.	10	0	0
Walker, Mrs. E.	1	1	0
Walker, Mrs. A.	0	5	0
Windmill, Mrs. H.	0	10	0
Webb, Mrs., per Mr. B. Dexter	0	10	0
Websdale, Mrs., per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Watson, Mrs.	1	0	0
Wood, Mr. C. E.	1	0	0
Worth, Mr.	1	1	0
Watts, Mr. H. M.	0	5	0
"Wellwisher," Worthing postmark	0	5	0
Watkins, Mr. D. J.	0	2	6
Williamson, Mrs.	0	10	0
Wilkinson, Mrs. R.	1	0	0
Walter, Mr. Chas....	3	0	0
Z. S., postage	0	1	0

SPECIAL COLLECTION FOR EXTINCTION OF DEBT,
1893.

	£	s.	d.
A friend	1	1	0
Allderton, Mr.	1	1	0
A poor woman, per Pastor T. S.	1	0	0
A friend, per Mr. C. Liberty	1	1	0
Broomfield, Mr.	5	0	0
Butcher, Miss	0	10	6
Bennett, Mr. J. Wheeler....	5	5	0
Bulley, Mr.	0	10	0
Bendall, Mr.	0	1	0
Clarke, Mr. Jas.	5	5	0
Cooper, Mr.	1	1	0
Collection at Annual Meeting	34	2	0
Cook, Mr. J. J.	2	0	0
C. H. S. S.	10	0	0
Clarke, Mr. C. Goddard	1	1	0
Chamberlain, Mr.	1	1	0
"Christain," Readers of, per Messrs.			
Morgan and Scott	3	0	0
Collier, Mr. F.	0	2	8
Dew, Mr.	0	10	6
Dipple, Mr.	1	1	0
Daniell, Miss	0	10	0
Davies, Mr. Wm., Toronto	5	0	0
Decroix, Miss	0	5	0
Dundas, Mrs., per Mrs. C. H. S.	2	10	0
Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Wm.	5	0	0
Emery, Miss....	5	0	0
Everett, Mr.	5	0	0
Fisher, Mr. F.	3	3	0
Farley, Pastor E. J.	2	2	0
Greenop, Mr.	5	5	0
Mr. Green	0	5	0
Gale, Mr. Wm.	0	5	0
Grose, Mr. Jas.	2	2	0
Higgs Mr. Wm.	100	0	0
Hill, Mr. Jos.	5	0	0
Higgs, The Misses	7	0	0
Horne, Mr. W. B....	10	0	0
Higgs, Mrs.	10	0	0
Harden, Mr.	3	3	0
Hiley, Mr. Wm.	21	0	5
Keevil, Mr. J.	5	0	0
Keen, Mr.	0	10	0
Keevil, Mrs. H.	5	0	0
Liberty, Mr. C.	2	2	0
Lloyd, Mr. F. W. N., per Mrs. C. H. S.	15	0	0
Morgan, Mr.	5	0	0
Mills, Mr. W.	5	5	0
Marham, Mr. John, J.P.	2	2	0
Moore, Mr. Thos., per Pastor T. Spurgeon	5	0	0
Newman, Mr.	1	1	0
Nash, Mr.	2	2	0

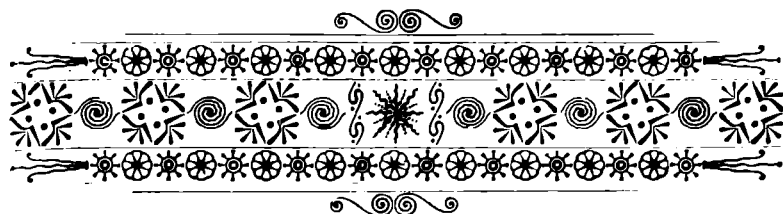
SPECIAL COLLECTION—continued.

	£	s.	d.
Olney, Mr. Thos. H.	50	0	0
Olney, Mr. W.	1	1	0
Olney, Mrs. A.	1	1	0
Parker, Mr.	5	0	0
Pearce, Mr. A.	1	1	0
Pocock Bros., Messrs.	3	3	0
Payne, Mr. Wm.	1	1	0
Priestley, Mr. J. G.	5	0	0
Passmore & Alabaster, Messrs....	20	0	0
Penny, Mr. Thos. R.	1	1	0
Raybould, Mrs.	1	0	0
Rogers, Mr.	2	2	0
Reed, Mr.	5	0	0
Spurgeon, Pastor J. A.	5	0	0
Spurgeon, Pastor Thos.	50	0	0
Spellwell, Mr.	2	2	0
Stockbridge, Mr.	1	1	0
Scurgeon, Pastor Thos.	5	0	0
Stiff, Mr. J.	3	3	0
Smith, Mr. J. P.	2	0	0
Thomas, Mr.	1	1	0
Thompson, Mr. F....	2	0	0
Upton, Mrs.	5	5	0
Vezey, Mrs.	0	5	0
Whittle, Mr.	5	0	0
W. R. G., per Rev. J. T. Cole	25	0	0
Wood, Mr. & Miss, per Pastor T. S.	2	0	0
Young, Mr. Jas., per Mr. J. J. Cook...	5	0	0

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

	£	s.	d.
Brayne, Mr. E.	0	10	6
Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J.	1	1	0
Buswell, Mr. J.	1	1	0
Calder, Mrs.	5	0	0
Cassell & Co., Messrs.	2	2	0
Cook, Mr. J. J.	1	1	0
Ellwood, Mrs.	1	0	0
Everett, Mr. G.	1	1	0
Frison, Mr. H. B., half-yearly	7	10	0
Fishwick, Mr. F.	2	2	0
Heelas, Mr. D., per Mrs. J. Withers	1	0	0
Harden, Mr.	0	10	6
Hellier, Mrs.	0	10	6
Izard, Mr. W.	1	1	0
Jacobs, Mr. E. W....	0	10	6
Kent, Mr. W.	1	1	0
Liberty, Mr. C.	1	1	0
Lloyd, Mr. F. W. N., per Mrs. C. H. S.	10	0	0
Marshall, Mr. J., per Mr. Mears	1	0	0
Norris, Miss	0	10	6
McGregor, Mr. W. G.	1	1	0
Olney, Mr. T. H.	10	0	0
Olney, Mr. Wm.	1	1	0
Phillips, Mr. E.	0	5	0
Partridge & Co., S. W., 1893-4, per			
Mr. Mears	4	4	0
Payne, Mr. Wm.	1	1	0
Pearce, Mr. S. R.	1	1	0
Penston, Miss	0	10	6
Rabbits, Mr. C. J. Whittock	5	5	0
Rodgers, Mr. John J.	1	1	0
Rouse, Rev. G. H.	1	0	0
Satchell, Mr. G. F.	2	0	0
Spice, Mr. and Mrs.	1	0	0
Spurgeon, Pastor J. A., D.D.	0	10	0
Wayre, Mr. W.	1	1	0
Wyatt, Mrs.	0	1	0
York, Miss E., per Mr. Mears	0	10	0

TOTAL £1,096 18 7



THE
Sword and the Trowel.

AUGUST, 1895.

“Steal away to Jesus.”

AN ADDRESS AT A TABERNACLE PRAYER MEETING, BY
C. H. SPURGEON.

“Return ! O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee ;
No longer now an exile roam,
In guilt and misery.

“Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus ;
Steal away, steal away home ; for Jesus waits to save you.

“Return ! O wanderer, to thy home,
’Tis Jesus calls for thee ;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come ;
Oh, now for refuge flee !

“Return ! O wanderer, to thy home,
’Tis madness to delay ;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy’s day.”



AY those sweet words of invitation be very graciously blessed ! I was smiling, while you were singing that refrain, “Steal away to Jesus,” at the recollection of something that happened a long time since. Our dear brother Stott, of Abbey Road Chapel, was, years ago, almost as eccentric as I am said to be, though the peculiarity after all is not in us, but in other people who are not so concentric as we are.

After an evangelistic service we were holding a prayer-meeting, or a meeting for enquirers. Among the rest of the anxious ones, there was a young man in whom we were both interested. I was kneeling on one side of him, and Mr. Stott knelt down on the other side of him, and prayed a prayer which made me laugh,—I could not help it. He said, "Lord, here is a poor sinner, who has been a servant of the devil, and he has run away from his master, and never given him any notice."

I was amused by the expression at the time, but there is a great truth in it, and I want just for a few moments to call your attention to that truth, for it may be of lasting service to any of you who long to escape from the slavery of sin and Satan. First, let me remark that, *if you give the devil notice, you will never get away from him.* If that prodigal son had gone to the citizen in the far country, and said to him, "I am engaged to you for another week to feed the swine, but I give you notice that, at the end of the week, I shall quit your service," he would never have gone back to his father. The only way of escape for him was to steal away home; so he not only said, "I will arise and go to my father," but at once "he arose, and came to his father." Imitate his example. Do not give the devil any notice. This is the very meaning of the refrain, with which we have been familiar ever since we first heard it so pathetically sung by the Jubilee Singers,—

"Steal away to Jesus."

That simple sentence may be a very delightful voice to someone here who has been living a life of sin. Do not go back into the midst of your old companions; but steal away to Jesus; steal away home. Perhaps your life has been a very evil one, altogether contrary to the law of God; yet here you are to-night, in the house of prayer, and among a company of praying people. Now, I beseech you, do not say what you will do to-morrow, or in a month's time, or when you have set some matters right; but steal away to Jesus at once, just as the poor slave in the Southern States did when he found a chance of gaining his freedom. I warrant you that he did not go to his master, and say, "I's goin' to run away from you to-morrow, massa." Oh, dear no! But on some moonshiny night, when his master least expected it, Sambo was away in the woods, and was being guided by the blessed pole-star to the land of liberty. I say to you again, imitate his example, steal away, steal away to Jesus, if you are held in bondage by sin and Satan; I cannot give you any better advice than that. Procrastination is not only the thief of time, but the murderer of many souls. Remember those verses we sometimes sing:—

"To-day, a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

"But grace, so dearly bought
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom with vengeance fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise."

Then again, as to the idea of giving the devil notice, *you cannot give it*. Some try to give this notice by attempting to escape from the power of some one sin, when all the while they are in captivity to other sins as securely as ever. There is many a man who has meant to break off wrong-doing by degrees, and to loose himself from his fetters one by one; but he has not been able to do it; it can only be done all at once, straight away, there and then. Sin is like Joseph's mistress; you must not parley with it, you must leave your garment and run away, your only safety is in immediate flight. We say to you, as Mentor did to Télémaque, "Fly, Télémaque, fly! Your only hope of conquering is by flight." Oh! get away at once, poor sinner, Steal away, steal away to Jesus. Let us sing that second verse and the chorus again very softly,—

"Return! O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;
Oh, now for refuge flee!

"Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus,
Steal away, steal away home; for Jesus waits to save you."

Just this word in closing. You know that, in the old slave days, when one negro wanted to run away from his master, there was often *someone who told him the way*. There were some good people who worked what they called "The Underground Railway", by which they passed the slaves on from one place to another till they reached the land of liberty; so, to-night, there are many friends all about this Tabernacle who would be only too glad to speak to any of you who want to steal away to Jesus; and especially if you will come to the platform when the meeting is over, you will find some of my brethren who will be delighted to tell you how to get out of the great dismal swamp of sin. They know the road; some of them have hardly brushed the mud off their own garments yet, and they will be most pleased of all if they can guide you into freedom. The all-important thing is to get to Jesus. He is the great Liberator, and "if the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

If any of you have found your way to Jesus, let me just say to you that it is all very well to steal away from the old master, but do not steal up to the new one. Come right up to Him, and say, "Thine I am, Lord Jesus, and I am not ashamed to own Thee as my Lord and Master." Come out boldly on the Lord's side, be baptized according to His command, and His example, too, and unite with His people in fellowship and holy service. If you are truly the Lord's, you will never want to steal away from Him, and He will never give you up to your old master again, for so hath He declared,—

"The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

Constancy and Consistency.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED TO THE METROPOLITAN TABERNAACLE COLPORTEURS,
BY THE PRESIDENT, THOMAS SPURGEON.

MY dear brethren, I fancy that, somehow, I am having rather more than my share of speaking to you. I was conscious yesterday that I was preaching specially to you; at least, I tried to do so, and I venture to hope that I succeeded. The Lord seemed to say to me, "There will be brethren there who will need heartening and strengthening; try to say something—I will give you the message,—that will make them the better fitted to return to their holy but onerous tasks." I hope you enjoyed yourselves yesterday. This I hope, not because I was the preacher, but because there was for all of you a change of scene, and a change of voice. Now I confess that I like a little change every now and then, especially if it happens to be a change for the better. I must say this for you colporteurs, that you make good hearers; and he must be a poor tool indeed who could not preach when surrounded by a number of men to say, "Amen!" and "Hallelujah!" and to follow the sermon as earnestly and intelligently as you did yesterday. At any rate, it was a change for you, (Colporteurs: "We were satisfied with it, sir,") and a change is often stimulating. As I came to this meeting, I saw a carter give to his horse a bunch of green stuff much to the satisfaction of the tired steed. I was pleased to see that the dustman cared for his nag, so I said to him, "That's a good fellow, giving him a little tit-bit?" "Yes, sir," answered the man, "I never sees a 'andful of dandelions but what I gives it to my 'oss; and he likes it, he do." It was a change of fare, you see. That was pretty much what I did for you brethren yesterday, I suppose the fare was somewhat different from that to which you are accustomed, and if it was only a weed that I had to offer to you, it was at least a variety, and I hope the flavour of it will still continue to refresh you after you have returned to your work.

There are two things that I would like to recommend to you this afternoon; if it were in my power to bestow them, I would give them to you all. The papers have given us a list of the Queen's birthday honours; but I am not a royal personage, and it is not my birthday, and I cannot give such "honours" as Her Majesty bestows. We should have been rather astonished if we had read that the Queen had sent for some of Spurgeon's colporteurs, and had given them "stars and garters." Well, you do not want stars, for are not all soul-winners to shine as the stars for ever and ever? And I do not suppose that garters would be much more in your line. You probably know more about scars and stripes. I would not like to add to your stripes, except as badges of good conduct and faithful service; but I propose to bestow upon you, so far as I can by anything I can say, two of those graces which, I think, are indispensable to you, and indeed to all Christian workers.

The first of these goes by the name of **CONSTANCY**. You know the meaning of that term, do you not? Yesterday afternoon, I happened to look out of a certain window, and I saw a vane with the arrow

pointing due East, *as usual*. As I looked at it, it seemed as if an invisible hand laid hold of it, and turned it completely round; there was no apparent reason for the change, but it swerved distinctly and determinately round till the arrow pointed to the West. I waited to see it go back again, but it did not; yet all the while the wind was in the East, *as usual*. Time was when the wind was put down as being the most fickle of all things; but I can bear witness that there is a vane at the back of my house which is more fickle even than the wind. That is an example of how not to do it, that is inconsistency—veering round at the slightest whiff or puff of a breeze, shifting and turning without sufficient reason.

Consulting an ordinary dictionary for the meaning of the word constancy, I found that it meant, first of all, *lasting affection*. That, I think, is the sweetest and most pathetic meaning of the word,—*lasting affection*. Do you not need this, first, for Jesus? “Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee.” Are we not able from our hearts to say that, and to call upon God to witness that in our inmost soul we do adore our blessed Saviour? I trust that we are always loving Him, yet I fear there is with most of us too much of ebb and flow, and shifting and changing in this matter. At times, we must confess that we have allowed someone else, or something else, to creep into our heart, and to usurp His place, or at least to try to do so. This must not be; the Bride of Christ must be chaste, and must belong alone to Him. I like the little child’s definition of true religion; it beats everything that the theologians and doctors of divinity have produced:—“It is to love Jesus best of all.” Now, can you beat that definition? It means, to crown Him Lord of all, to say, “God save the King!” and to mean it as we say it. We want to have just this constancy of love to Jesus. Oh, that there were less of fluctuation and variation! Oh, that our love to our Lord would continue to flow in an uninterrupted and perennial stream like His to us! When His love comes to us by fits and starts, then may our love to Him be shown in like manner; but not till then. All our love is borrowed from Christ.

“I love Thee, Lord, but with no love of mine,
For I have none to give;
I love Thee, Lord, but all the love is Thine,
For by Thy love I live.”

It was my privilege once to travel through what patriotic and enthusiastic New Zealanders call “The Wonderland of the World.” It consisted of a very large number of boiling springs, mudholes, and other interesting phenomena, including many geysers, shooting their steaming spray far into the air. I was accompanied by an old man who was the guide, and a very good guide he made; but I was a little vexed with him when he was trying to “take in” some of the tourists, some of the “greenhorns” from London or elsewhere. Coming to one of these geysers, the old man would say, “Listen to my incantation, and you will find the boiling water springing up almost at once.” The old rascal knew that this particular geyser played its pranks quite regularly, say every four minutes, so he brought his party to the spot

just a minute or so before the performance was due. He muttered and murmured, wizard-like, and as he raised his wand, up sprang the stream. It was an intermittent geyser, and the time for its activity was fully come. Presently, he took us to one that was always boiling, perpetually sending up into the air its bubbling, boiling, seething spray. I confess that I liked best the geyser that was *always at it*; and that is what I want to be as to my love to the Lord Jesus. There are some people who come to the boiling point at a certain Conference, it may be the Colporteurs' Conference, or the College one; but then, like the geyser, they die down again. By-and-by, there is another Conference, and then they are up ever so high; but they are soon down again. That is not the sort of love and devotion that we want. You remember how the psalmist wrote, "My heart is inditing a good matter." The word he used means "bubbling up and boiling over, like a geyser." So may our love to Jesus be!

Next, let us be equally constant in our love to God's Word. It should be as precious as He Himself is. The written Word is surely not of less worth than is the incarnate Word. Yet, nowadays, there are many Jehoiakims cutting it in pieces, or for that matter, casting the whole roll into the flames. Now, as there are so many to preach the Bible down, we must preach it up; and we must be as earnest and as zealous in our part of the business as, alas! they are who do not honour God's Word as we do. We still believe that the Bible *is* the Word of God, not merely that it contains the record of a revelation, but that it is the revelation itself. As someone well expressed it, we believe that "the Bible is no end of a Book;" therefore, we are going to stick to it, and still to preach its glorious truths.

I think, in this matter of constancy, we ought to have an unflinching affection for the denomination to which we belong. Now, I confess to being a denominationalist. I read God's Word to find out the truth about baptism, for instance, and I come to the conclusion that the Lord Jesus desires me to acknowledge Him as my Saviour by being baptized according to His command, and according to His example, too; and though I would fain treat as brethren in Christ all who love the Lord, yet there is just one extra bond binding my heart to those who see as I have been led to see in this matter, and who have united and banded themselves together as a Christian denomination for the furtherance of this truth. On that ground, I think I should be to blame if I did not feel a constant lasting affection for those believers who have entered the waters of baptism, and in Christ's appointed way have acknowledged their interest in Him.

Looking again at my dictionary,—and I commend to you, brethren, the use of the dictionary; I could get on very well if I had my Bible, *Cruden's Concordance*, and a dictionary, though I should prefer to have a volume or two of *Spurgeon's Sermons* thrown in;—well, I find from my dictionary that another meaning of the word constancy is *fixedness* or *fixity*. That is, a man who has the grace of constancy has a mind of his own, and keeps to what he knows to be true. He is settled, and grounded, and stablished in the faith. In this morning's newspaper, there was a report of an old-time cricket match, in which the captain said to one of his men, "You must take your turn at bowling now,"

and the bowler replied, "It's no use trying to get those fellows out; I believe they are rooted to the ground." That is what I want to be, and that is what we want each one of you to be, so to have our hand in and our eye in that no one can bowl us out. Oh, that we might all be *fixtures* in the love of God! You have, I expect, heard the old story of a certain divine who was commanded to preach before the king;—that is a task I hope I shall never have. The king in this instance was James I. of England and VI. of Scotland; he was noted for inconstancy, he was a time-server, so this preacher, when his royal hearer had taken his seat, announced as his text *James the first and sixth*: "He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed;" and the king was overheard to say, "He is at me already." Evidently, the preacher had proved the fitness of his text, for the king's conscience had smitten him, and he had to write himself down as a waverer. Happy is the man who can say with David, "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed: I will sing and give praise," for there is no man who can sing so sweetly or so acceptably to God, there is no man who has such a right to sing, as the man who knows that he is safely fixed in all things good and true.

There are several degrees of fixedness. Out yonder in the harbour is a buoy; it is "fixed" after a fashion. It is so fixed that it cannot move very far away, yet it is always on the move. Not far off is a ship which has just come in after a long voyage. She is anchored, and sits upon the waters perfectly motionless, except indeed as the changing tide swings her round. She is "fixed" after a better fashion than the buoy; there is more stability about her. Just out yonder in the distance is a wooden pier, with a floating platform like the landing-stage at Liverpool, fixed so as to move only with the rise and fall of the tide. Half the people on it do not know it moves at all; but out there is a lighthouse built right into the solid rock, that is the kind of fixedness that we want to have. There is one Psalm, the sixty-second, in which David says of the Lord, in the second verse, "He only is my rock and my salvation; He is my defence; I shall not be greatly moved." The psalmist was like a buoy, he expected to bob up and down in the water, but not to be greatly moved. A little further on, in the sixth verse, he says, "He only is my rock and my salvation: He is my defence; I shall not be moved." You see, he has already reached the superlative degree of fixedness; now he is turned into a lighthouse, now he is immovable: "I shall not be moved." So much, then, for the fixedness.

I find that another meaning of the term constancy is *unshaken determination*. There are very few people about, nowadays, who possess this kind of determination. Men with backbones are scarce indeed. Someone asked another if he had a backbone, and he replied, "Yes, I have." "Well," said his friend, "perhaps you have a backbone, but I wish you would bring it more to the front." Now, that kind of arrangement is not possible in nature, but it is possible in grace. Brother, bring your backbone to the front, let all men know that you have one. Well, you are to have unshaken determination—to do what? To evangelize the world. Brethren, the world has got to be evangelized, and as much as in us lies we

are to preach the gospel to every creature. Let us be up and doing, let us have a hand in this matter, and put our spoke in this wheel. And what will evangelize the world? Nothing but the evangel,—

“The old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.”

You have many opportunities of preaching and speaking to the people; do you always tell that old, old story? I hope so. Have they ever charged you, as they once charged me, with giving them nothing new? One of the greatest compliments ever paid to my preaching was uttered as one went out of the place, and said, “He told us nothing new.” I never bargained to tell them anything new; they might have known from my very name that I had nothing new to tell. “Ugh!” said another hearer, leaving the preaching place, shrugging his shoulders, “the same old stuff!” Old, yes, thank God! but it is not stuff; or if it be stuff, it is right good stuff! Has it not worn well? I tell you, brethren, that I am fully resolved to preach the old gospel till they find me a better one. When they bring me a gospel that comforts the sick and the dying after a better fashion, one that elevates the fallen, and cleanses the vile, more effectually than the old gospel does, I may adopt it; till then I am determined not to know anything among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

Now just a few words about CONSISTENCY, for that is the other grace I want to commend to you. After all, brethren, there is nothing much more important than consistency; for it is very little good to be constant, in doctrine or in anything else, unless we act consistently with the doctrine. All we say, we must do; as our common saying puts it, we must practise what we preach.

Consistency means *agreement*, the harmony of all the portions of a machine, or the harmony of all the parts of music; accord, or consonance, the one with the other. People ought to be able to tell from a casual glance at us that we are the Lord's people,—you know how the grace of God does affect a man's looks;—I mean that people ought to be able to judge whether we are Christians by our manner of life, our conduct, and character, and general deportment. They ought to be able to learn even from a back view of us, from the incidentals of our life, that we have been made to differ from the men of the world. I went on one occasion into a picture gallery, and the friend to whom it belonged said, “I have a picture here which is nothing as a work of art, but it is rather a curiosity as it gives only a back view of the man it is intended to represent: do you know who it is?” “Why!” I replied, “it is Napoleon Bonaparte, of course.” There was enough in the view of his back, his cocked hat and his white breeches, and his military bearing, to identify him. I said to my friend, “That is very clever; I don't think there is another man in the world who could be depicted like that.” “Well,” rejoined the gentleman, “look at this picture.” “Why!” I said, “that is the Duke of Wellington.” Though his back also was turned to the observer, there was something that indicated who the man was. Something about the cut and style of him

assured me that the Iron Duke stood before me. I should like the world to be able to recognize us even from a back view,—from what they hear about us as well as from what they hear us say, from the casual glance, from the daily life, from Monday's acts as well as Sunday's services. That is the sort of consistency that we all need to cultivate.

I remember hearing a good man talking about his minister,—some people are rather fond of speaking about their ministers behind their backs. In this instance the hearer said, "Our pastor certainly does preach very wonderful sermons; I have only one fault to find with him." That struck me as being very remarkable, for as a rule folk find a legion of faults in their ministers. So I asked what that one blemish was, and this was the answer I received, "Well, he gives us a capital sermon, and says some things that are specially good, and then, all of a sudden, 'like a bolt from the blue,' out comes something that spoils it all, it jars, and grates, and makes us all most uncomfortable. It seems to me," continued my friend, "that our minister is rather like my old cow; she is a very good milker, but sometimes, after she has given a pailful of milk, she kicks it over, and it is all lost." So, brethren, however eloquently we preach, however earnestly we work, however enthusiastically we cry, "Amen!" unless our daily life is consistent with what we say on the Sabbath, we just kick the pail over, and spill the milk. It is a homely illustration; perhaps it will suit us all the better on that account.

I think I must close with my favourite illustration of the ill effects of inconsistency, even though I may have given it to you before. Watching a man who was building a wooden house, I noticed that he was knocking in the nails with the hammer in his left hand. So I said to him, "I see, my friend, that you are left-handed." "Yes," he answered, "I am, at some kinds of work, but not in everything. I am left-handed at hammering; but when it comes to cutting bread, I use my right hand." I said, "That is rather awkward, is it not?" He replied, "I only remember it being awkward on one occasion; as a boy, I used to play with a whipping-top." Perhaps you, brethren, do not know what a whipping-top is; parsons and colporteurs are not supposed to know anything except theology and bookselling. "Well," said my friend, "I used to spin the top left-handedly, and then try to whip it with my right hand." "And, of course," I answered, "all the 'spin' you gave it with your left hand was undone by the whipping you administered with the other hand." It was even so; and unless we are true to truth, and loyal to our Lord, we shall set up the top with our left hand while holding the whip with our right hand, and we shall with one hand destroy the momentum we have given with the other. May we never act thus, but may our Lord make and keep us constant as He is Himself, and then help us to be consistent with our profession!

"So shall our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So shall our works and virtues shine
To prove the doctrine all divine."

Mr. Spurgeon's First Outlines of Sermons.

(Continued from page 268.)

LXIII.—GOD THE GUIDE OF HIS SAINTS.

THOU shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."—Psalm lxxiii. 24.

Man is not intended to remain upon the earth, he is only a pilgrim through it to eternal happiness. This he seeks for, but to gain it—

I. MAN NEEDS A GUIDE.

1. If we consider man, we shall see that this is true of him at all times, in all stages of his growth. Man has no power to foresee the future, he cannot see far before him, he never went this way before, he has no wisdom and little strength, and he is naturally inclined to the ways of death.

2. The way is full of difficulties, and beset with dangers;—mountains, rivers, forests, flowery allurements, by-paths, foes in ambush, highway robbers, &c.

3. Many are ruined who have made a fair show of running well.

II. THIS GUIDE SHOULD BE WELL CHOSEN.

He must have experience, foresight, acquaintance with the way, prudence, might, fidelity, ability to go all the way.

Many guides that men choose are useless. Guide Passion is a madman. Guide Reason is often a self-conceited fool. Guide Priest is an impostor. Guide Philosopher and Guide Morality know little of this world, and nothing of that which is to come.

III. GOD IS THE ONLY GUIDE WHO ANSWERS TO THIS DESCRIPTION.

He has eternal experience, prudence, faithfulness, omniscience, omnipotence.

Heaven belongs to Him, and He will give admittance to all who are under His guidance.

1. All should implicitly trust themselves in His hand.

2. Christians who have done so should rely entirely upon Him.

3. The prospect of eternal glory should cheer them while on the road.

The Lord guides His people—

(i.) By the precepts of the Bible.

(ii.) By the leadings of His providence.

(iii.) By the Holy Spirit's influence in answer to prayer.

LXIV.—GETHSEMANE'S SORROW.

"Then saith He unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with Me."—Matthew xxvi. 38.

The gardens of Eden and Gethsemane are places of great interest. Jesus retired and suffered temptation both at the commencement and the close of His public ministry. His human nature was perfect, both body and soul; they both suffered in the work of atonement.

We shall consider—

I. SOME OF THE CAUSES OF CHRIST'S GRIEF.

Of course, the first cause was His bearing the sins of His people, and enduring God's wrath on account of their sin. Besides that, notice—

1. His ill-treatment by the world; the unfaithfulness of friends;

the treachery of Judas ; His approaching murder by representatives of the Jewish and Gentile nations. All this must have been most grievous to One full of heavenly love.

2. The shock given to His unsullied purity by His standing in the room of sinners, and bearing their guilt away ; about to be charged with blasphemy ; and to be the innocent Victim of earth's foulest crime.

3. The indignities He was about to endure in being sold as a slave, tried before various courts, held up to public scorn, and, at last, put to an ignominious death.

4. His foresight would increase the pain. Man cannot foresee the coming evil, and happy is it for him ; but Jesus could foresee it all. He could hear the rabble accusing Him ; He could feel the blinding cloth, the buffetings of Herod and his mighty men, the crown of thorns, the horrible flagellation, the cry, "Crucify Him !" His going through the streets, fainting, the nailing to the cross, being forsaken of His God, His death.

5. A sense of loneliness without help. His death was certain.

II. THE REASON OF HIS GRIEF.

That He might satisfy divine justice, and save sinners. Hence we may infer—

1. The Son's and also the Father's love to men.
2. The inflexible justice of God.
3. Man's hardness of heart.
4. The unrepenting sinner's fearful doom.

LXV.—PARABLE OF THE BAD AND GOOD SEED.

"Another parable put He forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field : but while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way."
—Matthew xiii. 24, 25.

How plain all our Lord's discourses were, so plentifully interspersed with allusions to passing events !

I. WHAT IS MEANT BY THE GOOD SEED, THE WHEAT ? The sower is Jesus, and also the gospel minister ; the wheat are they who receive the truth, and are real Christians. They are compared to wheat in many places in Scripture.

1. Because of their preciousness, being chosen of God, the excellent of the earth, redeemed, regenerated.

2. Because of their usefulness to the world, and their absolute necessity.

3. They have life, they grow, they die before they live, they have weight and permanence ; not like chaff.

4. Great care is required in sowing, manuring, weeding, hoeing, and threshing. God's people are His peculiar care.

II. WHAT IS MEANT BY THE BAD SEED, THE TARES ?

1. Evil men, who are found in the world, the congregation, the Church.

2. All discord, heresy, schism and sin. The tares are sown by the devil, the enemy of Christ and of His Church.

The persons who allowed the seed to be sown may represent—

(1.) All Christians. (2.) Ministers. (3.) The professing church. They sleep by neglect, by lukewarmness, by indolence, by despising God's ordinances.

Lesson 1. There is a mixture of good and evil here; but a separation shall come by-and-by. Even professors need to be examined, to see whether they are wheat or tares.

Lesson 2. Churches should be awake, and Christians should be awake, since the enemy does not sleep, but goes his way to do mischief in other fields where men are asleep.

LXVI.—TRUST NOT THE HEART.

"He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool."—Prov. xxviii. 26.

These words were spoken by Solomon, the wisest of men, by divine gift, by actual experience, and by extensive observation.

The "heart" sometimes means the affections; here it means the man himself, the secret, inner man. This we must not trust.

I. WHY SHOULD WE NOT TRUST THE HEART?

1. Because it is depraved: "desperately wicked."
2. Because it is selfish, partial, and is not able to judge truly.
3. Because it is deceitful. We do not "know" it, or understand ourselves.

4. Because it has done harm to us already, and to millions more.

5. Because there is a curse upon the man who trusts his own heart.

II. WHO DO TRUST THE HEART?

1. Those who believe in its purity, think that they can withstand temptation, and stay their career of sin.

2. Those who follow their own inclinations.

3. Those who believe the suggestions of their hearts.

III. WHAT ARE ITS FALSE SUGGESTIONS?

1. "Religion is of no consequence."

2. "I am no worse than my neighbours: we shall die together."

3. "I can be saved at any time, very easily."

4. "I am waiting for the Spirit."

5. "I have sought Christ, but have not found Him."

(To be continued.)

Pastor Charles Spurgeon's Letters.

No. VII.

IT was a *beau idéal* morning when we awoke on board the ss. *Norman*; and steaming along the coast, but a mile or so from the shore, we had a splendid view of the country. At one o'clock, we dropped anchor in the bay, and a perfect panorama of beauty met our gaze. On the one hand, a noble headland jutted out seaward, with a handsome lighthouse surmounting the Bluff, and on the other side was a grand stretch of well-wooded country covering a ridge of land known as the Berea. Between these two elevations lies the town of DURBAN, hidden by sand hills which line the shore, the only token of its locality being the high tower of the Town Hall (see next page).

As is the case with nearly all the East Coast ports, a bar crosses the mouth of the river which leads to the harbour, and this prevents any vessel drawing a good depth of water from entering, so our ship had to lie in the open roadstead. Fortunately, the sea had subsided considerably since we left East London, and we had a comparatively



TOWN HALL, DURBAN, NATAL.

smooth passage across the bar. By the way, we have known of other bars which cause a great deal of trouble. It would be a good thing if a bar could be put across the mouth of some who frequent the bar of the gin-palace and public-house; and I am not sure but that it might be to the advantage of some if they had less to do with those who have been "called to the Bar." Anyhow, it has been our

experience, during the voyage of life, that a rough passage over some difficulty is often the safest entrance to the harbour of rest and joy.

We did not have to wait very long before the tender was alongside, and a deputation from the Ministers' Association boarded us, bearing with them a hearty welcome to their visitor. In true apostolic succession we were let down in a basket, and speedily conveyed in the tug to the landing-stage. Here, other friends greeted us so cordially that we felt assured a good time was in store for us during our stay in Natal. The custom-house authorities were lenient, and no examination took place, as we could unhesitatingly affirm that we carried on



fire-arms, ammunition, or wine. Our box of "Nails" looked very suspicious, but it passed unchallenged when we informed the officers that it was only our "ironmonger's shop"—a title given by some unknown wag to our lecturing kit.

A carriage-and-pair was in waiting, kindly "sent in honour of the son of C. H. S." How many favours I have received "for his sake" it would be impossible to recount, so beloved is my dear father's memory. Thanks be to God for such a sire! It was a pleasant drive through the town, along the Berea road; and after leaving "The Point," we noted other points of interest *en route*. The streets are

wide and well kept, the houses and shops the most European in style that we have seen; the tramways, jinrickshas (see illustration), and carriages seemed to be very well patronized, and all was full of life. Our impressions were most favourable, and we liked the place more and more as we got to know it better.

The first function it was our pleasure to attend took place in the Council chamber, and partook of a public welcome by the Mayor and some one hundred and fifty representative citizens, beside the ministers of the town. The next day being Sunday, our mission started with a service which the writer unexpectedly conducted in the Baptist Chapel. The afternoon and evening meetings were advertized for the Town Hall, and at both of these immense crowds filled the spacious building to overflowing. We rejoice to be able to record that our labour was not in vain, as we heard of immediate results. Like success attended the week-night assemblies, when the gospel was proclaimed by sermon and lecture. On one afternoon, we invited by letter the children to meet us, and it was a grand sight to see some two thousand little ones gathered together; and in the evening, by special arrangement, we addressed some twelve hundred natives in the Volunteer Drill Hall, so helping to fulfil the Scriptural command, "Preach the gospel to every creature."

Making a brief break in our series of meetings, we spent a Sabbath and the two following days in PIETERMARITZBURG; and here God gave us favour with the people, for the attendance was only limited by the capacity of the buildings in which the services were held. Public receptions, ministerial breakfasts, and generous hospitalities have been the order of the day, and in every way have friends shown kindness to the preacher. Special thanks are due to my hosts, and among the number my worthy friend, Pastor John Baptist Rose,—a good name for a Baptist minister! This brother has for some years been engaged in business, and at the same time has undertaken the pastorate of the Baptist cause; it was our joy, ere leaving the city, to take part in his recognition service as pastor, he having now devoted himself to the ministry entirely. May every blessing attend his labour!

It was with a feeling of regret that we took farewell of a large number of friends, and embarked on board the *Athenian*, bound for Port Elizabeth. Reaching EAST LONDON on Sunday morning, we landed, and in the evening preached to a crowded congregation; and ere we entered the home of our former host, we were met by one who felt it was only right to come and tell us that a few words we had spoken on a previous visit were the means of her conversion, and that now she was rejoicing in the sense of sins forgiven through a crucified Saviour. This made our heart-bells ring, and the music of grateful joy ascended to Him who had owned and blessed the Word. It had been arranged and even advertized that we should re-deliver the lecture on "Nails" on the following evening; but our ship sailed on the Monday afternoon, so that this engagement was unavoidably cancelled.

Our very dear friends, Pastor H. J. Batts and his wife, journeyed from King Williamstown for the express purpose of wishing us the last "Good-bye," and they were the bearers of a token of loving appreciation from the church, which the members desired the writer

to hand over to Mrs. Charles Spurgeon in remembrance of her husband's visits and services. It has been a continuation of kindness all the way, and our heart is overflowing with gratitude.

On the Tuesday morning, we came to an anchorage in "The Bay," and another welcome was accorded us on landing at PORT ELIZABETH. After two days' enjoyable rest, we commenced work again in the Town Hall. The mission was held on behalf of the two Baptist churches, the one in the centre of the town under the pastoral charge of Rev. J. O. Gifford, for the nonce President of the South African Baptist Union, and the other at South End having for its minister "one of our own men," Pastor C. H. Homer. These two brethren had worked hard and harmoniously to make the visit of the writer a success; and notwithstanding many difficulties, and the unpropitious weather, their labour was not in vain. Again the preaching of the Word bore fruit, and we rejoiced over souls that found joy and peace through believing. In face of bitterly cold wind and driving rain, or what is almost worse, blinding dust-storms, the people gathered to hear the gospel. The Sunday evening service was a memorable one, the spacious Drill Hall being filled with an overflowing and eager audience.

Before taking "Farewell" of Algoa Bay friends, we had a run up to GRAHAMSTOWN, and held services once again in that pleasantly-situated "city of saints." The weather during our visit reminded us of our worst winter days, and this had a very appreciable effect upon our audiences, save for the fine evening when our lecture on "London Life" was delivered, and then the Albany Hall was too small for those who desired to see a little of "Street Characters" as found in the great metropolis of the world. Rain fell heavily, and the wind blew "great guns" on both the evenings that were set apart for divine worship, yet goodly audiences assembled.

Leaving this picturesque place, we returned to Port Elizabeth on the Queen's birthday. The proverbial Queen's weather evidently does not extend to these latitudes, for rain poured down incessantly during our railway journey, and we feared that our evening meeting in the Town Hall would turn out a failure. How ungrounded our fears generally are! Would that we could always trust, and not be afraid! A splendid audience had assembled for the farewell meeting, and we soon felt conscious of the presence of Him who is able to save. Bearing in mind the fact that the day had been a public holiday in honour of her Most Gracious Majesty's birthday, we selected the theme of Israel's deliverance as set forth in the words, "Remember this day," and, with God's blessing accompanying the message, not only was the attention secured, but, as we afterwards learned, hearts were touched.

We sailed amidst a downpour of rain, but ere evening set in, the sky cleared, and the voyage was continued under very enjoyable circumstances. We spent a Sunday at sea on board the *Roslin Castle*, and the rest was beneficial to mind and body. Early on the Monday morning, we cast anchor in Table Bay, and by daylight we came into dock. As the clock struck eight, the steamer's band struck up the national anthem, and the royal ensign was hoisted. Already, friends had gathered on the quay, and among those to greet the new arrivals

we soon discovered the kind friend who was one of the first to welcome us on our first embarkation at CAPE TOWN; and very speedily we were driving off to take breakfast under the hospitable roof of W. Rawbone, Esq. The most charming weather it has been our fortune to enjoy has prevailed for the last two days, and we are now sitting on the verandah of Kimberley Villa amid a blaze of sunlight and a scene of almost indescribable beauty. In the far distance can be seen snow-capped mountains, a nearer range sloping down to the opposite shore of Table Bay; the water resting in perfect calm, so as to merit the hackneyed description, "like a mill-pond," being studded with ships and steamers, while nearer still the docks can be distinctly seen as a veritable hive of industry. On the one hand, the bay reaches out to sea with the famous lighthouse on Robben Island, while, to the right, the suburbs of Cape Town extend around the curve of the bay inland. Immediately behind rises the celebrated Table Mountain, which of late has been covered with a new sort of table-cloth in the form of a deep layer of snow. Such a thing has not been known for at least fifteen years, and has given no end of pleasant labour to the amateur photographer and artist. Our mission commences to-morrow as the mail leaves, so that the report of our final meetings in South Africa, and our impressions of the Colony, must remain as matter for our next letter.

We cannot conclude without giving expression to our gratitude to God for all His care over us in our varied wanderings, and most of all for the renewed health He has granted, together with the manifest tokens of spiritual blessings resulting from our visit to sunny South Africa. We have made many friends, and their kindness will never be forgotten, and our prayer will also be for God's blessing to abide and abound toward them.

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

XX. PASTOR JAMES SMITH, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

HISTON is a village in Cambridgeshire, popularly known as "Crooked" Histon, because of its winding, serpentine roads. One memorable event enshrined in its history is the visit of the ever beloved C. H. SPURGEON, then in his first pastorate at Waterbeach. He preached in Mr. Chivers' barn, near the village green, and at once secured the attention of his hearers by announcing as his text, "*The crooked shall be made straight.*" Another fact, memorable to the Histonians, is that their village was the birthplace of PASTOR JAMES SMITH (now of Tunbridge Wells), of whom they are justly proud.



"I have to thank God for a praying mother." Thus writes Mr. Smith, in an autobiographical sketch which few eyes beyond the writer's have seen. "I had heard the gospel from my childhood," he continues, "and once I resolved to go into a meadow, and pray all night, thinking, if I did that, surely God would forgive me; but a godly companion, who understood my case, showed me my mistake, and I was led to see that it was not my prayers nor my tears that were required, but the finished work of the Son of God. I rested on *that*, and my heart was full of joy."

In 1859, Mr. Smith left Histon for a situation in the grocery store of Mr. George Apthorpe, of Cambridge, whose main purpose was rather to introduce his *protégé* to Christian service than for him to sell "sugar and spice and all things nice." The fact really was, Mr. Apthorpe had already discovered in James Smith, not merely a first-class ploughman, but a soul full of enthusiasm and spiritual power; and he predicted that the time would come when this young man would preach in a chapel which he then indicated,—a prediction which has been literally fulfilled. To preachers who sympathetically compare notes, it will be interesting to read our brother's experience of his first attempt at preaching. "My knees trembled," he says, "and I lifted up one leg, then rested my weight on the other, so that I stood like one of the birds you see at the Zoological Gardens. However, I managed to say what I had to say." The secret was this: a conviction, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel!" had just been implanted in his heart, and it deepened with irresistible power.

In 1862, Mr. Smith, at the suggestion of Mr. Thomas Ball, now of Cambridge, undertook the responsibility of a new cause at Burwell. From that day to the present, Mr. Ball has carried out the wise man's maxim, "A man that hath friends must shew himself friendly." Among the regular attendants at Burwell was the late E. Ball, Esq., M.P. for Cambridge. In the course of nine months, the preacher's heart was gladdened by receiving fifty or sixty into church-fellowship; and his happy relationship with the Burwell friends was only severed by yielding to the wise advice of his true friend, Mr. Apthorpe, to accept the advantages of a training at the Pastors' College. Accordingly, in 1863, he there commenced College life and work; but, after a short interval, bronchial troubles were developed, culminating in the rupture of a small blood vessel, and necessitating a return to Histon. Health improved, however, and College studies were resumed. Like all the rest of the students, Mr. Smith was greatly influenced by the unique gracious personality of Mr. Spurgeon. His reminiscences of the great Preacher probably go further back than those of any other of the Pastors' College men, viz., to the time when Mr. Spurgeon, only 17 years of age, was becoming (to use Mr. Smith's own words) "the talk of the country."

At the close of his College term, Mr. Smith accepted an invitation to Red Hill, where he had been working as a student-pastor, and where he was permitted to see showers of blessing. During his seven years' residence in that Surrey town, he was mainly instrumental in erecting a chapel seating 460 persons, at a cost, including school-

rooms, of about £2,400, the chapel being opened by Mr. Spurgeon, who was also a generous donor to the Building Fund.

The next five-and-a-half years were spent at Haddenham, and right happy years they were in gospel ministry, although shadowed by the loss of a dear child. The church at York Road, Leeds, next claimed Mr. Smith's services. It is a singular circumstance that the York Road



BAPTIST TABERNACLE, CALVERLEY ROAD, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Chapel was twice blown down in the course of its erection. Sir John Barran, M.P., took an interest in the effort, and showed his practical sympathy with pastor and people. The acoustic arrangements of the building forbade a long stay in Leeds for Mr. Smith, so that, after four years' ministry, he removed to proud and pretty Tunbridge Wells, where he has laboured with manifest blessing for fourteen years.

The history of the Tabernacle church here is noteworthy. Commencing with a score of members in 1874, and numbering at the date of Mr. Smith's acceptance of the pastorate, in 1881, not more than sixty, it has now 361 on the church-roll, and altogether about 700 have been received into fellowship during the period referred to. Meeting first of all in the Town Hall, then in the Assembly Rooms (now the Gymnasium), then back again to the Town Hall, having interim week-evening services in a building called by some "The Shanty," and by others "The Tabernacle in the Wilderness," the church now has the privilege of assembling in a handsome building in a central position, having accommodation for nearly 700 persons.

It was opened in 1884 by Pastor Charles Spurgeon. The cost, about £6,000, has been defrayed. It is always well attended, sometimes crowded. Splendid new Sunday-school premises have been added, at a cost of £2,000, including organ for the Tabernacle. Here, then, is an opportunity for rich Baptist friends to show their practical kindness towards the pastor and his energetic people by assisting them to pay off the last £400 of this £2,000. Contributions will be gratefully received by Pastor James Smith, 5, Hanover Road, Tunbridge Wells.

Mr. Smith is in the true sense of the word a preacher. He believes in preaching as God's appointed method for reaching men. His sermons teem with metaphors and illustrations. With passionate earnestness, yet lovingly and tenderly, he proclaims the truth as it is in Jesus. He abhors Down-Gradeism, denounces theatre-going, and has no honeyed words for Unitarianism. Being a Baptist to the backbone, he ever rejoices in setting forth believers' baptism as "a most Scriptural and delightful ordinance." As he gives the right hand of fellowship to newly-accepted members of the church, one is strongly impressed with the appropriateness of the texts, and the kindly words of welcome he is guided to express. In each of the spheres to which allusion has been made in this sketch, Mr. Smith has received substantial recognition of his services. What the ever-beloved C. H. S. thought of him may be gathered from the commendatory note respecting the Tunbridge Wells church which Mr. Spurgeon wrote thirteen years ago:—"It has great vitality and energy, and will live and thrive. Its pastor is a hearty soul-winning brother, and will build up a church,—the Lord being with him." If Mr. Spurgeon was not a prophet at the time he wrote these words, he was very nearly one, for James Smith *is* a soul-winner, and the Lord *is* with him in the power of the Holy Ghost; and when his biography is written, it will be a wondrous record of grace from the plough and the grocery store to the study and the pulpit.

SAMUEL HUNT.

The Soul-Winner's Joy.

EVEN if I were utterly selfish, and had no care for anything but my own happiness, I would choose, if I might, under God, to be a soul-winner, for never did I know perfect, overflowing, unutterable happiness of the purest and most ennobling order, till I first heard of one who had sought and found a Saviour through my means.—*From Mr. Spurgeon's forthcoming volume, "The Soul-Winner."*

The March of the Months.

No. VIII.

"The sun does all my long day's work for me,
Raises and ripens everything."

WHILE we wait for the harvest cry, there are certain aspects of the summer which should be described while they last. Have you ever noticed the full moon rise above a dense belt of trees? How black the foliage! What a huge wall of shade; while away, overhead, the yellow light spreads on to the opposite hills, and transmutes into gold the long-lingering twilight of the departed day! Again, how wonderful are the moonless nights of Midsummer! Not night at all, but an interlude of softened hues, affording welcome relief to the glaring day. Almost overhead the pole-star hangs, with "Charles's Wain" a little below, each easily forgotten in the pearl-grey sky which rears a twilight arc from S.W. to N.E. By midnight, the sky has become a blue-grey, with just a suspicion of violet,—like some pansies I have seen,—while nearer the horizon the pale yellow, streaked with orange, tells you where the great orb has only dipped to rise again.

After some of the radiant days we had in June, the sky for hours after sunset looked as if the Sun had said something very loving to his spouse, the Summer, which had suffused her features with emotions that flushed till his quick return. Those who care to do it can get wonderful studies of colour from sunset to sunrise, while the summer is at its prime. There will be the tendency, as you see the faint stars shine out of the twilight glow, to contrast in imagination the winter heavens, when the Great Bear lies *couchant* across the North on a frosty night. The most brilliant constellations of the year begin to appear in the East as the evenings draw in; but while the Northern twilight clasps hands with East and West, the stars seem few and feeble. Yet through May of the present year two bright planets shone in the West, after sunset, as in a sea of saffron. However, in September, the sky in the S.E. will begin to sparkle again, for Aries, Taurus, Orion, and "Arcturus with his sons" will assume the rule of night as satraps of the moon.

For those, too, who would view the town as few see it, early on a summer's morning is the time. Talk of London being ugly! Stand on one of the central bridges at four o'clock on a fine morning in July, and you may alter your opinion! But such a scene has been described more than once. We may, however, add that, looked upon at any hour, there is something strangely moving in a comprehensive view of a great city. The indefiniteness, out of which loom the larger buildings, while below the smoky vista you remember that millions of human beings are working out their destiny;—such knowledge is oppressive. If ever I have felt more than usual the need of falling back on God,—on His wisdom, power, mercy, and love,—it has been when I have stood on some eminence, and looked over London. Many a time, by day and night, have I done this. When all around has been dark, while the light of the mighty furnace

has reddened the heavens; or when, at a nearer spot, the streets have glistened with electric light as a lower astronomy, and the distance has resolved itself into a nether Milky Way. Perhaps the similes are all too good. Yet who knows? What is man's life but a blurred image of higher things? Have you ever seen the spires of London rise out of a sea of morning mist; or have you watched them come and go in the gleaming, omnipresent sunshine of a summer day? If so, you may confess that, however illusive, sordid, sweltering, and sinful, London *may* appear to the eye as a City of God. Would that it were so in reality! Let us thank our God for the ministries within it which exhibit the love and patience of Jesus Christ; ay, and for the ever-living labours of some whose souls go "marching on" in the lives of others, though they themselves rest "for ever with the Lord." Pre-eminent in the immortality of a godly influence, shines dear C. H. SPURGEON in the devoted work and service of thousands, who live to-day as the true "Lights of London."

Some such thoughts as these passed through my mind as, on a brilliant Lord's-day afternoon in the summer, I stood on a hill near Honor Oak, and looked over the great city. Behind me stretched the suburbs away into beautiful Surrey, with its lavender and mint fields, and its commons of purple heather. Before me lay all the plain South of the Thames. My eye wandered across the great working-class districts of Peckham and Camberwell, but Kennington and Walworth were only like a vague stretch into the sultry haze of half-shaped roofs and stacks, with steeples and turrets coming and going in the lambent sunshine. I tried to make out the *Metropolitan Tabernacle*, but it was lost in the glow. Then it came to me that the man who built that great house of prayer, and his ministry, too, were hidden away in the light, and that God had covered him with glory as with a garment.

The time is still summer, just before harvest; but the scene is a narrow country road, bordered with tall hedges festooned with the scarlet berries of the night-shade, while over the banks trails the wild convolvulus. Here and there by the roadside is a brown-tiled cottage, with a forlorn patch of vegetable garden. Neither the houses nor gardens are inspiring just here. We walk through a more neglected plot than the rest, down into the only living room of a very poor cottage. It is a great contrast to come from the blaze of the afternoon sunshine into the dim stuffy room. A bed has been made up in one corner, and on it lies a dying girl, almost sixteen years of age. She is, however, the only attractive inmate of that house, save the little children. The father, after a spell of conviction, is a lapsed drunkard. The sons seem inclined to follow him; and one, a cripple, has already been in gaol for felony. The mother is a hopeless creature, full of fawning ways, and yet with now and then a sigh after a better life. The sick girl found the Saviour in the village Sunday-school of the Baptist Chapel. This, dear reader, is a family scene, alas! typical of what is still too frequent in the country life of England,—drink, squalor, ignorance, vice, and disease all under the same roof. In the midst of the most

beautiful natural surroundings, I have visited cases of typhoid where the ceiling could hardly be seen for flies, where heaps of rotting manure lay on the roadside waste, oozing into pools of black slush, where the ponds were covered with green slime, and the drinking water obtained from a shallow stream, which often degenerated into a mere ditch. But I am glad to say that things are slowly improving. Parochial committees seem alive to the evils which should be remedied, and are proceeding to quicken the District Councils to bring about a better sanitary condition of things; while these bodies are more representative than the old rural sanitary authorities, and have larger powers.

Allow me to finish my story of the roadside cottage. I stayed with the mother through that hot afternoon, for the end was near. We propped the girl up with pillows and empty coster-boxes, so that she could breathe better. The father was away at work. Now and then, an urchin would come in from the sunshine, cast a shy scared look all around, and disappear again. The gaol-bird was about the premises, and as the afternoon waned, his sister whispered for him. He came on his crutch, and stood by her bedside. She gasped forth her dying message, pointing the youth to the skies. He stood with her hot hand in his, but never a tear did he shed. We prayed, and then the mother, the girl, and I were left, for the cripple slouched off. About four o'clock on that summer afternoon, the poor child suddenly leaped forward, and holding out her thin arms she shouted, "I'm well; I'm well!" It seemed as if this repeated cry would never stop. She took no notice of us, but looking far away, with outstretched arms, she cried, "I'm well!" Presently she fell back, and in a few minutes *all was well*. A neighbour came in, and I left.

Away through lanes where hazel boughs abound, where soft nuts peep out from their green sheaths in clusters,—like small family groups,—down grassy openings, browned now by the hot sun, the village children carry provender to mothers, and fathers, and elder sisters and brothers; for during haytime and harvest all the available members of the household are out in the fields earning the extra shillings. To the mere onlookers, the picturesque costumes and head-gear worn by the pickers in a Kent fruit-field, or by the binders and gleaners among the sheaves, afford many a droll and pleasant musing. How many seasons, for instance, has that bronzed old lady worn her sun-bonnet; and where did the dark-eyed gipsy girl get that hat? But the sweating sheaf-binders and fruit-pickers, with hands dyed crimson, have little thought for the poetry of the field. Yet there are faces among them that would grace a canvas, and colours which a Constable would have delighted to embody. I am aware that this is only one side of the picture; but we may as well see the best side. "Sir," said a Manchester man to me, "if you were to set down the dwellers in these slums in the fields of Kent when the strawberries were about, you would never get them back without a revolution." But these people do go back; some to the squalor of the town, and some to the squalor of the village; to straw-plaiting and fried rashers, to one-room-life, pinching poverty, the corner public-house,

with the variations of fever and death. Who grudges them their two months in the open ?

But while we are musing the time marches on. The plums are almost ready to drop from the tree, and the early apples and pears are mellowing. The cherries have been gathered, but other fruits follow the sweet strawberry time. Days are these to be remembered, when fruits, so rich that "they would even melt in the crevices of an iceberg," have slacked the parching thirst on the scorching August day. The harvest cry will soon go forth all over the land. What memories will it bring ? What grand subjects, glowing still in the twilight of departed centuries,—Abraham among his reapers, Boaz saying to his servants, "The Lord be with you !" Ruth,—

"Standing in tears among the alien corn,"

and the Son of man and His disciples amid the harvests of Galilee !

I am writing with the window open ; the sky is deep blue and cloudless. Mighty elms rear their well-clothed limbs, swathed in summer's deepest green, while the smell of cut clover comes stealing in the air. Soon, very soon, the reaping will be all done, and the produce of the year gathered.

"Another harvest comes apace ;
Ripen our spirits by Thy grace
That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to lay us low.

"That so, when angel-reapers come
To gather sheaves to Thy blest home,
Our spirits may be borne on high
To Thy safe garner in the sky."

H.T.S.

Among Fifty Thousand Hop-pickers.

BY PASTOR JOHN KEMP, SOUTHSEA.

"AND the lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in." For many years, Pastor J. J. Kendon, of Goudhurst, and Mr. John Burnham, with a band of earnest fellow-workers, have been acting in accordance with this divine command among the vast crowds of poor people who flock every year, during August and September, into the hop-gardens of Kent. "The Hop-Pickers' Mission" is now justly taking a prominent place among the almost myriad means employed to benefit our toiling millions. Speaking as an eye-witness, and an occasional helper in this open-air evangelism, the writer can confidently affirm that there are remarkable features about this work which should win for it the special attention of all earnest Christians.

It is not perhaps generally known that, every summer, from

40,000 TO 50,000 PEOPLE

stream into these gardens, to gather in the tonic treasures which hang, like fairy bells, from festoons of twining vines, or wave in graceful clusters from the tops of stately poles. The great "hop harvest" is a time of exhilaration and excitement in the Kentish villages, and

affords a golden opportunity to thousands of the poor in London and adjacent towns to recruit their enfeebled health, and swell their scanty earnings by a few weeks' labour amid scenes of great natural beauty.

Utter strangers to the country can hardly conceive the magnitude of this

ANNUAL EXODUS FROM THE WILDERNESS OF BRICKS

to the goodly land of spiral crops; but now that non-intoxicating "Hop Bitters", "Kops' Ale", and "Anti-Burton" have happily come into common use, it may be justly expected that all good teetotallers, as well as lovers of "home-brewed ale", will feel a kindly interest in these humble workers. The picture given in a daily paper is in no way overdrawn; the writer graphically says:—

"Towards the end of August, or beginning of September, the long, white, dusty high-ways and bye-ways, leading from the great metropolis, become plentifully studded with groups of dingy-looking, sunburnt, footsore men, women, and children. So large is the number, so continuous the stream, that a stranger might well be forgiven for assuming that a general exodus of the poverty-stricken and miserable was taking place from some poor district of the English capital, or that the London workhouses were being emptied of their living human contents. Nothing more squalid can be imagined than the appearance of some of these wretched hordes. They often appear literally one seething mass of rags and tatters. Very many are Irish, a few are country tramps, but the great proportion belong to that nondescript London population, which so frequently rises in the morning without knowing how, when, or where its daily meal is to be obtained. To these, the commencement of hop-picking is as the sudden discovery of a new gold-field in Australia or California to the professional gold-seeker; it occasions a complete stampede in the direction of the promised harvest."

Arrived at their destinations, these "hoppers" take up their temporary abode in tents, barns, sheds, or "hopper-houses" provided for them by the farmers. With a whole family crowded into a small "hopper-house" of one room, the conditions of life are not the most favourable to comfort or delicacy, yet many hoppers are by no means destitute of delicate feeling; but here, despite discomfort, they are glad to abide. It is the best home they can get for the time, and is not to be lightly condemned by easy-going folk, who have never in their lives given a day's serious thought as to "how the poor live." Much has been done by the farmers of late for the hoppers' betterment, and further improvements are taking place. It is to these much-forgotten

DENIZENS OF THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES

that the Hop-pickers' Mission addresses itself. Mr. Kendon as superintendent, and Mr. Burnham as secretary, gather round them city missionaries, students from the Pastors' College, evangelists, and pastors of churches; and these all go forth with the glad tidings of salvation. Altogether, twelve or fourteen workers are engaged during the month of September. These soul-seekers have centres at Goudhurst, Yalding, Curtisden Green, and Lamberhurst, whence the work radiates into the surrounding country, so that, in one season, scores of

gardens are visited, and thousands of people are reached by the gospel. Most efficient help is also cheerfully rendered by the teachers and pupils of Bethany House School (of which Mr. Kendon is principal), while from Miss Kendon's Ladies' College many go forth to render valuable assistance in the singing.

The general plan of operations is this. Each morning, all the missionaries go forth into the gardens, well supplied with gospel books, tracts, Testaments, &c. Stopping at a bin, they join in picking the hops, conversation begins, and, as soon as possible, is made to run in the direction of spiritual things. Controversy might easily be engaged in, but it is not encouraged. The sole aim of each visitor is, as plainly as he can, to impart to the unconverted a knowledge of salvation, and to urge decision for Christ. Thus the ambassadors of Christ go from bin to bin, beseeching the unsaved to be reconciled to God. Short services are sometimes held in the dinner-hour, while in the evening open-air meetings are conducted in the villages for miles around.

As the writer had the privilege of being one of these missionaries recently, a few personal references may be permitted. Taking up my temporary abode in the hospitable home of Mr. Kendon, I was enabled, in company with a colleague, to visit many gardens, and converse with the "pickers." Alike by employers and employed we were well received, while at some of our open-air meetings, where Mr. Burnham joined us with his harmonium, from three hundred to four hundred persons were present. Everywhere great attention was given to the Word spoken or sung, and in some instances a solemn spell seemed to be over the meeting. Especially was this so in one village. While we spoke,

THE RECTOR OF THE PARISH LAY DEAD,

and the curate and Congregational minister joined us in the service. As the latter spoke, amid the fading twilight, and supplemented our solemn appeals to the unconverted, we all felt the power of the Lord was present to save.

Another day, we found a poor woman in the camp had broken a blood-vessel, and while friends ran for the doctor she passed into eternity. In another hut we discovered a tiny babe, seven weeks old, dying in its rough cradle. We tried to comfort the sorrowful mother by telling her of the sweet words of Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," and then we urged her also to seek salvation through His precious blood.

We determine to hold at night an open-air service in the camp. Thus, as the darkness settles down, and the hoppers return for supper, we gather with them round the camp fires, sing hymns about Christ, and tell of His willingness to save.

IT IS A WEIRD SIGHT!

On either side of the unfrequented lane there are flickering flames, on tripods hang kettles and boilers, finny food from Yarmouth frizzles on the fires, and busy wives and daughters spread a table on the ground. Here the little children from the slums of the Borough Market gather round, and recognize in my colleague their own city missionary! How lustily they join in the singing! The men and

women, too, seated on either bank and at our feet, are equally interested, for, while getting their evening meal, all conversation is suspended, and they listen to our story of God's unspeakable love. As a good-night hymn, we ask them all to join in—

“Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near.”

This being heartily sung, we commend them to God in prayer, bid them farewell, and then carefully pick our own way across the fields by the aid of “a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path.”

In this way,

THE GOSPEL IS PREACHED TO THOUSANDS

who else would never hear it. A percentage of the pickers, of course, are “home-dwellers”, who live in the hop-growing district, and some are connected with mission-halls in the metropolis and elsewhere, but the great majority of them belong to “the submerged tenth”, and not a few to the gipsy tribe, who would never enter our places of worship, and never come under the means of grace but for the “Hop-pickers' Mission”

The temporal needs of the people are not forgotten. Boots, coats, and other articles of cast-off clothing are given to the really destitute and deserving. Mrs. Kendon usually presides over the wardrobe store. Sometimes, medicines are also administered to the sick, and once a year, at least, a free tea is given to several hundreds, who are supplied with tickets beforehand. This tea generally takes place in Mr. Kendon's meadow, and a wonderful sight it affords. Of course, after tea, Mr. Burnham and other evangelists make the most of the glorious opportunity.

This work is pre-eminently a service of seed-sowing. The joy of reaping does not ordinarily fall to the lot of these pioneers; yet Mr. Kendon and his friends can tell of some pleasing cases of genuine conversion to God. The gospel is “the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth,” yes, even to the poor hop-pickers. How glad some find one, who was once “reduced to destitution by a reckless indulgence in strong drink,” writing to Mr. Kendon, sending five shillings for the Mission, and adding, “I was led to seek for mercy and pardon, and was brought to a knowledge of the truth of the glorious gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.” Yet this is by no means a solitary case.

I returned home from my brief sojourn in Kent full of thankfulness that God had moved Mr. Kendon to take up this work, and sustained him in it so long; nor could I but admire the rare zeal and tact of Mr. Burnham and his fellow-labourers in this very difficult toil. Hot days, wet days, dark nights, long journeys, it mattered not, their interest in the work never seemed to abate. The Hop-pickers' Mission undoubtedly illustrates a form of Christian service which richly deserves the generous support of all the Lord's stewards.

Contributions will be gratefully received by Pastor J. J. Kendon, Goudhurst, Kent; or J. Burnham, “Fernbank,” Brentford. Parcels of books, tracts, clothing, &c., should be sent, *carriage paid*, per S.E.R., to Mr. Kendon, Marden Station.

The Bible Still Needed.

THE conscience of any community may be measured by what it does for its poor, who cannot, in all respects, help themselves ; but it is strictly kept to this standard we might, with some reason, doubt whether, in the more distant past, society had really any conscience at all. It is perfectly horrifying, for example, to read what Dr. Jessopp has to say about the condition of the lower orders in the towns in the Middle Ages ; but it was necessary for such facts to be brought out for us clearly to understand how the first note of hope for the poor in modern times was struck at the Reformation. The selfishness of pagan days was practically still dominant in the mediæval era, the doctrines of grace as taught by the Reformers could alone open people's eyes to the fact that they owed anything to their poorer neighbours. The rise of the Puritans, and the work they accomplished, as well as the influence they exercised in the succeeding century, show an immense advance all along the line ; but unhappily the promises of that time were not fulfilled. Disastrous reaction set in, and this was partly owing to the Puritans using harsh or human methods to repress vice, or to promote religious decorum, instead of keeping to those Bible principles which surely conquer opposition when properly carried out.

Mistakes of this kind either cure themselves or are corrected by time, however ; and in the course of the kind providence of God, good was eventually brought out of evil. The reaction, with its persecution of the Restoration, the dead time of Queen Anne and the early Georges, followed ; but that was only the darkness before the dawn. When Wesley, Whitefield, and their coadjutors opened that campaign which led the way for the Methodist Revival, they asserted the power of the Bible by restoring the Book to its proper place. They were strong men because they recognized the fact that there was nothing stronger than the truth of God ; and they were victorious over their enemies because they never opposed opposition by means which Christ would not have approved. The Christian and civilizing agencies to which that Revival gave rise have ensured that its work should be continued till the present day. The work of the Bible in London includes a great deal that ordinary people do not associate with the Book at all ; and in their more reflective moments such persons probably do not quite understand why those whom they take to be merely "religious" people should undertake that which confers such benefit on the poor in their every-day life.

It has often been inferred by writers of various shades of opinion, that the prosperity of England is founded on the Bible ; and this is in the main undoubtedly true. If the principles of the Reformation are those of the Bible, Great Britain is mainly what she is to-day because she has adopted those principles which involve much more than merely religious questions. The severance of the Church from the domination of Rome set the nation free, as it were, to go on its course untrammelled ; and thus the Reformation opened what was really a new era of prosperity. Looking at this matter, however, from his own standpoint, a Roman Catholic writer recently remarked that, "if the present social and moral condition of Great Britain is the outcome of 'Vigorous

Protestantism' and a 'free and open Bible', the result is not very satisfactory or encouraging." Of course, we are not satisfied with the condition of the nation; but we should be blind indeed if we were not encouraged still to proceed on the lines laid down by the Reformers, when they restored to its place the Bible which Romish priestcraft had proscribed. In this world, especially in these imperfect ages preceding the Millennium, we have to judge of things by comparison. As a nation, we have not only largely acted on Bible principles, we have given the Scriptures themselves to the outside world in scores of languages; and we have benefited, even in a temporal manner, by such a policy, until our trade is vaster than any other national annals are able to record. That this is no accident, but is simply cause and effect, could be proved by contrasting the condition of any community, before and after such principles gain ascendancy. When the fierce cannibals of the South Seas become converted to Christianity, their islands change from being the habitations of cruelty to being thriving centres of trade and education. Then contrast Great Britain with Spain, once the leading European nation, but ruined by the Inquisition, and blighted by priestcraft; or compare our lot with Italy, where side by side with the utmost development of Romanism, the peasantry are in such a dreadful state, that sensitive visitors will flee from the country, unable to bear the sight of their misery. We maintain that all this is the result of practically having no Bible, its teachings being so travestied by a sacerdotal system as to be altogether hidden from rich and poor alike.

Organized Christian work, according to our present notions, may be said to have commenced with the Home Missionary operations in the reign of William IV., and one of the things which first struck the pioneers was the great scarcity of Bibles among the common people. Thus, in Wapping, more than half the people visited were destitute of the Scriptures. The proportion was still greater in Old Pye Street, Westminster; and the average in a number of districts showed that nearly a quarter of the poorer sort of people were in a state of similar destitution. At that time there were 121,080 houses visited altogether, and in those dwellings were found 35,393 families, or about 170,000 persons, who "had not a page either of the Old or the New Testament." It was even supposed that the true facts of the case were actually worse than at first sight appeared, as considerable supplies had been distributed only just before the investigation, while Roman Catholics, through fear of their priests, did not tell the truth about their condition. No less than 6,000 families were discovered, who had never possessed a page of Scripture, while large numbers of others had been destitute for a greater or lesser number of years. Of course, when only about four out of seven of the poor of London were able to read, the Bible would virtually be a sealed book to them, even had they possessed it; but that did not render less astonishing the total ignorance in regard to the nature of the Book, which was apparent on every hand. Some who had received tracts supposed that they were the Scriptures; but such were not more unknowing than those who openly confessed that they did not really know what the New Testament was.

No doubt many of these people were too ignorant to be able to realize the greatness of their need, and may thus have been indifferent to their

wants ; but it was far from being so with all. There were numbers of the poor who could hardly have purchased a Bible, but who were wonderfully grateful for the boon of having the Book supplied. One very poor man, who was especially grateful, said that he had lately lost a friend, and when that friend lay a-dying, he had not even a leaf of Scripture to read to him. One woman, on receiving a copy, burst into tears of joy ; and another was so overcome that she asked if she had to go anywhere to return thanks for it. Even Roman Catholics would gratefully accept the Word, although others would refuse it as something which did dishonour to the Virgin Mary.

Now, while London is still in a low condition, when looked at from a Christian standpoint, because more than half of its population are confirmed absentees from public worship, the facts we have given are without doubt a very cheering and encouraging contrast to the state of things which obtained some few generations ago. What has happened is, that the Bible has prepared a way for itself in a manner which proves both the Book and its Mission to be divine. Think of what happened, in days not so very long ago, in the life of the nation, and one will be enabled to realize the change which has come over the scene. When the Revival of the last century began to make headway, were not the mobs which challenged its progress as cruel, and even as bloodthirsty, as the "*beasts at Ephesus*" which came across the path of the apostle Paul ? While such raging crowds showed the condition of the provinces, there were quarters in London which it was not safe to explore. What kind of female savages were they to whom Elizabeth Fry first read the Words of Life in Newgate ? Was not Thomas Cranfield threatened, or actually subjected to rough treatment, when, in the early years of this century, he began to collect a class of ragged scholars in South London ? But yet neither Thomas Cranfield, nor Elizabeth Fry, to say nothing of the noble band of those who came after them, had any manner of doubt that in the Bible they had the one and only medicine which would cure the ills of mankind. In the case of such hard service as theirs, such a fly in the ointment as *doubt* would not only have proved fatal, its very existence would have hindered their adventuring anything in the service at all. If we admit that they did something worth doing, we must also admit that they took a very primitive and apostolic view of things. The Bible was to them the very Word of God ; and it must be nothing less than that to us, if we would test its efficiency to enlighten the ignorant and raise the fallen.

The pioneers of other days naturally understood something about the devil's opposition ; but not altogether in the sense that we understand it. A well-known writer ventures the opinion that pure Atheism has never been quite in Satan's line of things ; his policy has rather been to get up a parody of truth. The fact is, however, that the powers of evil adopt that line of policy which promises to yield them the greatest return. If he can afford to adopt a policy of stark Atheism, the devil will do as he did at the time of the French Revolution. But it would never have answered to have taken that extreme stand when the kingdom of this world was threatened by the advance of the eighteenth century revival ; and hence, on every side, there was preaching against being "righteous overmuch," while the ignorant people were actually taught

to fight for that supposed moderation. In our day, other weapons are used; we have science, "falsely so called," because much of it is not science at all, but rather the imaginings of ignorant people, who plume themselves on their scientific attainments. Then there is "the higher criticism", which is not so much criticism, as unbelief under another name; for men who in some sense profess to accept the Scriptures, yet contrive to explain their substance and meaning away.

Then, among those persons who do not aspire to rank as Christian people, even paganism itself is being revived; or spiritualism is accepted as evidence of immortality superior to that furnished by the Bible itself. The following significant paragraph appeared in a widely-circulated London paper:—

"Buddha is decidedly to the fore just now, and is running Tolstoi and Ibsen close. There are back drawing-rooms in London where literary ladies 'with views' can talk about little else; whilst in Paris there are said to be 30,000 Buddhists. The vice-president of the Academy of Medicine has, for example, become an enthusiastic Buddhist, and the captains and crews of several French men-of-war, which have lately returned from Oriental waters, are said to be disciples of Buddha almost to a man."

While very significant of what is going on, there is more in all this to confirm our belief in Scripture than there is to occasion misgiving. All is in keeping with what the Bible says will come to pass; and it is also what the Bible will have to overcome. The critics may say a great deal; but they are more than answered when one sinner, by being brought from darkness to light, is seen to be a transformed being.

Doing and Dreaming.

A HUMBLE-BEE left her nest, one morning, to gather honey. As she winged her way along, she passed over a little rustic garden, in which were some holly-hocks and sweet-williams, and others of the poorer sort of flowers; and being but a simple, rusticated creature herself, she flew down amongst them, and settled contentedly on the flower of a foxglove, where she was soon busily at work.

While she was actively employed, drilling a hole with her proboscis through the calyx of the flower,—for her shoulders were too broad to allow of her reaching the honeyed tube in the orthodox manner,—a hive-bee flew proudly past.

"Poor thing!" said the hive-bee, as she looked down in a pitying, patronizing, supercilious manner on her poor relation; "how thankful I am that I was not born a humble-bee!"

"'Poor thing?' Why do you call me poor?" was the quiet answer, and the humble-bee paused for a moment in her work. "The contented are never poor, and I am contented."

The hive-bee paused in her flight, and stared with surprise at the plump little villager.

"You wonder that I call myself contented," resumed the humble-bee, "but fly down here, and you will find among the fox-gloves and holly-hocks some of the most delightful nectar you ever tasted."

"Delightful to *your* taste, I daresay," returned the hive-bee loftily.

"Or to any other person's taste," said the humble-bee, thrusting her proboscis into the nectary with a vigour that gave emphasis to her words.

"Ignorance is always positive," retorted the hive-bee; "but I suppose you think you speak the truth."

"Well, come and see for yourself?" said the humble-bee cheerily.

"I know differently, without looking," was the reply.

"But how do you know?" asked the humble-bee, for she was a bee of some experience, and had tapped many a nectary in her time, which was more than the hive-bee could claim to have done. She had, therefore, a perfect right to ask the question.

"Never mind *how* I know. I *know*, and that's enough," returned the hive-bee profoundly.

"Well, *if* you know, of course that *is* enough," said the humble-bee; "but take my advice, and come down. You will find no honey or pollen in the direction you were taking just now. You are young and inexperienced; I am old, and have lived a long while in these parts. Don't neglect present mercies, or waste the shining hours seeking for imaginary good, when that which is real and visible is lying within your reach."

"Thank you for your sermon," said the hive-bee ironically, for she was greatly nettled because the humble-bee had called her young and inexperienced. "But you will forgive me, madam, if I do not act upon your advice. You see, I have been brought up in a city, and not in a village; and if my tastes are more refined than *other* people's, who may be older and more experienced, I cannot help it."

"Why not be satisfied with the flowers before you?" said the humble-bee, who was too old to be angry, and too kind to send the hive-bee away without another effort for her good.

"How could I waste my time on such poor, rusticated flowers?" retorted the hive-bee disdainfully. "There are plenty of other flowers farther on, where the honey is better and more plentiful, and I go to those."

"Time is short," said the humble-bee, "and it is better to get a little that is sure than hope for much that is uncertain."

"You are captious," said the hive-bee. "But this is always the way with such tame, slow, village-bred bees. Because you have no high thoughts and objects yourselves, you try to fetter the aspirations of others, and ridicule the expectations of those who have the courage to live and act for the future. But you will change your dismal tune in a few hours when I return well laden."

"Those only live for the future who act in the present," said the humble-bee quietly. "Life is short, and should teach us to moderate our passions and contract our designs. It is not by laying out bright schemes for the future that lives are made useful, but by taking advantage of present opportunities."

"Then I suppose I am not to regard the future at all!" said the hive-bee.

"Instant in season and out of season," said the humble-bee, as she dipped her proboscis into another flower. "The present is the time to work. Are you sure that you will find better flowers farther on? You may fly about all day looking for your ideal flowers, and then gather nothing; and so the night will come on, and when the night comes you cannot work."

"And, pray, who said there are no flowers like the flowers I am looking for? Eh, madam cloves?" said the hive-bee.

As nobody was present to answer to that name, the question also went unanswered; but the humble-bee took occasion to observe that "when ignorance is exposed, rudeness must be expected. You, my city friend, have been feasting your imagination with dreams of impossible flowers, honey-dropping and pollen-laden, which you are vainly hoping to obtain, and now you are in that unhappy state when advice is received with impatience, and warnings with insult. Pride has dethroned your reason, and only the failure of your schemes will drive the usurper from his place."

"Dear, dear! Listen to the oracle!" cried the hive-bee. "Here's a wise one, if you like! So original! Why, my dear madam, your advice is as old as the hills. I have heard the same things over and over again,—in fact, I know most of them by heart."

"But we sometimes need to be reminded of what we know," returned the humble-bee.

"As old as the hills!" repeated the hive-bee, scornfully.

"And being so old, we may say that it has stood the test of time. Truth is always old; it is eternal."

At this point, the grave imperturbability of the village-bee proved too much for her city friend, who flew angrily away. The humble-bee watched her out of sight, and then went humming off to a third fox-glove, which she tapped as she had done the others; and from that she went to a fourth, and a fifth, and so on till her honey-bag was full. Then she made an excursion to the holly-hocks, and, entering their flower-cups one after another, rolled herself in the pollen to her heart's content. Having collected as much of the yellow dust as she required, she kneaded it up into two little balls, which she stuck in the cavities of her thighs, and then prepared to return home.

Night was coming on, and as she hummed her evening farewell to the flowers, her thoughts went back to the hive-bee, and the conversation which she had had with her in the morning.

"Poor thing!" she murmured, unconsciously using the epithet which the hive-bee had used to her some hours before. "Poor thing! I do hope she has found the honey and pollen which she sought."

"Did I hear you say, 'poor thing'?" said a voice at that moment, and the humble-bee, looking hastily up, encountered the disconsolate gaze of her city cousin. There was certainly a touch of irritation in the question, but more of despair; and the heart of the humble-bee was melted at once.

"I am sorry if the name pains you," she said, "but I did not know that you were near."

"And, after all, I deserve the name," said the hive-bee, in whose heart the kindness of the humble-bee had produced a sudden disposition to confess her faults. "I was a fool to make light of your advice this morning, and now I must reap a fool's reward."

"And you have gathered nothing?" asked the humble-bee.

"Nothing. Having left the garden, I passed over a field, but there were no daisies or clover in it, and so I came upon another field, and another, but still I could find no flowers, and then I came upon a great grey sheet of water, which moaned and groaned and roared at me as I flew over it, till I grew so frightened that I was obliged to come back."

"This has been a sad lesson for you," said the humble-bee; "but come with me, and I think I can spare you a little honey from the nest, and perhaps a ball or two of bee-bread."

The hive-bee was completely overcome.

"How kind of you!" she said; "you have indeed been a true friend to me. Your kindness is only equalled by your wisdom; and——"

"Stay!" said the humble-bee mildly. "If I have been, as you say, a true friend to you, let the matter rest there. You have thanked me, and that is sufficient. You will know how to act in future."

ALFRED E. KNIGHT.



Notices of Books.

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

Whether at Midsummer or in mid-winter, the *Little Folks* volume (Cassell and Co.) is always welcome; the new one just received is not a whit behind its predecessors. 3s. 6d. is not a penny too much for 432 pages of such bright letterpress, especially as there are pictures on almost every page, and six full-page plates printed in colours.

The Religious Tract Society has issued four capital shilling picture story books in handsome coloured covers,—*Our Little Dots' Pets*, *Our Little Dots' Playtime Pictures*, *Pretty Pictures for Our Little Dots*, and *Pictures and Rhymes for Our Little Dots*. Truly, the children of the present day are highly favoured; give them any of these pictorial treasures, and see if they do not say that it is even so.

For the older folk, the same excellent Society publishes the thirtieth half-yearly volume of *Friendly Greetings, Illustrated Readings for the People*. The book abounds in simple stories in commendation of religion, temperance, and thrift, and is worthy of being circulated even more widely than at present; its price is 2s. 6d.

Among other recent publications by the Religious Tract Society is No. 77 of the "Present Day Tracts" (4d.),—*The Jews in their Present Condition Witnesses to the Bible*, by Revs. WILLIAM BURNET, M.A., and A. LUKYN WILLIAMS, M.A., which should be read by all who desire to know how the Lord is fulfilling His purposes concerning His ancient people; also No. 14 of the "Excellent Women" Series (1d.),—*Mary Jane Graham*, by CHARLES D. BELL, D.D., an interesting summary of a noteworthy life.

The new issue in Messrs. Blackie and Son's "School and Home Library" is entitled *Passages in the Life of a Galley-Slave*, translated from the French by M. BETHAM-EDWARDS, a

thrilling story of the sufferings and deliverance of a Protestant who, nearly two hundred years ago, was condemned to toil as a galley-slave.

Mr. Elliot Stock has published a shilling facsimile reprint of *Cromwell's Soldier's Bible*, which will put this literary curiosity within the reach of many who could not afford 5s. for it.

The Religious Tract Society has rendered good service to the Bible Society, and also shown the early connection between the two kindred institutions, by publishing an interesting little work written by Mr. HENRY MORRIS, and entitled, *The Founders and First Three Presidents of the Bible Society*. (1s. 6d.) The many portraits and other illustrations, and the brief biographical sketches of Lords Teignmouth and Bexley and the Earl of Shaftesbury, help to make up a thoroughly readable book.

Pastor T. B. Field, of Bacup, whose work was described in this Magazine last month, has prepared an admirable manual for *Marriage and Burial Services*. The necessary legal information is clearly given, and the Scriptural and other passages are well selected. If any "new woman" ever gets married, she might be willing to submit to Mr. Field's formula, for it would not require her to promise to "obey" her husband. The book can be obtained, post-free, for 1s., from J. Cooper & Co., Farnworth, Lancashire.

Another of "our own men", who modestly conceals himself behind the initials, J. H., has brought out a most interesting little book under the title *The Diversions of an Autograph-Hunter* (Elliot Stock). He has certainly obtained an adequate return for all the time and trouble he has devoted to this pursuit, and his experience and hints ought to be of great value to any young collectors of the autographs of celebrities.

Pioneer Life and Work in New Guinea, 1877—1894. By JAMES CHALMERS. Religious Tract Society.

A SIMPLE, straightforward story of trials and triumphs in the South Pacific, told by the pioneer missionary who "is more at home in his whale-boat or steam launch off the New Guinea coast than in his study, and whose hand takes more readily to the tiller than to the pen." Whatever of literary finish the book may lack, it records the varied experiences of a brave, earnest servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, and it ought to inspire many another to consecrate his or her life to the same blessed Master. The volume is worthy of a prominent position in the Tract Society's admirable series of missionary works; it is adorned with a map and forty illustrations, and its price is 3s. 6d.

The Congo for Christ. The Story of the Congo Mission. By JOHN BROWN MYERS. Partridge & Co.

So many of "our own men" as well as others known to us have proved the Congo to be "the short cut to heaven", that this book has a special and sacred charm about it. Mr. Myers has collected a large quantity of interesting information about the country, the people, and those who have sought to bring them to Christ; and his work, like that of Mr. Chalmers, ought to be a call for more labourers in this part of the great harvest field. Every Baptist library should possess this eighteenpenny volume.

Ratanbai: a Sketch of a Bombay High Caste Hindu Young Wife. By SHÉVANTIBĀI M. NIKAMBÈ. Marshall Brothers.

THE title pretty fully describes the contents of this tasteful half-crown volume; but, in addition, Mrs. Nikambè, who is at the head of a Hindu school for high caste girls, describes the difficulties that ignorance and prejudice place in the way of their education, and incidentally she alludes to the terrible trials of Indian widows. It is a hopeful sign that

many educated native gentlemen are anxious that their wives should be instructed, that they may be the better fitted for the positions they have afterwards to fill. By special permission, the book is dedicated to the Queen; the preface is written by Lady Harris, C.I.

W. Burns Thomson, F.R.C.S.E. Reminiscences of Medical Missionary Work. With Biographical Chapters by J. C. D., and Preface by JAMES L. MAXWELL, M.A., D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

A RECORD of disinterested and self-denying labour in the Master's service worthy to be held in abiding remembrance. Mr. Burns Thomson was one of the first to embody the medical missionary idea, and to communicate to the Church the impulse towards medical missions which has already produced such blessed results. The narrative shows the strain *that* love can bear and the work *that* love can do which is generated by the Spirit of God and the motive power of the cross of Christ. This work is instructive, too, from the standpoint of individual dealing, and the sacred skill in catching men that is ever an accompaniment of a close adhesion to the Master's steps.

The Master of Blantyre. By the Author of "Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars," &c., &c. Nelson and Sons.

BOUND in cloth boards to match the green plaid that, instead of a pall, covered the coffin of the Honourable Walter Stuart, only son of Lord Blantyre, the outside of this shilling book presents a striking appearance, and its contents are equally notable. The Master of Blantyre was a nobleman in the highest sense of the word; and when he became a Christian, his natural kindness of heart was exalted into a life of self-sacrifice for those around him. It was fitting that Miss Marsh, who led him to the Saviour, should lay this choice literary wreath upon his tomb. The record of the loving deeds of such a man should move many to "go and do likewise."

The Age and Authorship of the Pentateuch. By WILLIAM SPIERS, M.A. C. H. Kelly.

NOW that some of the Methodist Professors have embraced the higher critics' theories, it is reassuring to find such a work as this coming from their own ranks. It is at once popular in style and scholarly in substance. It is up to date both in science and literature, and yet faithful to the Word of God. Of all the "Books for Bible Students" yet edited by Mr. Gregory, none are more needed or should be more welcome than this. We trust it may be widely read, and prove a corrective to the doubt so freely scattered in all directions.

Green Pastures and Still Waters. By J. DENHAM SMITH. J. E. Hawkins.

THE gracious pen of a ready writer, now passed within the veil, here leads us into the rich provision of the twenty-third Psalm. A clear grasp of truth, bedewed with the unction of the Holy One, brings out many a hidden lesson and many an unsuspected beauty in this pearl of Psalms.

Notes on the Tabernacle. By R. E. S. Glasgow : Pickering and Inglis.

IN tasteful form, this booklet gives the treasures of spiritual truth which faith discerns in the divine dwelling-place of old. Opened eyes and consecrated hands alone could give us such "Notes." Although prepared for a local Bible-class, they are worthy of widespread distribution and study.

The Great Prophecies of the Centuries concerning Israel and the Gentiles. By G. H. PEMBER, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

MR. PEMBER has been long and honourably known as a prophetic student and teacher, and has already, in his valuable books, *The Great Prophecies*, and *Earth's Earliest Ages*, undertaken to instruct others in unrolling the scroll of future events. The present work brings Mr. Pember's prophetic researches down to date, so far as Israel and the Gentiles are concerned; and within that circle (so numerous are the additions and improvements) supersedes, in the author's

judgment, the former work on "the Great Prophecies" which has been for years in circulation. We are glad to find that this trained thinker has the intention, if the Lord will, to cover the whole field, and to complete in due course a volume on "The Great Prophecies concerning the Church," and also a further volume on "The Great Prophecies of the End."

In the book before us, the prophecies of Daniel are in particular expounded at great length and fullness, while the bearing of concurrent history in their unfolding is set forth in a copious and edifying manner. So far as doing business on his own account in the prophetic waters is concerned, Mr. Pember is more cautious and timid than many who are less profound. It may surprise some to learn that this deep student cannot even fix the ten latter-day kingdoms, and is not quite certain whether Britain will be one of them. But if there is this prophetic hesitancy, or backwardness to prophesy, compensation will be found for it in the acuteness that is brought to bear on contemporary events, so that, to whatever school of prophecy the reader may belong, he will learn much from these pages as to the trend of prophetic fulfilment and the character of the forces now in operation. The author's disclosures on the subject of the Luciferians and Palladism cast a lurid light on modern phenomena.

The Resurrection of Jesus Christ. By JOHN KENNEDY, M.A., D.D. New Edition. Religious Tract Society.

THIS work is upon similar lines to Godet's *Defence of the Christian Faith*, which was recently noticed in our pages, and may be regarded as complementary to that admirable volume. We do not know of two better books upon the resurrection of our Lord. In the work before us, the evidence supporting this foundation doctrine of Christianity is thoroughly investigated. The outrageous suggestions and assertions of Renan, Strauss, and others, are met and answered by irrefutable arguments. The self-styled scientists, who reject the supernatural, are proved to be altogether unscientific. It is most interesting to see

how the worthy Doctor hoists them with their own petards, or impales them upon the horns of one dilemma after another. Paul's credibility as a witness to the fact of the resurrection of Jesus, and as an eye-witness of the risen and exalted Christ, is firmly established; and the vast difference between his visions and those of St. Theresa and others of the same class is clearly pointed out. If doubters are not convinced by the evidence and arguments contained in this work, their doubt must either be the result of some defect in their mental organization, or else of dire moral obliquity.

The People's Bible. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. Vol. XXV. EPHESIANS — REVELATION. Hazell, Watson, and Viney.

THE crowning volume of a great work, which will long live. Betraying no decline either of mental or spiritual force, this volume takes its place right worthily with former ones, of which we have spoken in terms of strong appreciation. Dr. Parker's power to say striking and suggestive things seems inexhaustible; and although he makes no pretence at merely critical and scholarly examination of the Scriptures, these discourses are both, but with a glow of brilliant enthusiasm and fervent love for the gospel added thereto. We are grateful to find that Dr. Parker's attachment to Evangelical truth grows stronger as the years go by, and the Cross is more than ever the theme of his preaching. His attitude towards those theories that would detract from the full inspiration of the Bible is specially robust and refreshing in these degenerate days; and will be to many a source of spiritual strengthening and confidence. We heartily commend the volume before us to any who may have been unsettled upon this subject.

The Dominion of Christ. By WILLIAM PIERCE. H. R. Allenson.

THIS volume, substantial alike in style and matter, is a contribution, and one of no mean sort, to the Centenary Celebrations of the London Missionary Society. It is written from a stand-

point different from our own; it contemplates the world's conversion in this age, rather than the gathering of the Church for the Lord's return; and it advocates the great delusion of *post mortem* salvation. Yet it is but fair to say that the great problems of the mission field are treated with an earnest spirit and with a pathos that almost mounts to passion. We wish so well to the cause advocated, that we are sorry this able plea should be thus marred.

Quiet Thoughts for Morning Devotion.
By Rev. HENRY S. B. YATES.
Sunday School Union.

ALTHOUGH these morning portions had appeared in the *Sunday-school Chronicle* before its editor, who penned them, passed away, they are well worthy of preservation in more permanent form. Each meditation breathes the Bible Spirit; and, used to stir the soul to faith, should strengthen it to meet and conquer daily cares and difficulties. It is a choice book.

Tears in Heaven, and other Verses.
By JONATHAN LEES. Religious Tract Society.

AIMING to deepen the devotional spirit and quicken the missionary zeal of his readers, this veteran servant of the London Missionary Society utters his lyric notes from far-off China. Deep lessons, learned in sorrow's school, mingle with heart yearnings for the lost, and strong calls to Christian service. Gracious in spirit and graceful in form, may they prove effective messages to the many who will read their strains!

The Teacher's Prayer, and How it was Answered. By Mrs. ZILLAH DUGDALE. Elliot Stock.

A SIMPLE, touching story of a Sunday-school teacher who prayed and longed for the salvation of the seven girls in her class, and who lived to see them all brought to the Saviour. This is Mrs. Dugdale's third book; readers of *A Prey to the Enemy* and *Alone and Not Alone* will want to make the early acquaintance of the latest product of the writer's busy pen.

The Ethics of Gambling. By W. DOUGLAS MACKENZIE, M.A. Sunday School Union.

THIS trenchant treatment of a crying evil should bring conviction to the careless, and sharpen the edge of argument where testimony is already borne against the greed of gain without equivalent value. As prevention is better than cure, it will also help to wisely train the young in relation to a vice which has become national. Will not the Liberal party learn, as one of the lessons of the general election, that Nonconformists cannot conscientiously support a horse-racing prime minister?

The Reformation in England. By W. H. BECKETT. Religious Tract Society.

THIS latest volume of the excellent series of shilling Primers upon the Bible, Church History, and related subjects, which the Religious Tract Society is publishing, should sell by the hundred thousand. The Reformation itself was greatly helped by the publication of "primers, or manuals of primary instruction in religious truth," and this present-day primer is admirably adapted to support and strengthen the glorious work then accomplished. Lovers of Protestantism should secure it, and recommend it on every hand. It is emphatically a book for the times; its 160 pages are crammed full of information much needed in this age of Papal encroachments. Our young people have too

little knowledge of past struggles, and scarcely comprehend what Popery really is. This is the book to enlighten them, to awaken their interest in the stern conflicts waged by our fathers who shed their blood and sacrificed their lives to secure for us the priceless heritage of civil and religious liberty.

Could we not have a work on similar lines dealing with Baptist history? Maybe, our own Book and Tract Society will take the hint.

The Furlled Banner. By HEATHER GREY. Elliot Stock.

AN excellent story, admirably told. Young professors, with furlled banners, living low, aimless lives, ought to read this book; and so should Christian parents who are unwilling to give up their children for the service of Christ in the foreign mission field. This work touches the hidden springs of the noblest life, and makes one pray and long to become a faithful standard-bearer in the army of the King. It deserves to be widely circulated, for it must quicken the missionary spirit, and beget whole-hearted consecration to Christ.

Lifted Loads. By LUCY A. BENNETT. Marshall Bros.

TWELFTH of the Keswick Library, this gracious little book breathes forth its comfort, as it shows how the great Burden-bearer exchanges the burdens of earth for the rest of faith. Just the message to cheer and strengthen struggling saints.

Notes.

PASTOR CHARLES SPURGEON reached home safely and well on June 28. On the following Lord's-day morning, he assisted his brother in the service at the Tabernacle, and in the evening he preached to the great congregation.

After full consideration, he has accepted the invitation to resume the pastorate at South Street Chapel, Greenwich; and we are sure he will be grateful if our readers will pray the Lord richly to bless him in returning to the sphere where so many souls have been won for the Saviour, and so much useful service accomplished through his instrumentality.

On Monday evening, July 1, unusual interest was given to the Tabernacle prayer-meeting by the presence of the Armenian refugees, who gave, through an interpreter, a thrilling account of the perils through which they had passed, and of the horrors perpetrated in their unhappy country. PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON expressed the sympathy of himself and his fellow-Christians for the poor persecuted people, and the sum of £14 13s. 3d. was spontaneously contributed towards the Armenian Relief Fund. We greatly fear that the accession to office of the Coalition Government will be disastrous to the cause of the

sufferers in the East, as well as to religious, educational, and temperance work at home; but our comfort still is that "the Lord reigneth."

On Monday afternoon, July 8, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY was held in the lecture-hall. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided, and spoke in advocacy of this admirable Society's needful service; and addresses were also delivered by Deacons T. H. and W. Olney, Mr. Charlesworth, and Mr. Charles Cook (of Hyde Park Hall). Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon and her helpers were busily occupied in receiving and arranging the gifts of garments, &c., brought by friends. Altogether, 850 articles were sent in, the largest number since the first year when the late beloved Pastor personally sat "at the receipt of custom." There were also special donations amounting to between £11 and £12, and some new subscriptions; for all of which the committee are very grateful. The receipts for the past year amounted to £64 19s. 1d., and the total value of the thirty-five parcels sent out was £276 13s. 7d. The Annual Report contains extracts from several letters showing the continued necessity for the work, and expressing the gratitude of recipients. Donations will be thankfully received by Mrs. Goddard Clarke, "Ingle-side," Elm Grove, Peckham, S.E. Articles of new or second-hand clothing should be addressed to the Secretary, Poor Ministers' Clothing Society, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, S.E.

At the evening meeting in the Tabernacle, after prayer by the Pastor, further reference to the Society was made by Mr. William Olney. As the Stockwell orphans were shortly going away for their summer holiday, most of them were present, and helped by their sweet singing to give variety to the proceedings. Mr. Charlesworth mentioned the recent receipt of large sums for the Orphanage treasury. Pastor Charles Spurgeon briefly spoke of his South African mission, leaving fuller details for the lecture he hopes to deliver at a later date. Two of our evangelistic brethren were at the meeting; Mr. J. S. Harrison, who prayed, and Mr. A. A. Harmer, who related an interesting incident connected with the Pastor's sermon lately upon the Good Samaritan. There was a large assembly of friends, and a cheering, helpful spirit pervaded the whole gathering.

During the Pastor's holiday, the preachers at the Tabernacle will (p.v.) be as follows:—Thursday, August 22, Pastor W. Pettman; Lord's-day, August 25, morning, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon; Thursday, August 29, Pastor R. S. Latimer; Lord's-day, September 1, Pastor Charles Spurgeon; Thursday, September 5, Pastor E. Roberts; Lord's-day, September 8, Dr. Newman Hall; Thursday,

September 12, Dr. Usher; Lord's-day, September 15, Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A.; Thursday, September 19, Pastor James Douglas, M.A.

COLLEGE.—The following students have accepted pastorates:—Mr. T. F. Fidge, at Fleet, Hampshire, and Mr. T. T. Minchin, at Faversham, Kent.

Mr. T. Breewood, after resting in London for some months, has become pastor at Brayford church (group of chapels), North Devonshire. Mr. J. Briggs is removing from Longton, to Praed Street, Paddington; Mr. D. B. Griggs has left Eastleigh, and become assistant-pastor to Mr. C. Joseph, Lake Road Chapel, Portsmouth; Mr. C. A. Ingram, late of Leafield, has gone to New Romney and Lydd, Kent; Mr. A. E. Johnson is leaving Dilton Marsh, for Ibstock, Leicestershire; and Mr. Albert Smith, of Shrewton, has taken the oversight of the Pirbright Mission, near Woking. Mr. H. J. Batts has left King Williamstown, and gone to Pretoria, Transvaal.

Pastor W. Bonser has returned from Queensland, and is now residing at 16, Methley Street, Kennington Park, S.E. He will be glad to hear from any church needing a pastor, or a supply.

The students' vacation ends on August 6; in connection with their return, we are asked to call special attention to the following intimation concerning the two French students:—

Pastor Saillens, of Paris, recommends two young members of his church now studying for the ministry in the Pastors' College, who would give French lessons in exchange for board and lodging in Christian families. Write to—Mr. R. Dubarry, Pastors' College, Newington, S.E.

C. H. SPURGEON'S EVANGELISTS.—Mr. C. T. Parry writes from Bristol:—

"Mr. Burnham has been with us at the City Mission Chapel, St. Jude's; his visit to us was very much enjoyed, the only drawback to it being its brevity. The occasion was the anniversary of our Sunday-school; and the services, for want of space in our chapel, were conducted in a large public hall near by. The interest deepened amongst our people with each service, and Mr. Burnham's intensely earnest and beautifully simple way of telling out the gospel story won for him a warm place in their hearts. Best of all, we felt that power rested upon the Word, and we shall hope to see him with us again in the near future, and, we trust, for a longer period."

Mr. Burnham's health was well maintained to the close of the evangelistic season; but when the time came for resting, he was very prostrate, and suffering great pain. According to the latest report, he was better, and able to get away to the seaside. He hopes to be well enough to go to Kent for the Hop-pickers' Mission, which will

probably commence operations about August 20. This year, a branch of the work is to be opened in Worcestershire, so that more help than usual will be required.

Mr. Harmer has had every Sabbath but one fully occupied, and he is now fulfilling his engagement at Miss Watney's Hall, Hayling Road, South Croydon, for the Lord's-days and certain week-nights from July 21 to August 18; and on August 25, he is to preach at Poole. He is arranging his list of missions for the coming autumn and winter, and will be glad to hear soon from brethren desiring his services.

This evangelistic work was very dear to the heart of its founder, whose name is still linked with it in the title by which our brethren continue to be known:—C. H. SPURGEON'S Evangelists. Did all his friends read Mrs. Spurgeon's "Personal Note" concerning this matter in last month's Magazine? Possibly, many are considering what response they shall make to the appeal.

ORPHANAGE. — *Sunday-school.* — The united quarterly service was held in the Memorial Hall, on July 7, at 3 p.m., when an earnest address was given by Rev. E. L. Roxby, M.A., Vicar of Holy Trinity Church, Tulse Hill. Selecting as his text 1 John ii. 6, the meaning and benefit of abiding in Christ were set forth. It was both safe and satisfying. As in feudal times the only place of safety was one of the old castles, so now the only place of safety for man is in Christ, and in Him we find all that satisfies. Mr. Spurgeon's remark was quoted that "a man could no more be satisfied with this world than with the toys of his children." The test of our abiding in Christ is that we shall be like Him. Hasty words, evil tempers, &c., will be curbed. As we become like others through frequent intercourse with them, so communion with Christ will make us resemble Him. Several members of the Orphanage staff united with the teachers and children, and a collection was taken at the close for the Ragged School Union Holiday Home.

COLPORTAGE.—We are grateful to the many friends who have come up to our help during the past month; their gifts encourage us to persevere in this good and gracious work.

The closing and final distribution of the "C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Fund" have enriched our Association to the extent of £250. This amount has come to us at a time when it was greatly needed. We look up and are thankful.

The special attention of our readers is called to the address on "Constancy and Consistency" delivered to the colporteurs at their last Conference by the President; this was highly appreciated by the men, as were the suggestive and earnest words of the Vice-President. While we plead for

gifts of money to carry on our work for God, we ask yet more earnestly for the continued prayers of the Lord's people. Great things can only be accomplished by prayer and faith and persistent effort.

One of our colporteurs, Mr. A. Walker, of Melksham, wrote on June 1:—

"I feel truly grateful to God for the success, both spiritually and financially, for with a great deal of plodding His smile has rested upon me, my sales have kept up, and I have been trying hard to increase them. I am happy to tell you that those books, *The Good Shepherd* and *The Shepherd King*, have already proved a blessing, and I hope to sell a good many of them. Horner's Penny Stories continue to awaken great interest. In one of the villages, a man told me, a fortnight ago, that he blessed God I had ever called upon him; he had never attended the house of God, but the newspaper was his Sunday companion. This he had determined to throw aside, and in the future to attend the services of the sanctuary. He pressed me never to come that way without calling upon him, expressing sorrow at the unkind way he had treated me on former visits. 'You will always find a welcome at my house,' he said; his dear wife cried for joy, and exclaimed, 'Praise the Lord!'

"An old lady, seventy-eight years of age, whom I visited recently, said, 'I bless the Lord for ever sending you to my house; although I cannot buy any books, I can and I do pray for you that God may bless you, and prosper you in your work.'

"Last Sunday, I went to the house of an aged man, and as I entered the house, he looked at me, and said, 'Praise the Lord! I did not want to go home until I had seen you, and now I can say with one of old, I am ready to depart.' He further said, 'Do you remember preaching at our chapel, two years ago, from those words, "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him"? These words have been richly blessed to my soul, for God has heard my cry, and foiled the tempter, and given me rest, grace, and great joy.'

Our men feel themselves to be sent, not merely as the representatives of a committee, but as the servants of God, sent by Him to preach the everlasting gospel to perishing men and women. Dear reader, will you share this good work with us? If so, send us *help*, and send it *now*.

All contributions and communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, Temple Street, St. George's Road, Southwark, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—July 4, nineteen; at Haddon Hall, June 30, four.

PERSONAL NOTES, BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.—Many hearty thanks to you,

my dear readers, for the expression of your opinion on the subject of the publication of the second volume of Book Fund records. There has not been a dissentient voice, so I may fairly conclude that the matter is settled, and, if the dear Lord enable me, I shall hope to have the book ready before Christmas. I will now give you a few extracts from the letters so kindly written, and though I cannot personally grasp the hand of each correspondent, and so emphasize my thanks, they must all imagine that I do so, and be quite sure that I am very grateful to them. I should have liked to quote a few sentences from each epistle, but there are too many, and space is precious in these pages; only let me say that I appreciate the loving words and wishes which *do not* appear here quite as much as those which have been selected for publication. Some, indeed, I have had to withhold, as being too admiring and complimentary for my modest pen to transcribe.

"May I add my 'Yes, please!' to the many requests that will be received for the promised book? In that twenty years of service, what an amount of work, what bestowal of daily grace, and what a record of good! How many hearts relieved! How many minds quickened! How many souls comforted! Thanksgivings from the ends of the earth have made 'Westwood' a very dove-cote of blessings."—T.H.S.

"I am so glad the Lord has put it in your heart to give another record of ten years of your work. I have the first volume, and hope to have the sequel. It will be a pleasure and profit to many, and I believe the willingness for the effort has been given you by the dear Master for the benefit of His people. I thank and love you for your 'Personal Notes' in *The Sword and the Trowel*; I always turn to them first."—L.D.

"Yes, yes, yes! Do, by all means, if the effort will not hurt you. I am sure you will find a number of readers who will be delighted at the prospect of a second treat, and it would be a pity that such a record should be lost to the world; besides, would not your beloved have said, 'Do it'?"—J.B.

"I do not like to offer my opinion to Mrs. Spurgeon, but I would say in a whisper to you (which I trust she may hear), 'It will cheer many a worker, and honour the Lord if she will give us another record of her valuable work in the Book Fund.' Surely, if it would have been wrong for the lepers to keep silent when the Lord had provided food for the bodies of the famine-stricken people of Samaria, it would not be right to be silent about the wonderful way in which the Lord has provided food for the minds of His needy ones."—C.W.

"Let me be one of the many who request you to publish another record of your

work. Your last book was so charming that I greatly rejoiced to see you were thinking of publishing another. Oh, do not fail to do it! I shall look forward with such pleasure to reading it! I thank God He has spared your life to tell others of His goodness to you."—E.M.

"May I express the hope that you will publish another Book Fund record? I value very much my copy of the first *Ten Years*, and I know many friends who were greatly blessed in the reading of it."—R.E.

"*Ten Years After*? Yes, ten thousand times, yes! Send the book forth; the first did much good, the second will do even more, as it will record greater blessings. Don't hesitate another moment!"—G.W.R.

"I am sure it will be in accordance with the Master's will for you to issue a second account of your loving work for His servants; it will be a *souvenir* which all who loved the dear Pastor and President will greatly value; and I, for one, shall look for its coming with a longing heart."—A.E.A.

"By all means publish the sequel to your delightful book, *Ten Years of my Life*. The record of the Lord's dealings with you and His people will stimulate our faith, and glorify our Lord. Do it at once, and let nothing discourage you."—S.A.D.

"You ask, 'Shall the record be given?' And we are all saying, 'Shall the record be found wanting?' Are all the loving deeds of our covenant-keeping God to His dear servant to remain unknown to us? Is the inspiring record of promises redeemed, help given, difficulties met, and strength supplied, to be limited to that much-favoured household at 'Westwood'? Shall 'the story of Jesus and His love' to one whom we all love be unwritten? By the memory of help and hope gathered from the pages of *Ten Years of my Life*, let *Ten Years After* be given for our encouragement and quickening!"—H.J.H.

"I believe that, if you publish the record of another ten years' work in the Book Fund you will bless men, and glorify God. As I write these words, I am praying that the Lord will help you in this, and all your work for Him!"—J.S.H.

"I too must say, 'Yes, please!' How often have I read, and re-read, *Ten Years of my Life*, and enjoyed the glimpses of 'Westwood' given by your pen, and pictured what the house was like where *he* dwelt! To receive a second volume as a sequel, will be a treat indeed; and I know all who love you will be eager to secure copies. One almost smiles at the thought of saying to you, 'Pray have no fears concerning it.' We would rather say, 'Please hurry with it, for we are hungry now!'"—L.H.

If the Lord will, then, dear friends, I hope, at the close of the year, to publish TEN YEARS AFTER, and I shall count upon your love and kindness to help in making my second book as much a success as the first. I look with expectant confidence to the dear Master for His blessing on the effort.

The following testimony to the undiminished power and influence of dear Mr. Spurgeon's utterances is extracted from a letter written to me by "one of our own men" in the United States:—"You will be pleased to learn that the pastor of the German Reformed Church in this city finds intense delight in the works of your beloved husband. He has recently purchased a complete set of the sermons, which, he says, inspire him for both pulpit and pastoral work. Whenever I hear him preach, I detect the Spurgeonic ring, and cannot help seeing the remarkable influence the dear President's writings have upon him. His church numbers 600 members, and they evidently enjoy the 'strong meat' with which he feeds them, and by which he himself is fed. At his request, I secured from London the latest portrait of 'the dear one', and he has placed it on his study wall. Looking at the picture, he remarked, 'I owe much to that prophet of God,' and then, turning to me, he smilingly called himself a 'Spurgeonite.' I felt sure you would be glad to hear of one brother, far away in America, who, though belonging to another denomination, is being built up, blessed, and made a blessing through him who is 'on Christ's other side.'"

Good news again from Liefland! Two more sermons have been printed, and 6,000 copies of these were distributed in one day! Mr. Frey tells me there was a public feast, in the province of Courland, where about 40,000 people were present from all the surrounding provinces, and as such a splendid opportunity might not occur again for 8 or 10 years, he determined to risk the police prohibition, and rush the whole 6,000 copies off at once. He picked out thirteen young men, who stood along the entrances to "the feast-house", and as the people left it, the sermons were placed in their hands. Only think what a splendid circulation is thus secured! Throughout Liefland and Russia the precious little pamphlets will be carried, and the words of life therein contained will find a dwelling-place in many an anxious heart. Oh, that the Lord may bless each one of them to the conversion of souls! I am the more thankful for this wholesale distribution as "the Holy Synod" is getting suspicious and fidgetty over the matter. Twice, Mr. Frey had to go to the Police Court to be questioned as to how he was able to give so many books freely; but the Lord raises up friends even among the enemies, and

"What have I to fear?" he says, "My 'Holy Synod' is the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit; and while They permit me to do this work, no other, either holy or unholy, can prevent it." Dear friends, do not slacken in your supplications to God for this important and most successful service.

It may be news to many of you, dear readers, that several of the beloved Pastor's sermons have been published in Braille type for the blind; but you will not wonder to hear that, when thus made available for those afflicted ones, they are greatly appreciated and desired. It is an expensive process; each sermon makes a volume, and the cost is 7s., so that very few can themselves afford to purchase the treasure; and to those who, after having been in an institution two or three years, and *learned to read*, return home *without books*, the deprivation is a very serious one. I had a letter, the other day, telling me that "No. 2,000; or, Healing by the Stripes of Jesus," had been recently published, and pleading for help to give copies away to those who so sorely need them. One case was specially mentioned, that of a very respectable young woman who had been trained as a nurse, and just as her training was completed, she lost her sight. She then went to an institution to be taught, but afterward returned home, *helpless*, to live with her aged parents. Her greatest trial seems to be having nothing to read. Our valuable fund "for General Use in the Work of the Lord," has given gracious help here; and by this time one of the precious volumes is in her hands, to read for herself and to others. I was glad to be able to send enough for nine poor sightless ones to have the joy of possessing such a treasure. Surely, a translation of the sermons into "touch language" is as important and necessary as into foreign tongues.

It is interesting to know that every penny of money expended on this work benefits blind people, with the exception of the small sums for binding the books, as this has to be done by a sighted person. My correspondent says:—"The gratitude of the poor blind ones whom we employ is very touching, there is so little they can do to earn money. You can understand how often we wish we had the means to extend this work, as we could then employ more writers, and give away more books; but the Lord will send what He wishes us to use, and our desire is His glory, and the real good of these sightless ones."

It grieved me to hear from this lady that many works of fiction are being embossed, and this fact ought to make us more eager to supply these poor dependent people with words which can make them wise unto salvation. If any friends of mine feel disposed to aid in this very excellent work, they can obtain full particulars from Miss E. H. Beckwith, 8, Milner Square, London, N.

"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"Our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, and God, even our Father, which hath loved us."
—2 Thess. ii. 16.

"Our Lord Jesus Christ Himself." Oh, the divine mystery of wondrous love and pity enwrapped in these few words! "The precious things of heaven," "the chief things of the ancient mountains," and "the precious things of the lasting hills," are surely all gathered together here; and with a deep and unutterable longing, my soul desires to search and find them.

That "Name which is above every name" is sung by angels as their sweetest song; but the tender *earthly* cadence which my heart hears in that emphatic word—"Himself"—intensifies its melody to me. Never before did a personal pronoun bear such significance, or convey to the heart so dear an assurance of perfect sympathy and love. We say sometimes of choice possessions that they are our "*very own*"; and when we speak of Thee, dear Master, as "*Jesus Christ Himself*," there is an added fragrance in the "ointment poured forth," a personal realization of what Thou art to us in Thy Divine Manhood, which draws us "with cords of a man, with bands of love." It brings Thee so close to me as my Saviour, it seems to reveal Thee as the One who can "be touched with the feeling of our infirmities," and who sympathizes in all our sorrows because Thou wast "found in fashion as a man." "*Jesus Christ HIMSELF*." I say it over and over again till my soul is filled with its sweetness, and my heart is satisfied with the peace of believing that this Blessed One is mine, and that He loves even me.

"And God, even our Father." Lord, help me to realize all that this wonderful relationship means to me! As Thy child, I may *claim* all that Thou hast promised to give; and if I am living and acting as Thy child,—dwelling with Thee, loving Thee, and obeying Thee, I shall assuredly find that Thy Father-love is ready to grant

every reasonable desire of my heart. Dear Lord, when I see, as I often do, some earthly fathers, whose love for their little ones is intense, forbearing, and unspeakably tender, I feel ashamed that I do not better understand the love of Thine heart toward me, Thy child through faith in Christ Jesus! Dost Thou ask, "How much more?" I cannot work out such a sum, Lord; but I know the love must be infinitely greater, closer, and dearer, because Thou art the infinite God, and Thy love is "from everlasting." Oh, that I may have the spirit of a child when I draw near to Thee!

What little one is afraid to run to a loving father, and ask for all it wants? Never a doubt rises in a child's mind as to the supply of all his needs, and the direction of all that concerns him. The child has positively no care for the present, no thought for the morrow, no fears for the past. Father knows everything. Father can do everything. Father provides everything. In fact, *Father loves*. "*Which hath loved us.*" O my soul, canst thou for a moment imagine what it would be of bliss, and rest, and peace, to live out day by day such a child-life in the love of the Father? He knows thee altogether. He understands all thy individual peculiarities, sees thy weakness, and sinfulness, thy sore temptations, perplexities, and daily shortcomings; but He loves thee notwithstanding all, not for any merit or worthiness in thee, but *because thou art His child*. Thou hast believed on His dear Son, whom He gave to die for thy sins; thou hast accepted His complete salvation, thou hast received the Spirit of adoption, and now, with confidence and perfect trust, thou canst look up to Him, and say, "Abba, Father." And does not this suffice to make thee absolutely "without carefulness," like a little child?

O my Father, teach me to realize how deep, and strong, and pitiful is the love of Thine heart to me, since it led Thee to give Thine only-begotten Son,—Jesus Christ Himself,—to redeem me, and bring me home to Thee, my God!

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.
Miss E. Durant	...	1	0 0
Pastor J. W. Colley	...	0	10 0
Mr. A. More, per Mr. W. Smith	...	0	2 6
T. R., per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon	...	10	0 0
Miss J. N. Dixon, per J. T. D...	...	0	10 0
Mrs. J. Welch	...	0	5 0
Pastor E. Baker	...	1	0 0
Collection at Ebenezer Baptist Chapel,			
Margate, per Pastor W. Usher, M.D.	6	5 5	
Mrs. Yates	...	0	10 6
The Misses Whitwell	...	0	5 0
Half-collection at Broadmead Chapel,			
Bristol, per Pastor D. J. Hiley	...	7	2 9
Mrs. Charles Burt	...	3	3 0
Rev. R. J. Beeclyiff	...	0	2 6

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Wilson	...	1	14 0
Mr. W. Pitcher	...	1	1 0
Mrs. Hester Keevil	...	10	0 0
Donation from C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Fund	...	200	0 0
E. A. T., per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	...	0	10 0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:			
June 16	...	16	0 1
" 23	...	22	14 0
" 30	...	27	14 6
July 7	...	21	12 10
	SS	1	5
	£332	3	1

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.
H. McS., "The widow's mite" ...	0	5	0
Donation from C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Fund ...	100	0	0
	£100	5	0

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from June 14th, to July 13th 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss Hayter ...	0	9	0	Mrs. Romaines ...	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Dee ...	0	13	0	Mr. B. Phillips ...	2	0	0
Mr. J. Cooper ...	1	1	0	Mr. G. H. Laurie ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Link ...	2	2	0	Mr. B. Carey ...	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Holloway ...	0	3	0	Mr. Clement Hazell ...	2	0	0
"Zeta" ...	0	5	0	Mr. Peter Stuart ...	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Hillier ...	0	2	6	Mr. William Joass ...	0	5	0
Miss Little ...	0	3	0	Mr. James Wilson ...	0	4	0
E. M. ...	0	5	0	Mr. R. E. Whitehead ...	0	5	0
J. W. E. ...	0	3	0	Mr. R. Dawson ...	0	13	0
S. A. S. ...	0	10	0	Rev. James Johnman ...	0	2	6
Miss M. M. Ewing ...	2	0	0	Mr. E. Reynolds ...	0	2	6
Mr. A. G. Lannon and friends ...	1	2	6	Mrs. A. Knott ...	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Pavey ...	0	10	0	Mr. Alfred Pearson ...	1	6	0
Mrs. J. C. Grant ...	5	0	0	Mr. R. B. Hindley ...	0	2	6
Mr. S. Elliott ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Hemsley ...	0	5	0
W. and M. S., Glasgow ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Jas. Hunt ...	0	5	0
Mr. C. Hooper ...	0	10	0	Miss Underhay ...	0	5	0
"Five little Matthews" ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Niblett ...	0	5	0
Mr. E. Sear ...	0	10	0	Messrs. Fitch and Son ...	1	1	0
Mr. E. Wight ...	0	12	6	J. C. ...	0	2	6
Mr. T. R. Tufnell ...	2	2	0	E. A. H. ...	0	3	0
W. H. C., Tatenhill ...	1	0	0	Miss Ferguson ...	0	2	6
John and Ann Potts ...	1	0	0	Miss Elsie Messent ...	0	2	6
Mr. Thos. G. Green ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Mackley ...	0	2	0
Misses Nellie and Ruby Burbidge ...	0	16	0	Miss Sissie Simpson ...	0	2	6
Mr. Robt. Burgess ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Bryan ...	1	0	0
Mr. C. W. Bull ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Perry ...	0	10	0
Rev. James Chadburn, per Mr. R. Bloomfield ...	1	1	0	Mr. H. Barrett ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. M. Dean ...	0	10	0	Mr. James C. Henderson ...	0	10	0
Mr. C. F. Alldis ...	1	1	0	Miss Legg (Annual) ...	0	5	0
Miss J. Wood ...	1	2	0	Miss Legg (Collecting Box) ...	0	8	0
Mrs. Alexander and Miss Clout ...	1	2	0				
The Misses Salmoud ...	0	7	6	Mrs. Preston ...	0	13	0
Miss M. Gardyne ...	0	2	0	Mr. G. B. Vanheson ...	1	0	0
Collected by Miss E. M. Smith ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Parkes ...	10	0	0
Mrs. Pullen ...	3	0	0	Mrs. John Otter ...	5	0	0
Collected by Mr. G. Rees ...	0	16	5	Collected by Miss M. Rayner ...	0	7	6
Mrs. Glaizer ...	1	1	0	Collected by Mrs. Straw ...	0	15	0
Miss L. Millen ...	0	10	0	Collected by Mr. S. Church ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Klyne ...	5	0	0	Mrs. Hartswell ...	0	5	0
Friends, per Mr. B. Bull ...	0	10	0	Collected by Mr. H. Smith ...	0	7	0
Mrs. E. Mackie ...	0	15	0	Collected by Miss E. Gray ...	0	4	6
Mr. G. Van Abbott ...	1	1	0	Collected by Mr. A. Jenkins ...	1	11	6
"Erica" ...	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Snape ...	0	9	0
Collected by Mr. C. Clover ...	0	13	2	Collected by Miss E. J. Pickard ...	2	5	6
Collected by Mr. Willoughby ...	0	6	0	Collected by Miss F. E. Greenop ...	1	1	0
Miss Harris ...	5	0	0	Collected by Mrs. F. Stevenson ...	0	10	6
W. S. ...	0	2	0	Collected by Mrs. Robin ...	0	18	0
Mr. A. Ibberson ...	0	3	0	Collected by Mrs. McSkimming ...	0	15	6
Collected by Mrs. Thorpe ...	0	5	6	Collected by Miss G. Clarke ...	1	6	6
Mr. James Emery ...	0	1	0	Collected by Miss F. Cooke ...	0	10	0
Miss F. Hall ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Longmore ...	0	10	0
Miss Ware ...	0	2	6	"S. O." ...	0	5	0
Mr. G. M. Rabbich ...	0	19	0	Mrs. E. Yallop ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Sale ...	0	5	0	Surgeon-General W. J. Van Someren, M.D. ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Perrins ...	0	10	0	Miss F. C. Searle, Portugal ...	2	0	0
Mrs. Frank Dodwell ...	0	5	0	Collected by Miss E. Howard ...	0	3	2
Pastor J. Smith ...	0	6	0	Collected by Mrs. Blake ...	1	3	0
D. D. E. ...	10	0	0	Collected by Miss N. Ramsden ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Walker ...	0	2	0	Collected by Mrs. Gooding ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Shearman ...	1	0	0	Collected by Miss N. Tingley ...	0	8	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. Halsey	0 16 4	Mr. W. Barritt	0 5 0
Mrs. Fordham	0 2 0	Mrs. S. Watson	0 3 0
Mrs. Davies	1 0 0	Mrs. A. L. Davies	0 2 6
Mrs. Grout	0 2 6	Miss G. Goddard	0 3 0
Pastor and Mrs. Gordon	0 10 0	Miss Pollitt	0 10 0
Miss C. M. Stevenson and brother	0 15 0	Mrs. M. Mitchell	0 10 0
Mrs. Lamb	0 5 0	Postal order, Long Melford	0 2 6
Mr. C. Trelease	0 5 0	Two friends	1 0 0
Mrs. Barrett	0 2 6	A. M. W. H.	0 1 0
Mr. and Mrs. Cook	2 2 0	Miss M. Clews	1 0 0
Pastor E. Ashton	0 2 6	Mr. P. Cockerill	0 10 6
Mr. W. Tennant	0 4 0	Mrs. Oliver	0 5 0
Young Women's Bible-class at Henley	Miss Blake, per Mr. W. Tennant	0 2 6
Tabernacle, per Miss E. Harbert	0 5 0	Postal order, Faversham	0 2 6
Master Court	0 2 6	Mr. J. Robertson	0 5 0
Mrs. Cowell	1 0 0	Miss M. Hewlett	0 2 6
Mrs. Munro	1 0 0	Stamps, Kilmarnock	0 5 0
Mr. David Boyd	1 0 0	Mr. A. Dice	3 10 0
Mr. Thos. Greening	1 6 0	Miss Staines	0 4 0
Mrs. Franklin	0 10 0	Mr. John Bigg	1 0 0
Mr. S. T. Hudson	0 10 0	Mrs. Cowan	0 5 0
G. W., per Mrs. Freestone	1 0 0	Mrs. French	0 5 0
Mrs. Lane	2 0 0	Miss Pilcher	0 2 0
Miss M. Hay	0 5 0	Per F. R. T. :-
Mr. J. Foulkes, junr.	0 2 6	Mr. Joseph Benson	...	0 10 0	0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0 16 0	Mrs. Joseph Benson	...	0 10 0	0
Miss Yockney	1 1 0	Mr. Cecil Benson	...	0 10 0	0
Master Arthur Blows	0 1 0	Miss Grace Benson	...	0 10 0	0
Mr. Edwin Palmer	0 19 0	Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Smith	...	0 10 0	0
G. E.	1 0 0	F. R. T.	...	2 0 0	0
Miss A. Baker	0 6 0				
Mr. and Mrs. D. Baker	0 10 0	Collected by Mr. F. G. Buckmaster	...	4 10 0	0
Part collected by Ernie, Clarie, and	Collected by Mrs. Gallyon	...	2 7 1	0
Wallie Hoddy	1 10 0	Collected by Mrs. Pilgrim	...	0 2 0	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. Gurney	0 7 6	Collected by Miss M. C. Hall	...	0 5 0	0
Miss E. M. Scott	0 2 6	Collected by Mr. A. Smith, at Cranford
Mr. V. and Mrs. A. Chilman	0 5 0	Baptist Sunday-school	...	0 16 6	0
Mr. and Mrs. Butler	0 5 0	Collected by Mrs. Stringer	...	1 17 10	0
"Thou knowest"	0 2 6	Collected by Mrs. Rugg	...	1 5 0	0
Miss A. Adams' little boys' Wednesday	Collected by Miss Slipper	...	0 4 6	0
evening Bible-class	0 3 0	Collected by Miss F. Jeffery	...	0 6 0	0
Mrs. Walker	0 2 6	Collected by Masters H., C., and H.
Mr. W. J. Heath	1 1 0	Curtis	...	0 15 6	0
Four well-wishers, per Mr. H. Clayton	0 5 0	Collected by Miss E. Oxford	...	0 14 0	0
Mr. S. Sargeant	1 0 0	Collected by Miss H. E. Chapman	...	1 0 0	0
Master F. H. Durant	0 10 0	Collected by Mr. A. Colley	...	0 4 0	0
Mr. H. Makepeace	1 1 0	Collected by Miss E. Bruin	...	0 10 6	0
Mr. E. Essex	1 1 0	Collected by Mr. F. T. Battam	...	1 4 4	0
Mr. Charles Deayton	1 1 0	Collected by Miss D. Bond	...	0 14 9	0
Rev. O. Heywood	0 10 0	Collected by Miss Humphreys	...	0 5 0	0
Collected by Miss Luckford	0 10 0	Collected by Miss D. Martin	...	0 1 6	0
Collected by Mrs. Essex	1 10 0	Collected by Miss F. Briggs	...	0 6 6	0
Mr. J. F. Milne	0 2 6	Collected by Miss A. M. Lutley	...	0 16 0	0
Mrs. R. Bousfield	15 0 0	Collected by Miss K. R. Smith	...	0 4 3	0
Miss Florence Bousfield	15 0 0	Collected by Miss M. Lewis	...	0 4 0	0
Miss Rose Bousfield	15 0 0	Collected by Mrs. E. B. Reid	...	0 7 6	0
H. E. S.	10 10 0	Mr. Donald McKercher	...	0 10 0	0
Messrs. W. Runciman and Co.	10 0 0	Mrs. Angell	...	0 4 0	0
Mr. H. Keen	10 0 0	Collected by Mrs. Cooper (S. O. Girls',
Collected by Miss E. E. Epps	0 10 0	No. 6)	...	0 17 4	0
Collected by Misses E. L. and F. B.	Mr. C. Cole	...	0 5 0	0
Cobby	1 2 0	S. H. L.	...	0 3 0	0
Collected by Mr. Tolley	0 12 0	Pastor J. Alex. Brown, M.R.C.S.	...	2 2 0	0
Collected by Miss L. Wilson	0 5 6	Mr. P. Varwell	...	0 10 0	0
Collected by Master J. Burt	0 15 0	Collected by Mr. H. H. Davie	...	0 10 6	0
Collected by Mrs. G. Sharp	1 0 0	Collected by Master Bert Savage	...	0 1 3	0
Mrs. Burton's school-room box	0 7 6	Collected by Master G. Hayes	...	0 0 11	0
Miss I. England	0 11 0	Collected by Miss Maxwell	...	0 1 10	0
Collected by Mrs. Rankine	0 6 6	Collected by Mrs. Penney	...	0 5 0	0
Collected by Miss M. Ince	0 7 0	Friends at Grays Baptist Tabernacle,
Collected by Mrs. Chittock	0 10 0	per Pastor Thomas Heywood	...	1 1 0	0
Collected by Miss A. Duggan	0 16 6	Miss C. Williams	...	0 5 0	0
Collected by Miss A. Hunt	0 10 0	Mr. W. Crawford	...	0 10 0	0
Collected by Mr. J. Harman	0 12 0	Mrs. E. Gray	...	0 2 0	0
Collected by Mrs. Fox	0 4 0	Mrs. J. Toller	...	0 5 0	0
Collected by Mr. H. Snow	0 4 0	Mrs. Thos. Collins	...	0 10 0	0
Collected by Mrs. J. Maynard	3 0 0	Mr. W. Fyson	...	0 5 0	0
Collected by Miss R. Thomas	0 4 6	Mr. J. Townrow	...	0 4 0	0
Collected by Miss M. Waterman	1 19 0	Mrs. Roleston	...	1 0 0	0
Collected by Miss Clayton	3 13 6	Mr. H. Wyatt	...	0 19 0	0
Mrs. J. Stewart	1 0 0	Pastor J. W. Colley	...	0 19 0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Stevens ...	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Fuller...	0	12	11
Mrs. Rumsey ...	0	6	6	Rev. W. J. Mayers ...	0	10	0
Rev. C. P. Gould, M.A. ...	1	1	0	P. and P. ...	0	5	0
Mr. L. L. Morse ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Yates ...	0	10	6
Collected by Miss K. Butler	0	4	6	Mr. H. E. Cowper ...	0	10	0
Value received ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Hall ...	3	0	0
Miss F. Manning ...	0	15	0	Mr. F. J. Rumsey ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Everett ...	2	2	0	Mr. W. T. Prew ...	2	0	0
H. M. F. ...	0	3	0	S. S. ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. H. Earnshaw ...	0	5	0	Miss S. M. Steedman ...	0	2	6
Mr. C. F. Piel ...	1	1	0	Miss A. Desroix ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Gamble ...	0	5	0	Major-General L. R. Christopher ...	1	0	0
Miss L. Lloyd ...	0	5	0	Misses Edith and Mabel Putt ...	0	5	0
Mr. James Campbell ...	2	0	0	Miss G. E. Mathew ...	1	0	0
Mr. William Smith ...	0	10	0	Collected by the Rev. T. R. H.			
Mr. J. J. Sear ...	1	0	0	Sturges ...	0	8	0
Mr. J. Badley ...	0	2	0	Postal order, Foubert's Place, W.	1	0	0
Postal order, Beechin ...	0	2	0	Mrs. Eaton ...	0	2	6
Mr. James McFarlane ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Mitchell ...	0	10	0
Mr. Daniel Thomas ...	5	0	0	Mr. R. T. Bull ...	2	0	0
E. C. C. ...	0	2	0	The Misses Horton (annual) ...	2	0	0
Mrs. Fox ...	0	5	0	Two friends, per Miss Jordan ...	0	10	0
Miss L. Perratt ...	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Harris ...	0	17	0
Mrs. N. Sparrow ...	0	10	0	Box at the Orphanage gates and office			
Mr. D. Rees ...	0	5	0	box ...	1	7	4
Mrs. Waterfield ...	0	2	6	Collected by Mr. Smith ...	0	3	3
M. H. ...	0	2	6	Collected by Mr. Champness ...	0	9	9
Mr. I. J. Carter ...	1	1	0	Mr. E. Butler ...	0	2	6
S. E. A. L. ...	0	5	0	Postal order, Stromness... ..	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Sidery... ..	0	10	0	Postal order, Queen Camel ...	0	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Penning ...	0	7	6	Mr. A. Young ...	0	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Perry ...	0	10	1	"The Zetetic Society" ...	1	1	0
Mr. George Wood ...	0	2	8	Readers of "The Christian Herald" ...	1	12	0
Mrs. Bond ...	0	2	6	W. J. R., Birmingham, per "The			
Mrs. W. Newton ...	0	5	0	Christian Herald" ...	10	0	0
Mrs. M. Turnbull ...	0	5	0	Mr. James Wilson ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Bell ...	2	0	0	Mrs. Hinton ...	5	0	0
Mr. F. Bartlett ...	1	0	0	Miss Armstead ...	0	4	0
Mr. Thomas R. ...	10	0	0	Box at Tabernacle gates and office			
Collected by Miss D. Sutherland	0	12	8	box ...	2	6	4
Collected by Mrs. Tiddy ...	1	16	0	Mr. Ranford ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Slodden ...	0	3	0	Mrs. McClure ...	0	2	0
Mrs. Reed ...	0	5	0	Mr. F. Thompson ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Boase ...	0	2	6	Collected by Mr. John Joy ...	0	3	6
M. L. ...	10	0	0	Miss Pearce ...	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Twaites ...	0	5	0	Miss C. Parkin ...	0	2	0
Messrs. Bowyer and Baker ...	1	1	0	Miss E. F. Thompson ...	0	5	0
A friend, per Mr. G. S. Everitt	5	0	0	J. E. A. ...	0	4	0
Mr. R. M. George ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Hood ...	0	6	0
The English Window Cleaning				Collected by Master Gordon Roberts...	0	3	0
Company ...	0	10	6	Collected by Mrs. Nears...	0	2	6
Miss E. H. Jensen...	2	0	0	Miss M. Maynard...	0	5	0
A. and L. P. ...	5	0	0	Mr. W. Alexander ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Denny ...	5	0	0	Young Men's Bible-class at South			
For Jesus' lambs ...	0	5	0	Street Baptist Chapel, Greenwich,			
Mrs. Raybould ...	1	1	0	per Mr. R. Fuller (Orphanage col-			
Miss Martineau ...	2	2	0	lecting-boxes) ...	2	16	0
Annual Communion Collection at				Mrs. C. J. Whittuck Rabbits ...	10	10	0
Wishaw Baptist Church, per Pastor				Miss Clarke ...	0	5	0
George Whittet ...	2	1	4	Mr. W. Phillips ...	1	0	0
Postal order, Gresham House, E.C.	0	5	0	Mrs. A. Broom ...	0	5	0
Collected by Miss L. M. Bailey...	0	5	0	Mr. John Short, junr. ...	0	15	0
Mr. W. E. Fricker ...	0	5	0	Alice M. P. ...	0	5	0
Postal order, Lewes ...	0	5	0	Mr. W. Barclay ...	0	1	6
Collected by Miss M. and Master A.				Collected by Miss S. Hughes	0	12	0
Vander ...	0	17	0	Collected at Trinity Road Chapel Sun-			
Mrs. Howard ...	1	0	0	day-school, Upper Tooting ...	2	8	6
Miss A. Kelly ...	0	2	0	Collected by Miss Fairey ...	0	9	0
Mr. W. Quant ...	2	2	0	"Alfred" ...	1000	0	0
Mrs. M. A. Ray ...	0	15	6	Mr. B. Allan ...	0	1	6
Collected by Mr. W. March ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Sayers ...	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Jephcoat ...	1	3	0	Corporal and Mrs. Richardson...	0	5	0
Mr. S. H. Perriam...	0	10	6	Mr. W. Wood ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Hay ...	0	2	0	Mr. W. Butcher ...	0	3	0
Frances Minnie Hay ...	0	1	0	Miss Bartlett ...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss S. Farrow ...	0	10	1	Mrs. Colyer ...	0	10	0
Mr. T. Farrow ...	1	5	0	Mrs. Angus ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Watt ...	0	3	0	Miss E. Rude ...	0	10	0
Rev. J. Thorold Figg and friends	0	16	0	Mrs. Smith ...	5	0	0
Eld Lane Baptist Church Bible-class,				Mrs. Goslin ...	0	2	6
Colchester, per Miss E. Barrett	0	5	0	M. McC. ...	0	2	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Miss Barnden	0	5	0	Mr. J. J. Pierce	2	0	0			
Mrs. Howard	0	10	0	A friend, per Pastor N. Dobson	1	1	0			
Per Mr. G. H. Melton:—				Mrs. Meredith	0	10	0			
Pastor A. C. Batts	0	5	0	Miss C. J. Spurgeon	0	2	6			
Mr. G. W. Melton	0	2	6	Mr. J. B. Ingle	3	3	0			
Mr. G. H. Melton	0	2	6	Mr. H. B. Ferne	1	1	0			
Miss A. M. Melton	0	2	6					65	6	6
			0 12 6	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—						
Miss S. E. Knight... ..	0	2	6	Mr. C. Barker	1	1	0			
Miss Barrett	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith	2	0	0			
Rev. Dr. S. Cowdy	0	10	0	Madame van Gogh	1	0	0			
Mr. P. Macfarlane	0	5	0	E. A. T.	0	10	0			
Mr. Jonathan Hunt	0	5	0	Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	10	10	0			
Mr. E. Garrett	0	5	0	Stamps from Ballinluig	0	3	0			
Mrs. Cooper	0	5	0	Mr. A. Overy	5	0	0			
Mr. S. Holtum	1	17	0	Miss Mary Blyth	1	0	0			
Mr. and Mrs. Ackland	5	0	0	Mr. W. Diaper	0	15	0			
Mr. Richard Giles' Sunday dinner-table box	0	19	3	Mrs. Goodes... ..	2	0	0			
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	6					23	19	0
Per Miss L. Staveley:—				Executors of the late Mr. J. H. Tarrant				10	0	0
Pastor J. W. Campbell	0	2	6	Executors of the late Mrs. Mackenzie... ..				45	0	0
Mr. J. F. Tyars	0	5	0	Legacy left by the late Mr. John Briers, per Mrs. M. Jones				1	1	0
Mr. Cockett	0	10	0	Executors of the late Mrs. Clara Park... ..				465	0	0
Mr. A. W. Staveley	0	5	0	Half-year's interest on £4,000 Debenture Bonds, Messrs Cory Bros. & Co., Limited				118	8	4
Miss Staveley	0	10	0	Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—						
Mr. Edginton	0	2	6	Soho and St. Giles' Mission, Bloomsbury Hall... ..				5	6	0
Miss Bellars... ..	0	2	6	Young Men's Bible-class at Bromley, per Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd				14	6	0
Mrs. Gardiner	0	2	6	Borough Polytechnic				0	13	0
Miss Gardiner	0	10	0	Surrey Gardens Memorial Hall				1	17	0
Mr. Fred. Gardiner	0	5	0	Sale of programmes, Acton				0	6	2
Mr. Alfred Southwell	0	2	0							
Mrs. Hewitt... ..	0	2	0	Received at Annual Festival, June 19th.						
Mrs. Boulton	0	2	6	Collecting Boxes:—						
			3 10 0	Andrews, Miss E.	0	3	8			
Mr. T. Robinson	2	10	0	Allen, Mrs.	0	9	6			
Mr. Samuel Fridy	0	10	0	Allen, Miss	2	7	9			
Miss Barker... ..	0	5	0	Appleton, Miss	0	11	0			
Collected by Mrs. Comber	0	2	9	Apted, Mrs.	0	5	11			
Miss Lightbound	0	2	0	Ayres, Mrs.	0	5	9			
A friend, Newcastle	0	2	6	Batten, Miss	0	3	0			
Pastor Frank James	0	5	0	Bailey, Miss... ..	0	6	4			
E. S. M.	0	10	0	Barnard, Pastor J. H.	0	7	0			
A feeble follower of Jesus	0	1	0	Barnard, Miss	0	11	7			
Mr. W. Barrett	1	0	0	Barnes, Mr. T.	1	0	0			
Messrs. W. C. Jarvis and Son	1	0	0	Beaven, Mrs. A.	0	4	6			
Irwell Terrace Baptist Church, Bacup, per Mr. H. Schofield	0	10	0	Beaven, Mrs. W.	0	1	9			
Mrs. S. Gregory	0	10	0	Bell, Master E.	0	4	3			
D. B.	0	2	6	Bellefontaine, Master	0	1	9			
Postal order, Folkestone	0	5	0	Bellefontaine, Miss V.	0	1	8			
Collected by Messrs. L. and J. Cairns... ..	0	11	0	Belleini, Miss M.	0	1	9			
A Scottish woman	0	17	0	Belleini, Miss C.	0	1	7			
Mrs. MacLeay	1	0	0	Bennett, Mr. F.	0	2	10			
Pastor W. Coombs	0	5	0	Bennett, Mrs. R.	0	5	2			
Bertie and Norman Wells	1	0	0	Bennington, Miss	0	7	1			
Miss Beddow	0	5	0	Benson, Mr. G.	0	6	3			
Mr. F. Bastow	0	2	6	Betteley, Master H.	0	2	2			
Mrs. Williamson	2	0	0	Betteley, Miss	0	1	5			
Hebrews xiii. 16	0	5	0	Best, Mrs.	0	10	6			
Mrs. Chapman	1	0	0	Blake, Mrs.	0	3	0			
M. C.	0	2	6	Bligh, Mr. F. G.	0	9	5			
Mr. Parker Gray	2	0	0	Bliss, Miss	0	7	10			
Per Mrs. W. L. Lang:—				Bowerman, Miss A.	0	8	6			
Mr. A. Beckingsale	0	5	0	Bowles, Mrs.	0	13	9			
Mr. L. Beckingsale	0	5	0	Bown, Master C.	0	15	8			
Miss Wyatt	0	2	6	Bown, Miss C.	0	14	3			
			0 12 6	Broomfield, Master R.	6	6	6			
A thankoffering from Great Ellingham	0	5	0	Buckingham, Miss	0	4	9			
Sandwich, per bankers	1	1	0	Butcher, Miss	0	19	0			
Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon:—				Butler, Miss E.	0	4	4			
Collected by Miss K. E. Buswell (2nd amount)	0	10	0	Burleigh, Miss H.	0	5	0			
Mr. Sawyer	1	0	0	Burn, Mr.	0	2	7			
"Maggie, 'A wreath'"	0	4	0	Bush, Miss M.	0	4	5			
Mr. Hayward Collins	1	15	0	Batchelor, Miss R.	3	2	5			
Mr. George Palmer	50	0	0							
Mrs. Chappell	0	5	0							
Mr. John Woodward	5	0	0							
A friend, Bromley	0	5	0							

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Ball, Mrs. ...	0	5	7	Everett, Mr. ...	0	7	9
Banks, Miss E. ...	0	19	1	Fathers, Mrs. ...	0	3	9
Brown, Master Howard ...	0	7	0	Francis, Master F. ...	0	3	5
Barnard, Mrs. ...	0	10	10	Franks, Master A. ...	0	3	8
Barnes, Mrs. ...	0	14	0	Fellowes, Mrs. ...	1	1	2
Bartlett, Miss N. ...	0	6	2	Fletcher, Miss G. ...	0	13	10
Baskett, Miss ...	0	17	3	Fern, Mr. C. ...	0	14	6
Black, Miss ...	0	7	0	Field, Mrs. T. ...	0	2	10
Blansford, Mrs. ...	0	7	10	Fitness, Miss M. ...	0	1	3
Branch, Mrs. ...	0	8	7	Fountain, Master F. H. ...	0	10	0
Brazier, Mrs. ...	1	10	1	Fowler, Miss ...	0	6	1
Beale, Miss ...	0	12	1	Fowler, Mr. ...	1	0	0
Bedwin, Mrs. M. ...	1	16	3	Fromow, Mrs. ...	0	19	0
Bellingham, Miss M. ...	0	1	1	Fuller, Miss E. ...	0	3	1
Boot, Miss N. ...	1	4	2	Fuller, Master L. ...	0	4	3
Boswell, Mrs. ...	0	8	6	Finch, Miss ...	0	2	11
Bull, Miss ...	0	10	1	Fisher, Mr. H. ...	1	10	7
Bullman, Mrs. ...	0	11	6	Fisby, Mr. J. ...	1	3	2
Burbridge, Miss K. ...	0	1	0	Fitch, Mrs. ...	0	6	3
Burton, Mrs. ...	0	16	1	Forward, Miss G. ...	0	9	3
Buswell, Miss K. E. ...	2	18	5	Forsdike, Master E. ...	0	8	2
Butler, Mrs. ...	0	15	2	Forsdike, Miss and Master	0	8	6
Case, Master H. ...	0	1	6	Foster, Miss S. ...	1	3	1
Charlesworth, Miss E. ...	1	2	3	Fox, Miss ...	0	4	6
Clarke, Mrs. A. ...	0	6	4	Gant, Mrs. ...	0	1	9
Claridge, Miss ...	0	1	4	Grant, Miss ...	0	16	11
Crawford, Miss E. ...	0	4	6	Green, Miss J. ...	0	11	4
Cromwell, Miss A. ...	0	6	5	Green, Miss S. A. ...	0	4	0
Crown Baths box ...	0	7	0	Goss, Master W. ...	0	1	2
Cornish, Mrs. ...	0	1	3	Garrod, A. and W. ...	0	2	8
Corry, Miss ...	0	8	7	Grant, Mrs. ...	0	6	2
Collins, Mrs. ...	0	4	3	Glead, Miss ...	0	3	3
Conway, Master G. ...	0	1	5	Green, Master J. ...	0	7	8
Cooper, Mrs. ...	0	5	9	Giles, Master H. ...	0	3	2
Cowles, Miss A. ...	0	8	8	Grimes, Mrs. ...	0	7	9
Cullum, Mrs. ...	0	3	0	Godfrey, Miss A. ...	0	5	10
Curtis, Miss ...	0	3	1	Goodwin, Mrs. ...	0	8	11
Cawley, Mrs. ...	0	5	2	Goslin, Miss A. E. ...	0	17	4
Chamberlain, Miss ...	2	3	11	Goslin, Mr. P. ...	0	7	2
Chamberlain, Miss G. ...	2	0	0	Grose, Master A. ...	0	7	11
Chance, Miss M. ...	0	4	9	Gubbins, Mr. S. J. ...	1	7	4
Charles, Miss G. ...	0	2	10	J. M. H. ...	0	10	2
Chart, Mrs. ...	0	4	3	Hart, Mrs. ...	0	1	1
Chase, Mrs. ...	0	5	3	Haws, Mr. J. ...	0	1	9
Crane, Mrs. ...	1	6	3	Hennings, Miss ...	0	4	3
Creasey, Mrs. ...	1	1	0	Hill, Miss ...	0	2	3
Clubb, Mrs. ...	3	4	10	Hillier, Mrs. Alfred ...	1	6	1
Chisholm, Master W. ...	0	13	4	Hodsdon, Miss ...	0	2	6
Crisp, Master P. E. ...	0	1	5	Holbrook, Miss J. ...	0	4	6
Clow, Miss E. ...	0	14	5	Holland, Master J. ...	0	7	3
Collier, Mrs. ...	0	3	3	Horn, Master F. ...	0	2	7
Collins, Miss F. ...	0	8	0	Harwood, Mr. ...	0	3	2
Collins, Mrs. ...	0	9	4	Hoskins, Mrs. ...	0	4	6
Counts, Miss ...	0	14	9	Howles, Miss ...	0	5	0
Cover, Miss N. ...	0	11	0	Hubback, Mrs. ...	0	4	7
Cowell, Miss F. ...	0	9	7	Hudson, Miss ...	0	13	0
Crow, Miss ...	0	5	7	Hutchison, Mr. ...	0	2	11
Dale, Mrs. S. ...	0	11	5	Hutchinson, Miss ...	0	3	5
Dale, Mrs. ...	0	5	5	Harrauld, Miss ...	3	9	3
Davis, Mrs. ...	0	4	6	Harrauld, Miss F. M. ...	2	19	8
Devenport, Mrs. ...	0	9	6	Harrauld, Master E. ...	2	0	0
De Witte, Mrs. ...	0	1	4	Harrington, Mrs. ...	0	1	6
Dicker, Miss ...	0	10	6	Harris, Miss A. ...	0	2	0
Dobson, Miss B. ...	0	4	3	Harris, Miss ...	0	19	6
Dolling, Master A. ...	0	1	3	Harmer, Miss A. ...	0	16	5
Downing, Master W. ...	0	4	5	Hayward, Miss ...	0	13	11
Doyle, Miss ...	0	5	9	Higgs, Mr. W., junr. ...	1	13	5
Druce, Miss ...	0	10	6	Hill, Master G. ...	0	2	6
Dykes, Mrs. ...	0	16	6	Hone, Mrs. ...	0	4	8
Davey, Miss ...	0	7	11	Hudgell, Miss ...	0	1	5
Dunn, Mrs. J. T. ...	0	13	6	Huitt, Master W. ...	0	6	8
Durwin, Mrs. ...	0	7	10	Huitt, Mrs. ...	0	5	6
Elliott, Miss ...	0	7	8	Huitt, Miss E. ...	0	4	4
Emmins, Miss L. ...	0	2	10	Isaacs, Miss E. ...	0	2	3
Evans, Mrs. ...	0	2	6	Iles, Miss C. ...	0	6	0
Eyles, Master C. ...	0	2	7	Jackson, Mr. ...	0	3	6
Eaton, Miss ...	0	2	6	Jacobs, Mr. A. ...	0	3	1
Edgerton, Master C. S. ...	0	5	0	Jager, Mrs. ...	0	6	0
Edgley and Co., Messrs. ...	0	14	6	Jarvis, Miss G. ...	0	5	2
Ellwood, Miss ...	0	4	0	Jordan, Master F. ...	0	2	8
Emmans, Miss ...	0	6	5	Jones, Miss E. E. ...	2	14	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Jones, Miss L.	0	2	0	Polley, Miss.	0	4	2
Johnson, Master E.	0	2	11	Podmore, Mrs.	0	10	4
Johnston, Miss N.	0	8	6	Page, Master S.	0	5	0
Jackson, Mrs.	0	5	10	Page, Master C.	0	4	5
Jackson, Miss L.	0	2	3	Pankhurst, Miss G.	0	6	11
Jeckell, Miss	0	2	7	Parker, Mrs. J. B.	2	5	0
Jewhurst, Miss	0	6	3	Payn, Miss	0	4	5
Johnson, Mrs. E.	1	0	0	Platt, Miss	0	13	10
Johnson, Mr. E. F.	0	1	8	Pearce, Misses C. and P.	1	9	0
Johnson, Miss S. A.	0	6	5	Prebble, Mrs.	1	5	5
Johnson, Mrs. S. J.	0	6	2	Pinnegar, Mrs.	1	0	0
Jones, Miss M.	0	1	11	Plowman, Mrs.	0	5	0
Jones, Mrs. J. J.	0	7	0	Potter, Miss.	0	6	4
King, Miss	0	2	8	Porter, Mrs. C. J.	0	8	6
Kirby, Mrs.	0	11	3	Powell, Master C.	0	2	0
Kitson, Miss	0	11	6	Powell, Master H.	0	4	8
Knight, Mrs. J. E.	0	5	0	Powell, Master K.	0	8	5
Knowlman, Mrs.	0	6	9	Plummer, Miss N.	1	2	9
Kington, Mrs.	0	4	6	Quennell, Master	0	3	2
Kirby, Mrs.	0	2	4	Randall, Miss R.	0	1	0
Larkman, Miss	0	6	4	Randall, Miss N.	0	3	4
Leggatt, Master J.	0	1	9	Ranson, Master H.	0	2	2
Lewis, Master E.	0	1	11	Rayner, Mr. F.	0	6	7
Lilley, Master F.	0	1	1	Read, Mrs.	0	4	1
Lockyer, Mrs.	0	3	9	Richardson, Mrs. H. G.	0	17	5
Long, Mrs.	0	3	7	Richardson, Mrs.	0	3	10
Lovell, Master F.	0	1	1	Ricketts, Master S.	0	1	9
Low, Mrs. E.	0	6	2	Riddington, Miss	0	19	6
Lowe, Mrs.	0	2	6	Rider, Master A.	0	2	11
Luckhurst, Mrs.	0	11	1	Roberts, Master A.	0	1	11
Lyon, Miss G.	0	5	0	Roberts, Master E.	0	1	0
Le Seigneur, Mrs.	1	0	2	Rolls, Master W. F.	0	2	6
Lewindon, Miss	0	8	2	Round, Miss E.	0	16	6
Lott, Miss	1	3	0	Russell, Mrs.	0	3	2
Mrs. Lee and Miss Goodwin	0	9	4	Rymer, Mrs.	0	3	11
Miss Limebeer's school	0	7	6	Rymer, Miss	0	5	1
McCombie, Mrs.	0	9	3	Raiman, Mr. A.	0	15	1
McGregor, Mrs. B. C.	0	4	8	Reynolds, Miss A.	0	15	9
Manley, Mrs. J.	0	7	6	Robinson, Mrs.	0	6	4
Maple, Miss A.	0	2	6	Rhodes, Mrs.	1	9	10
Marsh, Master H.	0	3	6	Rouse, Mrs.	0	5	0
May, Master E.	0	2	10	Seaton, Miss	0	10	8
Middleton, Mr. A.	0	3	6	Seward, Miss G.	0	13	8
Mills, Mrs.	0	11	10	Shears, Mrs.	0	3	11
Mitchell, Miss A.	0	1	8	Shelton, Master A.	0	1	8
Moppett, Miss J.	0	1	9	Shepherd, Master J. C.	0	18	1
Morgan, Miss F.	0	5	11	Shenton, Mrs.	0	2	11
Morris, Master S.	0	5	10	Smee, Miss	0	8	10
Marshall, Miss	0	16	2	Smee, Miss C.	0	6	0
Middleton, Mrs.	0	3	11	Sivers, Miss K.	0	13	6
Miles, Miss	0	3	4	Simmonds, Misses E. and F.	0	4	4
Miller, Mrs. J.	0	7	0	Simmons, Miss	0	6	2
Morgan, Mr.	0	13	8	Smith, Mrs.	0	4	7
Moore, Miss E.	0	5	5	Smith, Mr. B.	0	7	10
Newbury, Mrs.	0	9	3	Smith, Miss D.	0	1	8
Newland, Master	0	1	10	Smith, Miss E.	0	4	9
Newman, Mr.	0	7	0	Smith, Miss L.	0	3	2
Norton, Miss	0	4	6	Smith, Master T.	0	3	0
Norman, Mrs.	0	12	6	Shotton, Miss L.	0	1	5
Orton, Miss	0	16	4	Snow, Master H.	0	3	0
Oxenford, Mrs.	0	15	3	Soar, Master W. E.	2	1	0
Park Chapel Mothers' Mission, Brentford, per Mrs. Wenham	0	10	0	Styles, Mrs.	0	17	6
Palmer, Miss	0	8	6	Sillito, Miss A.	0	4	0
Palmer, Master F.	0	4	2	Sones, Master C.	0	3	6
Palmer, Mrs.	0	2	8	Sullivan, Master H.	0	3	8
Pankhurst, Mrs.	0	10	0	Slade, Miss	0	6	6
Parker, Master W.	0	2	4	Spall, Mrs.	1	15	4
Parker, Master E. and Miss P.	0	3	9	Staines, Mrs.	0	11	1
Parker, Mrs.	0	2	7	Stapleton, Mrs.	0	3	5
Pawsey, Misses A. and D.	0	3	0	Swain, Miss	0	19	4
Pearce, Misses J. and L.	1	3	7	Sheard, Misses M. and E.	0	10	6
Pearce, Mrs.	0	5	0	Snell, Miss	0	3	7
Pegg, Mrs.	0	8	4	Spoh, Miss	2	19	6
Perkins, Miss W. K.	0	5	0	Stevens, Miss	0	5	1
Perry, Miss M.	0	1	4	Siddons, Miss E.	0	3	1
Perry, Master J.	0	1	0	Sims, Mrs.	0	4	1
Price, Miss F. C.	0	1	7	Smith, Mrs.	0	9	4
				Soulsby, Miss G.	0	6	2
				Stockbridge, Misses O. and G.	1	12	10
				Stone, C.	0	5	0
				Trevillion, Miss	0	1	4

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Thomas, Miss A.	0	5	0				<i>Collecting Books:—</i>						
Thomas, Miss E.	0	3	4				Dee, Mrs.	0	3	6			
Tompkins, Misses A. and E.	0	5	6				Broughton, Mrs.	0	14	0			
Turner, Masters A. and A.	0	1	10				Crumpton, Miss E.	2	0	0			
Turner, Miss M.	0	7	3				Godbold, Mrs.	2	4	6			
Trueman, Master H.	0	6	5				Mott, Mrs.	3	0	0			
Tyson, Mrs.	1	0	0				Gentry, Mrs.	1	7	6			
Tymn, Master R.	0	1	8				Crawford, Mrs.	1	0	0			
Taylor, Miss S. J.	0	13	6				Buswell, Miss K. E.	2	14	0			
Tremelling, Master S.	0	4	11				Charles, Miss B.	0	7	6			
Tier, Mr. W.	0	19	0				Alderton, Miss	0	17	0			
Thomas, Mrs.	0	6	11				Smith, Miss J.	1	1	0			
Thomas, Miss G.	0	5	6				Howes, Mr. C.	0	3	6			
Trowell, Mrs.	0	10	10				Saunders, Mr. G. W.	2	10	0			
Townsend Street Sunday-school, per Mr. J. Wilson	3	8	6				Hunter, Miss	2	2	6			
Upchurch, Mrs.	0	3	0				Miller, Miss H.	0	13	1			
Vandewater, Master B.	0	1	8				Goslin, Mrs.	0	5	0			
Years, Mrs.	0	19	2				Coleman, Mrs.	0	11	6			
Verney, Miss	0	2	4				Dickson, Miss A.	0	17	0			
Ville, Mrs.	0	7	3				Jackson, Miss	1	8	6			
Vincent, Mrs. W.	0	11	1				Barrett, Mr. H.	3	10	9			
Wadland, Miss L.	0	17	8				Honour, Mrs.	1	12	0			
War-staff, Miss E.	0	5	5				Jephs, Miss	1	0	0			
Walker, Miss D.	2	5	0				Brown, Miss J. H.	1	4	6			
Wallace, Mrs.	0	15	7				Gosling, Mrs.	0	4	0			
Walton, Mr. J.	0	16	0				Everett, Miss A.	2	7	6			
Warren, Miss F.	0	2	7				Wiseman, Miss H.	0	6	0			
Watling, Mrs.	1	2	5				Mann, Miss J. H.	3	10	0			
Watts, Misses E. and A.	0	3	3				Evans, Mr. W. J.	2	10	3			
Weeks, Mrs.	0	5	10				Henderson, Mrs.	0	5	0			
Weeks, Miss.	0	4	7				Wilson, Miss	0	15	0			
Weekes, Miss F.	0	6	2				Causton, Miss E.	1	10	0			
Weekes, Miss J.	0	5	4								42	17	1
Weight, Mr. C.	1	9	7										
Wicks, Master W.	0	2	2				<i>Donations:—</i>						
Wigney, Master P.	1	4	0				Sutton, Mr. Martin J., J.P.	50	0	0			
Wilkins, Miss L.	0	6	3				Larran, Sir John, Bart.,						
Wilmot, Miss	0	6	0				M.P.	20	0	0			
Winters, Miss	0	3	0				R. and S. L.	5	5	0			
Wither, Miss	0	5	6				Drayton, Mrs.	0	10	6			
White, Mrs.	0	8	0				Tarrant, Miss	0	5	0			
Whitlock, Mrs.	0	2	9				Davies, Mrs., per Mrs. Mott	1	0	0			
Wright, Mrs.	0	7	1				Howe, Mrs., per Mrs. Mott	0	10	0			
Wright, Miss	0	2	2				Durrant, Mrs.	1	0	0			
Womersley, Miss	0	2	6				Tait, Miss	0	2	6			
Wood, Miss H.	0	8	4				Jones, Miss M.	0	5	0			
Waddell, Mrs.	0	12	3				Dyer, Mr. John	5	5	0			
Walker, Miss A.	0	6	3				Cornwell, Mr. Cyrus	1	0	0			
Ward, Miss	0	2	9				Norris, Miss.	0	5	0			
Watkins, Mrs.	0	18	3				Pearce, Mr. Edward	5	0	0			
Webb, Miss.	0	12	3				Elvin, Mr. and Mrs. David	2	2	0			
Wilkins, Mrs.	0	2	7				Friends at Highgate, per						
Wilshire, Miss	0	1	2				Pastor J. H. Barnard	0	10	0			
Windsor, Mrs.	0	7	0				Mason, Mr. Arthur	0	2	6			
Wither, Master A.	0	4	3				Frisby, Mr. E.	2	2	0			
Whitehead, Master A.	0	6	3				Jones, Mr. and Mrs. W.	0	2	6			
Wood, Miss N.	0	6	5				Husk, Miss H., per J. T. D.	0	3	6			
Whyte, Mrs. W.	0	8	0				Wilson, Mrs.	0	6	0			
Whyte, Mr. J.	0	7	4				Dummer, Mr.	0	10	0			
Yomans, Master	0	4	7				Evans, Miss ..	2	0	0			
Young, Master R.	0	2	1				Barker, Miss	1	0	0			
Young, Master W.	0	1	1				Spelman, Mrs.	2	2	0			
Young, Mrs.	0	1	9				Cullingham, Mr. and Mrs.	1	1	0			
In memory of Mrs. Wilmott	1	9	8				Buckmaster, Mrs.	1	1	0			
Mr. Alfred Jones' daughter's							Streater, Mr. and Mrs.	1	0	0			
box	0	7	0				Batty, Mrs.	0	5	0			
Mr. Earl's Bible-class	12	6					M. H. and A. A.	0	4	0			
Per Pastor D. H. Moore—							Buckland, Miss	0	5	0			
Mr. Wm. Snow	0	1	0				Oldfield, Mrs.	1	1	0			
Mrs. D. H. Moore	0	3	6½				Mandrell, Mrs.	0	10	0			
Miss F. Zuber	0	3	7½				Hewkley, Mrs.	1	0	0			
Mr. A. W. Phillips	0	0	3½				Newbery, Mrs.	1	0	0			
Miss L. Banwell	0	3	6½				E. A.	0	10	0			
Miss L. Randall	0	2	0				Fines	0	4	0			
Mrs. M. Handell	0	4	0				Tucker, Mr. C.	0	5	0			
				0	18	0	Freeman, Mrs.	0	10	0			
Odd halfpence and farthings and amount received in addition to above	1	1	5				Kewer, Miss E.	0	2	6			
				206	9	3	Kewer, Miss.	0	3	0			
							Wollacott, Mr. E.	5	0	0			
							Hoare, Mr.	0	10	6			

	£	s.	d.
Olney, Mr. T. H. ...	20	0	0
Grinham, Mrs. ...	0	1	0
Anon. ...	0	5	0
Everett, Mrs. ...	0	10	0
Green, Mrs. ...	0	2	6
Mullis, Mr. F. ...	1	1	0
W. P. ...	0	10	0
A. L. ...	0	5	0
Rogers, Mrs. ...	2	2	6
Porter, Miss S. ...	0	10	0
Chester, Mr. C. ...	1	1	0
Woodcock, Mrs. ...	2	0	0
Fisher, Mr. G. ...	5	0	0
Smythers, Mr. C., per Mr. F. Cockrell ...	1	1	0
Fremlin, Miss B. ...	0	10	0
Marshall, Mr. H. ...	0	10	0
Shadrack, Mr. W. ...	2	2	0
Shevier-Bulley, Mrs. ...	0	10	0
A friend ...	5	0	0
Ives, Mrs. ...	0	5	0
Boat, Mr. E. S. ...	1	1	0
Brown, Mr. and Mrs. ...	1	0	0
Turley, Mr. ...	1	10	0
Stewart, Mrs. ...	2	2	0
Hayward, Miss E. ...	0	5	0
A friend ...	0	2	0
Waters, Mr. C. ...	1	1	0
Miners, Miss Lily ...	0	2	0
Hunt, Miss ...	0	4	0
Wayre & Son, Messrs. W. ...	3	3	0
Wayre & Son, Messrs. W. (office box) ...	0	10	9
Collin, Mr. and Mrs. ...	1	0	0
Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Hy. ...	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Pearce, Miss... ..	1	0	0			
Bonetto, Mrs. P. A. ...	1	1	0			
F. H. T. O. ...	2	0	0			
Anon. ...	0	3	0			
Dovey, Mrs. ...	1	10	0			
C. P. S. ...	0	5	0			
Olney, Mr. W. ...	2	0	0			
A wreath in memory of C. H. S., from an "old boy" ...	5	5	0			
Serpell, Mr. H. O., per Pastor T. Spurgeon ...	3	3	0			
Tully, Miss ...	0	2	6			
Barfoot, Mr. and Mrs. ...	0	5	0			
L. C. ...	0	2	6			
C. B. L. ...	0	10	0			
Waite, Mrs. ...	0	4	6			
Bowers, Mrs. ...	1	0	0			
Freeman, Mr. ...	0	2	6			
No name ...	0	10	6			
W. H., per Pastor T. Spurgeon ...	0	1	6			
Per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon:—						
Kemp, Mrs., and daughters ...	20	0	0			
McArthur, Mr. Alexander ...	5	0	0			
Anon. ...	0	5	0			
From an invalid ...	0	5	0			
				218	2	9
Ladies' stall (needlework and sale-room goods, &c.) ...				43	19	3
Book stall (profit on sales, per Messrs. Pasmore and Alabaster) ...				3	7	11
Mrs. Ford's pottery stall ...				7	0	0
				£2,750	15	3

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from June 14th to July 15th, 1895.—PROVISIONS:—1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman & Hildyard; 80 quarters Bread, Mr. Henderson; 13 quarters Bread, Mr. R. Hearn; 228 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potter; 28 Pork Pies, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 22½ lbs. Butter, Messrs. J. Pentelow and Son; 1 sack Flour, Mr. G. Harris; 34 lbs. Beef, Mr. T. Round.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—59 Articles, The Baptist Chapel Working Society, Fleet, per Mrs. Aylett; 32 pinafores, Mrs. F. Upton; 3 Articles, Mrs. R. Oakley; 25 Garments, Mrs. Musks; 6 Trimmed Hats and 1 Cat Skin, Mrs. Wilmshurst; 16 pairs Gloves, Miss A. Jacob; 13 Articles, The Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 5 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 29 Articles, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. Cox.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—1 parcel of Worn Clothing, "Anon"; 3 pairs Knickers, 19 Collars, 9 Ties, Mr. A. Pitts; 13 Shirts, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; a parcel of Worn Clothing, Mr. Blealey; 7 Shirts, The Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce.

GENERAL:—2 Framed Pictures, Miss K. Smithyes; 2 Dolls and a few Flowers, Mrs. C. J. Bourgeois; 1 box of Flowers, M. A. Pavey; 3 pieces Bead-work (for Sale Room), L. R.; a quantity Cut Flowers, Mr. C. Wickerson; 6 Illuminated Texts (for the Boys' houses), Mr. E. J. Reed; 1 Remington Typewriter, Pastor T. Spurgeon.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from June 16th to July 14th, 1895.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Gildersome, per Rev. J. Haslam ...	10	0	0
Cardiff and Penrhiceiber, per Mr. J. Cory, J.P. ...	11	5	0
Great Totham, per Rev. H. J. Harvey ...	10	0	0
Fritham, per Mr. R. W. Griffith ...	11	5	0
D-von Baptist Association, for Devonport ...	11	5	0
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. E. C. Evans & Sons ...	10	0	0
Suffolk Congregational Union ...	10	0	0
Dorking, per Mr. A. Chabot ...	15	0	0
Estover, per Mr. H. O. Serpell ...	20	0	0
Corton, per Mr. Thomas Harris ...	11	5	0
Hadleigh Congregational Church ...	10	0	0
Cardford and Forest Hill, per Mr. T. G. Priestley ...	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Thornbury, collected by Mrs. Taylor... ..	7	10	0
Home Counties Baptist Association ...	20	0	0
Southampton, per Mr. R. Beck ...	11	5	0
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association ...	50	0	0

£223 15 0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. E. Rawlings ...	5	5	0
Mrs. E. Buckmaster ...	1	0	0
Mr. B. Bull ...	0	5	0
A thankoffering, per Pastor T. Spurgeon ...	2	0	0
Mrs. Websdale ...	1	0	0

ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE,

FOUNDED 1867

By C. H. SPURGEON.

Trustees and Committee of Management:

Pastor J. A. SPURGEON, D.D., *President and Treasurer.*

Pastor CHARLES SPURGEON. Pastor THOMAS SPURGEON.

JOSEPH PASSMORE.

JOHN BUSWELL.

THOMAS H. OLNEY.

JAMES HALL.

CHARLES F. ALLISON.

JAMES E. PASSMORE.

JAMES STIFF.

WALTER MILLS.

WILLIAM HIGGS.

FRANK THOMPSON.

SAMUEL R. PEARCE.

Hon. Consulting Physicians:

HENRY GERVIS, Esq., M.D., &c., &c.

JAMES HERBERT STOWERS, Esq., M.D., &c., &c.

Hon. Consulting Surgeon:

CHARTERS JAMES SYMONDS, Esq., M.D., M.S., F.R.C.S., &c., &c.

Hon. Consulting Ophthalmic Surgeon:

E. NETTLESHIP, Esq., F.R.C.S., &c.

Hon. Consulting Throat and Aural Surgeon:

A. H. TUBBY, Esq., M.S., M.B. Lon., F.R.C.S., &c.

Dentist: W. O. HINCHLIFF, Esq.

Medical Officer:

WILLIAM SOPER, Esq., M.R.C.S.E., L.S.A., &c.

Head Master:

VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

Secretary:

FREDERICK G. LADDS.

London:

PRINTED BY ALABASTER, PASSMORE, & SONS, FANN STREET, E.C.

1895.

THE SPURGEON ORPHAN HOMES.

SUMMARY OF GUIDING PRINCIPLES:

- 1.—The Institution receives **Fatherless Boys** between the ages of 6 and 10, **Girls** between 7 and 10.
 - 2.—It is conducted on the **Separate Home System** ; each home is presided over by a Christian matron.
 - 3.—It is **Unsectarian** ; children are received, irrespective of their denominational connection, from all parts of the United Kingdom.
 - 4.—Candidates are **selected** by the Committee, **not elected** by Subscribers. By this arrangement the most **Needy, Helpless, and Deserving**, secure the benefits of the Institution.
 - 5.—**No Uniform** is permitted, in order to prevent a costume from becoming a badge of poverty.
 - 6.—The children receive a **Plain, but thorough English Education and Training** to fit them for the respective stations they are likely to occupy.
 - 7.—The supreme aim of the Managers is always kept in view, to “bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.”
 - 8.—The children, being cast upon “the Fatherhood of God”, are maintained by the Free-will Offerings of the Stewards of the Lord’s bounty.
The sum of £10,000 per annum is required in voluntary contributions towards the support of the Institution !
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INSTRUCTION TO APPLICANTS:

Applications for admission should be addressed in writing to the Secretary, and full particulars given, stating present income, and the names and ages of the children. As the number of candidates is largely in excess of the accommodation, the Trustees may not be able to issue a form ; if a form be granted, it must not be regarded as a guarantee that the application will succeed.

Friends who are only acquainted with the case in which they are specially interested must not be surprised at its rejection at any stage of the enquiry if it prove to be less necessitous than others. The Trustees maintain the strictest impartiality while considering the claims of the various applicants, and the greatest need will always have the loudest voice with them.

All letters on this business should be addressed to the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

ANNUAL REPORT.

1894-5.

“**W**HAT more blessed work than to make the widow's heart to sing for joy? Even the world's poet blessed the man who had a tomb of orphans' tears wept over him. What nobler memorial could he have?”

Written in 1877 by Mr. Spurgeon, these questions not only linger but live with us, and the answers they demand are vital to the well-being of the 500 fatherless children for whose maintenance and education we are pledged at the present time.

Under ordinary circumstances the burden is not light; but in periods of commercial depression it is attended with grave anxiety to the President and Managers, who require upwards of £10,000 a year in voluntary contributions towards the maintenance of the Institution!

To encroach upon the capital fund would be exceedingly unwise, as this would reduce our permanent income from this source and require a corresponding increase in free-will offerings, or the dismissal of some of the children. This latter alternative we are sure our friends would not approve; and therefore in answer to the prayer of faith, we must still look to them for their generous and regular contributions.

“The work of caring for the widow and the fatherless,” wrote Mr. Spurgeon, “is specially mentioned by the Holy Spirit as one of the most acceptable modes of giving outward expression to pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father. Will it need much pleading? If so, we cannot use it, as we shrink from marring the willingness which is the charm of such a service.”

The President and Managers, in carrying on the work of caring for Orphans, are following in every respect upon the lines laid down by the beloved Founder; and they confidently hope that, as the need of the work is known, the necessary supplies will be forthcoming. They do not shrink from the trial of faith so long as it is the will of our heavenly Father; but when it results from want of thought, or the fallacious reasoning of our friends, that their help is not needed, it involves anxiety which does not belong to the category of the things which “work together for good.”

Many friends send as regularly as though they were pledged to do so; and their gifts compel our constant thanksgiving: will not others follow their example?

We do not ask or crave to be relieved from anxiety, this were to limit the scope and to ignore the necessity for faith; but we do ask for that loving co-operation which a due regard for the daily wants of our Orphan charge should inspire.

As the burden, and even the shadow of debt has not rested upon the Orphanage hitherto, the deficit revealed by our present balance sheet can only be regarded with sorrowful regret. Still, we are hopeful that, with the return of commercial prosperity, there will be such a generous response to the claim of the Orphans, that all that is needed will come, and come in good time!

The work of the past year has been maintained with full efficiency; and it will be seen by the statistical Tables that we admitted 77 children who were adjudged to be the most needy and deserving of the many applicants for admission. What this help means to widowed mothers and to their fatherless children is scarcely to be realized by glancing at the figures. It is necessary to visit the sorrowing homes from which the children have come, and then to trace their career in after years. With most of them the Orphanage offers their only chance of becoming honourable bread-winners and useful citizens. The "God bless you" of the Widow and the Orphan is a benison in itself, and it foretells the Master's words of gracious commendation, when He will apportion the rewards for loving service to "the least of His little ones."

The Spurgeon Orphanage Sunday, the last Sunday in January, was observed in many Sunday Schools, and collections amounting to nearly £200 were received by the Treasurer. While gratefully acknowledging the help thus rendered to the Institution, the Managers would earnestly plead for the more general observance of this day, when the claims of the Orphans can be brought before the scholars of our Sunday Schools.

Our Annual Festival took place on Wednesday, June 20th, 1894, which proved a day of joy and rejoicing. The venerable John Spurgeon presided at the afternoon meeting, when the Memorial Hall was opened, and Pastors Charles and Thomas Spurgeon unveiled the memorial of their beloved father. T. A. Denny, Esq., accompanied by Lady Hope, presided at the evening meeting; and there were the usual attractions throughout the day. The following speakers addressed the assembled multitudes:—The President, Dr. J. A. Spurgeon, Rev. John Spurgeon, Rev. Charles Spurgeon, Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, Rev. Prebendary Barker, Rev. James Stalker, D.D., Rev. David Davis, Rev. C. H. Kelly and Lady Hope. Rev. F. Marchant and Dr. Usher offered prayer.

The Memorial Hall is, at once, a dining-hall for the children, a place of assembly on public occasions, and also a beautiful monument to the memory of the beloved Founder.

Through the kindness of Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, the Reformation Pictures collected by her beloved husband have been presented to the Institution, and form a permanent gallery in the Memorial Hall.

It is requested that our friends and supporters will visit the Orphanage whenever they have an opportunity of doing so. They may always be sure of a hearty welcome.

MEDICAL OFFICER'S REPORT.

To the President and Committee.

Gentlemen,—

In submitting my Report, I have to congratulate the Managers upon the maintenance of the general health of the Institution. The marked improvement in the condition of many of the children is a testimony to the Orphanage *régime*.

With the return of the children from their vacations there was cause for anxiety, as it was discovered that some had been visiting neighbourhoods where scarlet fever had been prevalent. Several cases of fever occurred, none of which proved fatal.

There have been three deaths in all, only one occurring in the Institution. Two were from cerebral affection, and one from diphtheria.

The cases of influenza were not of the most serious type, and I am thankful to report their perfect recovery.

In the admission of new cases I have exercised the greatest possible care; and I have not advised the rejection of any child, even with a bad family history, except for sufficient reasons at the time of presentation.

Minor cases of illness have been dealt with in our Infirmary with gratifying results. Accidents, which are not numerous considering the risks which boys run in their play, have received the most careful attention, and no accident has led to any permanent injury or disfigurement.

It is with much regret I have to record the death of our esteemed Consulting Surgeon, Mr. Arthur Durham. An intimate friend for thirty-three years, and a valued coadjutor in our good work at the Orphanage, his loss has been keenly felt by me. He was a true friend to the Institution; and whenever I have had occasion to refer to him, he has taken the most kindly interest in the case.

It is a cause for congratulation that the vacancy has been filled by an appointment which has my fullest approval.

My thanks are due to the members of the Consulting Staff for their readiness to assist in consultation, and in the treatment of special cases referred to them.

I also desire to acknowledge the courtesy and kindness I have received from the members of the Board and the officers of the Institution, who are every ready to carry out my wishes as the Medical Officer of the Institution.

I have the honour to be,

Gentlemen,

Your obedient Servant,

WILLIAM SOPER.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND NINETEEN ORPHANS

Have been received into the Institution to the end of March, 1895.

PARENTAGE OF THE CHILDREN:—

Mechanics	430	Soldiers	9
Manufacturers and Tradesmen ..	279	Journalists	8
Labourers, Porters, and Carmen	251	Solicitors	7
Shopkeepers and Salesmen ..	227	Surgeons and Dentists ..	7
Warehousemen and Clerks ..	195	Architects and Surveyors ..	4
Mariners and Watermen ..	63	Firemen	4
Ministers and Missionaries ..	54	Cooks	3
Farmers and Florists ..	51	Royal Engineers	3
Cab Proprietors and Coachmen...	43	Butlers	2
Railway Employés ..	41	Auctioneers	2
Commercial Travellers ..	40	Photographer	1
Schoolmasters and Teachers ..	23	Bandsman	1
Policemen & Custom House Officers	22	Gas Inspector	1
Accountants	17	Gentleman	1
Commission Agents ..	16	Vaccination Officer ..	1
Post Office Employés ..	12	Exhibition Proprietor ..	1
TOTAL...	1,819		

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION OF PARENTS:—

Church of England	706	Presbyterian ..	31	Roman Catholic ..	3
Baptist ..	487	Brethren ..	14	Moravian ..	2
Congregational ..	187	Bible Christian ..	4	Salvation Army ..	2
Wesleyan ..	151	Society of Friends	4	Not specified ..	228
TOTAL...	1,819				

NOTE.—These Tables show the Catholicity of the Institution.

PLACES FROM WHICH CHILDREN HAVE BEEN RECEIVED:—

Balham ..	10	Hatcham ..	1	Plaistow ..	1
Barnsbury ..	3	Haverstock Hill ..	4	Poplar ..	7
Battersea ..	30	Highbury ..	6	Rotherhithe ..	13
Bayswater ..	8	Holborn ..	10	Shadwell ..	2
Bermondsey ..	100	Holloway ..	22	Shepherd's Bush ..	1
Bethnal Green ..	7	Homerton ..	4	Shoreditch ..	5
Blackheath ..	1	Hornsey ..	8	Soho ..	6
Bloomsbury ..	2	Horselydown ..	6	Southwark ..	37
Borough ..	11	Hoxton ..	14	Spitalfields ..	1
Bow ..	20	Islington ..	38	Stepney ..	6
Brixton ..	47	Kennington ..	15	Strand ..	2
Bromley ..	4	Kensington ..	8	Stratford ..	8
Bromdesbury...	2	Kentish Town ..	9	Streatham ..	5
Camberwell ..	60	Kilburn ..	13	Stockwell ..	8
Camden Town ..	9	Kingsland ..	3	Stoke Newington ..	10
Chelsea ..	8	Lambeth ..	68	St. John's Wood ..	1
Clapham ..	18	Lewisham ..	7	St. Luke's ..	2
Clapton ..	11	Limehouse ..	6	St. Pancras ..	6
Clerkenwell ..	16	Marylebone ..	21	Sydenham ..	2
Dalston ..	4	Mill End ..	9	Tottenham ..	9
Deptford ..	8	Newington ..	18	Vauxhall ..	8
Dulwich ..	10	New Cross ..	16	Walworth ..	61
Finsbury ..	5	Norwood ..	17	Wandsworth ..	26
Forest Gate ..	2	Notting Hill ..	13	Westminster ..	12
Fulham ..	5	Nunhead ..	5	Whitechapel ..	3
Hackney ..	21	Old Ford ..	1	Willesden ..	2
Haggerston ..	1	Paddington ..	9	Wood Green ..	5
Hammersmith ..	6	Peckham ..	58		
Hampstead ..	5	Pentonville ..	4		
Harringay ..	1	Pimlico ..	7		

LONDON...TOTAL 1,104

<i>Bedfordshire</i> , Bedford	6	<i>Essex</i> , Brentwood	1	<i>Hampshire</i> ,	
„ Leighton Buzzard	1	„ Burnham	1	„ Southampton	9
„ Luton	2	„ Chelmsford	2	„ Southsea	5
<i>Berks.</i> , Ardington Wick	1	„ Chingford	1	„ Totton	1
„ Childrey	1	„ Coggeshall	1	„ Waterlooville	1
„ Faringdon	1	„ Colchester	3	„ West Cowes, I.W.	2
„ Maidenhead	2	„ Dunmow	1	„ Winchester	1
„ Newbury	5	„ East Ham	1	<i>Herefordshire</i> , Ledbury	1
„ Reading	32	„ Epping	1	„ Michaelchurch	1
„ Slough	1	„ Grays	1	<i>Hertfordshire</i> ,	
„ Uffington	1	„ Great Braxted	1	„ Berkhamstead	1
„ Wantage	2	„ Halstead	1	„ Boxmoor	1
„ Wargrave	1	„ Harlow	1	„ Codicote	1
„ Windsor	1	„ Hatfield Heath	1	„ Dunstable	1
„ Wokingham	1	„ Ilford	2	„ Hertford	1
<i>Buckinghamshire</i> ,		„ Leyton	4	„ Hitchin	1
„ Chesham	1	„ Leytonstone	8	„ Hoddesdon	1
„ High Wycombe	1	„ Little Ilford	1	„ Redbourne	1
„ Princes Risboro'	1	„ Loughton	1	„ St. Albans	1
„ Winslow	2	„ Maldon	9	„ Ware	1
<i>Cambridgeshire</i> ,		„ North Woolwich	2	<i>Huntingdonshire</i> ,	
„ Cambridge	7	„ Paglesham	1	„ Fenstanton	1
„ Cottenham	1	„ Plaistow	1	„ St. Neot's	1
„ Histon	2	„ Rayleigh	1	<i>Kent</i> , Ashford	4
„ Landbeach	1	„ Romford	4	„ Belvedere	2
„ Linton	1	„ Southend	3	„ Bexley	3
„ Newmarket	1	„ Stanstead	1	„ Blackheath	2
„ Soham	1	„ Upminster	1	„ Boughton	1
„ Waterbeach	1	„ Wakes-Colne	1	„ Bromley	3
„ Wisbech	2	„ Walthamstow	11	„ Canterbury	1
<i>Cheshire</i> , Birkenhead	1	„ Wanstead	1	„ Charlton	3
„ Chester	1	„ West Ham	2	„ Chatham	5
„ Hyde	1	„ Witham	2	„ Cranbrook	1
<i>Cornwall</i> , Falmouth	3	„ Woodford	3	„ Crayford	1
„ Penzance	3	<i>Gloucestershire</i> , Bristol	7	„ Deal	2
„ Porthleven	1	„ Cheltenham	3	„ Dover	3
„ St. Columb	1	„ Cinderford	1	„ Eastchurch	1
„ Truro	2	„ Cirencester	2	„ Eltham	1
<i>Derbyshire</i> , Belper	1	„ Fairford	2	„ Eynsford	2
„ Derby	5	„ Gloucester	2	„ Eythorne	1
„ Matlock Bath	1	„ Nailsworth	1	„ Folkestone	4
<i>Devonshire</i> , Appledore	1	„ Painswick	1	„ Goudhurst	1
„ Axminster	1	„ Stroud	2	„ Gravesend	4
„ Bideford	1	„ Tewkesbury	1	„ Greenwich	13
„ Brixham	2	„ Weirstone	1	„ Maidstone	4
„ Dartmouth	1	„ Wotton	1	„ Malling	1
„ Devonport	3	<i>Hampshire</i> ,		„ Margate	8
„ Exeter	2	„ Bournemouth	4	„ New Brompton	7
„ Plymouth	2	„ Christchurch	1	„ Northfleet	2
„ Stoke	1	„ Fremantle	1	„ Orpington	3
„ Torquay	4	„ Farnborough	1	„ Plumstead	7
<i>Dorsetshire</i> , Poole	2	„ Gosport	1	„ Ramsgate	3
„ Lyme Regis	1	„ Hayling Island	1	„ Rochester	2
„ Portland	2	„ Headbourne	1	„ Sittingbourne	4
„ Swanage	1	„ Worthy	1	„ Sevenoaks	1
„ Weymouth	2	„ Landport	2	„ Swanscombe	1
<i>Durham</i> , Darlington	1	„ Lymington	1	„ Tonbridge	1
„ Durham	1	„ Newbridge, I.W.	1	„ Tunbridge Wells	3
„ Middlesbrough	1	„ Newport, I.W.	1	„ West Wickham	1
„ South Shields	1	„ Pokesdown	1	„ Whitstable	5
„ Stockton	4	„ Portsmouth	5	„ Woolwich	1
„ Wolsingham	1	„ Portsea	1	„ Wrotham	1
<i>Essex</i> , Barking	1	„ Ryde, I.W.	1	<i>Lancashire</i> , Ashton-	
„ Boxed	1	„ Romsey	1	„ under-Lyne	2
„ Braintree	1	„ Sandown I.W.	3	„ Blackpool	1

<i>Lancashire</i> , Bolton ... 1	<i>Nottinghamshire</i> ,	<i>Surrey</i> ,
" Liverpool ... 8	" Nottingham ... 1	" Red Hill ... 1
" Manchester ... 4	" Retford ... 1	" Reigate ... 1
" Morecambe ... 1	" Sutton ... 1	" Richmond ... 1
" Rochdale ... 1	" Worksop ... 1	" Surbiton ... 2
<i>Leicestershire</i> , Leicester 1	<i>Oxfordshire</i> , Banbury 2	" Sutton ... 6
" Loughborough ... 1	" Chipping Norton 8	" Tooting ... 3
" Lutterworth ... 1	" Kidlington ... 1	" Wimbledon ... 2
<i>Lincolnshire</i> , Alford ... 1	" New Headington 1	" Woking ... 2
" Boston ... 2	" Oxford ... 4	<i>Sussex</i> , Brighton ... 10
" Grimsby ... 5	" Thame ... 1	" Chichester ... 4
" Lincoln ... 1	" Witney ... 1	" Faygate ... 1
" Stamford ... 1	<i>Rutlandshire</i> ,	" Hailsham ... 1
<i>Middlesex</i> , Acton ... 3	" Uppingham ... 1	" Hastings ... 4
" Barnet ... 1	<i>Salop</i> , Aston-on-Clun 1	" Horsham ... 1
" Brentford ... 2	" West Felton ... 1	" Lewes ... 1
" Chiswick ... 1	<i>Somersetshire</i> , Bath ... 2	" Newhaven ... 1
" Ealing ... 1	" Curry Mallet ... 1	" Portslade ... 1
" Edmonton ... 3	" Taunton ... 3	" St. Leonard's ... 2
" Finchley ... 1	" Weston ... 1	" Seaford ... 1
" Fulham ... 2	" Yeovil ... 1	" Worthing ... 1
" Hampton-Wick 1	<i>Staffordshire</i> , Bilston 1	<i>Warwickshire</i> ,
" Harlington ... 1	" Stourbridge ... 1	" Birmingham ... 4
" Harrow ... 2	" West Bromwich 1	" Coventry ... 1
" Hendon ... 1	" Wolverhampton 1	" Leamington 1
" Hounslow ... 2	<i>Suffolk</i> , Aldborough... 2	" Oxhill ... 1
" Isleworth ... 3	" Bury St. Edmunds 2	" Quinton ... 1
" Old Hampton 1	" Clare ... 1	<i>Wiltshire</i> ,
" Southall ... 1	" Fressingfield ... 1	" Calne ... 1
" Walham Green 3	" Halesworth ... 1	" Chippenham 1
" Whetstone ... 1	" Ipswich ... 8	" Devizes ... 1
<i>Monmouthshire</i> ,	" Southwold ... 1	" Downtown ... 1
" Abergavenny 1	" Stanstead ... 1	" Pinton Stoke 1
" Blaenavon ... 1	" Stowmarket ... 4	" Salisbury ... 2
" Maindee ... 1	" Woodbridge ... 1	" Summerford ... 1
" Newport ... 5	<i>Surrey</i> , Addlestone ... 1	" Magna ... 1
<i>Norfolk</i> , Attleborough 1	" Barnes ... 2	" Swadlincote 1
" Dereham ... 1	" Bletchingley 1	" Swindon ... 2
" Holt ... 1	" Buckland ... 1	" Trowbridge 1
" Lynn ... 3	" Catford ... 1	" Warminster 1
" Norwich ... 1	" Croydon ... 22	" Westbury ... 1
" Yarmouth ... 1	" East Moulsey 1	" Leigh ... 1
<i>Northamptonshire</i> ,	" Farnham ... 1	" Wroughton... 1
" Brackley ... 1	" Godalming ... 2	<i>Worcestershire</i> ,
" Kettering ... 2	" Godstone ... 1	" Cradley ... 1
" Northampton 2	" Guildford ... 1	" Evesham ... 1
" Oundle ... 3	" Horley ... 1	" Hampton ... 1
" Peterborough 1	" Kingston ... 3	<i>Yorkshire</i> , Bedale ... 1
" Rushden ... 1	" Leatherhead 1	" Burley ... 1
" Thrapstone 1	" Mortlake ... 1	" Leeds ... 2
" Walgrave 1	" Norbiton ... 1	
<i>Northumberland</i> ,	" Penge ... 3	
" Newcastle ... 1	" Putney ... 1	COUNTRY...TOTAL 676

<i>Wales</i> , Aberystwith 1	<i>Wales</i> , Dowlais ... 1	<i>Wales</i> , Narberth ... 1
" Brecon ... 1	" Haverfordwest 8	" Rhyl ... 1
" Bridgend ... 2	" Hay ... 1	" Swansea ... 3
" Builth ... 1	" Holyhead ... 1	
" Cardiff ... 13	" Llanbister ... 1	WALES ... TOTAL 35
" Carnarvon ... 1	" Llandudno ... 1	
" Olgerran ... 2	" Llanelly ... 1	

ADMISSIONS FOR THE YEAR ENDING MARCH, 1895.

FROM LONDON DISTRICTS:—

Balham	1	Highbury	1	Southwark	1
Barnsbury	1	Hornsey	1	Streatham	1
Bermondsey	3	Islington	1	Stoke Newington ...	1
Bow	1	Kilburn	1	Vauxhall	1
Brixton	7	New Cross	1	Walworth	1
Camberwell	4	Norwood	2	Wandsworth	2
Clapton	1	Nunhead	2	Willesden	1
Dalston	1	Paddington	1	Wood Green	1
Harringay	1	Peckham	2	TOTAL	41

FROM COUNTRY TOWNS AND VILLAGES:—

Acton... ..	1	Leytonstone	1	Rochester	1
Attleborough ...	1	Malling	1	St. Columb	1
Bournemouth ...	1	Margate	1	Sevenoaks	1
Cambridge	2	Mortlake	1	Southampton	1
Cinderford	1	New Brompton ...	1	South Shields	1
Croydon	3	Northampton ...	1	Surbiton	1
Devizes	1	Penge	1	Sutton	1
Farnham	1	Plumstead	1	Swindon	1
Horsham	1	Plymouth	1	Trowbridge	1
Ipswich	1	Ramsgate	1		
Kettering	1	Reading	1	TOTAL	34

FROM WALES:—Cardiff, 2.

TOTAL FOR THE YEAR, 77.

The above tables, while they tell of want relieved and sorrow solaced, also show the impartiality of the Committee in their selection of inmates, and the range of their choice. The poorest localities and the most needy classes have again furnished the largest number of Children received into the Orphanage.

SUMMARY OF ADMISSIONS.

London	1,104	Wales	35	Ireland	2
Country	676	Scotland	2		
TOTAL			1,819.		

THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE TRACTS;

SETTING FORTH THE CLAIMS OF THIS "WORK OF FAITH AND LABOUR OF LOVE."

No. 1, "Love Jesus, and Live for Heaven"; No. 2, "Apt to Teach," for Sunday-school Teachers; No. 3, "Little Dicky"; No. 4, "To those who are happily married, or hope to be"; No. 5, "Sunshine in the Heart"; No. 6, "Gone Home"; No. 7, "Home in Sunshine and Shadow"; No. 8, "Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage; its Character and Claims"; No. 9, "John Maynard"; No. 10, "A Real Bit of Sunshine"; No. 11, "S. O."; No. 12, "Take my Hand!" No. 13, "Notes on Votes"; No. 14, "My Alma Mater"; No. 15, "A Happy Scene in a Storm"; No. 16, "Grannie"; No. 17, "After Many Days"; No. 18, "Mr. Spurgeon's last New Year's Cards"; No. 19, "In Memoriam"; No. 20, "Out of the Valley of the Shadow"; No. 21, "Mr. Spurgeon's Beautiful Memorial." Specimens may be had on application to the Secretary. Quantities for distribution will be supplied at 2s. per 100. Friends can render an important service by enclosing them in letters. Be sure and get some!

"WITHIN OUR GATES."

The issue of the Spurgeon Orphanage Quarterly Magazine, bearing the above title, has proved of great service to the Institution. We are glad to know that it is highly appreciated by our subscribers, and that it enables them to bring the claims of our work before their friends. If every reader of the Magazine will make a point of lending it to those who have not hitherto subscribed, they will render us valuable service. As a link "to unite those who love with those who need," the Magazine has an important mission. Will our friends assist us in making this mission effectual? Extra copies will be sent, if requested, to any friends whose names and addresses are forwarded to the Secretary.

SCIENCE CLASSES—BOYS.

MR. THOMPSON'S REPORT.

To the President and Committee.

Gentlemen,

Monday and Friday evenings have been wholly occupied with the Science Classes: subjects, Theoretical and Practical Geology, and Theoretical and Practical Physics.

Mr. F. A. Simmonds has given the lessons in Electricity and Magnetism.

With regard to the Practical Work, as much as possible has been done in the time, and with the appliances at command. It is a matter for regret that, at present, we are not able to perfect this Department; but there is every reason to hope for substantial help from the Technical Board of the L.C.C., whose inspector expressed his satisfaction with the work done.

The Classes have been duly visited by the Members of the Committee during the Session.

It is my desire to secure for our pupils, the advantage of studying Practical Geology in the Field, as means and opportunity will allow.

I have always been pleased with the earnest and intelligent interest our boys have taken in their work, and I have the satisfaction to report that many of the old boys are pursuing their studies after business hours, and several of them are now engaged in teaching Science Classes.

I am, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN J. THOMPSON.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL REPORT.

The loving co-operation of a band of about 45 voluntary teachers is of great service to the Institution. In following the International Series of Lessons, arranged by the Sunday-school Union, the systematic study of the Bible is secured. The annual Teachers' Meeting was

held on February 6th, when an earnest address was given by Rev. W. R. Mowll, M.A., vicar of Christ Church, North Brixton, in which he urged all to live and work in the light of Christ's second coming.

SCRIPTURE EXAMINATION, MARCH 8th, 1895.

Subject: "The Miracles and Teaching of Christ."

Results:—Prizes, with first-class certificates, 16; first-class certificates, 34; second-class certificates, 143; failures, 14:—Total, 207. Percentage passed—Girls, 96; Boys, 92. The annual Sunday-school meeting was held on May 13th, when F. F. Belsey, Esq., J.P., presided, and distributed the prizes for industry and good conduct, and gave a most encouraging address to teachers and scholars.

YOUNG CHRISTIANS' BAND.

Number of Members—Boys, 49; Girls, 36. Total, 85.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE READING ASSOCIATION.

Number of Members—Boys, 262; Girls, 380. Total, 642. These figures include former scholars who still like to keep up their membership with us.

BAND OF HOPE.

Number of Members, enrolled with the sanction of their friends, 262. Twenty-three meetings held, and numerous illustrated addresses on various aspects of the drink question were given.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

Mr. Newton Jones, of the Sunday-school Union, conducted a series of services in January, upon which a very abundant blessing rested. Several professed to decide for the Saviour, and many have already asked for permission to join the Young Christians' Band. Addresses were given during the year to the schools by the following:—Rev. A. Wells, Studley Road Wesleyan; Rev. Wallace Pettman, New Park Road Baptist; Mr. Ed. Hughes, Children's Special Service Mission; Rev. Walter Horne, M.A., St. Philip's, Kennington; Rev. J. Turner, of China; Dr. Churcher, North Africa; Mr. John Kirk, Ragged School Union, with dissolving views; Mr. William Bell, United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, and members of Croydon Y.M.C.A. Cycle Mission Band.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND BAND OF HOPE COLLECTIONS.

Baptist Missionary Society (£10 of which supports a boy and girl at Wathen Station, Congo)...	17	2	5
Dr. Phillips (Indian S. S. Mission)	3	1	0
Ragged School Union Holiday Homes	1	0	0
Continental Sunday-school Union...	1	4	6
Dr. Churcher (North Africa Mission)	1	12	0
Temperance Hospital and Band of Hope Work	20	3	7
			<hr/>		
			£44	3	6

WAYS AND MEANS.

We shall be thankful if our friends will bear in mind that our supplies must be as constant as our needs. It would greatly rejoice the heart of the President if the current income were always equal to the current expenditure, so that legacies might be reserved to supply the falling-off in donations when old friends resign their stewardship and go home.

The collecting boxes and books have brought in, during the year, the sum of £982 2s. 7d. Once a quarter, the President arranges to meet our 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. Friends living miles away, who are not able to attend the meetings, can have special collecting books, and forward the amount received from time to time.

The children in the Orphanage and their friends collected, for the most part in pennies, the sum of £223 17s. 1d., and in every case this labour of love was a genuine expression of gratitude. We frequently have very warm-hearted letters of thanks from the mothers of our children. God bless them, every one!

The total amount received during the year from collecting cards, books, and boxes, reached the noble sum of £1,205 19s. 8d. This is substantial help; *but could it not be very easily doubled next year? We wish more of our friends would lend a hand.* O best and kindest of readers, will you not take a card or box yourself?

The Young Ladies' Working Association at the Tabernacle, West Croydon, Reading, and elsewhere, continue to furnish splendid help; and their services are greatly valued by us. Could not more societies be started? Friends who are not able to join an association, can make up articles of clothing suitable for boys and girls between the ages of six and fifteen. Such aid, lovingly rendered to the Orphans, does not divert contributions from local claims, but rather stimulates generosity for their support.

Mr. Charlesworth, with a Choir of Boys, has visited many places during the year. The programme throughout is of a high-class character, and the most gratifying reports have been received of the good done. After deducting the immediate expenses, and the cost of the musical training of the boys, the sum of £156 8s. 10d. has resulted from the services of the Choir.

"Pure religion and undefiled" finds its illustration in care for the "widow and fatherless," and we are thankful when the help comes to the special objects of our charge.

Subscriptions are urgently needed, and will be gratefully received by the President and Treasurer, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, D.D. Address—The Secretary, The Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

AIMS AND PLANS.

Covering an area of nearly four acres, in one of the healthiest suburbs of London, the Orphanage is admirably adapted for keeping up as much of the family spirit as is possible in a public Institution. The boys take their meals in one common hall according to families; the girls in their respective houses; and 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 and repeat the text for the day from Mr. Spurgeon's Almanack.

In the Schools our object is to impart a *thorough* ENGLISH education, and, by a complete system of physical training, to fit the boys for commercial pursuits.

In addition to the ordinary subjects, they are taught elementary science, drawing, shorthand, and vocal music. We are thankful to record that, 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. One of our old boys holds a Professorship in the University of Cambridge.

By a good education, and a thorough domestic training in the Homes, we hope to fit our girls for earning their own livelihood in houses of Business, in the Civil Service, or as domestics in Christian families.

We are concerned that the children should become disciples of Christ, and leave us healthy, intelligent, and gracious members of society, hence the moral and religious training of the children is a matter of primary concern. The earnest efforts of the matrons and teachers are supplemented by the labours of a godly band of Sunday-school teachers. Detachments of the children attend the Tabernacle and neighbouring places of worship on the Lord's-day, 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. The local clergy, ministers, and distinguished laymen render important help in this matter. Young Christians' Bands hold monthly meetings, and there are frequent meetings for the members of the Band of Hope.

The Sunday-school Teachers' Prayer Meetings are held twice a month, and a Prayer Meeting for the Matrons, conducted by Mrs. James Stiff, is held monthly. We very earnestly invite our subscribers to join with us in prayer for the continued blessing of God upon our work amongst the Orphans.

Christians of all denominations, by their hearty love and practical aid, cheer us in this enterprise, and together we will all unite in helping the widow and the orphan for Christ's own sake. His approval now, and His "well done" hereafter, will prove a sufficient reward for any effort or sacrifice we may make. Infidelity must feel the power of 500 living arguments; for a Christian Orphanage attests the faithfulness of God, as the Father of the fatherless and the Judge of the widow.

HOW FRIENDS HELP THE ORPHANAGE :

(1.) By **Donations and Subscriptions.** Members of all sections of the Church and of the community contribute to the funds of the Institution.

(2.) By **Bequests of Money or Property.** The new Statute of Mortmain, bearing date August 5th, 1891, has made it legal to devise real property in aid of Charitable Institutions.

(3.) By **becoming Collectors.** Collecting-boxes and Books may be obtained on application to the Secretary; also special Boxes to be fixed on walls.

(4.) By **arranging for Public Meetings**, to be conducted by the Head Master with a choir of Orphan boys. Mr. V. J. CHARLESWORTH will be happy to give all the necessary information.

(5.) By **Sunday-school Collections** on the last Sunday in January, being the anniversary of Mr. Spurgeon's decease. The Secretary will send Tracts and Booklets for distribution.

(6.) By **Gifts of Useful Articles.** We can use food, clothing, toys, fuel, furniture, books, and other useful articles at home, while fancy goods can be sold at the annual sale. We are universal consumers.

(7.) 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. Our mercies are doubly sweet when they are shared with those who would otherwise feel the bitterness of want.

"With such sacrifices God is well pleased."

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 versa*. 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 write *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, or we may accidentally treat our friend as if he were two individuals.

(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 by letter or post-card of the despatch of goods. We can often make more economical use of gifts when we know that they are coming.

"To do good and to communicate, forget not."

TO INTENDING BENEFACTORS.

By an Act of Parliament, bearing date August 5th, 1891, land and houses may now be left for charitable uses.

Money left by will, with the direction that it be invested in land or houses, was forfeit until this Act was passed : it will not now be lost to the charity, but it must be used for its general purposes.

An important exception is made in the case of land or houses left or directed to be acquired, if it be proved that the property is necessary for the actual use of the charity, and not for investment.

The will must be signed by the testator in the presence of two witnesses present at the same time, and who must sign their names as witnesses in the presence of each other, and of the testator.

The following are in legal form, and may be copied :—

1.—In leaving a sum of money :—

*I Give and Bequeath the sum of.....
pounds sterling, to be paid to the Treasurer for the time being of
the Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, in the county of London,
and his receipt shall be a sufficient discharge for the said legacy.*

2.—In leaving Freehold Property :—

*I Give and Devise to the Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road,
in the county of London, the freehold house (or houses) situated and
being known as—here state clearly the exact designation as to name
or number, the street or road, the parish, the town, and
the county.*

3.—In leaving Leasehold Property :—

*I hereby Give and Bequeath to the Stockwell Orphanage,
Clapham Road, in the county of London, the whole of my interest in
the leasehold house (or houses), situated and being known as—here
state clearly the exact designation as to name or number, the
street or road, the parish, the town, and the county.*

4.—In leaving Freehold Land :—

*I Give and Devise to the Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road,
in the county of London, the parcel of freehold land—here give the
exact designation of the land in the precise terms of the title
deeds.*

5.—In leaving Land held on lease :—

*I Give and Bequeath to the Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham
Road, in the county of London, the whole of my interest in the
unexpired term of the lease of the land—here give the exact designation
of the land in the precise terms of the lease.*

Now that it has become legal to devise real property in aid of Charitable Institutions, the hope is cherished that our friends, in the disposition of their estates, will not overlook the Orphanage, which remains as a memorial of its Founder and first President, C. H. SPURGEON.

“WHOSE FAITH FOLLOW.”

Stockwell Orphanage.

GENERAL ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED MARCH 31st, 1895.

	£	s.	d.
To Maintenance and Education:—			
Salaries and Wages	2,120	2	9
Provisions	4,140	10	6
Clothing	1,878	0	8
Laundry	566	8	2
Fuel, Gas, and Water	1,020	7	1
Books and School Requisites	160	6	1
Medical, Hospital, and Convalescent Expenses	239	11	10
Excursions and Travelling	62	17	2
Situations, Part Outfits, Gratuities, &c.	42	18	0
Gardening and Sundries	126	18	7
	10,376	4	10
„ Printing, Publications, Advertisements, Office Expenses, Collecting Boxes, &c.	973	7	2
„ Repairs and Alterations (including Sanitary Works by advice of Inspector)	1,008	7	10
„ Furniture, Fittings, Bedding, &c.	473	9	8
„ Poor and General Rates	175	0	0
	13,006	9	6
„ Memorial Hall—(Balance of Account, Builders and Architect, and part Furniture, &c.)	1,434	13	1
	14,441	2	7

	£	s.	d.
By Donations and Subscriptions:—			
General	5,179	10	8
Boxes and Books	1,205	19	8
Services of Song (less expenses)	158	8	10
	6,541	19	2
„ Legacies	2,332	13	7
„ Balance of Dividends and Rents (less Repairs, Rates, and Taxes, &c.)	2,255	1	6
	11,129	14	3
„ Donations from the C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Fund	1,441	9	8
„ Balance at Credit, March 31st, 1894	322	5	9
	12,893	9	8
„ Balance (being excess of Expenditure over Income)	1,547	12	11
	14,441	2	7

Audited and found correct, this 6th day of June, 1895.

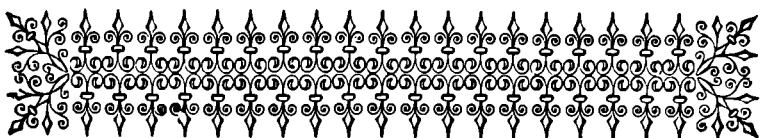
JAMES A. SPURGEON,
Treasurer,
 WILLIAM HIGGS,
 JAMES E. PASSMORE,

Trustees.

FREDERICK G. LADDS, *Secretary.*

W. W. BAYNES,
 Pickhurst Wood, Bromley, Kent.
 F. WHITTLE,
 42, Gauden Road, Clapham.

Auditors.



THE

Sword and the Trowel.

SEPTEMBER, 1893.

Jesus—Saviour.

UNPUBLISHED NOTES OF A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON, DELIVERED IN THE BOTANIC GARDENS, BELFAST, IN AUGUST, 1858 (WHEN ABOUT 7,000 PERSONS WERE PRESENT).

REPORTED BY PASTOR T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

"Thou shalt call His name JESUS: for He shall save His people from their sins."—Matthew i. 21.

THE person of the Lord Jesus is exceedingly precious to all believers. So great is their estimation of Him, that everything concerning Him is interesting in their view. To them, all His "garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces." There is not a spot where His foot has trodden, nor a thing which His hand has touched, nor a word which His lips have spoken, which is not consecrated to every true Christian, from the very fact that it has had a connection with Him. Words that were ordinary words before, become silvery words when applied to Him. Talk of a shepherd, and there is lovely pastoral beauty; but talk of the GOOD SHEPHERD, and there is a marvellous and incomparable richness of beauty. Speak of a prophet, a priest, or a king, and these titles are suggestive; but speak of Jesus, the PRIEST, the PROPHET, the KING, and there is a fulness in each of these words that we never saw before. The very words that were rich as silver, become like fine gold when applied to Christ. Sweet is that word "friend"; but sweeter far is that "FRIEND that sticketh closer than a brother." The name "husband" is golden; but oh! far more

golden is it when we read, "Thy Maker is thine HUSBAND; the Lord of hosts is His name." When we see the Saviour standing in that relationship to His Church, then, in very truth, we understand what that word husband means. The very name of Christ is as a sonnet to the believer; but if there be one name that is more precious than another, if there be one title of our blessed Lord which is more precious than any besides, it is the name JESUS. We must put that name first.

"JESUS, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health and peace."

There is the sweetest music in the name JESUS. You may utter that name again and again, and each time it sounds like the pealing of the bells of heaven. It is a sonnet in a word; it is an oratorio in two syllables; it is the eternal chorus of the angelic host in five letters. *Jesus!* JESUS! JESUS! Who does not love that charming name? Who among the followers of the Lamb does not dwell upon it with delight? I verily believe that this is the Name that sounds above all others in heaven itself.

"JESUS, the Lord, their harps employs;
JESUS, my love, they sing!
JESUS, the life of all our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string."

My business at this time is to endeavour to explain the meaning of the name JESUS. It is very simple, it means SAVIOUR; yet it will take some time to show some of the saving works which Christ has done, whereby He has earned for Himself the name of Saviour. You ask our Sunday-school children, "What is meant by being saved?" and they answer, "It is an escape from hell, and an entrance into heaven." That is true, but it is not all the truth. Salvation means much more than escaping from hell, and entering into heaven. In fact, that is rather the effect of salvation than salvation itself. The word "salvation" is a bigger word than that. It reaches not only from hell to heaven, but from the depths of the fall of Adam, to the very heights of the bliss and perfection of the Second Adam, unto whose image the saved are to be conformed. In trying to explain the meaning of salvation, we must begin at the beginning, and go on to the end. "He shall save His people from their sins."

I. First, HE SHALL SAVE HIS PEOPLE FROM THEIR DEATH IN SIN.

By nature, all men are dead in sin. They not merely live in sin, but they are "dead in trespasses and sins." They have neither the will nor the power to renounce sin, and lay hold on eternal life. We may preach to dead sinners all the thunders of the law, but we cannot make them alive, so that they should run to Christ for refuge. We may try to woo them, but we cannot win their hearts for Jesus Christ. If all the preachers in the world were to attempt to win a soul for God, apart from the quickening power of the Holy Spirit, they would find they had undertaken an impossible task. Man by nature is dead, incapable of doing anything for his own salvation, until first of all he

has been quickened into spiritual life. Some say, "If a sinner takes the first step, Christ will do the rest." The Romanists boast that St. Denis, after his head was cut off, picked it up, and walked two thousand miles. That would have been an easy matter if he could have taken the first step. It is just the same with the sinner. If the sinner can take the first step, he can take all the rest, for it is in the first step that the difficulty lies. If the sinner can, by nature, make himself willing to be saved, he has no need afterwards for the Holy Spirit, for the nature which gave him the first right thing can give him all other right things unto the end; but there never was found yet in actual experience one man who came to Christ of himself. All who love Jesus, love Him because He first loved them. His sovereign power made them willing, or they had still remained strangers to Him. Men, like sheep, wander of their own free will; but neither sheep nor men ever returned of their own free will. As long as the world standeth, and human nature is what it is, we shall all have to say when we are brought to accept Christ's salvation,—

"Why were we made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room;
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

"'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin."

We could not preach with any hope of success did we not believe that our Master's power is going forth with our preaching, to make men willing to receive salvation. If men's salvation depended upon their voluntary acceptance of the truth we preach, we are assured that all our preaching would be in vain. We do not ask your will when we come to preach to you the gospel of God's salvation. You may be ever so unwilling; it is ours still to preach the truth of God, and He who commands us to preach His gospel to every creature will, in His own time and by His own power, turn your will, and change your mind, so that you shall lay hold of the things you once despised, and highly prize the things you once hated. Jesus Christ has the key of man's will. He can put a bit into the jaws of the leviathan sinner. He can turn men's hearts by just lifting His finger. This, then, is the first work Jesus does for His people, He saves them from their death in sin.

II. Next, HE SHALL SAVE HIS PEOPLE FROM THE BONDAGE AND TERROR OF THEIR SINS.

As soon as the sinner is quickened and made alive, he becomes very miserable. The first effect of the entrance of divine life in the soul is pain. As long as the sinner is dead spiritually, conscience is quiet, and he is peaceful in his sin; but when God gives spiritual life, the man begins to be miserable and unhappy on account of his sin. Mark this, as sure as ever thou hast been made alive by Jesus Christ, thou hast had to feel the weight of thy sin. There is a dead man;—heap burdens upon him, pile on heavy weights, he has no feeling.

If that man could be made alive, he would soon cry out on account of those great loads. While he was dead, he knew nothing of the weight; but now that he is alive, the burden is intolerable. Stab a dead man to the heart, and there is neither sigh, nor cry, nor groan. Stab a living man, and his wounds bleed, and he cries out on account of the pain. Even so is it with the quickened sinner; so soon as the Lord makes a man spiritually alive, he begins to cry out that the burden of his sin is unbearable, that the bonds of his iniquity are exceedingly painful. Then Jesus saves him from the bondage and terror of his sin.

Children of God, can you not bear witness to this fact? When convinced of sin, you were almost driven to despair. You went to Moses, and he said, "Do good works." You tried to obey him, but how you failed! You tried ceremonies, baptism, the so-called Sacrament, church-going; but you were none the better. What could you do? The ghosts of your old sins haunted you every day. By night you dreamed of them, and by day you seemed to feel the hell of which you had dreamed by night. Do you remember the time when the burden was lifted, and all your terrors were quieted? Was it not when you saw Jesus crucified for you,—when you saw Jesus bleeding, dying in your stead? Then you were set free, fully emancipated; then your every fetter was broken, then every bond was snapped; then, by the life and blood-shedding of the Lord Jesus Christ, you were delivered from terror and alarm. So Jesus saves His people from the terror of their sins.

III. Thirdly, HE SHALL SAVE HIS PEOPLE FROM THE GUILT OF SIN.

Jesus takes away not only terror, but the cause of terror; every kind of cause that might give the believer terror on account of his sin. No sooner does the sinner come to Christ, and cast himself entirely upon Him, than the Saviour takes away from him every blot, and speck, and stain, that had made him black before. Marvellous though it be, yet it is nevertheless true, the blackest sinner, believing in Jesus, in one moment becomes white as the angels in heaven.

"The moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified God,
His pardon at once he receives,
Salvation in full through His blood."

I know of a surety this day there is not a sin in God's Book against my soul. I know my sins were many and heinous and deserved eternal wrath; but in the moment I believed on Jesus, He made a clean sweep of my sins. His blood cleanseth from all sin. All the sins of all His people were charged to the account of Jesus. He bore the penalty of their sins. They are all gone, and the believer may now look up to heaven, and say, "Great God, I am clean. Through Jesus' blood, I am clean." O master-mercy! Is not this the very prince of blessings, that the guilty sinner should become innocent, that he should not only have pardon, but should actually be set free from guilt, that he should be so cleansed that in God's Book there should not be a solitary charge against him? Blessed Jesus, Thou dost cleanse Thy people from their sins. Notice the boldness of the apostle Paul; he looks up to heaven, nay, seems to mount up into

heaven; he seems to stand before the throne of God Himself, and looking at that great white throne, dazzling in its purity, he cries, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" O impious man, surely a thunderbolt will crush thee! Will not God raise Himself from His seat to dash thee into pieces? No, no; there stands the apostle, fearless and dauntless, and he exclaims, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" and, instead of thunder, there is heard from the throne this sweet answer to the bold challenge, "It is God that justifieth." And now Paul lifts his voice again, and cries aloud, "Who is he that condemneth?" And the answer comes, "It is Christ that died." And you may even picture the apostle doing something beside this; he comes to earth, and cries, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? Who is he that condemneth?" And then he seems to go down to the lowest shades of hell, and marching through the ranks of the demons, he cries, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" and meeting grim death, and him that had the power of death, that is, the devil, he shouts in their face, "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Christ so completely saveth His people from their sins, that, before God, men, and devils, they can plead perfect innocence; there is nothing that can be laid to their charge.

IV. Again, HE SHALL SAVE HIS PEOPLE FROM THE POWER OF SIN IN THEIR LIVES.

We have in England a class of people who like good high Calvinistic doctrines, but who do not set much value on good, high, and holy living. With this class I have no sympathy; I detest above all things the Antinomianism which leads people to prate about being secure in Christ while they are living in sin. In my young days, I knew one man who stood on a public-house table, with a glass of gin in his hand, and said he was one of God's elect. They kicked him out of the place, and said they did not want any such elect people there; and they treated him as he deserved to be treated. There are some men who can live in sin, and drink and swear, and yet say they are God's elect people. I heard one man say,—and he was a very bad living man,—"I know I am one of God's dear people." "So you are," I said, "dear at any price, either to be given or to be thrown away." He did not like my plain speaking, but it was true. We cannot be saved by or for our good works, neither can we be saved without good works. Christ never will save any of His people *in* their sins; He saves His people *from* their sins. If a man is not desiring to live a holy life in the sight of God, with the help of the Holy Spirit, he is still "in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity."

I understand you have very little of that error of doctrine in Ireland, but I fear you have something of its practice. Alas, that it should be so anywhere! Believe me, whatever else you are right in, if you are wrong in your *practice*, you are wholly wrong. By your fruits we must judge of you. If you bring forth the sour grapes of Sodom,

depend upon it you are a Sodomite. You are not of Eshcol if you bring not forth the fruits of Eshcol. The thing we want in these times is practical piety. I heard a man talking, the other day, about "*saving faith*." He was living in sin, and I could not make out what he meant. When, however, the collection was taken, and I noticed him carefully put his finger-nail round a threepenny piece for fear lest it should be a fourpenny, then I understood what *he* meant by "*saving faith*." But the idea of "*saving faith*" apart from good works, is just ridiculous. Jesus Christ saves His people *from* not *in* their sins. The saved man is not a perfect man; but his heart's desire is to become perfect, he is always panting after perfection, and the day will come when he will be perfected, after the image of his once crucified and now glorified Saviour, in knowledge and true holiness.

V. Lastly, HE SHALL SAVE HIS PEOPLE FROM FALLING INTO SIN SO AS TO PERISH ETERNALLY.

Those who are saved by Jesus are so saved that they can never be lost. They who are the children of God, are the children of God for ever. They are eternally dear to the heart of the Father, and accepted through the well-beloved Son. I never can understand how a man can be a child of God one day and a child of the devil the next. This I do know that, whatever my children may do, so long as they are alive, they will have a right to call me father, and I believe it will be utterly impossible for them by any means whatever to lose the rights of childhood. So, let a man be a child of God, and he is, he shall be, and he must be, everlastingly, a child of God, and an heir of the heavenly inheritance. Is God less loving than an earthly parent? I believe that God has more love in His heart than the fondest mothers have for their children; *they may forget*, but God will never forget His children. They shall be kept by His power through faith unto salvation. They shall hold on their way through flood or flame; they shall still be led through life; and they shall be safely guided through the iron gates of death; and at last they shall sing a loud triumphant song of hallelujah unto Him who hath loved them, and who hath borne them safely home. Jesus Christ does not half save His people, He saves them from their sins wholly, completely, entirely. They shall never perish, neither shall anyone pluck them out of their Saviour's hands.

Now, my hearers, having described the salvation of Jesus, I have to urge you to lay hold on Him, who is the sinner's only hope and refuge. Jesus Christ alone is the Saviour of His people from their sins. He alone can save. Am I this day addressing one man, or one woman, who is conscious of the weight of great guilt? Art thou saying, "I am too guilty to be forgiven, I have gone too far astray ever to find mercy"? Come, I beseech thee, and hear words of comfort. Jesus Christ is able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by Him. No sinner can be too great a sinner for the sovereign grace of God in Christ Jesus to save him. Christ Jesus is able to save the devil's castaways. There are people in the world that some persons would not touch with a pair of tongs, but Jesus Christ will take them to His heart. There are sinners so black, and so deep down in the

kennel of sin, that one would scarcely look at them, yet Jesus Christ will stretch forth His hand, and draw them up out of the horrible pit, and make them His children here and throughout eternity. Can any one of you say,—

"I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is my all in all"?

There is the whole gospel in those two lines; you must first feel that you are a poor sinner, and nothing at all, and then you must believe and take Jesus Christ as your all, and in all. May God give you grace that you may first feel your impotence, your helplessness, your nothingness, and may He then, by His Spirit, help you to lay hold on Christ Jesus, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life! Believe on our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who is the fulness of every empty sinner, and the life of every dead soul. He will for ever blot out all thy sins, and say unto thee, "Go, and sin no more." His name is called JESUS, for He is THE SAVIOUR, and He saves His people from their sins.

Covered "All the Day Long!"

(Suggested by the "Text Union" Motto for July 22nd.)

"The beloved of the LORD shall dwell in safety by Him; and the LORD shall cover him all the day long."—Deut. xxxiii. 12.

ALL the day long!" O blessed word!
Hear it, beloved of the Lord,
Thy faith is weak, the foe is strong,
But He shall keep thee all day long.

"All the day long!" While to and fro,
Earth's busy toilers come and go,
Quiet and calm thy rest shall be,
The Lord Himself shall cover thee.

"All the day long!" Yes, even so,
From dawn till evening's afterglow,
Resting securely on His Word,
Dwelling in safety by the Lord.

"All the day long" beneath His wing,
Untouched by any evil thing;
Covered and sheltered, saved and blest,
Safe as a bird within the nest.

"All the day long!" though wild and high,
The windy storm goes sweeping by;
The pledge of thy security,
This word,—The Lord shall cover thee.

Pastor Charles Spurgeon's Letters.

No. VIII.

"ACCORDING to promise," we now give an epitome of the final meetings held in Cape Town, a brief account of the voyage home, and a summary of our impressions of South Africa. Let these divisions, in true orthodox fashion, be the three heads of our discourse; and by way of introduction permit the writer to say how glad he is to be back again to home, Fatherland, and the Church at South Street, Greenwich, in health and strength. For journeying mercies both by land and sea, for generous hospitality, cordial greetings, and eager audiences, and for a Heavenly Father's care over loved ones during a seven months' absence, our heart goes out in deepest gratitude to our gracious God. The unmistakable evidence of His presence and blessing has proved most conclusively that our trip to South Africa was of His ordaining, and we have seen the good hand of the Lord in the matter throughout. If only to have escaped the rigours of the severe winter lately experienced, the sojourn under the summer skies of Cape Colony would be remembered with thankfulness; but when, in addition, health has been restored, and the cause of Christ strengthened, our joy is intensified, and our gratitude increased.

The fine weather recorded in our last letter unfortunately did not continue, and our meetings in CAPE TOWN materially suffered in consequence; yet we can report concerning them that they were well attended and successful. Our brother, Pastor E. Baker, had done his best to make the gatherings known, and the Sunday evening meetings, held in the Good Hope Hall, proved how effectually he had accomplished the work. Immense audiences filled this exceedingly well-arranged and appointed hall on both the Sunday nights during the mission, while the Baptist Chapel was crowded at the morning services. During the week, Bible readings and evangelistic meetings were held in the last-named place, and lectures were given in the Metropolitan Hall on three occasions. So large was the attendance to hear our talk on "London Life, or Street Characters," and to see the dissolving-views illustrative of the subject, that some hundreds could not gain admittance, so a third lecture was arranged. A visit was paid to the suburb of WYNBERG, where Pastor J. Russell is doing a good work, and an afternoon and evening service constituted our help to this church. It was our pleasure also to be able to speak on the occasion of foundation stones being laid in connection with the erection of a much-needed Mission Hall in a poor district of Cape Town, as well as to give an address to soldiers at their Institute on one Sunday afternoon. We must not forget to mention also the special gathering convened on behalf of the "C. H. S. Cot Fund" for the King Williamstown Orphan Home, when a large number of children assembled in the Wesleyan Church, and subscribed their quota to this worthy object.

An invitation to the usual ministers' breakfast was heartily accepted, and we had an opportunity of meeting with those who, some six months back, had given us a welcome to South Africa. The day

previous to our departure thus commenced well, and when we found ourselves under the hospitable roof of J. Brodie, Esq., at Newlands, and in company with Captain Hay, of the good ship *Dunottar Castle*, we felt that we were indeed in pleasant places. Under such congenial influences, it was somewhat difficult to leave; but a farewell meeting had been arranged, and we were to bid "good-bye" to our friends in the same hall where the hearty welcome had been accorded us. The Wicht Zaal presented an attractive appearance, being gaily decorated with beautiful flowers, and the tables set with bountiful provisions for the "Farewell Tea." A goodly number gathered to the feast, and the attendance was largely increased by the time the public meeting, under the presidency of Sir David Tennant, Speaker of the House, commenced.

Once again, representatives of all denominations testified of our unity in Christ, and expressed their fraternal sympathy. The writer gave a brief *résumé* of his mission throughout the Colony, and gratefully acknowledged the kindness shown him on all hands, basing his remarks upon the words, "And when we had taken our leave one of another, we took ship, and returned home again." Many were the hand-shakes we received, and numerous the kind expressions we heard, ere we left the hall, most of which were repeated on the following day, when quite a bevy of friends came down to the docks to bid us "Farewell." Even after sailing, it was pleasant to find a handful of telegrams on the saloon table awaiting us, all conveying "Good-bye" wishes from friends in different parts of the Colony.

The homeward voyage, commenced under such favourable auspices, was destined to be a pleasant one throughout, and the trip was very enjoyable. The voyager felt quite at home on board the *Dunottar Castle*, and under the genial commandership of Captain William Hay, from whom we received every attention; and with the general courtesy and kindness of all the officers on board, the time passed most pleasantly. The weather, to a good sailor, was on its best behaviour; and we must note the fact that the very finest day, in every respect, was spent in crossing the much-maligned Bay of Biscay. This reminds us of the testimony borne by a fellow-traveller, who had sailed over these waters more than a score of times, and had never yet encountered anything approaching a storm. We verily believe that, as a rule, in the voyage of life, the evils are magnified and multiplied, while the blessings are full oft forgotten. Would it not be better for us to recount the smooth passages rather than dwell upon tossing times and stormy seasons? "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness!"

One of the brightest experiences of the voyage was the happy Sunday evening service held on deck. According to the custom on board ocean-going steamers, the Church of England service was conducted in the morning by the captain, the lessons being read on each occasion by a Baptist minister. This last-named individual, however, had the privilege to respond to the invitation to preach at night. After due consultation with the captain, it was arranged that the after main hatch should form the rostrum, and the deck around the area of our sanctuary, while above, a gallery capable of accommodating a

large number of both first and second-class passengers was formed by the bridges connecting the promenades appropriated to each section of the ship's passengers. Clusters of electric lights had been wisely and well suspended above, and the seats comfortably arranged beneath the sheltering awnings, so that our chapel was very cosy and convenient. The services of a good cornet-player, a member of the ship's band, greatly helped in the praise portion of the worship, and once again the preacher was thankful that he possessed a strong voice, so that the gospel penetrated down the gangways, where stood a great number of the sailors, stewards, firemen, and third-class passengers.

The attention and interest in this Nonconformist exposition of divine worship were very marked, and one rejoiced in seeing all sorts and conditions of men present, listening to the proclamation of the "truth as it is in Jesus." The theme was one calculated to attract the hearers, for the speaker sought to utilize a common pastime now in vogue with tourists by sea and land, and amateur photography became illustrative of Scriptural verities. At the close of the service, a collection was taken on behalf of the "Dreadnought Hospital for Seamen of all Nations", and a Greenwich charity was thus aided to the extent of over nine pounds. We trust some lasting and spiritual profit also accrued, and that eternity will reveal that at least some became enamoured of the Christ we sought to portray, and by His grace are seeking to live like Him.

The only port of call on the homeward voyage, after leaving Cape Town, is Funchal, at Madeira; this was reached very late at night, so that a visit to the shore was undesirable. After coaling operations had been completed, in the small hours of the morning we steamed away for Plymouth, where we arrived on Friday morning, June 28th, amid a dreary downpour of rain, and all the disagreeables of a true English wet day. The trial of our patience was hard to suffer, but brave endurance, stimulated by thoughts of nearing home, overcame any inclination to grumble at the delay caused by the examination of our luggage by the Custom House authorities, and at two o'clock our special express steamed away for London town.

What a welcome awaited us at Paddington! A large number of old Greenwich friends were there, and soon made their presence known as, spying their late Pastor, they gave three lusty cheers, and amid enthusiastic demonstrations escorted him to a carriage wherein he found Mrs. Charles Spurgeon. Willing hands soon made light work of lifting the traveller's *impedimenta* on to the conveyance, and he drove off amid a perfect ovation, much to the surprise and evident enjoyment of the crowd gathered in the station. Another greeting equally cordial was given upon arrival at "Haddon," and the quiet of Dartmouth Row was for the nonce disturbed by the hurrahs of those glad to see the *voyageur* safely home. We must shut the front door, now that the public welcome is past, and the baggage stowed away in the hall for the time being. The home reception may be imagined by our readers; suffice it to say, our first pleasure, as a family, was to give thanks to our Heavenly Father for re-uniting us in health and happiness.

An interviewer was the first visitor the day after our arrival, and to

him we gave our impressions of South Africa. They were to this effect, that commercially there is a very prosperous future for the Colony, and the country affords ample scope for business enterprise. Socially, it is to be highly commended, for colonists are "given to hospitality," and seem glad to "entertain strangers." The religious life is not a whit behind that found in the old land, although the privileges and advantages are by no means so manifold as at home. The climate is superior in many respects to our own, but we found the excessive and sudden changes a very trying element.

We have been so far pleased with our visit that a second tour at some distant date would be enjoyed; but at present we are glad to stay at home, and once again minister to a people much-beloved at South Street, Greenwich. The kindly reception given to his letters encourages the writer to ask for the prayers of all his readers, that God may glorify Himself by His servant's future labours.

"Those Charming Bells."

THE DIGEST OF A THURSDAY EVENING DISCOURSE, BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

"I forgave thee all that debt."—Matt. xviii. 32.

ONE of our poets has sweetly sung of the village chimes,—

"Those evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!"

Music sweeter and more soothing than that which the evening breeze brought to the poet's ear has been ringing lately from the belfry of our text, and making melody in my happy heart. The Lord Himself has been the bell-ringer, as for a day and half a day these glad, glad words have resounded through my soul, "*I forgave thee—I forgave thee—all that debt—all that debt.*" Oh, that I could make you hear them, too! Wilt Thou not open our ears, good Lord, that this carillon of grace may reach all hearts? Listen! Listen! to "Free Grace and Dying Love"—"those charming bells"—while they bring back the past, and awaken sweetest gratitude: "*I forgave thee all that debt.*"

I. Let me speak of THE MEMORIES THESE CHIMES MUST STIR.

The faintest sound of them takes us back to *the time when we were utterly careless and unconcerned.* What cared we for God, and Christ, and heaven? We knew not that we were in debt at all. We persisted in crying out, "All's well!" though we might have heard the breakers ahead. We were content with the world's pleasures, and satisfied with sin.

"And on we walked in darkness,
And still we thought it light."

Nor can we hear these blessed bells without remembering *the time of reckoning*, and how unexpectedly it came. Sickness seized us, and

brought us face to face with dread realities. Or was it some bereavement, my brother, that wrought in you the first qualms of conscience, and proved as a king's sheriff saying, "Pay me that thou owest"? Have you forgotten how you tried to get rid of the unwelcome impressions, and to stifle conviction? You tried in vain, for it was with you as with the servant in our parable, the king "*would* take account of his servants." Do what *you* would, He *would* call you to book, and take you to task. The ringing bells bring back to us the occasion of our arraignment and conviction.

They speak not less plainly of *the enormous debt we owed*, and of how we felt its awful weight. The Spirit of God showed us how we really stood. He gave us a glance at our actual position. Ten thousand talents indicate an indefinite and immeasurable amount. Two millions sterling is not too huge a sum to illustrate our indebtedness. What a long black list of liabilities was presented to us! God's search-light showed us sin where we least suspected it.

"Sins against a holy God;
Sins against His righteous laws;
Sins against His love, His blood;
Sins against His name and cause;
Sins immense as is the sea—
Hide me, O Gethsemane!"

How can we forget it? So long, at least, as that deep-toned bell is pealing, we must vividly recall it,—"*all THAT debt—all THAT debt.*"

Nor have we allowed to slip *the sense of absolute impotence* that seized us. We discovered that we "*had not to pay.*" Our funds were at their lowest ebb: our resources were exhausted. How could we meet our obligations with such an impoverished exchequer? Nor could we hope to raise the money, for our neighbours were as poverty-stricken as ourselves. We swept each room in hope of finding a silver piece, we turned our pockets inside out lest a coin should be hidden in a corner; but all in vain. Hopeless bankruptcy stared us in the face. Ring on, sweet bells, for it is well for us to be put in mind of how poor we used to be!

Surely you have not forgotten—can you ever forget it?—*the sentence that was pronounced* upon you. In the Scripture story, the king commanded the debtor to be sold, and his wife, and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made. It seemed to us that we were condemned already, and our dear ones appeared to be involved in the common ruin. All was lost. We had come to Mount Sinai, and it was altogether on a smoke. The ground trembled beneath our feet, but not so much as we did who tried to stand upon it. How the law thundered! We heard the voice of God, and that a mighty voice. The death-knell sounded in our ears. Different as their music is, these bells remind us of those. Oh, happy contrast! The iron tongues and brazen throats have given place to the golden bells and pomegranates upon the ephod of our great High Priest!

There followed a season of *humiliation and contrition*. "*The servant therefore fell down, and worshipped him.*" Then was the turning of the tide, and the dawning of the day. The time of the singing of birds was well-nigh come. Riven was the rocky heart. Streams

gushed from the flint. The proud will was broken. At the King's feet we fell, confessing all; and He was merciful! The ancients fancied that there were certain lions that would not rend the prostrate prey. This was probably mere myth; but we discovered beyond a doubt that the Lion of the tribe of Judah has only mercy for the miserable, and only pardon for the penitent. Cease not your chiming, merry bells! Call back the time of tears, and the wiping of them from our eyes!

We must not fail to remember, though we may well wish it forgotten, *how our self-righteousness asserted itself*. "Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all." So we, even in the midst of our contrition, said. Did the devil tempt us, or was it our horrid pride that prompted us to fancy for a moment that we were foolish to give in, and weak to yield? What made us suddenly resolve that we would go about to establish our own righteousness, and make a desperate effort to meet our liabilities? What made us venture to attempt the impossible? 'Twas well the King knew better, and did not take us at our word.

Hugh Miller was once employed in a bank. He tells that he had opportunity of judging of the financial soundness, or otherwise, of most of the residents in the country side. He was nearly always right in his prophecies of failure, and nearly always wrong as to the probable date of the disaster. He had not reckoned the frantic efforts at the last, efforts which often involved others in the ruin. He could tell when So-and-so would be really insolvent, but the actual catastrophe was usually staved off. So, even when we had been brought to our knees, we would have risen to make another vain attempt at self-salvation had not our Royal Creditor held us down. Oh, how vividly it all recurs to us through the pealing of these bells!

The next event can never, never fade from our memories. *The King's compassion* lives in our grateful hearts. "Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion." The frown relaxed. When we thought that He might smite, we only saw Him smile. We had asked for patience, but He gave us pardon. Full well He knew that paying all was quite impossible. There were but two alternatives,—prison and pardon. His grace inclined Him to the latter. Then He gave us *full release*: "He loosed him." With a touch, He snapped our fetters. With a look, He melted our bonds. The jailors retired without their prisoners. "Loose him, and let him go," our great Deliverer said. Then were we free indeed. Then He spake His pardon into our happy hearts, even as it is written, "He forgave him the debt." Moreover, one of His shining ones gave us the roll which proved our sins forgiven. What joy was ours when He said, "Thy sins which are many are all forgiven"! How we leaped and danced! How different earth and air and sea appeared to us! How different *we* were! The very memory of it makes us leap again.

"Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour, and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad!"

Ring out, glad chimes; ring more loudly, and more loudly yet, till the belfry rocks again! Here, let *me* have the ropes, that I may

peal forth my own ecstatic joy! "*I forgave thee! I forgave thee! All that debt! All that debt!*" What soothing and inspiring strains are these! Fain would we hear them all of every day.

II. There are SPECIAL SEASONS WHEN IT WOULD BE WELL TO HEAR THESE BELLS. One of Mr. Stanley's wedding presents was said to be a phonograph containing, amongst others, a cylinder on which were recorded the peals that rang out from Westminster on the day of his nuptials. If this be so, he has but to insert the cylinder, and set the clock-work going, to hear the marriage music. And we may be assured of our eternal union with our Lord just when we will. These bells are always ready to ring. The key of faith soon sets the wheels revolving, and the music sounding. Like a musical album, the opening of which starts the tinkling tune, so does the Book of books respond with loveliest minstrelsy to those who open it aright.

Fain would I hear this chime *when about to work for God*. Oh, if we could but get our hearts full of "*I forgave thee all that debt,*" just ere we stand in the pulpit, or at the desk, how forceful our words would be! They only who vividly realize their own pardon can proclaim the forgiveness of the Lord.

Let us listen for the pealing *when we are disinclined to forgive others*. For this purpose was the parable spoken. "Shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee?" The true spirit of forgiveness does not count the times it exercises itself. It knows little of figures and numbers. To it, "seventy times seven" means an unlimited number. The King gives us not only forgiveness, but a forgiving heart. Lord, when prejudices assert themselves, and outraged feelings cry loudly for revenge, help me to step out into the fresh pure air to listen to the bells, "*I forgave thee—all that debt.*" Then, surely, I can from my heart forgive my brother.

Would it not be well for you to hear those words again, *you who are inclined to trouble about past sin*? There are no ghosts so terrifying as the ghosts of former guilt; but this melody can "lay" them,—"*I forgave thee.*" "*I forgave thee.*" What if you cannot forgive yourself? What if there be some who rake up the evil of the days of long ago? What if Satan casts the same in your teeth? Fear not, neither be dismayed, for on the evening air this dulcet music echoes, "*I forgave thee, I forgave thee.*"

Or are you doubtful *as to entire acceptance*? Do you dream that the cancel is not complete? It is. It is. The bells say, "*All, all, ALL that debt,*"—the shillings as well as the pounds, and the pence as surely as the shillings!

"My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!

My sin—not in part, but the whole,

Is nailed to His cross; and I bear it no more:

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!"

God forgets when He forgives. One has said that he who forgives but does not forget is like unto those who sweep a chamber but leave the dust behind the door. When God takes the besom of blessing in His hand, He makes a *clean sweep*, and the dust, every atom of it, goes out into the highway.

For myself, I want to hear these bells *when I am tempted to sin again*. When my hand is being stretched out to iniquity, a single stroke from yonder belfry will suffice to check me; and, drawing back, I shall exclaim, "How shall I (I who have been so much forgiven) do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" I dare not run up a fresh score. I hear my King saying to me, "I forgave thee all *that* debt." Shall I sin, then, that grace may abound? God forbid!

But *if betrayed into sin*, or overtaken in a fault, I shall have still greater cause to welcome this minstrelsy of mercy. Ah, Lord! I have gone astray like a lost sheep, but Thou art seeking Thy servant. From the steeples of the skies Thy bells are sounding, and they seem to say, not only, "I forgave thee all *that* debt," but, "I'll forgive thee all *this* debt" as well.

One other wish is mine. Oh, that *some who have never been forgiven yet* might come within the range of these celestial notes! Dost thou desire pardon, O my hearer? Then have I great hope of thee. That desire, surely, came from God; and He who gave the appetite will certainly provide the meal. The king said to his servant, "I forgave thee . . . *because thou desiredst me*." Let thy desires express themselves in penitential prayer, and, above all, in appropriating faith. The bells are ringing *for thee also*. "Hear, and thy soul shall live." Go home with this merry music rejoicing thy heart,—*"I forgive thee—all thy debt—as thou desiredst Me."*

"Thy many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus!
Go on thy way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus."

A Veteran's Dying Testimony.

THE Reverend John Thorowgood, of Bocking, in Essex, died in the year 1801. When, within a short period of his decease, a friend was conversing with him concerning the influence of divine truth on his mind, he replied:—"I have made the investigation of truth the grand business of my life, and am fully persuaded of the truth of the gospel. I know that I deserve destruction as a sinner, but rely with confidence on the divine mercy as displayed through Jesus Christ. My heart is full with what I wish to say to my people should I ever again address them." Soon after, he added, with great emphasis, "I am as happy as a man can be." On its being said that nothing but the truths of which he had been speaking could support a person in such a situation, Mr. Thorowgood answered:—"Ah! sir, *nothing but these things ought to satisfy a person before he comes to this situation.*"—*The Evangelical Magazine*, 1802.

“ Our Own Men ” and their Work.

XXI.—PASTOR CHARLES WELTON, MORLEY, YORKSHIRE.

VISITORS to our cathedrals are sometimes taken to obscure corners, and dim recesses, where they are shown the most exquisite carving and beautifully-finished work. The workmen evidently cherished a high sense of the glory of their services, for in these out-of-the-way places they put forth their best skill, and they left behind abiding memorials of their genius. So, from the Pastors' College, there have gone noble and devoted men, who, in quiet villages and small towns, have done a grand work for God. Heroes are not only found on battle-fields, or in the ranks of literature and art; they are found in the Christian Church, amongst foreign missionaries, and amongst the ministers of our land. Such a spiritual hero is CHARLES WELTON, who is now pastor of the Baptist Church, Morley, Yorkshire.



[From a Photo by Blackburn & Co., South Queen Street, Morley.]

He was born at Eye, an ancient borough in Suffolk, on September 22nd, 1843. A sermon preached by Dr. Jabez Burns was the means

of bringing him to a saving knowledge of Christ in 1859. As Saul, when the scales fell from his eyes, was baptized straightway, so our brother was baptized, and joined the church at Eye under the pastoral care of Rev. W. Lloyd. The zeal of the young convert early displayed itself, for he had no sooner publicly identified himself with God's people than he became teacher to a class of lads in the Sunday-school. At the annual church and congregational tea, in 1861, he was induced to speak for his Master; and his words were blest of God to the decision of the tradesman to whom he was apprenticed. Growing years and larger knowledge brought increasing zeal; and the villages around Eye engaged our brother's attention, and became the sphere of earnest, self-denying toil. In connection with a town missionary, he visited from house to house, preached the gospel on village greens, and in humble cottages, and had the great joy of seeing many souls won to Christ. During these months he followed Paul's advice to Timothy, and "gave attention to reading," devoting every spare hour to hard study, under the direction and with the assistance of Dr. George Roper, of Diss.

Labouring for Christ with such signal success, friends were extremely anxious that Mr. Welton should devote himself to the work of the ministry. In a few months, a way was opened for him to enter the Pastors' College, and in 1866 he was enrolled amongst the students of that institution. The ability acquired by previous toil soon brought our brother to the front, and in a short time he was invited by the church at Shooter's Hill to become its student-pastor. The membership was more than doubled in twelve months, a site was secured for a new chapel, and upwards of £500 was raised towards the building. When Mr. Welton resigned, in November, 1867, a valedictory service was held, and a number of valuable books were presented to him with many expressions of sympathy and regard. In November of the same year, our brother entered upon the pastorate of the church at Thetford in Norfolk. The church was in a low state, and burdened with a heavy debt. In many ways the outlook was dark and depressing; but it was felt that, if anyone in the College could help the church at Thetford, Mr. Welton was the man. So, with words of good cheer from the beloved President and the tutors, our brother undertook the work. The settlement was a most happy and prosperous one. Signs of divine blessing quickly appeared, congregations increased, conversions followed, village work was pressed forward with vigour, and the church gained hopefulness, and increased in strength. A correspondent to *The Norwich Argus* of those times noticed the activity amongst the Baptists, and wrote the following waggish lines:—"THETFORD. Things dull except among the brewers and Baptists, who seem to be doing a brisk business."

After five and a half years of labour, Mr. Welton's health (never very robust) gave way, and he was obliged to seek a change of sphere. The church was left free from debt, augmented in numbers, and united in spirit. As an expression of sympathy and gratitude, the friends presented a purse of gold to the retiring pastor, and a writing-desk to his beloved and helpful wife.

In June, 1873, our brother began his work at Driffield, Yorkshire.

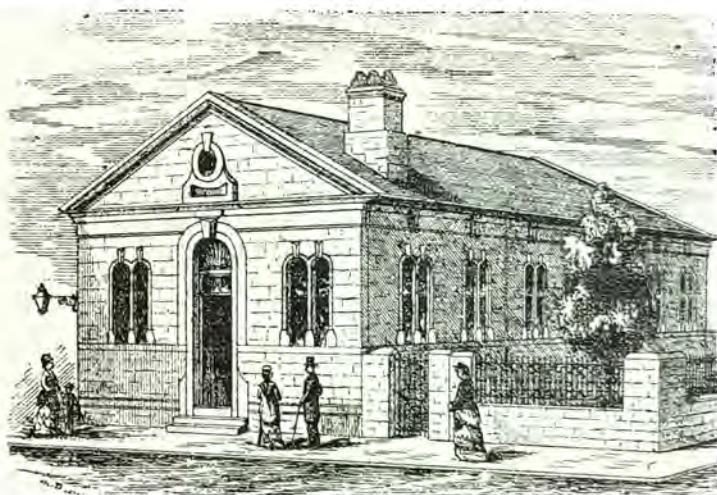
The cause was feeble, with a chequered history. Good and true men had laboured there with but small success. Discouragement weighed heavily on the hearts of the few who still met together; but the pastor was hopeful, for he felt that God was with him. In the village of Cranswick, about three miles from Driffeld, there had been a preaching station and chapel for many years; but the chapel had passed from the hands of the denomination, and its future seemed uncertain. This chapel was hired by the church at Driffeld, and our brother undertook to preach there every Sunday afternoon. The work greatly prospered; congregations increased, a Children's Service, conducted by the pastor during the winter months, was largely attended, a village library was opened, gospel tracts were disseminated, and visits paid from house to house. A new chapel became necessary; and in 1880, it was built and opened,—a bright, comfortable, village chapel, now free from debt.

In the meantime, the church at Driffeld, by selling some old cottages which belonged to it, started a fund with which to build a minister's house. In the course of time, a most suitable manse was erected, and almost all the money raised. In 1884, it was found necessary to restore the chapel at Driffeld, and to enlarge the school premises; the cost of these alterations was nearly £700. An attractive-looking, comfortable chapel took the place of the old one, and was opened in October, 1884, when sermons were preached by Pastor W. Cuff, of London, and the present writer. At the closing service, the cheering sum of £525 was found to have been collected. The Loan Society of the Yorkshire Association advanced £150, to be paid back at ten per cent. per annum free of interest, so the church was left without any cumbersome liability. In 1888, Mr. Welton resigned his charge. At the farewell meeting, he was presented with an illuminated address, and three purses of gold, one from the church and congregation of Driffeld, another from the people of Cranswick, to which the vicar of the parish contributed, and a third from the Baptist churches of the district; whilst Mrs. Welton was presented with an address, and a silver-plated tea service.

In January, 1889, our brother commenced his work at Morley in the West Riding. Morley is a thriving manufacturing town. It has grown rapidly, and numbers over 20,000 people. Shrewd, keen, energetic, full of enterprise, the Morley people have made their town famous by their commercial and political activity. Here, Mr. Welton is doing a noble work. The Baptist cause is reaching forward to enlargement and strength. Our brother brings to his work a rich and varied experience, and large intellectual and spiritual force. Clear-minded, widely read, of strong sagacious judgment, a skilful organizer, a ready speaker, with a humour kindly and gentle, a firm grasp of truth, and whole-hearted consecration to the gospel of Christ, the pastor is specially adapted to his place and people. There are 129 church-members, 370 Sunday-scholars, and they crowd out the only building they have to worship in. Friends may judge for themselves the discomfort experienced by the workers when they read that *one class of young men gathers for spiritual instruction in the cellar of the heating apparatus*, no other place being available.

Mr. Welton is a loyal Baptist, and has distinguished himself, and rendered valuable service to Nonconformity by the way he has defended and advanced New Testament principles against State Church propagandists. An indefatigable worker, he visits amongst the people, and leaves no effort untried to bring them the truths and comforts and blessings of God. He issues a small monthly, which contains a gospel message and helpful notes.

The success of the work makes it imperative to advance. A new chapel and class-rooms are urgently needed. The people have for several years contributed in a most self-sacrificing manner toward this object; the case is strongly recommended by the Yorkshire Association and by all the ministers of the Free Churches in the town. A most eligible site has been obtained, and about £1,000 in cash and promises towards the building. The estimated outlay is nearly £3,000, so that there is yet a large sum to be raised. Thankful indeed will our Morley



MORLEY BAPTIST TABERNACLE.

friends be for the smallest help any of the numerous readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* may be able to render them. Lovers of the Lord Jesus are asked to help a pastor and a people who are working nobly in the Master's service.

This brief sketch would be incomplete if no mention were made of Mrs. Welton, who joins her husband in self-sacrificing service. Her Mothers' Meeting is a well-known institution in Morley. Cheerful, zealous, generous, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, she labours with her husband for the conversion of souls. May God sustain our brother and sister, and graciously incline the hearts of many to show their practical sympathy in the work that is thrust upon them by the very success of their labours! Contributions will be gratefully received by Pastor C. Welton, Church Street, or Mr. W. Wilson, Charles Street, Morley, Yorkshire.

J. KITCHENER.

The March of the Months.

No. IX.

"Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness; and Thy paths drop fatness."—Psalm lxx. 11.

NOW we enter on the dreamy days of ripe September. Ripe corn, cut, carted, and housed ere the Equinox. Ripe fruits, plums, pears, apples, and, nowadays, tomatoes and grapes, within the buying power of the many. The vegetables in the kitchen-gardens are ready for gathering and storing; the cottager's face glowing with pride as he shows big-globed onions, with roots of carrot and parsnip to match. Nor will his satisfaction lessen if he lifts his potatoes, and finds them free from the dread disease. If an amateur like myself may suggest a remark on potato lifting, it is this,—Do not leave your ripe crop in the ground after heavy rains. Dig ere the rains come. The dry weather may not increase the bulk of the crop, but a dry soil will keep the tubers healthy; whereas a warm wet soil is sure to breed the parasite, which causes potato blight. If, then, a nearly ripe crop be left even a week in soaked warm ground, rot may do great damage. I just give the result of long observation for what it may be worth.

Soon the sowing will begin for another year's harvest. How varied are the features of the husbandman's work! Scattering the seed, hoeing, and reaping; exposing the soil to the sun and wind; ploughing deep to get rid of old roots and weeds; changing crops; letting the land rest; putting more into the ground than came out of it,—such are some of the constantly overlapping duties of the tiller of the soil. And he who serves the great Lord of the harvest will see in this catalogue of labours much which corresponds to his own, as he ploughs and sows, harrows, weeds, and reaps for God in the field of the world. The farmer is in low spirits enough. From the countryside comes the "woeful cry" of "Agricultural Depression." It has been said that plenty of work is a good cure for "the blues." The farmers will tell you that, what with swine fever, too much rain or too little, and low prices, his "blues" have become chronic; for it is as difficult to turn over a profit as it is to turn in bed with the rheumatism! However much reason our worthy friend may have for his complainings, this may be said for the encouragement of those who work in the gospel field,—that the Lord has guaranteed *them* a profit. Many Scriptures might be quoted to prove this. "Study to show thyself approved unto God;" faithfully labour on the lines of the divine example, then it shall come to pass that, whether as a sower, or a reaper, or both, there shall be a time of rejoicing, for "in due season" they who grow not weary in well-doing "*shall reap.*" So saith "the Faithful and True Witness." Let us all believe it; and thus inspired,—

"Let us do with our might what our hands find to do."

But to return to my farming friends. They do not get half the pity they deserve because they look so well. I would not quip and gibe, for many a time and oft have kindnesses dropped from their hands on the poor writer; but I should like to know one thing. In *Alice in*

Wonderland, Young William asks Old William the question, "What makes you so awfully clever?" And I should like to ask some of the dear old fellows I know in the country, "What makes you look so awfully jolly?" At one time I had a neighbour, a splendidly beaming man, "ruddy and of fair countenance," yet he had a melancholy tone about him, for he was a farmer. He was a grand old deacon, he could sing, pray, and do anything; but when I used to venture mildly to congratulate him on his well-kept countenance, he would answer, "Ah, there's no good going by looks! The times are enough to take all the colour out of you." But my friend kept radiant through all the changing seasons. Surely the fresh air must have the credit. Hurrah, then, for fresh air, which, of course, is "enough to put the souls of three butchers into one weaver!"

I remember, on a hot afternoon in the late summer, passing along a country road. Someone greeted me from aloft, and looking up, I saw my aforesaid friend lying along the thatch of one of his new ricks. He was alone; his burly figure showed a wonderful capaciousness of white shirt; under his straw hat, and down his neck, hung a large red handkerchief. He looked a droll figure. It was evident that he had come on the quiet to alter something, or to make the rick more secure. "Putting the roof right," I asked. "Yes," he replied, "it's no use building up from the bottom, and then finishing badly. Some folk reap the corn well enough, but they don't know how to keep it from the weather." I suggested that his remark could be spiritually applied. "Yes," he called out, "some parsons lose a good deal of corn for want of a little thatch." "I suppose you mean they do not know how to keep the church when they have got it." "That's what I do mean," he replied, "but some men have such a thin thatch on their own head that you cannot expect them to know how to roof in other people's." This last remark seemed to tickle the burly fellow's fancy so much that he held on to the rick to save himself a fall while laughing. I joined in his fun, and then, as I walked away, he shouted after me to "mind the thatch."

During August and September, our country friends have enough to do in the fields. The town markets are thinly attended, and the hum that comes up from the unusually quiet street is more subdued. These are the weeks when the vast reaches of corn land in the Fens are reaped. No grander sight within the limits of our wave-washed shores can greet the eye than the Fen country in summer. Stand on one of its few hills, and the summit may be to you a little Pisgah, while all around lies a Land of Promise. There is such a hill close by Haddenham, in the Isle of Ely. More than once have I stood there, and viewed the landscape o'er, till the pinnacles of that exquisite piece of architecture, King's College Chapel, Cambridge, have flickered faintly on the hazy horizon, fifteen miles away. From the top of Haddenham Mills, Peterborough Cathedral can be seen on a clear day. Much nearer, the grand pile of Ely towers aloft, a landmark all round the Fens, a giant sentinel keeping guard over the level land. I have stood in the manse garden adjoining the Haddenham meeting-house, and looked over the wall which parts the garden from the graves. The view is shut off to the right by trees and rising ground; but in front,

and bearing to the left, away and yet away, miles of country open up, dotted with the villages and towns of Huntingdon.

The story of the Fens is a wonderful recitation, having for its heading one great word,—Reclamation. I have read many histories, with page after page taken up with deeds of blood; but, as Milton sang,—

“Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war;”

and one of the grandest in the annals of Britain has been the way in which the waste of the Wash, the wilderness of stream and marsh, has been turned into a fruitful land. Visit it in summer, when the long deep gardens, sloping to some raised ditch-bank, are filled with ripe gooseberries, raspberries, and currants; and then somewhat later, when pears, which melt in the mouth, will be given to the favoured visitor, without any insinuation on his part that “it is a hot day.” Go to such gardens through open fields of golden corn, beeladen clover, verdant vetches, orange mangold with dark green-glazed head-dresses, or, in moist seasons, white turnips, with corporations like the aproned cocks in a London restaurant,—go through such fields, I say, and you will not need the imagination of a Poet Laureate to comprehend that there has been a mighty change from the time when the North Sea tide left its salt lagoons where the bittern swept its flight across—

“The wide-winged sunset of the misty marsh.”

The men of the Fens are a sturdy race, Puritanic still as to their names. You will come across Zadoks, Nathans, Davids, Rachels, and Keturahs. A Bible people, not ashamed to call their children by names which were in vogue in the district when its men furnished the picked regiments of the army of the Parliament. Ironsides they were in those days, and to-day there are many left, as true to the faith, as sturdy in the expression of their opinions, as grimly humorous as of yore. A worthy of the Isle of Ely watched a mason from one of the towns carving strange faces in the aisle of the village church. “That looks like the face of the devil,” said the spectator. “Where did you get your model?” “In the church,” was the laconic answer.

From the Fens to the ozone-laden breezes of the German Ocean is no great journey. The contrast, however, should be made between the city on a close day and the life-giving waters. But I have no space left. Yet “The March of the Months” would be incomplete if we did not take one look from the shore across “the swelling flood.” The blue waters, borrowing their hue from the azure sky; the crisp air, with an awakening tonic in it, calculated to stir the pulses of the jaded; the soothing break of the waves upon the beach; the rhythm of the surge; the “sea of glass mingled with fire,” where the sun walks upon the waters; the sails of smacks and yachts putting on wonderful colour shadows; the far-away blending of sky and sea,—heaven, as it were, stooping to hear what the waves are saying;—such is the sight from the shore in summer; and who ever tires of the beauty?

September wanes. The harvest moon is a crescent, bending forwards on the morning sky. The nights are chill. The mist creeps up from the river. The trees turn brown, and the leaves drop on still days, not in showers, but one now and then, as flakes of snow before a fall. Who is it comes like the Steward of the King of kings? His name is Autumn. He winds up the affairs of the year, and hands over the keys to Winter as Nature's caretaker. The Steward of the Great God will come to all of us. Shall we be found to have been faithful through the bright season of opportunity? Shall we have brought forth fruit, or will our summer have been "nothing but leaves"? Surely, we shall not be among those who cry, after so much mercy, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

H. T. S.

Religion, All or Nothing.

WRITTEN IN 1853, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE great William Dawson had a quaint way of expressing what a Christian should be when he said, "A Christian is a one-eyed man." No doubt in this he caught the expression of our blessed Lord when He spoke of a single eye, and embodied the sentiment of the devoted Paul, when he exhorts us, "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

In all the greatest contests of principles which agitate nations, men know well that they must take either one side or the other; should a man try to be both a protectionist and a free trader, he would be of no use to either party, and would be but little respected by any. Men love decision; the world scorns the weathercock man who turns as the wind shifts its quarter,—now a Church-goer, and soon a Dissenter, sometimes a Baptist, at others a Methodist, turning round just as the ring of his companions may choose to dance. The world in all questions, whether political or religious, must ever admire decision for one thing or the other.

So also in the more sublime and essential points of dispute the cry is ever echoing, "If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him." "No man can serve two masters." "He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after Me, is not worthy of Me." "He that loveth father or mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me." Make religion all or nothing; give it the best seat at table or else invite it not to your house.

Alas, how much some men do to effect a union with God by profession and with the world by carnality! But all in vain, God will sign no truce with the devil; though Satan is ever ready to yield some ground, God will not be easy so long as Satan has an inch his own. If a man be a Christian, he must be an out-and-out Christian; let him not try to drive on the edge of the precipice, or walk barely on the right side of the line of separation. Mark Antony is said to have yoked two lions to his chariot which they drew through the

streets of Rome, but a thousand Mark Antonies could not bring the Lion of the tribe of Judah and the lion of the pit into companionship for a moment. It was a barbarous death an ancient king inflicted on a traitor who sided with contrary parties in war,—he tied his legs and arms to horses, and then placing them at the turning of the road, he ordered one set of horses to be driven one way, and one set another way, so that the wretch was dragged hither and thither piecemeal. But do not some professors serve their religion in the same way? Their hearts are dragged to piecemeal by the contrary forces of the world, sin, time, eternity, God, and mammon. It is deadly work to attempt to put one's self into such a position; yet many voluntarily strap the cords themselves, and are executioners to their own souls.

A drunken man, when befooled with liquor, may be silly enough to try to walk on both sides of the street; but who in his sober senses would attempt it? Just as absurd is it to walk on both sides as to religion. I have walked on one side of a road and the sun has thrown my shadow on the other, but the solid reality remained only and entirely on one side; and I would ask, do not many walk with the whole weight of their power and the whole mass of their energies on the world's side, while God gets nothing but a mere shadow, a form, a profession?

It is an impossibility for a man to be both dead and alive. When the ocean shall cradle fire, and waves shall be fuel to the flame, when the devouring element shall kiss the liquid water, then—nay, not even then shall the world cease to be a foe to grace, nor shall sin and holiness meet peacefully in one breast. The love of this world is enmity against God. In any of its million shapes it is still the same monster, and must not for a moment gain a lodging with us. If men professing religion did but keep this constantly in view, we should not so often have to complain of lukewarmness and inconsistency. Those who now find it almost impossible to attend prayer-meetings and week-night services would soon say, "Business must not drive religion to the wall, but we must ever make business weaker than religion, and let the shop be deserted rather than the closet or the meeting-house." Many men who cannot see their way clear for performing acts of charity and piety would see much better if they had only one eye, or if they were not cross-eyed to their own disfigurement. If God were sole Monarch of every professor's heart, there would soon be a change in the earth, and the Eternal would have entire dominion over the universe. These half-men are the greatest clogs that ever Christ's Church had put on the wheels of her chariot.

O brethren, let us be whole-hearted, for Jesus is, and our heavenly Father is, and the Spirit is! Did not Jesus spend His whole life in His Father's business, which is ours, too? Yea, is He not still living to secure His great object, our salvation? Did not the Father give up all for us, and does He not steadily keep to one purpose? Has the Holy Spirit divided aims and ends? Does He not still remain the great Author of good, only good, and that continually? Brethren, be imitators of God as dear children, and especially in a constant oneness of aim. Be thorough Christians, through God's grace. Amen.

Some Converted Soldiers.

MANY brave men, who have been ready to face any amount of danger, or to risk death on the field of battle, have found it very difficult to go through that still harder and more honourable service of making a good Christian confession, in all weathers, and under all skies, before their fellows in every-day life. It is perseverance in such service as this which constitutes a good soldier of Jesus Christ; and no one who understands the Bible, or has had aught of Christian experience, will presume to think that it is an easy thing.

The soldiers who worked as Christian teachers in the British army in the middle of the last century, in the days of what is called the Great Evangelical Revival, were most interesting characters, and exemplars for all in the ranks. They seemed to live to prove that the best preachers to soldiers are soldiers themselves; and they certainly did prove that the bravery of the bravest was only strengthened by Christian principle. When John Wesley, in a letter to the Mayor of Newcastle, pleaded the cause of the profane and neglected men who were defending the town at the time of our last civil war in 1745, he was able to mention many devoted people, who, in their conduct on the field of battle, and elsewhere, had proved themselves to be heroes. Was it true that religion would tend to make men cowards? "Let us judge by matter of fact," replied Wesley. "Did those who feared God behave as cowards at Fontenoy? Did John Haime, the dragoon, betray any cowardice, before or after his horse sank under him? Or did William Clements, when he received the first ball in his left, and the second in his right arm? Or John Evans, when the cannon-ball took off both his legs? Did he not call all about him, as long as he could speak, to praise and fear God, and honour the king, as one who feared nothing, but lest his last breath should be spent in vain?"

Some, whose names are thus called to remembrance, did valiant service in the country, as did others, when preaching the gospel among the ignorant and neglected people meant real danger to life or limb.

JOHN NELSON.

In the reign of George II., when soldiers were less easily obtained than now, any able-bodied man ran some risk of being impressed into the service; and among those who were thus seized was John Nelson, a strong-armed Yorkshireman, who became the means of leading many a sinner from darkness to light. Preserved from falling into gross sins, he enjoyed life with his wife and family; but, nevertheless, questions about time and eternity were suggested to his soul; and the problem to be solved was, "What must I do to be saved?" He soon found that Christ and His gospel represented all that was wanted. His heart was satisfied. Before he was converted, he was a mystery to his fellow-workmen; and because he would not drink with them, they were disposed to quarrel with him, lest he should be found earning money while they were wasting both time and health over their cups. But when he had really found the pearl of great price, he seemed, to his old acquaintances, stranger than ever. While he was rejoicing, some of his friends were

shrewdly suspicious that his religion "would be the ruin of him ;" so strange a thing did it seem to be told that "the chief business in this world was to get well out of it." The family with whom he lived were at first disposed to turn him out of doors ; but when he would have left them, after paying what he owed, they would not allow him to go. "If God has done for you anything more than for us," they said, "show us how we may find the same mercy."

John was not slow to respond to this request ; and while he was too firm to yield anything on religious principle, he was ready to do anything to extend a knowledge of his new-found faith. He went to Bristol, where his friends chiefly resided, and spoke so earnestly about the things of God, that those who came to hear were soon more than could get into the house, and they were accordingly addressed from the door. Then this work spread in a surprising way, until it could be said, "Many of the greatest profligates in all the country were soon changed ; their blasphemies were changed to praise. Many of the most abandoned drunkards were now sober ; many Sabbath-breakers remembered the Sabbath to keep it holy ; the whole town wore a new face. Such a change did God work by the artless testimony of one plain man." That one plain man, the authorities tried hard to silence by forcing him to become a soldier ! He was marched about the country for months with the regiment ; and after being ill-used, in a greater or lesser degree, he was released, through the influence of persons in power. He preached the gospel for more than thirty years, and during that period became one of the chief promoters of the religious revival in Yorkshire, besides working in other counties. The courage he displayed on many occasions, when assailed by savage mobs, equalled any bravery that soldiers could show on the field of battle. These mobs with their bludgeons, stones, and brickbats, were often quite as perilous to meet as a charge of cavalry ; but Nelson went forward, receiving wounds which were scars of honour, and at last died in his bed.

JOHN HAIME.

Rather more than a hundred and forty years ago, when there were signs of a revival of religion, in the British Isles, and in America, certain Christian people in England were no less surprised than delighted to hear that something, quite similar to what was present at home, had broken out among the British troops on the Continent. There were some half-dozen soldiers who had taken to preaching ; and while a thousand at one time would sometimes be found attending their services, hundreds of converts had been already gathered in as the result of their labours.

John Haime appears to have been born early in the last century, and to have been a native of Dorsetshire. In 1739, after having been the subject of strong religious impressions, he enlisted in the Royal Dragoons, and saw a good deal of hard service on the Continent. While in the army, his spiritual conflict went on ; but at length he found the peace for which he had longed ; it came to him while he was in the far North with his regiment. "One day," he remarked, "as I walked by the Tweed side, I cried aloud, being all athirst for God, 'O that Thou wouldst hear my prayer ; O let my cry come up before Thee !' The Lord heard ; He sent a gracious answer ; He lifted me out of the

dungeon. He took away my sorrow and fear, and filled my soul with peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. The stream glided sweetly along, and all nature seemed to rejoice with me." When he came to London, he heard some of the most earnest preachers of the town, and was thus confirmed in the faith.

In the war in which the Empress Maria Theresa, of Austria, was assailed by France, Prussia, and Bavaria, England took the side of the Empress, and at the famous battle of Dettingen the British and their allies were completely victorious. John Haime was a private in the auxiliary force, which George II. commanded in person. After stopping a short time at Ghent, the company went into the interior of Germany until they came to the banks of the river Maine, and then further on to the village of Dettingen, which had before been the scene of sanguinary battles. A correct notion of what took place at Dettingen is to be obtained from the description of the historian, Charles Knight:—

"On the 27th of June, before sunrise, they had commenced their march from Aschaffenburg towards Dettingen. They were ignorant of the exact position of the French, fancying their principal force was towards Aschaffenburg in their rear. In this belief, the king took the command of the rear-guard, as the post of danger. A large body of French were in their front, to contest the passage of the allies through the defile of Dettingen. George immediately rode from the rear to form his army in order of battle, with the almost desperate resolution of forcing the strong French lines. The brave little man was surrounded with dangers. As he marched from Aschaffenburg, the French entered the place with twelve thousand men. Behind and before was the enemy in most formidable numbers, shutting him up in a narrow valley. Grammont, the nephew of Noailles (the French general), eager to engage, in the temporary absence of his uncle, who had ridden off to bring up additional forces, rushed forward from a formidable position covered by a morass, to charge with his cavalry. George dismounted, drew his sword, and put himself at the head of his British and Hanoverians, exclaiming: 'Now, boys, now for the honour of England; fire, and behave bravely, and the French will soon run.' The infantry thus led on did behave bravely, and did make the French soon run. The Duke of Cumberland, who commanded the left, displayed the same courage as his father. The battle of Dettingen afforded no display for high military skill on the part of the British commanders. They had desperately to fight their way out of a difficulty; and they had troops upon whose bravery and steadiness they could confidently rely. The battle was not over until four in the afternoon, but the victory was complete on the part of the allies."

Speaking of the battle itself, John Haime said: "It was very bloody; thousands were sent to their long home. I had no sooner joined my regiment than my left-hand man was shot dead." The victory was regarded by the nation as a wonderful one, the more so on account of the almost impregnable position of the French, and the condition of the English soldiers at the time. "Our army had scarce a morsel to eat for four days before the battle," wrote one, "and had been harassed almost off their legs with hard duty."

When the fight was over, John Haime was sent to search for the

baggage-waggons ; and he thus describes his painful experience : “ I went to the field where the battle was fought, but such a scene of human misery did I never behold. It was enough to melt the most obdurate heart. I knew not now which way to take, being afraid of falling into the hands of the enemy. But as it began to rain hard, I set out, though not knowing where to go, till hearing the beat of the drum, I went towards it, and soon rejoined the army. But I could not find the tent which I belonged to, nor persuade them to take me in at any other. So being very wet, and much fatigued, I wrapped myself up in my cloak, lay down, and fell asleep. And though it still rained upon me, and the water ran under me, I had as sweet a night’s rest as ever I had in my life.”

The regiment to which Haime belonged returned to Ghent, and there the indefatigable Christian soldier hired a room, at which he conducted his religious meetings. Some wondered at him ; to others he and his comrades were as speckled birds ; but the bread cast upon the waters was found after many days. In the following months, both at Brussels and Bruges, the meetings were continued ; and Haime began to give addresses, which attracted both officers and men ; but not without much opposition from many who were of the baser sort. The brave soldier would not be daunted, however ; although, as he said, he had three armies against him—that of the French, the more wicked part of his English comrades, and the powers of evil. Some of the officers were quite as antagonistic as the men, and even carried their complaints to the Duke of Cumberland, who was in command. The duke would not allow Haime to be interfered with, however ; so that he was at a greater advantage than before.

The battle of Fontenoy took place near Tournay, on May-day, 1745 ; and in this engagement, in which the English were defeated, Haime had his horse killed, but although he himself was in the hottest of the fire for seven hours, he came out uninjured. When the brave man’s horse fell, an officer asked, “ Haime, where is your God now ? ” “ Sir, He is here with me,” replied the dragoon, “ and He can bring me out of this battle ; ” and immediately the man who had asked the question had his head carried away by a cannon-ball. When survivors took the money and watches of the dead, someone asked Haime if he would not have something ; but he answered, “ No ; I have got Christ, I will have no plunder.”

On his return to England, this good man procured his discharge, and survived the deadly battles in which he had been engaged for about forty years. He died triumphing in his Lord in 1784. Many of his fellow-soldiers were able to testify of the good Haime had been instrumental in conferring on them ; and in after years some of those who were most zealous in spreading religion among the people at home, were those who had been converted under the preaching of Haime, while the regiment was serving on the Continent.

MARK BOND AND SAMSON STANIFORTH.

These two friends were companions in arms in the Continental wars of George II., in which Haime had also been engaged. Staniforth had not been subject to religious impressions in early life ; and although he

heard the Bible read, probably at family prayers in one of his situations, he knew nothing about its meaning, nor why it was called the Word of God, nor what was signified by public worship. Until he was twenty-five, he lived an utterly godless and vicious life, and being one of the wickedest men in his regiment, it seemed to be quite unlikely that he would make one among the religious *colerie* who attended the meetings of Haime and others.

There was another man in the same regiment, whose name was Mark Bond, whose character was quite the opposite of Staniforth's; for he had been a subject of religious impressions from his youth upwards, but was under a cloud, because he supposed that he had sinned against the Holy Ghost. After hearing the gospel from Haime, and others, Bond accepted the truth in his own heart, and soon became the means of converting his friend. "I was knocked down like an ox," said Staniforth, referring to this circumstance. "I had nothing to plead, having never had the power or the form of godliness. No works, no righteousness was mine. I could only say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'"

The sudden change in the life and character of a man who had been a ringleader in vice, naturally created a sensation, or, as we are assured, even "quite an alarm" among his old associates; but the event was exceedingly cheering to John Haime, who was then, as before mentioned, taking account of the various armies of foes by which he was confronted—"The French army, the wicked English army, and the army of devils."

Bond and Staniforth remained united in the bonds of Christian brotherhood until they were separated by death. They appear to have been at the battle of Fontenoy; and it was just before the action opened that Staniforth, as he tells us, went aside to pray. "I stepped out of the line," he says, "and threw myself on the ground, and prayed that God would deliver me from all fear, and enable me to behave as a Christian and good soldier. Glory be to God, He heard my cry, and took away all my fear." During that remarkable day, Bond was struck by two musket balls, but their force was broken through one coming in contact with money, and the other hitting a pocket-knife. As regarded Staniforth himself, he was able to say, "I neither desired life nor death, but was entirely happy in God." It was in that same battle that, when his horse fell upon him, some one called out, "Haime is gone," but the veteran himself answered, "He is not gone yet!" He added, afterwards, "Surely I was as in the fiery furnace, but it did not singe a hair of my head. The hotter the battle grew, the more strength was given me; I was as full of joy as I could contain." Many English Christian soldiers fell at the battle of Fontenoy.

Mark Bond was killed in a later battle of that same campaign; and some of his last words to his companion in arms, and son in the faith of Christ, were an earnest exhortation to stand fast in the Lord. Staniforth got safely back to England.

Such Christian soldiers were the very salt of the earth in their day; they were as lights in the army in which they served; and their work abides until this day.

Tidings from Dr. Churcher.

It is now more than two months since I left London for North Africa; not, this time, for Morocco, where I had before laboured for some eight years, but for Tunisia, to break up new ground, if God will, in the district of Sousse.

I was, naturally, sorry to leave Morocco; but could not help feeling grateful to God that the state of things there was so different from what it was when I went out first. Then, there were only three points of gospel light; now, there are nine towns occupied. Then, there was no medical missionary; now, there are six qualified practitioners, and several other missionaries are also doing good medical work. Tangier alone has to-day more missionaries than were found then in the whole empire. Thank God, His work grows; may it still increase, for there is yet great need in Morocco! But my star guides at present to Tunisia; so thither let us follow.

THE JOURNEY

out was almost without incident, save that we did *not* enjoy being kept four hours tossing about outside Dieppe harbour waiting for the tide. In Paris, I had the pleasure of addressing a gospel meeting through an interpreter. Then came the long run to Marseilles. The steam-boat journey we rather dreaded, as we intended to go third class. Happily, the weather was fine, the company pleasant, and the wife and bairns had the ladies' department all to themselves, while I was able to give away a Gospel or two, and speak a word to some native passengers.

TUNIS

being reached, and quarters secured, I was glad to see patients for a couple of days for the medical missionary there, who happened just then to be laid aside. Then, after a few days, leaving my family behind, I obtained the company and assistance of a good French friend, and took the afternoon steamer for

SOUSSE,

which we reached next morning. This is not a big place (16,000 souls), but it is growing; and, moreover, it is the port for a very fertile district, containing many olive trees, and 170,000 *souls without one Protestant missionary*. On arrival, we set about house-hunting; and found but one, but then *one* was all we needed. It was ready for occupation, and we were ready also; so within a week we were in possession. It is in every way suitable, and for it we thank our God. A good deal of time was at first taken up in getting straight. Strangers in a strange land have to do strange things; and, as many of our goods arrived more or less smashed, glueing and hammering took the place of preaching and practising.

The Medical Mission will (D.V.) occupy three good rooms on the ground floor of our house, as waiting-room, consulting-room, and dispensary. These took time to get ready; but when at last I thought we could commence, the local authorities made difficulties, and we had

to apply for a special permit. We must needs wait patiently for this, and we are waiting still ; but, in God's ways,—

“They also serve who only stand and wait,”

so, meanwhile, I have been busy with language and other things, and, while waiting and working, the way has been clearing.

Since coming here, I have been interested by meeting two professed

CONVERTS FROM ISLAM.

The first was a convert to *surface Christianity*. I met him on the steamer coming down. His clothes and face spoke of Mohammed ; his manners and customs, of France ; his lips, of sin. He sat at table with head uncovered, spoke French fluently, and drank wine freely ; but when he found we were missionaries, he dubbed us “English Salvation Army,” railed at our work, cursed all religions in succession, boasted openly that *he* practised the sins of Sodom, and roundly charged with these same crimes both the converts to Christianity and missionaries themselves. While listening, sadly, to the torrent of his abuse, and looking at his polished exterior, I was forcibly impressed with the impotence of superficial things to produce real Christianity.

The other convert from Islam had gone over to Romanism. On being accosted in the street, one day, and asked for employment, I looked up to see a well-dressed Mohammedan young man of perhaps eighteen years. I afterwards saw him at my house, and found him open, and apparently fond of Christians ; he had even been to Paris on a visit, and was anxious, so he said, to become a Christian altogether, and put on Christian clothes, the *clothes* bulking largely in *his* idea of the essentials of Christianity. I read and prayed with him on several occasions, but found him woefully ignorant. One day, he crossed himself carefully, and told me that he also went to confession at the Romish Church. When he said *this*, I understood where he was. I had previously given him the gospel, and I may see him again ; but how sad it seems to think of this young life, coming out of one form of darkness, yet passing into another almost or quite as intense !

I heartily thank all dear friends who share our work by sustaining the Pastors' College Missionary Association, and ask a continued place in their prayers.

THOS. G. CHURCHER.

Dr. A. J. Gordon on Worldliness in the Church.

THE Baptist Tract and Book Society has laid the whole Church of Christ under deep obligation by the publication in England of Dr. A. J. Gordon's spiritual autobiography.* No more timely book could possibly be issued than the one which contains, as Dr. Pierson says, “the striking narrative which was the last product of Dr. Gordon's gifted pen, and which forms the last legacy of this holy man and prince among preachers to the church of his generation.” If the beloved Boston pastor's dream, which was much more than a mere dream, could be studied and rightly

* *How Christ came to Church. The Pastor's Dream. A Spiritual Autobiography.* By A. J. GORDON, D.D. With *The Life-story, and the Dream as Interpreting the Man.* By A. T. PIERSON, D.D. Baptist Tract and Book Society. Price 3s. 6d.

interpreted by all professing Christians, it might exert as great an influence for good as the Bedford pastor's "dream" of "The Pilgrim's Progress from this world to that which is to come." We advise all our readers to procure the book, solemnly to ponder its contents, and then to make them known as widely as possible. We wish the publishers could see their way to issue, in a cheap form, Dr. Gordon's portion of the volume, that it might be circulated by hundreds of thousands amongst those who will not be likely to buy a 3s. 6d. book. In order that our friends may note how Dr. Gordon joins in our protest against worldliness in the church, we give two extracts from the chapter entitled

"THE TEMPLE OF GOD IS HOLY."

"Here we shall refer only to what we know as being carried on within the circle of Protestant and Evangelical churches, confessing as we do so, that it is a shame even to speak of the things done by them in public. Nevertheless, we must look at the unseemly catalogue: Performers brought from the opera or from the theatre on Sunday to regale the ears of the church with some flighty song of artistic musical display; a star violinist, dressed in the style of his profession, preparing the way for the sermon by a brilliant and fantastic solo; a curtain drawn across the pulpit platform on a week-night, foot-lights and scenery brought from the play-house, and a drama enacted by the young people of the church, ending with a dance by the gaily-dressed children; a comic reader filling the pulpit on Monday evening, delivering a caricature sermon amid the convulsive laughter and hand-clapping of the Christians present. These are but a few acts in the comedy which the god of this world is performing weekly in church assemblies. Taken with the dramatic readings, fairs, frolics, festivals, and lotteries, the story is enough to make the angels of the churches blush, and to give fresh occasion for an apostle's tears while he utters the solemn verdict: 'For many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ; whose end is destruction, whose God is their belly, and whose glory is their shame, who mind earthly things.'

"It is well-known that certain insects conceal their presence by assuming the colour of the tree or leaf on which they prey. Church amusements are simply parasites hiding under a religious exterior, while they eat out the life [of Christianity]. Sacred concerts, church fairs, ecclesiastical entertainments—how well the words sound in the ears of the unwary! But when the Lord appeared, walking among the golden candlesticks, with countenance like the sun shining in his strength, their real inwardness was instantly revealed. In the midst of the church entertainments, going on for the avowed purpose of winning the world into friendship with Christians; on the walls of the same church, inscribed in letters of gold, were texts of Scripture which the 'dim religious light' had so obscured that few seemed to have read them: '*If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him,*' and '*Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity to God?*' When the Lord came in, these inscriptions began to gleam out with such a dazzling brightness as the window-panes sometimes exhibit under the rays of the setting sun. Then a great horror of being implicated in so-called sacred amusements seized upon one who read these burning texts, so that once, on entering a church where such frivolities were going on, he hastened from the house as the aged apostle John in Ephesus is said to have fled from the bath on discovering that the heretic Cerinthus was present.

"The notion having grown up that we must entertain men in order to win them to Christ, every invention for world-pleasing which human ingenuity can devise has been brought forward till the churches, in multitudes of instances, have been turned into play-houses, with theatre-boards announcing the courses for the gay season boldly set up at the doors;

and there is hardly a carnal amusement that can be named, from billiards to dancing, which does not now find a nesting-place in Christian sanctuaries. Is it then Phariseism or pessimism to sound the note of alarm, and to predict that, at the present fearful rate of progress, the close of this decade may see the Protestant Church as completely assimilated to nineteenth century secularism as the Roman Catholic Church was assimilated to fourth century paganism?"

As a contrast to this all too true description of the widely-prevailing evil, both in the United Kingdom and the United States, we are glad to be able to append Dr. Gordon's account of the remedy, as given in his chapter on

CLEANSING THE TEMPLE.

"When the truth of the in-residence of the Spirit, and of His presiding in the Church of God, became a living conviction, then began a constant magnifying of Him in His offices. Several sermons were preached yearly, setting forth the privileges and duties of Christians under His administration; special seasons of daily prayer were set apart, extending sometimes over several weeks, during which continual intercession was made for the power of the Holy Ghost. It was not so much prayer for particular blessings as an effort to get into fellowship with the Spirit, and to be brought into unreserved surrender to His life and acting. The circle of those thus praying was constantly enlarged. Then, gradually, the result appeared in the whole church; the incoming tide began to fill the bays and inlets; and as it did so, the driftwood was dislodged, and floated away. Ecclesiastical amusements dropped off, not so much by the denunciation of the pulpit, as by the displacement of the deepening life. The service of song was quietly surrendered back to the congregation, and, instead of the select choir, the church—who constitute the true Levites as well as the appointed priesthood of the New Dispensation—took the sacrifice of praise anew, and filled the house with their song. As noiselessly and irresistibly as the ascending sap displaces the dead leaves which have clung all winter long to the trees, so quietly did the incoming Spirit seem to crowd off the traditional usages which had hindered our liberty. Later came the abolition of pew-rentals, and the disuse of church sales for raising money for missions and other charities. Meantime, the pulpit acquired a liberty hitherto unknown; the outward hampering being removed, the inward help became more and more apparent, and the preacher felt himself constantly drawn out instead of being perpetually repressed as in the olden time. The prayer-meeting soon passed beyond the necessity of being 'sustained', and became the most helpful nourisher and sustainer of the church. The place is always filled, and instead of urging the people to come, or inviting them to participate, the attendance is joyfully voluntary, and the praying and testifying always so spontaneous and hearty, that one can scarce remember when it has been found needful to urge Christians to the exercise of these privileges.

"It is by no means affirmed that the old leaven has been completely purged out, so that nothing of the secular and unspiritual remains in the temple of the Spirit where we worship. No! If that Divine Visitant were to appear once more in yonder pew, and with those eyes which are like a flame of fire were to search our sanctuary, it pains me to think what He might discover, which has hitherto escaped our search. We are only speaking now of a comparative cleansing, deeply sensible of much, both known and unknown, which yet remains to be accomplished."

Oh, that every part of the nominal Church of Christ might have even this "comparative cleansing" from the God-dishonouring worldliness which has so largely supplanted true spiritual life!

In Memoriam—Joseph Passmore.



IN the *Sword and Trowel* "Notes" for April, 1891, our late beloved Editor inserted the accompanying portrait and sketch:—

We are happy to give a portrait of our friend, deacon, and publisher, MR. JOSEPH PASSMORE. Fifty-eight years ago he was the first boy to be enrolled in the Sunday-school of the then new chapel in New Park Street. He was a nephew of Dr. Rippon, who was then the venerable pastor. March 1st, 1840, he joined the church by baptism, and in the January of 1862 he was elected deacon. He and his esteemed wife

have been among the most faithful members of the church all these long years, and their children have followed in their footsteps;—Mr. Joseph Passmore, Junr., of "The Row," has long been a valued member of the church, and Mr. James Passmore is a deacon. On the first Sunday evening of our visiting London, Mr. Passmore walked home with us to our lodgings in Queen's Square, and from that day to this our friendship has been of the most intimate character. With some trembling, the weekly publication of the Sermons was commenced, but it has not been intermitted these six-and-thirty years; neither has there been a jarring note in all our fellowship through the printing-press. Mr. Passmore has usually shared our journeys and our holidays, and we trust he will yet do so for many years. His partner, Mr. Alabaster, though a member of another denomination, is a brother in the Lord, whom we highly esteem; but it is a great comfort to find in Mr. Passmore at once a deacon, publisher, and friend. Mr. Passmore has thus seen in the pastorate of our church, Dr. Rippon, Dr. Angus, James Smith, Mr. Walters, and ourselves. He has taken his share in the building and conduct of the Tabernacle, College, Almshouses, and Orphanage; and all in so quiet and unobtrusive a manner that he has been always more useful than prominent, more felt than heard. God grant that such helpers may long be spared to us!

The Pastor's prayer was granted, for although Mr. Spurgeon himself was "called home" on the ever-memorable January 31st, 1892, Mr. Passmore was not only spared to him, but survived him for three years and a half. Yet he, too, in the early evening of August 1st, heard the Master's call, "Come up higher," and his emancipated spirit was caught away to be—

"For ever with the Lord."

It was a great grief to Mr. Passmore that he was not well enough to be with his dear Pastor during any part of his last sojourn at Mentone; and those who knew him intimately felt that he never fully recovered from the shock of Mr. Spurgeon's home-going, which was to him a very personal bereavement. In the following November, another heavy blow fell upon him through the translation to heaven of Mr. James Alabaster, his partner in business and his close personal friend for nearly forty years. His health, which had long been far from robust, gradually gave way; but, as long as he could, he occupied his seat as senior deacon at the Metropolitan

Tabernacle, and until about a year ago continued at least partial attendance at the printing and publishing departments in Fann Street and Paternoster Buildings. For some months, his sorrowing family could see that his strength was slowly failing; during the last few weeks he was confined to his bed, and at last passed peacefully into the presence of the King.

To one who visited him, only a few weeks before his departure, Mr. Passmore said that, to his great joy, he believed that all his children were God's children. This was no small thing to say, for he had a numerous family. Towards the end of June, all the sons and daughters, with their children, were photographed in a group around Mr. and Mrs. Passmore, the whole company numbering thirty-nine,—not one missing except a son, Arthur, who entered into rest in June, 1887.

Mr. Passmore's dying testimony was comprised in the short but significant utterance, "All's well! All's well!" which formed the subject of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's memorial sermon at the Tabernacle on Lord's-day morning, August 4th. In the evening, the Pastor made further reference to the beloved deacon and member, who had reached the fifth place on the church-roll, and suggested that an earnest effort to greatly increase the circulation of his dear father's Sermons would be a most appropriate memorial both to the preacher and the publisher whose life-work had been thus happily blended. On the following Tuesday afternoon, a large number of the deacons, elders, and members of the Tabernacle church met the mourners, first at Chatsworth Road Baptist Chapel, West Norwood, and afterwards at Norwood Cemetery. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon conducted both services, assisted by his brother and uncle, and by Mr. William Olney, and the whole of the proceedings were of a specially solemn and affecting character.

We are sure that our readers will unite with us in heartiest and tenderest sympathy with Mrs. Passmore and the bereaved family, and in praying that they may all be divinely comforted and sustained until the hour of the blessed re-union with their loved one where partings are unknown.

N.B.—The publication of *The Sword and the Trowel*, and Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons and other Works, will be continued exactly as aforesaid by the remaining members of the firm of Passmore and Alabaster, who were partners in business with their esteemed fathers.

New Issue of "The Treasury of David."

MR. SPURGEON'S *magnum opus*, *The Treasury of David*, which occupied twenty years of the author's busy life, is too well-known to need any lengthy description. Over 120,000 volumes have been sold, and it is still in constant demand. The cost of a complete set (seven volumes, published at eight shillings each), though comparatively little for such an immense mass of valuable theological literature, has placed the work beyond the reach of many Christian workers who desire to possess it. Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster have therefore decided to re-issue the whole series—

IN MONTHLY PARTS, AT ONE SHILLING EACH.

They can be ordered through any bookseller, or obtained of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colporteurs. The first number will be ready for delivery with the November magazines. A specimen copy will be sent, post-free to any address, on receipt of 1s. 2d. in stamps by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C.

Answered Prayers.

(Continued from page 231.)

BEFORE entering the Pastors' College, I had been pastor of a church in the country for several years; but, on my health becoming feeble, I accepted my father's invitation to go home and have a year's rest. I had no income whatever; but ere long I went to work for Christ although I could not preach much, and became a distributor of tracts, small religious books, &c., beside giving a little money away to needy cases.

"But," someone may ask,—“How did you get the books and money required?” That is just what I am writing to tell you. *I kept a prayer-book.* On the one side, I wrote down what I wanted, and the date on which I asked my Heavenly Father for it. I made it a rule never to tell anyone what I needed, nor what I was praying for; I kept all a secret between God and myself. I prayed until I received the answer, and then I registered it, with the date and full particulars.

The first answer to prayer was given thus. A companion of mine (who became afterwards a member of the Tabernacle Church) and I were coming from one of the glorious Monday evening prayer-meetings held in that ever-honoured and revered place, when he sent me into a shop to make a purchase. On coming out, I offered him the change, whereupon he said, “Keep that for the Lord's work.” I asked him, “Why did you give me this?” “Oh!” he answered, “something seemed to say that I *must* do so.” Thus my first money came, and what seemed so strange was that it came from one who was then *thought* to be far from generous. Since then, however, he has often helped me in financial matters, and is among those who delight to bring their gifts to the altar of the Lord.

A number of friends, carrying on a small Mission, felt the burden of the debt on the work. I agreed (with others) to try to wipe it off; but my promise was on condition that the Lord sent me the weekly amount. I laid this matter before the Lord, and without fail every Saturday night I had the money. After a time, I doubled the amount, with the same result; but one Saturday night, at five minutes to eleven o'clock, the money had not come. I had been to a prayer-meeting until past nine o'clock, and afterwards engaged in religious conversation with two Christian friends, one being the above-mentioned brother. While they were talking, I was lifting up my heart to heaven for my weekly money, saying, “Lord, Thou hast never let it be *so late* before helping me. Now, either of these brethren can give it to me. Shall they not be the means (both or one) of answering my prayer?” I then said, “Good night, I must really go;” when one slipped money into my hand, and the other gave me just double the amount. Thus I had more than I wanted; and didn't I run home, with nimble feet and light heart, saying, “O Lord, this is delightful; surely Jehovah Jireh is Thy name”?

Feeble health kept me from entering college for some time. The beloved President had said that, if I could secure a physician's certificate that my health had improved, he would receive me. I prayed until I was almost in despair; but after giving myself up again to the holy exercise, I felt impressed to go to the Doctor, and hear what he said. To my great joy, after a thorough examination, he pronounced me fit to go and try; “but,” said he, “be sure to avoid competitive examinations.” Such examinations not being the order of the Pastors' College, I entered through prayer.

T. G.

Notices of Books.

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

Thomas Boston of Ettrick. His Life and Times. By Rev. ANDREW THOMSON, D.D. Nelson and Sons.

It falls to the lot of few men to have a biography written more than a century and a half after death. This distinction has been conferred upon Thomas Boston, the Ettrick pastor, author of the *Fourfold State*, and one of the noble twelve "Marrow men" divines who made an indelible mark upon the theology of Scotland. No ordinary man was the subject of this work; he belonged to the select few raised up and qualified by God to quicken and to direct the thought of multitudes in their own age and afterwards. Spirit-taught was Thomas Boston. During his early years, he was a man of one book, and that the best of all books; no wonder, therefore, that he became mighty in the Scriptures, and learned in the deep things of God.

As a pastor, he laboured most zealously, and dealt most faithfully yet tenderly with his flock. As an author, he took high rank; his *Fourfold State* is one of "the great life books" produced by Christianity. And yet this apostolic man, with eleven other kindred spirits, was censured by the General Assembly of the Scottish Church because they loved and preached what was then called the marrow theology, now known to us as the doctrines of grace. It seems hardly credible that men of such gifts and graces, men of sterling piety, who were in labours abundant, should have been censured by their brethren for their loyalty to Christ, and the gospel of free grace, yet such was the case. Has not history repeated itself in recent years in the Baptist denomination? But better far be amongst those who are censured for loyalty to the truth as it is in Jesus, than to be accursed when the Lord shall come.

Those who would know what manner of men these Marrow men, and especially Thomas Boston, were,

should secure this half-crown biography; it may help some to win a whole crown hereafter. The author has done his work well, and deserves the heartiest thanks of all lovers of gospel marrow and fatness. J. B. G. CAMP.

Chapters from the History of the Free Church of Scotland. By Rev. NORMAN L. WALKER, D.D. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

THE Free Church of Scotland has had a noble history, and one which has often been told,—a history romantic because of its dramatic setting, and soul-stirring by reason of its inspiring deeds. In this goodly volume, the whole story is again recited and brought down to date, the result being a jubilee review, from the Disruption year and onward. The point in this work of special interest to us, concerns "The rise of the Critical Movement," and the character of the changes which have come with the advance of time. On these subjects, Dr. Walker has done his best to fulfil the rôle of a dispassionate, and, at the same time, optimistic critic. The result is not altogether to our mind. We fear that the damage wrought by "the critical school" is greater than is here admitted, and the outlook is darker than is here represented. One thing is evident, that "advanced" views on Inspiration are common enough now in this Church, which was aforesaid orthodox to the core. It is also confessed that the preaching is more "ethical" than formerly. Such changes are grave indeed, but possibly not graver than affect other religious corporations at the present time. The "newer school" may be as "Calvinistic" and "Evangelical" as the older one (page 355), and it may be all that is claimed for it by those who think they know,—though of this we have our doubts,—but even were this true, the consolation which it affords is small. Where the integrity of Scripture is broken, the authority of the ministry crumbles into dust.

Lights and Shadows of Church Life.

By JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

IN this volume, Dr. Stoughton deals with the first six centuries of the Christian era, "presenting the salient points in the constitution and proceedings of early Christendom, rather than covering the whole ground which belongs to what is called a 'history of the Church.'" The book is full of the most valuable facts concerning "Early Ecclesiasticism," "Public Worship," "Leaders and Schools of Thought," "Diffusion of Christianity," "Persecution and Heroism of the Christians," &c.; giving us, in fact, the substance of very many volumes of Church History. We gravely question, however, whether Dr. Stoughton has done justice to the presence and the labours of Christians in this land previous to the mission of Augustine and his monks in 597; of which labours, not only does D'Aubigné give some account, but so does Bishop Lightfoot in his *Northern Lights of the Ancient British Church*; and we must certainly demur to the statement that Augustine "brought Christianity back to this country at the close of the sixth century." When the Romish Mission arrived here, there were, and there had been for generations, Christian Churches resembling far more closely in doctrine and worship the Churches of which we read in the New Testament, than those did which Augustine sought to establish, and part of Augustine's work, *aided by the sword of the Anglo-Saxon*, was to force those British Churches to "acknowledge the authority of the Bishop of Rome." Instead of bringing "a permanent reign of Christianity into our native land", Augustine introduced what has proved to be a permanent conflict between New Testament Christianity and the Romish perversion of it.

Notwithstanding this blemish, we feel greatly indebted to the venerable author for this admirable volume, written in so charming a style that one never wearies of it, and furnished with an index which makes it very useful for reference. We very warmly

commend the book to all who are seeking information concerning the early days of Christianity. It is a work to be not only purchased, but possessed by mental and moral absorption.

A sixpenny pamphlet, published by F. Kirby, 17, Bouverie Street, and entitled, *The Early Days of Christianity in Britain*, by Rev. EDWARD COMPTON, "one of our own men," supplies much interesting information upon the very point mentioned above.

Concerning Home Missions, and Some Kindred Topics. By Rev. P. BARCLAY, M.A. Edinburgh: Hunter.

THIS shilling booklet contains rather a remarkable assortment of extracts and comments upon all sorts of topics, more or less remotely connected with home missions. As a rule, we agree with the writer; and most heartily do we endorse what he says upon "new wine":—"There was once a certain philosopher who was spoken of as a God-intoxicated man. Should not all ministers of the Word—nay, rather, all Christians—be so? It is true that they might do eccentric things. But God-fearing people would understand and forgive where forgiveness was needed. Others might mock, and say, 'These men are filled with new wine.' And if they said so, they would unconsciously give utterance to a great truth. For they know nothing of such wine, the fruit of an unsightly plant much scarred by fire, which God nevertheless 'made strong for Himself.' This vine-shoot grew in Palestine, and it came to maturity in a place named Gethsemane, and on an adjacent hill, named Calvary or Golgotha. It is needful to be particular as to localities, for some people are quite ignorant in matters which it concerns them greatly to know. The wine crushed from its strange vintage is the 'wine of the kingdom, that maketh glad the heart of man,' which of old time the bottles of Judaism—and much more the shrivelled bottles of Phariseism—could not contain, and which the bottles of formalism and conventionalism cannot contain in our time."

The Perfections and Excellencies of Holy Scripture. By THOMAS NEWBERRY. Kilmarnock: Ritchie.

As a miser gloats over hoarded gold, or a mother delights in her own children, so this teacher in Israel expatiates on the Word of God. Babes in grace will here find suitable nourishment, and ripest scholars spiritual refreshment.

The "Names and Order" of the Books of the Old Testament according to the Hebrew Canon. By Rev. E. W. BULLINGER, D.D. Of the Author, Bromley, Kent.

It is no exaggeration to say that, in this fourpenny book of 56 pages, there is the substance of a whole course of College lectures, which should be of the greatest service to every teacher and preacher. The character and pith of each book, with much erudite incidental information, are given; the whole would well serve as a classic for Bible study. Such works are the best form of Bible defence.

Old Groans and New Songs: being Meditations on Ecclesiastes. By F. C. JENNINGS. New York: Loizeaux Brothers.

A VIVID contrast between the groans of the old creation, which find expression from the Preacher, and the joyous song of the new creation in the presence of the Prince of Life. As the work of a devout and well-taught Bible student, his "profiting appears to all," and will be shared by all who read the book. Right well it shows how the sighs of earth give place to songs of Zion.

Christ in Isaiah. By Rev. F. B. MEYER, B.A. Morgan and Scott.

CHRIST in Isaiah is a grand theme; but it only receives very partial treatment in this work. The subject is taken up at chapter forty, where some of the critics would have us imagine that the second Isaiah commenced his work. We believe the whole Book to be the production of one man, and that Christ is as clearly set forth in the earlier chapters as in the later ones. Surely Christ is in chapter seven, verse fourteen; at all events, the

angel who appeared to Joseph saw Him there. Then we know that He is in chapter nine, verses six and seven, wherein He is named; and also in other chapters long before the fortieth is reached. Not to have mentioned this fact in a work which bears a title covering the whole Book, is a singular omission; certainly, we expected a fuller treatment of the subject when we took the work in hand. For what there is in this volume upon Christ in a part of Isaiah, we are very grateful; the same devoutness of spirit and grace of style are here displayed which invest all its author's works with such a potent charm, and make them so helpful to the spiritual life.

The Biblical Illustrator. By Rev. JOSEPH S. EXELL, M.A. 1 CORINTHIANS. Vol. I. Nisbet and Co.

THE first Epistle to the Corinthians, as far as the end of the ninth chapter, is here treated in Mr. Exell's usual method of gathering a vast variety of illustrative extracts from theological literature both at home and abroad. We know of earnest workers for the Lord who are greatly helped in their service by *The Biblical Illustrator*, and who will rejoice when they have the complete set of volumes upon the Old and New Testaments. Although they are published at 7s. 6d. each, any four volumes can be obtained through all booksellers at 4s. 6d. each.

Humility: the Beauty of Holiness. By Rev. ANDREW MURRAY. Nisbet.

THE fourth of Mr. Andrew Murray's shilling series ought to be as helpful as any of the writings of this Spirit-taught servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. He reveals his own true humility, and also his faithfulness, as he modestly yet bravely writes:—"When I look back upon my own religious experience, or round upon the Church of Christ in the world, I stand amazed at the thought of how little humility is sought after as the distinguishing feature of the discipleship of Jesus." This little book is worthy of the closest study by all who desire to be true followers of the meek and lowly Saviour.

A New Thing: Incidents of Missionary Life in China. By F. M. WILLIAMS. Partridge and Co.

MISS WILLIAMS, who "spent six happy years" as a worker in China in connection with the China Inland Mission, has compiled from her letters and journals a vivid and life-like record of her experiences in the far-away heathen land. The title-page of the book indicates that it has been prepared "for the young"; but children of a larger growth will be as much interested in the narrative as will the youths and maidens for whom it is specially intended. The volume is adorned with maps and fifty illustrations, it is chastely and beautifully bound, and is well worth the 3s. 6d. charged for it. Dr. J. Elder Cumming has written a graceful and hearty Introduction, in which he says, "I shall be much mistaken if this does not prove a book fruitful for good."

"*Translated.*" By Rev. D. MAXWELL. Marshall Bros.

A CHASTE shilling booklet of 86 pages, giving the life-story of Eustace G. D. Maxwell, a Cambridge student, whose intention was to become a medical missionary, but whose earthly course was suddenly terminated by the terrible railway accident at Chalford on December 22nd, 1894. A loving memorial of a beautiful Christian life. The proceeds of the sale will be devoted to the maintenance of a medical missionary in Damascus.

Good Morning. Good Night. By the Author of *Beneath the Banner*. Cassell and Co.

A RARE book for children, profusely illustrated, and full of stirring tales and striking incidents. A text of Scripture is given for each morning and evening, accompanied by a few appropriate remarks, interspersed with stories of noble and kindly deeds. Just the sort of book to beget in our boys and girls a love of things true and beautiful. Ministers who have adopted the practice of giving sermonettes to the children will find this a storehouse for months to come.

All who would be juvenile eye-brighteners and life-beautifiers should secure this eighteenpenny volume.

Our Little Ones. By Rev. WALTER SENIOR, M.A. "Home Words" Office.

A CHOICE work upon the culture of child life, beautifully-written, and full of tender, loving counsel. Here and there we notice a statement to which we might take exception; but, as a whole, it is a most suitable book for those who are beginning to realize the meaning of fatherhood and motherhood; incalculable good will be the result if it has, as it deserves, a wide circulation among young parents. Its price is 1s. 6d.

New Coins from Old Gold; or, Homely Hints from Holy Writ. By THOMAS CHAMPNESS. 152, Fleet Street.

WHEN this collection of short, simple, homely sermons first appeared, Mr. Spurgeon wrote concerning them:—"Wherever these 'New Coins' are scattered, they are likely to enrich the possessor." It is, therefore, only necessary now to say that the book has reached its fourth edition, and is worthy of a still larger circulation. We wish it could bring Mr. Champness help for his "Joyful News" workers.

The Comprehensive Concordance to the Holy Scriptures. By Rev. J. B. R. WALKER. Nelson and Sons.

THIS compact and portable octavo volume is said to contain about 50,000 more references than are found in Cruden's Concordance. The type is small, but clear and distinct; and the author, who was an American minister, devoted twelve years to his task, and took great pains to ensure accuracy. Such a work, consisting of nearly a thousand pages, is cheap at five shillings; and its value is enhanced by Dr. William Wright's interesting Introduction on "The Growth of the English Bible", and by Dr. M. C. Hazard's comprehensive "Bibliography of Concordances."

What They Couldn't. By PANSY. C. H. Kelly.

A DELIGHTFUL book, such as "Pansy's" works always are.

Mississippi Baptist Preachers. By L. S. FOSTER. St. Louis, Mo. : National Baptist Publishing Company.

A WORK that is likely to be more interesting across the Atlantic than on this side. The Baptist pastor who has been able to issue a volume containing biographical sketches of 450 ministers of his own denomination in the State of Mississippi, with portraits of 85 of them, deserves to be rewarded by a large sale for the book he has produced. We hope his brethren will see that this is the case.

Gospel Glimpses. By Rev. G. H. C. MACGREGOR, M.A. Marshall Brothers.

As these are all glimpses of the grace and beauty of the Saviour, they give the gazer grander views than many looks of greater length on other objects. In simple, striking style, they take the reader straight to Christ, and bid him share the matchless riches of his Lord. May these pages charm many hearts to follow up these glimpses by beholding the Lamb of God, until they can rejoice in sins forgiven!

These Twelve. By F. EDWARDS, B.A. Alexander and Shephard.

To publish these addresses on the apostolic band, is both wise and timely. They are at once the apt memorial of a long and valued ministry, and a thoughtful contribution to a fruitful theme. May "these twelve", being dead, yet speak to a large circle their weighty words of wisdom!

The Golden Circle, and Links in the Golden Chain, proceeding from the Cross of Christ. By JAMES MOUNTFORD, Evangelist, Alton, Staffordshire. Edward Knight, 18, Middle Street, E.C.

A TWO-SHILLING volume, containing four rather lengthy sermons all ablaze with love to Christ and love to souls. It is a little unusual to read, "At the close of this discourse, three poor sinners entered the fold," yet surely that should be the conclusion aimed at by every preacher, whether pastor or evangelist.

Stories of the Fire Brigade. By FRANK MUNDELL. Sunday School Union.

JUST the book for boys. Stories of thrilling interest, stirring the spirit to deeds of noble heroism. The ethical side of the subject, however, would bear much fuller treatment, with advantage both to the book and to the reader.

Pink Roses, and other Stories for Leisure Hours. "With a Gladsome Mind," and other Stories for Leisure Hours. By MARGARET S. HAYCRAFT. C. H. Kelly.

THESE two volumes of short tales bear the marks of the writer's well-known descriptive powers. Those who like love stories can have a surfeit of them here; we should have been better pleased if—

"The old, old story
Of Jesus and His love,"

had been more fully told. The books are published at two shillings each.

Notes.

PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON has been able to keep at his post up to the time arranged for his holiday, and the congregations have been well maintained even during the holiday season when hundreds of Tabernacle friends have been away at the sea-side or in the country, for many visitors from the provinces or from abroad have filled up the places of the regular worshippers. The preachers at the Tabernacle during the Pastor's absence this month will be as follows:—Lord's-day, September 1, Pastor

Charles Spurgeon; Thursday, September 5, Pastor E. Roberts; Lord's-day, September 8, Dr. Newman Hall; Thursday, September 12, Dr. Usher; Lord's-day, September 15, Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A.; Thursday, September 19, Pastor James Douglas, M.A.

PASTOR CHARLES SPURGEON has been much encouraged by the crowded congregations that have welcomed him on his return to South Street Chapel, Greenwich; but he has been even more cheered by the large

numbers of church-members and friends who have gathered at the prayer-meetings to seek the Lord's blessing on the renewal of the union between pastor and people. A denominational paper, reporting his first service on resuming his ministry, said that his text was taken from the "Text Union Almanack." The statement was not quite accurate, as that is not the name of the Almanack containing the passages of Scripture daily learned and repeated by members of the Text Union. *Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack* for 1896 is in a forward state of preparation; it contains the texts selected by Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon for meditation next year, and Pastor Charles Spurgeon is hoping to increase the present roll of members very largely. He wishes us to let our readers know that he will have something special to say to them upon this subject in the October *Sword and Trowel*.

Next month's Magazine will also be additionally interesting to many of our friends from the fact that it will contain the first part of Pastor Hugh D. Brown's memorable Conference paper, entitled, "A Plea for the Doctrines of Grace, commonly called Calvinism." All lovers of Scriptural truth should order extra copies, and distribute them wherever they are most needed.

Just as we had selected the extracts from "Dr. Gordon's spiritual autobiography" given on a previous page, a letter came from "one of our own men" at the Antipodes, enclosing a newspaper cutting beginning thus:—"The farewell dance to the Rev. Canon and Mrs. —, last night, was a great success. The schoolroom was artistically decorated with flags and evergreens. The lawn between the rectory and schoolroom was a favourite place for dancing. Many tasteful and becoming toilettes were worn by the ladies present, amongst them being—" and here follow the names of 34 married and unmarried ladies, with full descriptions of their costumes, which were evidently in full accord with "the fashion of this world."

Our brother, who sends the paragraph, writes:—"It strikes me as being a novelty among its class; not that dancing is the novelty, but a *FAREWELL dance*! Were the people kicking up their heels because their minister was going? It seems a fair inference; yet it was to show respect to him, and he is a canon of one of the leading Brisbane churches! To add to the irony of the event, it is the church of *ALL SAINTS*!"

We have no authentic record of the dress worn by the daughter of Herodias when she danced before King Herod; but her lascivious caperings proved to be "a farewell dance" to John the Baptist, so that the Brisbane churchwomen could at least claim some Scriptural precedent for their action! We should like to have

heard what John the Baptist would have said to any ladies of his time who had proposed a dance in his honour (!) and we cannot help thinking what John the Baptist's Lord will say of such proceedings in the day when He sits upon the great white throne, and the dead, small and great, stand before Him, to be "judged according to their works."

COLLEGE.—The following students have accepted pastorates:—Mr. R. A. Good, at Exmouth, Devonshire; and Mr. R. M. Hunter, at Grovelands, Reading.

The students' secretary, Mr. David Barron, has kindly furnished us with the following report of the gathering of the brethren at Croydon:—"While 'Westwood' must ever be associated, in the minds of former students, with some of the brightest days of their College experience, 'Campbelton' is none the less surrounded with pleasant memories in the thoughts of 'our men' of this later day. The present President has endeared himself to every student by many kindnesses,—often secretly performed,—and by a steady interest in their work and welfare. At his invitation they, on Friday, August 9, met him, as on former occasions, at Croydon. The weather, at first doubtful, was all that holiday-seekers could desire. The students were heartily welcomed, and entertained without stint, by Mrs. and Dr. Spurgeon, assisted by willing friends. The grounds and conservatories of 'Campbelton' were put at the disposal of the guests; the deacons gave ready access to the church buildings (recently extended); and in the garden, lawn tennis and other games were played. After dinner, the President, in felicitous words, welcomed seven new students, and afterwards gave an address, pervaded by a fine sympathy, and full of wise suggestion. Other speeches were delivered by Pastors Charles and Thomas Spurgeon, the Rev. John Spurgeon, Professor McCaig, LL.D., and Mr. Higgs. A most enjoyable day was brought to a fitting close by the singing of 'the College anthem'—'Hallelujah for the Cross.' Votes of thanks were proposed and seconded by Mr. Barron, students' secretary, and by Mr. Piper, senior student. Forty-two students were present, with the tutors, and some of the Trustees."

Next month, we hope to publish the very racy speech upon "The Three N's" delivered at the above-mentioned gathering by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon.

C. H. SPURGEON'S EVANGELISTS.—Mr. Burnham is this month engaged in the Hop-pickers' Mission, described in the article that appeared in the August *Sword and Trowel*. He asks us to intimate that he will be glad to hear soon from brethren desiring his services during the coming evangelistic season, and says:—"Too many wait until the last moment, then send off, wanting the evangelist in the course of two

or three weeks, and are disappointed to find themselves late!"

During the past month, *Mr. Harmer* completed his engagement at Hayling Road Mission, South Croydon, and also conducted services at Poole, Dorsetshire. This month, he begins his autumnal work by a mission at Monkwearmouth, with Pastor George Wilson; from September 29 to October 21, he is to be at Golcar and Pole Moor, Yorkshire; October 27 to November 5, at Abbeydale Congregational Church, Sheffield; November 10 to 18, at Killmarsh Congregational Church, Rotherham; November 24 to December 3, at Addlestone, Surrey; and December 8 to 16, at Bulwell, Nottinghamshire.

COLPORTAGE.—Our receipts for the past month for the "General Fund" are a little disappointing. It would be a source of great rejoicing to our Committee if the stream flowed more freely and regularly, and less by fits and starts; if, however, this be the Lord's way of sending us help, we will be content with the ways and means of His own choosing. Dear reader, please help us as constantly as you can, and begin at once. The perusal of these "Notes" shall decide whether the amount is to be larger than usual, or not so large.

Our good friends of the Kent and Sussex Baptist Association have issued their Annual Report for 1895, and we would heartily recommend the friends of Colportage work to obtain a copy from Pastor W. Townsend, of Canterbury. Out of many choice extracts we select the following from Mr. Brooker, our colporteur at Cowfold:—

"I would like to thank the Association that, through them, I have been able to labour here for the past six years. I am deeply grateful that there is a prospect of continuing, for there is a great work to be done in this neighbourhood. Many of the difficulties which surrounded me at the beginning have been overcome, and the prospect is very encouraging. During the six years, I have sold—Bibles, 486; Testaments, 616; Books under sixpence, 23,905; Books value sixpence and over, 4,425; Magazines, 12,191; Almanacks, 610; Scripture Texts, 6,479. The sales have amounted to £559 15s. 10d. To effect the sales, I have travelled about 16,740 miles, and made more than 44,000 visits. I have besides conducted 945 services.

"I continue to hold a service on Sunday night in the National School-room, which is very well attended. On Good Friday, we held a public tea-meeting. 120 sat down to tea, and the meeting afterwards was attended by 180 persons. I am much encouraged in my visiting. You know this district is a stronghold of Roman Catholicism. I often tried to get admission to a certain house, but in vain; so I gave it up, and instead of trying to influence the adults adopted the plan of talking to a little child

at the gate. I always made a point of giving the child a gospel tract, or card. The result was that, after a time, the child's grandmother invited me in; but she was so afraid of the priest that, when I was inside, she locked the door. I persuaded her to buy a Bible; and, after having read God's way of salvation in His own Book, and listened to my conversation on several occasions, she yielded her heart to Christ. When she was dying, she sent for me; she declined to see the priest, saying that she needed neither mass nor priest, but Jesus and His gospel.

"In another village I visit, a woman often made fun of me and my pack of books. She wanted something not religious. At last, however, I got into her house, and gave her a straight talking to, and prayed with her. The result was, she was converted, opened her house for prayer-meeting and Bible-reading, and started a Sunday-school. To-day, two of her neighbours and several others have been saved through her earnest work."

This simple, unadorned record tells of a work accomplished which should awaken gratitude, and stimulate courageous enterprise. To abandon any post, will be our shame; to extend our efforts to other fields, will bring blessing to many, and glory to God. The work may appear too heavy for us to take up; but as the Lord has put it upon us, He will give the needful strength for bearing the burden.

Now, dear reader, what shall *your* contribution be? All donations and communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, Temple Street, St. George's Road, Southwark, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—July 18th, nine; August 1st, four; at Haddon Hall, August 1st, four.

PERSONAL NOTES BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.—How quickly my beloved's old friends and helpers are joining him in Heaven! One after another they say farewell to us on earth, and pass into the glory, to be for ever with the Lord and the blessed company of the redeemed. Ought we to sorrow for them? No, not *for them*; but for those who mourn their loss, and for ourselves, that they are taken, and we are left! Our dear friend, Mr. Passmore, senr., peacefully sank to sleep on Thursday, August 1st, to awake amid the hallelujahs of the angels, and to enter upon a life, the blessedness of which we cannot conceive.

He was a firm and true friend to my husband from the first hour he knew him, and an *older* friend still to me, for I remember him from the days of my girlhood, and can recall only kindness and ever-increasing friendship during the long years that have intervened between that time and the present.

Good-bye, dear old friend, good-bye, till

the day dawns also for me! If I might envy you, I would; for the pains and sorrows of your earthly pilgrimage are all ended, and you have reached the fair inheritance of saints, Immanuel's land, that blissful country where they "see His face, and never, never sin!"

Some of my friends will remember that, last year, in the August number of this Magazine, I told them of the proposed publication of twelve of the dear Pastor's sermons in Bengali, and what great pains and care Mr. Robert Spurgeon was taking to ensure the very best translation possible. Now I have the joy of telling you of the successful issue of four of these discourses, and my reception of the first copies. *This is our fourth great venture.* (I want you to understand well what is being done, for it is your work as much as mine.) Through the gifts of the readers of the *Sword and Trowel*, this is the fourth foreign language into which I have been enabled to have the sermons translated, *bearing all the expense of publication.* Do you not feel thankful that so much has been accomplished through you? And will you not help me even more than ever to carry on this blessed missionary work? To the honour of the translators, be it known that, in all four instances, Lettish, Hindi, Spanish, and Bengali, the work of translation has been *freely* done, out of love to the Lord Jesus, and the sinners He came to save.

But I must tell you about the curious title-page of these new sermons, for it certainly deserves a word of comment. It says they were preached by—

"The Heaven-gone Mahatma,
C. H. SPURGEON,"

and are published and distributed by his wife. You may imagine that I was greatly surprised to see that queer word "MAHATMA" amid such associations; but I waited patiently for the arrival of Mr. Robert Spurgeon's letter to explain the enigma, and this is the unraveling:—"With regard to the title-page, I think I had better say that the word 'Mahatma' is a current word in Bengali, and has around it or within it no mystic idea such as Mrs. Besant gives it. It is made up of two words, 'Maha'—meaning 'great', and 'Atma'—meaning 'spirit.' Thus the dictionary renders it, 'magnanimous, great-minded, generous, noble-spirited.' The common acceptance of the word is 'great-souled', or 'the great and famous one.'"

So the term, which many of us (myself among the number) have despised and looked upon with disrespect, seems to be the most applicable in this Indian language to our beloved one. For was he not the embodiment of all the rare and gracious virtues which, to the Bengalis at least, are represented by this strange word? And to my mind, there is something very touching in the phrase which precedes it, "*Heaven-*

gone." We should have said, "late" or "deceased", as if the dear one were lost or dead; but there is life, life eternal, in the thought conveyed by the two words thus singularly linked together. O bless the Lord, my soul, for this "sure and certain hope" of immortality!

Dear friends, once again I beg you to plead with God that an outpouring of the power of His Holy Spirit may accompany the distribution of these sermons among the Bengali-speaking natives of India. There are *forty-one millions of people* who use this language! Just read those words over again, *Forty-one millions!* Am I asking you to pray for all these? Well, they are living, *dying* men and women, and only a few thousands among them can be reached by the precious sermons now to be sent out. I do want you specially to pray that each copy may be made a blessing to some souls. You know what great things our God can do, pray that His Kingdom may come to these Indian hearts through the words of your dear Pastor.

The cost of printing and publishing the first four of the series of twelve sermons is £10, which sum I sent to Mr. Robert Spurgeon by the last Indian mail; and I am full of hope and expectation that a large blessing will rest upon the issue of 6,000 copies. The Fund "For General Use in the Lord's Work" is my mainstay in such needs as this; may the Lord incline the hearts of His stewards to replenish its stores, for very heavy claims are being made upon it now! Glorious claims they are, calls which make my heart sing for joy; but, nevertheless, they need much money to meet them; and if I had not such a rich God to depend upon, I might well be anxious about the responsibilities incurred.

Beside the £10 above-mentioned, I have sent another £5 to India, on behalf of this grand work, to Mr. John Craig, at Akidu, to pay for the first edition of 3,000 sermons in *Telugu*. I hope some of my readers can refer to the Magazine for April, where they will see an account of the district over which these messengers of grace will be scattered. I entreat both your prayers and your help, dear friends, in this matter. By this means, the Lord still keeps His dear servant preaching to the multitudes; nay more, He thus makes him a missionary to the uttermost parts of the earth.

"Do you know anyone who would be willing to post their copy of the '*Sword and Trowel*' to us after reading it?" So writes a dear lady to me from China, a missionary, who has given up home and friends and earthly comforts to carry the tidings of Christ's love to the heathen in that many-millioned land. "Wouldn't it be a nice little bit of service,"—this is what my friend says,— "for some who have not the means to do more, and it would be such a great pleasure and help to us here?" My dear readers,

I pass the pleading question on to you ; if any of you feel led to give this dear servant of Christ the blessing she asks, I will send her name and address, and thank you for the kindness with all my heart. It is a time of much anxiety for her and her husband, just now, at their station. All foreigners are hated, and the mission workers are being driven from their posts. While writing to me, she was expecting the refugees to come to them, and she says :—" Do pray for us, for by the time this reaches you our houses, which are already quite small and close for us in this terrible heat, will be crowded with the homeless ones ; but we are going on with our usual work while preparing to receive our suffering friends."

"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree : and it shall be to the Lord for a name."—Isaiah lv. 13.

My blessed Lord, how tender and pitiful art Thou to me ! What a delight it is to tell of Thy mercy and grace to one so unworthy ! Yet it is no singular story, for this is Thy sweet way and wont, dear Lord, towards all who put their trust in Thee. When depression and sadness come to me, by reason of the sin within, or the discouragements without ; when the thorns and briers of daily cares and vexations prick and tear the weary pilgrim's feet and hands ; then Thou dost turn my footsteps to where the pines and myrtles of Thy loving mercies grow, and in their shelter and fragrance my troubled spirit finds rest.

Nay, more than this, dear Lord, Thy power is so great that Thou dost sometimes transform the very things that hurt and grieved me into means of grace and blessing to my heart and life. Disappointments in my work, obstacles to its performance, the estrangement of friends, conscious incompetence and weakness, and often an overpowering sense of deepening responsibility,—these experiences are like thorns and briers, which irritate and worry by their

persistent and close contact ;— yet all these vanish when Thou, my gracious God, dost give the Word, and I wonder as I find myself walking peacefully among the fir trees, where the pine needles lie thick upon the ground, spreading the softest of carpets under my tired feet ; and where the myrtle's snowy blossoms and glossy leaves promise perfume and sweetness even to those who bruise them. Thy ways, O Lord, are past finding out ; but they are very gracious and tender, and this turning of seeming evil into good, of making Thy children's trials grow into triumphs, and their pains into pleasures, is a wonderful proof both of Thy pity and Thy power.

"It shall be to the Lord for a name." My Father, can this be really so ? Does Thy great Name receive added glory when Thou dost thus manifest Thy sovereignty on my behalf ? When I come to the next sharp thorn-hedge in my path, will it honour Thee if, instead of trying to force my way through it, and getting wounded for my pains,—or attempting to avoid it by some roundabout course, and plunging deeper into the thicket,—I should just calmly sit down before it, and pray, and wait for Thee to wither it up, or turn it into a myrtle grove ? Yes, I believe it will, and I seek faith and grace from Thee, to do constantly this otherwise impossible thing. Past mercies and deliverances should strengthen me to expect yet greater manifestations of Thy marvellous love.

Dear Lord, when troubles come, I should like to learn to look upon them as ways and means of glorifying Thee, to accept them as tests and trials of my faith, and to meet them with a brave heart, expecting the salvation of God ! If my pathway were always smooth and pleasant, with never a thorn or brier to vex and trouble me, there would be no opportunity for the glorious exercise of Thy love and mercy in deliverance from them. Courage, my soul ! Thy God will give thee grace to say, as did His servant Paul, "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me."

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.
Executor of the late Miss E. Croose ...	500	0	0
Mrs. Helen Wells	1	0	0
Donation from Irwell Terrace Baptist Church, Bacup, per Pastor T. B. Field	1	0	0
Mr. J. Batty	0	7	0
Collection from Bromley Common Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. Holyoak	3	5	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
Collection from Emanuel Church, Margate, per Pastor R. Turner Sole ...	5	12	9
Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0	12	6
Mr. H. R. Kelsey	2	2	0
S. P. C.	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Rev. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Mrs. Colman	5	5	0
Collection from Baptist Chapel, Lymington, per Pastor J. Collus ...	2	1	2
Mr. W. Pitcher	1	1	0
Mrs. Raybould	0	10	0
W. H.	0	2	6
Collection from Marlow Road Baptist Chapel, Maidenhead, per Pastor H. J. Preece	1	7	6
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon :—			
Mrs. Edwards	2	0	0
"Hythe"	0	10	0
	2	10	0

Mr. B. S. Morris	£ s. d.	Aug. 4	20 0 0	£ s. d.
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—	2 0 0	" 11	27 14 0	
July 14	26 0 0			92 0 9
" 21	14 17 6			
" 28	4 8 6			£626 10 2

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

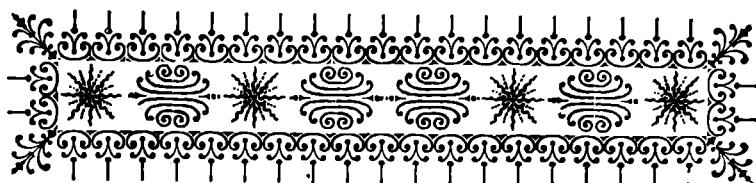
Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1895.

Mr. J. Batty	£ s. d.	Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Missionary Association, per	£ s. d.
One penny per day for April, May and June	0 6 0	Mr. T. H. Olney	5 0 0
Mr. E. Moore	0 7 7	M. G....	0 2 6
" Edie"	0 3 1		
" Edie"	0 1 6		
The widow's mite	0 5 0		£6 5 8

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1895.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker	£ s. d.	A widow	£ s. d.
Mr. Cunningham	1 0 0	Postal order, Nottingham	0 2 0
Collected by Mrs. Robertson	0 5 0	A friend, Ballymena	1 0 0
Mrs. J. Dickson	0 8 4	Collected by Miss E. and Master A. Holdstock... ..	0 5 0
Mrs. E. Grounds	0 3 0	Mr. J. L. Evans	0 2 6
Miss J. Pound	0 1 0	Collected by Mrs. Bull	5 0 0
Collected by Mrs. Morris... ..	0 10 0	Mr. W. T. Lewis	0 1 11
Mr. H. G. Cockell	0 12 0	Mrs. S. Slodden	3 0 0
T. M.	0 5 0	Mrs. J. G. Blake	0 2 6
Collected by Mrs. Allen	0 3 0	" Clodhopper"	0 10 0
Collected by Miss Moore (No. 8 Boys, S.O.)	0 6 0	Mr. A. W. Freudemacher	1 0 0
Per Mrs. Tansley:—	0 5 10	Mrs. Elgee	0 10 6
Mr. Mellows	1 1 0	Miss F. E. Cutler	0 1 0
Mr. Tansley... ..	0 10 6	Collected by Miss E. Cowburne	0 14 0
Mr. Colman... ..	0 10 0	Mr. P. E. Chapman	1 1 0
Mr. H. Colman	0 5 0	Ebenezer	5 0 0
Mr. Jarmin	0 5 0	Collection at Children's Sabbath Morning Services, Moray House, Edinburgh, per Mr. M. Paterson	2 0 0
Mr. S. Willson	0 5 0	Mr. Frederick Willman	0 7 6
Misses Hall and Torey	0 5 0	Twickenham Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. J. Slade... ..	0 10 0
Mrs. Storar	0 4 0	Miss L. Jacob	1 0 0
Rev. T. Barrass	0 2 6	Mr. D. Land	0 5 0
Mr. G. Smith	0 2 0	Postal order, Bath	0 1 0
Box	0 1 0	R. J. R.	0 2 6
	8 11 0	Mr. D. A. Davies	1 0 0
Mrs. Stopford	3 3 0	Mr. O. Barfoot	0 2 6
Miss C. Freegard	0 5 0	Mr. S. H. Dauncey	5 5 0
Mrs. Berry	1 0 0	Mrs. S. H. Dauncey	5 5 0
Miss Cousin... ..	1 0 0	Miss J. Bird... ..	1 1 0
A. H.	0 2 6	Collected by Mr. A. H. Burnett	0 5 6
Collected by Mrs. Hawthorne	0 16 0	Collected by Pastor Charles Ingram	1 0 9
Mrs. S. J. Johnson	0 8 0	Postal order, Victoria Docks	1 0 0
Messrs. Alexander & Wood	2 0 0	Miss M. E. Coath	0 4 0
Miss M. A. Hardy... ..	0 2 6	"Thou knowest"	0 2 6
Collected at Gospel Hall Sunday-school, Hersham, per Mr. H. Lance Gray	0 12 0	J.	0 2 6
A friend, per Pastor Thomas Spurgeon	50 0 0	Mr. J. A. Samuel	0 4 0
Mrs. Latta	0 10 0	Mr. H. R. Kelsey	5 5 0
Mrs. F. H. Adams... ..	0 10 6	Mr. John Riley	0 1 0
Stamps	0 0 8	Mrs. Uridge... ..	0 5 0
Collected by Miss E. M. Elford... ..	0 12 6	Mrs. N. Mizen	0 2 6
A. A. J.	5 0 0	Collected by Miss G. Shaw	1 0 0
Mr. Samuel Buick	0 5 0	Mr. F. G. Barnes	0 1 6
"A cup of cold water"	0 1 0	Mrs. Geddes	2 10 0
"The man in the moors"	1 0 0	Postal order, Pangbourne	0 2 6
Mr. George Buchanan	0 10 0	Mrs. Anna Pearce... ..	0 5 0
K. A. C.	0 10 0	Mrs. S. Carveley	0 12 0
Miss M. Hayward, per Messrs. Passmore & Alabaster	0 10 0	Mr. G. D. Forbes	0 2 6
Mr. C. Iberson	0 8 0	Mr. T. Rees... ..	0 5 0
Collected by Miss Newbold	0 10 6	Mrs. E. A. Goodiff	0 5 0
Miss Maxwell	1 1 0		



THE
Sword and the Trowel.

OCTOBER, 1893.

"The Soul-Winner."*

ANOTHER NEW BOOK BY C. H. SPURGEON.



MESSRS. PASSMORE & ALABASTER are just issuing another new volume by Mr. Spurgeon, the greater part of which he had prepared for the press before he was "called home." The subject of the book is SOUL-WINNING, and the object of the beloved author in gathering the material for it was that all Christians might be moved to engage more earnestly than ever in what he called "that most royal employment." On such a theme, no one could be better qualified to speak than Mr. Spurgeon was, and still is, for by his preaching and writing he was for more than forty years one of the greatest soul-winners of the age, and his printed words continue to be blessed to the conversion of sinners in almost all parts of the world. The lectures, addresses, and sermons of which the volume is composed were delivered to various audiences at different periods covering the greater portion of Mr. Spurgeon's unique ministry. As a specimen of the contents, we print one of the lectures to the students at the Pastors' College.

How to Induce our People to Win Souls.

I have spoken to you at different times, brethren, about the great work of our lives, which is that of winning souls. I have tried to

* *The Soul-Winner; or, How to Lead Sinners to the Saviour.* By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster. Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

show you various ways in which we win souls, the qualifications both towards God and towards man of those who are likely to be used in winning souls, the kind of sermons that are most likely to win souls, and also the obstacles in the way of soul-winners. Now I should like, this afternoon, to talk to you upon another part of the subject; that is,—

HOW CAN WE INDUCE OUR PEOPLE TO BECOME SOUL-WINNERS?

You are aspiring, each of you, in due time, to become pastors of churches, unless the Lord should call you to be evangelists, or missionaries to the heathen. Well, you commence at first as single sowers of the good seed of the kingdom, and you go forth scattering from your own basket your own handful. You desire, however, to become spiritual farmers, and to have a certain acreage which you will not sow entirely yourself, but you will have servants who will aid you in the work. Then, to one you will say, "Go," and he will go forthwith; or, "Come," and he will come at once; and you will seek to lead them into the art and mystery of seed-sowing, so that, after a while, you may have large numbers of persons round about you doing this good work, and thus a far greater acreage may be brought into cultivation for the great Husbandman. There are some of us who have, by God's grace, been so richly blessed that we have all around us a large number of persons who have been spiritually quickened through our instrumentality, people who have been aroused under our ministry, who have been instructed and strengthened by us, and who are all doing good service for God.

Let me warn you not to look for all this at the first, for *it is the work of time*. Do not expect to get, in the first year of your pastorate, that result which is the reward of twenty years' continuous toil in one place. Young men sometimes make a very great mistake in the way they talk to those who never saw them until about six weeks ago. They cannot speak with the authority of one who has been as a father among his people, having been with them for twenty or thirty years; or if they do, it becomes a sort of foolish affectation on their part, and it is equally foolish to expect the people to be all at once the same as they might be after they have been trained by a godly minister for a quarter of a century. It is true that you may go to a church where somebody else has faithfully laboured for many years, and long sown the good seed, and you may find your sphere of labour in a most blessed and prosperous state, and happy will you be if you can thus jump into a good man's shoes, and follow the path he has been treading. It is always a good sign when the horses do not know that they have a new driver; and you, my brother, inexperienced as you are, will be a very happy man if that should be your lot; but the probability is that you will go to a place that has been allowed to run almost to ruin, possibly to one that has been altogether neglected.

Perhaps you will try to get the principal deacon to imitate your earnestness; you are at a white heat, and when you find him cold as steel, you will be like a piece of hot iron dipped into a pail of water. He may tell you that he recollects others who were at first

just as hot as you are, but they soon cooled down, and he will not be surprised if you do the same. He is a very good man, but then he is old, and you are young, and we cannot put young heads on old shoulders even if we were to attempt to do it. Perhaps next you will resolve to try some of the young people; possibly you can get on better with them; but they do not understand you, they are backward and retiring, and they soon fly off at a tangent. You must not be surprised if this is your experience. Very likely you will have almost everything to do in connection with the work; at all events, expect that it may be so, and then you will not be disappointed if it so turns out. It may be otherwise; but you will be wise if you go into the ministry expecting not to find any very great assistance from the people in the work of soul-winning. Anticipate that you will have to do it yourself, and to do it alone; and begin doing it alone, sow the seed, tramp up and down the field, always looking to the Lord of the harvest to bless your labour, and also looking forward to the time when through your efforts, under the divine blessing, instead of a plot of land that is apparently covered with nettles, or full of stones, or weeds, or thorns, or partly trodden down, you shall have a well-tilled farm in which you may sow the seed to the best advantage, and on which you shall have a little army of fellow-labourers to aid you in the service. Yet all that is the work of time.

I should certainly say to you, do not expect all this at least for some months after you settle down to work. Revivals, if they are genuine, do not always come the moment we whistle for them. Try and whistle for the wind, and see if it will come. The great rain was given in answer to Elijah's prayers; but not even then the first time he prayed, and we must pray again, and again, and again, and at last the cloud will appear, and the showers out of the cloud. Wait a while, work on, plod on, plead on, and in due time the blessing will be given, and you shall find that you have the church after your own ideal; but it will not come to you all at once. I do not think Mr. John Angell James, of Birmingham, saw much fruit to his ministry for many years. As far as I remember, Carr's Lane Chapel was not the place of any great notoriety before he preached there; but he kept on steadily preaching the gospel, and at last he drew around him a company of godly people who helped to make him the greatest power for good that Birmingham had at that time. Try to do just the same, and do not expect to see all at once what he and other faithful ministers have only been able to accomplish in many years.

In order to secure this end of gathering around you a band of Christians who will themselves be soul-winners, I should recommend you *not to go to work according to any set rule*, for what would be right at one time might not be wise at another, and that which would be best for one place would not be so good elsewhere. Sometimes, the very best plan would be to call all the members of the church together, tell them what you would like to see, and plead earnestly with them that each one should become for God a soul-winner. Say to them, "I do not want to be your pastor simply that I may preach to you;

but I long to see souls saved, and to see those who are saved seeking to win others for the Lord Jesus Christ. You know how the Pentecostal blessing was given; when the whole church met, with one accord in one place, and continued in prayer and supplication, the Holy Spirit was poured out, and thousands were converted. Cannot we get together in like manner, and all of us cry mightily to God for a blessing?" That might succeed in arousing them. Calling them together, and earnestly pleading with them about the matter, pointing out what you wish them specially to do, and to ask of God, may be like setting a light to dry fuel; but, on the other hand, nothing may come of it because of their lack of sympathy in the work of soul-saving. They may say, "It is a very nice meeting, and our pastor expects a good deal of us, and we all wish he may get it," and there it will end so far as they are concerned.

Then if that should not succeed, God may lead you to *begin with one or two*. There is usually some "choice young man" in each congregation; and as you notice deeper spirituality in him than in the rest of the members, you might say to him, "Will you come down to my house on such-and-such an evening, that we may have a little prayer together?" You can gradually increase the number to two or three, godly young men if possible, or you may begin with some gracious matron, who perhaps lives nearer to God than any of the men, and whose prayers would help you more than theirs. Having secured their sympathy, you might say to them, "Now we will try if we cannot influence the whole church; we will begin with our fellow-members before we go to the outsiders. Let us try and be ourselves always at the prayer meetings, to set an example to the rest, and let us also arrange to have gatherings for prayer in our own houses, and seek to get our brethren and sisters to them. You, good sister, can get half-a-dozen sisters together into your house for a little meeting; and you, brother, can say to a few friends, 'Could we not meet together to pray for our pastor?'" Sometimes, the most effectual way to burn a house is to do it by pouring petroleum down the middle of it, and setting fire to it, as the ladies and gentlemen (!) did in Paris in the days of the Commune; and, sometimes, the shortest method is to light it at the four corners. I have never tried either plan; but that is what I think. I like to burn churches rather than houses, because they do not burn down, they burn up, and keep on burning when the fire is of the right sort. When a bush is nothing but a bush, it is soon consumed when it is set on fire; but when it is a bush that burns on and is not consumed, we may know that God is there. So is it with a church that is flaming with holy zeal.

Your work, brethren, is to set your church on fire somehow. You may do it by speaking to the whole of the members, or you may do it by speaking to the few choice spirits, but you must do it somehow. Have a secret society for this sacred purpose, turn yourselves into a band of celestial Fenians whose aim it is to set the whole church on fire. If you do so, the devil will not like it, and you will cause him such disquiet that he will seek the utter break up of the union, and that is just what we want; we do not desire anything

but war to the knife between the church and the world and all its habits and customs. But again I say, all this will take time. I have seen some fellows run so fast at first that they have soon become like broken-winded horses, and truly that is a pitiable sight; so take time, brethren, and do not look for everything you desire to be secured all at once.

I suppose that, in most places, there is a prayer-meeting on Monday night. If you want your people as well as yourself to be soul-winners, *try and keep up the prayer-meetings all you can*. Do not be like certain ministers in the suburbs of London, who say that they cannot get the people out to a prayer-meeting and a lecture, too, so they have one week-night meeting for prayer, at which they give a short address. One lazy man said, the other day, that the week-night address was almost as bad as delivering a sermon, so he has a prayer-meeting and a lecture combined in one, and it is neither a prayer-meeting nor a lecture, it is neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red-herring; and soon he will give it up because he says it is no good, and I am sure the people think so, too. And after that, why should he not give up one of the Sunday services? The same reasoning might apply to that as to the week-night meeting. I saw, in an American paper to-day, the following paragraph:—"The well-known fact is again going the rounds that, in Mr. Spurgeon's church in London, the regular hearers absent themselves one Sunday evening every three months, and the house is given up to strangers. English 'boasting is excluded' in this matter. Our American Christianity is of so noble a type that hosts of our people give up their pews to strangers every Sunday night in the year." I hope it will not be so with your people, brethren, either with respect to the Sabbath services or the prayer-meetings.

If I were you, I would make that prayer-meeting a special feature of my ministry; let it be such a prayer-meeting that there is not the like of it within seven thousand miles. Do not go walking into the prayer-meeting, as so many do, to say anything or nothing that may occur to you at the moment; but do your best to make the meeting interesting to all who are there; and do not hesitate to tell good Mr. Snooks that, God helping you, he shall not pray for five-and-twenty minutes. Earnestly entreat him to cut it short, and if he does not, then stop him. If a man came into my house intending to cut my wife's throat, I would reason with him as to the wrong of it, and then I would effectually prevent him from doing her any harm; and I love the church almost as much as I love my dear wife. So, if a man will pray long, he may pray long somewhere else, but not at the meeting over which I am presiding. Tell him to finish it up at home if he cannot pray in public for a reasonable length of time. If the people seem dull and heavy, get them to sing Moody and Sankey hymns; and then, when they can sing them all by heart, do not have any more "Moody and Sankey" for a time, but go back to your own hymn-book.

Keep up the prayer-meeting, whatever else flags; it is the great business evening of the week, the best service between the Sabbaths; be you sure to make it so. If you find that your people cannot come in the evening, then try and have a prayer-meeting when they can

come. You might get a good meeting in the country at half-past four in the morning. Why not? You would get more people at five o'clock in the morning than you would at five o'clock at the other end of the day. I believe that a prayer-meeting at six o'clock in the morning among agricultural people would attract many; they would drop in, and just have a few words of prayer, and be glad of the opportunity. Or you might have it at twelve o'clock at night; you would find some people out then whom you could not get at any other time. Try one o'clock, or two o'clock, or three o'clock, or any hour of the day or night, so as somehow or other to get the people out to pray; and if they cannot be induced to come to the meetings, go to their house, and say, "I am going to have a prayer-meeting in your parlour." "Oh, dear! my wife will be in a state." "Oh, no! tell her not to trouble, for we can go into the coach-house, or garden, or anywhere, but we must have a prayer-meeting here." If they will not come to the prayer-meeting, we must go to them; suppose that fifty of us go trudging down the street, and hold a meeting in the open-air; well, there might be many worse things than that. Remember how the women fought the liquor-sellers in America when they prayed them out of the traffic. If we cannot stir the people without doing extraordinary things, in the name of all that is good and great let us do extraordinary things, but somehow we must keep up the prayer-meetings, for they are at the very secret source of power with God and with men.

We must *always set an earnest example ourselves*. A slow-coach minister will not have a lively, zealous church, I am sure. A man who is indifferent, or who does his work as if he took it as easily as he could, ought not to expect to have a people around him who are in earnest about the salvation of souls. I know that you, brethren, desire to have about you a band of Christians who long for the salvation of their friends and neighbours, a set of people who will be always expecting that God will bless the preaching of your sermons, who will watch the countenances of your hearers to see if they are getting impressed, and who will be sorely distressed if there are no conversions, and greatly troubled if souls are not saved. Perhaps they would not complain to you if that were the case, but they would cry to God on your behalf. Possibly, they would also speak to you about the matter. I remember one of my deacons saying to me, as we were going down to the communion, one Sabbath evening, when we had only fourteen to receive into the church, "Governor, this won't pay." We had been accustomed to have forty or fifty every month, and the good man was not satisfied with a smaller number. I agreed with him that we must have more than that in the future if it was possible. I suppose some brethren would have felt annoyed to have had anything like that remark made to them; but I was delighted with what my good deacon said; for it was just what I myself felt.

Then, next, *we want around us Christians who are willing to do all they can to help in the work of winning souls*. There are numbers of people who cannot be reached by the pastor. You must try to get some Christian workers who will "button-hole" people, you know what I mean. It is pretty close work when you hold a friend by a lock of his hair, or

by his coat-button. Absalom did not find it easy to get away when he was caught in the oak by the hair of his head. So, try to get at close quarters with sinners; talk gently to them till you have whispered them into the kingdom of heaven, till you have told into their ears the blessed story that will bring peace and joy to their heart. We want, in the Church of Christ, a band of well-trained sharpshooters, who will pick the people out individually, and be always on the watch for all who come into the place, not annoying them, but making sure that they do not get away without having had a personal warning, a personal invitation, and a personal exhortation to come to Christ. We want to train all our people for this service, so as to make Salvation Armies out of them. Every man, woman, or child who is in our churches should be set to work for the Lord. Then they will not relish the fine sermons that the Americans seem to delight in so much; but they will say, "Pooh! Flummery! We don't want that kind of thing." What do people who are at work in the harvest-field want with thunder and lightning? They want just to rest a while under a tree, to wipe the sweat from their foreheads, to refresh themselves after their toil, and then to get to work again. Our preaching ought to be like the address of a commander-in-chief to his army, "There are the enemy; do not let me know where they are to-morrow." Something short, something sweet, something that stirs and impresses them, is what our people need.

We are sure to get the blessing we are seeking *when the whole atmosphere in which we are living is favourable to soul-winning*. I remember one of our friends saying to me, one evening, "There will be sure to be a blessing to-night, there is such a lot of dew about." May you often know what it is to preach where there is plenty of dew! The Irishman said that it was no use to irrigate while the sun was shining, for he had noticed that, whenever it rained, there were clouds about, so that the sun was hidden. There was a great deal of sense in that observation, more than appears at first sight, as there usually is in Hibernian statements. The shower benefits the plants because everything is suitable for the rain to come down, the shaded sky, the humidity of the atmosphere, the general feeling of everything is damp all around; but if you were to pour the same quantity of water down while the sun was shining brightly, the leaves would probably be turned yellow, and in the heat they would shrivel and die. Any gardener would tell you that he is always careful to water the flowers in the evening when the sun is off them. This is the reason why irrigation, however well it is done, is not so beneficial as the rain; there must be a favourable influence in the whole atmosphere if the plants and flowers are to derive benefit from the moistening. It is just so in spiritual things. I have often noticed that, when God blesses my ministry to an unusual extent, the people in general are in a praying mood. It is a grand thing to preach in an atmosphere full of the dew of the Spirit. I know what it is to preach with it; and, alas! I know what it is to preach without it. Then it is like Gilboa, when there was no dew nor rain. You may preach, and you may hope that God will bless your message; but it is no use. I hope it will not be so with you, brethren. Perhaps your lot will be cast

where some dear brother has long been toiling, and praying, and labouring for the Lord, and you will find all the people just ready for the blessing.

I often feel, when I go out to preach, that there is no credit due to me, for everything is in my favour. There sit the good folk, with their mouths open, waiting for the blessing; almost everybody there is expecting me to say something good, and because they are all looking for it, it does them good, and when I am gone, they keep on praying for the blessing, and they get it. When a man is put on a horse that runs away with him, he must ride; that is just how it has frequently been with me, the blessing has been given because all the surroundings were favourable. You may often trace the happy results not only to the preacher's discourse, but to all the circumstances connected with its delivery. It was so with Peter's sermon that brought three thousand souls to Christ on the day of Pentecost; there never was a better sermon preached, it was a plain personal message likely to convince people of the sin of their treatment of the Saviour in putting Him to death; but I do not attribute the conversions to the apostle's words alone, for there were clouds about, the whole atmosphere was damp; as my friend said to me, there was "plenty of dew about." Had not the disciples been long continuing in prayer and supplication for the descent of the Spirit, and had not the Holy Ghost descended upon every one of them as well as upon Peter? In the fulness of time, the Pentecostal blessing was poured out most copiously. Whenever a church gets into the same state as that of the apostles and disciples at that memorable period, the whole heavenly electricity is concentrated at that particular spot. Yet you remember that even Christ Himself could not do many mighty works in some places because of the people's unbelief, and I am sure that all His servants who are thoroughly in earnest are at times hampered in the same way. Some of our brethren who are here have, I fear, a worldly, Christless people; still, I am not sure that they ought to run away from them; I think that, if possible, they should stop, and try to make them more Christlike.

It is true that I have had the other sort of experience, as well as the joyous one I have been describing. I remember preaching, one night, in a place where they had not had a minister for some time. When I reached the chapel, I did not have any kind of welcome; the authorities were to receive pecuniary benefit if nothing else from my visit, but they did not welcome me at all; they said, in fact, that there had been a majority at the church-meeting in favour of inviting me, but the deacons did not approve of it because they did not think I was "sound." There were some brethren and sisters from other churches there; they seemed pleased and profited, but the people who belonged to the place did not get a blessing; they had not expected one, so of course they did not receive it. When the service was over, I went into the vestry, and there stood the two deacons, one on each side of the mantelpiece. I said to them, "Are you the deacons?" "Yes," they answered. "The church does not prosper, does it?" I asked. "No," they replied. "I should not think it would with such deacons," I said. "Did I know anything against them?" they asked.

"No," I said, "but I did not know anything in their favour." I thought that, if I could not get at them in the mass, I would try what I could do with one or two. I was glad to know that my sermon or my remarks afterwards led to an improvement, and there is one of our brethren there, and doing well to this day. One of the deacons was so irritated by what I said that he left the place, but the other deacon was irritated the right way, so that he remained there, and laboured and prayed until better days came. It is hard when you are rowing against wind and tide, but it is worse even than that if you have a horse on the bank pulling a rope, and dragging your boat the other way. Well, never mind, brethren, if that is your case, but work away all the harder, and pull the horse into the water. Still, remember that when once a favourable atmosphere is created, then the difficulty is to maintain it. You notice that I said, "When the atmosphere is created," and that expression reminds us how little we can do, or rather that we can do nothing without God, for it is He who has to do with atmospheres, He alone can create them and maintain them; therefore, our eyes must be continually lifted up to Him, whence cometh all our help.

It may happen that some of you do preach very earnestly and well, and sermons that are likely to be blessed, and yet you do not see sinners saved. Well, do not leave off preaching; but say to yourself, "I must try to gather around me a number of people who will be all praying with me and for me, and who will talk to their friends about the things of God, and who will so live and labour that the Lord will give a blessed shower of grace because all the surroundings are suitable thereto, and help to make the blessing come." I have heard ministers say that, when they have preached in the Tabernacle, there has been something in the congregation that has had a wonderfully powerful effect upon them. I think it is because we have good prayer-meetings, because there is an earnest spirit of prayer among the people, and because so many of them are on the watch for souls. There is one brother especially who is always looking after any hearers who have been impressed; I call him my hunting dog, and he is ever ready to pick up the birds I have shot, and bring them to me. I have known him waylay them one after another, that he might bring them to Jesus; and I rejoice that I have other friends of this kind. When our brethren, Fullerton and Smith, had been conducting some special services for a very eminent preacher who is in the habit of using rather long words, he said that the evangelists had the faculty for "the precipitation of decision." He meant that the Lord blessed them in bringing men to decision for Christ. It is a grand thing when a man has the faculty for the precipitation of decision; but it is an equally grand thing when he has a number of people around him who say to each hearer, after every service, "Well, friend, did you enjoy that discourse? Was there something in it for you? Are you saved? Do you know the way of salvation?"

Always have your own Bible ready, and turn to the passages you want to quote to the enquirers. I often noticed that friend of mine, of whom I spoke just now, and he seemed to me to open his Bible at most appropriate passages, he appeared to have them all ready, and

handy, so that he would be sure to hit on the right texts. You know the sort of texts I mean, just those that a seeking soul wants:—"The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." Well, this brother has a number of such passages printed in bold type, and fastened inside his Bible, so that he can refer to the right one in a moment, and many troubled souls has he thus led to the Saviour. You will not be unwise if you adopt some such method as he has found so exceedingly helpful.

Now lastly, brethren, do not be afraid when you go to a place, and find it in a very bad condition. It is a fine thing for a young man to begin with a real downright bad prospect, for, with the right kind of work, there must come an improvement some time or other. If the chapel is all but empty when you go to it, it cannot well be in a much worse state than that; and the probability is that you will be the means of bringing some into the church, and so making matters better. If there is any place where I would choose to labour, it would be just on the borders of the infernal lake, for I really believe that it would bring most glory to God to work among those who are accounted the worst of sinners. If your ministry is blessed to such people as these, they will be likely to cling to you through your whole life; but the very worst sort of people are those who have long been professing Christians, but who are destitute of grace, having a name to live, and yet being dead. Alas! there are people like that among our deacons, and among our church-members, and we cannot get them out; and, as long as they remain, they exert a most baneful influence.

It is dreadful to have dead members where every single part of the body should be instinct with divine life; yet in many cases it is so, and we are powerless to cure the evil. We must let the tares grow until the harvest; but the best thing to do, when you cannot root up the tares, is to water the wheat, for there is nothing that will keep back the tares like good strong wheat. I have known ungodly men who have had the place made so hot for them that they have been glad to clear right out of the church. They have said, "The preaching is too strong for us, and these people are too Puritanical and too strict to suit us." What a blessing it is when that is the case! We did not wish to drive them away by preaching the truth; but as they went of their own accord, we certainly do not want them back, and we will leave them where they are, praying the Lord, in the greatness of His grace, to turn them from the error of their ways, and to bring them to Himself, and then we shall be glad to have them back with us to live and labour for the Lord.

The Three A's.

THE SUBSTANCE OF AN ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF THE PASTORS'
COLLEGE, AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE AUTUMN SESSION,
BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

AFTER thanking the President for kindly mention of the work at the Tabernacle, and of how the students might help it; and having bespoken a hearty welcome for a young man soon to arrive from New Zealand, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon said:—

I was lately favoured with a visit from a ministerial brother belonging to the Primitive Methodist denomination, who was for some years my neighbour and fellow-labourer in my first pastorate.

He gratified me not a little by reminding me of certain sermons and addresses which he had heard me deliver many years ago. He made special mention of one tea-meeting speech. I had forgotten it, but he was able to refresh my memory as to many of the "points." Who will say, after this, that ministers are not good listeners?

According to his account, I reminded my hearers of the three R's,—Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic; as also of the three P's,—Plumbing, Painting, and *Glazing* (!). Then said I, "But I have to introduce to you a still stranger trio,—the three N's,—neither of which, by the way, begins with the letter N, but instead thereof with the syllable En." Then I named them:—*Energy*, *Enterprise*, and *Enthusiasm*.

Brethren, I may venture to repeat as much as I can recall of that address, in the hope that it may fasten in your memories as it did in my friend's.

In preparing for the ministry, what great need you have of **ENERGY**! No one can afford to do without it in any of the walks of life, but the Christian worker needs it most of all. It is useless to think of labouring half-heartedly for Christ; and getting ready for the fray will need almost as much of energy as the fight itself. If what some previous speakers have said be true,—and I cannot doubt the word of the President and of my brother, about the midnight oil and the tremendous tasks that the tutors set,—you will indeed need to summon all your powers. For myself, I must honestly confess that I have been a comparative stranger to the midnight oil, but I know well enough that hard work must precede success.

Let no talent lie hidden in a napkin; bring forth all your stores of energy and devotion. A minister, who is privileged to have a band of praying men about him, was not a little astonished to hear one of his officers present a most unusual petition just before service-time. He was asking the Lord to fill His servant with faith and fire, and added, "O Lord, we beseech Thee, *neutralize* all his powers of body and spirit!" Everybody said, "Amen!" for it was evident that the good friend meant *utilize*. Brethren, there are some who, even in God's service, seem to do their best to neutralize their powers; be it yours to utilize them to the full, and to let God use them, too.

But you will need **ENTERPRISE** as well. Why should it not be the laudable ambition of each young beginner to do some great thing for

God,—to become an inventor or discoverer in the realm of spiritual service? "Seekest thou great things *for thyself*? Seek them not;" but you are all at perfect liberty to seek great things for the honour of your Master. Let us not be content to run in a rut, and to work in a groove. We need to strike out in some new paths. I plead not for new doctrines, nor indeed for any methods that do not conform to apostolic principles. Stick to "The grand old Book" by all means, and rest as heretofore upon the Spirit's power; but it may be that some fresh ways of getting at the hearts of men may be revealed to the earnest soul-seeker. The Sunday-school movement is a comparatively new invention; and a right glorious one, too. The Christian Endeavour movement is a fresh discovery, for which the Church has great reason to praise God. Oh, that amongst us there may be found some into whose hearts the Lord will put great thoughts and new designs that shall be for His glory!

I remember once being asked by a good woman to have a look at her poultry at the back of her house. I readily consented, for I prefer to judge of a house and of its inmates rather by the back yard than by the front garden, just as I choose to take my estimate of a man from his Monday doings rather than from his Sunday behaviour.

"Yonder fowls," said my friend, "are a real good sort in every way; but I have one serious fault to find with them. All the time that eggs were dear, they scarcely laid at all; and now that they are so cheap, I get almost more than I require." I replied that this manifested on their part a sad lack of (h)enterprise. Had they been possessed of so much as a spark of that quality, they would have laid the most when prices ruled highest.

Brethren, you are wise, and can apply the lesson. Produce what is most precious when it is most needed. Be not as others are. Do not as others do. Have high ambitions, and may God gratify them for His own glory!

And what shall I say of ENTHUSIASM? Let me remind you that, of this grace as of so many others, your late dear President was a memorable example. How fired was he with holy zeal, and how marvellously he imparted it to others! I learned, only yesterday, from a minister from the States, that, once having returned from a visit to England, he was accosted by a man who said, "Is it true that you've seen Spurgeon, and shaken his hand?" "Then, let me grasp yours," and so saying, he gave him such a grip as he is not likely to forget. Now this man had never seen the great preacher, yet he loved him. Moreover, he was not himself a Christian, yet had he caught something of the enthusiasm which was kindled at the Tabernacle. I rejoice to know that this interview and interest led to a ripening acquaintance and affection, and that ere long the admirer of Spurgeon became a lover of his Lord. Oh, that we might learn the art of thus affecting even those whom we have never seen! In order to this, we must be ourselves enthusiastic.

There has come to me, lately, a lovely little memoir of a man of God, *The Master of Blantyre*. I have been greatly struck with the dying words of this good man. He was very fond of boating and

yachting, and the ruling passion proved strong in death. Just before he passed away, he said to the friends and retainers gathered round his bed, "Pull together, boys, when I am gone." Methinks I hear our departed leader speaking thus to us, urging each to keep time, and to pull his best. So only can each department prosper. The closing words of the dying saint were, "Full steam ahead!" These are our orders, too. May the zeal of God's house consume us as it did our Lord! "Full steam ahead!" we need not fear shipwreck, for Christ is with us. May this session prove to each of you a very happy and holy one! Amen.

"The Throne of Grace."

COME to the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus is enthroned;
Bow down with reverence at His feet,
Whose death for sin atoned.

Lift up thine eyes to heaven,
And there the Saviour see;
A great High Priest, in mercy given,
To intercede for thee.

He evermore abides,
A Priest upon His *throne*;
No one with Him the power divides,
He saves, and rules alone.

See, 'tis a throne of *grace*,
On which the Saviour sits!
Fear not to look upon His face,
Draw nigh, His love permits.

His word invites thee near,
His mercy makes thee room;
Let not thy heart give way to fear,
'Tis Jesus bids thee come.

Come with thy load of guilt,
And boldly enter in;
His all-atoning blood was spilt,
To put away thy sin.

On Him the chosen host,
In Heaven and earth depend;
He saveth to the uttermost,
He loveth, to the end.

The March of the Months.

No. X.

"Life is not quite over,
Even if the year has done with corn and clover."

THERE are still late fruits to be gathered, and there are yet dahlias of all hues in favoured places. Late roses, too, and second crops of flowers brought out by the rains, sometimes linger through the early part of the month. The chrysanthemum, however, is *par excellence* the flower of the month. Before the frosts get severe, there is nothing more reviving in autumn than the sight and scent of these exquisites of the gardener's art.

But as the days go by, the leaves surely change colour, and the great sight in October is the wondrous landscape, clad in purple, dark green, orange, and yellow. What strange flushes the dying summer puts on! Look at the deep-dyed leaves of the Virginia creeper. What more gorgeous sight, for a week, than the side or front of some old house, thus arrayed? Then the woods;—the copper beech turning to a bright yellow, the tawny chestnuts, with their fast-dropping triplets, the brown oaks, and golden elms, with the deep green firs for a background,—what a picture! There is something restful, yet sobering, to be in the woods on a quiet October day. You are among the falling leaves; but festoons of colour still hang about, or flutter as banners in the autumn air. Nuts drop almost every minute, though you cannot see them. The ferns, in the brake close by, are turning russet; while, between the trees and over the stubble, the sportsman stalks his game.

The great day's work is well-nigh done. The bravery of the summer's show is to be put away, for the wild winds are coming from over the sea; and with them black clouds to lower upon the deserted fields, while swooping rains fill again the torrent-bed. Have you not lived through such days, followed by a broken sky at night, when the moon has sailed swiftly through the storm-scurd? It hardly seemed possible that Nature, weeping a gale of tears, and shut in to solitude by the hasty hand of Night, could be the same companion, to the eye which had seen her decked in all the finery of June. And so, in the woods, again, what a contrast to the deep shade cast by the heavy drapery of summer! Now, the pale blue above shows through the broken roof of trees, where weeks back you walked under the meeting arches of the forest nave. In July, you were glad to get from the blaze of the great orb into this cool glade; but now, the afternoon closes early, and the slanting rays of the sun can be borne without fatigue. Yet more often than not, the sky in early October is soft, gauzy, with a blue-pink haze hanging on the hills, which, as the evening closes in, thickens into fog; and if there be no moon, the sharp contrast to the long-lingering sunsets of the summer months is painful, as you step into the melancholy of the quick-shadowing night.

Yet there are compensations. Out of doors, nuts, acorns, and blackberries can be gathered, supposing you care to make one of a party for an afternoon excursion while the month is young. The

changing leaves have a pungent smell, the dreamy sky ministers to happy quiet, and the laden hedges contain delicacies, which, gathered with the hand of affection, melt in the lips of love. Then the home-coming,—how delightful! Baskets carried, lined with fern, and filled with blackberries, or nuts and sloes from off the hedge. First along paths carpeted with fallen leaves; then by field-ways flanked by ragged banks or brakes, where many a seed-pod hangs, the humble plant's sum total of the season's growth. Along, too, narrow green lanes, through which the wains in harvest went, when every hanging bush took toll of the passing load. The straws are still poised upon the thorns, but every ear is empty, the kernels gone to fill the maw of birds, or stored away to increase the winter's hoard of some small living thing to whom the Great Creator gives the forethought to lay by against the lean months of the year. The walk home done,—

“The bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each.”

Then, again, the encounters of the afternoon are laughingly re-told over browned tea-cake and buttered toast. The meal ended, some go forth to evening duties, while others draw around the October fire, and taste the walnuts, gathered from the great tree near the lawn, beneath whose boughs the rustic seat finds place, on which, through the hot days, the languid lounge, and read. But what more delightful than a cosy room, well-lighted, and filled with family faces, or with welcome guests? Here, when the burden of the day is past, the father and the host may well sit and think himself repaid for all his toil, as by his side the sharer of his ups and downs pours out his evening cup, or plies her needle with complaisant grace. Not all the dewy freshness of the girls who sit around, nor the clear beauty of her manly boys, nor even the coy charm of her who takes a timid seat beside the eldest son, can vie with the anointed grace of holy motherhood. As, all unconscious, she presents her thoughtful profile to the light, the husband muses of the long ago, when she accepted him,—not he her,—“for better, for worse.” Hail, then, to family life! The oaks of England have been praised, we laud her homes; and he deserves a pillory of shame, who, with a smirching finger, touches one of them! So do we usher “peaceful evening in.”

“Come, Evening, once again, season of peace,
Return, sweet Evening, and continue long!
Methinks I see thee in the streaky West,
With matron-step slow-moving while the Night
Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employ'd
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day.”

It was on an October morning, twenty-three years ago, that I made my way across Clapham Common to Nightingale Lane. I was leaving the Pastors' College, and that morning I sought a farewell interview with the dear and ever-to-be-honoured President. I had been introduced to him two years before when he greeted me in his characteristic

way, "So you wish to come into the College, do you? We want the best men in the world there; are *you* one of them?" I made some confused answer; but he took pity and admitted me. I had not met before, and have never come across since, such a trio as the tutors, who were then the daily leading spirits of the work. It would be easy to put together many reminiscences of those times; but not now. Enough will it be to recall Professor George Rogers, with his measured voice, his wonderful eyesight and insight, his marvellous face,—Greek, Mediæval, Puritanic; and his famous forefinger, which always served for his hand when he did you the honour of a greeting. Then, who can even think, now, without emotion, of that perfect gentleman, finished scholar, and ripe Christian, David Gracey? Enough! Words, however appropriate, fail to convey the charm created by his unique personality, and can only be laid, but as a quickly-fading wreath, upon the enduring monument of his classic memory. The true glory of a beautiful life lies in its perpetual influence, present or absent, upon those who have eyes to see and ears to hear. One only of that illustrious trio remains. Those who knew Mr. Fergusson, in the time of his tutorship, will gratefully remember how much they owe to him. How ready he was to impart information! How apt in taking the conceit out of the man who thought he knew! How patient with the painstaking; and what a true friend! May the eye of the soul ever remain clear to him, and at eventide may there be light! This is a long digression; but what old student of the Pastors' College could avoid that if he once got upon the topic of his *Alma Mater*?

But my destination on that autumn morning was Nightingale Lane. I was soon in the presence of the Great President,—great, always, in the gentleness he showed his students. He talked of my prospects, and told me to come back to College if I did not succeed. He looked at me straight, and I made a new resolution on the spot. I saw that Mr. Spurgeon expected me to succeed. "Here is a trifle to help you on," said he, pushing a £10 note into my hand; "now let us pray," and before I could thank him, he had waved me down on my knees, and was commending me to God. I shall never forget that prayer. Long years after, when, one February day, I looked down on the olive casket, the palm branches, and the Pauline inscription, I thought of that morning in Nightingale Lane. Only a simple story to tell, perhaps, but meaning much to one man's life. I went to my country ministry, some of the incidents of which the late honoured Editor published in this Magazine as they occurred, while others have found their way into "The March of the Months."

Why should autumn be depressing? Do not the ripened seeds contain so many germs of hope? If we do not see them all grow to perfection, we may have reasonable joy in the prospect that our successors will reap from the seed of our growing. Then let us but ripen to the glory of God, and our lives will be so much true seed which, falling upon good ground, shall bring forth fruit, "some an hundred-fold, some sixty-fold, some thirty-fold."

H. T. S.

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

XXII. PASTOR WILLIAM WHALE, BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND.

PASTOR WILLIAM

WHALE is a striking illustration of the power of grit and grace to make a man superior to circumstances, or even to make natural disadvantages the stepping-stones to great achievements. Occupying now a leading position among the ministers of Brisbane, and being pastor of the principal Baptist church in Queensland, it is a noteworthy fact that William Whale left school to go to work at the early age of six and a half years. He



was born in the neighbourhood of Redditch, Worcestershire, in the year 1842, his parents being working people of the farming class. His few schoolboy days were passed first at a private school, and then at a National school. He served apprenticeship to two trades, those of brass-finisher and saddler. As a youth, his force of character was seen in that, while working at his employment from six a.m. to six p.m., half of his dinner-hour and his evenings were devoted to literature, science, and philosophy.

When about fifteen years of age, he attended St. Martin's Sunday-school, Birmingham. A copy of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, given as a reward book at this school, produced his first decided religious impressions. Subsequently, he attended the Penn Street Ragged-school, and his teacher, Mr. John Davis (afterwards a Birmingham minister), exercised a great influence over him, which led to his being baptized when about sixteen years of age, by the Rev. Arthur O'Neill, of Newhall Street Church, Birmingham. Very soon after his conversion, he began to exercise his gifts in speaking for Christ, and the youthful preacher became an acceptable supply on the plans of the Cannon Street and Mount Zion churches. Mount Zion was then under the pastoral care of the greatly-beloved Charles Vince, and it was chiefly through his influence that Mr. Whale's thoughts were directed to the Christian ministry. Supported in this by his own pastor, Mr. Whale eventually entered the Pastors' College in 1866.

His first settlement was at Bures St. Mary, Suffolk, where he remained three and a half years. During this time, he took an active interest in social questions, being an effective platform speaker as well as an efficient preacher. His next call was to Stoke Green Chapel, Ipswich. Day schools were then connected with both of these churches, and as at this time the Board School system was introduced in England, Mr. Whale threw himself with enthusiasm into the controversy which arose. By his addresses on public platforms, and

newspaper correspondence, he soon became recognized as a leader in the movement. Finding himself hampered in the local press, he started a new paper entitled *The Ipswich Free Press*, which was devoted to education, temperance, social reform, and religious freedom. Its circulation ranged from 2,000 to 6,000 monthly, and its social and political influence was considerable. Mr. Whale early proved himself an able lecturer, and his services were often in request. While giving prominence to this aspect of his work, in order to show the character of the man, it must not be supposed that the more spiritual work of the pastor was neglected. Good progress was made, the chapel was renovated, its accommodation increased, and additional class-rooms were erected. The total cost of those improvements was nearly £1,000, and the whole amount was raised before the re-opening services.

After seven years' work in Ipswich, Mr. Whale received a unanimous invitation from the church at Newport Road, Middlesbrough, the pastorate being vacant through the death of Rev. W. H. Priter. Here he pursued the same course as at Ipswich, and conducted a paper called *The Observer*. Before long, he was elected a member of the Middlesbrough School Board, and also of the Board of Guardians. After a pastorate extending over eight years, he was approached by Dr. Landels, who had been commissioned to select a pastor for the church at Wharf Street, Brisbane, Queensland. After mature deliberation, Mr. Whale decided to accept the pastorate which he still holds. While in England, he was on terms of close intimacy with the late beloved President, and the most valuable testimony to his work may be given in Mr. Spurgeon's own words. In the *Sword and Trowel* for July, 1885, he wrote:—"Another of our best-known and highly-esteemed brethren is about to leave England to strengthen the ministerial band at the Antipodes. Dr. Landels has been asked to select a pastor for the church meeting in Wharf Street, Brisbane, the largest and most influential Baptist church in Queensland. His choice has fallen upon our brother, W. Whale, of Middlesbrough; and while we regret the loss of his services in the home country, we heartily congratulate the colony to which he is going. In each of his pastorates Mr. Whale has done noble service for our Lord, and his voice has often been heard to good purpose on public platforms, where he has ably advocated the cause of righteousness, temperance, peace, education, etc. More than once his weighty words at our denominational meetings have carried consternation into the camp of those who would lead men away from the truth; while at our own Conference gatherings, his portly form, happy face, and genial speech, have endeared him to us all. May the Lord send a worthy successor to fill the gap that will be caused by his departure, and richly bless him in his new sphere of labour on the other side of the globe!"

After ten years under the Southern Cross, it would be hardly possible to find more suitable words in which to describe Mr. Whale's career and present position in Queensland. Colonial church-life has not afforded the same scope for those special features which characterized our brother's labour in the old country; but his utterances in the cause of peace, education, etc., still command the attention of the public. By the Baptist churches of Queensland his arrival was hailed

as a valuable acquisition, and he was speedily nominated to the office of Vice-President. This he declined till better acquainted with colonial life, but the year 1887-8 saw him in the President's chair. His term of office was marked by a vigorous effort to establish new churches in towns where the Baptists had no representation. Three were started, and while, from local causes, one did not succeed, the churches at Charters Towers and Townsville are now self-supporting, and possessed of valuable property.

When the sad news reached the colony that the beloved C. H. Spurgeon had left us, the best tributes to his memory in the press and from the pulpit were from our brother. The deep affection which he felt for his glorified leader also found expression in a memorial service which was in some respects unique. Favoured by the difference of longitude, an evening service was almost identical in time with the funeral service in London. All denominations were represented. Seven Baptist ministers took part in the service, three of whom had been trained in the College, and one had attended the Tabernacle evening classes. His Excellency the Governor, Sir Henry Wylie Norman, was voluntarily present, and supported the resolution to cable a message of sympathy to Mrs. Spurgeon. His Excellency stated that he had frequently heard Mr. Spurgeon, and in his long absences from England had been a regular reader of the published sermons. If this is a digression, the reader will pardon it, as we now return to Mr. Whale.

The accommodation at Wharf Street Church was quite inadequate on Sunday evenings, and in 1888 an offer of £16,000 for the property was accepted, a new site was purchased on a splendid elevation overlooking the principal parts of the city, and a noble building with every convenience for numerous agencies, Association meetings, etc., was erected. It is called the City Tabernacle, and with the manse and site, the total cost was about £20,000. It is a hive of industry. Without detailing its work, it may be noted that the first Christian Endeavour Society, not only in Queensland, but in Australia, was formed in the Wharf Street Church, and Mr. Whale was its first President. The church of which he is pastor numbers nearly four hundred members; it is a strong, working church, having two suburban preaching stations connected with it. That Mr. Whale is held in esteem among his ministerial brethren, is testified by the fact that he has just completed a year of office as President of the Brisbane Ministers' Union. That he has the confidence of the Baptist churches, is seen in that he is now for the third time in ten years the President of the Baptist Association of Queensland. Such is a necessarily brief sketch of a long ministerial career. Remembering the circumstances of our brother's early life, it must be a matter of devout thankfulness to God that such an institution as the Pastors' College made it possible for him to rise to the distinguished position he now occupies; and while in these distant parts of the earth such positions are so ably filled by men of the calibre of Pastor William Whale, the College, the establishment of which was at first justified by the faith of its founder, is now abundantly justified by works.

W. HIGLETT.

Aut Dominus, aut Nullus.

A PLEA FOR THE DOCTRINES OF GRACE, COMMONLY CALLED CALVINISTIC,
BEING A PAPER READ AT THE EIGHTH CONFERENCE
OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION,
BY HUGH D. BROWN, M.A.

PHILOSOPHIC doubt and modern theology seem to have joined in an unholy conspiracy to hustle, if that were possible, the LORD GOD ALMIGHTY Himself out of His own universe. A Creator, bound hand and will by the red-tapeism of so-called scientific discoveries, whose actions are circumscribed by the supposed findings and arrogant dicta of His creatures, and whose purpose is liable to amendment or restraint through the antagonism of sinners, and the assistance of divines, is to us, old-fashioned thinkers, a Deity in name only, unworthy alike of credence and of worship. *The* God must be supreme, indisputable President of the universe physical and spiritual; nor will He condescend to consult any committee, human or angelic, in "working all things after the counsel of His own will" (Ephesians i. 11). McCabe may logically voice Arminian theology in the words, "This new factor, the God-like liberty of the human will, is capable of thwarting, and in uncounted instances does thwart the Divine will, and compel the great I AM to modify His actions, His purposes, and His plans in the treatment of individuals, and of communities;"* but to us, such language savours of blasphemy itself. **AUT DOMINUS, AUT NULLUS**, is our war-cry; God in the beginning, God in the continuing, God in the ending, God in the eternal yesterday, God in the everlasting future, God in creation, God in regeneration, God in preservation, God in destruction, God in the celestial glory; God supreme over praiseful angels, feeble mortals, and disloyal fiends, God shaping, directing, controlling mind and matter, animate and inanimate, to work out His purposes and discharge His sovereign will; God ruling and over-ruling for His own glory the mistakes of men and the rebellion of devils; God incomprehensible in the mysterious, half seen, and apparently conflicting workings of His machinery, yet comprehensible in Christ at the cross of Calvary and on the resurrection throne; "*This* God is our God for ever and ever; He will be our Guide even beyond death" (Psalm xlviii. 14—R.V. margin). Give us Him, or give us nothing; rob us of Him, and we are bereft of all things, "for in Him we live, and move, and have our being" (Acts xvii. 28). Such *is* our creed; such *was* the creed of Old Testament prophets and New Testament apostles, of Waldensian martyrs and Continental Reformers, of British and New England Puritans, of the founders of Free States, and the pioneers of Foreign Missions.

I.—WHAT IS CALVINISM?

The three main fundamental ideas of what is popularly known as Calvinism, we take it, are the absolute sovereignty—the benevolent despotism, if you will,—of God; the utter depravity and helplessness of man by nature, inheritance, and practice; and the eternal, electing

* McCabe, *Fore-knowledge of God*, page 62.

grace of the Father, who "hath chosen us (the redeemed) in Christ before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love" (Ephesians i. 4). These tenets were not, however, first promulgated by the Genevan Reformer; Martin Luther held them, Wycliffe held them, Augustine held them, Paul held them, Isaiah held them, Moses held them, yea, they were enunciated by the Lord God Himself in Eden's garden. Calvin, indeed, with logical acumen and critical accuracy, systematized them as a theology, possibly with overmuch mathematical precision, for the boundless truth of the Infinite God cannot be squared and harmonized like an arithmetical table, within the confines of mortal mind, or in the pages of any volume of divinity; but *they existed before his day*, and were accepted by nearly all cotemporary Reformers, and by the greatest teachers of the subsequent century. It is ridiculous for D.D.'s,—Doctors of Doubt,—playing to the gallery, to speak and write as if "election" were a word coined by Calvin, though such utterances may likely enough awaken plaudits, not only from the gallery, but from the very pit itself, since the doctrine of Predestination is the *natural* target for the scorn, odium, and rage of all those who have not themselves received a *supernatural* revelation; yet Moses speaks of "A holy, chosen, special people" (Deuteronomy vii. 6); Isaiah, of "Israel Mine elect" (Isaiah xlv. 4); the Lord Christ, of "His elect" (Matthew xxiv. 31); Paul, of "elect angels" (1 Timothy v. 21), and "The elect of God" (Colossians iii. 12); Peter, of an "elect Church" (1 Peter v. 13); and John, of an "elect lady" (2 John 1). The Arminian, therefore, must join issue with these witnesses, and with Augustine, Wycliffe, and a host of other notable theologians, patriots, and Reformers, who in pre-Calvinistic days held and taught firmly the Divine sovereignty, electing grace, and the utter depravity of man; nay, he must further assail the theology of even Martin Luther himself, for every onslaught on these doctrines attacks the German just as vigorously as the Swiss Reformer. Listen to Luther:—

"This is my absolute opinion; he that will maintain that man's free will is able to do or work anything in spiritual cases, be they never so small, denies Christ. This I have always maintained in my writings, especially in those against Erasmus, one of the learnedest men in the whole world, and thereby will I remain, for I know it to be the truth, though all the world should be against it; yea, the decree of Divine Majesty must stand fast against the gates of hell."—(*Luther's Table Talk*, edited by Hazlitt, page 119.)

"The sentences in Holy Scripture touching Predestination, as, 'No man can come to Me except the Father draweth him,' seem to terrify and affright us; yet they but show that we can do nothing of our own strength and will that is good before God, and put the godly also in mind to pray. When people do this, they may conclude they are predestinated."—(Page 21.)

Did Calvin ever write anything more terse and cutting to human pride than this? Yet, who wonders at such sentences from the monk who, as he staggered up the sacred staircase under the intolerable burden of sin (which so many thousands and tens of thousands had done before, but to return, still groaning under conscious

condemnation), was arrested, Paul-like, by a voice from Heaven as *his Elector* thundered the words into his ear, "The just shall live by his faith" (Habakkuk ii. 4)? Why, if ever a man recognized God in his conversion, Martin Luther must have done so, since the Divine sovereignty was written in such large letters over his entire biography that even Arminians are almost constrained reluctantly to exclaim, "See here the hand of God!" And if here, why not in Calvin's case, and Zwingli's, and Melancthon's; yea, in all the Reformers, in all the Reformed Churches, and for that matter in all the true members of every church; then, and now, everywhere and anywhere? *

In addition to this, remember that almost all the great Continental and British Reformers taught those views which are now generally termed Calvinistic. The Savoy, Helvetic, Gallic, Belgic, Synod of Dort, and Westminster Confessions of Faith are Calvinistic to the core; so are the Articles of the Church of England, the seventeenth especially being practically a paraphrase from Calvin's Commentaries †: while it is notorious that not only the Churches in Switzerland,

* Singularly enough, Luther, although holding so strongly the Divine sovereignty, yet thunders in his impulsive way against the doctrine of Election,—universal grace strives with all, none can of themselves accept, but some can and do resist. This investiture of man with negative powers, whereby he can defeat the Spirit of God, may be logical in other systems of theology, but hardly in that of one who affirms the inability of "man's free will to do or work anything in spiritual cases"; yet is the distinction purely metaphysical, since those who resist the gospel must either be of less plastic mould than their fellows, or else surrounded by a stronger mass of antagonistic influences, and if so, who made them thus, and who permitted the casting round them of this environment? It is remarkable that Lutheranism, as such, has not reproduced a race of heroes; and since losing the personality of its leader, it has never presented any thoroughly formidable breakwater against sacerdotalism and sacramentarianism. Calvinism has, for it lives to-day, not in the theologian himself, but in those distinctive doctrines which he loved.

† ARTICLE XVII.

"Predestination to life is the everlasting purpose of God, whereby, before the foundations of the world were laid, He hath constantly decreed by His counsel, secret to us, to deliver from curse and damnation those whom He hath chosen in Christ out of mankind, and to bring them by Christ to everlasting life as vessels of honour. Wherefore they which be endued with so excellent a benefit be called according to God's purpose by His Spirit," &c.

ARTICLE XVII.

"As the godly consideration of Predestination, and our Election in Christ, is full of sweet, pleasant, and unspeakable comfort to godly persons, . . . so, for curious and carnal persons, lacking the Spirit of God, to have continually before their eyes the sentence of God's Predestination, is a most dangerous downfall, whereby the devil doth thrust them either into desperation," &c.

† CALVIN.

"Now what is the end of Election but that, being adopted as children by our Heavenly Father, we may by His favour obtain salvation and immortality? The persons, therefore, whom God hath adopted as His children, He is said to have chosen, *not in themselves, but in Christ; because it was impossible for Him to love them except in Him*, or to honour them with the inheritance of His Kingdom, unless previously made partakers of Him. . . . Christ, therefore, is the mirror in which it behoves us to contemplate our Election, and here we may do it with safety."—*Calvin's Commentaries*, by Allen, Vol. ii., page 449.

CALVIN.

"As those who, in order to gain an assurance of their Election, examine into the eternal counsel of God without the Word, *plunge themselves into a fatal abyss*; so, they who investigate it in a regular and orderly manner, as it is contained in the Word, derive from such enquiry the benefit of *peculiar consolation*. Let this, then, be our way of enquiry, *to begin and end with the calling of God*."—*Commentaries*, ii. 448.

but also in France, the Netherlands, and Scotland, drew their theology exclusively from Geneva. Bucer, Beza, Cranmer, Knox, William the Silent, Coligny and the Huguenots were Calvinists; as were nearly all the Puritans, including such men as Bunyan, Cromwell, Milton, Owen, Watts; so were Leighton, Rutherford, and the Covenanters in Scotland, Usher and his Evangelical *confrères* in Ireland; so were the Pilgrim Fathers and their intellectual giant, Jonathan Edwards, and in later times, Doddridge, Gill, Fuller, the Haldanes, Carson, Whitefield, Toplady, Newton, and Rowland Hill. Why, we could almost count upon our fingers any other than Calvinistic divines, whose names live after the fretting, searching criticism of a hundred years; while in our own days, Krummacher in Germany, Malan in Switzerland, Monod in France, Hodge in America, Chalmers in Scotland, Cooke in Ireland, and Charles Haddon Spurgeon in England,—the leading theologians *par excellence* of the nineteenth century, fully maintained the spiritual and intellectual prowess of their illustrious ancestry.

Let me submit here a quotation which, linked with Luther's utterances, surely demonstrates the substantial concord which existed among all the Reformed Churches upon the twin truths of sovereign grace and human inability. It is from the Augsburg Confession, which formed the doctrinal basis of the Lutheran, Danish, and Scandinavian Churches, and was also adopted by the United Brethren, or Moravians, as their standard. It runs thus:—"That the power of free will may produce an exterior good conduct, and regulate the morals of men towards society, but that, without the grace of the Holy Spirit, neither faith, regeneration, nor true righteousness can be exercised or attained to." No doubt, Geneva outdistanced Germany in the stern strength of its doctrinal position, and Westminster possibly went further than both; yet he who quarrels with the latter must also combat Calvin, and he who opposes Calvin is logically compelled to join issue with the inimitable Luther. Let anti-Calvinists face these inexorable facts!

Again, be it remembered that Calvin preached the gospel to every creature as fully, freely, and unreservedly as Bunyan, Whitefield, Rowland Hill, and Charles Haddon Spurgeon ever did. It was not his desire, nor is it ours, to analyze the inscrutable decrees of an all-wise God, or reconcile to our half-blind reason apparently conflicting conceptions of the programme, scope, and offer of redemption; God's thoughts are not our thoughts, neither are our ways His ways, for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are His ways higher than our ways, and His thoughts than our thoughts (Isaiah lv. 8, 9). Bewildered reason can wait possible explanations in Heaven; but faith believes, for Jehcvah has spoken. To understand God, I must myself be God; His very incomprehensibility linked with His manifestation, the hidings and outshinings of His power, the concealings and revealings of His love,—these are the allied factors which command my reverence, and call forth the worship from an awestruck, gladsome heart, "My LORD and my God" (John xx. 28). I know nothing much of man's machinery, its clattering noise, its multitudinous and conflicting revolutions, its little wheels whirling at

lightning speed, its big ones imperceptible in their motion,—these things amaze, confuse, confound me, and I shrink back lest an incautious curiosity should mean the mangled body of a once strong man; yet I know there is a mind behind it all, to whom the discord is all harmony, and the conflictings peace. Shall we, who dare scarce touch the fringe of the Divine omnipotence, ascribe to human engineering skill a tribute of respect and faith which we deny to the Eternal God? “Canst thou by *searching* find out God?” (Job xi. 7.) Arminians may, but Calvinists cannot, nor do they pretend to: “We *believe*, and therefore speak” (2 Corinthians iv. 13). Still, Ezekiel-like, we see upon a throne above it all “the likeness as the appearance of a man” (Ezekiel i. 26), and that gives rest.

Listen to Calvin’s comment on that well-known, much-loved passage, John iii. 16:—

“For His (Christ’s) meaning was plainly to express that, though we seem to be born to death, yet there is certain deliverance offered in the faith of Christ; so that death, which otherwise hangeth over our heads, is nothing to be feared. He addeth also the universal note ‘whosoever’ both that He may invite all men in general to the participation of life, and cut off all excuse from unbelievers. To the same end tendeth the term ‘world’; for though there be nothing found in the world that is worthy of God’s favour, yet He showeth that He is favourable to the whole world, when He calleth all men without exception to the faith of Christ. Let us remember, however, that though life is promised to all who shall believe in Christ so commonly, that yet faith is not common to all men; for though Christ lieth open to all men, yet God doth only open the eyes of the elect, that they may seek Him by faith.”

The Synod of Dort* says:—

“The death of the Son of God is the only and most complete sacrifice and satisfaction for sins, of infinite value, abundantly sufficient to expiate the sins of the whole world. The promise of the gospel is, that whosoever believeth in Christ crucified shall not perish, but have eternal life; which promise, together with the command to repent and believe, ought promiscuously and indiscriminately to be published and proposed to all nations and individuals to whom God in His good pleasure sends the gospel. The reason why many, who are called by the gospel, do not repent and believe in Christ, but perish in unbelief, is not through any defect or insufficiency in the sacrifice of Christ offered upon the cross, but through their own fault. All those who truly believe, and by the death of Christ are delivered and saved, have to ascribe it to the grace of God alone, which He owes to no one, and which was given them in Christ from eternity. The gracious will and intention of God the Father was, that the life-giving and saving efficacy of the precious death of His Son should exert itself in all the elect to endure them alone with justifying faith and thereby infallibly bring them to salvation.”

Assuredly, these men were not “hypers”; and we re-echo solemnly their teaching, for this is Calvinism,—Paulism!

* May, 1619, to which deputies were sent from England and the Reformed Churches in Europe, to settle the differences between the doctrines of Luther, Calvin, and Arminians, principally upon points of Justification and Grace. The Synod condemned the tenets of Arminians.

II. WHY AM I A CALVINIST?

Firstly, *I am a Calvinist because this theology is Scriptural*. Indeed, the Bible is simply full of it: in complete bewilderment by the *embarras de richesse*, I know not where to turn, nor how to begin. A few moments would suffice to quote all references to the Lord's Supper, and possibly the allusions to Baptism might occupy fifteen minutes; but a labourer's eight-hours' day or a pastor's twelve-hours' day would not exhaust the detailed proofs and statements of the sovereignty of God in history and in grace. I subjoin a few testimonies culled almost at random from the Holy Scriptures:—

Joseph saith:—"So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God. . . But as for you, ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive" (Genesis xlv. 8; 1. 20).

Moses saith:—"For thou art an holy people unto the Lord thy God: the Lord thy God hath chosen thee to be a special people unto Himself, above all people that are upon the face of the earth. The Lord did not set His love upon you, nor choose you, because ye were more in number than any people; for ye were the fewest of all people: but because the Lord loved you, and because he would keep the oath which he had sworn unto your fathers, hath the Lord brought you out with a mighty hand, and redeemed you out of the house of bondmen, from the hand of Pharaoh king of Egypt" (Deuteronomy vii. 6—8).

Job saith:—"Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? not one. Seeing his days are determined, the number of his months are with Thee, Thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass" (Job xiv. 4, 5).

"But He is in one mind, and who can turn Him? and what His soul desireth, even that He doeth. For He performeth the thing that is appointed for me: and many such things are with Him" (Job xxiii. 13, 14).

David saith:—"The Lord bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought: He maketh the desires of the people of none effect. The counsel of the Lord standeth for ever, the thoughts of His heart to all generations. Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord; and the people whom He hath chosen for His own inheritance" (Psalm xxxiii. 10—12).

"Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect; and in Thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them" (Psalm cxxxix. 16).

"For the Lord hath chosen Jacob unto Himself, and Israel for His peculiar treasure. For I know that the Lord is great, and that our Lord is above all gods. Whatsoever the Lord pleased, that did He in heaven, and in earth, in the seas, and all deep places" (Psalm cxxxv. 4—6).

Solomon saith:—"The Lord hath made all things for Himself: yea, even the wicked for the day of evil" (Proverbs xvi. 4).

"The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water: He turneth it whithersoever He will" (Proverbs xxi. 1).

Isaiah saith:—"For Jacob My servant's sake, and Israel Mine elect, I have even called thee by thy name: I have surnamed thee, though thou hast not known Me" (Isaiah xlv. 4).

Jeremiah saith:—"Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations" (Jeremiah i. 5).

Daniel saith :—"At the end of the days I Nebuchadnezzar lifted up mine eyes unto heaven, and mine understanding returned unto me, and I blessed the most High, and I praised and honoured Him that liveth for ever, whose dominion is an everlasting dominion, and His kingdom is from generation to generation : and all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing : and He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth : and none can stay His hand, or say unto Him, What doest Thou ? At the same time my reason returned unto me ; and for the glory of my kingdom, mine honour and brightness returned unto me ; and my counsellors and my lords sought unto me ; and I was established in my kingdom, and excellent majesty was added unto me" (Daniel iv. 34—36).

OUR BLESSED LORD saith :—"I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father : for so it seemed good in Thy sight. All things are delivered unto Me of My Father : and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father ; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal Him" (Matthew xi. 25—27).

"All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me ; and him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out. For I came down from heaven, not to do Mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me. And this is the Father's will which hath sent Me, that of all which He hath given Me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day. . . . No man can come to Me, except the Father which hath sent Me draw him : and I will raise him up at the last day. . . . Therefore said I unto you, that no man can come unto Me, except it were given unto him of My Father" (John vi. 37—39, 44, 65).

"I pray not for the world, but for them which Thou hast given Me ; for they are Thine. . . . Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am ; that they may behold My glory, which Thou hast given Me : for Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world" (John xvii. 9, 24).

Luke saith :—"For of a truth against Thy holy child Jesus, whom Thou hast anointed, both Herod, and Pontius Pilate, with the Gentiles, and the people of Israel, were gathered together, for to do whatsoever Thy hand and Thy counsel determined before to be done" (Acts iv. 27, 28).

"And when the Gentiles heard this, they were glad, and glorified the word of the Lord : and as many as were ordained to eternal life believed" (Acts xiii. 48).

Paul saith :—"For the children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil, that the purpose of God according to election might stand, not of works, but of Him that calleth ; it was said unto her, The elder shall serve the younger. As it is written, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated. What shall we say then ? Is there unrighteousness with God ? God forbid. For He saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion. So then it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy. For the Scripture saith unto Pharaoh, Even for this same purpose have I raised thee up, that I might shew My power in thee, and that My name might be declared throughout all the earth. Therefore hath He mercy on whom He will have mercy, and whom He will He hardeneth. Thou wilt say then unto me, Why doth He yet find fault ? For who hath resisted His will ? Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God ? Shall the thing formed say to Him that formed it, Why hast Thou made me thus ? Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour ? What if God, willing to shew His wrath, and to make His

power known, endured with much longsuffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction : and that He might make known the riches of His glory on the vessels of mercy, which He had afore prepared unto glory, even us, whom He hath called, not of the Jews only, but also of the Gentiles ? " (Romans ix. 11—24.)

"It pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by His grace " (Galatians i. 15).

"According as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love : having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to Himself, according to the good pleasure of His will " (Ephesians i. 4, 5).

"But we are bound to give thanks alway to God for you, brethren beloved of the Lord, because God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth : whereunto He called you by our gospel, to the obtaining of the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ " (2 Thessalonians ii. 13, 14).

James saith :—"Of His own will begat He us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of firstfruits of His creatures " (James i. 18).

Peter saith :—"Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ " (1 Peter i. 2).

"Unto you therefore which believe He is precious : but unto them which be disobedient, the stone which the builders disallowed, the same is made the head of the corner, and a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence, even to them which stumble at the word, being disobedient : whereunto also they were appointed " (1 Peter ii. 7, 8).

Jude saith :—"For there are certain men crept in unawares, who were before of old ordained to this condemnation, ungodly men, turning the grace of our God into lasciviousness, and denying the only Lord God, and our Lord Jesus Christ " (Jude 4).

John saith :—"For God hath put in their hearts to fulfil His will, and to agree, and give their kingdom unto the beast, until the words of God shall be fulfilled " (Revelation xvii. 17).

Brethren, any system of Scriptural interpretation which *will* explain away, or will not recognize such Divine utterances, must surely be of men, and not from Heaven.

Secondly, *I am a Calvinist because this theology is reasonable.* Do not misunderstand me ; I have given the first place to Scripture, and if reason and Revelation conflict, then I unreservedly, unquestioningly, and immediately bow to Heaven's ultimatum : "Trust in the LORD with all thine heart ; and lean not unto thine own understanding " (Proverbs iii. 5). "Believe in the LORD your God, so shall ye be established " (2 Chronicles xx. 20) ; but if there be no such antagonism, it is not only my privilege but my responsibility to exercise such mental powers as God has given me, always, however, proceeding cautiously and humbly as befits a fallen creature whose semi-enlightenment leaves him often a prey to subtle dangers to which one absolutely blind is unexposed.

If the Supreme Power we worship be something more than a mere condensation of blind force, if, in short, we acknowledge that He is God, infinitely wise, and invincibly steadfast, it naturally and necessarily follows that, as such, He is possessed of Fore-knowledge. Theism, and, above all, Christianity, demands this. Now, if God,

looking down the vista of time, foresaw the panorama of the future ere that future existed, it must have then lived only in His Almighty mind, as sleeps the drama in the poet's brain, or else have been His infallible forecast of the inevitable outcome of the Divine decrees, and in either case we are logically forced a step further in our conclusions, and compelled to add to Theism and Fore-knowledge, Fore-ordination (or Predestination), since, if God foresaw the result of such decrees, and knowing the necessary consequences of His laws, decreed them, then not only causes but consequences are fore-ordained, and those who reject Predestination must also repudiate Fore-knowledge. This did not James when, in his memorable pronouncement at Jerusalem, he founded and drove home his conclusions from the argument that "Known unto God are all His works from the beginning of the world" (Acts xv. 18); and all prophetic utterances concerning "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world" (Revelation xiii. 8) not only predict but predetermine the necessary sequence of events from Eden unto Calvary.

Again, if the argument from order and design,—those great hall-marks of a Creator's hand,—stamped upon every fragment of the material world, and covering all our physical being, compels us to abandon the theories of chance or fatalism, if we accept the resistless logic of those laws, which, penetrating the universe from its hundred thousand suns down to the tiny snowdrop and the homely daisy, control also the human organism, and set their sanctions round our general morality, surely the conclusion that a supreme mind, and not mere matter, governs the material, forces us to further acknowledge that the same mind governs the immaterial, and that God is, in short, Sovereign over mind as well as matter; that He devised and set a-going the mechanism of the universe, the clock-work of human events, and designed the end and programme of all physical and moral being. We cannot possibly evade this conclusion without in a greater or lesser degree degrading God from His position of indisputable supremacy. While we demur to many of the dicta of Spinoza, Mill, & Co., yet it is a singular fact that all philosophy worthy of the name is deterministic; and Professor Fairbairn has aptly described modern science as "Calvinism with God missed out."* But we prefer to have God in, and contend that all conceptions of intelligent creation and moral government demand His universal presence. Fore-knowing, fore-ordaining one event, He fore-ordains all, for each hinges and impinges on the other; and thus the foolish problem,—How can the ALMIGHTY answer prayer?—is easy of solution, since prayer, being part of the programme, is but a means to an end, and itself an element in the complex machinery of the Divine decrees.

Is the all-wise, all-holy, all-loving God then verily responsible for evil, its origin and continuance? I dare not say! God only knoweth. Far stronger minds than mine have gazed and gazed again into the fierce white light of this age-lasting mystery until both brain and heart have been scorched, and rendered useless for the practical

* Address at the Congregational Union, 1894.

service of this work-day life; yet pray remember that Calvinists have no monopoly of this vast difficulty, it is common to all systems of religious faith. Still have I my thoughts,—Is sin itself a means unto an end which could not otherwise be accomplished? One thing I do believe, a God of love permitted evil, and has ruled and over-ruled it for His glory. Humility, gratitude, faith, sympathy,—these were words without a meaning until the gates of paradise had closed. The strength of conscious knowledge, and not the innocence of ignorance, the holiness and, above all, the love revealed at Calvary,—these were unknown quantities until the Fall was an accomplished fact; and I know that, on the glory-shore, it shall one day be said of all the powers of darkness, "But as for you, ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good" (Genesis i. 20), "to do whatsoever His hand and His counsel determined before to be done" (Acts iv. 28).

Is man, then, not possessed of free will? Again, I cannot say; although the clearly-revealed truth of personal responsibility would argue strongly in that direction; yet be it not forgotten that we are born fallen, with a distinct bias as regards the mind in certain directions. If Adam had free will in Eden's garden, who gave it him? Was it not God, who bestowed this fatal gift, foreseeing the inevitable consequences, and therefore, negatively permitting, if not positively fore-ordaining them? Besides, after all, what is free will? Is not the will largely conditioned by character, and even if the will engage in conflict with formed character, is it (the will) not then impelled and governed by other and external influences? It matters little whether these be physical, social, educational, or spiritual, the fact remains; freedom, absolute and uncontrolled, is but an idle boast; nay, further, license is not liberty, freedom being only possible through law, whether in the civil realm or in the soul. If, then, what we call free will is thus admittedly shaped and influenced by other minds, and other forces, shall we deny to God the power we readily concede unto our fellow-men? Freedom hath certainly its limitations, sanctions, and restraints; who placed them there? If God or devil, fate or chance, then is not man free unreservedly. If these be but a legacy from ancestry, or the outcome of present-day environment, then are we not absolutely free, and every one is moulded and influenced by surrounding circumstances. Diogenes once claimed exemption from the directings of human criticism, yet did his tub environment largely produce his cynicism. Calvinists but assert that God is supreme factor in all such influences, and that "His people shall be willing in the day of His power" (Psalm cx. 3). Our life abounds in paradoxes and seeming contradictions; the centripetal and centrifugal rule in the world of soul as in the world of space; but God can reconcile these contradictions, and as in Wagner's music discords blend in harmonies, so, when the pierced hand plays on the keys of this life's unsolved mysteries, shall poet, theologian, and philosopher discover that "of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things: to whom be glory for ever. Amen." (Romans xi. 36.)

(To be concluded next month.)

A Talk about the "Text Union."

BY CHARLES SPURGEON.

"GIVE us this day our daily bread," is the cry of God's children, and He who feeds the ravens never forgets to provide for His sons and daughters; yet "man shall not live by bread alone, but by every Word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God," so spiritual meat has been daily served by the texts for the members of the "Text Union."

We have often asked the question, before taking up the Almanack, and thinking of the 10,000 souls who were waiting to be fed, "Whence can one satisfy these with bread?" and greatly to our own joy has the daily portion more than met the need; and the few words forming the message have become like the loaves and fishes multiplied and blessed by the dear Lord Himself, and the soul's ration has been sufficient for the hungry multitudes.

If there has been one feature more striking than any other in connection with our "Text Bond", we think it is *the singular appropriateness of the portions as the days have come round*. So many have remarked upon this fact that it is worthy of note. Some have read through the month's provision, and have been unable to discover any word that they thought might possibly afford them joy; but, strangely, when the day has come, bringing with it its own text, then has the "meat" been "in due season," and the word has turned out to be "food convenient." We know of cases where the daily portion has been most remarkable in its application to the circumstances of the person needing advice at a critical period, and where the text has really been "a word behind, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left." It would not be well to reveal the secrets of some who have confided in us; but, by way of illustration, the writer ventures to give a couple of instances, from his own experience, of the unique aptness of the text to the day's necessities.

On February 5, it was arranged that we should start out on our evangelistic tour in South Africa, and we had to commence with nearly a fortnight's post-cart journeying. Only those who know the perils of such travelling can fully appreciate the comforting assurance of divine protection conveyed to the far from robust worker upon reading the words, "The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil." And it was even so!

The opening of the Annual Session of the South African Baptist Union fell upon April 11, and the text, "Consider what ye have to do," seemed so appropriate to the circumstances that it formed the subject of the first address by Pastor H. J. Batts in the series of meetings. We mutually agreed that it could not have been more fitting to the occasion, even if it had been selected with a view to the gatherings. The personal bearing that the words might have upon one's own heart had not, however, made itself felt until, during the day, a cablegram from home conveyed the intelligence that the church at South Street, Greenwich, had extended an invitation to

their late Pastor to return. With what fresh force did the words, "Consider what ye have to do," come home, and the prayer ascend for divine guidance!

There is another fact full of interest to those who love the Word of God, which makes the "Text Bond" a means of grace and a medium by which the knowledge of the Scriptures is increased. *Many of the texts are surprisingly novel, and to many quite unknown*; their singularity and uncommonness have been a cause of wonderment and enquiry. When the cover has been lifted, the contents have astonished the guest; and as, when some new viand is placed upon the table, questions arise as to its nature, flavour, and the country whence it comes, so, many have been led to enquire into the Word; and they have found it to be sweet unto their taste, and the specimen bunch of grapes has led them to enter in to possess a land flowing with milk and honey. If the "Text Union" had accomplished no more than to cause thousands to peruse the Bible, and to read those parts which are all too often neglected, its existence is amply justified by such a beneficial result; but we are thankful to say that we know of very many, whose spiritual life has been deepened, and whose personal desire to become "doers of the Word" has been intensified.

Changing the personal pronoun from the singular into the plural, we venture to quote the words of our beloved mother, who has been for many years, and thank God still is the compiler of the Almanack texts, from which our "Text Bond" is taken:—"We thank the Lord that He has thus made these portions of Scripture 'good words and comfortable words' (Zech. i. 13) to His people, and we pray that, by His blessing, our 'Text Bond' may yet girdle the earth with its living, loving influence, and that hearts quickened by His Spirit, and linked together by His Word, shall even here on earth begin to 'serve Him day and night in His temple.'" In order that our organization may grow, it will be necessary that *every member* should endeavour to gain fresh adherents, and we purpose adopting the same plan as last year to secure additions to our ranks. This will involve considerable financial outlay, but we rely upon the generosity of those who have derived spiritual good from the use of the "Text Bond" to meet the expense; and, as in the past, we believe sufficient means will be forthcoming to carry on the work. We hope to communicate with all the members, and to lay before them a scheme for extending the benefits of the "Text Union", and we earnestly seek the generous support and hearty co-operation of all the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel*.

It is a happy labour of love, now engaging quite a staff of willing helpers, and we are striving and praying that this simple effort may still be "bringing in constant gains of glory to God, and profit to both saints and sinners."

By sending your name and address, with four half-penny stamps, to Pastor C. Spurgeon, "Haddon," Dartmouth Row, Blackheath, you will be entitled to receive as a member of the "Text Union" the Almanack for 1895, and a certificate of enrolment. This will also place you in a position to accept the offer of the Almanack for next year, *gratis*, as a member, if you will persuade *two new friends* to join

the Union, remitting with their names and addresses the sum of fourpence for Almanacks and certificates.

Why should not "the chariots of God" become "twenty thousand" to convey the Word of the living Lord to the ends of the earth, or, as the literal rendering of the subsequent phrase has it, why should not the promise of "thousands of iteration" be fulfilled, in every member repeating the Text for the day the wide world o'er? We look for large accessions to our "Text Union" from readers of this Magazine, and would rejoice to see the day when every one who takes in this Monthly had been enrolled as a member. Of this we are certain, none will ever regret uniting with us, so we would persuade you, dear reader, to *join at once*.

Seed-Thoughts from C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons.

SELECTED BY J. D. KILBURN, ST. PETERSBURG.

IT is a good thing to ask a blessing on your food before you eat it; it is a better thing to ask a blessing on your enjoyments before you go into them.

When a father is going to correct a child he loves, he does not select something that is pleasant, neither does he select something that is more than necessarily severe.

An easy place on earth ought not to be sought by anyone who desires a glorious place in heaven.

The time of convalescence is the most important time of life; the way it is used, will decide how the future is lived.

God has promised His blessings on the simplest conditions. If you do not fulfil those conditions, you show either that you do not care for the blessings, or that you do not believe God.

It is a fearful thing to preach to other people if you do not first preach to yourself.

You will *soon* have to render an account of your talents; will you be able to do it with joy?

We are not saved by good works; but if we have no good works, we may doubt if we shall be saved.

If you want to speak for Christ, you must live with Christ. If you attempt the former without the latter, you will injure yourself and others.

If you trust God for grace to serve Him each day better than you did the day before, He will give it, and you will be able to do it.

Mr. Patrick's Work in Tangier.

LAST month we published tidings from Dr. Churcher; we are glad to be able now to give news of our other Pastors' College missionary in North Africa, from a letter written to the Secretary of the College Trustees by Mr. Edward H. Glenny, Honorary Secretary of the North Africa Mission.

I have just returned from Morocco, and while in Tangier had the pleasure of talking over the state of affairs with Mr. Patrick. He, as you are well aware, has been set apart for work amongst the Spaniards, who number about 7,000 there; he also acts as pastor to a small English-speaking church composed mainly of our Missionaries, but containing besides a few other Christians.

God in His providence seemed specially to lead us into this Spanish work, though most of our workers are occupied amongst the Moslems. I think that steady progress has been made amongst the Spaniards; the population is of a very shifting character, resembling in some respects the Irish labourers who come over for harvesting in this country, and then return.

So greatly has the work increased of late, that Mr. Patrick has been feeling very much the need of more commodious premises in which to hold the meetings. I believe that as many as 150 adults have been present, beside children who have had a separate meeting, and numbers had to be turned away. In summer time, the attendance is not so great, as these poor people have to labour from daylight to dark both on week-days and Sundays. If we could rent a larger hall, we would do so; but there does not seem anything to suit. We have, therefore, reluctantly felt that it would be necessary to build.

Mr. Patrick has secured a piece of ground for about £300. Land is extremely dear in Tangier and the other cities in North Africa, though cheap enough in the country. Rather more than £100 of the money for this has been subscribed specially, and just over £200 has been advanced by us from a fund we have for investment. Plans for the building have been drawn, but the expenses seemed too much; fresh plans are now to hand, and a hall to accommodate 300 adults, and a school underneath capable of taking 300 children, could be erected for £1,100. The hall would also be used for English services on Sunday, and part of the school-room as a dispensary in connection with the work. The raising of money for buildings at home is not easy, and abroad it is usually more difficult: so that, before we finally decide on any plans, we feel there is much need of wisdom. Meanwhile, the services are being carried on in a large room in a building, various parts of which are used for a day and Sunday-school, etc.

A good many of the Spaniards who have come under gospel influence have left Tangier, some to seek work elsewhere, and others driven away by persecution. The Spanish Roman Catholic priests are in strong force, and are, I believe, aided by the Spanish Government with a view of maintaining Spanish prestige in Morocco. They are able, therefore, both by giving help and by using threats, to bring pressure to bear upon the people; but notwithstanding this, a large and growing number come to hear the gospel. The late Spanish consul assisted the priests in persecuting the people, but we are thankful to say he has been removed.

Mr. Patrick's health has been fairly good of late, though he is by no means robust. His good wife is not very strong, and their only living child is very delicate. I would specially suggest prayer for their health, also that suitable premises may be provided, and further, that the blessing which God has already given may spread and deepen.

Notices of Books.

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

Personal Reminiscences of Charles Haddon Spurgeon. By W. WILLIAMS. Religious Tract Society.

MR. SPURGEON'S friends will welcome this five-shilling volume from the pen of Mr. Williams, of Upton Chapel, Lambeth. It does not profess to be a "life" of the beloved Pastor; but it will help to lessen the great gap which must remain until the "life" is issued. Mr. Williams had exceptional opportunities of meeting Mr. Spurgeon, both in public and in private, and this book shows that he fully availed himself of the privilege. He has now given to the world the treasures of wit and wisdom which he had so diligently stored away, notwithstanding "the peerless President's" half-playful threat of what the consequences would be if he imitated Boswell. Most of these Spurgeonic gems were too precious to be lost, and many will rejoice that the Religious Tract Society entrusted to our brother the congenial task of arranging and displaying them in so choice a manner. Incidentally, these "Reminiscences" describe the chief events in the life of the writer, as well as many notable occurrences during the last twenty years of Mr. Spurgeon's unique career.

The marvellous memory and copious notes of Mr. Williams have not prevented him from perpetuating some mistakes and mis-statements. Those who knew Mr. Spurgeon even better than he did, could have related more accurately some of the incidents; but, on the whole, his book gives a fair, loving, and loyal representation of the ever-to-be-revered C. H. S. as he was under a great variety of circumstances. The *fac-simile* letters, sermon-notes, and appropriate illustrations add materially to the value of the volume.

From Cobbler's Bench to President's Chair. Samuel Bradburn. By Rev. B. GREGORY. 66, Paternoster Row.

It is well that someone should act the

part of "Old Mortality", and recut the fading names of the early Methodist preachers. It would be little short of a disgrace to Christianity to allow the history of these apostolic men to be forgotten, and especially such a man as Samuel Bradburn. Mr. Gregory, in telling the story of this noble life, has produced a soul-quickening book, which should fire some of the Christian young men of the present day with the desire to distinguish themselves for Christ.

His biography again illustrates the well-known truth that high birth and superior educational advantages are not essential to success in life, nor to admission into Christ's College. Samuel Bradburn sprang from the ranks. His education as a boy cost exactly twopence! As a youth, he touched some of the lowest depths of evil; swearing, drinking, and gambling were his besetting sins. He strove hard to be an infidel, but he became a trophy of divine grace, and a monument of Jesu's power to save.

Though starting in life with a very slender intellectual equipment, he was richly endowed by nature, and was a man of rare parts. With great earnestness he applied himself to the preparation for future service, in the midst of manifold labours devoting eight hours of the twenty-four to study and devotion. At the very commencement of his ministerial life, he set himself to understand the whole art and mystery of effective preaching; and as the result, he became the Demosthenes of early Methodism, and a master in Israel. In some of his circuits, he preached fifty sermons a month. In the early part of his career, he would preach for two or three hours; but he found it better, afterwards, to feed the people as if they were chickens, "little and often."

As the title of this book indicates, Bradburn was a member of the "Aristocracy of the Awl." On one occasion, hearing a minister talking about having to give up *all* for Christ,

he remarked that he "gave up two of the best *awls* in the kingdom." Those who would know how this man rose to the highest position in Methodism, and all who are struggling with difficulties, should read this inspiring biography. It will make a capital prize for Sunday-school scholars.

Twenty Years in Khama's Country, and Pioneering amongst the Batawana of Lake Ngami. Told in the Letters of the Rev. J. D. HEPBURN. Edited by C. H. LYALL. Hodder and Stoughton.

A DOUBLE interest attaches to this volume; first, because the intrepid and self-sacrificing missionary whose letters are here given has been for a year and a half "present with the Lord," and next, because Khama and his brother-chiefs are now in England, seeking the justice which they feared might not be meted out to them in Africa. All who desire to know the truth about the affairs of Bechuana-land should carefully study the story told by "Khama's friend." It is a kind of special providence that preserved his letters, and arranged for their publication just now.

One of the most striking chapters in the book is that entitled "The last rain-making and other heathen rites in Shoshong, and the drink devil turned out." It would spoil the narratives to quote only a part of either; they must be read in full. The first gives a thrilling account of how prayer was answered by the bestowal of rain almost as in Elijah's day; while the second records Khama's banishment of the drink-sellers and their "liquid fire." His "Maine Liquor Law" enforced the total prohibition of the import of intoxicants into his territory; and when his commands had been repeatedly disobeyed, he drove out the smugglers, with their casks and cases, in a fashion we should like to see adopted in our own land. Surely, even the present publicans' Parliament will not dare to reverse such a righteous rule, or allow such a faithful friend of Great Britain to be "eaten up" by the Chartered Company of South Africa.

The editor, illustrators, and publishers of this most timely volume have all done their work well; the book is an exceedingly acceptable addition to the ever-growing missionary literature of the present day.

Ten Decades. The Australian Centenary Story of the London Missionary Society. By Rev. JOSEPH KING. John Snow and Co.

THE key-note to this cheering record of a century's missionary work in and from Australasia is contained in the author's words:—"The expansion of Anglo-Saxon influence must be used for the extension of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, and every fresh centre occupied by English-speaking people must be used as a new base of Missionary work." Starting with the discovery of Australia and the founding of the London Missionary Society, Mr. King tells the story of the trials and triumphs of gospel missions in the Southern seas, and pleads for the continual expansion of the work until all nations shall have heard the message of salvation.

Pioneer Work in the Great City. By JOHN HUNT. Partridge and Co.

IN his introduction to this "Autobiography of a London City Missionary," Archdeacon Sinclair says:—"The tact and skill with which Mr. Hunt deals with different cases will be obvious to the reader; and his work has been greatly blessed by the Holy Spirit." In Surbiton, Smithfield, and Bermondsey, among the poor and degraded, and especially in visiting public-houses, this veteran missionary has been remarkably used to the conversion of people who seemed utterly hopeless. The book is full of interesting incidents, perilous adventures, racy conversations with infidels and other opponents, and it would be invaluable to anyone beginning similar work in London or other large centres of population. From the records in this volume, we can also estimate the magnitude of "the self-denying and indefatigable labours of the 500 London City Missionaries."

Lamps of the Temple. By H. R. REYNOLDS, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

As Dr. Reynolds has resigned his presidency of Cheshunt College, it was fitting that some memorial of his long and valued service should be sought. One such memorial will be found in this volume of addresses to students; yet the men themselves are proofs that his best monument must be in the lives he helped to mould and shape by his spiritual influence and pastoral solicitude. Many are the lamps which the speaker seeks to unveil in the great spiritual temple; as, for instance, those of knowledge, revelation, sympathy, sacrifice, consecration, service, discipline, &c. The whole of the addresses breathe a lofty moral tone, and rightly emphasize the central verities of Christian faith. Perhaps the unique position of the College explains the lack of colour or denominational bias; but there is no absence of accent on the aims, themes, and methods of the ministry. The perusal of these pages will be a pleasure and a profit, not merely to old Cheshunt students, but to all who wear the gospel armour, and fight the battles of the Lord.

The Mystery of Suffering Dispelled.

By JOHN MAYNARD. Partridge.

By religio-scientific reasoning, the author has solved to his own satisfaction the mystery of suffering. We are not sure that the readers of this little work will be so easily satisfied, though we recognize the ability and devoutness displayed in the treatment of the theme. This profound subject cannot be disposed of in a series of short chapters making up in all sixty small pages. The ministry of suffering plays an important part in the formation of Christian character; our Lord Jesus Christ Himself was made perfect through suffering, and His followers must not expect a pleasanter process. Scripture reveals that we are made partakers of the divine holiness by Fatherly chastisement. Doubtless, there is much suffering that is preventable, much that is the direct or indirect result of violation of divine laws, for the laws of nature and

of health are divine. There is suffering which is remedial as well as penal, suffering which is intended to develop and strengthen Christian graces as well as to destroy the love of evil and to punish the wrong-doer.

A great preacher was once asked if there was any way of reconciling the existence of evil with love on the part of the Creator. He replied, "Only by a modest recognition of our ignorance of the means by which God, having the universe for His field, eternity to work in, and infinite wisdom for His guide, chooses to produce results better than we have been capable of conceiving," and added, "Perhaps, in the benefits we receive from our exertions to get rid of evil, we shall one day find a solution for the reason of its being." It may be that this little book will help some towards solving the mystery of the suffering of others, at any rate; if not their own. As we read these pages, we were reminded of the words in the Book of Nehemiah, "Our God turned the curse into a blessing;" but the mystery was not dispelled, especially from the following sentence:—"Like all other animals, he (*i.e.*, man) instinctively looks up to his Father God for help in time of need." It is not by raising "all other animals" to the dignity of man, nor by lowering men to the level of the brute creation, that this mystery will be dispelled. If read with discrimination, this work may in some minds diminish the density of the cloud that envelopes this subject; but not till the day break, and all shadows flee away, do we expect the mystery of suffering to be wholly dispelled.

The Resurrection of the Dead. By JOHN MAYNARD. Partridge.

SOME who have doubts and difficulties upon this momentous theme may be helped by this sermon; but others may even have their difficulties increased by it. We have not heard of many infidels being converted by even "well-reasoned" discourses; yet argument has its place and purpose, and some persons may have been saved from infidelity by cogent reasoning. To all doubters we would

put the question that Paul addressed to Agrippa, "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" Not simply that the dead should rise, but that God should raise the dead. Surely He who, at the first, made us of the dust of the ground, can and will bring us again into being, and give "to every seed his own body." Given the existence of an all-powerful and all-wise God, processes and details will follow as a matter of course. Till Jesus comes, our "flesh shall rest in hope."

The Will of God: What is it? And how to do it. By Rev. JOHN P. HOBSON, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

A HELPFUL book for those who seek to live a holy life. To know, to understand, to bear, and to do the will of God, are shown to be the real Christian life, and the deepest joy of the redeemed soul. Any who shrink from praying "Thy will be done!" should ponder these pages; they would probably soon see that the will of God, when fully known, is just the rule of sovereign love and utmost blessedness.

The Origin and Nature of Man. By S. B. G. MCKINNEY. Elliot Stock.

THE author of this thoughtful treatise seeks to show, in scientific terms, the hopelessness of evolution or materialism to explain the phenomena of life. Man is a spirit, he is assured, and lives by God's creative power. The follies of pseudo-scientific fancies are well exposed; and, altogether, a difficult subject is dealt with in most pleasing style.

The Pathway of Light. By J. P. LILLEY, M.A. C. H. Kelly.

THIS tasteful volume is given as a study of the conditions and privileges of Christian fellowship, and it admirably fulfils its purpose. By easy stages, it takes us on from our first start in the Christian walk into the unclouded light of the divine presence, and the blessed sunshine of a holy life. It is at once Scriptural and spiritual.

The Fruit of the Spirit. By Rev. JOHN CULLEN, D.D. Partridge.

A SIXPENNY booklet, giving an instructive and helpful exposition of Galatians v. 22, 23. The various chapters are happily summarized in a single paragraph:—"Joy is Love rejoicing; Peace is Love at rest; Long-suffering is Love bending to the storm; Gentleness is Love in the family; Goodness is Love seen in good works; Faith is Love trusting at all times; Meekness is Love bearing the cross; Temperance (or Self-control) is Love at school—crucifying the flesh." The pamphlet is in its second edition; its teaching is so good that it ought to reach many more.

Echoes of Heroes' Voices. By Baroness BRANTSEN. Partridge and Co.

ANOTHER sixpenny booklet, containing thirty-one short quotations from General Gordon, William the Silent, Dr. Livingstone, and Bishops Hannington and Patteson. The gem of the collection is that noble utterance of Dr. Livingstone:—"If God has accepted my services, then my life is charmed until my work is done. Death is a glorious event to one going to Jesus."

MR. EDWARD KNIGHT (18, Middle Street, Aldersgate) has just published, in his Cabinet Library of Christian Classics, Dr. JAMES HAMILTON'S choice works, *The Mount of Olives*, and other *Lectures on Prayer*, and *Life in Earnest*. The latter volume is enriched with an interesting biographical sketch of the author, by Mrs. G. E. Morton, who has appropriately included in it many instances of the usefulness of *Life in Earnest*. The books are issued in cloth at a shilling, and in paper covers at sixpence; they are rightly named Christian Classics, and deserve an even wider circulation than they had during the writer's lifetime.

BLACKIE'S School and Home Library (30, Old Bailey) has received two additional volumes, *Poor Jack*, by Captain MARRYAT, and *Feats on the Fiord*, by HARRIET MARTINEAU.

The "Autocrat" Birthday Book.
Being Selections from the Works of
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Ar-
ranged by A. L. MACDONALD.
Sunday School Union.

THERE are some good things among these autocratic utterances, but many more that we cannot endorse. For instance:—"If for the Fall of man, science comes to substitute the Rise of man, it means the utter disintegration of all the spiritual pessimisms which have been like a spasm in the heart and a cramp in the intellect of man for so many centuries." The shortest verse in the Bible, "Jesus wept," contradicts this assertion of the American autocrat:—"Tears, except as a private demonstration, are an ill-disguised expression of self-consciousness and vanity." We can only give one more quotation, which is either nonsense or worse:—"I do not believe childish wrong is infinite, as some have pretended, but infinitely finite." Any of our readers who want a Birthday Book can procure from our publishers one that is free from the rubbish abounding in this one; its author is not O. W. H., but C. H. S.

Home-Making; or, the Family Life.
By Rev. J. R. MILLER, D.D. Sunday
School Union.

THIS is an expansion of Dr. Miller's former volume. *The Perfect Home*, which we cordially commended a few months ago. The esteemed author has revised and corrected the five chapters in that work, and added four more, entitled, "Brothers and Sisters," "The Home Life," "Religion in the Home," and "Home Memories." The whole subject is treated in the chaste and felicitous style that has won for the writer an entrance into thousands of homes on both sides of the Atlantic. This book would make a charming wedding present.

The Conduct of Public Meetings. By
J. HUNT COOKE. Alexander and
Shepherd.

A USEFUL little manual for those who have to take part in public meetings either as chairmen, speakers, or

auditors. We are surprised that Mr. Cooke blames Sir Charles Reed for his long speech in presiding at Mr. Gough's meeting in the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Probably he is not aware that the lecturer wished the speaker to address the audience at great length so as to give him time to recover from the nervousness from which he was suffering.

Consider the Heavens. A Popular Introduction to Astronomy. By Mrs. WILLIAM STEADMAN ALDIS. Religious Tract Society.

YEARS ago, the Tract Society issued a *Popular Handbook of Astronomy*, by THOMAS MILNER, M.A., F.R.G.S., to which Mr. Spurgeon acknowledged his indebtedness in the preparation of his lecture on "The Sciences as Sources of Illustration." A work of that character is constantly in demand for those who cannot attain to "the mountain heights of knowledge" of this inexhaustible subject. We, therefore, welcome right heartily this charmingly-written, half-crown "guide-book" by Mrs. Aldis, whose husband (the Senior Wrangler of his year) has given such supervision to her work as was deemed necessary. Over thirty illustrations, some of them exquisitely beautiful, add to the interest of the book.

Hidden Beauties of Nature. By
RICHARD KERR, F.G.S. Religious
Tract Society.

IT is a pity that our young folk waste so much time over story-books, when there are so many works that ought to be equally fascinating, and which are as instructive as they are interesting. The book before us, like the one just noticed, is of this character. In the work on Astronomy, we learn much of the wonders discovered through the telescope; Mr. Kerr's *Hidden Beauties of Nature* show us many of the marvels revealed by the microscope. Many who were privileged to hear the lectures now expanded into this beautiful three-and-sixpenny volume have begun to form natural history collections of their

own, and the author hopes that among his readers a still greater number will follow their example. The book is adorned with fifty-nine illustrations from sketches and photographs, and altogether forms one of the choicest presents that could be given to a thoughtful boy or girl.

Plants of the Bible. By Rev. GEORGE HENSLow, M.A., F.L.S. *A Primer of Hebrew Antiquities.* By Rev. O. C. WHITEHOUSE, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

THE two latest of the "Present Day Primers" maintain the high standard of their predecessors. The former sheds the light of latest science on the botany of the Bible, and should be an effective aid to every Bible student; the latter treats, with the ease born of knowledge, of the life, customs, laws, and institutions of Israel for about a thousand years, *i. e.*, from 1300 to 300 B.C. Principal Whitehouse dates the Exodus about the former year, and talks of the "Book of the Covenant" (Exodus xx. 22—xxiii.), as though it were proved that that was the primitive code around which all the rest gradually grew. Apart from this flaw, there is a mass of information, alike from literature and monuments, just suited to the busy student's need.

MANY who were unable to be at Birmingham last Whitsuntide, as well as those who were there, will welcome the *Report of the 1895 Christian Endeavour Convention*, edited by Rev. W. KNIGHT CHAPLIN, and published at a shilling by the Sunday-school Union. Over fifty addresses, twenty-one portraits, and much valuable information about the principles and progress of the Y.P.S.C.E., make the Report indispensable to all who desire to be acquainted with this remarkable movement.

AN equally valuable record of a somewhat different character of meetings is that issued by Messrs. Marshall Brothers,—*Keswick Week*, 1895, edited by Rev. EVAN H. HOPKINS (one shilling). The twenty-first annual gathering was in all respects worthy of those

that had preceded it, and the presence of Mr. Andrew Murray gave a speciality to this year's assemblies. Five of his addresses and his portrait are included in this admirable *résumé* of the proceedings of the week, but the whole of his public utterances during his present visit to England are shortly to be published in a volume.

MR. FRANK COCKREM, the Secretary of the Open Air Mission, has written an admirable twelve-page pamphlet in praise of the Word of God, which he calls "a golden bridge of truth thrown over the ages of this gospel dispensation, spanning its successive cycles, and uniting its last days with its first." The title of the pamphlet is *No Open Vision*. It is published by Marshall Brothers at 4s. per 100.

Ben-Hur: A Tale of the Christ. By LEW. WALLACE. Sunday School Union.

WE can only repeat what we recently wrote of the re-issue of this book by another firm of publishers. "A new and illustrated edition of a work that has attained considerable notoriety on both sides of the Atlantic; but we do not admire it any the more for that reason. The time of our Lord is too sacred to be turned to account for tale-telling, and we do not wish to know more about that period than the inspired writers or contemporary historians can tell us. It seems to us truly shocking to weave into a story the dying words of our Saviour upon the cross."

Stories of North Pole Adventure. By FRANK MUNDELL. Sunday School Union.

THERE is a fatal fascination about Arctic exploration which will furnish the author with readers of this work who might pass by his *Stories of the Fire-brigade* and of the *Lifeboat*, interesting and attractive as they are. The writer makes a strange slip in his opening sentence when he says that the Pole Star is in *Ursa Major*. The two pointers in the Great Bear are almost in a line with the Pole Star in *Ursa Minor*.

Notes.

PASTOR CHARLES SPURGEON publicly celebrated his 39th birthday on *Thursday evening, September 19* (a little before the actual date), by delivering, in South Street Chapel, Greenwich, a lecture on his recent visit to South Africa. The large building was crowded to its utmost capacity, and hundreds were unable to obtain admission. During the autumn, the lecture is to be given at the Tabernacle, when many of our readers will doubtless avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing it. We are glad to learn that many new members are coming forward to join the church at South Street, and that the Pastor continues to be greatly cheered by the tokens of good already received, and by the prospect of yet larger blessings in the future.

PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON returned from his holiday in Wales in time to celebrate his 39th birthday, on *Friday, Sept. 20*, by sitting in his vestry to receive contributions for such portions of the Tabernacle work as might be in need. A goodly number of members of the church and congregation gathered to greet the Pastor and his dear wife, and brought with them donations amounting to about £150,—a very sweet and happy method of welcoming a minister back from his holiday!

On *Lord's-day, Sept. 22*, the Pastor resumed his ministry at the Tabernacle. The thousands of friends assembled in the vast edifice rejoiced to see him looking so robust and well after his month's absence, and many earnest petitions for the Lord's continued blessing, mingled with hearty thanksgivings for mercies in the past, were presented privately or at the various meetings for prayer in connection with the different branches of the church's work.

Will friends who desire to take in the shilling monthly parts of *The Treasury of David* kindly remember that the first number should be ordered for delivery with the November magazines? A specimen copy will be sent, post-free to any address, on receipt of 1s. 2d. in stamps, by Messrs. Passmore & Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London; or the monthly parts can be obtained of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colporteurs, or through any bookseller. This is an opportunity of procuring Mr. Spurgeon's "colossal commentary on the Psalms", of which many, who cannot buy the seven volumes, will do well to avail themselves.

The Tabernacle church has suffered another loss by the calling home of Brother M. KOMANG, who had long and lovingly discharged the duties of the eldership until increasing infirmities incapacitated him for public service.

In the *Sword and Trowel* for September, 1892, we published this portrait of our venerable brother, with a brief sketch



of his life. We trust that the bereaved family may be graciously sustained and comforted by the Holy Spirit, who is *the Comforter*.

We are pleased to know that, through the publicity given in the *Sword and Trowel* and other periodicals and papers, the work of the SPURGEON MEMORIAL SERMON SOCIETY continues to increase very rapidly. In our July number, we reported that over 300 distributors were circulating Mr. Spurgeon's sermons as loan tracts in sets of 50 to each worker; at the present time, more than 700 distributors have taken up this happy service, and the number is daily augmenting, so that the secretary confidently expects, before 1895 closes, to enrol the 1,000 distributors for whom he asked. He and the committee have already been much encouraged by the many instances of blessing recorded by those who have taken the sermons week by week from house to house. Whereunto this agency will grow, we cannot even imagine; for not only have branches been formed in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, but applications have been received from India and Africa, and a Christian sailor on board one of H.M.'s ships on foreign service has taken two sets for distribution on the vessel.

The sermons are supplied *gratis*, in sets of 50 to each worker, ready covered, and carriage paid, thus avoiding all local expenses, on condition that any contributions received from readers and sympathizers with the work are forwarded to the Society. Applicants should state the number of sets (50 sermons) required, counting one set for each worker, and mention the nearest railway station. All communications

should be addressed to the honorary secretary, Mr. William Taverner, 36, Exeter Street, Brighton, Sussex.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND DANCING.—The following letter from a minister in the West of England supplies a sequel to the paragraph in last month's *Sword and Trowel* concerning "the farewell dance to the Rev. Canon and Mrs. ——" at Brisbane:—

"Dear Mrs. Spurgeon,—Will you allow me to add a word *re* 'Dr. A. J. Gordon on Worldliness in the Church' in this month's issue of *Sword and Trowel*? It has long been the custom in the country parishes in this district to have, once a year, in connection with the Church of England, what are called 'Harvest Festivals.' A sermon is preached at 12 o'clock, followed by amusements of various kinds, ending with a dance. I need not comment on the dance, but it does appear to me a very sad thing that the gospel should be linked with this great evil. Six such 'festivals' have been held, during the last month, within a distance of seven miles from this place, and as many as four hundred people of all classes have paid one shilling each to enter the tent for the dance, where they remain until the small hours of the morning. Drink is freely supplied, with its attendant quarrels, etc., and all this is arranged and permitted by the vicars of the different parishes. We, however, never lose an opportunity of publicly denouncing this thing."

It is time that some others denounced the evil. Surely, the Church as by law established does not station "a gentleman in every parish" in order that he may aid in the demoralization of the people! Will not the West of England bishops, and others who know of similar practices in their dioceses, deal with this crying evil in their pastoral charges to the clergy under their control?

BAPTISMAL REGENERATION.—A correspondent of *The Christian*, of September 19, sends from Switzerland extracts from two sermons recently preached there by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. On one occasion, the text was, "We know that we have passed from death unto life," and in his discourse the preacher asked, "How is this life to be obtained?" Instead of giving a Scriptural reply to his own question, the bishop said, "*We obtain life by the Holy Sacrament of baptism.*" "Yes," he repeated, "*a few drops of water sprinkled upon the face make a child of wrath into a child of God!*" Of course, we know that this is the teaching of the Church of England catechism; but it is not often that even her bishops proclaim this false doctrine in such plain terms. There is still need for the widespread circulation of Mr. Spurgeon's trumpet-blast sermons, "Baptismal Regeneration" (No. 573), "Children brought to Christ, not to the Font"

(No. 581), "The Priest Dispensed With" (No. 1,250), and "Thus Saith the Lord: or, the Book of Common Prayer Weighed in the Balances of the Sanctuary" (No. 591).

This mischievous and soul-destroying error of Baptismal Regeneration sometimes appears in most unlikely places. We were certainly surprised to meet with it in the September number of *The Children's Friend*, published by Messrs. Partridge & Co. Yet it is there stated in the very words of the catechism. In an account of the actual or supposed "christening" of a hop-picker's child, the writer says of the clergyman's son, who had earned a little money at the hop bins:—"He willingly gave his share of the shillings that the poor little Londoner should wear decent white raiment on the solemn occasion when she was made 'an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.'"

Does the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol really believe—as he is reported to have said in the little English church behind the Bel Alp Hotel,—that "A few drops of water sprinkled upon the face make a child of wrath into a child of God?" Or, do he and his co-religionists preach what they know to be contrary to the teaching of the New Testament? Then, in either case, before we send any more missionaries abroad, we had better try to instruct Englishmen and Englishwomen in the first principles of the gospel, and make a beginning with the bunch of bishops.

We have been asked to invite our readers' special attention to the series of meetings for humiliation, waiting upon God, and exhortation, to be conducted by Mr. ANDREW MURRAY at the Great Assembly Hall, Mile End Road, on *Wednesday and Thursday*, October 9th and 10th. Many thousands who have been helped by the Spirit-taught and spirit-teaching books of this beloved servant of the Lord will be thankful for the opportunity of meeting him before he returns to South Africa. All communications regarding the gatherings may be addressed to Mr. Albert Head, Corrie Lodge, Wimbledon.

Pastor H. H. Pullen sends us a pamphlet entitled, *The Whitenig Harvest in Italy*. It contains testimonies of eye-witnesses and others to the work of THE SPEZIA MISSION founded by Mr. Edward Clarke and his sister thirty years ago, and states that "The work has grown under God's rich blessing very remarkably, in spite of most bitter and persistent opposition, and in face of grave discouragements and well-nigh insurmountable difficulties. To-day, the Mission carries on Protestant Christian Evangelization, with 24 Mission-stations as centres of operation; 15 Sunday-schools, with 239 Scholars; 8 Bible Day-schools, with over 800 Scholars; Work among the soldiers and sailors of Italy; the Victoria

Adelaide Orphanage for Girls; Bible and Tract Distribution, &c. There are 35 missionaries, teachers, and evangelists wholly engaged in this work. Funds are most urgently needed." All communications should be addressed to the Co-Director of the Mission, Pastor H. H. Pullen, "Marola," Parkhall Road, East Finchley, London, N.

COLLEGE.—Mr. J. R. Jackman has settled at Peterborough, as assistant to Pastor T. Barrass.

Mr. J. R. Hadler has returned to the pastorate at Sheerness, which he had to relinquish, some years ago, through failing health. Mr. W. J. Juniper has accepted an invitation from the English Baptist Church, Rangoon, Burmah.

Owing to protracted illness, our Brother G. W. Oldring has resigned his charge at Long Sutton; but should health and strength be restored, he will be glad to resume his work for the Master.

Mr. Harry Wood has removed from Deloraine to Latrobe, Tasmania.

Mr. S. Pilling, F.G.S., formerly of Blackpool, on September 8, commenced holding services at Shawbury Hall, Shawbury Road, East Dulwich. He has been much encouraged by the attendances up to the date of writing, and believes there is an opportunity of establishing a strong Baptist Church, if all friends in the neighbourhood will render such assistance as lies in their power.

C. H. SPURGEON'S EVANGELISTS.—In sending us the list of contributions for the Hop-pickers' Mission to September 14, Mr. Burnham writes:—

"We had a very enjoyable and refreshing season of prayer and counsel on assembling at Mr. Kendon's on August 30. After we had distributed our missionaries to their various posts in the field,—4 at Yalding, 2 at Lamberhurst, 2 at Curtisden Green, 4 at Goudhurst, 1 at Beddington, 1 at Sandhurst, and 2 at Tenbury (Worcestershire),—I returned for a promised Sunday at Haddon Hall, on Monday, September 2, went to Tenbury to launch the work there, reached home on Thursday evening, and Goudhurst on Friday. Our workers in Worcestershire write most hopefully of the work there; they speak of an earnest spirit of hearing in the camp-services, and that at the close many thanked them, and begged them to go again. I think we may honestly write the same concerning our work in Kent. We have been wonderfully favoured by the weather: and, in consequence, have had many a quiet chat over the bins, and large and attentive crowds at the open-air services. To-morrow (15th) is 'the great day of the feast'—the hoppers' tea. With fine weather, we shall in all probability number more than a thousand in the meadow, and from there we hope to go to two services

in the villages, mustering about eight hundred in each place."

From October 13 to 22, Mr. Burnham is to conduct a mission at Evesham.

Pastor George Wilson wrote that, even before Mr. Harmer commenced his services at Monkwearmouth, there were evidences that the Spirit of God was preparing the people for a great blessing, and so the evangelist found it, for several decided for Christ on September 8, the first Sabbath of his mission at Ænon Chapel. The following day, however, the Channel Fleet arrived, and for several nights the ships of war afforded greater attractions for many than the gospel of peace. After their departure, the good work proceeded with increased interest, and it is still in progress as these "Notes" are being written.

From September 29 to October 21, Mr. Harmer is to be at Golcar and Pole Moor, Yorkshire.

ORPHANAGE.—Mr. Charlesworth and his choir started on September 20 for their first tour for the present season. The places to be visited were:—Folkestone, Dover, Deal, Canterbury, Sittingbourne, Whitstable, Ashford, and Goudhurst. The orphans' friends in each place will, doubtless, give them a hearty reception, and generous contributions for the institution they go to represent. All who wish to arrange for a visit from the choir should write to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

The next *Collectors' meeting* will (D.V.) be held at the Orphanage on Tuesday, October 15. Tea will be provided at 5 p.m., to be followed by a gathering in the Memorial Hall, at which it is expected that Mr. J. S. Smithson, formerly of Dublin, will preside.

COLPORTAGE.—"Hallelujah!" shall be our first word of thanksgiving for the mercies of the past four weeks. Last month we were in the valley, sounding forth the low notes of hope and feeble thanks; to-day, we will climb to the high hills of praise unto our God for gracious help received. "What shall your contribution be?" was the question of last month, and the demands made upon our funds are so regular and constant that the same question must be again and again repeated. With gladness of heart, it is our joy gratefully to record that some have generously answered this enquiry 'in loving memory,' and others also out of strong desire that the chariots of the Lord's host may make greater progress, win many victories, and bring home much spoil to be laid at the feet of King Jesus.

We think that we cannot interest our subscribers better than by giving them actual details as supplied by the colporteurs themselves. Our good brother, Mr. Cope, of Estover, writes of a husband and his wife who have been blessed by the preaching of the Word, which is still the power of God unto salvation to every one who believeth.

He says:—"They were very self-righteous, thinking themselves as good as any of the professing Christians; but, through intercourse with one of our young converts, they felt they lacked the one thing needful. They then attended our services, and became under deep conviction of sin. On Sunday, May 8th, 1892, great power was felt as the Lord enabled me to speak on the subject of Jacob's ladder (Genesis xxviii), and they were so wrought upon, that they stayed to the prayer-meeting, and at the close, asked me to point them to Jesus. It was a beautiful sight to see husband and wife kneeling together, and seeking the Lord. Before rising from their knees, both had accepted Christ Jesus as their Saviour. They have since then attended our services, and the husband has for some time been one of our most earnest Sunday-school teachers, also a tract-distributor in his own village, and, occasionally, he gives an address at our week-evening service. Thus the Lord continues to bless our labour in this district. To him be all the glory for ever and ever. Amen."

Mr. Mildred, of Horsforth, one of our most earnest workers, writes:—"I am very pleased to report the conversion of one who had squandered a small fortune (which was left him by a relative) in a very short time, mostly at the public-house and with gay companions. He thought the religion of Jesus Christ was a mockery, and His servants all shams. Some time since, he came to live next door to me, and I often had the opportunity of speaking a word for the Master. One day, I sold him a little book, which he read on the Sunday morning. God used it as an arrow of conviction to his soul. His wife found him in tears in the bedroom, and was greatly astonished to hear him exclaim,—'By God's help, I will go to chapel, and start a new life.' The following Sunday, he went to the Wesleyan Chapel, and at night gave himself to Christ, and to-day he is rejoicing in his Saviour. He has bought a Bible from me, and I often have the joy of teaching him the precious promises contained therein. May this be but one of the first drops before the shower that will yet come, by the Holy Spirit, through the Colportage work!"

Next month, we shall have something to say about the sales, which are most encouraging. All communications and contributions should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, Temple Street, St. George's Road, Southwark, S. E.

PERSONAL NOTES, BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.—There has been an eager and ample response to my request for a copy of the *Sword and Trowel* to be sent to a lady missionary in China. Up to this date, I have had fifty-four applicants for the address; and, as I could not overwhelm her with so many copies, I have hunted up the names and addresses of missionaries with whom I

have been in correspondence in all parts of the world, and these will each receive the Magazine in due course. How surprised they will be, especially when they find that the supply is regularly continued! I trust that all who have commenced this "little bit of service" for the Lord, will carry it on as long as He permits them to do so. Though so small a matter, it is a "putting of the hand to the plough," and from this there should be no "looking back." The pleasant little incident greatly increased my work of letter-writing, but I cannot regret it, for my heart has been cheered, my faith encouraged, and my hands greatly strengthened by the enthusiastic love manifested to the dear old Magazine, and the loyal interest evinced in its continued prosperity and progress. I feel quite proud of it through your praise, dear friends, and unspeakably grateful to God for giving it such grace in your eyes.

In a letter lately received from a French lady in *Algeria*, a very interesting and unique work was made known to me, one strongly appealing to my sympathy, as you will see when you have read this paragraph. She says, "We are here without a sanctuary and without a pastor,—a little knot of Protestants alone in this sad land! I have been enabled to gather together for worship many German and Swiss soldiers from the garrison, a few others of various nationalities, and one or two English people. All these are eager for religious instruction, and I am greatly encouraged in my work among them. But, though I can conduct the worship, I am not sufficiently mistress of the German language to give them an address or sermon, so I determined to ask you for a selection of Mr. Spurgeon's translated discourses, which I might read to them on the Sabbath. I would also earnestly beg for copies of sermons in French to distribute among the patients in the Hospital, who would receive them with great joy."

Here, dear friends, is another of those opening doors which the Lord is granting everywhere to the object so very near to my heart and yours! If I were to have the sermons translated and printed, and then not know where to send them, or how to get rid of them, I might question seriously the wisdom or benefit of such a use of money; but the people are eager for them, and the applications from many lands show that the Lord is indeed stirring up in the hearts of His servants a strong desire to avail themselves of words which have ever ministered grace unto the hearers. Oh, bless the Lord with me for these multiplied manifestations of His favour, and His sanction of this service! He is evidently working with us, putting forth in many ways the power of His providence and love. Shall we not thank Him for the high privilege of thus "working together" with Him, and do our very utmost to prove our devotion to His cause, by our quick response

to its demands? I sent to Algeria, sermons and tracts in French and German; but I would like to send more, if my friends will enable me to do so.

Aprèspas of "Son Charlie's" earnest appeal on behalf of the Text Union this month. I should like my dear friends to know of the success God has given it in some hearts and homes. Here is a letter recently received from a pastor's wife in the suburbs of London, which testifies, in a most delightful way, to the inner, spiritual grace of the plan, if entered into heartily, and carried out faithfully. "as unto the Lord."

"I should like to tell you what a blessing the Text Union is to us. Nearly thirty of our young people have joined, and I find that, having the text as a starting-point, gives me constant opportunity for spiritual conversation with them; and it is just as helpful when visiting the people, whether sick or well, for one's mind has been so dwelling on the text for the day, that it seems quite easy to speak about it; and then this leads on to blessed results. In our home-life, too, it has a gracious influence. All our children are members, and never miss saying the appointed portion. My little boy calls into my room every morning, 'Text for to-day, please, mamma,' and, in order to be always ready for him, I learn it the night before, and it is a sweet morsel of comfort to go to sleep upon. I notice you have taken much pains in arranging and selecting the texts, sometimes linking them together for two or three successive days, or making one answer another in a most instructive manner. In my own soul I have received very much blessing from committing them to memory, and many a cloudy day has been brightened and a rough place made smooth through the gracious ministry of the daily portions of God's Word which you have chosen."

To all the dear readers of "Personal Notes", I would suggest an imitation of so good an example.

"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"*Not that we loved God, but that He loved us.*"—1 John iv. 10.

As the precious balm of Gilead, or the cassia and sweet calamus of the holy anointing oil, so came these blessed words into my dull and aching heart this morning. Dear Lord, I thank Thee for them; Thou hast taken them from Thine Own Book, and spoken them to me with Thy living, loving voice, and they have quickened me.

I had brought to Thee, with shame and sorrow, a hard and insensible heart; I could only groan out before Thee my utter lack

both of faith and feeling. The very *desire* to love Thee seemed to lie fettered and powerless within me, only an occasional struggle revealing its bare existence. Then, Lord, while I knelt in Thy presence, with bowed head and troubled spirit,—tears and sighs my only prayers,—Thou didst whisper those sweet words in my ear, and they brought light and liberty to my captive soul. Blessed be Thy dear Name for this glorious deliverance! It is not my poor, cold, half-hearted love which is to satisfy and comfort me; but *Thy love*, great, and full, and free, and eternal as Thyself! Surely, I had known this before, Lord; but I had shut myself up in unbelief till, in Thy sweet mercy, Thou didst speak the Word which released me from my bonds, opened my prison doors, and led me out into the sunshine of true peace in believing.

"*Not that we loved God.*" No, and that is the sad wonder and mystery of our un-renewed life, dearest Master. *Not* to have loved Thee, is our greatest guilt and shame. It was even worse than this with us, for we were enemies, by wicked works, to Him who claimed the most ardent and grateful love of our souls; we had put ourselves in an attitude of *defiance* against our best Friend; or if not openly defiant, we were totally forgetful of Him to whom our heart's allegiance was justly due. "*Not that we loved God.*" Ah, dearest Lord, Thou knowest how deeply, sadly true this was of me, and how I mourn over the years spent without love to Thee, and at a distance from Thee! O hard heart, O blind eyes, O poor dull sluggish soul, that could be unmindful of the strivings of God's Spirit, could deliberately neglect the pleadings of a Saviour's love, and see no beauty in One who is "*altogether lovely*"!

"*But that He loved us.*" Here is a blessed contrast, here is the antidote for sin's sting, here is light after darkness, hope after despair, life after death! Lord, my soul flings itself on this glorious *fact*, this saving truth, as a drowning man seizes upon a life-belt thrown to him in the surging sea! If Thou dost not love me and lift me, I must perish for ever. But there is no question of sinking when Jesus saves, no fear of losing life when He loves. Oh, how I thank Thee for this precious Word upon which Thou hast caused me to hope! Now, all the day long, my heart shall sing over the safety and blessedness of being freely loved, instead of fretting about the sad lack of my poor love to Thee. "*Not that we loved God*" is darkness and bitterness, and death eternal; but "*that He loved us*" is light and pardon, peace and everlasting life.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. M. Plumb...	0	5	0	Mr. Arch. Stewart, per Mrs. C. H.	
Miss Bidewell	1	0	0	Spurgeon ...	0 2 6
Pastor J. R. Way	1	0	0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:-	
Pastor W. White	0	5	0	Aug. 18 ...	23 12 6
Pastor George Menzies	1	0	0	" 25 ...	25 14 6
Miss Wren	0	10	0	Sept. 1 ...	20 0 3
Rev. R. J. Beecliff...	0	2	6	" 8 ...	28 13 0
Mr. F. W. Kay	0	10	0		
Pastor J. C. Forth...	0	10	0		
Mr. W. Pitcher	1	1	0		
							96 0 3
							£102 6 3

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
An afflicted missionary in India	0	11	0	The widow's mite ...	0 8 0
Special offering at Monday evening						Part proceeds of collection at Llan-	
prayer-meeting for Mr. N.H. Patrick,						gorse, per Pastor Thomas Spurgeon	0 15 10
in aid of the poor suffering from							
Cholera at Tangier	8	10	6		£10 3 4

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
D. L.	0	10	0	Sunday afternoon Bible-class, at	
W. B. F.	1	0	0	Lansdowne Baptist Chapel, Bourne-	
B. L.	0	5	0	mouth, per Mr. J. G. Simpkins ...	1 10 0
I. C. M.	1	0	0	Miss Mackereth ...	0 2 0
Mrs. E. M. Plumb...	0	5	0	Mrs. Smith ...	1 10 0
Mrs. M. Dupont	0	10	6	A thankoffering from Yate ...	0 2 6
J. G.	0	10	0	Mr. J. Toon ...	0 10 0
A. S. McK.	0	5	0	Sandwich, per Bankers ...	1 1 0
E. W. E., Perthshire	1	0	0	M. A. G. ...	0 10 0
Mr. J. F. Spencer	0	5	0	Mr. T. Birch ...	0 5 0
A commercial traveller	25	0	0	A. B. ...	10 0 0
G. V. C.	1	0	0	M. A. Z. ...	0 10 0
Collected by Miss R. Daniell	2	3	9	Collected by Miss J. Gregor	0 2 3
Collected by Mrs. Shurmer	0	7	3	Collected by Mrs. Millen	0 2 10
Mr. J. E. Wrench	0	2	6	Mr. W. F. Lamb, per Mr. F. Norris	0 10 0
Postal order, West Bromwich	0	2	6	Mr. Haddon ...	0 2 6
Nellie...	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Duncombe	1 0 0
Miss Davies	1	1	0	F. G. B. ...	0 1 6
Miss Ruth Brown...	0	2	0	Miss A. M. Davis ...	1 0 0
Mr. B. Bull...	0	10	0	Messrs. F. Foulger & Co.	1 1 0
Mrs. Kerr (with 10s. for Dr. Barnardo's				Mr. M. J. Lawson...	0 1 6
Homes)	0	10	0	Mr. James Wilson	0 10 0
Postal order, Sncinton Elements,				Mr. A. J. Robbins...	5 0 0
Nottingham	0	10	0	Postal order, Queen Camel	0 2 6
Mr. W. H. Blow	0	10	0	Mrs. Graham ...	2 0 0
J. B. C.	1	0	0	Collected by Miss M. Cooper	0 11 0
Mrs. Brown...	1	0	0	S. R. ...	0 2 0
Mr. H. A. Gribbon	1	0	0	F. G. B., Wellingborough	0 2 6
M. A. H. S. H.	5	0	0	T. O. O. G. ...	0 3 0
Miss E. Milroy	5	0	0	Mr. Thomas D. Adams	1 0 0
Mr. C. Iberson	0	3	0	Proceeds from Little Nellie's pear-	
A. R. K.	0	6	0	tree ...	0 5 0
M. W. and E. E.	0	2	6	J. F. ...	0 2 6
A friend, Castlerock, Londonderry	0	2	6	Mr. James Simpson	0 10 0
Postal order, Hastings	0	2	0	E. C. ...	0 10 0
Miss C. Noble	3	0	0	R. M. G. ...	0 5 0
Mrs. M. Davey	0	2	6	Mr. R. Graham	0 10 0
Mrs. S. Slodden	0	2	6	Miss Nancy Bryson, per Mr. R. Graham	0 2 0

Hyland, H., 1s 8d; Kimber, R., 8d; King, E., 16s; Knotts, A., 5s; Lacey, M., 1s 6d; Lamb, M., 6s 6d; Larking, F., 13s 3d; Last, A., 4s 1d; Lee, G., 9s; McCarty, L., 8s 6d; Marks, C., 7d; Martin, N., 6s; Mason, M., 5s; Mayell, B., 1s 6d; Maynard, M., 10s 6d; Meader, R., 5s 3d; Millett, M., 10s; Moorcroft, R., 1s 7d; Moulder, R., 2s 4d; Mudge, M. A., 2s; Muge, B., 3s 6d; Norris, F., £1 5s; Norveil, B., 2s; Nutt, M., 8s; Orbell, M., 1s 3d; Page, E., 1s 10d; Papworth, E., 12s; Parr, F., 1s 4d; Parmenter, M., 8s; Peck, E., 8s 6d; Petty, V., 4s 9d; Plumbly, W., £1 14s; Read, M., 1s 1d; Reis, E., 1s 6d; Rosser, L., £1; Saltmarsh, E., 4s 4d; Sands, M., 1s; Sandy, E., 2s 6d; Smart, E., 4s; Selby, E., 7s; Sellars, C., 1s 6d; Senyard, E., 2s 10d; Spencer, G., 2s; Sidders, L., 5s 6d; Smith, A., 4s 9d; Smith, L., 3s 5d; Scott, L., 6s; Spurgings, E., 8s 1d; Suffolk, M., 5s 10d; Tozer, W., £1 6s; Turner, L., 6s; Turney, L., 2s 2d; Villars, C., 3s 4d; Wallace, E., 5s 2d; Walker, C., 6s 2d; Warner, K., 1s; Warrington, E., 11s 5d; Weeks, M., 3s 6d; Weston, A., 1s 10d; Wicks, R., 6s; Wiffen, R., 10s 1d; Williams, L., 11s; Williams, Lizzie, 2s 5d; Wilson, A., 1s 1d; Wiltshire, F., 5s; White, D., 5s 4d; Worsley, F., £1 5s.—Total, £41 16s 10d.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from August 15th to September 14th, 1895.—PROVISIONS:—1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 1 sack Flour, Mr. Charles Wagstaff; 2 cwt. Apples, Mr. Samuel Barrow; 22½ lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 46 lbs. Ceylon Tea, Mr. W. Jordan; a quantity Cabbages, Mr. John Attlee; 1 large hamper Apples, Mrs. Dougharty; a quantity Bread, Mr. Whitehorn; 25 lbs. Bacon, J. N.; 1 hamper Apples, Mrs. R. V. Barrow.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—16 Garments, Miss Descroix; 2 Garments, Mrs. J. Robinson; 48 Garments, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 34 Pinafors and Aprons, Miss Coxeter's Bible-class; 9 Garments, Miss Wood; 68 Garments, The Young People's Sewing Class of Summer Hill Chapel, Maindee, per Miss Waelzig; 3 Garments, Miss Way; 24 Woollen Neckerschiefs, Mrs. M. Graham; 25 yards Serge. 106 yards Printed Cotton, 6 Jackets, 11 Mantles, 24 pairs Hose, 8 Caps, Messrs. J. Pentelow and Son; 2 Vests, Mrs. C. Mears; 62 Hats, Mr. John S. Harman.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—5 Garments, Mrs. J. Robinson; 23 Shirts, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 6 Shirts, The Young People's Sewing Class, of Summer Hill Chapel, Maindee, per Miss Waelzig; 4 Shirts, Miss Way; 1 dozen pairs Socks, Mrs. C. Mears.

GENERAL:—1 cwt. Blacking, Messrs. Carr and Son; 1 Patent Sewing Machine, Miss E. Randell; 1 dozen Hunter's Nerve, Mr. A. Wilson.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1895.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Worcester Evangelistic and Colportage Association	20	0	0
Aylesbury, per Mr. J. E. Taylor and Mr. Thomas Gurney	10	0	0
Repton and Swadlincote, per E. S.	20	0	0
Shipley and Wolverhampton	11	5	0
Southern Baptist Association	60	0	0
Hereford District, per Mr. Samuel Ward	11	5	0
Cheddar District, collected by Mr. Charles Burcham	5	1	0
Malden, Friends at, per Pastor C. D. Gooding	3	15	0
Malden, Friends at, per Mr. A. G. Sudd	7	10	0
Great Totham, per Rev. H. J. Harvey	10	0	0
Wilts. and East Somerset Baptist Association	11	5	0
Western Baptist Association	11	5	0
	£151	6	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
T. R. ...	10	0	0
Mr. John Barrie ...	1	0	0
A well-wisher, Wallington	0	2	6
An afflicted missionary in London, per E. H. B.	0	11	0
Mr. Wm. Hiley ...	20	19	7
Mrs. Wm. Olney ...	0	10	6
Mr. John Marnham ...	2	2	0
Part proceeds of collection at Llan-gorse, per Pastor Thomas Spurgeon	1	0	0
Mr. A. R. Bullman ...	1	0	0
"In loving memory," per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	50	6	0
<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>			
Mr. T. H. Olney ...	10	0	0
Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co.	2	2	0
Messrs. Izard and Izard ...	1	1	0
Mr. R. A. Hardea ...	0	10	6
Mr. Wm. Olney ...	1	1	0
Pastor J. A. Spurgeon ...	0	10	6
	£102	10	7

Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1895.

£ s. d.

Friends connected with Lansdowne Baptist Church, Bournemouth, thankoffering for Mr. J. Manton	2	2	0
Smith's services

C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
S. C.	0	2	6	"In loving memory," towards Mr.			
E. P.	0	10	0	Burnham's support, 1895-6...	50	0	0
Towards Mr. Harmer's support	5	0	0	Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's ser-			
Mrs. Bridges	1	0	0	vices at Haddon Hall	1	0	0
Mr. Arch. Stewart	0	2	6				
Mrs. Calder... ..	10	0	0				
					£67	15	0

Mrs. Spurgeon's Fund for General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Walker	0	10	0	Mrs. Walker	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Bettinson	5	0	0	Miss Bennett	0	1	0
A. H. B.	0	7	6	Mrs. Bridges	1	0	0
Mrs. Maunington	0	10	0	A friend	0	3	0
A friend, per Miss Thompson ...	0	2	0	Mr. James Willis	2	0	0
Bank of England note from Lausanne	10	0	0	Mrs. Calder... ..	5	0	0
Mrs. S. Bawtree	0	5	0	Miss Hoy	0	10	0
Mrs. Simpson	2	0	0	Mr. W. Howard (for sermons for the			
Mrs. Calder... ..	10	0	0	blind)	1	1	0
Miss E. Worrall	0	2	6	A friend (for sermons for the blind)...	0	2	6
A friend, per Miss Lamb	0	2	6	Mrs. Thomas (half for sermons for the			
Lisle	0	10	0	blind)	5	0	0
For translations of sermons:—							
Miss Morgan (for Lettish sermons) ...	0	5	0		£45	12	0

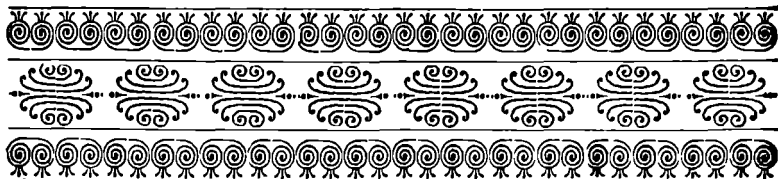
Mrs. Spurgeon very gratefully acknowledges the receipt from "Mamre" of draft, at 60 days' sight, for £100, to be divided at her discretion in the work of the Lord. She also heartily thanks "Gran., Hfd.," for parcel safely received.

Mr. Burnham asks us to acknowledge, with best thanks, the receipt of the following contributions to September 14 for the Hop-pickers' Mission:—"In loving memory," £10; Friend, R. B., £3; Mr. J. King, 2s.; Messrs. Horner and Son, £2 2s.; Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, £1 1s.; Messrs. Morgan and Scott, £1 1s.; Mr. W. Higgs, £1 1s.; Mr. J. A. Tawell, £1; Mr. W. Olney, £1; Mr. F. Fisher, £1; Mr. J. W. Berry, £1 1s.; Mr. J. Osmond, £1 1s.; Mr. J. H. Field, 10s.; Mr. R. Hayward, 10s. 6d.; Mr. J. Smith, 10s.; H. B. (Brentford), 10s.; Mr. G. H. Atkinson, 10s.; Mr. W. Payne, 10s.; Mr. F. Cox, 10s.; Mr. E. Langman, 10s.; Messrs. Poplett and Co., 5s.; Messrs. Jarrold and Sons, 5s.; Sergeant J. J. Jones, 5s.; Mr. F. W. Wickenden, 5s.; Mr. J. Harvey, 5s.; Mr. W. Brazil, 5s.; Mr. A. R. Lloyd, 5s.; Mr. T. Williams, 4s.; Friend, J. C., 5s.; Mr. W. H. Chinn, 2s. 6d.; Mr. J. Colley, 2s.; Mr. G. Dare, 2s. 6d.; Mr. E. G. Cole, 2s. 6d.; Miss D. E. and G. R. Gerard, 7s.; Donations at prayer-meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, 7s. 6d.; Collection at Tenbury, 8s. 6d.; E. K. C., 3s.; Mrs. Ellwood, £1; Mrs. Bagg, £1; Mrs. Gifford, 10s.; Mrs. Trevor, 5s.; Mrs. Perry, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Walker, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Holtum, 2s. 6d.; Miss Popplestone, £1; Miss K. Fairy, 5s.; Miss E. Watts, 3s.; Miss F. D. Smith, 3s.; Miss York, 3s.; T. M. Terry and friend, 6s.; Miss A. Holt, £1 1s.—Total, £42 10s. 6d.

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 Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Campbellton, White Horse Road, Croydon, if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to the Head-master, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Special Notice.—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stockwell Orphanage be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and the Pastors' College Evangelist, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," and for the support of Mr. Harmer and Mr. Burnham,—C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists,—should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.



THE

Sword and the Trowel.

NOVEMBER, 1893.

The Sum and Substance of all Theology.

UNPUBLISHED NOTES OF A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON, DELIVERED AT
BETHESDA CHAPEL, SWANSEA, ON JUNE 25TH, 1861.*

FORWARDED BY PASTOR T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

“All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me; and him that cometh
to Me I will in no wise cast out.”—John vi. 37.



WHAT a difference there is between the words of Christ, and those of all mere men! Most men speak many words, yet say but little; Christ speaks few words, yet says very much. In modern books, you may read scores of pages, and scarcely come across a new thought; but when Christ speaks, every syllable seems to tell. He hits the nail on the head each time He lifts the hammer of His Word. The Words of Christ are like ingots of solid gold; we preachers too often beat out the gold so thin, that whole acres of it would scarcely be worth a farthing. The Words of Christ are always to be distinguished from those of His creatures, not only for their absolute

* On Tuesday, June 25th, 1861, the beloved C. H. SPURGEON visited Swansea. The day was wet, so the services could not be held in the open-air; and, as no building in the town was large enough to hold the vast concourse of people who had come from all parts to hear the renowned preacher, he consented to deliver two discourses in the morning; first at Bethesda, and then at Trinity Chapel. At each place he preached for an hour and a quarter. The weather cleared up during the day; so, in the evening, Mr. Spurgeon addressed an immense gathering of people in the open-air.—T. W. M.

truthfulness, but also for their profound fulness of matter. In all His language He is "full of grace and truth." Look at the text before us. Here we have, in two small sentences, the sum and substance of all theology. The great questions which have divided the Church in all ages, the apparently contradictory doctrines which have set one minister of Christ against his fellow, are here revealed so simply and plainly, "that he may run that readeth" (Habakkuk ii. 2). Even a child may understand the Words of Christ, though perhaps the loftiest human intellect cannot fathom the mystery hidden therein.

Take the first sentence of my text: "*All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me.*" What a weighty sentence! Here we have taught us what is called, in the present day, "High Calvinistic doctrine"—the purpose of God; the certainty that God's purpose will stand; the invincibility of God's will; and the absolute assurance that Christ "shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied."

Look at the second sentence of my text: "*And him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.*" Here we have the richness, the fulness, the unlimited extent of the power of Christ to save those who put their trust in Him. Here is a text upon which one might preach a thousand sermons. We might take these two sentences as a life-long text, and never exhaust the theme.

Mark, too, how our Lord Jesus Christ gives us the whole truth. We have many ministers who can preach well upon the first sentence: "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me." Just set them going upon Election, or everlasting covenant engagements, and they will be earnest and eloquent, for they are fond of dwelling upon these points, and a well-instructed child of God can hear them with delight and profit. Such preachers are often the fathers of the Church, and the very pillars thereof; but, unfortunately, many of these excellent brethren cannot preach so well upon the second sentence of my text: "And him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." When they get to that truth, they are half afraid of it; they hesitate to preach what they consider to be a too open salvation. They cannot give the gospel invitation as freely as they find it in the Word of God. They do not deny it, yet they stutter and stammer sadly, when they get upon this theme.

Then, on the other hand, we have a large number of good ministers who can preach on this second clause of the text, but they cannot preach on the first clause. How fluent is their language as they tell out the freeness of salvation! Here they are much at home in their preaching; but, we are sorry to be compelled to say that, very often, they are not much at home when they come to doctrinal matters, and they would find it rather a difficult matter to preach fluently on the first sentence of my text. They would, if they attempted to preach from it, endeavour to cut out of it all that savours of Divine Sovereignty. They do not preach the whole "truth" which "is in Jesus."

Why is it that some of us do not see both sides of God's revealed truth? We persist in closing one eye; we will not see all that may be seen if we open both our eyes; and, sometimes, we get angry with a brother because he can see a little more than we do. I think our text is very much like a stereoscopic picture, for it presents two views

of the truth. Both views are correct, for they are both photographed by the same light. How can we bring these two truths together? We get the stereoscope of the Scripture, and looking with both eyes, the two pictures melt into one. God has given us, in His Word, the two pictures of divine truth; but we have not all got the stereoscope properly adjusted to make them melt into one. When we get to heaven, we shall see how all God's truth harmonizes. If we cannot make these two parts of truth harmonize now, at any rate we must not dare to blot out one of them, for God has given them both.

Now, as God shall help me this morning, I want to expound both sentences of my text with equal fidelity and plainness. I shall not expect to please some of you while speaking on the first sentence, and I shall not be surprised if I fail to please others of you when I come to the second sentence; but, in either case, it will be a small matter to me if I have an easy conscience because I have proclaimed what I believe to be the whole truth of God. I am sure you will be willing to give a patient hearing to that which you may not fully receive, if you believe it to be declared in all honesty. Reject what I say, if it be not true, but if it be the Word of God, receive it; and, be it known unto you that it is at your peril if you dare to reject the truthful Word of God the glad tidings of God.

I. I will begin with the first sentence of the text: "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me." We have here, first, **THE FIRM FOUNDATION UPON WHICH OUR SALVATION RESTS.**

It rests, you perceive, not on something which man does, but on something which God the Father does. The Father gives certain persons to His Son, and the Son says, "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me." I take it that the meaning of the text is this,—that, if any do come to Jesus Christ, it is those whom the Father gave to Christ. And the reason why they come,—if we search to the very bottom of things,—is, that the Father puts it into their hearts to come. The reason why one man is saved, and another man is lost, is to be found in God; not in anything which the saved man did, or did not do; not in anything which he felt, or did not feel; but in something altogether irrespective of himself, even in the sovereign grace of God. In the day of God's power, the saved are made willing to give their souls to Jesus. The language of Scripture must explain this point. "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God" (John i. 12, 13). "So then it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy" (Romans ix. 16). If you want to see the fount of grace, you must go to the everlasting God; even as, if you want to know why that river runs in this direction, and not in that, you must trace it up to its source. In the case of every soul that is now in heaven, it was the will of God that drew it thither. In the case of every spirit that is on its way to glory now, unto God and unto Him alone must be the honour of its salvation; for He it is who makes one "to differ from another" (1 Cor. iv. 7).

I do not care to argue upon this point, except I put it thus: If any say, "It is man himself who makes the difference," I reply, "You

are involving yourself in a great dilemma; if man himself makes the difference, then mark—man himself must have the glory." Now, I am certain you do not mean to give man the glory of his own salvation; you would not have men throw up their caps in heaven, and shout, "Unto *ourselves* be the glory, for we, ourselves, were the hinge and turning point of our own salvation." No, you would have all the saved cast their crowns at the feet of Jesus, and give to Him alone all the honour and all the glory. This, however, cannot be, unless, in that critical point, that diamond hinge upon which man's salvation shall turn, God shall have the control, and not the will of man. You know that those who do not believe this truth as a matter of *doctrine*, do believe it in their hearts as a matter of *experience*.

I was preaching, not very long ago, at a place in Derbyshire, to a congregation, nearly all of whom were Methodists, and as I preached, they were crying out, "Hallelujah! Glory! Bless the Lord!" They were full of excitement, until I went on to say in my sermon, "This brings me to the doctrine of *Election*." There was no crying out of "Glory!" and "Hallelujah!" then. Instead, there was a great deal of shaking of the head, and a sort of telegraphing round the place, as though something dreadful was coming. Now, I thought, I must have their attention again, so I said, "You all believe in the doctrine of Election?" "No, we don't, lad," said one. "Yes, you do, and I am going to preach it to you, and make you cry 'Hallelujah!' over it." I am certain they mistrusted my power to do that; so, turning a moment from the subject, I said, "Is there any difference between you and the ungodly world?" "Ay! Ay! Ay!" "Is there any difference between you and the drunkard, the harlot, the blasphemer?" "Ay! Ay! Ay!" "Ay! there was a difference indeed. "Well, now," I said, "there is a great difference; who made it, then?" for, whoever made the difference, should have the glory of it. "Did you make the difference?" "No, lad," said one; and the rest all seemed to join in the chorus. "Who made the difference, then? Why, the Lord did it; and did you think it wrong for Him to make a difference between you and other men?" "No, no," they quickly said. "Very well, then; if it was not wrong for God to make the difference, it was not wrong for Him to purpose to make it, and that is the doctrine of Election." Then they cried, "Hallelujah!" as I said they would.

The doctrine of Election is God's purposing in His heart that He would make some men better than other men; that He would give to some men more grace than to other men; that some should come out and receive the mercy; that others, left to their own free will, should reject it; that some should gladly accept the invitations of mercy, while others, of their own accord, stubbornly refuse the mercy to which the whole world of mankind is invited. All men, by nature, refuse the invitations of the gospel. God, in the sovereignty of His grace, makes a difference by secretly inclining the hearts of some men, by the power of His Holy Spirit, to partake of His everlasting mercy in Christ Jesus. I am certain that, whether we are Calvinists or Arminians, if our hearts are right with God, we shall all adoringly testify: "We love Him, because He first loved us." If that be not Election, I know not what it is.

II. Now, in the second place, note THE CERTAINTY OF THE ETERNAL SALVATION OF ALL WHO WERE GIVEN TO JESUS: "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me."

This is eternally settled, and so settled that it cannot be altered by either man or devil. All whose names are written in the Book of Life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, all whom God the Father designed to save when He gave up His well-beloved Son to die upon the cross of Calvary, shall in time be drawn by the Holy Spirit, and shall surely come to Christ, and be kept by the Spirit, through the precious blood of Christ, and be folded for ever with His sheep, on the hill-tops of glory.

Mark! "*All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me.*" Not one of those whom the Father hath given to Jesus shall perish. If any were lost, the text would have to read: "Almost all," or, "All but one;" but it positively says "*All*," without any exception; even though one may have been, in his unregenerate state, the very chief of sinners. Yet even that chosen one, that given one, shall come to Jesus; and when he has come, he shall be held by that strong love that at first chose him, and he shall never be let go, but shall be held fast, even unto the end. *Miss Much-afraid*, and *Mrs. Despondency*, and *Mr. Feeble-mind*, shall as certainly come to the arms of Christ, as *Mr. Great-heart*, and *Mr. Faithful*, and *Mr. Valiant-for-Truth*. If one jewel were lost from Christ's crown, then Christ's crown would not be all-glorious. If one member of the body of Christ were to perish, Christ's body would not be complete. If one of those who are one-with Christ should miss his way to eternal life, Christ would not be a perfect Christ.

"*All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me.*" "*But suppose they will not come?*" I cannot suppose any such thing, for He says they "*shall come.*" They shall be made willing in the day of God's power. God knows how to make a passage through the heart of man; and though man is a free agent, yet God can incline him, willingly, to come to Jesus. There are many sentences even in Wesley's hymn-book which contain this truth. If God took away freedom from man, and then saved him, it would be but a small miracle. For God to leave man free to come to Jesus, and yet to so move him as to make him come, is a divinely-wrought miracle indeed. If we were for a moment to admit that man's will could be more than a match for God's will, do you not see where we should be landed? Who made man? God! Who made God? Shall we lift up man to the sovereign throne of the Deity? Who shall be master, and have his way, God or man? The will of God, that says they "*shall come*", knows how to make them come.

"*But suppose it should be one of those who are living in the interior of Africa, and he does not hear the gospel; what then?*" He shall hear the gospel; either he shall come to the gospel, or the gospel shall go to him. Even if no minister should go to such a chosen one, he would have the gospel specially revealed to him rather than that the promise of the Almighty God should be broken.

"*But suppose there should be one of God's chosen who has become so bad that there is no hope for him? He never attends a place of worship; never*

listens to the gospel; the voice of the preacher never reaches him; he has grown hardened in his sin, like steel that has been seven times annealed in the fire: what then?" That man shall be arrested by God's grace, and that obdurate, hard-hearted one shall be made to see the mercy of God; the tears shall stream down his cheeks, and he shall be made willing to receive Jesus as his Saviour. I think that, as God could bend *my* will, and bring *me* to Christ, He can bring anybody.

"Why was *I* made to hear His voice,
And enter while there's room;
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

"'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced *me* in;
Else *I* had still refused to taste,
And perish'd in *my* sin."

Yes, "*sweetly forced me in*;"—there is no other word that can so accurately describe my case. Oh, how long Jesus Christ stood at the door of my heart, and knocked, and knocked, and knocked in vain! I asked: "Why should I leave the pleasures of this world?" Yet still He knocked, and there was music in every sound of His pleading voice; but I said, "Nay, let Him go elsewhere." And though, through the window, I could see His thorn-crowned head, and the tears standing in His eyes, and the prints of the nails in His hands, as He stood and knocked, and said, "Open to Me," yet I heeded Him not. Then He sent my mother to me, and she pleaded, "Let the Saviour in, Charlie;" and I replied, in action, though not in words, "Nay, I love thee, my mother; but I do not love Christ, thy Saviour." Then came the black hours of sickness; but in effect I said, "Nay, I fear not sickness, nor death itself; I will still defy my Maker." But it happened, one day, that He graciously put in His hand by the hole of the door, and I was moved toward Him, and then I opened the door, and cried, "Come in! Come in!" Alas! alas! He was gone; and for five long years I stood, with tears in mine eyes, and I sought Him weeping, but I found Him not. I cried after Him, but He answered me not. I said, "Whither is He gone? Oh, that I had never rejected Him! Oh, that He would but come again!" Surely the angels must then have said, "A great change has come over that youth; he would not let Christ in when He knocked, but now he wants Christ to come." And when He did come, do you think my soul rejected Him? Nay, nay; but I fell down at His feet, crying, "Come in! Come in! thou Blessed Saviour. I have waited for Thy salvation, O my God!"

There is no living soul beyond the reach of hope, no chosen one whom Christ cannot bring up even from the very gates of hell. He can bare His arm, put out His hand, and pluck the brand "out of the fire" (Zechariah iii. 2). In a horrible pit, in the miry clay, His jewels have been hidden; but down from the throne of light He can come, and thrusting in His arm of mercy, He can pull them out, and cause them to glitter in His crown for ever. Let it be settled in our

hearts, as a matter of fact, that what God has purposed to do, He will surely accomplish.

I need not dwell longer upon this point, because I think I have really brought out the essence of this first sentence of my text: "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me." Permit me just to remark, before I pass on, that I am sometimes sad on account of the alarm that some Christians seem to have concerning this precious and glorious doctrine. We have, in the Baptist denomination,—I am sorry to have to say it,—many ministers, excellent brethren, who, while they believe this doctrine, yet never preach it. On the other hand, we have some ministers, excellent brethren, who never preach anything else. They have a kind of barrel-organ that only plays five tunes, and they are always repeating them. It is either Election, Predestination, Particular Redemption, Effectual Calling, Final Perseverance, or something of that kind; it is always the same note. But we have also a great many others who never preach concerning these doctrines, though they admit they are doctrines taught in Sacred Scripture. The reason for their silence is, because they say these truths are not suitable to be preached from the pulpit. I hold such an utterance as that to be very wicked. Is the doctrine *here*—in this Bible? If it is, as God hath taught it, so are we to teach it. "But," they say, "not in a mixed assembly." Where can you find an un-mixed assembly? God has sent the Bible into a mixed world, and the gospel is to be preached in "all the world", and "to every creature." "Yes," they say, "preach the gospel, but not these special truths of the gospel; because, if you preach these doctrines, the people will become Antinomians and Hyper-Calvinists." Not so; the reason why people become Hyper-Calvinists and Antinomians, is because some, who profess to be Calvinists, often keep back part of the truth, and do not, as Paul did, "declare all the counsel of God"; they select certain parts of Scripture, where their own particular views are taught, and pass by other aspects of God's truth. Such preachers as John Newton, and in later times, your own Christmas Evans, were men who preached the whole truth of God; they kept back nothing that God has revealed; and, as the result of their preaching, Antinomianism could not find a foot-hold anywhere. We should have each doctrine of Scripture in its proper place, and preach it fully; and if we want to have a genuine revival of religion, we must preach these doctrines of Jehovah's sovereign grace again and again. Do not tell me they will not bring revivals. There was but one revival that I have ever heard of, apart from Calvinistic doctrine, and that was the one in which Wesley took so great a part; but then George Whitefield was there also to preach the whole Word of God. When people are getting sleepy, if you want to arouse and wake them up thoroughly, preach the doctrine of Divine Sovereignty to them; for that will do it right speedily.

III. I shall now turn very briefly to the second sentence of my text: "*And him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.*"

"Now," says somebody, "he is going to knock down all that he has been building up." Well, I would rather be inconsistent with myself than with my Master; but I dare not alter this second sentence,

and I have no desire to alter it. Let it stand as it is, in all its glorious simplicity:—

“HIM THAT COMETH TO ME I WILL IN NO WISE CAST OUT.”

Let the whole world come, still this promise is big enough to embrace them all in its arms. There is no mistake here, the wrong man cannot come. If any sinner come to Christ, he is sure to be the right one. Mark, too, as there is no limitation in *the person coming*, so there is no limitation in *the manner of the coming*. Says one, “Suppose I come the wrong way?” You cannot come the wrong way; it is written, “No man can come to Me, except the Father which hath sent Me draw him.” “No man can come unto Me, except it were given unto him of My Father” (John vi. 44, 65). If, then, you come to Christ in any way, you are drawn of the Father, and He cannot draw the wrong way. If you come to Christ at all, the power and will to come have been given you of the Father. If you come to Christ, He will in no wise cast you out; for no possible or conceivable reason will Jesus ever cast out any sinner who comes to Him. There is no reason in hell, or on earth, or in heaven, why Jesus should cast out the soul that comes to Him. If Satan, the foul accuser of the brethren, brings reasons why the coming sinner should not be received, Jesus will “cast down” the accuser, but He will not “cast out” the sinner. “Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,” is still His invitation and His promise, too.

Let us suppose a case by way of illustration. Here is a man in Swansea,—ragged, dirty, coal-begrimed,—who has received a message from Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria. It reads in this wise: “You are hereby commanded to come, just as you are, to our palace at Windsor, to receive great and special favours at our hand. You will stay away at your peril.” The man reads the message, and at first scarcely understands it; so he thinks, “I must wash and prepare myself.” Then, he re-reads the royal summons, and the words arrest him: “*Come just as you are.*” So he starts, and tells the people in the train where he is going, and they laugh at him. At length he arrives at Windsor Castle; there he is stopped by the guard, and questioned. He explains why he has come, and shows the Queen’s message; and he is allowed to pass. He next meets with a gentlemen in waiting, who, after some explanations and expressions of astonishment, allows him to enter the ante-room. When there, our friend becomes frightened on account of his begrimed and ragged appearance; he is half inclined to rush from the place with fear, when he remembers the words of the royal command: “*Stay away at your peril.*” Presently, the Queen herself appears, and tells him how glad she is that he has come just as he was. She says she purposes that he shall be suitably clothed, and be made one of the princes of her court. She adds, “I told you to *come as you were*. It seemed to be a strange command to you, but I am glad you have obeyed, and so come.”

I do think this is what Jesus Christ says to every creature under heaven. The gospel invitation runs thus: “Come, come, come to Christ, *just as you are.*” “But, let me feel more.” *No, come just as you*

are. "But let me get home to my own room, and let me pray." *No, no, come to Christ just as you are.* As you are, trust in Jesus, and He will save you. Oh, do dare to trust Him! If anybody shall ask, "Who are you?" answer, "I am nobody." If anyone objects, "You are such a filthy sinner," reply, "Yes, 'tis true, so I am; but He Himself told me to come." If anyone shall say, "You are not fit to come," say, "I know I am not fit; but He told me to come." Therefore,—

"Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity join'd with power;
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

"Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the *fitness* He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam."

Sinner, trust in Jesus; and if thou dost perish trusting in Jesus, I will perish with thee. I will make my bed in hell, side by side with thee, sinner, if thou canst perish trusting in Christ, and thou shalt lie there, and taunt me to all eternity for having taught thee falsely, if we perish. But that can never be; those who trust in Jesus shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of His hand. Come to Jesus, and He will in no wise cast thee out.

May the Lord bless the words I have spoken! Though hastily suggested to my mind, and feebly delivered to you, the Lord bless them, for Christ's sake! Amen.

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

XXIII. PASTOR ISAAC NEAR, DESBOROUGH, MARKET HARBOROUGH.

MR. SPURGEON used to delight in telling the story of an Essex man's first experience after landing in New York. He saw some labourers working in an awkward and clumsy manner, and as they reached what he regarded as the climax of stupidity, he exclaimed, "That's a Cox'all job!" The well-known formula was no sooner uttered than another Eastern Counties' man grasped the speaker's hand, and began to make enquiries about the old country, and especially that part of it from which the wise men came,—as Mr. Spurgeon said, "showing their wisdom in coming *from* it."

The little town of Coggeshall, however, is not only renowned for "jobs" and "volunteers" not supposed to be overburdened with wisdom, but it is more noteworthy for the stiff-back-bone Protestantism of its inhabitants during the Marian and subsequent periods of persecution. Fuller, in his *Worthies*, referring to the epithet, "Jeering Coggeshall," says:—"No town in England, of its

bigness, afforded more martyrs, in the reign of Queen Mary, who did not *jest* or *jeer* with the fire, but seriously suffered themselves to be sacrificed for the testimony of a good conscience." Probably the reason why so many Protestants of Coggeshall and its vicinity suffered, was due to the fact that Bonner, of infamous memory, had a residence near to Coggeshall, in the parish of Feering. In August, 1556, fourteen men and eight women—two of them being Coggeshall women,—were arrested, and "driven off from Colchester to London, like a flock of Christian lambs." The effect upon the citizens, as they were driven along Cheapside, was such as Bonner little anticipated; a thousand people marched to his Fulham residence, and the bishop, fearing a popular outbreak, stayed his persecuting hand.

At Coggeshall, Thomas Haukes was burned at the stake, and when partially consumed, lifted his charred and burning hands above his head, and struck them together, in token that the Lord was sustaining him. From Rev. Bryan Dale's *Annals of Coggeshall*, from which we have already quoted, we learn that here was born Thomas Browning, who afterwards became vicar of Desborough, in Northamptonshire. On the passing of the Act of Uniformity, he was one of the noble two thousand who left the Established Church. He became pastor of the Independent Church at Rothwell, adjoining Desborough; and while labouring there, he was seized, and thrown into Northampton jail. Some of the letters sent to his flock during this period still exist; he suffered much persecution, but was faithful unto death.

Nearly two hundred years after his decease, there was born, at Coggeshall, the subject of this sketch, who was destined to become a pastor in the same parish of Desborough of which his former townsman, Mr. Browning, first became vicar. Thus an ecclesiastical connection has been twice formed between Coggeshall and Desborough. Like many more who have been called into the service of Christ, ISAAC NEAR was born in the humbler ranks of life; but he received what was worth far more than riches,



a good, old-fashioned Christian training. From a child, he became acquainted with the Holy Scriptures. Early in life, the Spirit of God began to work upon his heart, and at the age of seventeen he was led to decision for Christ. He tells us it was while sitting in a prayer-meeting that the light broke in upon his soul, and he was there and then assured that he was saved through faith in Jesus. Soon afterwards, he became a member of the Independent Church at Coggeshall, both his parents being in fellowship there. It may interest many of our readers to know that Mr. James Spurgeon, afterwards the grandfather of C. H. Spurgeon, was admitted as a

member of this church on July 3rd, 1801. Subsequently, he was dismissed to Clare, in Suffolk, to become pastor of the Independent Church in that place, and from Clare he removed to Stambourne, where he laboured long and honourably till he passed to his rest and reward, as described in his illustrious grandson's interesting shilling volume, *Memories of Stambourne*.

Not long after his conversion, Mr. Near began to take part in Christian work. One Sunday afternoon, he went to hear a good Primitive Methodist local preacher in an "upper room." An open-air service was announced,—place and time being stated; "and," said the preacher, "our young brother Near will give an address." At once, the young brother called out, "No! No! I can't do that." The decisive reply was, "You will have to." At the time fixed for the service, a considerable crowd had gathered to hear "Isaac" give his first public address. The chair was mounted; but to this day it is a wonder to Mr. Near that the nervous speaker and the rickety chair did not part company: a merciful providence graciously prevented such a catastrophe. The subject of his address was, "What think ye of Christ?" The Rev. A. D. Philps, still the esteemed pastor of the Independent Church, heard of this service, and at once interested himself in his youthful member, and for about eighteen months gave him private tuition. During this period, though having to rise early and work hard, the hours near midnight oftener found the young student at his books than in bed.

The first Sabbath Mr. Near occupied a pulpit will be as long remembered as the day when he stood upon that rickety chair; for, while reading the Scriptures, a malicious wasp, which he regarded as a messenger of Satan, stung him on the knee, and it was with difficulty that he struggled through the service. He says the pain helped to keep him from being exalted above measure. On one occasion in his early career, he had been out of employment some time, and had just one shilling left. The Lord's-day morning found him at a little Baptist meeting-room, where an appeal for help was made so earnestly, and the duty of consecrating everything to the Lord so powerfully urged, that the solitary shilling found its way into the plate, and he left the place absolutely penniless. The very next morning, before breakfast, a gentleman called at his parents' house, and enquired about him; an engagement followed, and from that day to this our brother declares that he has never wanted for a shilling or for employment.

For a time, Mr. Near cherished the idea of entering the foreign mission field in connection with the London Missionary Society; but this was not to be. On the morning of leaving home, a remark made by his father altered the course of his life. He said, "If you want to succeed, you will have to begin where God began with you." "Where is that?" was the enquiry; and the reply was, "In a Baptist Chapel." A few months afterwards, Mr. Near was baptized at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. His stay in London was not of long duration, but he subsequently returned, and attended the College Evening Classes. He was also connected with the Tabernacle Evangelists' Association and the Country Mission, and with others helped

to lay the foundations of what are now flourishing churches at Wallington and Putney.

It had long been Mr. Near's desire to enter the Pastors' College. From childhood he had been familiar with the name of its beloved President, and as a boy he had travelled many miles with his father to hear the renowned preacher when he visited Essex. At length, though having a wife, and a child who has himself since passed through the College, and is now settled at March, in Cambridgeshire, the College door was opened to Mr. Near. Writing of his student days, he says:—"Never shall we forget those Friday afternoons when the dear President was with us. Ah, me! All is now a sacred memory, yet still an inspiration,—that beaming face, those tones, now tender as a mother's, and anon rousing as a warrior's, often stir our soul, and make us resolve to be, like him, valiant for the truth, faithful unto death. It was something to be at College in those days, though im-mured in the Tabernacle basement. The peerless President, the revered Rogers, the fervid Fergusson, the graceful Gracey, the stately Selway, and the ever-vigilant Vice-president, were all real moulders of men."

The two years' College course passed all too quickly, and, in 1874, Mr. Near accepted his first pastorate at Stanwick, in Northamptonshire. The sphere was small, but the opportunities for study were turned to good account. Four years' good service was rendered here, in the pastorate, in the temperance cause, and on the School Board; while, in the surrounding villages, souls were blessed, and life-long friendships formed. In 1878, our brother removed to Ringstead, only three miles distant, and in the same county. The church at Ringstead sprang out of the passing of the Act of Uniformity. For many years, its founders travelled to Rothwell,—some fifteen miles distant,—to attend the ministry of the Mr. Browning already mentioned, and that of his successor, Mr. Davis; but, in 1714, forty of the members formed a separate church at Ringstead.

For seven years, Mr. Near laboured with much acceptance and many tokens of the divine favour. During his pastorate, more were baptized and added to the church than during any other seven years in the church's history; but, feeling that a change of sphere was desirable, in 1885 he removed to Dormans' Church, Lingfield, Surrey. Like his previous charge, this church has a history, though not of such length; yet for more than a hundred years there has been a Christian community in this place, and it was the mother-church of the district. For six years, Mr. Near maintained its best traditions. In the open-air, and in surrounding places, the gospel was preached, and souls were saved. In 1891, our friend returned to Northamptonshire, leaving the church in Surrey with many expressions of Christian love, and a very substantial proof of the esteem in which he was held.

DESBOROUGH is now the scene of Mr. Near's labours. He had not long accepted the invitation, and, indeed, before he had removed, he found out that the path of duty is often the path of difficulty. Through some misunderstanding with the denominational "powers that be", and rather than the status of the church should be affected, one-fifth of the salary offered had to be dispensed with. Other difficulties presented themselves; but, assured that the Lord had called him to

Desborough, and sustained by the earnest prayers of a little band of kindred spirits, our brother held on his way. On one occasion, the spirit of prayer was so marvellously poured out that the people flocked to the prayer-meeting in such numbers that the room was crowded, and the staircase blocked. When an adjournment was made to the chapel, it was seen that quite a congregation had come together.

At Desborough, as in his former pastorates, Mr. Near is often found in the open-air, preaching Jesus unto the people. In this service he is nobly supported by an enthusiastic band of young men, who also go out into the surrounding villages to make Christ known. The pastoral office is no sinecure with Mr. Near. At the present time, he is president of one of the largest—if not the largest—temperance societies in the country, over one thousand members, one-third of the population, having been enrolled in the Desborough United Band of Hope and Temperance Society. Our brother is also on the executive of the County Temperance Union, and recently he has been elected a member and vice-chairman of the Desborough School Board; but his chief work, and that into which he puts his best energies, is that of preaching the gospel,—*the* gospel of Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Working on the old lines, Mr. Near has no sympathy with ancient heresies, re-named "modern thought." During "The Down-Grade Controversy" he used his pen to good purpose, both in the public press and in private correspondence, in defence of the old faith, and our pages have borne frequent witness to his Puritanic doctrine and literary ability.

Mr. Near had not been long in Desborough before he felt that more adequate accommodation ought to be provided for the large number of Sunday-school children who had to be taught in the chapel. At the present time, there are over 350 scholars in the school. The pastor's Bible-class, with an average attendance of over forty, has to meet on Sunday afternoons in a room in the Oddfellows' Hall. To provide for suitable Sunday-school buildings, a fund was started a little over three years ago. Sixpence was the first subscription received; that small sum has now grown into close upon £300. The Baptist Building Fund has recently voted a loan of £300 free of interest. A building site has been purchased, plans are being prepared, and it is proposed to commence the work early in the new year, and (p.v.) to lay memorial stones on Easter Monday. *At least another £100 must be obtained.* Who will help on this much-needed work for Christ and the children? Desborough is a place that will pay for being helped; it is a large manufacturing village, and is rapidly growing into a town, for the young people find employment in the numerous factories, so that they remain at home, instead of drifting off to London or other great cities, as so many do nowadays. The inhabitants are industrious and enterprising; but, being a purely working-class community, to raise £700 is no light task in addition to meeting all other expenses. Will not some of the Lord's stewards, who love the young, help to provide them with a suitable home in which they may be trained for Christ and His blessed service? Donations for the Building Fund will be most thankfully received by Pastor Isaac Near, Desborough, Market Harborough.
J. W. H.

Singing on a Bare Bough.

BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

A LITTLE bird sat on a bare tree-stump, and sang till one would have thought his wee throat ached. The tree had been lopped somewhat too early, and the severe frost of the winter had well-nigh killed it. There was but the scantiest foliage on the naked stems; the tree was completely shorn of its beauty, but that did not matter to the tiny songster; he perched on the very barest spot, and trilled his little song in the overflowing joy of his heart. I stood watching him,—he was so plainly to be seen on the top of what looked more like a pole than a tree; but he, not in the least disconcerted, kept on with his tune, turning himself about, bending his small body, and lowering his wings, with airs and graces which I thought most charming.



* * * *

Birds usually like to sing amongst the leaves, shaded from the sun by the wealth of green foliage, and screened from the too curious gaze of prying mortals; but this pretty little feathered philosopher was of a different opinion, and he seemed to say to me, "See, it is just as easy to be glad and rejoice on this bare tree as it would be in the leafiest bower, *the music is in my heart*, dear lady; and so, no matter where I am, I can't help singing." "Thank you, dear little songster," I said, "thank you for your sensible speech; there are a good many of us unfeathered creatures who would be the happier for some of your cheery wisdom."

* * * *

It is well to praise the Lord out of the sheltered places of prosperity, where blessings cluster thickly, like blossoms on the boughs, and soft breezes stir the branches only in unison with our songs. But to "bless Him at all times,"—when the storms come, when our trees of delight are bare and leafless, when He strips us of the comforts to which His love has accustomed us,—or, more painful still,—when He leaves us alone in the world to mourn the absence of the chief desire of our heart;—to sing to Him *then*, to bless and praise and laud His dear name *then*, this is the work of His free grace only, this is to have learnt some of the notes of angels' songs, and to be practising them for the anthems of Heaven!—*From Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for 1896. (See Reviews.)*

The March of the Months.

No. XI.

“Long sleeps the summer in the seed.”

SURELY the year is not dying? There are flowers even yet, and the air is soft; while now and then a familiar insect, which we must have met before in longer days, settles languidly. But why languidly? How is it that it does not briskly rise, and wing its way as when we first saw its like? Now we can touch it, take it up, and the little thing will crawl leisurely across our palm. What, too, is the matter with the flowers? They come out on mild days,—belated roses, pale as from an illness, and dropping, not with the quickly-shed petal of June, crisp, dry, and sweet-scented, but head bending over, limp in the stalk, and mildewed at the core. The secret of it all is that the sap is retreating. The full flow of life that rose to meet the sun, and co-operated with the Great Producer in pushing forth bud, blossom, fruit, has done its work. The sap sinks with the sun, which now makes a lower arch each day, shortening his visits, because of the long hours he must needs work elsewhere, while the dark night broods over the Northern land.

Yes, the year is closing in. Early snow-flakes settle on the fallen leaves, white frosts sharpen the sedge by the water-courses, and cover with thin ice the sluggish ditch and stagnant pond. Yet, ere the day is out, the early frost may give place to the rising gale, with driving rain, washing away the leaves into the swollen gutters, and carrying many a fallen child of the summer far away from the scene of its glory. The gale may sink as rapidly as it rose, and the night close in thick fog, penetrating to the marrow, deepening, too, the discomfort arising from dripping hedges and trees, and from saturated roads. Tom Hood thus humorously sums up the month:—

“No sun—no moon!—
 No morn—no noon—
 No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
 No sky—no earthly view—
 No distance looking blue—
 No road—no street—no ‘t’other side the way—
 No end to any Row—
 No indications where the Crescents go—
 No top to any steeple—
 No recognitions of familar people—
 No courtesies for showing ‘em—
 No knowing ‘em—

* * * *

No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
 No comfortable feel in any member—
 No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
 No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,—
 November!”

But what we have quoted is only the negative side. There are days when the glass stands very high, and though the air is thick above, and may become dense enough below by nightfall, the lower

plane is clear through the day, and the ways fairly dry. I have known several such anticyclonic periods in November. Then is the time to notice the wealth of berries left on the hedges by the summer. We take our mind back to the hot August days, when the hips and haws were green. Now we see them ripened to perfection by the early frosts, and giving a tinge of colour to the bare thorns, stripped of the rich clothing worn during the preceding months. Now, too, in favourable situations, the bramble carries its ripest load, and sloes and bullaces in old hedges wear their richest bloom. Especially is this so if October closes quiet, and November opens fair. Not much account is taken near London of any wild fruit but the blackberry. In other parts, the bilberry, called in the West the whortleberry; the cranberry,—that is, *crane-berry*, because, perhaps the crane has a fancy for it;—the dewberry, which bears a bloom never to be seen on the common bramble; and the little cloudberry, not more than a foot high, growing amidst the heather, the fruit a rich orange colour when ripe;—all these are among the gifts of Nature's open hand to the country side. In olden time, before orchard and garden fruits were so plentiful, our grandmothers had some occult way of preserving these delicious wild berries, but you hear little of it now.

Talking of fruits, have any of my readers seen the West of England during the past three months? If so, they have looked upon a scene of plenty never to be forgotten. All through Wilts, Somerset, and Devon, the leafage of the tree has been completely eclipsed by the fruit. Especially was this so the further you went towards the "Delectable Duchy" till, in the vales of South Devon, the weight of purple and golden plums, apples, and pears, literally brought the branches to the earth. As I looked upon this abundance, late in August, I thought of dear Mr. Spurgeon's words, when he compared the Lord Jesus to an orchard whose waiting fruit seemed to cry aloud,—*"Baskets! Baskets! Bring empty baskets, that they may be filled."*

How soon a landscape may alter in appearance, and what possibilities are hidden beneath bare boughs! I was through this very Western land in March, when, on one Sabbath, there were three wrecks in Bridgewater Bay. I watched people, in a little coasting town, creep on their hands and knees up the streets facing the sea, such was the force of the wind. I saw shrivelled evergreens; the fruit trees on into April bare as sticks, and the hedges withered and shorn. Bleak and desolate looked the slopes of the Mendips and Quantocks. Four months afterwards, I went through the same region, and saw it as I have described above. There then arose to my mind, as a comment, the question of the apostle Paul to King Agrippa,—*"Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?"* What sun and shower had done for the West, by the fiat of Him to whom belongeth "every living thing", He can do for the heart of man, so that even such a desert as the sin-swept soul "shall rejoice and blossom as the rose;" for the gales of passion shall cease to blow, and "the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in His wings," shall be unto the land of the human spirit as the warm rays of spring after April rains.

These comparisons filled my thoughts as, one afternoon, I rode with a friend along the base of one of the spurs of the Mendips,—Brent Knoll. (By the way, there dwells still, on the other side of the hill, the venerable and redoubtable Archdeacon of Taunton, Dr. Denison.) Our drive took us through a country of orchards, stretching from the slopes of the hills to the sea. The sky was deep blue; the air had a crispness, which nearness to the great waters invariably gives. A profitable ride through a pleasant land! As we passed scores of trees laden with apples, I asked my friend the local names for the famous cider fruit. Pointing to one tree, full to the very grass, he said, "They call those *Hang-downs*!" I thought at first he was joking; but found that it was the literal description of an apple which bends over when ripe, carrying the bough with it. The word *hang-down* may sound singular and sinister; but, ever since I saw those apples, I have recognized that there is a way of hanging down, to which I wish we might all get as children of God.

But I am forgetting that we are now in November. We went out to look at the berries, and fell into a reverie over the orchards of August and September. Let us give the dreary month its due, ere we close. We will turn again to the hedges, and admire the deep colour of the rind of the ripened wood, ready for next year. Another summer lies sleeping in those tiny pink buds which point the stems. Let us turn over the newly-fallen leaves on the bank below. A rare place was this bank, on its sunny side, for summer wild flowers. Now their stalks stand stark, or droop a little with the empty seed-pod, while, in many a crevice of the chalky loam, into which the leaves have drifted, the seeds lie hidden. But all along this bank, and high up those berried thorns, the birds will find their winter's food. I am always deeply impressed as I think of the great granary which God thus provides, by the means of ten thousand seed-vessels, for the multitude of living things that receive from Him "their meat in due season." Let the free-thinkers of society say what they may, care and love *are* written everywhere across God's works. I wonder what the better free-thinkers of Nature, who never read the magazines, and are not troubled about the latest scientific discoveries (unless they are caught and vivisected), would have to say to us? Perhaps, if they were permitted human speech, they would show men to be, with all their vaunted wisdom, fools indeed. A leading man of my acquaintance once met an old High Calvinist, who was trudging beside his baker's barrow, drawn by a donkey. "Blower," said his well-to-do neighbour, "which has been the biggest fool in life; you, me, or your old ass?" Blower was a clean-shaven, sharp-featured specimen of high doctrine; his face adorned with a huge pair of horn-rimmed spectacles. He looked hard at his questioner through these, as he leaned across his animal, and replied, "I don't know about *you*, sir, but there's no question at all as to who has been the bigger fool out of my donkey and me; *I have*." This was said with great gusto. Might not the old man's verdict find a truthful echo all round? Are men so very wise, after all? Certain it is that still the world by wisdom knows not God.

When the autumn nights are clear, the show of stars is very fine ;

and, in November, meteoric displays add to the splendours of the sky. Many an evening I have looked up at that part of the ring of the Milky Way seen by us in this Northern clime, so set with brilliants, and then turning, watched the climbing constellations, as, in stately procession they have followed each other out of the chambers of the East. Gazing thus, I have had forced upon me the significance of the words of Holy Writ: "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and stars which Thou hast ordained; what is man?" In the silence of such an hour, the vastness grows upon you, till you altogether cease to wonder at what man knows, and are lost in the wonders which lie beyond his ken.

H. T. S.

Dull (?) November.

"While we have many poems that were inspired by the sunny days of June, I should really welcome one in which something cheerful could be said of November."—Quotation from a recent sermon by a country minister.

Why should the poets sing of leafy June,
Of glowing August, and of rich September?
But hail thine advent with a dismal tune,
And, sighing, call thee "dark and dull November"?

'Tis true thy nights are long, and cold thy days,
But what of that? Somewhere the sun is shining,
Though for a while we miss his gladsome rays,
Why make the hours more dreary with repining?

I know that "leaves are falling from the trees,"
Why should they not? 'Tis Nature's time for sleeping;
But sighs enough are uttered by the breeze!
Without our aid, the clouds can do the weeping.

And whether mournfully,—in silence glum,—
Or with a cheerful readiness we take them;
Of this I'm sure, November days will come,
And they'll be bright or sad, just as we make them!

Aut Dominus, aut Nullus.

A PLEA FOR THE DOCTRINES OF GRACE, COMMONLY CALLED CALVINISTIC,
BEING A PAPER READ AT THE EIGHTH CONFERENCE
OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION,
BY HUGH D. BROWN, M.A.

(Concluded from page 553.)

Thirdly. *I am a Calvinist because this theology is supported by objective testimony* The phenomena of human experience with singular

unanimity endorse its findings. Is it a fact that ALMIGHTY God elected to pass by the fallen angels, and to buy back unto Himself a much more worthless and unattractive race? Is it a fact that the Eternal JEHOVAH selected one people from among the many nations of the earth as the recipients of special favour; and if so, were they chosen on the ground of any overwhelming unselfishness, humility, integrity, or generous-heartedness? Is it a fact that Anglo-Saxons have been reared in an atmosphere of special civil, social, educational, and spiritual blessings, though Balolos and Hottentots are bereft of philanthropic, intellectual, and religious advantages? Is it a fact that we in this assembly are saved and justified by the grace of God, whereas many of our old playmates and school-fellows, more gifted, more amiable, more advantaged than we, are now this day outside of Christ, and in some instances lost in a grim eternity? Is it a fact that riches, gifts, graces, brains, friends, are unequally, and as it seems to us, often unevenly divided? Is it a fact that climatic, physical, social, educational, political, national, and religious surroundings largely shape our lives, and govern and control their future? I have no desire, brethren, to turn myself into a kind of theological Mr. Gradgrind: but like him I say, "Give me facts, sir, facts, facts!" We are told that it is only legendary to suppose, in this enlightened day, that tens of thousands of skilled warriors fled before a handful of Israelites,—that God ALMIGHTY interposed to break up worldly Jehoshaphat's ships, and to spoil his ambitious trading enterprise by an unfavourable wind at Ezion-geber,—that mighty King Sennacherib's army became dead corpses, and he returned home baffled and discomfited by an angel of the Lord. Well, it may be so; but what of those stranger "legends" nearer home,—the flower of Continental armies panic-stricken and routed before a singing Hussite band,—a sudden storm, and the sea engulfing Philip of Spain's Armada and ambitions by England's Southern shores, while a propitious wind gently wafts our Protestant Prince of Orange across the Channel,—a Russian snow-storm turning the fate of Europe when The JEHOVAH fought out *His* Waterloo with Bonaparte? If the free will of wealthy royal Xerxes caused defeat to Persia, who dare assert that free will constituted the poor clerk Clive, master of India? If free will caused Erasmus, graced and gifted, to die a worthless trimmer, who dare assert that the rough, plain-spoken Luther planned his way from the monk's cloister to the conquest of Pope and devil at Worms? If free will caused the scion of a noble house to end his days, unwept, uncoffined, and unknown, who dare assert it led the peasant boy "From Log Cabin to White House," to die President of the great Western Republic? Who or what is responsible for all these things? Fate, chance, God? We would indeed be sorriest idiots did we not respond, in the language of this world's greatest poet,—

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will,"

for the phenomena of experience, right down to even the scientific theory of natural selection, prove the objective truth of Calvinism.

Fourthly, *I am a Calvinist because this theology appeals to my subjective experience.* Rejoicing in the conscious knowledge of salvation, and loving my God this day, I solemnly avow the reason is, because He first loved me (1 John iv. 19). I dare say naught else; it would be contrary to fact, a libel on my memory which affirms the truth that—

“ I once was a stranger to grace and to God ;
 I knew not my danger, and felt not my load ;
 Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
 Jehovah Tsidkenu was nothing to me ; ”

but our peerless, tender Saviour, in the obstinacy of His irresistible love, conquered the waywardness of my rebellious heart, and wooed and won me for Himself. I am wondering, with a more supreme astonishment each day, why He did it; but in every onward step of life must bear my humble steadfast testimony that I have seen His hand, and recognized His wisdom.

“ With mercy and with judgment,
 My web of time He wove;
 And aye the dews of sorrow,
 Were lusted with His love.
 I'll bless the hand that guided,
 I'll bless the heart that planned,
 When throned where glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's Land.”

Brethren, is not this your witness, too? Nay, further, is it not the testimony of every ransomed soul? I verily believe that, in his heart of hearts, as on his knees, every genuinely-regenerated man, whatever he may profess theologically, is at bottom a Calvinist. Hear sweet Charles Wesley as he sings,—

“ He wills that I should holy be,
 What can withstand His will?
 The counsel of His grace in me,
 He surely will fulfil.”

We cannot reject the aggregated mass of subjective evidence drawn from the hearts and lives of regenerated humanity.

Ay! and the wearinesses, conflicts, storms, and sins of life are all so many factors forcing redeemed men and women up to the same great truth. The loosening of earth-ties, the facing of human and Satanic antagonisms, and the ever-widening and deepening consciousness of human need and creature frailty, teach us, increasingly, our utter and continual dependence, in all we have and hope for, in heart and life and work, upon God's all-sufficient momentary grace. Will you pardon a personal allusion? I started life a mild Arminian, believing that God foreknew something grace-worthy and respectable in me (though it must have long since disappeared, for I can now discover no trace of it); then, I became a theoretical Calvinist through the sermons of C. H. Spurgeon; but it was not until the devil himself taught me (and as a Christian, too,) my overwhelming sinfulness and his exceeding subtlety and strength, that I became a practical

Calvinist. Whether this be one reason why Satan is still tolerated of God, to thus inculcate sound theology, I cannot say; but this thing I do affirm, and state it solemnly, this strange trio—the devil, the Holy Spirit, and C. H. S., were my divinity instructors in the practical doctrines of grace.

III. WHAT ARE THE FRUITS OF CALVINISM?

Firstly, *it exalts God*. Brethren, I glory in a theology which makes JEHOVAH absolute, Alpha and Omega in creation, redemption, and regeneration. In a day, when the deification of man is likely to end in his damnation, God will never censure us for making too much of sovereign grace. You married men have claimed, and we bachelors assert our right to claim, freedom of choice in the selection of a bride; yet modern theologians flatly deny that Jesus Christ had any special right to love the Church, and give Himself for it (Ephesians v. 25). Let us beware lest, in the desire to liberate man's will, we do so by the enslaving of our God. At all hazards, brethren, no matter how hurtful it may be to pride or prejudice, we must proclaim JEHOVAH King. He is the potter, we the clay (Romans ix. 21); nor will our battling against the truth affect one jot or tittle of His sovereignty. Can the creature create himself? The infant beget himself? The dead man quicken himself? Is the eternal destiny of man to be governed by chance, mere caprice, some blind fateful force, or is God to have mercy on whom He will have mercy (Romans ix. 18)? For my part, and I frankly confess it, I have more confidence in the unique, grand, solitary will of God for the uplifting and blessing of fallen mortals than in the aggregated free will of regenerate and unregenerate humanity. Is He not love? Did not He originate, and carry through the programme of redemption; and if, at the cost of the infinite sacrifice of His only-begotten Son, He has elected to save some from among a rebel race, is it not free grace to pardon any? If you, Sir Critic, cavil at this truth, then pray go further, and quarrel at the mystery of evil; but while *it* stands, albeit thy mind be mystified, find truest wisdom in subjection to the will of God, and in the thought that He is supreme, learn there to rest thy soul, amid the unsolved problems and enigmas of this lower life. It was for preaching this truth,—the electing love of God to the Sarepta widow, and the Syrian Naaman, that they thrust Christ our Saviour out of Nazareth, and would have hurled Him headlong from the city's hill, had He not then proved His sovereignty by walking calmly through their midst (Luke iv. 28, 30). It was through Christ's preaching of this truth that many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him (John vi. 66), while Peter, driven by stress of weather, exclaimed, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life" (verse 68). If I do not anchor in this bay, there is no outlook for me but shipwreck in time, and through eternity. It was practically for preaching Calvinism that Stephen was stoned (Acts vii.); and yet, by the grace of God, in after years, his chief murderer exclaimed, "Howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might shew forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on Him to life everlasting" (1 Timothy i. 16).

Professor A. A. Hodge, of Princeton, writes in words of aptful force:—

"Predestination exalts God, and abases man before God. It makes all men low before God, but high and strong before kings. It founds on a basis of eternal rock one absolute Sovereign, to whose will there is no limit; but it levels all other sovereigns in the dust. It renders Christ great, and the believing sinner infinitely secure in Him. It establishes the highest conceivable standard of righteousness, and secures the operation of the most effective motives to obedience. It extinguishes fear, it makes victory certain, it inspires with enthusiasm, it makes both the heart and the arm strong.

"The Ironsides of Cromwell made the decree of Predestination their base; hence they never lost a battle, and always began the swelling chorus of victory from the first moment that the ranks were formed. The man to whom in all the universe there is no God, is an atheist. The man to whom God is distant, and to whom the influence of God is vague and uncertain, is an Arminian. But he who altogether lives and moves and has all his being in the immanent Jehovah, is a Calvinist." (*Evangelical Theology*, page 138.)

Secondly, *Calvinism more than any other system of theology lays bare the enormity of human sin, and leads to holiness.* In spite of all the severe strictures written and uttered concerning its tendency to Antinomianism, yet the fact remains that the noblest and holiest men who ever lived were Calvinists. While recognizing no original germ of goodness which might be nurtured into a holy force; but, on the contrary, man's absolute corruption and inability, men like Bunyan, Rutherford, and McCheyne, who depended absolutely upon the grace of the Holy Spirit, yet emphasized the necessity that morality should cover the entire life, and govern thought, speech, and action. Low views of sin and false conceptions of holiness are not unfrequently associated with Arminianism; but the consistent Calvinist believes only in one election, and that to holiness (Ephesians i. 4). Sin is to him infinitely loathsome; resemblance to the character of Jesus Christ is his ambition and his goal. Man is saved, not to, but from selfwill, to gain his truest liberty in absolute obedience to the will of God. License is slavery; conformity to the laws of Heaven, the guarantee of liberty. God is free, yet He cannot sin, His actions being conditioned by His nature; and we can only find our highest freedom in the same environment. The professing Christian who exclaims, "Oh, I am saved, and can therefore live as I like!" is not regenerated, for he is still governed by his own fallen will; and emancipation from that will, and subjection to God's will, is the liberty wherewith Christ doth make His people free. Election finds man enslaved by his own freedom; it leaves him free in God's slavery. The sovereignty of grace, selecting rebels in their pollution as recipients of Divine favour, not on the ground of any distinguishing antecedent merit in them, but because "all who will be saved were the objects of God's eternal and electing love, and were given by an act of Divine sovereignty to the Son of God," * effectually destroys that pride of spirit which is the spring and strength of man's antagonism to God; while the magnetism which loved our souls from

* Declaration of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, adopted May, 1833.

the pit of corruption (Isaiah xxxviii. 17) will become each day a more constraining force, until in glory we are absolutely conformed, body, soul, and spirit, as the great Father has predestinated us, "unto the likeness of His dear Son, that He might be the firstborn among many brethren" (Romans viii. 29).

Now, these doctrines of the innate depravity of man and the free sovereign grace of God, altogether apart from human merit, are naturally the strongest bulwark against both Romanism* and Infidelity. Brethren, believe me, our surest safeguard, nay, I might even say, our only one, against the insidious inroads of Ritualism on the one hand, and its inevitable companion, Agnosticism, on the other, lies here, simply in a childlike acceptance of the absolutism of grace, and the dogmatic, unapologetic enunciation of these old-time, yea, eternal doctrines; and so our enemies themselves perceive, for all other religions and theologies may be tolerated, and even patronized; but Calvinism, never. You remember old Grandfather Arminius; well, he begat two sons, the one, Mr. Legality, and the other, Mr. Uncertainty; and both of these had children, named respectively, Ritualism and Agnosticism. They and their descendants still wage deadly war with Calvinists. One of them, an Anglican, writing recently,† says, "That most wholesome doctrine and very full of comfort, Baptismal Regeneration, teaching as it does, and truly teaching that God mercifully receives every infant at its baptism, afforded an immense relief from the gloomy and crushing Calvinism of the time to thoughtful minds;" but, fortunately, as in the olden day the LORD set the children of Moab and Ammon against the inhabitants of Mount Seir, so now no less an authority than Professor Huxley writes in the *Fortnightly Review* :—

"It is the secret of the superiority of the best theological teachers to the majority of their opponents, that they substantially recognize these realities of things, however strange the forms in which they clothe their conceptions. The doctrines of predestination; of original sin; of the innate depravity of man, and the evil fate of the greater part of the race; of the primacy of Satan in this world; of the essential vileness of matter;

* "Calvinism was thus, in a sense quite unknown to Lutheranism, the conscious and consistent antithesis to Rome. For one thing, a rigorous and authoritative system was met by a system no less rigorous and authoritative. The Roman infallibility was confronted by the infallibility of the *Verbum Dei*; the authority of tradition by the authority of reasoned yet Scriptural doctrine; salvation through the Church by salvation through Christ; the efficacy of the Sacraments by the efficacy of the Spirit; the power of the priesthood by the power of the ever-present Christ. The strength of Calvinism lay in the place and pre-eminence it gave to God; it magnified Him; humbled man before His awful majesty, yet lifted man in the very degree that it humbled him. Catholicism is essentially a doctrine of the Church; Calvinism is essentially a doctrine of God. In days when men have little faith in the supernatural and transcendental, Catholicism is an enormous power, its appeal to history is an appeal to experience, and men will cling to its traditions in the very degree that they have lost faith in God; but in days when men are possessed by faith in an all-sufficient Reason that knows all and never can be deceived, in an all-sufficient Will that guides all and never can be defeated or surprised, then the theology that holds them will be the theology that makes God most real to the intellect, and most authoritative to the conscience. And it was at this point and by this means that Calvinism so seized and so commanded men, faith in God being ever a less earthly and a sublimer thing than faith in a Church."—Principal Fairbairn, *Christ and Modern Theology*, page 149.

† *Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette*, 1895, page 327.

of a malevolent Demiurgus subordinate to a benevolent Almighty, who has only lately revealed Himself;—faulty as they are, appear to me to be vastly nearer the truth than the ‘liberal’ popular illusions that babies are all born good, and that the example of a corrupt society is responsible for their failure to remain so; that it is given to everybody to reach the ethical ideal if he will only try; that all partial is universal good; and other optimistic figments, such as that which represents ‘Providence’ under the guise of a paternal philanthropist, and bids us believe that everything will come right (according to our notions) at last.”

Yes, sin is foul; so foul that, born as we are in it, and reared in an atmosphere, the very purest part of which is still defiled and tainted, we cannot understand God’s holy hatred of its essential vileness until we occupy His standpoint, and see there its loathsome character, and the infinite holiness and grace which met our needs at Calvary; and this, Calvinism, more than any other system of theology, teaches us to know. The Puritans, stern, victorious, liberty-loving, godly men, albeit often sour and sometimes fanatical, were to a man Calvinists; but it was the dissolute court of Charles, with its gaiety, weakness, and sin, which first enabled Arminianism to obtain its stronghold in the Protestant Church of England. The testimony of Professor Froude is so admirable that we cannot refrain from quoting it in this connection:—

“They dwelt, as pious men are apt to dwell in suffering and sorrow, on the all-disposing power of Providence. Their burden grew lighter as they considered that God had so determined that they must bear it. But they attracted to their ranks almost every man in Western Europe who ‘hated a lie.’ They were crushed down, but they rose again. They were splintered and torn, but no power could bend or melt them. They had many faults; let him that is without sin cast a stone at them. They abhorred as no body of men ever more abhorred all conscious mendacity, all impurity, all moral wrong of every kind so far as they could recognize it. Whatever exists at this moment in England and Scotland of conscientious fear of doing evil, is the remnant of the convictions which were branded by the Calvinists into the people’s hearts. Though they failed to destroy Romanism, though it survives, and may survive long as an opinion, they drew its fangs; they forced it to abandon that detestable principle, that it was entitled to murder those who dissented from it. Nay, it may be said that by having shamed Romanism out of its practical corruption, the Calvinists enabled it to revive.”—Professor J. A. Froude, *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, Vol. ii., page 54.

Thirdly, *Calvinism has nursed and maintained a race of heroes.* Nearly all the great national growths of Freedom and Philanthropy have had their birthplace at Geneva. While we thank God for Luther’s noble testimony, and for the stand of martyrs like Latimer and Cranmer, yet the creed of Lutherans and Anglicans (albeit mildly Calvinistic) lacked the force to overturn emperors and prelates, and it is simply an incontrovertible historical fact that the founders of Free States and parish schools were Calvinists. It was Calvin himself who made the little town of Geneva famous in the earth, and laid the foundation of the Swiss Republic. It was under William the Silent that Holland became awhile a mighty force, and drove back the armies of the aliens. It was when Oliver Cromwell reigned, before whom popes quailed and monarchs trembled, that England attained

her highest eminency as a nation. It was the Pilgrim Fathers who in their search for "freedom to worship God" established the great Western Republic of America. It was John Knox, and not noble Bruce and patriotic Wallace, who made Scotland above all countries of the earth the land of godliness and liberty, of enterprise and education. It was the crushing out of Coligny and the Huguenots, at St. Bartholomew's fatal massacre, which rendered the Revolution of 1790, and the *coups d'état* of recent years ineffectual to truly emancipate and ennoble France. How comes it that this much-derided "Creed of servitude" has yet invariably produced a race of free men, who, while bowing low before their God, knew nought of fear before the high and mighty of earth? Men of backbone, spiritual and philanthropic muscle, all of them Benaiahs—"Built of God," and Bezaleels—"dwelling in the shadow of the ALMIGHTY,"—these men recruited the ranks of martyrs, flooded the earth with heroes, overturned the powers of priestcraft and slavery, emancipated souls and bodies, hearts and homes and nations, nurtured philanthropy, encouraged education, and upheld the Bible.

Michelet, the Roman Catholic historian, writes:—"If in any part of Europe blood and tortures were required, a man to be burnt or broken on the wheel, that man was at Geneva ready to depart, giving thanks to God, and singing Psalms to Him." Stoicism, the noblest of heathen philosophies, enabled men to die with quietness; Mohammedanism caused them to put their enemies to death with a greater measure of satisfaction; but Calvinism, which I take it is but *applied Christianity*, taught men to play the rôle of martyrs with exultant joy; and this legacy of heroism, in altered forms, is still with us, from the little child who, pulling her bereaved father's hand, looks up wonderingly into his tear-stained eyes, and says, "Father, isn't mother happy now with Jesus?" unto the strong, braved-soul man, who faces inevitable disease by inches, and keeps all the while a sunny face, since it is God's sweet will. There is much mystery in life, but with Robert Browning in "Rabbi Ben Ezra" we can say,—

"Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made;
Our times are in His hand, who saith, 'A whole I planned.'
Youth shows but half; trust God, see all, nor be afraid;"

or, better still, with Paul, "I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Romans viii. 38, 39).

I append the glowing tribute of two such representative men as James Russell Lowell and Lord Macaulay to the Calvinists and the secret of their power:—

"I think some have been a little hard on Calvinism and St. Paul, and have used unwarrantably strong language; I think that is something we ought to guard against. Let us look at Calvinism, as at everything else, with steady eyes. However a certain instinctive feeling in the mind may rise and protest against some of its doctrines, yet they have produced some

of the strongest and most noble characters the world has ever seen, the very fibre and substance of which enduring Commonwealths are made. Look at Coligny, for instance; nay, the political and intellectual freedom we enjoy spring as truly, perhaps, from the loins of Calvin as from anywhere else; and I do not think it safe,—I am formulating no creed of my own, I have always been a liberal thinker, and have therefore allowed others who differed from me to think also as they liked, but at the same time I fear that, when we indulge in the amusement of going without a religion, we are not perhaps aware how much we are restrained by an enormous mass all about us of religious feeling and religious conviction, so that, whatever it may be safe for us to think who have had great advantages, and have been brought up in such a way that a certain moral direction has been given to our character, I do not know what would become of the less-favoured masses of mankind if they undertook to play the same game.”
—*Speech of James Russell Lowell.*

“They recognized no title to superiority but God’s favour, and, confident of that favour, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the register of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands. Their diadems, crowns of glory which would never fade away. On the rich and eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt, for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, eloquent in a more sublime language, nobler by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged, on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed His will by the pen of the evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony; by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God!”—*Lord Macaulay’s Essay on Milton.*

Fourthly, *Calvinism has produced the mightiest theologians, preachers, soul-winners, and hymn-writers of every age.* One of the most popular insinuations against Calvinism is that it is a distinct barrier to the progress of the gospel. John Wesley says:—“All the devices of Satan for these fifty years have done far less towards stopping this work of God than that single doctrine.” (*Large Minutes.*)

Now, so far from this being true, it is to our mind the only pledge and guarantee concerning the progress and ultimate triumph of the gospel. Discomfited and beaten, Paul gets low-spirited; he has done his best, but failed, and is inclined to slink away from Corinth, till the Lord appears by a night vision unto the apostle, saying, “Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace: for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee: for I have much people in this city” (Acts xviii. 9, 10). Verily, brethren, every time I preach, it is with the firm persuasion that ALMIGHTY GOD has a distinct and definite

message of grace to special souls; and whether I see results or not, His Word shall not return unto Him void, but shall prosper in the thing whereto He sent it (Isaiah lv. 11). Our ministry, as well as our salvation and sanctification, depends upon a life of faith; and in a very especial degree do I believe the promise true in gospel testimony and preaching that "them that honour Me I will honour" (1 Samuel ii. 30). Why, did I think that conversions depended upon my tears, my sympathies, my pleadings, my denunciations, warnings, phrases, methods, manners, and presentations of the gospel, or upon the whims, fancies, emotions, temperaments, and caprices of my hearers, I would at once abandon the pastorate; but when God is in this business, God behind any utterances, however feeble, if they be but faithful, then I can proclaim His message with a divine certainty of effectual success.

And so far from discouraging the profligate and abandoned, what other gospel than that of God's electing grace displayed to sinners in Christ, and on the grounds of His sacrifice and merits alone, can possibly give any ray of encouragement to devil-possessed, sin-enslaved, and earth-forsaken men? Certainly not Arminianism, which says:—"We have received as a maxim that a man can do nothing in order to justification. Nothing can be more false. Whosoever desires to find favour with God should 'Cease from evil, and learn to do well.' So God Himself teaches by the prophet Isaiah. Whosoever repents should do works meet for repentance; and if this is not so in order to find favour, what does he do them for?"* But grace, which states unconditionally to the worst of sinners, "There's pardon and deliverance for you if you will but take it as the free gift of God,—eternal life through Jesus Christ the Lord" (Romans v. 21), this brings hope to the most despairing, meets the offender in his sins, his need, and his pollution, and pledges to him pardon, purity, and peace. Ours is no "survival of the fittest" theology; but rather the salvation of the most unfit; no congregating together of goody-goodies in an upper room, who, by their prayers, tears, and praises, shall save themselves; but the unfoldings of divine grace and pardon to publicans and harlots, Rahabs and Manassehs, Magdalens and Newtons. Great God, with such a gospel, why should men mock lost sinners by eulogising salvation by relics, rites, ceremonies, works, tears, prayers, or holiness? "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast" (Ephesians ii. 8, 9). What need to superadd to this the legal tests of time, or purgatorial expurgations beyond the grave? If God the Father's grace, God the Son's sacrifice, God the Holy Spirit's power be ineffectual to save in time, they cannot do so in eternity. Here, brethren, I find *my* larger hope,—God *will* have the great majority in Heaven, an innumerable multitude which no *man* can number (all of whom have, however, been numbered by our God), of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues (Revelation vii. 9); saved thousands, and tens of thousands of them, it may be while the death-rattle was in their throats, by the effectual sovereign grace of Him, who worketh all things after the counsel of *His own*

* Conder's *View of all Religions*, page 455.

will (Ephesians i. 11). As a Calvinist, I despair of none, for God is omnipotent: as an Arminian, I dare not rest secure concerning any, for man has well-nigh infinite possibilities of procuring his own damnation.

I said that Calvinism produced the greatest preachers, soul-winners, and hymn-writers; and history demonstrates the fact. Almost unconsciously, the names of Latimer in the 16th century, Bunyan in the 17th, Whitefield in the 18th, and Spurgeon in the 19th, rise up before our minds as the unrivalled preachers and soul-winners of their day and generation. These men, with the sweet singers, Watts and Doddridge, Kelly and Bonar, were all Calvinists; D. L. Moody and John McNeill, the world-renowned evangelists, believe in Election, while Thomas Spurgeon and A. G. Brown preach to the two greatest congregations in the largest city of the world the same great truths; and these men were and are no "hypers", but pre-eminently graced and blessed of God in the matter of soul-winning. What hymn has brought more souls to glory than that one by Toplady which formed the dying utterance of our Prince Consort,—

" Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling ; "

except, indeed, it be that of immortal Cowper,—

" There is a fountain filled with blood ? "

Yet both these men were stern Calvinists. The fact remains indelibly written on the pages of religious history, nor can it be erased, that in every age those who were holders of what is commonly called Calvinistic theology, or rather, those who were held by it, have been, under grace, most successful in the ministry of regeneration and holiness.

Only one great personality, the founder of Wesleyan Methodism, with his unique powers of organization and incomparable energy, forms a startling exception to this statement; but he, brethren, is the notable exception which proves the rule. That the great God, in His unquestioned sovereignty, can use even an Arminian to the blessing of souls, I do not question; but it was not because of, but in spite of, his mistaken views concerning election, perfection, justification, works, eternal security, and baptismal regeneration; and I believe, brethren, that John Wesley died an unconscious Calvinist, for when the glory streamed down upon the old man from the opened gates, with supernatural energy raising himself, he thrice repeated from his dying bed an utterance worthy of even his old opponent Toplady himself, "The best of all is, God is with us;" and no Calvinist claims more than this, God with us, our Guardian, Friend, and Home from everlasting to everlasting.

Lastly, *Calvinism produces a race of optimists*. "What, Dr. Judson, are the prospects of progressive work among the heathen?" enquired one of those "Doldrum" Christians to whom our worthy President referred on Tuesday last.* "They are bright, sir," responded the

* See the Conference Presidential Address, by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, published in *The Sword and the Trowel*, June, 1895.

veteran missionary, "as the promises of God." So believed Andrew Fuller, the founder of missionary work in India and Ireland; so believed Carey, Marshman, and Ward, and all the originators of Foreign Missionary enterprise in the last century; Wesleyan Methodists excepted, and yet they believed and believe it, too! Why do we inform a trusting sinner that he is saved by resting simply on the blood of Jesus? (1 John i. 7.) Because God has pledged His honour to it; and that is Calvinism. Why do we assure the weeping hearts around a dying man that God will never fail their dear one, nor forsake him, that he will speedily depart to be "with Christ, which is very far better" (Philippians i. 23)? Because God has pledged His honour to it; and that is Calvinism. Why do we look out with rapturous joy unto the glories of the archangel's trump and of the resurrection morn? Because God hath appointed from all eternity the day and hour when the Son of man shall return (Matthew xxiv. 36); and that is Calvinism. Why do we believe that, one day, the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our LORD, and of His Christ (Revelation xi. 15)? Because God hath predicted it; and that is Calvinism. Arminians, did they rightly estimate the powers of evil, the force of sin, and the helplessness of man, should indeed be pessimists; but Calvinists never,* since we believe that what our God has promised, He is able also to perform (Romans iv. 21), for "God is not a man, that He should lie; neither the son of man, that He should repent: hath He said, and shall He not do it? or hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good?" (Numbers xxiii. 19.) Were the date, hour, place, method, and executioners of the Lamb "fore-ordained before the foundation of the world" (1 Peter i. 20), fixed from all eternity by God for a certain Paschal Friday, four thousand and thirty-seven years after the first promise fell upon the ears of our shivering guilty parents in Eden's garden? Do all Christians believe this? Then do we roundly claim them all as Calvinists, for the cross is God's great centre in the solar system of sovereign grace; and by it and round it are all events in Heaven and earth and hell shaped, governed, moulded, impulsed, and controlled. So was it yesterday; so shall it be to-morrow, for "God hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead" (Acts xvii. 31). Then shall that same Jesus, who hung upon the cross for sinners, despised, rejected, and forsaken, become the central figure in God's universe of glory as He has already been in God's universe of grace, and this refrain be

* The Holy Spirit having predicted that "in the last days perilous times shall come" (2 Timothy iii. 1), that "evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived" (2 Timothy iii. 13), that "some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of demons" (1 Timothy iv. 1), that "the love of many shall wax cold," (Matthew xxiv. 12), &c., we believe these utterances, and look upon this gathering darkness as the herald of the coming dawn of that millennial glory, which shall be brought in by the personal and pre-millennial advent of our Lord and Saviour. Some may call this pessimism; but we term it Scripturalism: nor is our faith one whit shaken to note the present apostacy. Indeed, it would be shaken were things otherwise; for we expect both the apostacy and the glory afterwards, on the authority of Jesus Christ and His Apostles.

re-echoed on and on adown the aisles of Heaven, and through a regenerated universe, and that for ever, "Alleluia: for the LORD GOD omnipotent reigneth" (Revelation xix. 6).

I conclude with the prayer of one who, though not himself a Calvinist, could find no language outside of Calvinism grandly strong enough to utter forth his praise (Dean Alford):—

"What rush of hallelujahs
 Fills all the earth and sky!
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
 Oh! Day for which creation
 And all its tribes were made;
 Oh! joy for all its former woes
 A thousandfold repaid.

"Bring here Thy great salvation,
 Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
 Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
 Then take Thy power and reign!
 Appear, Desire of nations,
 Thine exiles long for home;
 Show in the heaven Thy promised sign,
 Thou Prince and Saviour, come!"

Ay, "even so, come, Lord Jesus;" our hearts are lonely for Thee.
 "Come, Lord, and tarry not."

"Exhort One Another Daily."

BY CHARLES SPURGEON.

A GOOD fire is all the better for a little stirring; and the best of Christians may grow in grace and glow with love by being exhorted daily. Now that the chills of November are coming upon us, the furniture of the hearth is being brought forth, and one may see in the fender the appurtenances of the grate. Some folks keep a specially small and pointed poker—curiously called a "curate"—beside the more portly and weighty implement, and use *it* for the purpose of giving the fire a poke through the ribs of the grate. How soon a blaze is made, and how brilliantly the dull coals begin to flare!

May I compare the daily portions of our "Text Union" to this sharp-pointed and polished poker? While by no means dispensing with the use of the larger and weightier parts of God's Word, you will find, dear reader, these little sentences "stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance," and set your heart's fire burning more brightly.

It often happens, too, that the fire would go out, or at least burn low, if a friendly hand did not disturb the slumbering coals. Thus is it also with our "Text Bond." Another will frequently bring the passage to bear upon our minds by way of "exhortation", and, using

the "Text" as a poker, cause our thoughts to burn afresh, and the fervour of our love for God and His truth to be rekindled.

There is a mutual benefit to be derived from joining the "Text Union," for, by passing on the message for the day, we "*exhort one another.*" We should not be frozen together by a chill propriety, but rather be massed together like burning coals, glowing with a white heat of brotherly love. It is our earnest desire to see every reader of *The Sword and the Trowel* a member of the "Text Union." The Illustrated Almanack for 1896 is about to be published, so we trust that many fresh names for enrolment will be sent to us at once. Four halfpenny stamps forwarded to Pastor C. Spurgeon, "Haddon," Dartmouth Row, Blackheath, will secure for *you*, dear friend, a card of membership, and the new Almanack. Will you have them?

A Missionary Penny.

SOME years ago, just before a missionary started for China, a poor little boy from his Ragged-school, having no cap or coat, and with trousers out at the knees, came up to him with a penny in his hand, and said, "Here, teacher, will you take this penny, and buy a Bible with it, and give it to a Chinese boy?" The missionary hardly liked to take the coin from the lad, but finally he accepted it, and promised to do as he was asked.



Upon his arrival in China, he carried the penny to the Bible *dépôt*, and said to the manager, "This is an English penny, given to me by a poor little ragged boy; will you take it, and give me either a Testament or a Gospel for it?" A Gospel was given to him for the penny, and he kept it till he should see a suitable Chinese boy to whom he might present it. A little while after, he asked one of the boys in his school, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" The lad answered, "A missionary like you, teacher." He then handed the Gospel to the boy, saying, "In this book you can learn how to be a missionary." The boy read the Gospel, it became the means of his salvation, and he is now being trained for the service of the Saviour as a missionary. Thus, a poor boy's penny, blessed by God, has been the means of saving one Chinese lad, who may in time be the instrument used in winning hundreds or thousands of his countrymen for the Lord Jesus Christ: are we not right in calling that consecrated coin a *missionary penny*? How many of our readers will send their pence or their pounds to the

PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION,

which supports Dr. Churcher and Mr. Patrick in North Africa?—*From Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for 1896. (See Reviews.)*

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

FURTHER NEWS FROM NORTH AFRICA.

THE following letters will show our readers how much their prayerful sympathy and practical help are still needed by Mr. Patrick and Dr. Churcher, and their devoted wives:—

MRS. PATRICK writes:—My dear Friends,—This is a sad time for poor Tangier; and we feel that many of you will, by prayer, bring help and blessing to the people, and also guidance to us from God as to how we can best work for the furtherance of His Kingdom in this time of sickness. My dear husband is still suffering from a bad finger on his right hand, so I will try to send a few lines as he is quite unable to write.

For a fortnight, the people have been dying of cholera, usually from six to twenty each day. These deaths have been almost entirely amongst the Moors, and often terribly sudden. The disease seems to be spreading to their villages. Many Jews are panic-stricken, and are leaving Tangier at every possible opportunity, preferring 21 days of quarantine in Gibraltar Bay to remaining in the city. Hundreds have also left for Tetuan.

It is very difficult to help these Moors. They are fanatical and ignorant, and say "the Nazarenes" have brought the curse upon the city. The doctors, in consequence, find it hard to obtain entrance into the houses, and in most instances the sick decline to take the medicine given to them. The people have offered many sacrifices of bullocks, food, and clothing to their saints, and the blood of animals has been sprinkled on the city gates. Worshippers have also be-daubed themselves with blood.

To-day, a letter has been received from Fez by the chief of the mosque (Moorish temple) reproving the people for their prayerlessness, and saying that all good deeds are done by the Nazarenes, and exhorting the people to sacrifice, charity, and prayer. We are told that the priest burst into tears on reading this letter.

Our doctors and nurses are spending their days in visiting the sick. It will be hard for you to imagine the difficulty there is to disinfect. The streets are very narrow, and the houses almost airless, having only tiny latticed windows. The drains are built of brick, and are often broken, and open sewers are in most houses. The superstition of the people makes them careless and disobedient.

The doctors tell us there is much fear of the cholera spreading among the Spaniards. Trade is at a standstill, and work is very scarce. Many of the people are suffering from want of proper food. Everything in the market is dear, and the frightened, underfed folk are ready victims for the disease. I disinfect everything that is brought from market, and bake the bread again in my own house, but the poor cannot do this.

There has been some sharp fighting, in the market-place, between some mountain tribesmen and some of the townsfolk. Four or five men were killed, and many wounded; more fighting is threatened, and many Europeans are afraid to go out. Your prayers are truly needed for the people; this is a sad, dark time, and we have constantly to cheer and encourage one another in the Lord, and to remember to fix our hearts upon our God. I hear the funeral song all day,—a sad, dismal chant,—generally shouted in a hurried, irreverent way by the bearers and friends of the dead. Pray that sickness may be removed; and yet, if this is to bring the people nearer to Himself, God's will is best, it is *His* reign we wait and long for.

MR. PATRICK, writing on Oct. 9, says:—Some 500 have died of cholera in Tangier during the past five weeks. Two children living in the Spanish

Mission-house have been ill, but have recovered. All meetings, schools, &c., have been closed. We have spent our time in nursing the sick, and feeding the hungry. The £8 10s. 6d., so kindly sent from the Tabernacle, has been given away in bread and soup. The outlook in Tangier is now much brighter ; but there have been seven or eight deaths to-day. Hundreds of villagers also have died, and from 40 to 100 are being buried daily in Tetuan, a town 45 miles distant from Tangier.

All workers are well and in good heart.

DR. CHURCHER writes to Mr. Glenny:—I have pleasure in reporting a further increase of patients during the month of September. 357 *new* patients have been seen, which is more than double the number during August. 558 visits have been paid to us, not reckoning the number of friends who have also heard the gospel ; while, as the limit of our strength is well-nigh reached, many have had to be sent away disappointed. Great anxiety to come to us has been the marked feature of the month. Though I have got up at dawn to give the admission numbers to the first comers, daybreak has revealed a large crowd already assembled ; and even at 2 or 3 a.m., the darkness has been disturbed by the voices of those waiting for advice and treatment.

The news of the work still spreads, as shown, for example, yesterday, when the new patients came in from the following thirteen towns and villages:—Sahaleen sent 20 ; Kairwan, 2 ; Sheah, 5 ; Memphis, 1 ; Sfax, 1 ; Kala Serere, 2 ; Hergla, 2 ; Sidi Armer, 1 ; Mussakeen, 3 ; Kala Kaberaa, 7 ; Hamman Souse, 1 ; Fejbeena, 1 ; and Gabes, 1. I am glad that we are outside the town, or our neighbours would probably not tolerate us. As it is, the people frequently come long distances on donkeys or mules ; then, after their successful struggle for tickets, they are free to scatter themselves in picturesque groups under the surrounding olive trees, resting and picnicking contentedly till they see the doctor. Now, as the last of the patients are not reached till between three and four in the afternoon, you can see that, with some of them at least, patience is no unneeded virtue.

At about 8.30, all are gathered for service ; and it has not been easy to pack between fifty and sixty persons into our moderate-sized waiting-room. There has been no space for my chair, and I have had just to step in, and stand with the people seated literally at my feet. Those who come are mostly country folk,—very ignorant, quite unable to read ; probably not five out of fifty know their letters, and not one of these is able to read easily. With such a simple audience, to be anything but simple would simply bespeak the speaker's simplicity, so that such portions of the Scriptures as the Parable of the Prodigal Son, or that of the Sower, or the story of Nicodemus, have been read and explained, and then the gospel has been pressed home for immediate acceptance from "the wordless book."

I have been encouraged by the attention and responses of the people at these meetings, and have felt much freedom in speaking, and sometimes such a sense of the Holy Spirit's presence as I do not recollect to have realized before in North Africa. I have been able to dwell freely upon the Sonship of our Saviour, and that without rousing outward opposition. I shall be thankful for prayer, that there may dwell richly within me the graces of gentleness, patience, and love, that my manner of life may enforce my manner of preaching.

The change of season brought us some sickness ; and about the middle of the month, every one in the house, from baby upward, was ill one way or another. While loth to give in, I felt that the most I ought to attempt was to see old patients, and repeat their medicines. The distribution of tickets, that morning, was no easy matter ; and the touching appeals of patients who had come for the first time were difficult to refuse. Here, was a baby, held up to excite my pity,—its little eyes quite closed with acute inflammation ;

and there, a suppurating finger, calling as loudly as its owner to receive attention. We are now all better, but the number of patients increases, so that the question forces itself upon me,—Can we do anything more for the people? Some sort of shelter is badly needed. For example, I found six people lying about my doorway, one night last week, intending to sleep there in order not to be late for the Medical Mission next morning. It seemed cruel to have to turn them out instead of taking them in somewhere, yet what was to be done? After an operation, too, we badly need some place where a patient from a distance can be put up for a day or two. Then, when the rains begin, in a few days, it would seem needful to have some additional shelter for those waiting. We are looking up for guidance; and doubt not that, if it be His will,—

“In some way or other, the Lord will provide.”

All the people coming just now are Mohammedans, and I do not think that any of them had ever heard the gospel until they came to us. We have heard gratitude from many lips, but long to see grace in many hearts.

Notices of Books.

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

MESSRS. PASSMORE AND ALABASTER'S list of books for the coming season shows that there will be no lack of Spurgeonic literature for Christmas, New Year, and birthday presents.

First, of course, comes MR. SPURGEON'S NEW VOLUME, of which we gave a lengthy notice last month,—*The Soul-Winner; or, How to Lead Sinners to the Saviour.* (Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.) There cannot be a more suitable gift for ministers, home and foreign missionaries, Sunday-school teachers, and all Christian workers.

Then follows MRS. SPURGEON'S *Ten Years After!* A sequel to *Ten Years of my Life in the Service of the Book Fund.* (3s. 6d.) We hope to make further reference to this work next month; but just mention it now, that our readers may put it down on their list of books that *must* be purchased for Christmas.

In response to many requests, MR. SPURGEON'S *bijou* volume, *The Clue of the Maze; a Voice Lifted up on behalf of Honest Faith*, has been published in large type, uniform with *Around the Wicket Gate.* (Cloth gilt, 1s.) It has already been of great help to many troubled souls, and in its new form should be widely circulated among those who are perplexed with doubts.

Two handsome volumes, 7s. each, containing 108 of MR. SPURGEON'S *Sermons on Our Lord's Miracles*, are a fitting complement to the volume on *Our Lord's Parables* issued last year. No preacher or teacher, who wishes fully to understand either the Miracles or Parables, can afford to do without these three books.

Local preachers and others engaged in Mission Hall work and similar service have often desired to possess some of MR. SPURGEON'S shorter sermons. Accordingly, sixty have been selected, and, with a sketch of the beloved Pastor's life, and fourteen portraits and engravings, have been published under the title, *The Gospel for the People.* (Cloth gilt, 5s.) This volume should be of great use in the many congregations where C. H. SPURGEON is still the preacher.

The Twelve Sermons' Series now comprises no less than twenty-two sets, 1s. each. The seven just added are,—Twelve Missionary Sermons, Twelve Sermons on Conversion, Twelve Sermons on Faith, Twelve Sermons on Praise, Twelve Sermons on the Bible, Twelve Sermons on The Prodigal Son, &c., and Twelve Sermons on Unbelief. These small collections of discourses have been found admirably adapted

for general distribution where the larger volumes would be too costly.

Those who profited by Mr. SPURGEON'S *Words of Wisdom for Daily Life*, will be glad to learn that two companion volumes have been issued, *Words of Cheer for Daily Life*, and *Words of Warning for Daily Life*. (Cloth gilt, 2s. each.)

PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON also has a new work in the hands of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster. It is a collection of sermons, appropriately illustrated, and entitled, *Down to the Sea*. All who have had the privilege of hearing any of the "sea sermons" of the present Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church know how thoroughly "at home" he is in handling nautical subjects, and many who have not had their opportunities of listening to the discourses will be equally pleased and profited as they read the volume.

Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for 1896, price one penny, is now ready. Some, who are well qualified to express an opinion, declare it is fully equal to any that have preceded it. This verdict is no reflection upon the late beloved Editor, for his writings still furnish most of the brief, bright, illustrated articles. On page 586, we have given one of Mrs. Spurgeon's contributions to the new Almanack, and the texts of Scripture for meditation for every day in the year have again been selected by her. The fact that these portions are daily committed to memory by the 10,000 members of the Text Union, gives them an added interest; but there must be tens of thousands who read the Almanack and the Magazine who have not yet put on what Mrs. Spurgeon calls "the happy fetters of the Text Bond." Will they kindly give special heed to Pastor Charles Spurgeon's reminder on page 602?

John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack for 1896, price one penny, is almost ready. The special feature of this year's broadsheet is the large central illustration containing a *fac-simile* of the inscription in MR. SPURGEON'S study Bible, surrounded by pictorial repre-

sentations of most of the literary works that grew out of his meditations on the Scriptures. There are also other pictures showing various phases of farming operations in Eastern and Western lands, keeping up the agricultural character of the Almanack as in former years. The proverbs, mottoes, maxims, &c., for 1896 are to a very large extent "JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S" own; and a tender interest lingers around the two ever-memorable days, January 31 and June 19. All who loved Mr. SPURGEON should help to scatter far and wide this remarkable collection of his pithy, homely, proverbial sayings. The Almanack makes an admirable ornament for the walls of the kitchen, workshop, and cabin on land or sea, and it would be no disgrace to a drawing-room, or even to a palace.

For the Good of the House. By CHARLES COURTENAY, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

It will be for the good of many a private house, but not in the interest of the public-house, if this book has a large circulation. It consists of short, pithy addresses, in language understood of the people, upon proverbs and queer sayings. If at first it should make some wince, when they learn its lessons they will be able to laugh on both sides of their face. Speakers at Temperance gatherings will find this work most helpful; it is just the book to make a lively, profitable meeting. "For the Good of the House," we cry, "Buy! Buy! Buy!"

The Old Missionary. By Sir W. W. HUNTER, K.C.S.I., M.A., LL.D. Henry Frowde.

A TOUCHING history of a good man, and his influence upon adjacent tribes in the interior of Bengal. The strong personality of the man, the contrasted creeds, and the subsidiary characters, are all presented in charming style, albeit with the impartiality of the judge rather than from the Scripture standpoint. As a work of art, beautiful; as a testimony to the power of Christianity, timely; but not to be taken by any means as a Christian apologetic.

The Religious Tract Society's four portly volumes, *The Sunday at Home*, *The Leisure Hour*, *The Boy's Own Annual*, and *The Girl's Own Annual*, are fairly entitled to head the procession of the early Annuals for 1895. They are all admirably adapted for the various classes of readers for whom they are intended, and none of them show any signs of receding from the high position they have already attained. Editors, authors, artists, and publishers have united in producing a set of books which will probably supply millions of readers with pleasant and profitable occupation during many dull days and long evenings in the coming winter, or in the summer months to follow. The widespread circulation of these excellent magazines must tend to check the evil wrought by the pernicious literature which is, alas! still so abundant, and so mischievous. God speed the Tract Society in its useful work!

Messrs. Partridge and Co. take the next place with their Annuals,—*The British Workman*, *The Band of Hope Review*, *The Children's Friend*, *The Infants' Magazine*, *The Family Friend*, *The Friendly Visitor*, and *The Mother's Companion*. The covers of all these volumes are marvels of artistic skill, and their contents would have received our unreserved commendation if we had not discovered in *The Children's Friend* the erroneous teaching to which we called attention last month. We hope, however, that article on "Phœbe's Christening" was the one exception proving the rule that Messrs. Partridge's periodical publications are worthy of even wider circulation than they have hitherto attained.

The Sunday School Union follows close behind with *The Child's Own Magazine*, full of all manner of pretty pictures and rhymes, and stories for boys and girls like those represented on the cover as walking on stilts; and *Young England*, where the older lads and lassies can revel in tales of travel, adventure, school-days, pets, &c., while "The Sunday Hour" and "Something

to Smile At" furnish material both for serious and playful moments.

The Quiver (Cassell and Co.) this year, almost excels itself; it is difficult to see how it can be improved, yet the programme for the new volume contains many fresh features. Happy are the young people, or old folk either, who have this quiverful of good things.

Always welcome is the annual volume of *Home Words for Heart and Hearth* (7, Paternoster Square). It is, of course, largely devoted to the interests of the Church of England, but still more to the cause of Christ. The magazine manifestly improves as the years roll on.

Messrs. Bemrose and Sons, 23, Old Bailey, have issued their *Monthly Diary* for 1896, and their *Daily, Proverbial, and Shakespearean Calendars* for the new year. We have shown our appreciation of the issues for 1895 by keeping them in constant use, and we gladly lay aside those for 1896 until their turn arrives.

Messrs. Partridge and Co. deserve the heartiest thanks of the young folk for the three shilling picture books just published,—*Bright Beams and Happy Scenes*, *Merry Moments*, and *Holiday Hours in Animal Land*, and also for the four sixpenny coloured toy books,—*The Bible A B C*, *The A B C of Birds, Beasts, and Fishes*, *Tiny Tot's Book of Fables*, and *The Ugly Duckling and other Fairy Tales*. A choice present for a child is Mrs. G. E. MORTON's half-crown Bible picture book for little readers, *Brought to Jesus*. In simple language, suitable to the young, is told again—

"The old, old story
Of Jesus and His love."

We trust that, by means of this beautiful book, many little readers will literally be "brought to Jesus."

From the same publishers has come our first large batch of story books for

the new season. Beginning with the smallest, we have six neatly bound and illustrated fourpenny books mostly by well-known writers,—*Poppy, or School-days at St. Bride's; Carrie and the Cobbler; Dandy Jim; Perry's Pilgrimage; Nita; or, Among the Brigands; and A Troublesome Trio*. Then follow three at sixpence, a little larger and with more illustrations,—*Mother's Boy, A Great Mistake, and From Hand to Hand*; two at ninepence,—*Letty; or, Father of the Fatherless; and Love's Golden Key*; and four at a shilling,—*Brave Bertie; Jim's Discovery; Three Runaways, and Under the Blossom*. We should not like to be compelled to read all these stories, but our boys and girls will not need any compulsion to undertake the task, and we trust the reputation of the writers is such that the children will be all the better for what is here set before them.

The last shilling book,—*Always Happy; or, The Story of Helen Keller*, by JENNIE CHAPPELL,—we can unhesitatingly commend, for it is a true record of the remarkable American girl who, although formerly deaf and dumb and blind, has been so skilfully trained and has so diligently learned that now she can read and write and talk and feel more than many people with eyes can see.

Four eighteenpenny volumes complete Messrs. Partridge's list,—*Sisters in Love*, by JESSIE M. E. SAXBY; *Ted's Trust; or, Aunt Elmerley's Umbrella*, by JENNIE CHAPPELL; *Duff Darlington; or, An Unsuspected Genius*, by EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN; and *Aileen; or, "The Love of Christ constraineth us,"* by LAURA A. BARTER. Containing 160 pages each, clearly printed, nicely illustrated, brightly bound, and all by highly-esteemed authors, they will be heartily welcomed in many a home or Sunday-school library.

All the Prettiest Nursery Rhymes and some New Ones. Sunday School Union.

We seem to grow young again as we

read these favourite ditties of childhood's days. What a collection it is! 128 pages of pictures and rhymes all for a shilling. Little Miss Muffet, Old Mother Hubbard, Jack Sprat, Jack Horner, Tom Tucker, Old King Cole, Little Bo-Peep, Taffy, and Old Mother Goose are all here, with the whole menagerie of animals whose deeds are duly recounted in every well-ordered nursery. It is a pity that the compiler inserted the silly superstition about a child's character and career being affected by the day of the week on which he was born; while the cross boy on page 71 should have been taught to say the revised version of the dunce's complaint:—

"Multiplication is no vexation,
Division is not so bad;

The Rule of Three ne'er puzzles me,
And practice makes me glad."

ANOTHER shilling book of a somewhat similar character, though not so well adapted to the tiny mites, is *Little Folks' Land, a Book of Verses* by HORACE G. GROSER, published by A. Melrose, 16, Pilgrim Street, E.C. Singularly enough, this volume also perpetuates the superstition;—

"Of the fairy boats on the haunted
stream

That are seen by those who are Sunday
born."

The poem about "The Mer-babies" is sure to be a favourite with the little folks, and they will be equally pleased with the lines concerning Miss Pussy who could not spell M-O-U-S-E, although she proved that she knew how to catch one!

Yet a third shilling book, which the "grown-ups" will relish as much as the youngsters can, is *One Hundred New Animal Stories*, by ALFRED E. LOMAX (Sunday School Union). The compiler, artists, and publishers have combined to make a most interesting collection of tales of birds and beasts and human beings.

George Procter, the Teetotaler. By GUY HAYLER. Partridge and Co.

THOUGH written in the form of a story, this work conveys a large amount of true Temperance teaching, and much interesting information concerning the pioneers of the Total Abstinence movement, and the trials and triumphs that attended their early efforts. If not actually founded on fact, the incidents here recorded must have happened in many places, so that the tale is almost like a true story. There would be more hope for our drink-cursed land if our young people were as earnest and brave as the hero of this narrative. A portrait of the author and several illustrations, together with an attractive binding, make up a choice 3s. 6d. volume.

Earnest Young Heroes. Four lives short in duration, great in purpose. By Rev. S. F. HARRIS, M.A., B.C.L. Nisbet and Co.

ON the cover of this two-shilling volume gleams the coveted decoration the Victoria Cross; but its pages furnish brief histories of four good soldiers of Jesus Christ who have received the far higher gift of "the Crown of Life." It was a happy idea to bring into so small a compass the noble deeds of Hedley Vicars, Harry Stuart Boldero, Ion Keith-Falconer, and Alexander Mackay; and Mr. Harris has admirably set forth all these four "earnest young heroes." His book should help to raise up worthy successors to the Christian soldier, sailor, and missionaries whose "short lives" were indeed "great in purpose."

Fred. C. Roberts of Tientsin. By Mrs. BRYSON. H. R. Allenson.

THE gifted authoress has produced a work which deserves to rank as a missionary classic. It is a biography to make the heart swell with holy desires, and to quicken the pulses of the soul. At the age of ten, young Roberts was led to decision for Christ. At fifteen, he was exclaiming, "Oh, that I might be a minister!" In due time, he became a medical missionary, and lived a most self-denying,

Christly life; he was literally consumed for Christ and China. The keynote of his life was love to Christ, and implicit obedience to His Lord's commands. There was a beautiful symmetry about his character, a harmonious blending of those strong and tender traits which spring from oneness with God, and close communion with Him. He became associated with Gilmour, of Mongolia, and with Dr. Mackenzie, whom he subsequently succeeded at Tientsin; and now all that's mortal of this noble trio rests in the English burying-place in Tientsin.

With such devotion and love-generated zeal did Dr. Roberts labour, that those upon the scene, competent to form an opinion, declare that he put twenty-five years' work into the seven allotted to him. Chinese Christians remarked, as they witnessed his loving service, "We never saw anyone so much like the Lord Jesus as Dr. Roberts is: he dresses our wounds with his own hands, and the poorer a man is, the more care he lavishes over him." His Christianity was Christ-like indeed. We have been struck with the similarity between Dr. Roberts and Robert Murray McCheyne; both felt a sacred passion to save men, which never faltered, but burned and glowed with ever-increasing ardour. Oh, for ministers and missionaries of this order! We trust that, as one result of the issue of this biography, many worthy successors of the consecrated Roberts may be produced.

The Story of Princess Alice. By ELIZA F. POLLARD. Sunday School Union.

A CONTRAST to some of the stories in the "Splendid Lives Series," yet not unworthy of a place among them. The memory of Princess Alice will ever be dear to English people because of her devotion to her parents, and the almost tragic end of her noble life. They are not likely to forget also that it is her daughter who occupies the unenviable, yet highly responsible position of Empress of Russia.

Notes.

IN sending us the manuscript for the first article in this month's Magazine, Mr. Medhurst mentions the interesting fact that, in addition to supplying our readers with several of Mr. SPURGEON's early sermons preached in England, he has now had the pleasure of furnishing unpublished notes of the beloved preacher's discourses delivered, many years ago, in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. The one printed in the present number comes most opportunely, though without any pre-arrangement, as a confirmation of Pastor Hugh D. Brown's "plea for the doctrines of grace." All lovers of "the faith once for all delivered to the saints" should scatter far and wide this noble vindication of the much-maligned Calvinistic, Augustinian, Pauline, Divine, doctrine. The whole article has been reprinted; and friends who desire copies for distribution, should apply for terms to Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A., Glengyle, Rathgar, Dublin.

Our esteemed contributor, H. T. S., writing in last month's *Sword and Trowel*, concerning his student days at the Pastors' College, said:—"It would be easy to put together many reminiscences of those times." That statement is true; and the proper place for the publication of such recollections is in the Magazine, which is itself the perpetual link between the College and its peerless President. We have therefore decided to allot space in next year's issues, that "our own men" may fill with brief, humorous, pathetic, and spiritual remembrances of those never-to-be-forgotten days. We give this early notice that brethren abroad as well as at home may contribute to the pages devoted to "Reminiscences of our Alma Mater."

The secretary of the SPURGEON MEMORIAL SERMON SOCIETY writes:—"I hasten to tell you the good news that we have now reached distributor number 1,004. 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' We are going to have a united gathering of the Brighton workers for prayer, praise, and testimony, to celebrate the Lord's goodness."

There is indeed cause for grateful thanksgiving for the blessing that has already rested upon this plan of circulating Mr. Spurgeon's precious sermons as a memorial of the beloved preacher. If the Society continues to grow as it has done during the past few months, it will not be very long before the weekly house-to-house distribution of the sermons will reach hundreds of thousands. Mr. Taverner is now devoting all his time to the work, and he will be happy to hear from any of our readers who are willing to assist in it. His address is, 36, Exeter Street, Brighton.

WORLDLINESS IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—Correspondents in various parts of the country continue to send us evidence of the wide spread worldliness in the church as by law established. We can only spare space, this month, for two instances, illustrative of the prevailing evil.

A friend in the West of England forwards a newspaper report of "two grand concerts of a specially high-class character, intended to aid a fund being raised towards some much-needed 'Church Improvements.'" There appears to have been as much dancing as music; and, according to the report, quite a *furor* was created by a costume dance, and a skirt dance in which the vicar's daughter was one of the performers. There is certainly need of 'Church Improvements' where such things are allowed; and the sooner such a "church" is "improved" off the face of the earth, to make room for the true Church of Christ, the better will it be for all concerned.

Taking up a Norwood paper, we were startled and shocked by the account of the proceedings at a recent licensing meeting of the Croydon County Council. There, as an ordinary item of news, apparently calling for no note or comment, was the record of the *renewals* of licenses for music, dancing, and stage plays. In a list, which includes a theatre and a circus, there also appear—"New schoolroom attached to the Holy Trinity National Schools" (music and stage plays); "St. Michael's Parish Room" (music and stage plays); St. Saviour's Schools" (stage plays); St. Mark's Hall (stage plays, music, and dancing). In two cases the names of the vicars are published as licensees: we wonder whether these "successors of the apostles" ever preached from Paul's question, "What concord hath Christ with Belial?" To us, it seems an awful profanation to associate the "Saviour" and "the Holy Trinity" with "dancing and stage plays." Are there no Christian men and women in connection with these congregations brave enough to protest against this unhallowed union? Or is this simply a specimen of what is not merely tolerated, but enjoyed, in hundreds or thousands of parishes in this poor England of ours?

PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON and the church under his charge still follow the good example set by the late beloved Pastor, who often said that the Tabernacle was the home of a miniature Evangelical Alliance, in which Christians of various denominations happily met to encourage one another in the work of the Lord.

Thus, on *Thursday evening, September 26*, the Pastor preached on behalf of the BAPTIST TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION, for which a collection was made; and at the close of the service, Pastor Frank M. Smith baptized

23 candidates for membership in the church at Peckham Public Hall.

Tabernacle friends had just brought in £150 as a special offering for the Lord's work, yet on *Lord's-day, September 29*, collections were made for the Miscellaneous Fund (for Sunday-schools, Home Missions, &c.), and on *Thursday evening, October 3*, another collection followed the Pastor's discourse for the BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY. After this service, 16 brothers and sisters were immersed on profession of their repentance and faith.

On *Monday evening, October 7*, at the usual prayer-meeting, our Brother Wigstone, from SPAIN, and Mr. E. H. Glenny, Mr. Dickins, and several of the NORTH AFRICA missionaries were present, and took part in the proceedings of the evening. From this meeting Mr. Thomas Spurgeon went to Regent Street Chapel, Lambeth, to speak at the recognition of Pastor D. Henderson; the following evening he delivered an address in the Lower Exeter Hall at the North Africa Mission farewell to the departing missionaries; and on *Thursday evening, October 10*, he preached at the Tabernacle, and afterwards presided at the workers' quarterly communion service.

The Pastor also had a share in the mission conducted by Mr. Newton Jones from *October 13 to 18*; on *October 18*, he spoke at the anniversary of the SURREY SQUARE MISSION; on *October 22*, he took part in a similar gathering at the SURREY GARDENS MEMORIAL HALL; on *October 23*, he presided at the annual meeting of the TABERNACLE LOAN TRACT SOCIETY; and the following evening, after the service, at which Dr. R. S. MacArthur, of New York, preached, the Pastor took the chair at the SPECIAL CHURCH MEETING for the annual election of elders. (We must defer till next month the details of these later gatherings.) All this, in addition to the Sabbath services, sermon revisions, and the many duties incidental to his position, has made up as busy a month as any minister ought to have; and there is reason for devout thanksgiving that he has been enabled to accomplish so great an amount of labour for his Lord.

We have purposely omitted from this long list the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE EVANGELISTS' ASSOCIATION, held on *Tuesday evening, October 1*, that we may give a fuller report of this important gathering. Notwithstanding the rain, about 200 friends, including Pastor and Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon, assembled for tea; and punctually at 7 o'clock the Pastor took the chair in the lecture-hall. After singing and prayer, the secretary, Mr. Thomas Cox, presented the Report, which contained a loving reference to the home-going, during the year, of the late secretary, Mr. G. E. Elvin.

The President then, in an interesting manner, addressed the meeting on the requirements of evangelists as set forth by

Martin Luther,—meditation, prayer, and temptation. In closing his address, the chairman pointed out that an evangelist's work was three-fold,—Witnessing, Working, and Waiting for Christ. Pastor T. Hanger, of Grafton Square Baptist Chapel, spoke next, and expressed his indebtedness to the Association, and his appreciation of the services its members had rendered to him and to his people. Addresses were also given by Messrs. W. H. Green, W. H. Elvin, and J. Sharwood, and friends from the various Mission-stations sang at intervals. The attendance was very good, and the whole proceedings were hearty and encouraging.

The Report of the Association's work is worthy of a lengthy notice, but we can only find room for the briefest possible summary. During the year, the members conducted 1,278 Sabbath services, 784 week-night meetings, and 301 open-air services, making a total of 2,363 gatherings; and the expenditure, mainly for rent, repairs, gas, furniture, postage, and travelling expenses (though many of the brethren pay their own), amounted to £179. Mr. Spurgeon always said that the Association did more direct evangelistic work, at a smaller cost, than any other Society with which he was acquainted. The special need just now is an increase in the number of annual subscribers, for the College Trustees have so greatly reduced the amount formerly given to this work, that it will seriously suffer if further funds are not forthcoming. All contributions will be gratefully received by Mr. Thomas Cox, 64, Kennington Oval, London, S.E.

COLLEGE.—The following brethren have removed, or are about to do so:—Mr. S. J. Baker, from Bacup, to Bury St. Edmunds; Mr. W. F. Edgerton, from Woolwich, to Harlington; Mr. C. A. Fellowes, from Jersey, to Eastleigh, Hampshire; and Mr. W. J. N. Vanstone, from Bow, to Catford Hill.

In memoriam.—Again, with sorrow, we have to note another gap in the ranks of our brotherhood. On October 1, after many weeks of painful suffering, Pastor J. S. Morris, Principal of Harley House College, was called to his rest and reward. He was one of the truest of the true, and the bravest of the brave; and we can well imagine the joy with which, after lowly adoration before his Lord and Saviour, he would turn to greet the beloved President, by whose side he fought "the greatest fight in the world." Mr. Morris was one of the thirty members of the "Fraternal" with which Mr. Spurgeon was so happily associated; but, without disparaging any of his other service for the Master, he will specially be remembered for his wise and gracious influence over the students of Harley House.

Those who heard our brother's tender and touching address at the last College Conference, must almost have guessed that it

was his swan-song; but, alas! as a rule, we only learn such lessons afterwards. The subject under consideration was—"How to maintain and increase the pastor's own spiritual life," and Mr. Morris arranged his thoughts under these four divisions:—(1) That we by faith constantly realize *our standing in Christ*; (2) That we by faith constantly realize *the personal presence of Christ with us*; (3) That we by faith constantly realize and rely upon *the indwelling of the Divine Spirit*; and (4) That we by faith continually realize *the unseen world*! It is now no longer unseen by him, and we would not wish him back; but we can ill spare such a faithful soldier of Jesus Christ in these evil days. His bereaved widow and family have our deepest sympathy.

PASTORS' COLLEGE SOCIETY OF EVANGELISTS.—Our readers have long been acquainted with the movements of each of the many brethren appointed by Mr. Spurgeon to "do the work of an evangelist." Most of them are also aware that the only member of the Society now supported by the College Trustees is *Mr. J. Manton Smith*, who was for so many years associated, first with Mr. A. J. Clarke, and afterwards with Mr. Fullerton. A circular, recently issued by the Trustees, appealing for annual subscriptions in aid of Mr. Smith's work, states that "in conjunction with others, he has done most valuable service for the Lord in all parts of our country. Many souls have been won for the Lord Jesus, and only eternity will show how great a blessing his faithful ministrations and songs have been. The good work still opens before him, but the funds for his maintenance are not forthcoming."

Up to the date of closing our cash-lists for this month's Magazine, some £92 had been received in response to the circular; and we are asked to say that the Trustees will be very grateful for further contributions towards "the £300 a year needed for this purpose, so that the Committee may see how far they can go in their wish to retain Mr. Smith in this, his much-loved work for the good of the churches, and the ingathering of those now out of the way." Donations should be sent to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, S.E.

C. H. SPURGEON'S EVANGELISTS.—Our brethren have now resumed their missions for the autumn and winter season. From October 13 to 22, *Mr. Burnham* was at Evesham; from November 3 to 13, he is to be at Uphill, near Folkestone; and from November 17 to 26, at Great Staughton, Huntingdoushire.

Pastor George Wilson, of Monkwearmouth, sends further reports of *Mr. Harmer's* mission, beside the account given last month. Through our brother's visit, the church and the Y.P.S.C.E. have both been increased, a young men's class has been

formed, and much useful service has been accomplished, of which the full fruit will be seen in after days. Mr. Wilson has a difficult task before him; and it is such work as his which needs and deserves all the help that an evangelist can render.

From September 29 to October 20, Mr. Harmer has been in the Huddersfield district, holding services at Pole Moor, Scapegoat Hill, and Sunny Bank. Pastor T. R. Lewis, and the friends working with him, had prepared the way so well that the mission was a success from the beginning to the close, crowds of people gathering to hear the Word, and many turning from their sins, and trusting in the Saviour. We hope to give fuller details next month.

From October 27 to November 5, Mr. Harmer is to be at Abbeydale Congregational Church, Sheffield; from November 10 to 18, at Killmarsh Congregational Church, Rotherham; and from November 24 to December 3, at Addlestone, Surrey.

ORPHANAGE.—The quarterly meeting of collectors was held on *Tuesday, October 15*, and partook of the character of a harvest thanksgiving service. The attendance was above the average, proving that there is no falling off in the interest and zeal of our collectors. The amount received in donations was less than at the corresponding meeting last year; but there was an increase in the yield of the boxes and books. Among the gifts in kind, may be mentioned two tons of potatoes from Mr. James Toller, of Waterbeach.

Mr. J. S. Smithson presided over the meeting, and proved himself to be a warm advocate of the cause of the orphan, and a generous friend of the institution. Addresses were given by Pastor R. A. Elvey, of Arthur Street Chapel, Camberwell, and Mr. Wigstone, who is so well known for his missionary labours in Spain.

The programme rendered by the children was of the brightest character, and the friends were delighted with its numerous items. The Board of Managers was well represented by Mr. William Higgs, Mr. Frank Thompson, Mr. Walter Mills, Mr. J. Buswell, and Mr. J. Hall.

Friends willing to become collectors may obtain boxes or books on application to the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

In consequence of the spread of scarlet fever in most of the London districts, the Managers have considered it desirable, for the present, to admit only visitors from the country.

COLPORTAGE.—Our late beloved Pastor once said, "Some people seem to have found a text which says, 'Grieve in the Lord alway, and again I say, Grieve.'" In the presentation of our monthly "Notes," we prefer the text commanding us to "Rejoice in the Lord alway," for He has again sent us new supplies for new demands,

and fresh help for our time of need. We do rejoice that He has again inclined so many friends to come up to the help of this good work. The contributions to our "General Fund" this month have been liberal and gratifying, for with the monetary help sent there have been many kind words of cheer, and letters full of good wishes for the prosperity of the Association.

We promised last month to have a word about our sales, and this promise shall be kept by introducing to our readers facts from the men who do the work.

Mr. Knee, of Penrhiwceiber, South Wales, writes:—"I have just completed eleven years of service as colporteur, and am glad to report that last year's sales were better than the previous year by £12 10s. 3d., my total sales amounting to £214 3s. 10d. During the year, I have sold Bibles, 81; Testaments, 125; Books sixpence and over, 2,020; Books under sixpence, 5,296; Magazines, 5,596; Books in packets, 2,704; Wall Texts, 1,462; Almanacks, 47; Penny Stories, 4,025; Sermons and Addresses, 110. Tracts given away, 2,119. Visits made, 6,426. Miles travelled, 1,711.

"I have been much encouraged by hearing of the blessing that has rested upon the sales made. A backslider has been restored. Husband and wife led into clearer light. The late dear President's Sermons have been wonderfully owned of God both to the young and to the aged. I have a Mission-station where we hold school and evening services, and meetings for Band of Hope. I thank the Committee for all their kindness to me and especially for their sympathy in time of sickness."

Next to this letter, recording the *eleventh* year of service, we place one from Mr. R. A. Richards, of Canterbury, who says of his *first* twelvemonth's work:—"I have just completed my first year's labour in this district. The year has been one of hard, anxious toil; but, thank God, not without tokens of His favour resting upon the service. God has blessed me with two conversions, beside much good arising from visitation amongst the people generally; speaking a word for the Master, leaving a tract, or selling a good book. I have sold, during the year, Bibles, 81; Testaments, 38; Books sixpence and upwards, 534; Books sixpence and under, 540; Magazines, 2,604; Scripture Texts and Cards, 2,306; Books from one penny each, 2,718. Total sales, £96 7s. Travelled 2,012 miles, visited 6,673 homes, distributed 915 tracts, and took 98 services. Praying that God may bless my humble efforts, I look forward to an even better year before me."

Yet another letter, if the Editor can afford us space. Mr. C. G. Hicks, of Thornbury, writes:—"Since sending you my last Report, I have brought another year's labour in this district to a close. In taking a retrospect of the past year, I feel thankful to God for the many blessings bestowed, for health and strength, and much to en-

courage. There have been discouragements and indifference to encounter; but *His* strength has proved sufficient for the day, and I have much to cheer me on in *His* service. The following is the summary of the year's sales:—Bibles, 86; Testaments, 39; Books sixpence and upwards, 696; Books under sixpence, 961; Magazines, 5,928; Penny Stories, 2,729; Cards, various, 2,464; Scripture Texts, 747; total value, £131 12s. 9d. I have travelled 2,125 miles, visited 2,293 families, and held 60 services. During my nine years of labour in this district, I have sold 118,264 books, &c., of the total value of £1,065 8s. 7d.

"Thus the seed has been sown, and books sent to America, Africa, and other parts of the world. I leave the results with God, who hath said, 'In due season yeshall reap, if ye faint not.'"

And now, dear reader, here are the letters; how full they are of "labour in the Lord"! Pray for us, and see to it that there is no going back. How glad we should be if some favoured servant of the Lord would so substantially help us that we might "go forward" all through the coming months and in the new year which will so soon be here!

All donations and communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, Temple Street, St. George's Road, Southwark, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—October 3rd, sixteen.

PERSONAL NOTES, BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.—My dear friends will be glad to hear that there is every prospect of my new book, *Ten Years After!* being ready in December. I have long owed a heavy debt of thankful love to my gracious God for enabling me to tell out something of His goodness, and to praise Him for the help so abundantly given to my work. I am an utterly insolvent debtor, I have nothing wherewith to pay; yet the debt increases daily, weighing me down with benefits, and the completion of my second story of glad service seems to me a crowning mercy, calling forth from my heart a very tender psalm of thanksgiving.

Very few of those who read the book will know *how much I owe unto my Lord*. They will scarcely recognize the unskilled hand, the faulty style, the feeble pen, I brought to the task; because, in answer to my call for help, *He helped me*, and in some wonderful way, which I can never understand, but am content to bless Him for. He has given me the words in which to show forth His praise.

Naturally, I am hoping that every friend, who feels an interest in the worker and the work, will procure a copy of the book, and, *instead of lending it to others, will persuade them to purchase for themselves*, as only in this way can the sale be a prosperous one; but I mean to put away from my mind, as

far as I can, all concern and anxiety about its success. I have written it for God's honour and glory. There is not a grain of praise or credit due to me, either in its details, or their descriptions. I have been as dependent on the Lord for everything concerning it, as a little child on its father for daily bread, or as a flower in the garden for air, and rain, and sunshine from Heaven. Therefore, as from my Lord's hands I received it, into His hands I return it, that He may bless it; and there I intend to leave it.

I know, from past delightful experience, that He *can* make it acceptable and even edifying to His people; and I am trusting Him to "undertake for me" again in this matter, according to His promise, "My kindness shall not depart from thee."

A recent letter from Mrs. Stubbs, in Patna, reports but slow progress in the sale of the sermons in *Hindi*. I wrote, some time ago, advising the immediate free distribution of all remaining copies; but you will see what she says of such a proposal. It is difficult for us, in England, to counsel wisely concerning affairs in India. We, who live on the alert under the sheltering clouds, and among the cool shadows of our changeable climate, can hardly understand the languor and indolence which enwrap the natives of that wonderful land of the burning sun! And, during the season of intense heat, life there to Europeans is merely existence, and my dear friend, though acclimatized by many years' residence, and fortified by heroic courage, has, I find, been chiding herself lately for not feeling vigorous! She says:—"I wish I could tell you that all the Hindi sermons were disposed of. Some have been purchased, and some given; but not to the extent we had hoped. *We do not distribute them freely, because our experience of these people is that they value what they buy, much more than what is given to them*; many would at once treat the sermons as waste-paper if they were offered as gifts. But with patience it will all come right. Last evening, at a "Mela" (Fair), a very intelligent young man bought one with the evident intention of carefully reading it. (May God bless that sermon to his soul's conversion!—s.s.) He was certainly a seeker after knowledge, for he also bought an English Bible, and a Hindi Testament from one of the native preachers."

"The other evening," continues Mrs. Stubbs, "I gave one to the Babu in charge of the Post Office here, and he has since told me he found it 'very good.' As I was passing a shop on my way back, the shopkeeper called to me, and asked what I had in my hand. 'It is a sermon,' I said, 'by the great preacher, Mr. Spurgeon; will you look at it?' 'Yes,' he answered, 'I should very much like to read it,' so I at once gave it to him; and who can tell what mercy for him may be unfolded from its pages?"

It is slow work, dear friends, and so is most of the work in India, Mrs. Stubbs says; but our God hath "long patience"; and in His own good time will give us harvest joy from our sowing.

I find, with great satisfaction, that the "Westwood Leaflets" need to be again reprinted, two editions having been sold already. The publishers are going to put them in hand at once. The Leaflets have been very fruitful in blessing to God's people, and I thank Him with a full heart for permitting me to exercise so sweet a ministry of love among those who know and fear His name. Truly, He does oft-times work with strange and ill-shaped tools; but the *work* shall endure for all that, and perhaps He takes the greater pleasure in it as His power is manifested through the feebleness of the instrument.

His favour and grace in this matter have encouraged me to further effort in dependence upon Him; and, some time before Christmas, I hope to offer to my dear friends a packet of "Westwood Leaflets, *Devotional Series*," being the "Personal Notes on a Text" which have appeared monthly in the *Sword and Trowel* during the year. In this, as in so many other ways, the Lord has led me so gently and gradually into the work, that what would have looked like pure presumption had I thought out the plan beforehand, simply developed itself into a quiet act of obedience when He "wakened me morning by morning." The "Notes on a Text" were all written at a very early hour, and during the time set apart for devotion; and the comfort, or rebuke, or sweet promise which I had received from the Lord while waiting upon Him in prayer, I was enabled to reproduce in words,—only, as I believe, by "the good hand of my God upon me." His mercy humbles me to the very dust, I am amazed at His condescension, I am oppressed by the weight of the favour bestowed upon me; yet I am emboldened by His past goodness, to cry, "Use me again, Lord; I ask nothing better than that my nothingness should show forth the fulness of Thy grace!"

"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"I shall be anointed with fresh oil."—
Psalm xcii. 10.

Lord, if Thou wilt Thyself put this confident language into the lips of my heart this morning, and give me the power to believe in Thee, then this thing that I say shall come to pass,—I have Thine own Word for it (Mark xi. 23).

"I shall be anointed with fresh oil." How wonderfully do Thy mercy and my need meet together here! My soul's necessities make a blessed pretext for the outpouring of Thy grace. When Thy love wakens me in the morning, how cheering is the thought that this anointing awaits my poor listless,

sluggish, corroded soul. The "renewing of the Holy Ghost", the "quickening of the Spirit", the "coming" of the Comforter, these are the precious ingredients which give "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning," and make the face to shine with Heaven's reflected glory.

"I shall be anointed with fresh oil. O my dear Lord. Thou alone knowest the deep and constant need I have of this "anointing which teacheth all things." Sometimes, my spiritual life seemsto come to a deadlock, like a delicate piece of machinery which is clogged by rust and grime. Scarce a desire Heavenward moves the lagging wheels, only a feeble heart-throb, now and again, proves the motive-power to be still lingering within. "My soul cleaveth unto the dust," and my whole being is deadened, till I cry, "Quicken Thou me, O Lord!"

Then, in wondrous answer to my call, there comes the whispered word of power and deliverance, "I will put My Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in My statutes," and the soul feels the blessed softening and life-giving working of the Holy Ghost, as she shakes herself from the dust, and utters once again the glad assurance, "I shall be anointed with fresh oil." And oh, how easily and smoothly all things go when the Spirit dwells in the heart, and

sheds abroad the love of God within and around us! All the canker and rust disappear from our daily lives, and with eager diligence we set ourselves to do our Master's will.

Dear Lord, Thy Word declares, "The anointing which ye have received of Him, abideth in you." Fulfil this promise to me, I beseech Thee, that I may no more dishonour Thee by languid or half-hearted worship or work. Anoint me for service, Lord, that, in all I do for Thee, either directly or indirectly, there may be manifested the power of Thy Holy Spirit, and the whole-hearted earnestness which He only can supply! Anoint me for sacrifice, so that, contrary to my sinful nature, self may be overcome, and bound, and crucified, that Christ alone may reign in my mortal body! Anoint me for suffering, if so it be Thy will, that I may praise Thee as I pass through the waters and the fires of affliction! Anoint me for intercession, O my Father, that for others, as well as for myself, I may plead with Thee, and may prevail! This morning, Lord, pour Thy holy "oil of joy" upon my head, and let the precious, fragrant unction of Thy grace drop down from hour to hour of the day's garments, till the skirts of night shall enfold both body and soul in the sweet spices of the sleep which Thou dost give to Thy beloved!

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Legacy from the estate of the late Mr. Joseph Passmore	100	0	0	Rev. B. J. Beedliff	0	2	6
Mr. Chas. Barker	0	10	0	Mr. Geo. Apthorpe	2	10	0
Thankoffering for the return of our beloved Pastor, Charles Spurgeon, from two friends at South Street, Greenwich	1	0	0	Mr. W. Pilcher	1	1	0
Collection at Claremont Baptist Chapel, Bolton, per Pastor C. Cole	5	11	0	Mr. John Hosie	1	0	0
Miss Jephys	1	0	0	Mrs. Welch	0	5	0
Miss Hadfield	10	0	0	O. B.	25	0	0
Collection at harvest thanksgiving services at Theydon Bois Baptist Chapel, per Mr. A. E. Calver	0	18	0	Mrs. M. P. Townsend, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	2	2	0
Collection at Drummond Road Baptist Chapel, per Pastor H. A. Burleigh	2	14	6	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.—			
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6	Sept. 15	23	4	6
W. H.	0	5	0	" 22	27	14	6
				" 29	4	18	6
				Oct. 6	14	13	9
				" 13	21	16	0
					92	7	8
					£246	16	9

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Patrick	0	5	0	"Go ye," per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	1	0	0
M. E.	1	0	0		£8	1	0
The widow's mite	0	6	0				
"Jesus Only"	0	10	0				

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from September 16th to October 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Scragg...	1	0	0	Mr. F. J. Burgoyne ...	1	1	0
Postal order, Dawlish ...	0	10	0	A. T. W., Leicestershire...	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. H. Watson ...	0	6	0	Collected by Miss S. Willis ...	1	3	2
A. H. W. ...	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Tucker ...	0	8	0
Mr. H. J. Veitoh, for the maintenance of an orphan boy for one year ...	20	0	0	Mr. T. D. Cooke, per Mr. John T. Frost ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Steere ...	1	1	0	Rev. D. Bruce Payne, M.A. ...	1	0	0
J. S., Wilton ...	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Webb ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. B. Stott ...	0	10	0	Miss G. Shaw ...	1	10	0
G. E., Northampton ...	0	10	0	Mr. Wm. Quant ...	1	1	0
Mrs. R. Smith ...	1	0	0	Mr. T. L. Hankin ...	0	10	0
Harvest Home ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. C. Bowyer ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Bradley ...	1	0	0	Mr. R. Stewart ...	0	3	0
Mr. W. Sutherland ...	1	0	0	Mrs. N. Sparrow ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. M. Forsyth ...	0	5	0	Miss Green ...	10	0	0
Mr. Chas. Barker ...	0	10	0	Collected by Mr. W. B. Garrett ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Riley ...	0	1	0	Mr. T. Eatock ...	0	2	0
Mr. F. Bartlett ...	1	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge ...	0	10	0
Rock Road Mission, Cambridge, per Mr. G. Apherpe ...	3	3	0	Mr. and Mrs. Dowson ...	1	0	0
Miss M. A. Shipway ...	0	8	0	Miss M. Hadfield ...	10	0	0
Mr. J. McFarlane ...	0	10	0	Colonel S. Dewé White ...	0	10	0
Mr. L. P. Roff ...	0	2	6	Mr. T. M. Whittaker ...	2	2	0
Collection at harvest thanksgiving at Stowupland, per Mr. T. E. Carter ...	1	1	0	Rev. James Smalley ...	0	5	0
Postal order, Queen Camel ...	0	1	0	Miss Sladen ...	0	5	0
Mr. G. Fryer ...	0	12	6	Mrs. E. Parsons ...	0	2	6
Mr. T. W. Doggett ...	3	0	0	Orphanage collecting-box, at the Boulevard Baptist Sunday-school, Weston-super-Mare, per Mr. Charles Sydenham ...	0	11	4
Brixton Auxiliary Sunday-school Union, per Mr. H. Gittens ...	5	0	0	Collected by Miss L. Collis ...	0	7	6
Mr. F. J. Rumsey ...	0	5	0	Miss J. Crichton ...	1	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Winsor ...	0	8	6	Mr. S. R. White ...	0	2	6
E. E. ...	5	0	0	Miss Porter ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Whitfield ...	0	5	0	Postal order, Chipping Sodbury ...	0	5	0
Mr. W. T. Paddon ...	5	5	0	Mr. Robert Howitt and others ...	0	7	6
Pastor W. White ...	0	5	0	Mrs. C. Galbraith ...	1	10	0
Wellington Street Baptist Sunday- school, Luton, per Mr. W. Bigg ...	1	1	0	Mr. Henry Coles ...	1	0	0
An old Scotchwoman, per Mr. W. Cold- well ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Hay ...	0	2	0
Idle (Yorks) Baptist Church Y.P.S.O.E., per Mr. E. R. Verity ...	1	0	0	Frances Minnie Hay ...	0	1	0
Postal order, Wadsworth ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Joseph Toller ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Slodden ...	0	2	6	Miss and Master W. Jones ...	0	3	3
Collected by Mr. Older ...	1	12	0	Mr. Rochester Brown ...	0	10	0
Collection at a harvest thanksgiving service at a small mission in Palmer's Green, per Mr. C. P. Ford ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Sedgwick ...	10	0	0
Mr. Thomas Glassey ...	5	0	0	Miss E. Macnicoll ...	0	10	0
Miss Brown ...	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Leigh ...	3	10	0
Mrs. M. Kelly ...	0	2	0	Mr. John Cairns ...	0	5	0
From one who loves God's children ...	0	2	0	Miss E. Field ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Coad ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Yates ...	0	10	6
Collected by Mr. E. J. Brown ...	0	3	8	Mr. James Wilson ...	0	10	0
Nemo ...	0	5	0	Miss Partridge ...	0	2	6
Miss E. G. Kemp ...	10	0	0	Mrs. E. A. Dexter ...	0	10	0
Mr. E. Weare ...	0	10	0	Collected at Onslow Sunday-school, per Mr. W. Chisholm ...	0	16	6
Mr. W. Mingins ...	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Beales ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Smith ...	0	3	0	Collected by the Misses Ottaway, Smith, and Hunt ...	1	0	0
Mr. Geo. Wood ...	0	2	6	Miss Simpson ...	0	2	6
Mr. James Thomson ...	0	5	0	Mr. James Walker ...	0	2	0
Miss Gregg ...	0	2	0	Executors of the late Mr. S. Coxeter ...	4	4	10
Mr. C. L. Kaufmann ...	5	5	0	Sandwich, per Bankers ...	1	1	0
Mr. S. Tapp ...	0	2	6	Executors of the late Mr. G. Dawson ...	113	6	3
Mr. and Mrs. Mason ...	3	0	0	Mrs. Boase ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Howard ...	50	0	0	Mrs. Burgess' Bible-class ...	1	1	0
Executors of the late Mr. Joseph Pass- more ...	100	0	0	Stamps, Putney ...	0	1	0
Mr. N. C. Thompson ...	10	0	0	Mrs. Hewkley ...	0	10	0
Postal order, Queen Camel ...	0	1	0	Mrs. Keevil ...	10	0	0
Mr. E. Reynolds ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Manlove ...	0	10	6
Mr. T. E. Sykes ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Speed ...	0	5	0
Mr. Jas. Tutt ...	1	0	0	Mr. C. H. Hooper ...	0	7	6
Collected by Mr. J. Whittaker ...	0	15	0	Mr. W. Barker ...	0	2	0
				Mr. Thomas Cottam, J.P. ...	1	0	0
				Mrs. S. J. Johnson ...	0	2	6
				Mr. John Jackson ...	1	0	0
				Mr. D. Hawkins ...	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. James Everett	0 10 6	Sir Penrose Julian, K.C.M.G., C.B.	...	2	2 0
Alford Sunday-school, per Pastor F. Joseph	0 10 6	Mr. Duncan McColl	...	0	2 6
Collected by Miss Little	0 2 7	Mrs. Hamilton Yatman	3 8 0
Collected by Mr. D. Hawkins	2 16 0	Orphan Boys' cards, 2nd list	5 18 4
Collected by Miss E. Miller	0 2 6	Orphan Girls' cards, 2nd list	3 2 2
Mr. R. Dawson	0 6 0	Mrs. Page	5 0 0
Mrs. Newman	0 7 6	Mr. A. C. Johnstone	0 5 0
Mrs. Burdakin	0 2 0	Collected by Mrs. Graves	0 3 0
Miss Campbell's Sabbath-school class	0 11 0	Collected by Miss B. Coward	0 10 6
Mrs. Williams	0 10 0	Young Women's Christian Band, Victoria Baptist Chapel, Deal, per
P. and P.	0 5 0	Miss F. Pledge	...	2	2 8
Mr. John Cameron (a harvest thank-offering)	10 0 0	Collected by Mrs. Straw	...	0	15 0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	5 5 0	Collected by Miss A. Phillips	...	0	6 0
Mr. S. H. Perriam	0 10 6	Collected by Miss M. H. Sharp	...	4	8 8
Mrs. Bickford	0 2 6	Collected by Mrs. Watson	...	0	7 0
Mr. W. Squibb	0 5 0	Mr. Geo. Greenland and family, part of a weekly collection made every Sunday morning at the breakfast table	...	2	0 0
Mrs. Palmer	1 5 0	Miss Letchworth	...	1	0 0
Miss Haywood	0 2 6	Mr. F. Adams	...	1	0 0
Mr. John Weir	1 0 0	Miss E. J. Thompson	...	0	5 0
Pastor F. E. Marsh	1 1 0	Mrs. G. Howes	...	0	5 0
Mr. T. Hendry	0 5 0	Collected by Miss E. Beament	...	0	4 6
Mr. C. Allard	0 5 0	Collected by Mr. H. J. Williams	...	0	10 0
Mrs. Greener	0 5 0	Lance - se-geant G. W. Jonkers, H.M.S. Shipjack	...	1	0 0
Mrs. Child	0 3 0	For Jesus' sake	...	2	0 0
Mrs. H. Windmill	0 10 0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—
Mr. F. Todd	0 5 0	Mrs. M. P. Townsend	...	2	2 0
Mr. O. Barfoot	0 2 6	Mr. R. Cleaver, J.P.	...	5	0 0
Mrs. E. Vane	0 7 0	Orphanage boxes at the Tabernacle gates	...	0	11 1
Collected by Mr. J. George	0 11 6	Mr. J. Funnell	...	0	4 0
Mrs. Dolling	0 5 0	"Pick-me-up"	...	0	1 0
Mr. John Lamont	5 0 0	Mr. Ratford	...	0	10 0
Mrs. Hawkings	0 5 0	Mr. Park (annual)	...	1	1 0
Mrs. Cooper	0 5 0	Collected by Miss E. Stevens	...	0	10 6
Mrs. C. Clark	0 5 0	Mr. F. W. Stevens	...	0	10 0
Mrs. Chenery	0 5 0	Executors of the late Miss Alice Whitworth	...	209	8 11
Mr. A. T. Freeman	0 1 0	O. B., per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, D.D.	...	50	0 0
Collected by Mrs. Hillier	0 2 6	X. S.	...	10	0 0
Mrs. Witham	0 2 0	Collected by Mrs. Morris	...	4	4 2
W. S.	0 1 7	Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—
Mr. W. Ward	0 5 0	Great Leighs, Chelmsford	...	13	1 8
Mr. H. Morgan	1 0 0	Sittingbourne	...	7	14 3
Per F. E. T.:—	Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Dean	...	10	0 0
Miss Winckworth	...	0	5 0		...	17	14 8
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Tidmarsh	...	0	10 0	Deal	...	10	0 0
	...	0	15 0	"A friend"	...	2	10 0
Mr. J. Foulkes, junr.	...	0	2 6		...	12	10 0
Stamps, Southampton	...	0	1 0	Canterbury	...	14	0 1
Miss Alison	...	0	5 0	Goudhurst	...	4	3 5
Collected by Mrs. Bradley	...	1	0 0	Whitstable	...	5	0 0
Collected by Mrs. Thorpe	...	0	4 0	Folkestone	...	21	17 0
The Grange Sunday-school, Bermondsey, per Mr. J. Robin	...	4	10 0		...	£904	4 9
Mr. John Hosie	...	0	10 0	
Miss E. M. Scott	...	0	2 6	
Miss Hall	...	3	3 0	
Value received	...	0	10 0	
Collected by Miss E. Cubitt	...	1	10 6	
Harvest thankoffering, Craven Arms Baptist Chapel, per Pastor M. Matthews	...	1	1 0	

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards (second list):— Andrews, F. C., 5s; Almond, R., 2s 6d; Cheeseman, C. W., 7s 6d; Cook, L. J., 3s 2d; Edmonds, J., 2s; Grundy, T., £1 1s; Hewlett, H. 1s 6d; Lawrence, A., 5s; Leak, A. S., 5s; Mansell, E., 4s; Phillips, W., 10s; Rogers, H., 3s; Shinn, A., 7s 6d; Tipper, W. A., 15s; Voysey, E. A., £1 1s; West, C., 2s 6d; Woollard, E., 2s 8d.—Total, £5 18s 4d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards (second list):— Ashton, K., 4s; Clark, M., 3s; Collins, K. E., 10s; Colquhoun, L., 2s 6d; Creese, S., 6s; Halls, J., 3s 6d; Harris, D., 3s; Heath, K., 1s; Margoram, E., 2s; Matthews, G., 11s; Robinson, E., 5s 2d; Tash, R., 10s.—Total, £3 2s 2d.

*List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from September 15th to October 14th, 1895.—*Provisions:—1 hamper Apples, Mrs. R. V. Barrow; 1 hamper Apples (3 bushels), Mrs. Falconer; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 5 cwt Apples, Mr. G. S. Lancaster; 1 hamper Blackberries and Apples, the Children of Falcon House School, Kelvedon, per the Misses Wiseman; a quantity Apples, Messrs. Kendon, Son, and Benians; 600 quarters Bread, from the Bakery Exhibition, per Mr. Wylie and friends; a quantity Bread, Mr. W. Woodfield; a quantity Bread, Mr. R. Hearn; 1 bag Chestnuts, Mr. Frederick Fisher; 1 packet each Flour, Yeast, Wheatmeal Rice, Tapioca, Oatmeal (value 10s), "J. D."; 1 bag Potatoes, from Godalming. *Proceeds of Harvest Thanksgiving Services received from the following:—*Stowupland, per Mr. T. E. Carter; a small Mission, Palmer's Green, per Mr. C. P.

Ford; Congregational Church, Wylve, per Mr. H. J. Sutton; Chitterne Baptist Chapel, per Mr. F. Maidment; Borsal Institute Sunday-school; Brockley Baptist Chapel, per Mr. A. Joyner.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—2 Pinafores, 1 Dress, Miss A. MacKenzie; 6 Pinafores, 1 pair Stockings, Mrs. Butherland; 13 Garments, 1 Remnant, Mrs. M. Jefferson; 6 Flannel Garments, 18 Warm Articles; Mrs. Spooner; 4 Articles, Miss J. Wood; 21 Garments, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 24 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 12 Articles, Mrs. Mellor; 180 Articles, The Reading Working Party, per Mrs. James Withers; 15 Articles, Mrs. Mulhuish.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—3 Caps, Miss A. MacKenzie; 7 pairs Boots, 3 pairs Leather Shoes, 3 pairs canvas, Messrs. Sanders and Sander; 10 Night Shirts, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; a parcel Warm Clothing, Anon.

GENERAL:—1 load Firewood, Mr. Frederick Fisher; 1 box Cut Flowers, Mrs. Bramley; 2 Antimaccassars, Mrs. M. Jefferson; 1 box Cut Flowers, Mrs. E. Parsons; a bunch Cut Flowers, Mrs. Morris.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1895.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Earl's Colne, per Mr. J. A. Tawell ...	10	0	0
Orpington, per Mr. W. Vinson ...	10	0	0
Fritham, per Mr. R. W. S. Griffiths ...	11	5	0
Ironbridge, per Mrs. G. Maw ...	10	0	0
Devon Baptist Association ...	11	5	0
Catford and Forest Hill, per Mr. T. G. Priestley ...	5	0	0
Bromsgrove, West Midland Baptist Association ...	7	10	0
Thornbury, per Mrs. S. Taylor... ..	7	10	0
Hadleigh Congregational Church ...	10	0	0
Home Counties' Baptist Association ...	20	0	0
Melksham, per Mrs. H. Keevil ...	11	5	0
Gildersome, per Rev. J. Haslam ...	20	0	0
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	10	0	0
Bethnal Green:—			
Mr. C. E. Fox	6	5	0
Mr. W. R. Fox	6	5	0
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. P. C. Evans and Son	12	10	0
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association ...	10	0	0
Suffolk Congregational Union ...	50	0	0
Stow and Aston Oxford Association ...	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Cowling Hill Baptist Church	10	0	0
£246	5	0	

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
G. Powell's collecting box	0	5	5
Collection from Willington Baptist Chapel, per Mr. C. Payne	0	14	6
Overbury Chapel, per Rev. E. Balford ...	1	0	0
M. R.	1	0	0
O. B., per Mr. E. H. Bartlett	10	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. J. Cook	1	1	0
Mr. W. Payne	1	1	0
Messrs. Cassell and Co.	2	2	0
Mr. E. Brayne	0	10	6
Mr. Hopper	1	1	0
Mr. C. J. Whittuck Rabbits	6	5	0
Mr. J. Buswell	1	1	0
Mr. A. Bullman	0	10	0
Mrs. H. Windmill	0	10	0
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	10	0	0
£36	1	5	

Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Dickinson	0	1	0
Mrs. Melrose	1	0	0
Mr. T. H. Bainbridge	2	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	2	2	0
Mr. E. T. Duncanson	5	0	0
Mrs. E. Hall	1	1	0
Mrs. and The Misses Higgs	10	0	0
Mr. John Neal	1	0	0
Mr. T. S. Penny	1	1	0
Mr. Isaac Hoyle	10	0	0
Mr. J. Hill	5	0	0
Mr. J. Piper	0	12	6
Mr. S. Thompson	1	1	0
Mrs. W. P. Olney	0	10	6

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Olney	2	0	0
Mr. T. H. Olney	10	0	0
Mr. Chas. E. Lamplugh, J.P.	2	2	0
Mr. J. G. Priestley	5	0	0
Mr. F. Thompson	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Phillips	1	1	0
Mr. W. Payne	1	1	0
Mr. W. Higgs	10	10	0
Mr. J. Hall	1	1	0
O. B.	10	0	0
Mr. Walter Mills	1	1	0
Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	2	2	0
£57	8	0	

C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from September 16th to October 12th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Monkwearmouth ...	1	0	0	Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's visit to Kent for the Hop-pickers' Mission	5	0	0
Mrs. Watts ...	1	1	0				
A. W. ...	0	2	6				
"A further thankoffering for Mr. Burnham coming to Earls Barton" ...	5	0	0				
					£12	8	6

Mrs. Spurgeon's Fund for General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from September 16th to October 12th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. M. P. Townsend ...	2	2	0	Mrs. Walker ...	0	10	6
G. E., Northampton ...	0	10	0	Miss Fanny Gutteridge ...	0	10	0
Miss Jessie Taylor ...	0	10	0	A. W. ...	0	2	6
Mr. C. Matthews ...	5	0	0	Mrs. Sinclair (for sermons for Algeria)	0	5	0
"Nameless" ...	2	0	0	Postal orders from Cheshire (for sermons for the blind) ...	0	8	0
For translations of sermons:—							
Mrs. Windmill ...	0	10	0				
A reader of <i>Sword and Trowel</i> (half for sermons for the blind) ...	1	0	0				
					£13	8	0

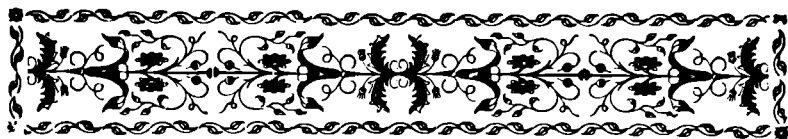
Mrs. Spurgeon very gratefully acknowledges the receipt, from Mr. Joseph Passmore's executors, of £200, which she has allotted as follows:—Book Fund, £100; Pastors' Aid Fund, £50; for General Use in the Lord's Work, £50. The executors generously paid the legacy duty.

Mr Burnham acknowledges, with heartiest thanks, the receipt of the following additional contributions for the Hop-pickers' Mission:—Mr. H. Smith, £2; Messrs. W. Nicholson and Sons, £1; Messrs. Weekes and Co., 10s; Mrs. Inge, senr., £2; Mr. E. Goodman, 10s; Mr. J. Pascoall, 10s; Mr. J. S. Fry, 10s; Mr. A. Goodman, 10s 6d; Mr. J. Coulton, 6s; Readers of *The Christian*, 12s; Week-evening collection, Park Chapel, Brentford, 12s 6d.—Total, £9.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write to Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Campbellton, White Horse Road, Croydon, if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to the Head-master, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Special Notice.—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stockwell Orphanage be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and the Pastors' College Evangelist, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," and for the support of Mr. Harmer and Mr. Burnham,—C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists,—should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.



THE
Sword and the Trowel.

DECEMBER, 1895.

The Eye, an Emblem of Faith.

A PRAYER-MEETING ADDRESS BY C. H. SPURGEON.

DEAR friends, before we return to the holy exercise of prayer, in which we will spend most of our time this evening, I want to say just a few words to you so as to put the gospel before you all once more, very simply and plainly. My subject will be,—

THE EYE, AN EMBLEM OF FAITH,—

and, singularly enough, I have an illustration of my theme, and a very painful one, too, in my own eye. I mean that expression quite literally; I do not know what it is, but a little something or other has found a lodging in my eye, and it causes me much pain. I shall not mind the suffering if some of you learn the lesson that it has already taught to me.

I was thinking that the eye is the type and symbol and emblem of faith. Nobody in his right senses wishes to have anything in his eye; he wants his eye to be, just as an eye should be without anything at all in it, but bright, and strong, and clear; and that is precisely what we want our faith to be,—bright, and strong, and clear,—with nothing in it, so that we may just simply look away to Christ and be saved.

My eye does not see itself; I cannot see my own eye unless I stand before a looking-glass. There are some people who are always wanting to see their own faith, but that is not the right thing to look

at or look for ; you might as well desire to take out your eyes to examine their structure and uses. No, no, the object on which your faith rests and relies, that upon which your salvation depends, is not your faith, but what your faith sees. Do not try to see your own eye ; look through your eye, as the window of your body, and gaze at the object you desire to see ; and just in that fashion use your faith in a spiritual sense. Jesus Christ is the sinner's Saviour, and faith is simply the eye that looks to Him. Oh, that you would, dear hearer, look unto Him now at this moment, for,—

“There is life for a look at the Crucified One ;
 There is life at this moment for thee ;
 Then look, sinner,—look unto Him, and be saved,—
 Unto Him who was nail'd to the tree.”

Do not think so much about your faith as about the Christ at whom you are by faith looking. Do not wish to have anything in your eye ; if you do get anything in, it will have to come out, for it cannot help you to see, and will probably cause you much pain and suffering. “Oh !” says one, “I wish I had a tear in my eye ; I do want to feel repentance.” Yes, my dear friend, but tears do not help a person to see ; on the contrary, they hinder a clear sight of the object before him. Your business is not to look at your own repentance, but at Christ. Looking at Christ alone, you will repent aright ; but looking at your repentance, you will not. I recollect a striking expression in that precious book by Thomas Wilcocks which I have often mentioned to you,—*A Choice Drop of Honey from the Rock Christ Jesus*. There is some such expression as this in it,—“When thou art seeking Christ, if thou dost look to thy repentance, away with thy repentance ; for if thy repentance come into the place of Christ, it is a repentance that will need to be repented of.” So I say to you, dear friends, do not even wish to have a tear in your eye as a part of the means by which you hope to be able to see Jesus as your Saviour. Remember what we so often sing,—

“Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone :
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.”

“Oh, but !” says another, “I wish I had more feelings.” It is a curious thing that, very often, those persons who feel the most are the very ones who think that they do not feel at all. One says, “I am in an agony because I cannot feel.” Surely, that “agony” is a plain proof of very acute feeling. Another says, “I am quite broken-hearted because I have got a heart of stone.” No heart of stone ever feels itself to be broken ; yet it is true that they who feel most, feel that they do not feel at all ; their cry is,—

“If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
 To find I cannot feel.”

Yet that is feeling, and no mistake. You need not wish to have feelings, dear friends ; they are like this bit of dust, or whatever it is that I have in my eye,—far better out than in.

You have nothing to do with anything else but Christ as the ground and object of your faith. Remember the epitome of the gospel which Paul wrote to the Corinthians: "I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures." The apostle Peter put it with equal clearness: "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." If you mix up anything of your own,—your feelings, or your tears,—with Christ, you do dishonour to Him. Will you stitch your filthy rags on to the glistening robe of His stainless righteousness? Far be it from any one of us to attempt such a thing. Go and yoke a gnat with one of the cherubim, and see how they will work together; but never seek to join Christ and yourself in trying to do the work that He has completely and for ever finished. Why, it would be an impertinence akin to profanity! Shake thyself clear of everything like trust in what thou art or canst be. You may have seen a balloon ready to ascend into cloudland; and perhaps, as you gazed upon it, you have asked yourself, "Why does it not go up? The supply of gas is furnished, the voyagers are in the car, everything appears ready; why does it not go up?" The attendants have cut most of the ropes; but there the balloon hangs because there is one rope that still holds it to the earth, and it is not until they cut the last one that away it bounds off towards heaven. That is what you need to do. Perhaps you have a little goodness of your own, a little something to which you think you can trust. Well, if so, you must cut that rope, and all others; for you must get rid of anything and everything upon which you can rely for salvation except Jesus Christ, the only Saviour. "He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." "Christ is all." "Ye are complete in Him." "Perfect in Christ Jesus." "Who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." This is the teaching of the Scriptures. You cannot have Christ, and mix Him up with something else, you must have "*Jesus only*."

I wonder whether this little thing in my eye will be remembered by some of you, whether you will say, "I must have my eye single, and clear; I must look right out of it to Christ." You know, if a person is in good health, he does not think about his eyes. You may ride a thousand miles in a train, and as long as your eye is all right, you do not think anything about it; and the less you think about your faith, the better; and the more you think about Christ, the better; for, after all, what is your faith by itself? Apart from Christ, there would be nothing to believe in, and therefore there would be no faith; and really to believe in Christ Jesus, to trust in Him, if we ever weigh it in comparison with Christ Himself, what is it? Then, away, away, away from all thou hast, and all thou art, and look alone to Jesus Christ, thy Lord and Saviour, for again I remind you that—

"It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,
But the blood that atones for the soul:
On Him, then, who shed it, believing at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll."

Mrs. Spurgeon's New Volume— “Ten Years After!”

TO those who really loved Mr. Spurgeon, the loss by his “home-going” remains—as it was truly described in the first sad days of their bereavement,—irreparable; and the lapse of years only tends to magnify the great gap which is an ever-present reminder of the vast space he filled while he lived here below. But there are certain special seasons when he is even more missed than on ordinary occasions, and the approaching publication of his dear wife's second volume* vividly recalls to us the fact that another of these special seasons has arrived. No living tongue can utter the fitting phrase which would have leaped spontaneously from *his* anointed lips, and no other hand can write the wise and weighty words which our dear “master of sentences” would so lovingly and so swiftly have penned.

We know what Mr. Spurgeon thought of the first instalment of his beloved's autobiography, for he wrote the Preface to the volume to which the work shortly to be issued is a Sequel. He could scarcely then have anticipated that, within six years, his own earthly career would have closed, and that, four years later, his long-invalided wife would be graciously enabled to complete a companion volume to her previous “grateful record” of her “experience of the Lord's ways, and work, and wages.” How surprised and how rejoiced the dear “Master of Westwood” would be if he could see the book recording, not only the continuance of the work so successfully carried on during the ten years from 1875 to 1885, but also relating the rise and progress of the many *new* branches of holy service which have been originated since the first volume was issued. Perhaps he *has* seen the pages on which our eyes are now resting. At all events, the contents of the book must be intensely interesting to the inhabitants of the heavenly land, for it is all about the King's business, and the woes and wants, the joys and thanksgivings of the King's servants; and these are subjects which ever arrest the attention of the “ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation.”

The volume, so suggestively entitled, *Ten Years After!* contains a sad and sacred portion which was happily absent from its predecessor. As Mrs. Spurgeon pathetically writes in the Preface,—“In this garden there is a sepulchre, and the shadow of a great grief lies on the latter half of the book.” Many “In Memoriam” notices of the ever-beloved Pastor and President have been written and printed; but none of them can compare, in tearful tenderness and sweet submission, with those here given by the bereaved one who knew him best and loved him most. The dear writer has also skilfully woven into her narrative the tributes of affectionate loyalty to her precious husband's memory

* *Ten Years After!* By MRS. C. H. SPURGEON. A Sequel to *Ten Years of my Life in the Service of the Book Fund*. Passmore and Alabaster. Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

and teaching which have come to comfort her from all parts of the world, and from Christians of every denomination.

Many readers will rejoice to find that Mrs. Spurgeon has continued the series of parables from nature which formed so attractive a feature of her former volume, and that she has included some more of her devotional and practical meditations upon special portions of the Word of God. There are also personal reminiscences, never previously published, which, we venture to prophesy, will moisten many an eye, and move many a heart to send off to the beloved worker tangible tokens of sympathy and help in her life-work.

What a work it is that is here described so picturesquely! Nearly *two hundred thousand volumes* have been presented to about *fifty thousand* clergymen, ministers, missionaries, and local preachers, while not less than £30,000 has passed through Mrs. Spurgeon's hands during her twenty years' management of the Book Fund, Pastors' Aid Fund, and the many Auxiliaries that have from time to time been added to the original organization. The widespread circulation of the volume must bring increased contributions for the work, and so multiply the number of poor pastors whose homes have been the brighter, whose hearts have been the lighter, and whose service for the Lord has been the easier, because of the loving gifts of books, money, and clothes that have made the word "Westwood" very precious to the dwellers in many a town or village manse or parsonage.

In the joyous days, now gone from us for ever, a favourable review by the late beloved Editor of *The Sword and the Trowel* has been the means of selling a complete edition of a new book. We are sure that we are carrying out what would have been his wishes when we ask all the readers of *his Magazine* to do what they can to secure for *Ten Years After!* at least as large a sale as that attained by Mrs. Spurgeon's *Ten Years of my Life in the Service of the Book Fund*, which has reached the third edition, and can still be obtained.* No more suitable Christmas or New Year present for a Christian friend can be imagined. If every beneficiary from the Fund will purchase a copy for himself, and secure as many more subscribers as he can, the dear author will be abundantly rewarded for all the labour the work has cost, and she will present the praise where she has already laid both her books and all her other writings,—“At the Lord's feet, praying that He may send them forth full of blessing to His people.”

* Since this article was in type, “one of our own men” has written:—“I should like to do something to help sell Mrs. Spurgeon's *Ten Years After!* I feel that I *must* make a special effort; my high esteem for her, my personal profit from her gracious and valuable ‘Notes’ in the *Sword and Trowel*, and my love for dear C. H. S. compel me. . . . I feel sure we shall find many friends anxious to buy the book, and I trust the sale will far exceed that of the first *Ten Years*. I will guarantee to sell two dozen copies; and if I can, I will repeat the order. May the Lord incline every Pastors’ College man to do for the sale of this book what the beloved President would have done had he been here!” Another brother has ordered twenty copies “to begin with.”

The volume can be obtained through all booksellers, or Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster will send it, post free to any address, at the published price. (3s. 6d.) To any minister or local preacher who sells six copies on behalf of the Book Fund, and forwards one guinea for them to Mrs. Spurgeon, she will send the parcel, carriage paid, enclosing a free copy of the work for himself.

Pass it on!

BY CHARLES SPURGEON.

HAVE you seen *Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack* for 1896? If not, the best way to do so is by joining the "Text Union", for from its pages the daily portions are taken to form the holy links of our "Text Bond." Do not be surprised, dear reader, if in your wanderings somebody should greet you with the words, "Text for to-day, please," for now that our membership is over ten thousand, it is a very common thing to meet one of this large company.

A friend went to a seaside resort for a brief holiday, and staying at a certain boarding-house as a perfect stranger, felt a little lonely until, as a member of our "Text Union", she thought of passing on the text. When seated at the breakfast-table, she addressed the person beside her with the portion for the day. It was a novelty to the individual to be spoken to thus, and a keen interest was taken in the explanation afforded, but it did not end there; for, occupying a seat on the opposite side of the table, was another member of the "Text Union", and immediately a link of love was formed between these hitherto complete strangers, and during the rest of the holiday-visit they became fast friends.

The badge of our "Union" is best worn upon our lips by carrying out the injunction, "Pass it on." Let everybody know that you are a member by quoting the passage set apart for the day, and secure fresh adherents to our ranks by asking all you meet if they know the text. One of our members writes thus:—"1895 has been my first year of joining the 'Text Union', and my experience is that I would not be without it for anything. The texts have come day by day as a real help from the dear Lord Jesus. I cannot stop to tell of the *many* times when they have proved a guiding light." We could fill pages with testimony like this if space could be spared. Now, since it has done you good, "Pass it on" to someone else who, in turn, may influence others. This is the way in which we long to see a golden chain encircling the world, and a blessed Scripture cable binding all hearts together. The New Year is a good time to make a start, and we once more invite all the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* to become members of our "Text Union."

In order that our friends may have a convenient form of calendar, a pretty leather case, containing cards for the twelve months, with the same texts as are found in the Almanack printed on them, has been prepared, and can be obtained by forwarding 6d., 9d., or 1s., according to the quality and size required, to the address at the end of this article.

These are not intended to displace the ever-precious little Book Almanack, which is as bright as ever with articles and illustrations; but to provide a suitable reference which can stand on table, desk, or shelf. We recommend these for "passing on" as Christmas and New Year's gifts, and as a very happy way of extending the benefits of the "Text Bond." Shall we be charged with monotony if we repeat the

invitation for every reader of this Magazine to become a member? Well, forgive the tautology, and prevent its recurrence, dear friend, by complying with the request. All you have to do is to send four halfpenny stamps, with your name and address, to Pastor Charles Spurgeon, "Haddon," Dartmouth Row, Blackheath, London; and forthwith, an Almanack and card of membership will be forwarded to you. Again we "Pass it on,"—will *you* join our ranks?

Seed-Thoughts from C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons.

SELECTED BY J. D. KILBURN, ST. PETERSBURG.

IF you choose for yourself to-day, you will regret it to-morrow, and for ever.

Let your prayers be offered in few words and in strong faith.

If you have any desire after Christ, He has a still stronger desire after you.

God's gifts, like the manna, are only good when they are used as God intends them to be.

If you find Christ, you find everything.

Do each hour and in each place what God wants you to do then and there, and so your life and its results will be grand.

God can give you all the grace you need to do all the work He gives you to do.

You can always have your own way when your way is the best, for then it is God's way.

If we knew all, we should praise God as much for the death of children as for their birth.

No one is born of God who does not try to live for God.

If you wish to understand what you do not, you must live what you do already comprehend.

Put yourself into God's hands, and He will put you into the best place for you.

Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's "Sea Sermons."

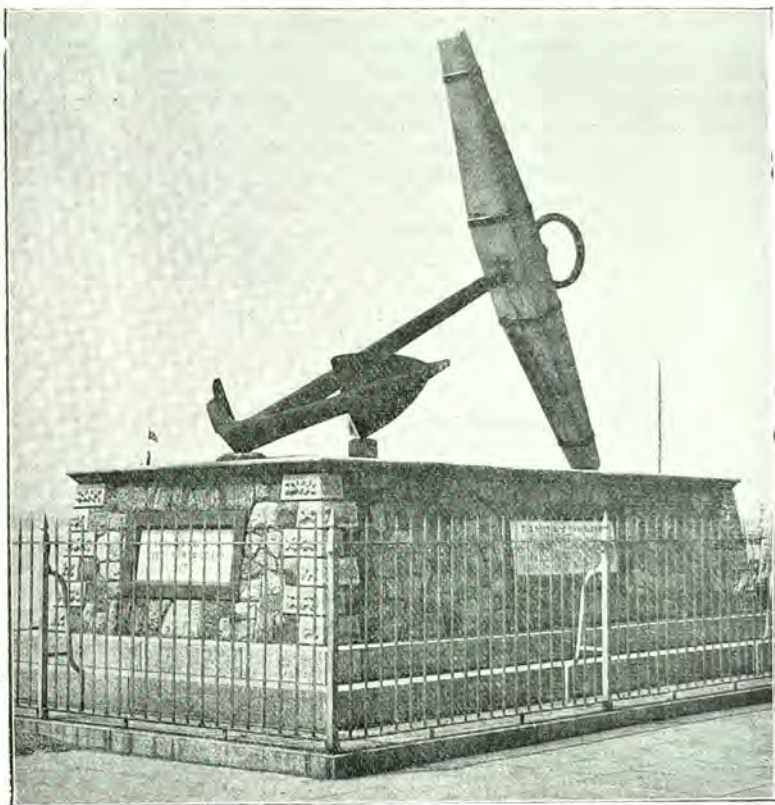
LAST month, we mentioned that our publishers had in the press a volume of "Sea Sermons" by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon. The book* is almost ready for publication, and we are glad to be able, by the author's kind permission, to insert an extract from one of his nautical discourses, together with a specimen of the illustrations with which the work is embellished. Having shared in the delight and profit of the thousands of hearers in the Metropolitan Tabernacle who listened with profound attention to most of the sixteen sermons here published, we can promise our readers a mental and spiritual treat in the perusal of the volume, and we would advise all who have husbands, fathers, sons, or sweethearts who "do business in great waters" to see that they are all speedily supplied with copies of "*Down to the Sea.*" The volume will be equally interesting and instructive to the dwellers on land, and we trust that it will be the means of piloting very many to the heavenly haven.

In his Preface, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon says:—"I have always loved the sea. Ships and sailors have had a wonderful charm for me ever since I sailed my boat on the Clapham Long Pond, and read Mr. Kingston's stories of adventure. I may as well confess that there was a time when I cherished a secret longing for 'a life on the ocean wave.' When, in 1877, under doctor's orders I voyaged to the Antipodes, I eagerly hailed the opportunity for actual acquaintance with the sea and its sons. . . . I tried to keep my eyes and ears open, and to act on Captain Cuttle's advice,—'When found, make a note of.' I little guessed at the time to what good use nautical knowledge might be put. Not the least of my joys on board the good ship *Lady Jocelyn* was the preaching of the Word. In saloon and fo'c'sle I was privileged to tell the story of the cross. I soon got to know the seamen well, and to admire much in them. They were very good to their 'sky pilot.' Since then, I have had an increasing interest in sea-faring men. In my ministry I have found that any allusion to the sea secures a ready hearing. 'A whiff of the briny' is refreshing even in a sermon."

The last of the discourses is entitled, "The Sinner's Sheet-anchor." The text is, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out," upon which the preacher says, in the course of his sermon:—"I remember to have read somewhere that this sweet promise may well be called *the sinner's sheet-anchor*, which, if he can but use it in the moment of his extremity, will prevent him from going to pieces on the reef of black despair. Now, with this imagery in mind, I am to speak to you about these well-known, well-worn, much-trusted words. They are as an anchor to the sinner's soul, as a sheet-anchor which in the time of dire extremity brings him up, and holds him fast. . . . The sheet-anchor is the largest and strongest and most reliable on board a vessel. God forbid that I should even seem to insinuate that any

* "*Down to the Sea.*" Sermons by THOMAS SPURGEON. Illustrated. Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. Presentation copy, bevelled boards, gilt edges, with Portrait, 5s. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

one of God's promises is less reliable than another! They are all yea and amen in Jesus Christ our Lord. I would not say a word that might seem depreciatory of one of the good things that God has spoken. They have all been tested and stamped. 'Him hath God the Father sealed,' and in sealing Him, He has sealed every promise He has uttered. Oh, do not suppose that, of all the twenty thousand promises that are in God's Word, any one is unreliable! They are all equally trustworthy. And yet I am inclined to agree with him who called this promise the sheet-anchor. It is in a sense the



ANCHOR OF THE VICTORY.

From a photograph, by kind permission of G. West & Son, Southsea.

best and strongest. To our eyes, at least, it appears to be more serviceable and effectual, though it cannot be really more reliable than any other. Just look at it. Read the glorious words again. 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.'

"How ponderous is this anchor! How grandly massive! Even unbelief begins to fancy that there must be something trustworthy, about such a word as this. The anchor of the old line of battle ship, *Victory*, rests now upon a stone pedestal on the Southsea shore. It

looks so strong, and huge, and heavy, that I make no marvel that they who sailed on board that historic vessel could trust to it. A glance at that anchor will impress you with its power; and you will have no surprise that it sufficed to hold securely one of the wooden walls of old England. But, if you tried to move it, you would be still surer of its weight and might. I have, indeed, heard of one who said of it, 'But are they not afraid that somebody will run away with it?' for it does not appear to be secured to the rock on which it stands. Whereupon an old salt who stood by said, laconically, 'Would you like to hang it on your watch-chain?' But it is no pendant, no trinket, no mere ornament; it was originally intended for serious use, though it is now exhibited as a relic of by-gone days. It has, perhaps, by this time, rusted somewhat from its original dimensions, yet still it strikes one as an instrument most worthy to be trusted. I point you to this verse again. Contemplate it. Does it not seem, as you read it, to be the very voice of God? 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.' 'Never man spake like this Man.' Never was anchor forged in human workshops comparable to this. If you trust not to this saying, what will you trust?"

The March of the Months.

No. XII.

"I turn to go: my feet are set
To leave the pleasant fields and farms."

WE have marched well-nigh to the end of the year; and dull December, with its late dawn and afternoon dusk, is with us. Seldom now is there a clear sky, unless the wind blows hard, sending swift arrows of cutting cold through the joints of our winter harness, making daggers on the eaves, and shaping miniature sword-points by the edge of running water. In such weather, the middle of the short December day may be quite bright; and while the sun sends his slanting rays for an hour or so on the flank of the North-easter, capturing some of the lances of the wind, you may walk abroad through country roads and lanes, coming home, let us hope, with an appetite. A good friend is this to meet, and bring back with you on a brisk winter's day. You will have no need to ask him twice to stay to lunch; neither will he be fastidious as to the fare. A bracing wind for a noonday outing gives stamina to the stomach, and zest to the palate. See those rustics, who have just come from the swede heaps, seat themselves under the hedge for a refresher. If you want to give a chance for a four-inch slice of fat bacon to disappear, place it on a thick lurch of bread, and threaten it with the open blade of a plough-boy's pocket-knife. I have many a time come across Hodge and his lad sitting on a sunny bank out of the sweep of the wind, eating inch-thick slices of bread with bacon between,—the countryman's sandwich,—while Hodge's dog has sat on his haunches in front of them, looking as if he might be promoted to preside over a canine senate.

By the way, what frauds dogs are! How noble, how profound, how wise they can look,—and all for a *bone*!

But on a December morning, even if you are out to get an appetite, you need not walk as if you wished to break the record. There is plenty to see. Let me accommodate you by changing the wind. West-North-West, say, at the beginning of the month, and though a little raw, seasonable. Yes, “seasonable!” So says the old gentleman who always points his periods with his walking-stick! Tramp along by the railings which separate you from the recently-ploughed field. On the upturned furrows congregate the yellow-billed crows, as sleekly attired as a Church Congress. These said crows have a leisurely way of following in the wake of the plough. They never hurry. It is a proof of bad breeding to bustle, so these gentry, with wings like worn satin, keep up their dignity by a staid deportment,—the Turveydrops of the feathered world. Now we pass the lodge, up whose red-brick front climbs the yellow jasmine, bright yet with flowers untouched by frost. As welcome is this winter blossom as a friend who, in sad days, makes glad the vapoury sunshine with his smile. Come to the end of the lane, I want to show you the red-berried holly in all its glory. Later in the month, cart-loads of mistletoe, holly, and spruce will pass along the frost-bound roads to be used in Christmas decorations. We are nearing the time when the hut and Hall, alike, will display conspicuously the winter ever-green; the time when, from the Tweed to Land’s End, the bells of dear Old England will ring out their joyous peal, and Albion’s sons, however far away they be, will send their thoughts in quickened heart-throbs to the loved shores washed by the Northern seas. Ay, and the time, too, when thousands of holy souls will be stirred to their very depths, and their emotions only find a fitting outlet as they cry in chorus, “For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given: and the government shall be upon His shoulder: and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.”

We stand by the holly hedge. Above it rises a tree of the same genus, but with a finer leaf, and more graceful bough. The hedge is the coarse species of the shrub, every leaf armed and sharpened to the utmost; the tree is a thing of culture, the thorns flexible, the leaf shaped more delicately, the berries in brighter clusters,—a true peer above a crowd of peasants. But often, there shoots from the prickly, thick-set, resentful hedge, a tree of the same rough stamp, differing only in height from the shrub below,—one of the common sort exalted. Yet, even the thorniest holly is only barbed to a degree. The sharpest leaves are the lowest; the higher you get, the less stern and repellent becomes the aspect of the holly. Southey has drawn from this difference a beautiful moral, well-known, but worth quoting,—

“I love to view these things with curious eyes,
 And moralize;
 And in this wisdom of the holly-tree
 Can emblems see,
 Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant rhyme,
 One which may profit in the after-time.”

- "Thus, though abroad, perchance, I might appear
 Harsh and austere;
 To those who on my leisure would intrude,
 Reserved and rude;—
 Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
 Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.
- "And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
 Some harshness show,
 All vain asperities I day by day
 Would wear away,
 Till the smooth temper of my age should be
 Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree."

I have, in my mind's eye, a holly-tree, overtopping the white-thorn, which was a joy to my sight for years. But the summer's storm struck it, and last winter finished what the lightning left. The other day, I passed along the lane, and saw the tree in which I erstwhile took so great a pride, a blanched skeleton in the hedge. I thought it would have been better to have taken away the dead thing than to have left it with its bare arms stretched out against the sky, trans-fixed as for some shameful crime. Skeletons above ground are not pleasant, though they may be salutary warnings of what is possible. There are other skeletons left standing where they once *lived*. For instance, a lifeless ministry that will never again bear bright fruit in this wintry world. A church, too, bleached white by striving elements, which, in struggling for the mastery, have killed it.

But we will not leave the sturdy evergreen hedge in a melancholy mood. Though one holly-tree be dead, there are many more through whose thorny leaves the wind sounds as the rush of many waters. As the time draws near when many celebrate the Saviour's birth, I think of the sharp-tongued holly borrowing a voice from the wind, and preaching of Him who was crowned with thorns for His people's redemption; and who, too, by the culture of His Spirit, makes the thorns in the lives of His disciples as pliant as "the high leaves upon the holly-tree."

Sometimes, open weather lasts well into the month, and stately regiments of clouds march across the stratus plain to the beat of the drums of the West wind. More than one evening, just before "a green Christmas", I have been out under such conditions, and watched the fast-gathering night. What a spell, at such a time, the clouds cast upon the landscape! And the wind, which hovers above, without falling, works upon the spirit until you can almost "see visions" as well as "dream dreams." Then, through the gathering gloom, come the steps of men whose day's work is done. They are going home. What kind of homes will they enter? Will they show their best side there? Are they going to take the smiles or the frowns indoors? The cottage lights glimmer on the side of the hill. How many of these twilight travellers are going straight home? Will they turn aside in the valley? Will some wife wait, with strained ears, for the unsteady footfall? The lamps dot the slope, rising and thickening where the streets stand. Thitherward these men journey, through the evening, from work to rest. How many of them have their faces set

toward the lights of the Better Land? Their footsteps die away. They do not return. "The night cometh, when no man can work."

Other sounds reach us. The bells rise and fall on the wind,—a wind which breaks up the clouds, but leaves me hushed and calm. It is doing a work above my powers. It is lifting the pall. I thank God for a gale which disperses the clouds, lets the stars be seen, and reveals the glory of the late moonrise. The wind carries to and fro the music of the bells,—

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

Yes, with all my heart, only let me tell you what I mean by the last line. Ring in the time when it shall be said "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever." Ring in the splendours of that Advent when, "unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation." "Ring in the Christ," "who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself." "Ring in the Christ,"—whose coming will fulfil to all His elect ones the pledge given of resurrection, ascension, and glory; and "till He come," let us greet with gladness every messenger of our King who cries, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord!" Let us welcome,—as they did David from the battle,—him who is valiant for truth, the Lord's freeman; and let us, too, rejoice with singing as, with "larger heart" and "kindlier hand", the Church goes forth to—

"Rescue the perishing,"

in the name of the one and only Saviour. Meanwhile, as the months march past, and Father Time shuts the door upon the years, and prepares to take down the tabernacle, and to remove the "things that are shaken," and the very heavens and earth are as a "vesture" ready to be rolled up, may we hear, above all the hurrying feet of days, and months, and years, above the fall of the things "which do appear," ay, above the very crack of doom, the high key-note of Inspiration,— "Unto the Son He saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever; a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of Thy kingdom." Nay, softer and closer may the message come in the "still small voice" to the heart,— "The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him. . . . He will hear their cry, and will save them." So, whether it be in Spring, when the wind lays the blossoms low; or in Summer, when the forked lightning strikes athwart the July night; or when the Autumn leaves fall wet with November tears; or when Winter snows wrap the world in a winding-sheet; the heart of the disciple shall be hushed to a great calm as the Master saith, "Fear not; I am the first and the last; I am He that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death." Thus, "the Christ that is to be" becomes "the everlasting YEA" to the soul.

H. T. S.

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

XXIV. PASTOR CHARLES DALLASTON, WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

IT has been the happy privilege of the Pastors' College to send some of her loyal sons to "the uttermost ends of the earth" with the love of Christ in their hearts and the evangel of Christ upon their lips. Of these, some, as "good knights of Jesus Christ", have waged war with heathenism in its manifold forms. Others have toiled in the colonial dependencies of the empire, and helped to shape the destinies of new nations rising to greatness under conditions widely different from those which prevail in the mother-country. Not a few of the churches beneath the Southern Cross have found pastors in men trained at the feet of Father Rogers and Principal Gracey; and, with rare exceptions, these have worthily maintained the traditions of their *Alma Mater*. The three finest Baptist places of worship in New Zealand were erected under the ministry of two of "our own men", the costliest being the Auckland Tabernacle,—a lasting memorial of the sojourn of the Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle in this colony,—the other two being the Christchurch Tabernacle and the Wellington Church, both of which were built under the pastoral supervision of our good brother Dallaston, of whose life and work it has fallen to my lot to write a brief sketch.

CHARLES DALLASTON was born in Suffolk on June 26th, 1852. His parents were Strict Baptists, and the atmosphere of Calvinism which he breathed from childhood has influenced all his life and teaching. He has not grown ashamed of the ancestral faith instilled into him in his youth, nor felt his mind to be fettered by beliefs which many nowadays scornfully reject. He yielded to the regal call and claim of Christ at the age of nineteen. He attributes his decision directly to an address by Pastor W. Howell, of Ipswich, but regards it as being



chiefly due to his mother's prayers. Six months after his conversion, he joined the St. George Street Baptist Church, Ipswich; where he soon found opportunities of Christian service. For two years he taught in the Sunday-school; and, as a member of the Local Preachers' Association, supplied the village pulpits in the vicinity of Ipswich.

After his gifts had been developed somewhat on these favourite training-grounds, the desire arose in his heart to devote himself wholly to the ministry of Christ's gospel. Application was made to Mr. Spurgeon, who replied on a post-card still treasured by its recipient:—"My advice is to go on and do all the good you can, and ask the Lord to bless you." A year later, the conviction of a divine call

remaining unabated, the request was renewed, and granted by the late beloved President. Mr. Dallaston entered the College in August, 1874, at the age of twenty-two, and pursued his studies there for two years. During nine months of the time, he supplied Hampden Chapel, Grove Street, Hackney, and had the joy of baptizing twenty-six candidates. He was invited to undertake the pastoral oversight of the church, but the President counselled him to complete his College course.

In 1876, Mr. Spurgeon was asked to select a pastor for the Baptist Church at Christchurch, Canterbury, New Zealand, and his choice fell on Mr. Dallaston. The church had been formed in 1862, but had passed through painful experiences; and after fourteen years, was but a feeble cause. A new era of peace, progress, and prosperity was inaugurated by the arrival of the young preacher. The congregations rapidly increased, conversions and baptisms became frequent, new life was infused into the various agencies of the church, and its influence for good spread far and wide. A larger and more central building soon became necessary; and in 1882, an imposing edifice, capable of seating 700 persons, was erected, at a cost of £5,025 (including the purchase of land and the enlargement of the schoolroom). In 1886, the pastor paid a visit to Australia, where he collected over £200 towards the building fund.

Unfortunately, while in Melbourne, he suffered from sunstroke, and soon after his return had to seek relief from his work. The church granted the furlough desired; and, presenting him with fifty guineas, sent him home with best hopes for his recovery and return. He was welcomed back, the next year, with great joy. He was accompanied, on his return journey, not only by his faithful wife and invaluable helper, but also by Pastor Arthur Dewdney, whom he had selected from the students of the College for a neighbouring church,—a service for which the whole colony still thanks him.

Mr. Dallaston's strength, however, proved unequal to the strain of work in the old sphere. For nearly fifteen years, he had wrought unsparingly and successfully in the one city, and he felt that a new field would mean lightened labour with lengthened usefulness. A timely vacancy occurred at Wellington, through the nervous breakdown of the writer of this sketch, and the church invited Mr. Dallaston to fill it. His friends at Christchurch parted from him with many regrets. During his pastorate, the membership had risen from 80 to 350, he had baptized 476 persons, and received 631 into fellowship. At the farewell meeting, attended by 900 persons, including ministers of all Evangelical denominations, an illuminated address and a purse of £60 were presented to the retiring pastor, and a gold watch to his devoted wife.

Mr. Dallaston has now been nearly four years at Wellington, the "Empire City"; and under his leadership, the church has made real and rapid progress. The congregations have steadily grown, and a new building, to seat 450, has just been opened. It cost, with the land, £2,500, half of which has been borrowed. The structure is quite artistic in design; better still, it is a hive of holy industry, its members earnestly striving to advance the Redeemer's kingdom at home and abroad.

Our brother's abilities are of the popular order. He has an easy manner, a melodious voice, is apt in the use of anecdotes and illustrations, aims at simplicity rather than profundity, and prefers the beaten track to the new and untried path. He does not bewilder his hearers by novelties, or mystify them by doubts. His preaching is chiefly expository, and always Evangelical. Conscious that his hearers need the Christ of Calvary and Olivet, he ever sets the cross in the forefront of his ministry, and to this fact his usefulness is due.

Mr. Dallaston excels as a pastor. Free and familiar, he is welcomed to the homes of his flock. Genial and kindly, he wins his way to the hearts of the young. Not unversed in the sanctities of sorrow, he is able to comfort the mourners. Broad in his sympathies, he is ever ready to take his share in the moral and social movements of the day. He is an ardent advocate of Temperance, a zealous pleader of the claims of the heathen, and a patron of all means employed for the betterment of the race. He would disavow any claim to special aptitude for organizing and administering great schemes, but he is ready to lend unenvious aid to others in the fulfilment of such plans.

Few names are more closely and honourably enwoven with the early Baptist history of this colony than that of the brother whose career we have outlined. Throughout a score of years, he has borne a reproachless character, has lived in the affections of the peoples to whom he has ministered, has won the esteem of his fellow-labourers, has enjoyed a visible success granted only to a few, and has carried his honours with a becoming humility. He has twice been elected President of the Baptist Union of New Zealand. On the first occasion (1886), his trip to England in quest of health prevented him from fulfilling the duties of his office; but he presided at the Conference of 1889, and delivered an able address, entitled, "Defenders of the Faith." He bade us defend the great and grand principles of Protestantism, the distinctive tenets of Evangelical religion, and the doctrines which are the sinews of our denominational life. His loyalty to the vital verities most dear to us appears in such a sentence as this:—"It is necessary that we should vigilantly guard the doctrine of salvation by sacrifice. To deny the vicarious nature of our Lord's atonement, the relation between the death of Christ and the forgiveness of sins, is to rob the Scriptures of their greatest treasure, faith of its anchor, and hope of its refuge." Mr. Dallaston has also twice preached the annual Conference sermon; on the first occasion, dealing with the Apostles' Doctrine and Fellowship; and on the second, with the great Missionary Enterprise. He has thus held the highest official position to which the suffrages of his brethren could appoint him. As Rev. A. North said, when fulfilling the Presidential duties from which ill-health debarred our brother:—"Mr. Dallaston has won and holds the affection of our churches. We love him for his own sake, and for his works' sake." We trust that many years of faithful and fruitful service lie yet ahead of our esteemed friend before he reaches the end of his course, and finds the "crown of righteousness" placed on his brow by the Master whom he has loved so warmly, and served so well.

H. H. DRIVER.

C. H. Spurgeon and his Sermons.

ADDRESSES BY PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON AND DR. R. S. MACARTHUR (OF NEW YORK) AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE LOAN TRACT SOCIETY.

AFTER expressing his hearty thanks to Dr. MacArthur for kindly consenting to attend the meeting, in addition to the many other services he had rendered to the Tabernacle Church and its institutions during his visit to London, PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON said:—

I shall content myself, on this occasion, with just mentioning one or two things which, presumably, you know quite as well as I do, but which must, nevertheless, be emphasized and reiterated almost every time we meet.

Let me remind you, first, that it has "*pleased God, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe;*" that it has ever been the Lord's mind, and will, and way, to convert men and women through the agency of the Word proclaimed. This has been so from the earliest days, and this law of the gospel has not been abrogated or set aside. Still is it by the foolishness of preaching—not, by the way, by foolish preaching, which is a very different thing,—still is it the Lord's way, by the foolishness of preaching, to save the souls of men.

Now, if anybody believes in preaching, it ought to be you Tabernacle folk, for many of you have long had the privilege of sitting under "the prince of preachers." I use the term without intending for a moment to depreciate the gifts and graces of other preachers of the gospel; but we have learned by experience that he of whom I tell had a very special gift in preaching. I do not know at what he was not gifted, but all his talents seemed to focus and shine at their brightest when he stood upon the platform, unfolding the truth and illuminating the Word of God with his lucid expositions and his earnest appeals.

We must believe in preaching, for the most of us have been brought to God by its means; instrumentally, we owe our salvation, not merely to this preacher or to that, but to the Word that he preached; and we are amongst those—old-fashioned though they be,—who believe still that the greatest good is to be done to the world at large by this same blessed agency of witnessing, bearing testimony, holding forth the Word of life,—combined, of course, with consistency of life and character.

This is, surely, a self-evident truth, that preaching is God's appointed way of winning sinners to the Saviour.

The second thing I mention is, I think, equally plain and true, namely, that *the press multiplies both the preachers and the preaching*. You catch my meaning, do you not? Your late dear Pastor stood, we will say, before six thousand people at every Sabbath service, and then, on the Thursday following, he preached to a vastly larger congregation, for the press had multiplied the sermon a thousandfold, and the preaching of the Sunday went forth on the white wings of the press to bless the thousands upon thousands of toilers all over the world. So that we see God's hand in joining together the power of the pulpit and the power of the press; we see that He Himself has so designed that the Word of truth should be put on record, scattered to the very winds of heaven, and so spread the wide world over. We know also, from glad experience, that a great many, who never heard the preacher with their ears, have heard him—I had almost said, with their eyes; and I will say it, for it was one of his own wise sayings that "reading is a kind of hearing with the eyes;" and we bless God that the reading of the dear Pastor's sermons has been the means, in the Lord's hand, of bringing "multitudes" into "the valley of decision."

So we have come thus far,—first, that preaching is God's way of saving sinners; and secondly, that the press is a helpful agency in multiplying the preaching.

My third point is that, *there are no sermons, the world over, like C. H. Spurgeon's*. There are some much more learned sermons; they would not suit me, however others might get on with them. There are some sermons, I suppose it must be admitted, that are more eloquent; that is, if you use the word "eloquent" in the ordinary acceptation of the term; which, by the way, is not the real meaning of the word. I do not believe there are any sermons more truly eloquent than my dear father's, if you regard eloquence as the outflowing and outpouring of the heart and soul, the "speaking out" by the mouth of the abundance that is within the heart. There certainly are some sermons much more sensational; but it is our firm belief—and we give to God all the glory for it,—that there never have been any sermons more full of the Holy Ghost's power, of practical common-sense, of heart-searching force, and of loving, tender appeal. But it is not necessary for me to stay to praise *his* sermons to you, for have they not been the means of your conversion, and of your upbuilding in the faith? You will be forgiven by all Christendom if you declare your partiality for C. H. Spurgeon's sermons above all others in the world; yet we maintain that it is not with partial eyes that we look upon them,—I may be partial, for he was my "pa"; but we know that there is in them a secret, subtle, sacred force which is perhaps in other sermons, but, as we judge, not quite to the same extent as in his.

Well, now, we have expressed our belief in preaching, our thanks to God for the power of the press in multiplying the power of the preacher, and our praise to heaven that *he*, whom we love, preached the Word so plainly, and so powerfully, and so practically.

Now hear the conclusion of the whole matter. These things being so, *it is our bounden duty to scatter these sermons, broadcast, the world over*; and it is our first duty to *begin at home*, and to see that the inhabitants of this thickly-populated neighbourhood—as it were, beneath the very eaves of the Tabernacle,—receive the sermons, whether they will read them or not. We cannot make the people read them, but we can put them into their hands, and earnestly entreat them to read words whereby they may be saved. I thank God, from my inmost heart, that the revision of the sermons and their preparation for the press are in the hands of such a trusty and faithful man as my dear Brother Harrald, to whom it is a matter of conscience that they should be as *he* spake them, so far as that is possible, and in all ways as correct as they can be.

I am thankful for the many agencies that are scattering the sermons, but I confess that my heart is specially with this one, because it is our own, it belongs to us as others do not; and by its means we are trying to get at these people who, though they live so near the light, still live in the dark. I suppose that there is scarcely a darker part of the sea than that which lies in the shadow of the lighthouse, and all around this Tabernacle many have been sitting in dense darkness almost beneath the very towers of the gospel lighthouse. We want to give them the light, the same light that we ourselves enjoy. Dear friends, try to get these people into the Tabernacle; ask them to come to hear me, if you like, though I want them to hear the Word rather than to hear me. Still, there is something in a name,—there is a good deal in the name of Spurgeon,—and you can at least tell the people that I preach the same gospel that *the* Mr. Spurgeon, who has gone to heaven, used to preach. One of the worst things my critics can say of me is that my sermons are a weak imitation of my father's! And do you know, I am going on that tack still? The Lord blessing me, whether the sermons are an imitation or original, I am going to stick to the same glorious truths that my dear father preached,—salvation by the death of the Lord Jesus

Christ, sanctification by the power of the Holy Spirit, and glorification, by-and-by, through the blood of the everlasting covenant. Wherefore, go on scattering the sermons, and if you can get the people to come and hear the weak imitation of them, do so.

Dr. R. S. MACARTHUR, of New York, was the next speaker. He said:—

Mr. Chairman, and my very dear friends, permit me to say, at the outset, that I count myself particularly fortunate that, in the providence of God, I should be with you here to-night. I had some thought, a little time ago, of going directly from the other side of the Channel to Southampton, from which place I expect to sail for home on Saturday morning next; but it came to me, a little bit like an inspiration, when I was in Constantinople, that by making a special effort I could be here in London and at the Tabernacle on Sunday. I knew that I should have a feast of fat things, for which my soul ardently longed; but I had not the remotest idea that I was to have a whole week of it. I must confess that I had no knowledge that there was such an organization as this Loan Tract Society in connection with the Tabernacle, and I rejoice most heartily that there is such a Society, and that the voice which charmed the hearts of God's people all round the globe, and which brought joy even to the heart of Christ, still sounds out through his sermons, and that, though dead, the mighty man "yet speaketh."

I have always looked upon the late Pastor of this Church as a *many-sided man*, and as a *full man on every side*. If he had done nothing but manage the affairs of this great Church, filling its pulpit on the Lord's-day, and attending to the various duties connected with such a pastorate,—without publishing a line,—he would have accomplished a work phenomenal in the history of the Christian Church. If he had not been a pastor at all, and had simply been the author of *The Treasury of David*, he would have performed a work which would have made his name immortal. If he had not been a pastor, and had not been the author of that series of volumes, but had simply published his other books,—apart from the sermons,—he would have done a work which would have made his name known to generations yet unborn. If he had done none of these things, and had merely organized, and carried to great success, the Stockwell Orphanage, he would have made his name illustrious; and if he had done nothing beside his wonderful labours in connection with the Pastors' College, he would have done a work which many will yet rise up and bless God that he originated. Put all these together, and I think I am safe in saying that God gave to the Church no such man, in any country, in any century, since He took the glorious, the matchless, the peerless apostle Paul from earth to heaven.

Among the many evidences of Mr. Spurgeon's power and talent, was *his sanctified common-sense*;—we call it common-sense, I suppose, because it is so very uncommon;—and that common-sense showed itself in his use of the press in order to multiply the voice of the pulpit. I think there never will be, when properly understood, any real conflict between the press and the pulpit. The press can never take the place of the pulpit. It is a wonderfully suggestive fact that, on the day of Pentecost, when the Spirit came in mighty power on the apostles, the form assumed was that of tongues: "there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." It seems to me the lesson there taught is that, by the living voice of the living preacher, the gospel is to be made known; there is no power in the press that can ever become a substitute for the living voice of the living preacher. There is a personality in the voice that the cold type cannot reproduce.

Among the other elements of your late Pastor's power, was *his marvellous voice*. In 1877, I saw his face and heard his voice for the first time. His voice thrilled my soul; it was clear as a bell, it was soft and sweet as

angelic music, and yet it had in it, when need be, the blast and crash and thunder of a trumpet summoning men to war for God and truth. God gave him extraordinary power in that voice; and he knew how to use the press, not as a substitute for but as a supplement to the pulpit and to his wonderful voice. Indeed, I have often thought that his sanctified common-sense was as marked on the human side of his character as his sweet, and childlike, and loving faith was marked on its divine side.

I early felt the power of Mr. Spurgeon's printed sermons, and you will, I trust, permit me to indulge a little in some familiar personal allusions. My father and mother went from Scotland to live in Canada. We resided in a quiet country place, and had a most excellent minister, who preached in the church every Sunday morning, and then he held services in the afternoon in school-houses, and in farm-houses, and in such churches as might be open to him, covering a wide circuit of twenty to thirty miles. The church at home was thus left for the second service without its pastor, but we were accustomed to meet, and now one brother and now another would address us. Although but a little boy, and not then a member of the church,—I had given my heart to God, but the brethren thought I was too young to understand much, and they wished me to postpone my baptism,—yet they asked me to read one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons at the home church, and now and then out on the lawn, on the Sunday afternoon. I remember very well one beautiful, bright afternoon in summer, when all the neighbours were gathered around; I do not know why they asked me, but with all the courage I could summon I was standing before them, reading Mr. Spurgeon's great sermon on the text which God blessed to his own conversion: "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else." ("Sovereignty and Salvation." *New Park Street Pulpit*, No. 60.) I shall never forget that afternoon, how I was myself moved by the sermon, and how my eyes were moist with tears so that I could scarcely see the words. When I came to that part of the discourse in which Mr. Spurgeon speaks of the simplicity of the way of salvation,—you remember that he tells us that the command is, "'Look! Look! Look!'"—only four letters, and two of them alike,"—I was so filled with the thought of the simplicity, and sweetness, and blessedness of salvation, through looking to Christ by faith, that I could scarcely proceed, and all around me there were others who caught the spirit of the sermon, and God blessed the reading of the sermon that afternoon to the conversion of some of the young friends who were gathered around. I had no thought then that I should ever be a preacher, or that I should be in the Tabernacle in London, I myself being a pastor in New York, or that I should talk to you of this little incident that occurred in my boyhood.

Will you let me mention another? Years passed, and in 1877, as I have already said, I came to London. I had gone to Scotland, on my way here, to visit my father and mother's old home. I went to Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott's home, and Melrose Abbey; and on passing the cottage by the gate of Melrose Abbey, I saw an old Scotch lady, with white hair, and with the bloom of the heather on her cheek, and she was sitting and reading. She was the wife of the gate-keeper, and I could not help noticing, without intending to be intrusive, that she was reading one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. I said to her, "I am glad you are reading that sermon, for I love the man and the sermons," and I added, "do you know, I expect to see him and to hear him next Sunday?" She looked at me a moment, and then she exclaimed, "Oh! what wadna I gie to see his face, and hear his voice!" She called her husband, that he might look at me, because I was to look at Mr. Spurgeon on Sunday, and she said, "I dinna wish to envy ye, but I wad gie all I hae if I could see him mysel'." That was a very sweet little testimony for that good woman to give in such an unconscious way; and it just occurs to me now, I would not wonder if she has seen him in heaven, though

I suppose she never saw him on earth. Ah! how many of his sermon-readers will see him there whom he never saw before! From the ends of the earth they will come, and with him cast their crowns at Jesu's pierced feet, and crown Him Lord of all.

I picked up a paper to-day, and in it I read a funny account of a man,—a negro, a coloured man,—I never allow myself to say “nigger” concerning God's image in ebony; well, this man was riding in the rain on an omnibus, and he turned to somebody near him, and asked about a certain clock-tower near here, making the rather strange enquiry if that was Spurgeon's Tabernacle! They smiled at him, and told him which was the Tabernacle, and then he said, “In Kentucky, I read Mr. Spurgeon's sermons; I made some money, and came to London, and one of the things I specially wanted to see was Spurgeon's Tabernacle.”

I simply mention that fact to illustrate my thought as to the wide range of influences that have gone out from this Tabernacle in so many and such unexpected ways; and now I want very earnestly to urge this Loan Tract Society to keep on with its good work of scattering the sermons. I began my own Christian work as a tract-distributor; I had then not the remotest idea that I should ever be a preacher of the gospel. I was engaged in business, expecting that to be my life-work; and I organized a small Tract Society in the little French-Canadian town where I lived, and rejoiced to go from door to door with the messages of life. And afterwards, when I felt myself called to the Christian ministry, when I went away to begin my studies, I continued my tract-distribution; and God greatly blessed the effort, and the little Sunday-school in the part of the city in which I was then living. Out of it there has since come a Christian church, as the fruit of the feeble efforts of myself and those who laboured with me.

Few of us even imagine what results may follow from the distribution of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. I believe that God is using all the elements of progress now in the world for the advancement of His kingdom as it has never advanced before. I believe that railways, and telegraphs, and telephones are girdling the globe for the glory of Christ and for the salvation of souls. I tell you that the devil is not going to have the best of everything. We are going to see the pierced palm of Jesus Christ laid on the press of the world, and then we shall see the Eastern sky resplendent with the crimson and gold of millennial dawn.

We cannot tell how much the saints in heaven know of what is done on earth; but, if it is possible, I am sure that, from his seat in glory, Charles Haddon Spurgeon must look down with gratitude, with joy,—may I not say, with benediction?—upon those who are now engaged in the distribution of his sermons. How I thank God, to quote the words I quoted before, that “he, being dead, yet speaketh.” To-night, I have been trying to hear the music of his voice; I can almost hear it still. How I remember his greeting to me when I first spoke to him! I dare not tell you all the kind things he said to me, lest you should charge me with egotism. I gave him my love, I give it to his memory, I give it to his son. I tell you, beloved, I love Thomas Spurgeon. [“So do we!” and loud applause.] I love him; and I tell you that the history of this Tabernacle is not to be like the history of a politician in America, of whom it was said, “All his brilliant future is in the past.” This Tabernacle is to have a continuous future of blessing in the years to come. When the newspapers were bringing us reports of some differences of opinion here, I said to our friends, in our prayer-meetings and from the pulpit, “Brethren, let us spend a little time in praying for the Tabernacle, that the sweet peace of the past may not be disturbed, that harmony, union, and prosperity may crown the work of the future as in the bygone days, that men and women may show their loyalty to the Pastor translated by showing their loyalty to the Pastor installed.” Well, you are doing it; keep right on doing it, and the Lord bless you evermore! Amen.

Notices of Books.

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

The Sword and the Trowel. Volume XXXI. Passmore and Alabaster. Price five shillings.

THE volume of the Magazine for 1895 will soon be on sale, or readers who desire to have their twelve numbers bound can obtain cloth covers, gilt lettered, at 1s. 4d. each, either from the publishers, or through any bookseller. We are glad to know that, twice during the year, the stock of volumes has been exhausted, and others have had to be bound to meet the demand for them. If all who loved Mr. Spurgeon have not completed their sets of his Magazine, they had better do so speedily, as it may not be possible, in a few years' time, to get the whole series "either for love or money."

Westwood Leaflets. By Mrs. C. H. SPURGEON. 300th thousand. Price 3d. per set of 16, or 50 for 6d.
Westwood Leaflets, Devotional Series. By Mrs. C. H. SPURGEON. Price 3d. per set of 12, or 50 for 6d.
Passmore and Alabaster.

FRIENDS can now obtain complete sets of the old and new series of Mrs. Spurgeon's Leaflets. They are just in time to take the place of Christmas or New Year cards, and they are all of them likely to be of permanent spiritual benefit to those who receive them. The Devotional Leaflets have illustrated title-pages, and are the right size for enclosure in court-shape envelopes.

John Ploughman's Talk. By C. H. SPURGEON. 400th thousand. New edition, illustrated cloth covers. 1s.
Passmore and Alabaster.

WE call our readers' special attention to the new shilling edition of *John Ploughman's Talk*, bound in cloth. Hitherto, the volume has only been sold in paper covers at that price; but now purchasers can have the choice of bindings in several brilliant or more sombre colours, with a most realistic representation of "taking

the bull by the horns." The four hundredth thousand deserved some special celebration, and we trust that, in this form, it will speedily attain a circulation of half a million. Why not? Let it be given to every ploughman and ploughboy,—indeed, to every man, woman, or child who can read English, with the prayer that its plain practical teaching may lead not only to habits of thrift and temperance, but also to saving faith in the Saviour of whom dear "John Ploughman" ever wrote and spoke so simply yet so powerfully.

The Blessing of Cheerfulness. By J. R. MILLER, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton. *Summer Gathering for Winter's Need.* Sunday School Union. *Girls: Faults and Ideals.* *Young Men: Faults and Ideals.* Nisbet and Co. *For a Busy Day.* Nelson and Sons.

FIVE sixpenny booklets by Dr. Miller, of Philadelphia, issued almost simultaneously by four different firms of publishers. They are variously yet all tastefully bound, and we can only advise our readers to buy the whole, and present them to the friends to whom they are most adapted. We almost wonder that Dr. Miller did not mention that it was Mrs. Spurgeon (not merely, as he says, "Someone") who wrote the story of "The Singing Log," for her *Westwood Leaflets*. Nos. 1 and 2, "Imprisoned Music," in prose and poetry, have been sold by tens of thousands, and many of them must have crossed the Atlantic, and found their way to Philadelphia, "the city of brotherly love."

"*Christian Baptism.*" A Sermon, by Rev. FRANK W. BOREHAM. H. H. Driver, Chaucer's Head, Dunedin, New Zealand. Price 2d.

PREACHED by one Pastors' College man, and published by another, this discourse is worthy of notice, even amid the pressure of the arrival of books for the season in greater numbers than ever. We rejoice that our brethren beneath the Southern Cross

are contending earnestly for the faith once for all delivered to the saints; and to both pastor and publisher we wish good speed in the name of the Lord. Many of our Brother Driver's classmates will rejoice that, although a throat affection debars him from the public ministry of the Word, he is able to write the cheering account of his successor which appears in the present number of the Magazine.

Messrs. Faulkner and Co., 41, Jewin Street, E.C., send us a large assortment of their *Christmas and New Year's Cards* in black and white, and colour. Many of the black and white pictures are little gems of art, which will help to maintain the publishers' high reputation. The four *photogravure pictures* at 1s. each are deservedly popular, especially the groups of pussies and puppies. There is a pleasing variety of *Calendars* for 1896, either for hanging up or for carrying in the pocket; the latter have blank spaces which can be utilized for advertisements. Among the new *Games* for winter evenings, "Quoits," "Skitto," "Bowludus," and "House of Commons," will afford amusement to the youthful players.

Mr. W. G. Wheeler, 51, Paternoster Row, E.C., forwards specimens of his new *Booklets and Calendars*, ranging in price from one penny to sixpence each. Several of them are very delicate and pretty, and the accompanying verses are appropriate and helpful. If our readers will refer to our advertisement pages, last month and this, they will find fuller particulars of Mr. Wheeler's publications than we are able to give in these brief notices.

Another batch of *Annuals* has come since our last list was made up, and for the children the first in more senses than one is *Little Folks*. Long ago, we thought that Messrs. Cassell and Co. had reached the height of success in this peerless magazine for the juveniles; but each succeeding volume seems to surpass its predecessors. It will be difficult for the next one to beat the present year's issue, yet doubtless that will be the aim of all concerned in its production.

The Children's Treasury (Nelson and Sons) is a favourite with boys and girls who have outgrown their *Little Folks'* period. Its short stories in prose and verse will be all the better fixed upon the readers' memory by the many pretty pictures with which this "Treasury" is stored.

The Silver Link (Sunday School Union), the organ of the International Bible-reading Association, marks a further advance. With over half-a-million of members enrolled in the Association, there ought to be an abundance of readers for such a bright, helpful magazine.

The Fireside, The Day of Days, and Hand and Heart (7, Paternoster Square), are three of the volumes that always find a warm welcome at "Westwood," and the new ones are no exception to the rule. *The Fireside* especially is worthy of a place beside the very best *Annuals* issued by other publishers.

Our Own Gazette (Partridge and Co.) will please many readers because it contains seven complete stories, but those who are wiser will prize it more on account of the monthly letters of the Editor, Mrs. Stephen Menzies. "Safe and sound,"—the magazine has our hearty commendation.

Sunday Sunshine, Little Frolic, and Our Darlings (Shaw & Co.), are all beautifully bound, and full of pictures and stories that will charm the youthful readers. We are sorry, however, to see many of the inner pages of *Our Darlings* disfigured with advertisements.

The Christian Pictorial (Alexander and Shephard) maintains its reputation as a high-class illustrated Christian weekly. The annual gatherings of most of the great societies of all denominations are pictorially reported, and passing events of note are permanently recorded by the busy Editor and his literary and artistic helpers. The "Talks to Men, Women, and Children," by Rev. David Davies, would alone make the weekly issues worthy of preservation; but there are many other attractive features about the volume completing the fifth year's publication of the paper.

An Account of Palmyra and Zenobia, with Travels and Adventures in Bashan and the Desert. By Dr. WILLIAM WRIGHT. Nelson and Sons.

A MOST fascinating volume on a subject of never-failing interest, by a master of the art of graphic description and brilliant word-painting. Dr. Wright's important work for the Bible Society is aptly supplemented by his valuable works on Bible Lands, of which his latest (though not, we trust, his last) is in many respects his best. Produced in Messrs. Nelson's usual excellent style, with eighty illustrations, and thirty-two full-page engravings, the book would grace any drawing-room or library in the land, and it would be a most welcome addition to any minister's Christmas hamper. Make a note of that fact, Mr. Generous Deacon! The published price is only three half-crowns; but if you give the volume to your pastor, he will be happier than many a man who wears a whole crown, and his ministry will be enriched for many a month to come.

Tales of the Warrior-King. Life and Times of David King of Israel. By J. E. MACDUFF, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

A FITTING crown to a noble literary life. Ere the final proof-sheets of the volume had come under his notice, the author had gone to that Heavenly Canaan where King David bows in lowliest reverence before "great David's greater Son." Dr. Macduff had previously visited the earthly Holy Land, so that he was able from personal examination to describe the scenes of many of the warrior-king's brave exploits, and the beautiful photographic reproductions in this volume enable us to realize very vividly the surroundings of the Scripture story. All Dr. Macduff's works are well worth reading,—some of them we turn to again and again with fresh delight; but this one has a tender charm possessed by none of the others. It is like *The Gospel of the Kingdom* that dear Mr. Spurgeon was writing when he heard the call, "Come up higher,"—only that his book was all about THE KING.

The Story of the Kings of Israel and Judah. By HENRY HILL. Elliot Stock.

A COMPILATION of royal biographies, relating, in Biblical phraseology, all the events concerning each monarch recorded in different Books of the Bible, thus forming consecutive narratives. In the Introduction, it is stated that "the Revised Version has been generally adopted;" it would probably have been better to have *wholly* adopted either the Authorised or the Revised. The value of the work would also have been greatly enhanced, as a book of reference, had it possessed, not only an index of contents, but an index of the books and chapters in which the various portions are found in the Sacred Text. Many who possess the Berean spirit will be glad to have these records of royalty thus connected and arranged in chronological order. As the matter is all Biblical, it has no need of human commendation.

Tales of the Covenanters. By ROBERT POLLOK, M.A. With sketch of the Author, by Rev. ANDREW THOMSON, D.D. Illustrated. Oliphant and Co.

VERY heartily do we welcome a new edition of these thrilling tales of Christian heroism, first published upwards of seventy years ago. This is just the book to produce a heart-hatred of oppression, and to intensify the love of liberty which burns in the British breast. All who would know what sort of men and women, ay, and boys and girls, too, the Covenanters were, should secure this soul-stirring work. Doubtless, these Scottish stalwarts made some mistakes, as all do who make anything worthy of notice, but it is to such heroes as these that we owe much of our civil and religious liberty. It ill becomes those who enjoy the priceless blessings of freedom to belittle those who struggled, and suffered, and died to secure for them the sacred heritage.

The Master's Messages to Women. By CHARLOTTE SKINNER. Partridge.

SOOTHING words to weary women, in which the writer tells her troubled

sisters that, however various their trials may be, the Master is willing and able to meet them every one.

A Lady of England. The Life and Letters of Charlotte Maria Tucker. By AGNES GIBERNE. Hodder and Stoughton.

PERHAPS the point to notice in this excellent biography is its evident trustworthiness. It is not easy to give a just estimate of a "complex and many-sided" character, but Miss Giberne writes so fairly and so frankly that we think even those who knew Miss Tucker best will say that the task has been wonderfully well performed. A.L.O.E. has long been known among the churches as a busy writer and a devoted worker; yet in this volume we get a deeper insight, and see her as a bright, brave woman, whose love to Christ, and to those for whom He died, amounted to an all-consuming passion. The best part of her life-story is the record of the last eighteen years of mission work in India. Her methods may sometimes have been mistaken ones, her work may occasionally have looked to her like failure; but a life so bright, and yet so gentle, so laborious, and yet so full of childlike trust, is a witness that must tell for the honour and glory of God. We cannot refrain from quoting a brief extract from one of her many letters, for it will touch a tender chord in the hearts of readers of the *Sword and Trowel*:—"You will be surprised when I tell you what book I am reading! You know I am a good Churchwoman; yet I often like to read Spurgeon's Sermons. They are full of apt illustrations, and he never repeats himself. I find them so useful in my writings; and I know hardly any other work which so much helps me."

A Message for the Day. By J. R. MILLER, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

"MILK for babes" from one of the best of nurseries. Those who have to do with young Christians should get it, and give it, and expect to see those who partake of it grow in grace and in the knowledge of Christ.

Morning Sunlight. By CHARLOTTE MURRAY. Nisbet and Co.

THE name of the authoress of this volume guarantees its excellence. Those who would have a bright day and a beautiful eventide should let their souls bask awhile in this *Morning Sunlight*. Here are daily portions for the whole year, with comments and poetry likely to prove very helpful amid the strife and turmoil of life. The little fellow, who said that he wanted to soak in the sunshine so that he could laugh when it rained, was the possessor of a joy-giving secret. Use *Morning Sunlight*, good reader, and this secret may be yours also.

Bible Readings for the Year. By T. S. HENDERSON. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., and Partridge and Co.

A NEW edition of a book of daily devotion for the young,—though suited to any age,—which we can heartily commend. If souls would only feed on such heaven-sent manna day by day, they would surely grow in grace. The texts are well chosen, and the reflections are weighty, wise, and winsome.

"*Have Mercy upon me.*" The Prayer of the Penitent in the 51st Psalm Explained and Applied. By Rev. ANDREW MURRAY. Nisbet and Co.

A BOOK to be read carefully and prayerfully. He who does this, will be helped to a keener sense of sin's exceeding sinfulness, and he will also gain a deeper knowledge of the grace which saves from sin. One result of the study will surely be a lowlier (not a lower) Christian life.

The Gospel Plan. By HUGH TAYLOR. Elliot Stock.

A SELECTION of Scripture passages, in large type, suitable for hospital wards, railway waiting-rooms, etc. It is a pity the compiler put the Saviour's words, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," under the heading of "Holy Baptism." Anyone acquainted with the New Testament knows that Christ blessed the children, but did not baptize or sprinkle them.

Messrs. Partridge and Co. have added two more exceedingly interesting and instructive volumes to their World's Wonders' Series,—*Naturalists and their Investigations*, by GEORGE DAY, F. R. M. S., and *Celebrated Mechanics and their Achievements*, by F. M. HOLMES (1s. 6d. each). The latter work is also united with another in the same series, *Engineers and their Triumphs*, to form, with some new matter, a valuable volume entitled, *Great Works by Great Men*. If any boy has an inclination towards civil engineering, he could hardly have a more useful present than this well-written and fully-illustrated half-crown book, unless it were GRACE STEBBING'S splendid five-shilling volume, *Beating the Record, a Story of the Life and Times of George Stephenson*. (Shaw and Co.) If there is any question about which he shall have, let father give him one, and mother the other; then he and the authors and publishers will all be grateful.

The same publishers send us the latest of their *Missionary Biographies' Series*,—*Missionary Heroines in Eastern Lands*, by Mrs. E. R. PITMAN; and a companion volume, *Japan: its People and Missions*, by JESSE PAGE (1s. 6d. each). Every Sunday-school and missionary librarian should see that these books are at once procured, and put into constant circulation.

Messrs. Partridge and Co. also forward three new volumes of "The Home Library"—of which 275,000 have already been sold. These are, *Brownie; or, the Lady Superior*, by ELIZA F. POLLARD; *For Honour's Sake*, by JENNIE CHAPPELL; and *Gerard Mastyn*, by E. HARCOURT BUERAGE (2s. each). The writers are so well known that our readers can guess what to expect from them; as for ourselves, we have long ago declared that we cannot read stories! The books are clearly printed, well illustrated, and tastefully bound; what more do story-readers require?

Messrs. Blackie and Son's "School and Home Library" has received two

more accessions:—*The Good Governess, and other Stories*, by MARIA EDGEWORTH, and *Northanger Abbey*, by JANE AUSTEN. We cordially unite with Mr. Gladstone in hoping that the publishers, in carrying out their design, "may not be compelled absolutely to confine their list to secular subjects," as there are many distinctly religious yet unsectarian works without which no School or Home Library could be considered complete.

Titus: a Comrade of the Cross. A Tale of the Christ. By F. M. KINGSLEY. Hodder and Stoughton.

WHATEVER others may say, we do not believe that such books as this should be either penned or printed. To weave the dying sayings of the Saviour into a novel, in which the penitent thief upon the cross is represented to be the son of Caiaphas, and made the hero of the narrative, is to our mind saddening and revolting. The only "tale of the Christ" that is worth reading is the fourfold story written under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit.

Dean-Hurst. By SARAH SELINA HAMER. C. H. Kelly.

A LOVE-STORY, ending in the usual fashion with a batch of brides and bridegrooms. There was much plotting and planning to keep the hero and heroine apart; but as love laughs at locksmiths, so it circumvents the best-laid schemes of mothers and sisters when they would come between it and the object of its choice.

The Land of Arthur. By MARIE TREVELYAN. John Hogg.

THE third of a notable series of works by this diligent student of the history, legends, manners, and customs of Wales and the Welsh; and in some respects the best of the three. Miss Trevelyan has consulted no less than sixty-six authorities for the various statements here given, and she has skilfully narrated the chief events from the arrival of "Hugh the Mighty" down to the union of England and Wales. King Arthur is here in regal splendour, with such heroes as Caractacus, Carausius,

Llewelyn, and Owen Glendower, and heroines like Conwenna, and Eurgain; and the author even endeavours to prove that the apostle Paul carried the gospel to Wales. All lovers of the Principality should secure these three books, and make themselves familiar with their contents, while those who are prejudiced against the Welsh might form a different opinion of them after studying Miss Trevelyan's volumes.

The Making of the Empire. By ARTHUR TEMPLE. Andrew Melrose.

AN interesting account of how the little England of 400 years ago has, under the blessing of God, and by means of her sailors, soldiers, and merchants, become the flourishing empire of to-day. The rise, progress, and history of all our colonies is graphically described. The book would be very suitable for a school prize, and it should be read with pleasure by every lover of dear old England. Brilliantly bound in crimson and gold, and containing 38 illustrations, it is cheap at 3s. 6d. The excellent time-table at the end should be of great service to both teachers and pupils who wish to see at a glance the notable events in each century from the fifteenth to the nineteenth.

Out with the Old Voyagers. By HORACE G. GROSER. Andrew Melrose.

A BOOK which should interest all lovers of the sea, and all dwellers in our seagirt isle. It contains thrilling accounts of the voyages, adventures, perils, and discoveries of Prince Henry of Portugal, Columbus, Magellan, Hawkins, Drake, Davis, and other famous navigators. The cover is bedecked with a coloured representation of the *Santa Maria*, the flag-ship of Columbus, and the volume is adorned with portraits of many of the sailors, and illustrations of famous scenes in the maritime history of our own and other countries. If mothers want their boys to go to sea, they should put this book into their hands; those who fear that their lads are looking with longing eyes to the wild waves, had better keep it out of their way.

Gentle Jesus. A Life of Christ for Little Folks. By HELEN E. JACKSON. Sunday School Union.

A THOROUGHLY Scriptural and simple story of the Life of Jesus,—a paraphrase, in childlike language, of the inspired narrative. Just the thing for mother to read to the little ones who are at home on the Sabbath evening.

The Child Jesus. By A. MACLEOD, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS is not, as its title seems to imply, a book upon the childhood of the Lord Jesus; but is a series of addresses to children, the first being upon "The Child Jesus." The chapter on baptism had better have been omitted; for, though short, it is of the "dead-fly" order. We do not believe that unconscious babes enter the church, and become a part of it, by baptism. With this exception, the book is delightful; it contains milk for babes, and heart nourishment for children of larger growth. Young and old will find much here to help them heavenward. Many of the incidents narrated are deeply touching, and the lessons drawn from them are enforced in a manner likely to fix them in the memory and the heart.

Three Fishing Boats. By JOHN C. LAMBERT, B.D. Olyphant and Co.

THOSE who would know how to instruct as well as to interest the young, should secure this very cheap volume of model addresses. Not only Fishing Boats, but Railway Lamps, Bridges, Rocks, Hammers, and many other familiar objects are made to teach most useful lessons. If the boys and girls do not grow up wise and good, it will not be for want of guides and instructors; Mr. Lambert seems to us to be one of the best and safest they can have. His book costs 1s. 6d.

Edges and Wedges. By ARCHIBALD N. MACKRAY, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

EIGHTEEN more addresses for the young. Was there ever such a time of tales and sermons for the little folks? Clear, fresh, and breezy, this is a book worth perusal by boys and girls, and by their teachers, too.

The Prodigal at Home Again. By Rev.

FRANCIS BOURDILLON, M.A. Nisbet. MANY who are familiar with "The Pearl of Parables" have, doubtless, wished to know what happened to the prodigal son after "They began to be merry." Mr. Bourdillon is too reverent a student of the Word of God to pretend to be wise above what is written; but in this shilling treatise he has followed the analogy of Scripture, and spiritualized the after years of the prodigal's life in a manner that must minister grace to the reader.

Convention Addresses, delivered at the Bridge of Allan. Drummond's Tract Depot.

All good and gracious, and on the "up" line.

Glimpses through Life's Windows. By J. R. MILLER, D.D. Nisbet.

A VALUABLE collection of extracts from several of Dr. Miller's writings. The gospel is explained and illustrated in many of the paragraphs; and the book will not only prove useful to preachers and teachers, but its attractive form will win a welcome for it among young people in general. It is chastely bound in white and gold, and is cheap at half-a-crown, especially as it contains a portrait of the highly-esteemed author.

While the crowd of new books is so great, we can barely spare space to mention new editions of works previously reviewed. We rejoice, however, that the volume on *The Ethics of Gambling*, by W. DOUGLAS MACKENZIE (Sunday School Union), praised in our August number; *The Master's Guide for His Disciples* (Elliot Stock), welcomed in April, 1894; and *The Servant of Christ*, by Archdeacon SINCLAIR (Elliot Stock), commended on the whole in June, 1893, have proved so acceptable that they have all had to be reprinted.

Eye-Teaching in the Sunday School.

By R. W. SINDALL. Sunday School Union.

THIS work should go a long way towards solving the oft-discussed problem,—“How can we maintain order in the Sunday School?” The use of the blackboard is strongly advocated by the author, who gives a series of suggestive subjects with appropriate illustrations. If attention is to be secured, interest must be awakened. This system appears likely to accomplish that object, as it excites the curiosity of the children, and enlists their co-operation in working out the lesson. Having seen the plan tried in several places, we can bear witness to its success. All teachers who would be efficient should invest a shilling in the purchase of this volume.

Notes.

Special Notice.—MESSRS. PASSMORE AND ALABASTER have decided to present *gratis* to every purchaser of *The Sword and the Trowel* for January, 1896, a Fine-Art View of THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE. Being on plate paper, 20-in. by 12½-in., it is well worthy of being framed, and it will make a splendid companion to the portraits presented with the January *Sword and Trowel*, for 1893, 1894, and 1895. Orders for the Magazine, price 3d., should be given to all booksellers at once, or it will be sent post free for 5d., by Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C.

OUR PROGRAMME for 1896.—The ever-beloved C. H. SPURGEON's written and spoken messages will still continue to be the chief attraction of his Magazine, for not only have we an almost inexhaustible store of his early and later sermons, addresses, and outlines, but our Brother Medhurst has not yet

come to the end of the records that he preserved with such diligence and care thirty or forty years ago. The first article for January will be a remarkable discourse delivered by the dear Pastor at New Park Street Chapel in 1855.

Then, as Mrs. Spurgeon mentions in her "Personal Notes," she hopes in each number of the Magazine to describe special items of interest in "Work-room," as well as to continue the "Personal Notes on a Text" to which friends have eagerly looked forward month by month. Her dear sons will also, as opportunity occurs, continue to be among our most welcome contributors.

Readers who regret that "H.T.S." cannot make the months march back again will rejoice to know that his observant eye and fluent pen are already busy on our behalf. "Stray Pages of Puritan History," and descriptive articles like his "Peeps

from an Invalid's Window," will be certain to please and profit many. The sketches of "Our Own Men and their Work" maintain the unabated interest of subscribers all over the world, and we are glad that the supply of brethren worthy of appearing in the series far exceeds the space that can be allotted to them.

As some of "our own men" may not have seen the "Note" that follows, we repeat it, as we are anxious to make this portion of next year's Magazine as complete as possible:—

Our esteemed contributor, H.T.S., writing in last month's *Sword and Trowel*, concerning his student days at the Pastors' College, said:—"It would be easy to put together many reminiscences of those times." That statement is true; and the proper place for the publication of such recollections is in the Magazine which is itself the perpetual link between the College and its peerless President. We have therefore decided to allot space in next year's issues, that "our own men" may fill with brief, humorous, pathetic, and spiritual remembrances of those never-to-be-forgotten days. We give this early notice that brethren abroad as well as at home may contribute to the pages devoted to "Reminiscences of our Alma Mater."

These announcements, in addition to all the ordinary attractions of the Magazine, ought not merely to keep up our present remarkable circulation, but even to increase it. If every reader would only secure one new subscriber, how grateful we should be, and how much more good might be accomplished with the same expenditure of time and strength! Our publishers are always glad to send specimen numbers and prospectuses to any friends who will seek to extend our constituency.

There seems to have been a sort of general conspiracy of loving and willing helpers who have tried to crowd into our December number about three times as many Articles, Reviews, and Notes as it could anyhow contain. We have, therefore, had to condense everything into the smallest possible compass, and even with the addition of extra pages, have had to hold over column after column of Notices of Books. Authors and publishers, however, may be comforted by the assurance that their works shall have full attention in our January number, which will (n.v.) be on sale before the Christmas Holidays. The volumes for review seem to us to have come in larger quantities than ever, but with patience and perseverance we hope to get through them.

One of our Tabernacle elders, Mr. Edward Bell, who married a cousin of Mr. Spurgeon's, informs us of the "home-going" of his wife's sister, Miss Lucy Spurgeon. She was a hospital nurse, and took typhoid fever from a lad who was under her special charge. Everything possible was done for

her, but in vain; and now her remains rest at Clare, in Suffolk, where many former members of the family were buried. Mr. Bell says:—"She really gave her life for others, and at the age of twenty-eight she has filled up the measure of her service." We pray that all who have been bereaved may be divinely comforted and sustained.

An evangelistic mission, conducted by Mr. NEWTON JONES in connection with the Tabernacle Sunday-school, was in progress when our last "Notes" were passing through the press. We are glad to learn that the services throughout were marked by intense earnestness and power on the part of the missionary, and by thoughtful attention and prayerful interest on the part of the young people, as well as many older folk. Several instances of conversion were reported, large numbers were solemnly, and we trust savingly, impressed, backsliders were restored, and Christians aroused to a fuller consecration. We heartily and unreservedly commend Mr. Newton Jones as an evangelist, and pray that God's richest blessing may ever accompany him in all his service for the Master.

On *Wednesday evening, October 16*, the sixteenth anniversary of the SURREY SQUARE MISSION was celebrated by a public meeting, at which F. W. N. Lloyd, Esq., presided, and addresses were delivered by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, Mr. Thomas Cox, Mr. Evans, and other speakers. The honorary superintendent, Mr. C. A. Pavey, and the treasurer, Mr. M. Romang, gave cheering reports of the work, and an expenditure of nearly £32 for drains, &c., was met by the generosity of the Chairman, the Pastor, and the friends and workers of the Mission. We have only room to mention that eleven converts have joined the Tabernacle Church during the year; the Sunday-school contains 396 scholars and 30 teachers; the Band of Hope has 318 members, and all the usual methods of home mission work are in active and successful operation.

On *Tuesday evening, October 22*, the fourth annual meeting of the SURREY GARDENS MEMORIAL HALL was held under the presidency of F. W. N. Lloyd, Esq. Notwithstanding the inclement weather, the hall was fairly filled with the workers and their well-wishers. The financial statement showed a small deficit, but the ever-generous Chairman paid this amount in addition to giving his usual subscription of £15, and paying for the repairs of kitchen and vestry. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon gave an admirable address to the teachers; Pastor R. A. Elvey (of Arthur Street Baptist Chapel) also spoke earnestly and eloquently, and all present felt the meeting to be an inspiring one, and in every way helpful to the success of the work. The Report states that there are 32 teachers and 386 scholars in the Sunday-

school, with good Bible-classes for young men and young women, and 95 members in the Band of Hope. The Sabbath evening services are well sustained, with prayer-meetings, open-air gatherings, mothers' meetings, Sermon Loan Society, and all the usual departments of an active mission band.

On *Wednesday evening, October 23*, the annual meeting of the **TABERNACLE LOAN TRACT SOCIETY** was held in the lecture-hall. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided in the interval between seeing enquirers and candidates for church-fellowship. Mrs. Capel reported the progress of the mothers' meeting: Mr. Millican, the secretary, announced that 4,000 of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons are circulated weekly as loan tracts within a mile radius from the Tabernacle, and gave details of several cases of blessing resulting from the reading of them. Mr. Harrauld, the treasurer, reported a balance in hand on each department of the work. The chief items of the evening were the addresses by the Pastor and Dr. R. S. MacArthur (of New York), which we are happy to be able to give in the present Magazine.

On *Thursday evening, October 24*, the annual election of **ELDERS OF THE TABERNACLE CHURCH** took place in the lecture-hall. The Pastor presided, and after singing and prayer, the brethren proposed by him for the office, together with those who had served in the eldership during the past year, were unanimously chosen.

On *Monday evening, October 28*, the annual meeting of the **TABERNACLE LADIES' MATERNAL SOCIETY** was held in the lecture-hall, when addresses were given by the Pastor (who presided), and by Deacons Buswell, W. Olney, and Thompson, and Elder Beechiff.

On *Wednesday, October 30*, the annual meetings of the **HOME COUNTIES BAPTIST ASSOCIATION** were held at Redhill. There was a large attendance of ministers, delegates, and visitors, all through the day, and the proceedings throughout were characterized by much spiritual fervour. The paper at the morning session, by Pastor Jesse Aubrey, on "The Church Polity of the New Testament," ought to be very widely distributed when it is issued as the Circular Letter of the Association. A profitable time was spent in the afternoon, when short addresses were delivered by Pastors J. Gritton, D.D., Charles Spurgeon, D. Thompson, and W. Williams, in answer to the question, "What is the greatest definite need of our Churches to-day, next to the power from on high?" A most successful series of services was fittingly closed by a sermon to a crowded congregation, by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon.

On *Tuesday evening, November 5*, the

annual meeting of Elder J. T. DUNN'S **BIBLE-CLASS** was held in the Tabernacle lecture-hall, the Pastor presiding. The secretary reported 133 members on the roll. During the year, the late secretary, Mr. O. G. Hudson, had been obliged to retire, on account of removal to Chiswick. The class conducts Missions at Kennington Cross and Upper Ground Street, Blackfriars; one from the former Mission has joined the Church during the year. The treasurer handed the chairman £27 for the Pastors' College, and £20 for the Spanish Missions. The Pastor, in a nautical speech, congratulated the class and its captain, urged them not to take in sail, but to press on, and closed with the wish, "God speed the ship." Rev. W. R. Mowll, M.A., in a stirring speech, called attention to the necessity of vigorously combating the Romanizing influences of to-day, and gave an acrostic on the word "Remember," from Eph. i. and ii. Mr. Wigstone, the missionary from Spain, spoke of his 23 years' work in that country, and supported Mr. Mowll's plea for resistance to all approaches to Romanism. He afterwards gave some remarkable instances of conversion; Pastor W. Stott urged on the members the duty of individual effort; and, altogether, the meeting was one of the best and most encouraging the class has ever held.

Just as these "Notes" are in progress, the second great **MISSIONARY DEMONSTRATION** arranged by the Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Young Christians' Association is being held in the Tabernacle. The chair was taken by Alderman Evan Spicer, supported by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon; addresses were delivered by Revs. F. B. Meyer, B.A., and Herbert Anderson, of Calcutta; and Dr. Harry Guinness gave a lecture on "My Experiences on the Congo," illustrated by a large number of beautiful dissolving-views.

COLLEGE.—Mr. M. Ashby has settled at Breachwood Green, Welwyn, Hertfordshire, in the pastorate which he has retained during his College course; and Mr. A. Dickinson has become pastor at Raleigh Park Chapel, Brixton.

The following brethren are removing or have removed:—Mr. A. W. L. Barker, from Evesham, to Worthing; Mr. A. F. Cotton, from Ponder's End, to Brabourne, Kent; Mr. G. Dunnett, from Coseley, to Carter Lane, Beech Lanes, and Halesowen, near Birmingham; Mr. J. W. Ewing, M.A., from Wandsworth, to Rye Lane, Peckham; Mr. C. A. Fellowes, from Jersey, to Eastleigh, Hampshire; Mr. T. G. Pollard, from Silvertown, to Park Chapel, Brentford; Mr. A. Priter, from Shipley, to Pole Street, Preston; Mr. A. J. Reid, from Shoreham, to Croham Road, South Croydon; Mr. G. B. Richardson, from Eynsford, to Zion Chapel, Battle; and Mr. J. Toogood, from Burton-on-Trent, to Jarrow-on-Tyne.

On *Thursday evening, November 7*, the annual meeting of the Pastors' College was held in the Tabernacle, under the presidency of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon. The vast building was almost crowded, the special attraction of the evening to many, doubtless, being Pastor Charles Spurgeon's promised lecture on his visit to South Africa. After singing, prayer was presented by Professor Marchant; the Pastor read and expounded 2 Timothy iv., and spoke briefly, but heartily, of the work of the College; the President (Pastor J. A. Spurgeon) read the names of eight students who had left since the Conference, and pleaded for the continued help of the Tabernacle Church; Dr. Usher enforced this plea in an earnest and sometimes humorous address; two capital speeches were given by Messrs. Tavier and Kempton, students; and then came the lecture, which was one of Mr. Charles Spurgeon's best. His large audience was delighted with his magnificent dissolving-views and his racy comments on the slides as they passed, and he was cordially thanked at the close for his most efficient help in making the annual meeting one of the best that has been held for many years.

PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—The latest news from North Africa is contained in a letter from Mr. Patrick, dated November 14, in which he says:—"Two children died yesterday from cholera, just below our mission-station. In four days we should have been out of quarantine; but now it will be quite three weeks before this can be the case. We are all well, and going ahead in the work."

In a previous communication Mr. Patrick had written:—"We have had no case of cholera for some ten days in Tangier, although we hear that it is lingering in distant villages. All meetings are recommenced, and we ask for the prayers of all friends that great blessing may follow great chastisement."

C. H. SPURGEON'S EVANGELISTS.—Of *Mr. Burnham's* mission at Evesham, Pastor A. W. L. Barker writes:—"His quiet and clear expositions of the way of salvation impressed us all; and the interest manifested in the mission increased considerably in spite of many adverse circumstances. "So much were his services enjoyed, that we have engaged with him for another fortnight, beginning on December 1, for missions in connection with two of our branch stations."

From Nov. 3 to 13, Mr. Burnham was at Uphill, near Folkestone. Though the weather was unfavourable most days, and the nights were dark, people came long distances to the "out-of-the-way" chapel; and from the first there was an earnest spirit of hearing. The gathering to the farewell tea was a remarkable one. Mr. Burnham writes:—"Picture a chapel on the hill-top, with not a dozen houses in

sight; and you will then wonder (as I did) where the 250 came from who packed the little place for the praise and testimony meeting."

Our brother has since been at Great Staughton, St. Neots. This month, he goes to Worcestershire for a series of services at Bretforton, Beugeworth, Dunnington, and Atch Lench, finishing the year at Cottenham.

Pastor T. R. Lewis sends us a report of *Mr. Harmer's* services at Pole Moor, Scapgoat Hill, and Sunny Bank, which we would print in full if it were possible; but we must find room for the following unsolicited testimony to the value of our esteemed friend's labours among the churches:—

"We have another proof, if proof were needed, of the keen insight of 'the prince of preachers' into the character and adaptability of men, in that he called out from pastoral labour our Brother A. A. Harmer to 'do the work of an evangelist.' We rejoiced greatly that this important branch of the work was not allowed to cease when the greatest evangelist of the century was called to rest from his labours. We rejoice still more now, for we have been recently much blessed by its agency. The services of our dear brother, during his sojourn with us on the Yorkshire hills, have been very helpful to the people of God, and especially to the hearers of the Word, many of whom during the mission, through the power of the Holy Spirit, have become doers also. The faithful yet interesting preaching of the evangelist has led many waverers to decide for Christ. We knew we were going to have a blessing, for God honours faith and answers prayer; but the largeness of it surprises us, and the richness of it makes us very humble before God, and grateful to the Father of mercies. The three churches feel very much indebted to Mrs. Spurgeon for having sent Mr. Harmer, and to Mr. Harmer for his protracted stay among us, though it was all too short. His indomitable courage, cheerful spirit, strong faith and clear presentation of the truth made him beloved of us all directly. Not a solitary service was a failure, and at nearly every meeting some came out on the Lord's side, while some of the services must remain as sacred pictures indelibly impressed on the memory. Before we close this brief account of 'times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord', we wish to testify to the good a hard-worked country pastor can derive from the company of such a brother as Mr. Harmer, who is a real helper to a minister. There is not the least bit of the professional revivalist about him. Like Apollos, he has 'helped them much who had believed through grace,' and like Paul, he has 'not shunned to declare all the counsel of God.' Thank God for Mr. Harmer!"

Mr. Harmer's next mission was at Abbeydale Congregational Church, Sheffield. The minister, Pastor W. Kelly, writes to

Mrs. Spurgeon:—"The missionary got on good terms with his work at the outset, and the interest and blessing deepened as the days went on. All appearances warrant us in stating that the mission has been very successful in quickening the life of our church, and in bringing to decision for Christ many of the young people in connection with our school. We have profited much from Mr. Harmer's visit, and we pray that God may make him still more abundantly useful in other fields of service."

It will be seen, from our list of contributions, that the above churches have proved in a practical way their appreciation of the evangelists' services. From Sheffield, Mr. Harmer conducted a mission at Killmarsh Congregational Church, of which we hope to give a report in our next number. This month, he is engaged at Addlestone, Surrey, and Bulwell, Nottinghamshire.

ORPHANAGE.—It would hardly be possible for the December *Sword and Trowel* to be issued without an appeal for special gifts to the Orphanage in honour of the coming of old Father Christmas. Will our readers try to remember how lovingly the dear Founder and first President of the Institution used to plead for all manner of good things to be sent to his large fatherless family at Stockwell, in preparation for the festive season, and then send on without delay, that the Memorial Hall may be filled with merry lads and lassies who will first praise the Lord for His goodness, and then thank the kind donors with such cheers as only the inmates of "C. H. Spurgeon's Orphan Homes" know how to give? Friends will notice that it is requested that, in future, gifts of all kinds, as well as donations, are to be addressed to the Treasurer, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

Orphanage Sunday-school.—We regret that, this month, it is not possible to spare space for the details of the quarterly united service held on October 20, or of a highly-interesting lecture, on "The Children of the Bible," given on October 30, by Miss E. M. Fricker.

COLPORTAGE.—Our recent "Notes" of this important branch of Tabernacle work have been so lengthy, that it is only necessary to refer our readers to them, and to ask them to continue to aid the Association to the utmost of their power. It is interesting to note that such a wise worker as Mr. D. L. Moody has just started, in connection with his Bible Institute in Chicago, a Colportage Association almost identical with the Institution founded here by Mr. Spurgeon. An agency that commends itself to two such eminent servants of the Lord Jesus Christ must be worthy of the hearty help of the Christian public in general.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—October 31, eighteen; at Haddon Hall, October 27, four.

PERSONAL NOTES, BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.—My dear friends,—I have an earnest request to make to you concerning this Magazine. I know how much some of you value and love it, I have had most enthusiastic letters from you in praise of its pages, and delightful testimonies as to the comfort and counsel its faithful teachings have brought to your hearts. Now I want you to prove your love for it, for me, and most of all for the dear memory of him who has passed away, by an earnest endeavour to make it more widely known amongst your friends and acquaintances. Its sale is very large, but it does not yet attain to the position I desire for it, as a worthy memorial of its loved Founder and Editor. *It is his Magazine still.* Its past volumes are his true Autobiography; its more recent pages enshrine all the tender and touching records of his departure into glory; and its present issues are full of his sweet personality, for does he not remain its chief and most beloved contributor?

I read once of some notable man who, when on his death-bed, said, "I shall edit my paper when I am in heaven." If such a thing could be possible, I should like to think it true of dear Mr. Spurgeon and the *Sword and Trowel*; but, anyhow, while I live,—God helping me,—he shall never be ashamed of the Magazine which bears his honoured name. Assuming for a moment,—for a few sentences only,—the editorial "we", let me justify my words by pointing out how sacredly and watchfully we keep on the old lines, how regardless we are of all that he would have approved, and how unflinchingly we dare to denounce all he would have thought contrary to the will of God. We claim for the *Sword and Trowel* an almost unique character. It is confessedly a *Theological Magazine*, yet it is extremely popular; it exists for the direct purpose of standing fast by the old-fashioned doctrines of grace, yet "all sorts and conditions of men" love it, read it, and enjoy it, even though, full often, the truth they find in it is "a hard saying" to some of them; it seeks the highest spiritual good of the people, yet finds it possible to succeed without the help of a serial story! Dear readers, will you rejoice my heart by promising to promote its sale among those to whom it is as yet unknown? Will each of you try to get one or two new subscribers for the coming year? The cost is so small that it can impoverish no one, and the gain to some heart and life may be treasure laid up in heaven!

THE FUND FOR GENERAL USE IN THE LORD'S WORK.—It would take all the pages of the month's *Sword and Trowel* to tell what ministries of mercy have been fulfilled, what helpful efforts have been made, and how many anxious hearts have been comforted by the judicious bestowal of the means entrusted to me by generous friends for the purposes of this Fund. You will remember that it was my dear husband's

special treasury, and God has graciously committed it now to my care and keeping. I deem it a very sacred charge: and, *as in His sight*, I administer the money. Poverty-stricken pastors, struggling churches, destitute causes and cases of many kinds, stretch out their hands for aid: and, if worthy, are never sent empty away. Only the Father in heaven can know how much His poor fainting servants have been refreshed and restored by this hidden well in the wilderness.

THE TRANSLATION OF SERMONS INTO FOREIGN LANGUAGES is, as my readers well know, paid for from the above Fund. This special work, so very dear to my heart, and given to me so distinctly from the Lord, is prospering well and growing fast. Shall I just run over the names of the "strange tongues", to refresh your memories as to what has been already done? We have Castilian, French, Lettish, Polish, Arabic, Hindi, and Bengali versions; and last, but not least, Kaffir, in which language an edition of 5,000 copies of "Lifting up the Brazen Serpent," No. 1,500, is now being printed. This is an outcome of my dear son's visit to South Africa, and I want you all to pray much for God's blessing on the new undertaking, as well as for the continuance of His favour on the longer-established efforts.

C. H. SPURGEON'S EVANGELISTS.—Of the *work* of these good men, I have everything cheering to record. Their services are welcomed by the churches, are well attended by the people, and are blessed of God to the conversion of souls; *but*—the money contributed by friends for their support is totally inadequate to meet their expenses. If their mission were to serve rich churches, instead of poor ones, I believe the work would be self-supporting; but it was just to the needy places that my beloved wished his evangelists to go, because he felt that *there* especially the greatest amount of good would be accomplished. I should have been glad if a more generous response to my appeal for their maintenance had been accorded. Some of the churches they have visited have done nobly in the way of "thank-offerings", and most have tried to send something worthy of the services; but, if I could have helped other poor country causes, spiritually, by making it possible to have an evangelistic mission without much tax on their slender resources, I should have rejoiced greatly. Perhaps the Lord will yet incline some hearts to give liberally to a work upon which His blessing so evidently rests.

Walking along a country lane, a friend of mine met a ploughman, and entered into conversation with him. Mentioning dear Mr. Spurgeon's name, my friend was surprised to see him burst into tears, and seem almost choked with intense emotion. "Oh,

sir!" he said, "I have been reading one of that blessed man's sermons, and I have found the Saviour; or rather, the Saviour has found me." This meeting was of the Lord's planning, evidently, for the simple but touching confession of the ploughman at once led my friend to determine on an act of self-denial and service, for which he had hitherto lacked the courage and grace. The facts were these. He was possessed of some hundreds of the dear Pastor's sermons, and many a time he had looked them over, and sorted them out, to see which he could part with,—his conscience accusing him of hoarding such precious seed instead of sowing it for the Lord of the harvest. But just as many times as he had taken them out of their hiding-place, he had put them all back again, feeling that he could not give up one, for in each of them there was something that, as he said, "held me fast." But when the Lord sent that old labourer to declare with tears what God had done for his soul by one sermon, my friend could withhold the corn no longer. He went home, and prayed for grace to make the sacrifice, and his prayer was at once answered, for all desire to keep the treasures was removed from his mind. Now he has commenced his sermon-distribution throughout the village where he resides, visiting from house to house, and leaving a blessing behind him in the shape of one of these messages from heaven.

I think this is a lovely illustration of the watchful care with which the Lord forges the tiny links in the chain of His providences, and of the gentleness with which He leads and instructs those whose heart He has enlarged to run in the way of His commandments.

In 1896, I hope to continue my monthly chat with you, my dear readers, telling you little items of interest in connection with the various works under my charge, and enlisting your sympathy and help in carrying them on. I should like also to write more "Personal Notes on a Text" if the Lord will permit and enable me to do so, for I desire no greater honour than to be thus used of Him in comforting and blessing His own people.

When next year comes, you will find all I have to say to you, printed in large type, in the earlier pages of the Magazine, under the title—

"MRS. C. H. SPURGEON'S WORK-BOOM."

Till then, I bid you "Good-bye," with hearty and kindly wishes for a bright Christmas and a Happy New Year.

"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"*I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in His Word do I hope.*"—PSA. cxxx. 5.

I am a suppliant at the door of a palace, a beggar at the gate of a King, but with this gracious dissimilarity to usual petitioners,

that the Lord of the palace is my personal Friend, and, though I am waiting outside at present, I possess an invitation to enter, and know that the door will be wide open to me some day. Nay, more than this,—if I tell all that is in my heart,—I am daily expecting that the King Himself will come and call me in, and admit me to His presence as His own child.

Well, my soul, this is a blessed condition of favour and privilege, surely! Thou mayest well afford to wait patiently for so glorious a hope as this. Thou knowest that *waiting* is far better than *wandering*, and that silently uplifted hands plead more eloquently than a torrent of words. Keep thou thy tarrying, entreating posture; and if the summons come not yet, it should be joy enough to wait and watch for *His* time and *His* will, and to anticipate the coming glory in which He has promised that thou shalt share.

For what dost thou say thou art waiting? Alms? Entrance? Welcome? Thou hast the first even now, for His bounty reaches thee as thou standest watching daily at His gate; and the better blessings are certain when He has perfected that which concerneth thee, for then thou wilt know with glad surprise "what He hath prepared for him that waiteth for Him."

Meanwhile, dost thou not get some wondrous glimpses of thy glorious Friend through the lattices, and have there not been times when thou didst catch the sweet tones of His voice as He said, "I will come again, and receive you unto Myself"?

"*I wait for the Lord.*" Blessed Master, I thank Thee for my waiting times;—they are times of love and favour, they draw me nearer, closer, more urgently to Thy feet.

Thy "delays are not denials." Thy tarryings do but ensure a more bountiful providing. When Thou seemest slow to answer prayer, it is but to make me more eager for the mercy, or to teach me to ask with greater confidence, or that Thou mayest gather up Thy blessings in order to bestow them "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."

"*My soul doth wait.*" Ah, Lord! what special blessedness of sweet content I find in waiting before Thee when Thou fillest my heart with adoring love and gratitude, when I am silent because no words are needed between Thee and my wondering soul, when I am humbled to the very dust by Thy love and favour, yet lifted into the heavenly places through Christ Jesus, and thus I wait, and watch, and worship! This is the waiting upon Thee which renews the strength of my spiritual life. This is the waiting that never wearies, the expectancy that never disappoints, the "hope that maketh not ashamed." Oh, to be found thus waiting for God, and upon God, "till He come"!

"*And in His Word do I hope.*" What is His "Word" to thee this morning, my soul? Hast thou already gathered thy daily manna, and tasted its sweetness? The heavenly food lies thick around thee, for the Lord has strewn the pages of His Word with promises of blessedness to those who wait for Him. And remember, His slightest Word stands fast and sure; it can never fail thee. So, my soul, see that thou "have a promise underneath thee," for then thy *waiting* will be *resting*, and a firm foothold for thy hope will give thee confidence in Him who has said, "*They shall not be ashamed that wait for Me.*"

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Wilson	2	1	4
Collection at Lewi-ham Road Baptist Chapel, Greenwich	1	5	0
Mrs. Sarah Gibbons	5	0	0
Collection at Manvers Street Chapel, Bath, per Pastor H. F. Gower	4	5	7
A sermon-reader	0	5	0
Pastor G. A. Ambrose	0	15	0
Collection at Romney Street Baptist Chapel, Westminster, per Pastor George Davies	1	3	0
New North Road Church, Huddersfield, per Mr. A. Rushworth	3	10	0
Mr. John Robinson	1	1	0
"Increase of wages"	0	5	0
Rev. R. J. Beechiff	0	2	6
Contribution from Mr. J. T. Dunn's Men's Bible-class	27	0	0
A. H. W.	0	10	0
Part collection at Dalston Junction Baptist Chapel, per Rev. R. O. Johns	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Mr. W. Pitcher	1	1	0
Mr. C. Robertson	1	5	0
Mrs. Hester Keevil	10	0	0
Mr. James Batty	0	15	0
W. H.	0	2	6
Balance from annual tea and meeting, including collection (£26 16s. 6d.)	48	14	3
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—			
Mrs. Watts	1	1	0
Mr. John Cameron	10	0	0
Miss Splidt	2	0	0
	13	1	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Oct. 20	23	5	6
" 27	5	5	4
Nov. 3	16	8	0
" 10	22	6	0
	67	4	10
	£195	7	0

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Readers of <i>The Christian</i> , per Messrs.				Contribution from Mr. J. T. Dunn's			
Morgan and Scott	0	5	0	Men's Bible-class, for Mr. Wigstone's			
Mrs. Moore	0	3	6	Spanish Mission...	20	0	0
"The widow's mite"	0	6	0	Miss Spliedt, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	0	10	0
Miss Descroix	0	5	0				
Pastor J. D. Gilmore	0	10	0				
							£21 19 6

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Cranford Baptist Sunday-school, per				Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon:—						
Mr. A. Smith	0	13	0	Mr. H. B. Ferne	1	2	6			
Collected by Mr. F. T. Battam...	0	10	0	Mr. Austin Boaler	1	0	0			
The late Mrs. Battam	1	1	6	Miss Charlotte Spurgeon...	0	2	6			
From an orphan	0	2	6	Miss Page (Christmas)	0	7	0			
"One of His stewards"	1	1	0					2	12	0
Pastor W. H. Smith	0	1	6	Collected by Master J. Frisby				1	0	11
Collected by Mr. H. Shipton	2	8	0	Collected by Mrs. Vincent				0	14	0
Collected by Miss S. Hughes	0	10	6	Mrs. Sarah Gibbons				5	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Moase	0	7	6	Collected by Miss E. Copley				0	15	6
Collected by Mr. Geo. Tolley	0	10	0	Collected by Miss M. Panniers...				0	4	0
Collected by Mr. G. Spooner	0	5	0	M. E. S.				0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Styles	0	14	0	Mr. R. M. George				0	5	0
Collected by Miss A. Berry	0	18	0	Mrs. Heffer				1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Henderson	0	2	6	Mr. H. W. Duncan				1	0	0
Collected by Miss M. Bickers	0	12	0	Collected by Mr. H. F. Fisher				1	9	8
Collected by Miss M. Rayner	0	7	10	Collected by Miss K. A. Legg				0	9	1
Collected by Miss E. Gray	0	5	0	"For 70 years' mercies, instead of						
Collected by Mrs. Fox	0	4	6	legacy"				50	0	0
Collected by Miss A. Godfrey	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. E. Stevens				20	4	7
Collected by Miss A. Hutchinson	0	5	0	Mr. W. A. Nathan				0	10	0
Collected by Miss F. Jeffrey	0	6	6	Mr. C. Ibberson				0	3	0
Collected by Miss Mead	5	11	0	Miss Alice Saltmarsh				0	5	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell	0	18	6	Collected by Miss A. F. Burgess				0	7	6
Collected by Mrs. Perry	0	10	0	Messrs. de Rothschild (annual)				2	2	0
Collected by Miss Blayne	2	0	0	Mr. John Green				1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Holder	1	3	8	Mrs. John Hartopp				0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. G. Rees	0	15	0	Mr. Wm. Howard				2	0	0
Collected by Miss E. M. Smith... ..	0	5	0	Miss M. H. Donaldson				0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Fromow	0	10	0	Mr. Henry Coles				5	0	0
Collected by Mr. A. Minter	1	4	0	A sermon-reader				0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. G. Comber	0	5	0	M. W.				0	5	0
Rev. E. C. Unmack, M.A., (being				Mrs. Robert Boyd				1	0	0
moiety of balance of moneys (£6)				M. D.				2	0	0
collected for building not proceeded				Collected by Mr. G. B. Vanheson				1	0	0
with, contributors unknown)	3	0	0	Mr. Murkram				0	2	6
Mr. W. B. Wearing	1	0	0	Postal order, Queen Camel				0	3	0
Collected by Miss Luxford	0	3	0	Postal order, Terrington, St. John's				0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge	0	10	0	Mr. Geo. Gibbs				3	3	0
Mr. F. C. Voss	1	0	0	Collected by Miss Roe (weekly sub-						
Collected by Mr. A. Colley	0	10	0	scriptions)				3	0	0
Collected by Mr. W. Sherlock	1	11	9	Mr. G. R. Baber				0	10	0
Collected by Miss M. Sadler	0	10	0	Mr. Luke Horner				1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Hoskins	0	5	6	Ring found in Orphanage box at						
Collected by Mrs. Kingston	0	6	2	Tabernacle gates; sold for				0	19	0
Collected by Mrs. Le Page	0	1	10	Mr. F. G. Barnes				0	1	6
Collected by Miss M. C. Hull	0	5	0	George Rouse (orphan boys' card)				0	10	0
Collected by Master A. Pullum	0	10	0	Mr. Jonathan Cutler				1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Pilgrim	0	2	0	Mrs. Brazil				2	2	0
Collected by Mr. S. Church	0	7	6	Mr. J. Bakewell				0	5	0
Mr. Archibald Peel	5	0	0	Mrs. Pickering				0	5	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0	"Thou knowest"				0	3	0
Mr. W. F. Godbey	0	10	0	E. S. M.				0	10	0
Mrs. Uridge... ..	0	10	0	W. S.				0	2	0
Miss E. Stokes	0	5	0	Postal order, Nottingham				1	0	0
Marsh Street Baptist Church, Ashford				Postal order, Watchet				1	0	0
Y.P.S.C.E., per Mr. J. D. Skinner...	0	13	0	Miss I. Noble				3	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Curtis ...	0	5	0	Mr. D. Foord ...	5	0	0
Mr. Chas. Shepherd (annual) ...	1	1	0	W.T.C., In memory of our dear mother	0	12	6
J. C. ...	1	0	0	Postal order, Hackney Road ...	1	0	0
Mr. S. D. Lamb ...	0	10	0	A country Baptist minister ...	0	5	0
Mr. D. Cavie ...	1	2	0	Collected by Mrs. Tullis ...	1	11	0
Mrs. Sladden ...	0	2	6	Collected by the Misses Griffiths ...	1	4	8
Mrs. Berry ...	1	0	0	Mr. A. O. Freeman ...	0	4	6
Mr. Lewen Sealy ...	1	0	0	Sir F. Howard, Bart. ...	2	2	0
Mr. G. W. Skeats ...	0	5	0	Collected by Miss A. Wilmot ...	2	13	6
Mrs. Ann Adlam ...	0	2	6	Mrs. C. Robertson ...	1	5	0
J. R. ...	0	5	0	G. E., Northampton ...	0	10	0
Mr. L. P. Roff ...	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. Merrick ...	0	18	0
H. G. Wheeler (Orphan boy's collecting-card) ...	0	5	0	Collected at prayer-meeting, Baptist Chapel, Bishop's Stortford, per Mr. J. Robinson ...	0	15	9
Collected by Mrs. C. R. Allen ...	0	8	6	Mrs. Gardiner ...	2	2	0
Orphanage box at Tabernacle gates ...	0	8	2	Miss M. Fergusson ...	1	1	0
Lynton Road Sunday-school, Brommsdery, Benevolent Fund, per Mr. J. B. Collin ...	0	10	6	Mr. V. Smith (in gratitude for kindness to a old S. O. boy) ...	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Leader ...	2	5	0	Collected by Mr. W. H. Reading ...	0	19	2
Mrs. Crampin ...	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Moody ...	0	15	0
Mr. Neil McVicar ...	2	0	0	Mr. H. Johnson ...	0	3	0
Readers of <i>The Christian Herald</i> , per Mr. A. McLatchie ...	0	10	6	Claylands Sunday-school, Clapham Road, per Mr. A. W. Brownlow ...	0	10	0
John Fox (Orphan boy's collecting-card) ...	0	8	1	Mr. A. W. Brownlow ...	0	5	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey ...	5	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Haynes ...	0	10	0
Mr. H. Dickens ...	0	1	0	Mr. B. Bull ...	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Stiff ...	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Flecknoe ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Groves ...	0	2	2	Collected by Miss E. M. Broughton ...	0	12	3
G. Montrose ...	5	0	0	Mr. F. G. Barnes ...	0	1	6
Collected by Mrs. S. T. Barrah ...	0	10	0	Mr. J. Clark ...	1	0	0
Collected by Messrs. Horn and Co. and employes ...	2	5	4	Mr. J. V. Green ...	1	0	0
Mr. W. Hadden ...	0	10	6	Mr. R. Brown ...	0	10	0
Mr. A. Carter ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Hatten ...	0	10	0
Mr. James Jackson ...	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Robinson ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Mills ...	0	3	0	E. S. ...	1	0	0
Proceeds of a Service of Song, Shaftesbury Mission Hall, Guildford ...	3	5	6	Miss Ellis ...	0	5	0
Pastor G. W. Linnecar ...	0	12	6	Metropolitan Tabernacle office box ...	1	10	4
Collected by Mrs. Stevenson ...	0	10	6	Mrs. Rainbow ...	1	0	0
Miss Watts ...	2	2	0	Mr. T. Vickery ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Davies ...	0	5	2	Box at Orphanage gates ...	1	18	4
Mrs. Winter (annual), per Messrs. P. and A. ...	1	1	0	Collected by Mr. John Jackson ...	0	7	6
Collected by Miss M. Fitzgerald ...	0	10	0	Collected by Mr. Chas. H. Jackson (and sale of cloth cuttings) ...	1	10	0
Mr. D. Land ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Watson ...	0	5	0
Mr. James Wilson ...	0	10	0	Sundwich, per Bankers ...	1	1	0
Miss E. Fyson ...	0	5	0	Executor of the late Miss Eliza Argent	37	3	5
Mrs. Robert Davies (annual) ...	2	0	0	Executors of the late Mr. Richard Wain (3rd amount) ...	15	7	2
Miss Hine (annual) ...	1	0	0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—			
Mr. H. T. Camps, F.Z.S. ...	1	0	0	The Misses Heap ...	2	2	0
Per Miss S. Green:—				Mrs. Pool ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Mackenzie ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Crossby ...	50	0	0
A Friend ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Pearson ...	2	12	6
Miss Susan Green ...	0	4	0	Mr. S. Cornborough ...	5	0	0
	1	4	0		60	15	6
Mrs. Gilbert ...	0	10	0	Collected by Miss Ivy Morris ...	0	6	2
T. P. F. ...	0	1	0				
Mr. and Mrs. Dunn ...	0	5	0	<i>Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—</i>			
Mrs. Mackie ...	0	10	0	Ashford ...	9	15	4
J. B. C. ...	1	0	0	Union Chapel, Uphill, Folkestone ...	2	5	0
Master John P. Jones ...	0	1	0	Devonshire Square Chapel, Stoke Newington ...	4	2	1
Collected by Mrs. Skelly ...	0	15	0	"Men's Own," Westminster Chapel ...	3	9	6
Collected by Mr. J. Smith ...	1	0	0	Wood Green ...	5	9	8
Messrs. W. C. Jarvis and Sons ...	1	0	0	Trinity Road Chapel, Tooting ...	2	16	9
Mrs. E. Minton ...	0	2	6	Dover ...	12	6	4
"God's tenth" ...	0	10	0	Bell Coffee Palace, Upper Tooting ...	3	0	0
Mr. J. H. Biggs, per P. and A. ...	0	8	0				
Part collection at Dalston Junction Baptist Chapel, per Rev. R. O. Johns ...	5	0	0	<i>Received at Collectors' Meeting, October 15th:—</i>			
In memoriam, Greenock ...	1	0	0	<i>Collecting Boxes:—</i>			
Miss King ...	0	2	6	Allen, Miss ...	1	0	11
Mr. J. Billing ...	5	0	0	Barnden, Mrs. ...	0	14	10
Mr. L. Atkinson ...	0	10	6	Blandford, Mrs. ...	0	3	10
Mr. J. Emery ...	0	1	0	Bell, Master E. ...	1	2	2
Minster Bethel Sunday-school, per Mr. W. Muchamore ...	0	10	0	Best, Mrs. ...	0	11	7
Mr. J. McFarlane ...	0	10	0	Bliss, Miss ...	0	7	2
				Bown, Master Chas. ...	0	11	3
				Bown, Miss ...	0	10	11
				Boyce, Miss G. ...	0	6	10

	£	s.	d.
Broomfield, Master R.	0	2	6
Buckingham, Miss... ..	0	8	2
Bullman, Mr.	0	8	5
Burn, Mr.	0	2	6
Burton, Mrs. W.	2	17	8
Burton, Miss	0	2	6
Butler, Miss... ..	0	3	3
Butler, Mrs... ..	0	14	5
Cairns, Miss M.	0	13	7
Carter, Miss... ..	0	18	0
Chapman, Mrs.	0	12	1
Chase, Mrs.	0	3	2
Claridge, Miss J.	0	2	0
Cloy, Mrs.	0	6	6
Collins, Mr.	0	8	2
Cook, Miss A. M.	0	11	4
Cooper, Mr. J.	0	10	1
Cooper, Mrs.	0	2	6
Clow, Mrs.	0	7	1
Clow, Miss E.	0	12	0
Crowder, Mrs.	0	14	8
Darby, Mrs... ..	0	1	6
Doyle, Miss	0	4	6
Dykes, Mrs. W.	1	1	0
Elliott, Miss... ..	0	4	3
Fathers, Mrs.	0	3	1
Fletcher, Miss	0	3	7
Field, Mrs. E.	0	3	0
Forward, Miss G.	0	8	11
Fuller, Miss E.	0	2	4
Fryer, Mr. H. J.	0	13	5
Grant, Mrs. C. A.	0	14	0
Grant, Mrs.	0	7	4
Grimes, Mrs.	0	6	11
Godbold, Miss	0	17	1
Godfrey, Miss A.	0	14	6
Goss, Master W.	0	2	5
Grose, Master A.	0	5	6
Hall, Miss L.	0	1	11
Harvie, Miss G.	0	18	1
Havenhand, Miss C.	1	1	11
Hawgood, Mrs.	1	12	11
Hawe, Mr. J.	0	1	4
Hayward, Miss	0	14	3
Hazzard, Master E.	0	3	8
Hazzard, Master G.	0	2	8
Herbert, Miss	0	9	9
Hertzell, Mrs.	0	7	3
Hewett, Mrs.	0	3	1
Hewlett, Miss	0	2	0
Hill, Master G.	0	1	7
Hillier, Mrs.	0	5	0
Hillier, Mr. A.	0	8	1
Howells, Miss	0	4	1
Hurst, Mrs.	0	3	11
Iles, Miss	0	5	2
Isaac, Miss E.	0	1	3
Jackson, Mrs.	0	1	2
Jago, Mrs.	0	7	0
Jewhurst, Miss	0	8	6
Johnston, Miss N... ..	0	7	6
Kirby, Mrs.	0	5	5
Kuowman, Miss	0	3	6
Lomas, Mr.	0	1	10
Luckhurst, Mrs. E.	0	5	5
Mrs. Lee and Miss Goodwin... ..	0	7	0
Mackey, Mrs.	0	13	0
Mallison, Mrs.	0	6	7
Marsh, Master H.	0	1	3
Matthews, Miss J... ..	0	2	10
May, Master E.	0	4	0
Mosent, Misses E. and A.	0	2	10
Middleton, Mrs.	0	3	6
Moore, Mrs... ..	0	5	10
Newberry, Mrs.	0	6	9
Newson, Master S... ..	0	2	6
Nicholls, Mrs.	0	2	0
Oswald, Master J... ..	0	1	7
Palmer, Miss	0	9	2
Palmer, Mrs.	0	4	8

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Pankhurst, Mrs.	0	10	0			
Pavey, Miss... ..	0	9	2			
Payne, Miss... ..	0	5	8			
Pearson, Master F.	0	8	0			
Pegg, Mrs.	0	9	2			
Preedy, Mrs.	0	4	10			
Pitt, Mrs.	0	1	0			
Porter, Mr. C. J.	0	7	0			
Potter, Miss... ..	0	3	5			
Proudfoot, Miss	0	13	3			
Plummer, Miss N... ..	1	4	3			
Read, Mrs.	0	3	7			
Robert Street Sunday-school, p. r Mr. Everett	0	6	11			
Roberts, Mrs.	0	4	1			
Robins, Mrs.	0	9	11			
Roper, Mrs... ..	0	7	4			
Russell, Mrs.	0	2	6			
Ryland, Miss	0	1	4			
Slade, Miss	0	6	5			
Stapeley, Mr.	1	1	1			
Starkey, Mrs.	0	3	0			
Swan, Mrs.	0	6	9			
Sheard, Miss L.	0	1	10			
Shears, Mrs.	0	4	0			
Stevens, Miss	0	2	10			
Skinner, Miss	1	5	4			
Smith, Mrs.	0	3	2			
Smith, Miss C.	0	2	3			
Taplin, Master F... ..	0	2	4			
Tregear, Miss G.	0	13	0			
Tilbury, Miss	0	4	7			
Thomas, Mrs.	0	7	7			
Thorne, Mrs.	0	6	11			
Townrow, Mrs.	0	3	0			
Turner, Miss M.	0	3	0			
Verney, Miss	0	2	1			
Wakeley, Mrs.	0	7	9			
Watling, Mrs.	0	19	7			
Watson, Mrs.	0	2	3			
Watts, Misses E. and A... ..	0	2	2			
Weeks, Miss... ..	0	4	11			
Wickham, Miss M.	0	2	3			
Wicks, Master W.	0	1	6			
Whitehead, Master A.	0	5	1			
Whitlock, Mrs.	0	5	4			
Whittington, Master S.	0	6	9			
Wilkins, Miss	0	4	9			
Wilkinson, Mrs.	0	6	0			
Wilmot, Mrs.	0	9	11			
Wilson, Master W.	0	1	5			
Young, Mrs... ..	0	2	6			
Odd halfpence and farthings... ..	0	1	6			

54 1 6

Collecting Books:—

Alderton, Miss	0	9	0
Barrett, Mr. H.	3	4	0
Broughton, Mrs.	0	6	6
Brown, Miss J. H.	0	11	0
Charles, Miss F. B.	0	5	0
Coleman, Mrs.	0	10	6
Dickson, Miss A.	0	17	9
Everett, Miss	2	7	0
Fowler, Miss	1	5	0
Good, Miss	0	5	0
Howes, Mr. C.	0	12	0
Jephth, Miss	1	0	0
Lawson, Mr.	0	10	0
Miller, Miss H.	1	1	0
Morris, Mrs.	0	12	0
Rugg, Mrs.	0	12	0
Saunders, Mr. E. W.	3	10	0
Pile, E. (Orphan boy's card)	0	2	0

17 19 9

Donations:—

"A friend"	5	0	0
"Old chums"	5	0	0
Mr. Everett	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Miss Jones	0	3	0			
				10	8	0
				£510	13	8

Received from the Executors of the late Miss Ann Hope Ames, £250 £2 15s. per cent. Consolidated Stock; also from the Executors of the late Miss Mary Davis Ames, £250 £2 15s. Consolidated Stock.

List of Presents from October 15th to November 14th, 1895.—Provisions:—2 sacks Flour, a quantity of Fruit, Vegetables, &c., Harvest Thanksgiving Services, Marsh Street Baptist Y.P.S.O.E. and friends, per Mr. J. D. Skinner; 2 tons Potatoes, Mr. James Toller; 1 barrel Apples, Mr. Thos. Penny; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potter; a quantity of Apples, Mr. J. H. Cocks; 20 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong & Co.; 1 New Zealand Sheep Sir A. Seale Haslam; 14 lbs. Honey, Mr. W. Marchant; 2 x lbs. Bacon, J. H.; a quantity of Fruit, Vegetables, &c., Harvest Thanksgiving Services at Shoreham Baptist Chapel, per Mr. F. D. Carpenter; 1 case Apple, Anon.; 6 quarters Bread, Mr. R. Hearn; 3 cwt. Apples, Mr. Wm. Mannington; 21 lbs. Beef, Mr. Thos. Round; 1 Cake, Miss Dawson; a quantity Apples, Mr. Higgins; a quantity of Bread, Anon.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—41 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 11 Articles, Miss E. Howard; 10 Garments, Miss Dawson; 20 Garments, Mrs. E. Proctor; 12 Articles, Mrs. Warriner; 38 pairs Gloves, Miss Selfe; 33 Garments, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Reading, per Mrs. James Withers; 1 Dressing Gown, from Croylon; 37 Articles, Miss A. B. Woolby; 15 Articles, Mrs. Wilson; 23 Articles, 2 yards Calico, 8 Dolls, The Sewing Meeting, English Baptist Chapel, Newbridge, per Miss Daniell; 5 Articles, Miss M. N. Corke; 53 Articles, Mrs. E. Harper; 175 Garments, 1 Scrap Book, Miss Salter's Bible-class.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—17 Shirts, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 3 Shirts, Miss Dawson; 3 pairs Boots, Miss S. Hughes; 6 pairs knitted Socks, Mrs. E. Hogg; 3 Scarves, 11 pairs Socks, Mrs. W —; 8 pairs Socks, Mrs. Graham; 4 Shirts, Mrs. E. Harper.

GENERAL:—1 load Wood, Mr. Geo. Boxall; 1 Doll, 1 Scrap Book, Miss Dawson; 1 Casket for scent and t. inkets, 1 Ornament Stand and Flower Vase, 1 Glove and Handkerchief Box, 1 Scent Case, 1 set of Candlesticks, 1 Inkstand, 1 Paper Knife and Pen Tray (for Sale room), Mr. W. Hunt; 3 Scrap Books, Mrs. E. Harper.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1895.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Corton, per Mr. Thomas Harris	11	5	0
Tewkesbury, per Rev. J. E. Brett	1	5	0
Kettering, per Mr. J. Blunt	10	0	0
Southern Baptist Association	60	0	0
Cardiff and Penrhiceiber, per Mr. B. Cory, J.P.	11	5	0
Dorking, per Mr. A. Chabot	15	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Rev. W. Davies	3	10	0
Norfolk Congregational Union	11	5	0
Horsforth, per Miss Bilbrough	11	5	0
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. Robinson	5	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. Bessie White	1	5	0
Cardiff, per Mr. J. Cory	11	5	0
Brentford, per Messrs. Greenwood Bros., "In Memoriam"	30	0	0
Repton and Swallincote, per E. S.	20	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Rev. J. E. Brett	1	5	0
	£203	10	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Legacy from the late Miss Alice Whitworth	101	14	5
Mrs. Calder	10	0	0
Mr. Ernest Harker	1	0	0
Mrs. L. A. Higgs, on Account of Debt, 1894	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. William Higgs, on Account of Debt, 1894	10	10	0
Readers of <i>The Christian</i> , per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	8	10	6
Mr. James Billing	1	0	0
Miss Desroix	0	2	6
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	2	0
Mr. James Batty	0	15	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Calder	5	0	0
Mr. S. B. Pearce	1	1	0
	£160	15	5

Parcel of *Sword and Trowels* from Ventnor with thanks.

Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. John J. Smith	2	2	0	Mr. A. Liversidge	0	5	0
Thankoffering for Mr. J. Manton Smith's services at Southport Baptist Tabernacle	6	0	0	Mrs. J. Allan	1	0	0
				Mr. J. M. Smith	2	2	0
				Mr. J. Wycliff Wilson	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Thankoffering from Gildencroft Mission, Norwich, for Mr. J. Manton Smith's services	2	2	0	Mrs. E. Lovatt	0	5	0
Readers of <i>The Christian</i> , per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	0	10	0	Mr. W. Willett	2	0	0
Donation from C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Fund	37	15	0	Mrs. Darling	1	0	0
Mr. J. E. Halliday	0	1	0	Thankoffering from the Christian Endeavour Union, Chester, for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services	10	0	0
					£66	11	0

C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from October 14th to November 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Thankofferings for Mr. Harmer's services in Huddersfield district:—				Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Abbeydale Congregational Church, Sheffield	8	1	0
Scapegoat Hill Chapel	5	0	0	Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Evesham	3	0	0
Sunny Bank Chapel	3	0	0	M. R.	1	0	0
Fole Moor Chapel	4	0	0		£26	3	0
Messrs. Morgan and Scott, towards Mr. Harmer's support... ..	2	2	0				

Mrs. Spurgeon's Fund for General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from October 14th to November 14th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
"Grateful"	0	15	0	For translations of sermons:—			
W. and A. Anderson	0	10	0	E. R. P.	0	2	0
Mrs. Pool	2	2	0	Mr. J. H. Field	2	2	0
The late Miss Cochrane, per Messrs. J. and D. G. Stalker	50	0	0	Pastor and Mrs. C. Padley (£2 for Lettish sermons, £1 for sermons for the blind)	3	0	0
Mrs. Crossby (with £15 for Book Fund and £10 for Pastors' Aid Fund)	25	0	0	Mrs. Ellwood	1	0	0
"A lover of Jesus"	0	5	0	Pastor Charles Spurgeon and friends at South Street Chapel, Greenwich, for Kaffir sermons	6	6	0
A. M.	0	5	0	Miss Spliedt	2	10	0
Mr. L. Hiley	1	0	0		£96	7	0
G. E., Northampton	0	10	0				
M. R.	1	0	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 Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Campbellton, White Horse Road, Croydon, if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Special Notice.—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stockwell Orphanage be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and the Pastors' College Evangelists, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," and for the support of Mr. Harmer and Mr. Burnham,—C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists,—should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.

} Treasurers, in A/c with the C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Fund.

Tr.

660

W. W. BAYNES, }
WM. PAYNE, } *Auditors.*

30th October, 1895